

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, February 26, 2018

**Clarence Marshall West of the Mississippi:** In my father's time, many of his friends considered him a "great traveler," and indeed he did enjoy many trips in his large Packards. A lot of these trips were to trapshooting tournaments, such as the state championship tournaments in the East, the annual Maplewood Tournament in New Hampshire, and to the Grand American Handicap, the World Series of trapshooting, at Vandalia, Ohio. In 1928, he, my mother, and her sister Helen Shallcross traveled to Florida and return with this four-year-old in my father's new 1928 Packard Model 443, seven-passenger sedan.

In the summer of 1936, an adventurous trip was taken to Nova Scotia and the Gaspé Peninsula, which included the Lake Mohonk Mountain House, the Lake Placid Club, and the Mountain View House at Whitefield, New Hampshire. It was especially adventurous as few motorists had undertaken this before, with almost no paved roads in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. This time, I really appreciated the trip as I was 12 years old, and in addition to my mother, we were accompanied by the delightful and humorous Mary Passmore, my father's cousin who taught 4th grade at Wilmington Friends School for nearly 40 years. My father did all the driving, which he enjoyed, and we returned via Quebec City, Montreal, Ottawa, and the 1,000 Islands.

Despite his love for travel, my father was never on an oceangoing steamship, nor was he on an airplane. He was west of the Mississippi only three times in his lifetime, twice by train and once on our long trip through the West in our '37 Packard Twelve, still in the FAHP collection. His first such trip was in 1904 at the age of 19, when he, his cousin Henry Mitchell, and another friend made the train trip to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. They came home raving about the experience, and they remembered it for the remainder of their lives.

My father's second time west of the Mississippi was in 1941, when a long-planned trip to California came to fruition. With my mother, my cousin Meta Shallcross, and I, we were away from June 18 until late August. My father did 2/3 of the driving, but he let me do the rest of it. Westbound, we crossed the Mississippi at Hannibal, Missouri, Mark Twin's home town. Eastbound, we crossed from southeastern Minnesota into LaCrosse, Wisconsin. This trip was marked not only by our attendance at five trapshoots along the way but by gatherings of home folks, some planned and some not planned, at places like Lake Louise, Waterton Lakes and Glacier National Park, and at Yellowstone. Although he enjoyed every part of it, my father would not have been west of the Mississippi again, except for an accommodation to me toward the end of World War II.

In May of 1945, I had my 1940 Packard 110 in Oklahoma City, and I was about to "ship out" for the Pacific. My parents decided they would like to see me anyway, so they took the train from Paoli on the Pennsylvania Railroad to St. Louis, the *Missouri Pacific* to Kansas City, and on one of the Rock Island *Rockets* from K.C. to Oklahoma City. I had secured enough ration coupons to assure them enough gasoline to drive my little Packard home. Eastbound, they crossed the Mississippi again at St. Louis.

Thinking of travel by other family members in my parents' generation, I can't recall any "great travelers" except for Warren Marshall, my father's brother. He didn't like to drive, but made many long trips by train and oceangoing steamship, and especially in his early years, would combine business with pleasure. In 1906, he made a train trip to California, mostly to court Bertha T. Lamborn, a student at Stanford University who lived with her mother in Pacific Grove, California. When he wrote home, he told of visiting San Francisco and the Grand Canyon, but he did not mention Bertha. (They were married in the front hall at Auburn Heights the next year.) In 1909, Warren made his first trip to Europe to develop markets for vulcanized fibre and to buy rags in great quantity for its manufacture. Later on, he and Bertha made many European trips, all by transatlantic steamship, and they, their daughter Eleanor, and a friend, Alice Pusey, took a World Cruise on the CPR Steamship *Empress of Britain* in 1937. With his family, he also flew around the continent of South America in 1950, getting as far south as the Chilean Lake District.

My father stuck to his automobiles, having driven a Stanley to and from New Hampshire's White Mountains in 1912 and having taken part in several Glidden Tour revivals in his antique Stanleys in the years after World War II. I have been west of the Mississippi probably 15 times, but my father made it only three times (and my mother about the same). For modern flyers like Bob Reilly, I imagine he can count something like 500 times, as he commuted by air from his home in Denver to Connecticut every week for several years.