

LEAD STORY

Let's Honor Joe

BY KEVIN LEONARD AND RICHARD FRIEND

The Laurel History Boys have contacted Mayor Craig Moe and all five City Council members requesting that the Laurel Municipal Center be renamed in honor of one of the most dedicated public servants the city has ever known: Joseph R. Robison.

In our January 3, 2021 letter to Mayor Moe and the City Council, we listed just some of Robison's many outstanding accomplishments for the city:

Before he even graduated from Laurel High School in 1952, he began firefighting at the age of 14 with the Maryland State Forestry Department and later joined the Laurel Volunteer Fire Department in 1951,

where he was also on the board of trustees for the last 30 years.

He was a past president of the Maryland State Firemen's Association, the Prince George's County Volunteer Fire and Rescue Association, and the Maryland Fire Chief's Association. Joe served on the Prince George's County Fire Commission since its inception in 1970 until he retired in 2003. He served 19 years as its vice chairperson and served four years as its chairperson.

He was also a charter member and life member of the Laurel Volunteer Rescue Squad. As chairman of the Board of Directors, he was instrumental in

obtaining the land and the construction of their station.

In 1988, Joe was elected to serve on the Laurel City Council for Ward 1. In March 1990, he was elected Laurel's mayor and served for one term.

In his single term as mayor, Joe accomplished many important things for the city. He started the mandatory recycling program in 1990, the first in the State of Maryland. He established a sports park, a new community center, and authorized the conversion of a city-owned property into the Laurel Museum.

Most importantly for this request, under Joe's leadership the purchase

and renovation of the present City Hall was completed, allowing the Mayor, City Council, and staff to move from antiquated crowded conditions to a state-of-the-art municipal center.

As Mayor Moe said when Joe passed away last November, "Joe was a man of integrity, action, and commitment. He took civic responsibility and community service seriously and lived these qualities. He served quietly and with a desire to succeed in whatever duties he assumed."

The Laurel History Boys are joined in this by some prominent members and

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THE LAUREL CHRONICLES

"A Place of Our Own": The National Capital Country Club



BY KEVIN LEONARD

With Jim Crow laws firmly in command, leisure opportunities for Black Americans were always in short supply until the slow integration brought about by the Civil Rights Act of

1964. The book *African American Leisure Destinations Around Washington, D.C.*, by Patsy Mose Fletcher, does a remarkable job of identifying "several places in the Washington area that African Americans could claim as their own—safe havens where they could feel comfortable and able to relax without being subject to white rejection or mistreatment. Some places were black-owned; others were white-owned that catered to the black crowd; and a few others, some public, were open to blacks on special days."

One of those Black-owned places was in Laurel, and its clientele was "among the wealthiest, prominent and most influential [African Americans] in America": the National Capital Country Club.

"Reflect Our Status"

An impressive collection of wealthy (or at least well-to-do) Black professionals invested in the venture, which promised in marketing brochures "appropriate



GOLF DIGEST

John Shippen (above circa 1910) was the first American-born and Black professional golfer to play in the U.S. Open.

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organizations in the community who have endorsed our request:

- Dennis Berman, CEO, Berman Enterprises
- Thomas E. Dernoga, Prince George's County Council Member
- Melanie Dzwonchyk, former editor of the *Laurel Leader*
- Laurel Volunteer Fire Department, Vic Whipple, President
- Mary Lehman, Maryland State Delegate
- Honorable C. Philip Nichols, Jr., Chief Judge, Circuit Court for Prince George's County

On January 21, 2021, we received a reply from Mayor Moe. He stated:

I have always been one that believes in the naming of buildings and rooms after those that have given so much to their community and Mayor Robison would fit into that criteria. As one that travelled many miles with Joe, it would be an honor to see action taken by the City Council to make this a reality.

The Laurel History Boys can think of no one who deserves this honor more than Joe Robison. We hope you agree and will contact the Mayor and City Council to add your support to this endeavor.

We will continue to monitor progress and report back in future issues of *Voices of Laurel*.



Under the leadership of former Mayor Joe Robison, the Laurel Municipal Center was created, allowing the City Council and staff to relocate from the crowded and antiquated C Street facility. In the wake of his passing, a request has been made to name the building in his honor. (Photo courtesy of the Robison family)

PROFILES



BY JIM CLASH

In the early 1970s, there was no such thing as email or the Internet. If you wanted to communicate quickly with someone in another country, it was an expensive phone call or a simple telegram.

There was another way, too, though much less known to the general public. It's called amateur "ham" radio, a hobby whereby operators across the world chat with each other over the airwaves. To become a ham in the U.S., one has to pass a written Federal Communications Commission exam, then acquire the basic station equipment for operations: a high-frequency radio transmitter and receiver, and an appropriate antenna.

I was a 15-year-old in Laurel, MD, when I learned the Morse Code and obtained my general-class FCC license, which allowed me to transmit with 1,000 watts on certain restricted frequencies. I spent many an hour on that radio, between homework, sleep, and my *Baltimore Sun* newspaper route, chatting with hams in countries all over the world, including Australia, the Seychelles Islands, Japan, Mozambique, and the Soviet Union during the Cold War. I even brought the radio to Laurel High School as part of the Science Fair to show students how it all worked.

My best friend, Mike Oakes, also in Laurel, had his ham license, too, and we competed to see who could collect radio contacts with the most states, countries, and continents. We proudly compared the exotic "QSL" postcards and stamps we would receive from the foreign operators confirming our contacts. I quickly earned my WAS (Worked All States), WAC (Worked All Continents), and DXCC (100 Countries) awards from the American Radio Relay League.

Late one night, when I was on the 14-MHz frequency band, a ham operator in Antarctica poked weakly through the static. Upon a closer listen, it was clear that not only was he on the seventh continent, but at the Amundsen-Scott Station on the geographic South Pole. The South Pole? That was about as wild and remote a place as my teenage imagination could conjur up!

I nervously called out his sign, KC4USN, from my own call sign, WA3JID, but with no response. I called again, and this time he heard me. To my disbelief, we had a brief contact exchanging names, locations, signal strengths, and frequencies, then agreed to swap QSL cards. When his card arrived in the mail a few weeks later (yes, there is a small post office at the South Pole),

I was so excited that I had it framed for my bedroom wall. I would look at it occasionally, wondering just what it was like at the very bottom of the world. I convinced myself that I wanted to go there someday.

