

Tom Marshall's Weekly News, March 12, 2018

The Model 607 on Two Glidden Tours: Our 1914 Stanley Model 607 was the first car I bought with my own money, new or antique. When I got home from the service in August 1946, my father had about 10 Stanleys and a few other cars in his growing collection. I wanted one of my own. In October I went with him to the Boston area to take delivery of his newly acquired 1915 Mountain Wagon from George Monreau, and we made a side trip to Randolph, Massachusetts, then the home of Donald H. Randall and his family. Randall knew where to find Stanleys in barns, mostly in northern New England, and he usually had two or three on hand that were for sale. On that first visit, we saw the 607 in very good original condition, and also a 1907 Model F which needed a lot of work.

My father thought the 607 would be a good car for me, and Mr. Randall was asking \$500. I offered him \$400, but he wouldn't budge. The car was complete except for the burner. My dad said he could make a burner for it (20 inches in diameter), the deal was made, and we arranged to go back to Randolph in early December with a burner to make the car run. In bitter cold weather in Donald Randall's barn behind his home, we prepared the car for the 400-mile trip over the road to Auburn Heights. D. Howard Randall Jr. helped us get the car ready -- later he was president and director of the Stanley Museum. In 1946, Howard was four years old! The weather moderated and the two-day trip home was uneventful. Our favorite overnight stop was at the Outpost Inn in Ridgefield, Connecticut. I thought I knew all about a Stanley by the time we arrived home, but, alas, I am still learning 72 years later.

Like any new toy, I wanted to use my Stanley a lot, and it was run all winter, weather permitting. I took it to parades and local events in 1947, often dressed like a frontiersman or in some other ridiculous costume, as old cars in those days were intended to make people laugh. The 607 had its original paint, which was acceptable: black body and fenders, and grey wheels and undercarriage. My father gave me a complete set of brass lamps, which were impressive although incorrect for 1914. When it came time for the Glidden Tour through New England in September; however, my dad said we should take his newly restored 1910 Model 71 (which we called a 1911 model at the time) and his 1918 Model 735. We drove each car about 1,300 miles with great success.

In 1948, the Glidden Tour was shorter and entirely within the State of Pennsylvania. I entered my 607, and my dad entered his 15-passenger Mountain Wagon. The tour started in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and proceeded to Hershey, Harrisburg, and Bedford Springs, before returning to Reading for a climb up Duryea Drive and our final banquet at the Abraham Lincoln Hotel. I invited trapshooting friends C. T. Jackson Sr. and Jr. from Stormville, New York, to be my passengers, and my father had Homer Kratz, Roy Bengé Sr. and Jr., and Roy Jrs.' friend Raymond Gochenaur, the latter three for the first day only. Although my dad carried our luggage on the Mountain Wagon, the 607 ran very well with its load of three men totaling about 600 pounds. On the Pennsylvania Turnpike eastbound approaching Carlisle, it was no trouble to hold 50 m.p.h. (perhaps we had a tail wind). The "race" up Duryea Drive on the last day of the tour was a fun event where all drivers put tape over their speedometers and estimated the time it would take them; whoever was closest to his estimate was to be the winner. I started the climb at the "go" signal, but soon thereafter the burner backfired badly, and I had to shut off the fire while still moving uphill. This happened at least two more times before we reached the Pagoda near the top, which was the end of the course. Obviously, my speed was reduced considerably, and steam pressure was well below 300 pounds when I crossed the finish line. Disgusted, I moved the car to a place where I could jack a wheel to pump water into the boiler. Someone came running and excitedly exclaimed: "You won, you won!" Had the burner worked well, I would have had much faster time than that estimated. By handling things gently, I was able to drive home the next day and soon took the burner apart to rebuild it. Not finding much wrong, I deduced, many months later, that one nozzle was considerably larger than the other, and the uneven pressure was causing the backfiring. I attended at least two Halloween parades, one in Oxford (PA), before 1948 was over.

