

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, July 2, 2012

**June 30, A Day of Importance:** With summer young but in full swing and the glorious Fourth just around the corner, for the most part I have been impressed with what has happened on June 30, which this year was the Saturday just past. Our Mountain Wagon enjoyed the day as I drove it around Hockessin, Lantana Square, and Woodside Farm, home of scrumptious ice cream.

In 1863, with several divisions of Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia in south central Pennsylvania with a strategy of swinging eastward and cutting off Washington, D.C., from the rest of the Union, it became evident that a major showdown was fast approaching between the Confederates and the Union's Army of the Potomac, racing to place itself between Lee's advance and the capital. On June 30, both sides were closing in on the small community of Gettysburg, and Major General John Reynolds of the Union Army became the first general to be killed in that major battle, when he lost his life northwest of town. The main battle took place on July 1, 2, and 3, with Pickett's fatal charge on the final day.

In 1876, my mother's oldest sibling, Mary Shallcross (later Ferguson), was born on June 30 and three months later was carried on a pillow by her parents to Philadelphia's Centennial Exposition, America's first World's Fair. That was a unique happening with many of the wonders of the Industrial Revolution on display for the first time. George M. Corliss of Providence ran most of the machinery with belts and pulleys powered by his mammoth Corliss steam engine, the forerunner of thousands of famous Corliss engines in manufacturing plants for the next half century. The year 1876 was the first time American antiques were shown and appreciated, as Chippendale- and Hepplewhite-style furniture from the 18<sup>th</sup> century was on display, and reproductions were sold. Although the little girl three months old didn't remember her experience, she was interviewed about it in 1976 as she celebrated her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday (she died in October that year). I remember celebrating Aunt Mary Ferguson's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday at her home in Ridley Park on a warm evening in 1956.

On June 30, 1933, my father staged a one-day trapshoot at the Yorklyn Gun Club that he billed as the "Old Timers' Shoot." It was quite successful, as an effort had been made to have famous shooters in attendance who had started shooting at the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Some were still able to shoot, and some were not, but all had a good time, and many photos and home movies captured the enjoyment of the occasion.

On June 30, 1942, I had to register for the World War II draft on the second floor of the Odd Fellows Hall at Centerville. Brooks Jones, a schoolteacher from Glens Falls, New York, accompanied me, as he had arrived the evening before in what became our long-lasting 1922 Stanley Model 740. My father had bought this car from Robert B. Chase of Earlville, New York, and since Brooks had time off during summer vacation and owned a 740 roadster himself, he was engaged to drive it the 300 miles to its new home. It was the second Stanley to join what became our collection, and my father used it on a regular basis during World War II to avoid gasoline rationing. Like most Stanleys, it burned kerosene, which was more readily available and cost between 15 and 25 cents per gallon.