Sure enough, decades later, I had the rare opportunity to visit. As opposed to flying in—the normal way to get to the Pole—our expedition earned it, cross-country skiing the last degree (70 miles), in -30°F weather, pulling 125-pound sleds behind us. At the end of each day, we would pitch our tents on the 9,000-foot-high icecap, then try to catch some sleep in the surreal 24 hours of sunlight.

The routine went on for 10 days straight, and it is one of the hardest physical things I have ever done, tougher than my summits of 23,000-foot Mt. Aconcagua in Argentina, and the Matterhorn in Switzerland. I lost 20 pounds in two weeks, and nearly got frostbite.

But once we arrived at the Pole, it was all handshakes and high-fives. After photos at the ceremonial Pole marker were taken, I sought out the appropriate station personnel to ask where the ham radio transmitter was.

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If you would like to be a contributor, please contact laurelhistoryboys@gmail.com. Individual stories are welcome, as are recurring columns.

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ILLUSTRATION: MONICA STURDIVANT

The Lost Art of Storytelling

Why Black History?



BY CHARLES H. CLYBURN

Let's start off this article by making sure we understand the subject matter. At the risk of insulting your intelligence, let's establish some facts. First, Black History Week was introduced to us by Carter G. Woodson, a Harvard-trained historian in conjunction with a minister by the name of Jesse Moorland. In 1915 (a half century after the 13th amendment abolishing slavery in the United States), they formed the Association for the Study of Negro

Life and History, which was dedicated to researching and promoting achievements by Black Americans and other peoples of African descent. In 1926, the first tribute to the accomplishments of Negroes in America was established as the second week in February to coincide with the birthdays of Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass. The event has inspired schools and communities nationwide (and in countries, i.e., Canada and the United Kingdom) to organize local celebrations.

The celebration has since been moved to include the entire month of February. Since 1976, every U.S. president has officially recognized this as a national celebration of Black folks' achievements and their central role in U.S. history.

I discussed the subject of Black history, its origin and its significance to today's society, particularly the Black community, with my barber, Shannon, who is the owner of PHD Salon in Laurel. He is a native New Yorker, schooled in the Catholic school system for his elementary education years before attending public school for his high school years. When asked about his memory of how Black history was treated in those years, he drew a blank.

"I have no recollection of any mention of Black people, events, and contributions in my elementary school years. When I attended public high school, the subject did not get much better, excepting for the mention of slavery. All I gathered from that lesson was how slavery contributed to the development of attitudes of Blacks toward each other. It did a job on us!"

When asked about his thoughts on teaching Black history, he was quick to state, "It does need to be talked about more in depth because not enough students have the desire to learn about our ancestors and their accomplishments. Asians and Native Americans could learn also. The reason Black history is not being taught is based on giving us an inferiority complex. Prior to Black folk arriving in the U.S.A., there was nothing much going on. Now, we know more about the Michaels, i.e., Jackson & Jordan, than we do about the Buffalo Soldiers!"

Shannon went on to say, "In the barber shop, there are many discussions about several subjects, such as sports (which team/player is better than another), or any other hot topics which commands an opinion. Politics and religion are topics we attempt to stay away from due to the potential arguments they can eventually foster. It is my responsibility to make sure everyone's opinion is respected without becoming heated."

One of the discussion items in many circles where numbers of Black folks are gathered, such as bars and social events, is the number of descriptive adjectives Black folks are called, e.g., "coloreds," "negroes," "darkies," "African-Americans," and that other word which I refuse to print. My personal preference is Black, which has its roots in the dark continent of Africa, our motherland.

There are many Black folks who call West Indian countries home, as well as some European natives. But we all respond to the words of a James Brown song: "Say it loud—I'm BLACK AND I'M PROUD!!!!!"



The illustration for this story was created by Monica Sturdivant, who currently serves as the Assistant Director of the Laurel Historical Society and is a visual artist.

Charles Clyburn, a resident of Laurel for 20 years, is a storyteller of African American folktales and a television and voice over actor.

Re-assurance



BY LENDA DINCER

This article is about helping and connecting with others. Having relationships with others and ourselves is about taking chances, enhancing our awareness, and cultivating our confidence. We may feel a gentle tug or an unshakeable grip to explore what has our attention. Self-reflection and courage allow us to have the willingness to open ourselves up to new experiences. We may discover or re-discover a new appreciation for what we have.

*Can you see me? I feel invisible.
Can you hear me? My voice was stolen.
Do I matter? I'm scared and lonely.*

Sometimes in life, we're confronted with major challenges and have to ask ourselves these very daunting questions.

Sometimes we lose our way as a result of negative, painful, or traumatic experiences. Life becomes difficult and stops making sense. We stop being able to connect

with people. And when we look in the mirror, we see traces of who we once were.

We need human contact—it's what connects us to each other. Even if we haven't had the same experiences, we can still relate to each other's thoughts and emotions through the power of empathy. This skill helps to re-frame our outlook on life. We then feel understood, accepted, and have a sense of belonging.

We need to be seen. We need to be heard. We need to know we matter.

We can find the gift of compassion in comforting and supporting each other.

Laurel resident Lenda Dincer is a licensed clinical social worker with a background in mental health. She has published poems in Brainline Military Magazine about Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and brain injuries.