I wanted my Model 607 to look better and have more flashy colors, so a complete cosmetic restoration was undertaken in Bill Allaband's body shop in Kennett Square early in 1949. The hood, fenders, undercarriage, wheels, and body were stripped of their old paint, and Bill made me rub, rub, and rub before he considered the surfaces smooth enough to paint. There was a noticeable ding on the aluminum cowl, where careless people had pulled out the pump handle. Allaband, a master at such things, heated around the area and when it cooled, the metal was stretched and the ding was gone. The body was painted a bright blue with many applications of Duco nitro-cellulose lacquer, rubbed smooth between coats. The fenders were black enamel, and the wheels and undercarriage were bright red. I almost made the first weekend run of the new Historical Car Club of Pennsylvania to Valley Forge Park in April 1949, but the participants were leaving Valley Forge as I arrived with my passenger, Charles Bernard, grandfather of FAHP secretary and active volunteer Richard Bernard. My father and Homer Kratz went in his 1916 Model 725. Gary Johnson, a carriage painter in Oxford, striped the car later. The original upholstery and top were good at that time.

About a month later, however, my first major breakdown with the 607 occurred. I was backing out of a driveway onto the street in Kennett Square when something "let loose" in the engine, and Raymond Noznesky towed the car to his Royal Garage. Previously, my father had let me switch to a 40-tooth-gear engine of 1910 or 1911, preferable to the original 30-tooth engine. A wrist pin had broken on this replacement engine, which allowed a cylinder head to blow out. Fortunately among my dad's spare parts was an identical 40-tooth-gear engine that he let me install. All seemed well, and I entered the 1949 Glidden Tour through Virginia with great confidence. The tour started in Gettysburg (PA) and traveled through Luray, Richmond, and Williamsburg in Virginia, and Annapolis (MD), before ending in Wilmington (DE) with the final banquet in the Hotel du Pont's Gold Ballroom. George Hughes Sr. was chairman of the tour, and I was in charge of hotel reservations. My passenger for the first part of the trip was Bill Carr, formerly a captain in the Air Transport Command stationed at New Castle Air Base. The Carrs lived on the 3rd floor of Auburn Heights during that time. My father again entered his Mountain Wagon, always a crowd-pleaser, and had as his passengers Homer Kratz and Charlie Dougherty. His cousin Henry Mitchell and his wife, Lidie, rode on the "wagon" from Yorklyn to Gettysburg, where they visited Henry's sister, Emilie Gilmore, who lived with her husband on a farm near there.

When I fired up the 607 at Yorklyn to begin the trip, the fusible plug was leaking, and not wanting to begin such a trip with this condition, I attempted to change it. Insulation from the burner liner blew inside and out, and, as it turned out, plugged many of the tiny holes in the burner grate. Not knowing there was a problem, I fired up again, and we left for our trip. The car didn't steam very well on our trip to Gettysburg, and both Bill Carr and I had headaches when we arrived. That night, we dropped the burner and cleaned the holes in the grate. As we left Gettysburg for Luray, the car steamed very well. That day, there were seven steamers on the tour, the most ever on a Glidden Tour revival.

I had to show off by passing several cars climbing a ridge of the Alleghenies east of Elkton, Virginia. This probably contributed to a serious breakdown a few days later. Bill Carr had to return to work, so we put him on a train in Charlottesville, and Charlie Dougherty switched from the Mountain Wagon to the 607. We went on to Richmond and the next day to Williamsburg. The Glidden Tour group stayed at the Williamsburg Lodge, and we drove round-trip on the new parkway to Yorktown. The next day, we left in the rain for Annapolis.

Rolling along on a level road south of Tappahannock (VA), a "bang, bang, bang" in the engine brought the 607 to a sudden stop. Again, a wrist pin had broken and the cylinder head was blown out. I found a local man who towed the car with a rope into Tappahannock, where I found temporary storage, and Ed Pamphilon in his 1919 Model 735, with his passenger Mervin Allatt, picked up Charlie Dougherty and me and carried us in his car until we caught up with my father and the Mountain Wagon. That was the end of Glidden touring in the Model 607 -- we rode the rest of the tour with my father on his Mountain Wagon. A few days later, Charlie and I went back to Tappahannock, blocked the engine out of gear, and towed the car home with a self-steering tow bar.

Before another engine was badly damaged, my dad made new wrist pins, and I never had further engine trouble with that car. It was used a lot through the 1951 season, and then my dad let me use several of his cars, which I did. I did take the 607 to a centennial celebration at Chestertown, Maryland, in 1956, and to the steam car tour at Orillia, Ontario, in 1990. When the Steam Team started in 1997, the 607 was one of the training cars, and it participated in several steam car tours starting with the one at Waterloo, Ontario, in 1998. Between 2010 and 2015, the volunteers of FAHP restored the 607 again, this time paying attention to original detail with new nickel bright work and using one of two paint schemes used on this model in 1914.