

Selbyville, Delaware, used two White steamers in delivering mail, a 1905 Model E (rear entrance) and a 1910 Model OO. From the roof of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, through erstwhile collector Frank V. du Pont, came a huge Model G touring car of 1907 (now in the estate of the late Louis Biondi), and another "G" racer with bucket seats was also at Auburn Heights before being traded to James Melton. Wherry Long's cars went to the late John P. Miller, with the 1905 Model E being restored by Carl Amsley, Weldin Stumpf, and myself in 1983 when owned by Ted Jamison. The "Steinmetz" car, a 1909 Model O restored by Murray Brown, was sold by me to Stanley Tarnapol in 1970, and the 1907 Model H finally left the collection (in running condition) for Australia in 1980. I've made many mistakes in my life, one of which was to let all the Whites get away.

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, January 5, 2009

**The Cars Esther Drove:** My mother, Esther S. Marshall, had two sisters, one older and one younger, but neither learned to drive a car. In her generation, that was not unusual. In the World War I period, it was adventuresome for a woman to think she could do it. Cars were not always reliable, and if the self-starter didn't work, someone had to crank the engine to get it started. Most men thought they could do it, but some of them were not up to the task, either. A lot of men thought women really never knew how to drive, and today some still think that way.

In 1917, my Grandmother Shallcross bought a Buick seven-passenger touring car, and my mother's brothers, Gene and Ned, taught their willing unmarried sister how to drive. She mastered that in good order, except in shifting gears. My grandmother, owner of the Buick, was glad to have a woman in the family who could drive as women may have wanted to go places of no interest to men. In the flat country around Middletown, Delaware, shifting gears was not as important as in the hills, so my mother made out well. After my mother was married and took up residence at Auburn Heights in 1921, my father gave her a new Packard Six sedan as a wedding present. The Buick was probably used a few years by the Shallcrosses and then laid up in the barn behind Flowerdale, my grandmother's home in Middletown. When I was small, I used to play in it, competing with the chickens, squirrels, and whatever else found the old Buick attractive. (About 1955, my father bought a Doble Steam Car chassis with home-made body. In improving it, he found a Rolls Silver Ghost body and fenders and adapted the old Buick top for use on Doble #E-19.)

I don't remember the '21 Packard Six. After I came along, I believe she had a second one, probably a 1925 or '26 model. "Boxey" indeed were the bodies on these early sedans. Then came a 1929 Packard Standard Eight, Model 626, five-passenger sedan, with cowl-mounted parking lights, side-mounted spare tires, and a trunk rack on the rear. Stylish! This was the first year the small Packard was an eight-cylinder car, as the faithful heavy sixes were discontinued after the '28 models. Unfortunately, the '29 was a hard-luck car. My mother, with me as her front seat passenger, spun around on the ice where the spillway from the lake along Route 82 (under the present Hoopes Reservoir) crossed the road. She was shaky and upset, but no damage was done. Then my father, driving the car along this same lake on a very foggy morning was forced off the road, and a motorist going the opposite way smashed into the left front wheel. Finally, Clifford Murray ("Cliffey"), traveling down Miller's Hill east of Kennett Square on New Year's Day 1930 upset on the ice and crushed the top, although he was unhurt. I'm sure the car was fixed, but my parents thought this was enough, and I never saw that car at Auburn Heights again.

Next my mother had a 1930 Packard Standard Eight Model 726, five-passenger sedan. A no-frills car, it had no parking lights and a rear-mounted spare. It was a very good car, however, and served her well for five years. After that it was used by Cliffey as a school car, taking my cousin Eleanor and me to Wilmington Friends at 4<sup>th</sup> & West Streets in Wilmington. My father always told him not to drive more than 35 M.P.H. My mother got one of the very first Packard 120 sedans in 1935. Much lighter and easier to drive (also much cheaper than the big Packards), it was an immediate favorite but with "suicide" front doors. In 1936, it was traded in for a '36 120, very similar but with a better looking rear-body design and front doors opening the correct way. Being highly pleased with these lighter and smaller cars, she then had a '38 Packard Six sedan, an excellent car, this model being the second year for the new six-cylinder engine. Being the first car I was allowed to drive to school in 1940, I banged it up when I hit the bridge at the bottom of Beaver Valley Hill (at high speed), and although my father had it fixed, he soon sold it to Charles F. Dougherty of Wilmington.

Next, my mother had a 1940 Packard 160 with short wheelbase (127 inches) and the large and newly designed eight-cylinder engine. Alone, I drove this car to Middletown and return in just over one hour, but I never told anyone until this moment. When Sara Bowers of Kennett Square disposed of her '41 Packard 120 sedan with *very low* mileage in 1944, my father bought it for my mother's use, and her '40 went to her brother-in-law, Bassett Ferguson, who drove it regularly for another six years. She drove the '41 until 1952 (it was then sold to Cliffey), when she changed to a six-cylinder Dodge sedan (also later bought by Cliffey) that was followed by a