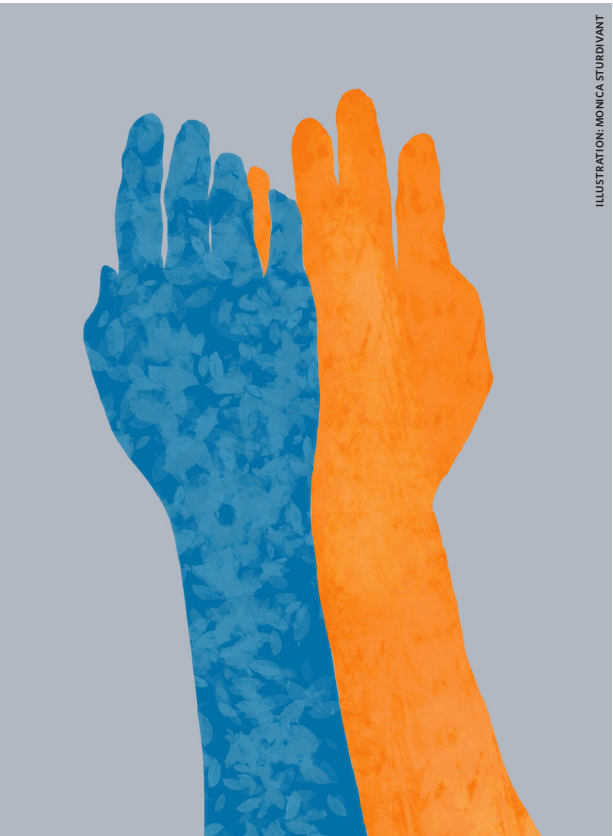
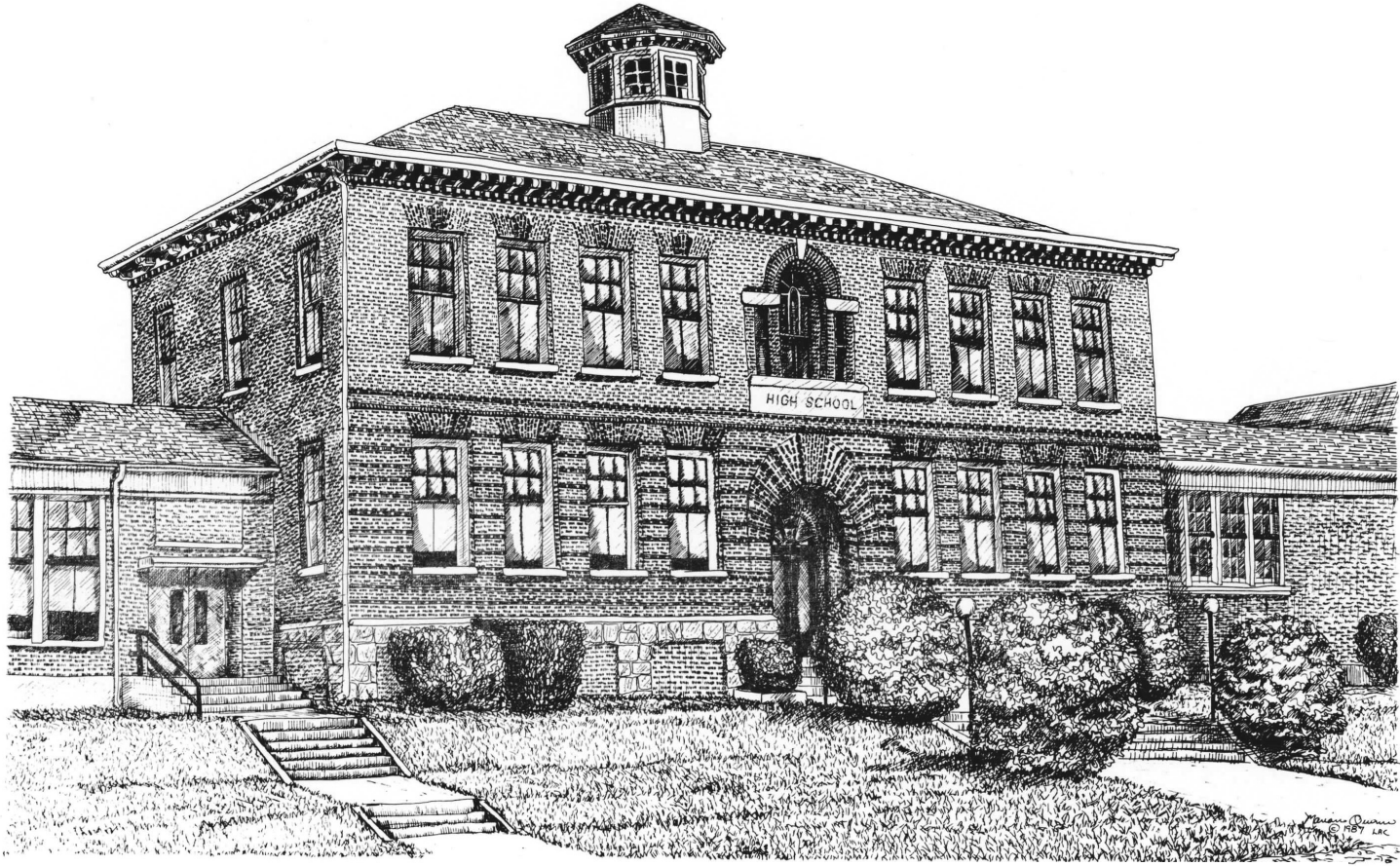


ILLUSTRATION: MONICA STURDIVANT

MARIAN QUINN'S LAUREL



OLD LAUREL HIGH

Marian Quinn, a local artist and framer for over 50 years, has a large collection of illustrations of historic and cultural sites in Laurel. She is also the owner of Fulton Art & Framing in the Cherry Tree Center at Routes 216 and 29. She will be a regular contributor to Voices of Laurel.



Fashion and the Fight to Vote

A Costumer’s Journey into the History of Women’s Suffrage in Laurel



BY ANN BENNETT

Historical costuming can be an immersive and rewarding hobby, allowing one to understand better the lives of the people in the past by reconstructing and wearing the clothes that they would have worn. In order to understand how garments were constructed and how the fashions of the time reveal a larger social context, it is also important to conduct historical and archival research, thus situating your costume and character within the historical narrative.

My historical costuming has been focused largely on the 18th century, with some forays into the Tudor, Regency/ Federal, and Romantic Eras. However, in November 2018, I was invited to a Suffragist Tea organized by a local group of costumers and held at the Elkridge Furnace Inn. The tea was in celebration

of the 1918 decision by President Woodrow Wilson to switch his stance on women’s enfranchisement toward supporting the movement. As World War I was drawing to an end, Wilson tied his support for the proposed suffrage amendment with the increased effort and roles women had played during the war. He is quoted in *The New York Times* as saying “I regard the extension of suffrage to women as vitally essential to the successful prosecution of the great war of humanity in which we are engaged.”

