

I turned 17 on Feb. 1st in 1950. I was a junior at LHS and I had a part time job at Bill Rowles' Amoco Super Center at Montgomery and US 1. Back then US 1 carried traffic in both directions. 2nd Street was a residential street. Montgomery Street ended on the east at US 1.

During the summer of 1950, Mrs. Sally Ayers (who had just moved with her husband and their 3 children from Delaware) drove into the Amoco gas station for gas.

With her in the car at that time was her oldest daughter Sandra and 2 of Sandra's giggling girl friends. Sandra and I eventually started dating and she and I were married in the Methodist Church on September 10, 1955.

Sometime in the late 40's or early 50's Maryland introduced sales tax. I really don't recall what the tax rate was initially, but I am sure it was a lot less than it is today.

The police station and I think city hall were on Little Montgomery St. which was between US 1 and 2nd street, slightly north of Montgomery St. The preliminary meetings and first aid classes leading up to establishment of the Laurel Rescue Squad were held in this small building.

The Ford car agency was at Prince George and US 1. I think the Buick agency was slightly north of the Ford agency, on the east side of US 1. Mid City Chevrolet-Oldsmobile was on US 1 just north of the light at Main and US 1.

In May or June of 1950, Laurel High School graduated its first class that had gone through the 12 year program (Jane Martin Cole was a member of that class). Prior to that 1st grade through high school took only 11 years. That is what there was no graduating class of 1949.

I remember the first time I experienced the 17 year locusts. Could that have been 1953?

After we were married, we lived for a while in relatively new apartments at 327 Thomas Drive. Joe and Joann (Donovan) Robinson lived under us. I still remember the commotion and doors slamming shut when ever the two of them would answer a middle of the night fire dept or rescue squad call.

I went into the Navy in 1956 and my wife and I eventually moved to Newport, RI; returning in 1958 in time for the birth of our first child, a daughter born in June of 58.

By then, the Methodist Church had undergone a major expansion (I the Catholic school also expanded sometime in the 50's), the old US 1 was now south bound only while north bound traffic was now on 2nd street. The big shopping center on the south edge of town was now operational.

These are some of the things I remember. I may be wrong insofar as dates are concerned; but I'm 76 now, so that puts me in the twilight of my life. My wife Sandra died just less than 2 months ago from cancer.

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