

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, May 29, 2017

**Chauffeurs of Note:** In the days before World War II, occasionally I would go with my mother to Philadelphia on a Saturday morning, where she wanted to do some special shopping. Often, I preferred to observe activity along Chestnut Street rather than go in a store with her. I recall vividly big Packards and Cadillacs, driven by men in full chauffeur's livery, that would pull up to the curb and let a society matron in her fur coat out of the back seat. While his employer was in the store, the chauffeur would play a game with the police on horseback, whose job it was to prevent cars from parking along the busy curb. The police usually won, but the chauffeur would simply go around the block and stop at curbside again, repeating this until his passenger was ready to go to her next destination.

During the same time period, when we were on a motor trip, my father liked to stay at nice hotels. Two such places I remember especially are the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks and the Glen Springs Hotel at Watkins Glen on Seneca Lake, New York. In the hotel garages and the parking areas around them would be some beautiful cars: Pierce Arrows, Stutzes, Marmons, Franklins, and again Packards and Cadillacs. The hotel had separate quarters for the chauffeurs who brought their bosses and their families, and these loyal employees kept their owners' cars pristine in every way.

In the world of trapshooting, two prominent chauffeurs come to mind, and both seemed to have unlimited vacation time to attend tournaments whenever they pleased. One was Charles H. Mason, head chauffeur for Pierre S. du Pont. The Masons lived in a beautiful home next to Longwood Gardens, and Mr. du Pont, who was childless, treated the three Mason children almost as his own, making sure they had the best private educations. Perhaps Charlie Mason, a very popular and active trapshooter, chauffeured the du Ponts very occasionally, but his job seemed to be to supervise the fleet of vehicles owned by Longwood, and to play cards with his boss (and others) on evenings when Mr. du Pont was staying at the Pierce House at Longwood. He attended many trapshooting events of several days' duration each year and was president of the Atlantic Indians (trapshooting organization) in 1937-38.

The other trapshooting chauffeur was James M. Stinson of Bradford, Pennsylvania, in the oil country. His boss was Alfred Mullhaupt Jr., an oil magnate from Bradford, who was also an expert trapshooter. Jimmy Stinson was supposed to be Mrs. Mullhaupt's chauffeur, but like Mason, he seemed to be able to take off for trapshooting tournaments whenever he wished. He and Al Mullhaupt never came to shoots together, however, as Stinson would drive with his passenger Harry Brown of Kane (near Bradford), and Mullhaupt would travel by train. Both were well liked by the shooters, and both bordered on being in Class AA (averaging about 96%). Stinson never won the Pennsylvania State Championship, but he frequently came close and was elected in 1940 as Eastern Vice President of the Amateur Trapshooting Association, succeeding my father in that capacity. When Mullhaupt was sober, he seldom missed a target, but he was seldom sober. When he came to Yorklyn, the first order of business was to send "Cliffey" (Clifford Murray) to Tim's Liquor Store near Hockessin to accommodate his needs, for which he paid most generously.