However, it would be almost two full years before women gained the right to vote. On August 18, 1920, the 19th Amendment was ratified by Tennessee, the 36th state needed for the passing of the amendment (3/4 of 48 states). It was

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Stories from the Howard County Historical Society’s Archives

Ellicott City Main Street: From Milltown to City



BY SHAWN GLADDEN



Ellicott City is a location known to many for its charming antique stores, specialty retail, and restaurants amongst a scenic 19th century setting. Its granite buildings harken back to a time when the Patapsco River was lined with various mills and businesses developing along Frederick Road to service those living and working at the mills.

Known as Ellicott’s Mills until 1867, the Milltown was an important part of the Patapsco River Valley’s Industrial Revolution beginning in 1772, when the Ellicott Brothers arrived from Bucks County, PA. Within 60 years, the Milltown was prospering, primarily due to the wheat trade. The creation of the National Road, beginning in 1806, helped connect Ellicott City to Baltimore and markets west.

In 1831, Ellicott’s Mills became the first terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the first commercially operated cargo and passenger railroad in the country. As the Milltown grew to meet the demands of an ever-growing market economy, a little-known event in 1831 changed the course of the town and led to the eventual development of the retail district on Ellicott City’s Main Street.

In 1831, the Ellicott Brothers decided to sell a parcel on the North side of Ellicott’s Mills to Andrew McLaughlin, an Irishman who worked for Deborah Disney, a tavern owner and successful businesswoman in Ellicott’s Mills. McLaughlin seems to have overextended himself with this purchase and within two years the estate was being disposed by a lottery “under the Superintendence of the Trustees Appointed by an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland.” For \$10 a ticket, you could win from an assortment of prizes ranging from furniture to champagne, to the grand prize, a building lot on Main Street valued at \$36,000 running from the railroad tracks (Patapsco Hotel) to 8044-46 Main Street (Opera House/Town Hall).

The lottery advertisement describes the property as
...situated at the intersection of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road and the Western Turnpike, 10 miles from the City of Baltimore, in the centre of “ELLCOTT’s MILLS,” one of the most romantic, healthy and prosperous villages in the United States, admired by every passing traveler, and celebrated for its great manufacturing advantages.

The Garden attached to the Hotel (Howard House Hotel) is rich and beautiful

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Food

In Laurel, It’s All About the Grease Stains



BY WAYNE CARR

For this issue, I’ll introduce you to my “grease stain” rating system:

- 5 grease stains (the best I’ve had)
- 4 grease stains (very good)
- 3 grease stains (good)
- 2 grease stains (could be better)
- 1 grease stain (not very good)
- 1/2 or 0 grease stains (I’d rather eat poison)

Toucan Taco

315 Gorman Ave.

Toucan Taco (originally Tippy’s Taco House) is one of the last remaining icons of Laurel restaurants past that I remember as kid (I’m now 57). My friends and I would shovel snow or cut grass so we could earn enough money to eat at Pal Jack’s, Tastee Diner, Herb’s Carryout, Little Tavern, Morty Apple’s Pie, and of course Tippy’s. Toucan Taco’s food still has the same great taste it has had for decades—I love the sunken meat burrito with that spicy gravy, the zesty cheesy queso dip, and of course the tacos. Some days they can really taste spicy, but that’s the way I like it. Another thing I love about Toucan is the dining area, which looks the same as it did in the 1970s with the old-school tables and chairs and the room decorated with sombreros and ponchos. I recommend the San Antonio (two tacos and queso dip) and a sunken meat burrito to give you a small sample of Mexican deliciousness.

I give Toucan Taco 5 grease stains.

Laurel Tavern Donuts

115 Washington Blvd.

I remember the sad day when the Little Tavern closed. No longer would we have the gastronomic delight of

those delicious mini burgers. Not long after, it became a donut shop. I was hesitant at first, but I finally went inside and I’m glad I did. The donuts are still warm, fresh, and melt-in-your-mouth delicious. To my amazement they had breakfast sandwiches. I ordered a bacon and sausage with egg on a bagel. The meat and egg were good, but what made it great was the bagel— nice crust on the outside and soft and chewy on the inside. I loved every bite of those breakfast sandwiches, but then I saw those hamburger sliders—just like Little Tavern used to make: hot and juicy, nice flavor with a hint of pepper and on a nice soft roll. With those great donuts and breakfast sandwiches—and now with the return of mini burgers at that nostalgic location—my life has come full circle.

I give Laurel Tavern Donuts 4.5 grease stains.

Pi’s Deli

1200 Sandy Spring Rd.

Inside what was once actually an old car dealership (Harding Pontiac) lies a hidden gem. If you miss Shane’s Sandwich Shop, you’ll be in for a treat—Pi’s Deli has the best subs in Laurel, from the soft old-school sub roll to the freshly loaded meat and ingredients, the sub is a delight. I’ve had the coldcuts, turkey, tuna, and roast beef—all of them very good. The steak and cheese is awesome and the cheeseburger is good; but the subs are what make Pi’s such a special place. They also serve breakfast—I recommend the omelettes. The average price for a sub runs about \$7.50, and once you’ve had it you won’t be missing Shane’s quite as much.

I give Pi’s Deli 4.5 grease stains.

Soul Boat

13929 Baltimore Ave.

If you love fried food, Soul Boat is the place for you. The fried chicken is a good-sized piece with crispy skin, hot and tender meaty pieces, and nicely seasoned. I also got the seafood combo (two shrimp, two crab sticks, two scallops, and one piece of flounder). I loved the shrimp and scallops, the crab stick was good, and the flounder was nice, tender, and flaky. The batter had a nice flavor. The side orders are huge! The macaroni and cheese was good—nothing spectacular, but good. I also liked the rice and gravy. I’m not sure if it was too much rice or not enough gravy, but it could’ve been more balanced. My friend Larry loved the collard greens. But my favorite was the chicken gizzards—these are the best gizzards in Laurel. (Maybe the *only* gizzards in Laurel?) It reminds me a lot of the gizzards from Lexington Market; or, for us old-timers, Herb’s Carryout back in the day. The food was ready in less than 15 minutes, prices are reasonable, and the food was good and flavorful.

I give Soul Boat 4 grease stains.

