

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, January 18, 2016

**Damage to Model 607, 1949:** When I bought our 1914 Stanley Model 607 from Donald H. Randall toward the end of 1946, I had just been discharged from the service and knew almost nothing about Stanleys, but I wanted one. The car was complete except for a burner, but my father built one using a 23-inch grate drawn in for a 20-inch boiler (which was in the car). In the first week of December, we went in our '37 Packard to Randolph, Massachusetts, Randall's home, where the car was located. With help from Donald and Howard Randall (age 4), my father and I installed the burner and got the car ready for the drive to Delaware, about 400 miles. It was very cold and we stayed at an old hotel in Brockton for about three nights until we started for home.

The trip home was surprisingly uneventful, and the car ran well. My father let me have a 40-tooth-gear engine, which replaced the original 30-tooth (thereby gearing the car higher). I used it a lot in 1947 and 1948 and drove to and from the first steam car tour at Charlemont, Massachusetts, before participating in the '48 Pennsylvania Glidden Tour with my friends C. T. Jackson and his son "Jack." My dad was always close by when trouble developed.

Since the 607 still had its original paint (black body and fenders and grey wheels and undercarriage), I wanted to give it a modern paint job with flashier colors of my choosing. Early in 1949, it was dismantled in Bill Allaband's paint shop in Kennett Square. Bill did the painting, and I did all the prep work and re-assembly. Frank Harper of Harper-Thiel in Wilmington did the limited amount of plating work for \$30, but much of the brightwork was polished brass (not correct for 1914 but quite spectacular). By late April it was finished, and Gary Johnson, a veteran carriage painter in Oxford, did the pin-striping. I was proud indeed of my newly painted beauty with a bright blue body, red wheels and undercarriage, and white-sidewall tires! I was ready to go.

The first mechanical failure occurred in May 1949, when a wrist pin broke and blew out a cylinder head. Having parked next to a hobby show in Kennett somewhat below street level, I backed up onto the street with a cold engine and then started forward when it happened, right in the middle of South Broad Street. Raymond Noznesky came from the Royal Garage with his tow truck and moved the car to his garage on South Union. My father had a spare 10-horsepower engine, and he gave it to me to replace the one with badly damaged cylinders. I drove through the summer and entered the car on the '49 Glidden Tour that began at Gettysburg and traveled through Virginia before terminating at Wilmington, Delaware.

I was cocky and liked to show off in those days. I didn't handle my Stanley with the utmost of care. I remember passing several of the tour cars while climbing one of the ridges of the Alleghenies northwest of Charlottesville. About three days later, I was paid back for showing off. On a level road near Tappahannock, Virginia, at about 35 m.p.h., another wrist pin broke and damaged the cylinder block in the same way: one of the heads blew out. We had the car towed to temporary storage, I caught a ride with Ed Pamphilon in his '19 Stanley, and we caught up to my dad and Homer Kratz in the Mountain Wagon. The next week, Charlie Dougherty and I went back to Tappahannock and towed the Stanley home with a self-steering tow bar.

We heard of a welder near Village Green in Delaware County who could weld the heads in both damaged cylinder blocks without warping the blocks. He heated the blocks slowly, then gas-welded the heads in place and immediately covered them in a pit so they would cool very slowly, thus preventing warping. His job appeared to be good, and one of these blocks was attached to the engine and put back in the 607. This time my father made new wrist pins. By the spring of 1950, I was ready to go again.

The Antique Automobile Collectors of America (AACA) sponsored an annual spring run from Philadelphia to Atlantic City (after 1950, this run went to Cape May instead). I followed Reginald "Rocky" Rockwell in his Model T roadster to Atlantic City at 15-20 m.p.h. On the return trip, however, just before the Stanley was stuck in the long line waiting for the next Pennsville-New Castle Ferry, the engine seemed rough. For the last dozen

or so miles to Auburn Heights, the engine was far from smooth and had lost its power and the car steamed poorly. Investigation showed that the valve seat on one side was badly ridged and worn out. The welding process, while not warping the block, had softened the seat so the cylinders were useless. The other set of cylinders he had welded were never tried. My dad had still another 10-horsepower engine of the right size, so before 1950 was over, I was back in business. Over the years, however, this has been a fine car.