

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, July 10, 2017

**Cedar Point, Ohio, 1941:** On our 10-week summer trip in the 1937 Packard Twelve in 1941, my father and I took in four major trapshooting tournaments and visited four other gun clubs enroute. The tournaments attended were one day of the Pennsylvania State Shoot at Bradford, one day at the Okoboji Indians at Cedar Point, one day at the Utah State Shoot at Ogden, and two days at the Pacific International Tournament at Portland, Oregon. Additional gun clubs we visited were at Denver (CO), Long Beach (CA), Santa Monica (CA), and Calgary, Alberta.

Cedar Point is a peninsula sticking into Lake Erie near Sandusky, Ohio, and has had a very popular amusement park for over 100 years (still going strong). In 1941, there was an old rambling frame hotel there called the Breakers, within walking distance of the park. In front of the big hotel was a pier sticking out into the lake, from which ferries ran to several islands in the western part of Lake Erie. Some of these islands are in the U.S.; some are in Canada. I overheard a conversation of two men standing on the pier. They looked to be middle-aged, but one said to the other that he was 86! This 17-year-old asked his father if this was possible, as he had never heard of anyone that old. About 15 years later, my father sold a condensing Stanley to a man in Put-in-Bay, Ohio, one of the islands in the lake.

The Okoboji Indians was the oldest of all the "Indian" trapshooting organizations in this country, dating from soon after 1900 (our eastern "Atlantic Indians" was founded in 1918). In the 1930s and '40s, it held its annual Pow Wow at Cedar Point, and R. C. "Rock" Jenkins was High Chief in 1941. He had preceded my father as president of the Amateur Trapshooting Association in the late 1930s, and he and his brother Ralph had attended the Yorklyn tournament numerous times. His invitation made it possible for us to shoot with the Okobojis. The shooting ground was over a mile from the hotel, and a miniature steam railroad train of about 15"-gauge hauled the shooters back and forth. The day we were there, I won the 50-target doubles event (shooting two targets at a time) with 47.

My 22-year-old cousin Meta Shallcross, who was with us on the trip, wanted to ride the roller coaster in the park, so she and I rode it. It was widely known as one of the fastest and scary rides anywhere, rivaling the roller coaster at Coney Island. We survived. We spent the next night at Findlay, Ohio, on our way west. Except for a flat tire in Sandusky, the Packard was running flawlessly.

On a trip to Minneapolis in 1989, I wanted Ruth to see Cedar Point. It was a Saturday morning in July, and we had stayed at Tiffin, Ohio, the night before. As we approached, however, it appeared traffic was backed up for about 10 miles, so we gave up. The 86-year-old on the pier (in 1941) would not have been there, anyway.