==

Wayne Carr is a lifelong resident of Laurel and a 1981 Laurel High graduate. Working route sales for a number of years allowed him to visit many restaurants in the tri-state area, which prompted him to begin doing food reviews for fun nearly ten years ago. Wayne’s reviews became popular on social media, and he began hosting Facebook Live videos from restaurants throughout the region.

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Marilyn Johnson Sewing Design Studio's Trove of Treasure



BY PATTI RESTIVO

Marilyn Johnson, the owner and founder of the sewing and design studio that bears her name, says, “My grandmother put the first threaded needle in my hands when I was about seven years old and taught me some simple embroidery stitches. Since then, I have wanted to gobble up anything and everything to do with fabric and fashion.”

The petite fashion designer, who serves as president of the Laurel Board of Trade, operates her small business serving local and national clients on LaFayette Avenue across from the tracks running past the historic Laurel train station.

The sewing design studio has stitched scores of custom costumes for full-scale theatrical productions, professional movie companies, dancers, re-enactors, sports mascots, and cosplayers, as well as formal wear and wedding gowns to rent or purchase.

Custom work has included an exact replica of a Jack LaLanne jumpsuit for the Universal Studio in Orlando. The sewing design studio also fashioned hundreds of costumes for the Sight and Sound Theatre in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Those costumes went on to appear at the Sight and Sound Theatre in Branson, Missouri, where Johnson says a bridal customer saw them on her honeymoon.

From designing and sewing a complete wardrobe for Baltimore Ravens mascots (pilgrim hats, Santa

suits, doo rags, and Hawaiian shirts); to more than a thousand pieces for the White House Historical Association (First Kids, Pathways to Freedom, and The War of 1812); to a pair of costumes representing a vial of vaccine and a syringe for a Kaiser Permanente flu vaccine promotion, Johnson's imagination has been limited only by her clients' needs and wishes.

Entering her studio feels like stepping through a portal into a sprawling fantasy wonderland.

Passing through the reception area, library, and consult and sewing rooms leads to a treasure trove of comely creations, some displayed on mannequins. Popular rentals among the thousands of costumes in inventory (photos can be found at sewingdesignstudio.com) include Green Lantern, Cyclops, Shadow Cat, Rogue, Storm, and Jubilee, as well as character, period, and bridal clothing.

The Scarecrow, Tin Man, and Cowardly Lion (created for a private school in Chicago) and the Carpet and Iago from *Aladdin, JR* (created for a school in Florida) are a few of Johnson's favorites.

A dozen historically correct replicas of 1950s wool baseball uniforms are also in inventory, as are prolific accessories such as petticoats, gloves, reticules, jewelry, hats, and shoes.

As a girl, Johnson says she dreamt of growing up to

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RFK Stadium: The Home of My Sports Heroes



BY ROBERT GIULIANI

The recent announcement that RFK Stadium would be demolished next year stirred up many memories of my younger days as a sports fan. I often listened to the Washington Senators' games on my transistor radio as I was lying in bed. Every morning, I would grab the newspaper from our front stoop and take out the sports page to read about the previous night's game. I even made a scrapbook with the newspaper clippings and baseball cards. I became a knowledgeable fan, yet I had never been to a game.

My first visit to RFK came unexpectedly. My dad had an Italian restaurant on Capitol Hill. As a young kid during summers, I worked behind the counter and had lots of interactions with customers and co-workers. An everyday customer who was a cab driver, nicknamed “Ace,” and a cook named Frank would often talk about the games and the players who stunk it up (the Senators were not a winning team). Their conversations piqued my interest enough for me to join in their discussions. When they discovered that I had never been to a game, they offered to take me. I was ecstatic. With combined forces we were able to convince my dad. He was a little hesitant, but noticing the beseeching look on my face and knowing that he was too busy running the restaurant to take me himself, along with the fact that he had known these guys for years, helped me in my cause.

After fifty years, details of that afternoon game are a bit fuzzy, but some images aren't forgotten. First, it was exciting for me as a 12-year-old just to ride in Ace's Diamond Cab. We parked close to the stadium, which was still titled with its original name “D.C. Stadium.” Our lower box seats must have been behind the third base line, because of the two images that I still remember. When Washington Senator Frank Howard got up at bat, I was amazed at his 6' 7", almost 300-pound frame dwarfing the umpire and catcher. I always remember the great size of that number 9 on the back of his jersey. I was treated to a closer look at Howard as he lumbered out to left field when the inning was over.



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Laurel for the Patuxent: Community Action for a Healthier Future



BY BRIAN COYLE

Would you like to do more to help the environment but are not sure how? Most of us understand that large scale change is urgently needed to combat climate change, biodiversity loss, ecological degradation, and the underlying social and cultural causes of these crises. Many of us have been learning to live more sustainably by shopping with reusable bags, reducing waste and pesticide use at home, and making other important lifestyle changes. This is great, but we should still want to achieve even greater impact. One of the best and most rewarding ways to amplify your impact is through collective action—working together with other people so you can tackle complex problems on a larger scale.

Laurel for the Patuxent, Inc. (L4P) is a nonprofit, grassroots action network that was formed in 2018 by a group of passionate neighbors who wanted to create an easy and friendly entry point for like-minded locals to take part in collective action on environmental and community issues. From young people to grandparents, from students to specialists, we have opportunities for everyone to get involved in a range of projects in and around Laurel. We identify specific problems and then create committees—“action groups” that develop evidence-based action plans to implement in Laurel. These actions are based on proven solutions and examples of success from other communities. We support our actions with grants and donations and by sharing resources with other organizations working on similar issues regionally and nationally. Most of our work is done in partnership with various departments within the City of Laurel municipal government and with a growing coalition of other community groups and organizations. Through our passion and success, we hope to inspire other communities of the Patuxent River watershed to follow our examples and expand our impact.

If you would like to learn more about what we do and how you can join, please visit our website at LaurelforthePatuxent.org and send an email to LaurelforthePatuxent@gmail.com. You can join us each month for our virtual community forum where we provide updates on projects and discuss important local issues. If you are eager to take action soon, then click on the “Get Involved!” tab on our website to learn more about opportunities for action. You'll be able to register on-line for some activities or send an email letting us know what you are interested to do.

