

another, and it may still be around. Despite this, and the very good but expensive razors now on sale in the pharmacies, I get the impression that most males use electric razors or simply don't bother to shave. I've had a few electrics, but I never liked them.

Tom Marshall's Weekly News, April 21, 2008

The Trip to Rehoboth, early 1930s: My parents rented the Bradford house on Maryland Avenue in Rehoboth in 1925 and the Handy cottage on the same street in 1926 and 1927. They liked the place, especially my mother, and wanted to build a modern beachfront home there. Henry W. Conant had proposed to develop about 20 blocks of land south of Laurel Street and had formed the Rehoboth Heights Development Corporation. This area, running all the way to Silver Lake on the south and covering the first three blocks west of the Atlantic shoreline, was originally part of a farm at least twice this large, and the old farmhouse, just west of the development, was turned into the Rehoboth Country Club with its nine-hole golf course. Before 1927, only one beachfront home was in this area, that of Dover attorney Henry Ridgely on what was later Stockly Street.

My father bought two blocks of ocean-front property and helped Mr. Conant promote the new development. Streets were laid out, and concrete curbs and sidewalks poured. King Charles Avenue was a macadam road and Bayard Avenue a dual highway with nine-foot concrete strips in each direction; all other streets were sand and gravel. Our house, first known in the family as "Clarestom-by-the-Sea" and later as #1 Queen Street, was in the family most of the time from its construction in 1927 until it was sold in 1983. Many of the lots were sold quickly, and perhaps 100 houses were built in the next two years. I recall seeing basements being dug by steam shovels, drags and mule teams. The boardwalk was extended about eight blocks to the south end of Rehoboth Heights at Prospect Street. Development ended quickly with the stock market crash, and there were virtually no homes built for the next 10 years.

Except for two weeks in Yorklyn at the time of the Marshall Trapshooting Tournament in early August each year, we lived in Rehoboth from mid-June until just after Labor Day. My father enjoyed the drive down and back in his big Packard Straight Eights as much as he did the time at the shore. The eastern cities were experimenting with Daylight Saving Time, (DST) but farmers wanted nothing to do with it, and neither did downstate people. Wilmington and Newark had DST, as did the mills at Yorklyn. The farmers around Hockessin stayed on Standard Time. Everything south of Newark was on "Standard." Some called Daylight Time "fast time"; others called it "new time." It started the last Sunday in April and ended the last Sunday in September. When my father came home once a week (sometimes twice a week) to attend his bank board meetings in Kennett Square, he left Rehoboth about 4:45 A.M. EST, in order to be in Kennett by 8:30 DST. Returning in late afternoon, it was the reverse: he could leave Yorklyn when the mill whistles signaled 5 P.M. and be in Rehoboth in time for dinner.

T. Coleman du Pont's original DuPont Highway, mostly an 18-foot-wide concrete road completed about 1918, did not parallel the railroad to Delmar but rather moved south from Dover to Selbyville through Milford, Georgetown, and Millsboro. None of the towns were by-passed, and we passed through many of them going to and from Rehoboth. From Yorklyn and Hockessin, we usually went by Newark and Middletown, since my maternal grandmother, Mary E. Shallcross, lived in Middletown, and a brief stop there was always welcomed. The old road south of Newark went through Cooch's Bridge, then Glasgow, and crossed the C & D Canal over the draw bridge at Summit. Coming along the railroad at Mount Pleasant, our route followed the track to Middletown and right down Broad Street.

We joined the DuPont Highway at the H & H Garage just north of Blackbird, then through the main street of Smyrna (is it Commerce Street?), and into Dover across Silver Lake and down State Street to the center of town. No turns were made as we proceeded straight south past some wonderful old-fashioned produce places under the trees, skirted Rising Sun and went through Magnolia. Traveling down the main street of Frederica, there was an old wooden bridge over the Murderkill, and soon we passed the large cemetery on our left, entering Milford. South of the Mispillian and near the dead end of Milford's main street, we turned left, passed Marshall's Pond, and then the two-mile-long Diamond State Nursery, Lester C. Lovett, Proprietor. At Argo's Corner, the roof of a garage was painted with the lettering: "This is Argo. Slaughter Beach, 3 miles." Eventually we crossed the draw bridge over the Broadkill and passed through Nassau, Five Points, and Westcoat's Corner, where an attractive sign with flower beds around it pointed to Rehoboth, right, and Lewes, left.