One ongoing opportunity is the Riverfront

Restoration Project. Working with the American Legion Post 60, the Department of Parks and Recreation (DPR), and other groups we are systematically removing invasive vines and other harmful non-native vegetation at Laurel Riverfront Park and at the American Legion. We aim to recover a healthier ecosystem, create better habitat for wildlife, reduce erosion and sediment pollution, and beautify our green spaces for the enjoyment of the entire community. All of which should provide economic benefit to homeowners and Main Street businesses. Removing these invasive plants is cathartic, good exercise, and can be done safely while social distancing. Following removal, L4P will be planting native vegetation including grasses, plants, and trees. We provide instruction, tools, and education to identify plants and understand the process and benefits of ecological restoration.

Another exciting opportunity to participate starts in April and focuses on Pollinator Conservation. Many insects, birds, and other pollinators have suffered severe declines and are threatened by extinction in the near future. Without these beneficial creatures our agricultural systems could collapse. Scientists and responsible leaders across the planet have been sounding the alarm about the pollinator crisis and L4P is answering the call to action to help protect and recover them. We will be joining thousands of other communities around the country and the world that are coordinating efforts to restore and create more essential native habitat. One of our action models and partners is the Homegrown National Park Movement.

In partnership with Laurel's DPR, we are creating a 25 x 65 square foot Pollinator Garden at the entrance of Roland B. Sweitzer park on Old Sandy Spring Road. We will need community members to help prepare the site, plant native flowers, water, weed, and mulch. The garden will also feature educational signage and a giant insect hotel to provide refuge for pollinator insects and bring more attention to their plight.

In addition to the Sweitzer Park Pollinator Garden, we are launching an Eco-Friendly Yards Campaign that challenges property owners (residential and commercial) to plant more native vegetation (especially pollinator-friendly native flowers), eliminate or reduce the use of toxic pesticides, increase rainwater retention to reduce harmful stormwater pollution, and add habitat structures for birds, bats, and insects. Participants will receive a yard sign, some free native



One example of an eco-friendly yard improvement is an insect hotel, (above) which helps provide shelter for insects—including endangered pollinators. Laurel for the Patuxent will host workshops where attendees can build their own insect house, bat box, or bird house using upcycled materials.

plants, and expert advice on conservation landscaping of their yard or garden. All participants will be recognized on our website and the best yard will receive the inaugural Green Shovel award from the city.

We hope to have multiple conservation speakers give presentations to the community and host a community workshop where attendees can build a bird house, bat box, or insect house using upcycled materials. L4P organizers will provide all materials, tools, and help with building. In the fall, we hope to have Laurel certified as a Bee City USA. We plan to kick off the project at our Earth Day celebration in late April—stay tuned to our website for details.

We have multiple other projects in action or development that you can join, including planting trees, controlling litter, and crafting a plan for a more sustainable Laurel. New ideas are welcome, and we invite proactive people to help design, organize, and lead!

Brian Coyle works for the Smithsonian Institution National Zoological Park and Conservation Biology Institute on international conservation programs to protect and recover threatened and endangered species, and is co-director of a national sustainability program for young change makers. He is co-founder and co-chair of the community sustainability organization, Laurel for the Patuxent, Inc.

Memories of Laurel by an Almost Native



BY KEN BOYER



Ken Boyer with his second grade teacher, Grace Hathaway Melin, author of several children's books, including "Maria Mitchell, Girl Astronomer."

When you think of Laurel Elementary, what comes to mind for you? For many of you, it probably has shiny tiled floors, and is a nearly windowless modern brick building with air conditioning. For many before my generation and a few after, it has wooden floored halls and classrooms, and almost every room had windows that went nearly to the ceiling.

As you looked at the school while standing on Montgomery Street, there was a two-story center section, a one-story wing to the right towards Sixth Street, and a wing towards Fifth Street that became two stories at its end. Over the main door, were letters that proclaimed this was an "ELEMENTARY SCHOOL." As you entered the main door, straight ahead was the auditorium, with its small stage where school assemblies were held. To the right, was the

principal's office. To the left of the main entry were a small office and a stairway leading to the second floor. In all my time in the school, I think I only went to the second floor once or twice, so I don't have a lot of memories of it. There was a long hallway running from the Sixth Street wing to the Fifth Street wing, with classrooms on each side. At each end of the main hallway, there was a small hallway. If you had looked at a floor plan, the halls formed a capital "I." The classrooms in the wing towards Sixth Street were for first, second, and third grade. In the wing towards Fifth Street were the fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-grade classrooms. The classrooms had a door that was half glass. One wall was those tall windows, and the back wall by the coatroom had space for posters

and other materials. At each side of the back wall in the classrooms was a door leading to a coatroom, or did we call them "cloakrooms"? Along the walls of the coatroom were hooks to hang coats and hats and shelving for lunch boxes. The heating came from large radiators below the windows. The "air conditioning" was open windows and maybe a floor fan.

On the upper level of the Fifth Street wing were two classrooms and the library; the lower level was the cafeteria. One of my most pleasant memories of my time at LES is my two years in the classrooms over the cafeteria, with the wonderful aromas rising out of there, especially when they were baking bread or pies.

Behind the school was our asphalt, gravel, concrete, and steel playground. We played tag, kickball, and dodgeball in

the open areas. On the Sixth Street end were what we called the "jungle gym": swings and an all-metal slide that was quite memorable during hot, sunny days. There was also a concrete and steel structure called the "over/under." The Fifth Street end was more open, with a very tall slide and bigger swings.

There were no kindergarten classes in those days; we started in first grade. My teacher was Mrs. McCaw. She was very nice. About the only memory I have of that year is one of the girls crying all day long on the first day of school. In second grade, my teacher was Mrs. Melin. She was an author of children's books: *Maria Mitchell, Girl Astronomer*, *Doretha Dix, Girl Reformer*, and *Carl Sandberg, Young Singing Poet*. During the winter of that year, we would have "field trips" to the playground behind the school after it got dark and Mrs. Melin taught us about the constellations and stars. Those evenings are probably my favorite memory of LES.

Mrs. Bowen was my third-grade teacher. We had a big

influx of new kids that year when NSA became operational at Fort Meade. There was a terrarium in her class that we all enjoyed. One of the kids brought in a praying mantis egg case. All was well and good until one Monday when we returned to class, there were hundreds of young praying mantises crawling around the classroom. Fourth grade was Mrs. Trice, where we learned our multiplication tables. Miss Liggett was my fifth-grade teacher. There was more arithmetic, English, and science in her class than we had had before.

My sixth-grade teacher was Mrs. Johnson. During history lessons, one of the things she talked about was growing up in Kansas during the Dust Bowl years. During that year, we also saw the arrival of television in the classroom for the first time. PBS became part of our school day learning experience. Mrs. Johnson was also in charge of the Safety Patrol boys. We assisted in "crowd control" and at the street crossings at Fifth and Montgomery and at Sixth and Montgomery.

Mrs. Weagly, the other sixth



Mrs. Gough, principal of Laurel Elementary

grade teacher, was in charge of the GOLES—Girls of Laurel Elementary School. I know they had other duties, but in my memory what I remember most is them making sure the blackboards throughout the school were cleaned at the end of the day. Our principal was Mrs. Gough; she was very stern, but nice, at least to me.

All the teachers were older women, with a couple of exceptions. In third grade, we got a young woman for

our school music teacher. Miss Weldon was fresh out of West Virginia University. Her instrument was the harp, and she showed us the callouses on the tips of her fingers from plucking the strings of the harp. In fifth grade, we had the opportunity to begin playing band instruments. Our band teacher was Mr. Mautino. He taught at all the schools in Laurel, and he was our band director until the end of eighth grade at Laurel Junior High.

I started out on the baritone, mainly because my Dad had played that instrument during his school years. During those six years at LES, my Mom was very involved. She was a room mother, an occasional substitute, and volunteered to take care of our small school library.

The activities from elementary school that are still fun to do are looking at the stars on a clear night, and at 70+ years of age I'm still playing music and enjoying it. I can't

wait for the restrictions on gatherings due to the pandemic being gone so I can return to playing in a group.

I know I have forgotten many things about those years, but for me, LES was a wonderful place to go to school. My recollection of detail may not be exactly accurate. I still have friends from those times at LES. A number of us would be together until we were the last class to graduate from the old Laurel High School in 1965. Many kids were with us

for two or three years because of Laurel's proximity to Fort Meade and NSA but left when their dads were transferred to other bases around the world. I hope they have good memories of those times when Laurel was a small town.

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Ken Boyer was born in Iowa, grew up in Old Laurel enjoying small town life, and retired from Verizon.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF KEN BOYER



The lunch ladies of Laurel Elementary in the 1950s.



Students watch as a maypole is decorated on the playground.



Mrs. Gough (with shade umbrella) oversees recess activities.

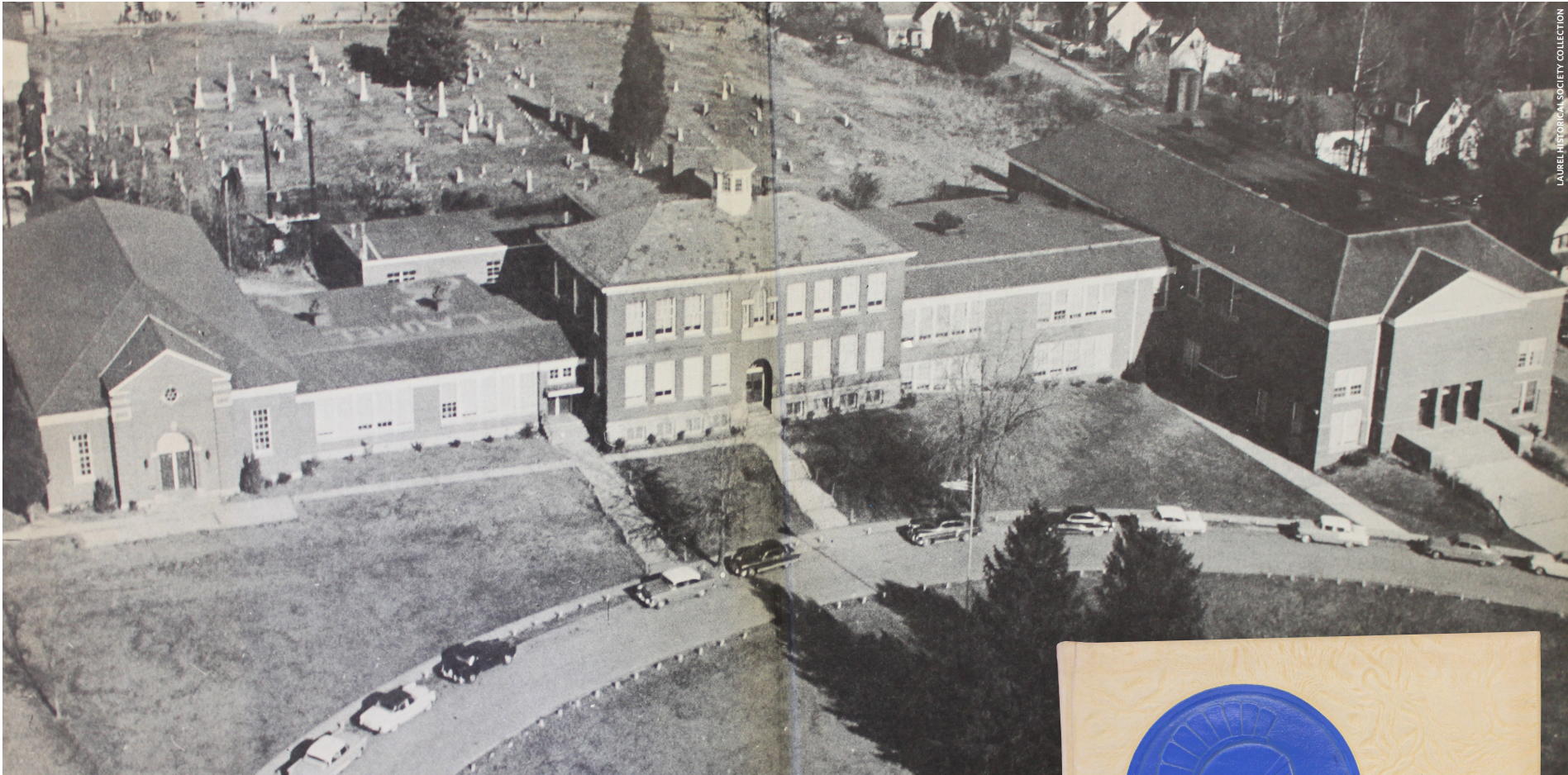


Ken (front row, second from left) with classmates on the "over/under."

Our Senior Year at Laurel High School: 1955–1956



BY JACK BOWEN



Summer of 1955 was finally upon us and we were the incoming seniors at Laurel High School. Each of us faced the coming autumn with pride and ego. Some of us worked at summer jobs, others lounged away the hot days and nights. The annual carnivals and donkey softball games drew large crowds. The incoming seniors often passed those days at Gavrilé’s on Main Street or at the ice cream shop at 4th and Montgomery Streets. Another favorite hang-out was the record shop, also on Main Street. It had an outdoor speaker that we used to fill the air downtown with the sounds of Bill Haley, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly and many other rock n’ roll musicians who had captured our fancy. A country song, or “hillbilly” as it was known in 1955, could be heard occasionally. We would even sometimes save our school lunch money (25¢ a day) until we had the one dollar needed to buy a favorite record.

Please understand before we go any further that this article will focus on 1955–1956. We may drift back two or three years or leap forward a year or two to include an occurrence.

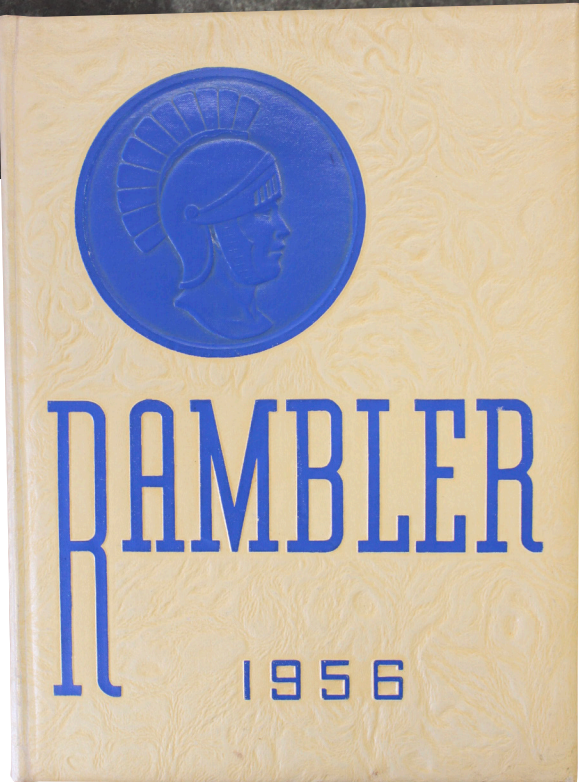
High school seniors who had cars had to be concerned with operating costs, of course. Gasoline sold for 25¢ a gallon in Laurel in 1955 so a dollar’s

worth could last a week or so. If you were extremely lucky, maybe a “gas war” would erupt between two competing service stations. Then, for an hour or two, you could buy a gallon of gas for 10¢. It would be another two years before gasoline prices broke through the 30¢ ceiling in Laurel.

The nearly 60-year history of Laurel High School largely escaped our 17- and 18-year-old minds. After all, “history” to the Class of 1956 was yesterday, and “ancient history” was last week. LHS is actually the oldest public high school in Prince George’s County. The center portion of the building would be listed in the National Historic Registry 20 years later.

Labor Day 1955 began to fade into the past as the seniors of 1956 entered the hallways and classrooms for what would be their last year. Many focused their attention on college. Classes such as trigonometry and third-year French offered the possibility of impressing college admission personnel. We would try anything to generate an acceptance letter from a favored academic institution.

By early October 1955, the LHS football team had become the topic of conversation among students, faculty, and staff at LHS, and the townspeople of Laurel. The team had a record of four wins and



no losses. Coaches Charles Futrell and David Rothenhoefer never spoke the word “undefeated,” but we were all thinking of that constantly. Strange habits formed among the teammates, such as the refusal to launder the shirt worn under the shoulder pads and putting on the left shoe first. The perfect season

continued week after week until we played Oxon Hill High School. When the referee blew his whistle signaling the lend of the game, Laurel was tied with Oxon Hill. Our record was 7 wins, 0 losses, and a tie. Laurel was undefeated but nevertheless our record was blemished.

Despite that blemish, the *Washington Post* ranked Laurel High School among the Top Ten teams in the DC Metropolitan area, in spite of the sports editor’s assertion to a group of parents by telephone that Laurel was just a small rural town and we did not play any of the other top teams. Such negativity did nothing to dampen the elation of the team, the student body and staff, and the town of Laurel. The players and coaches were treated to one celebratory banquet after another, hosted by local Laurel businesses, organizations, and parents of students.

Before we leave the subject of football, let’s give a deeply felt thank you to the girls on the cheerleading team. These friends and classmates were there to support the players on every play of every game. Their support meant more to us than anyone probably realized. Thank you so very much!

Slowly, too slow at times, the days and weeks passed through November and the Thanksgiving break, and then into December. The end of the football season brought an unwelcomed emptiness to team members and many fans. This void was only partially filled by classes and homework and occasional “sock hop” social gatherings on weekend evenings.

As autumn turned to winter, most students could breathe a bit easier because mid-term grades had improved. Students were more serious about their studies. Nevertheless, word soon circulated that the lake on Cherry Lane was frozen sufficiently for ice-skating. Crowds quickly gathered there since no one knew how long the ice would last.

Other teens made the Laurel Theater on Main Street their refuge from the cold weather, with admission to the movie 25¢ in 1955. The topic of teen conversation was often movies like *Lady and the Tramp*, *Mr. Roberts*, *To Catch a Thief*, or *The Trouble with Harry*.

A local telephone call from the payphone in the theater lobby cost a nickel, and soon after it was increased to a dime. You called your parents if you needed a ride home and let the phone ring twice. By prearrangement, neither Mom nor Dad would answer. Your coin would be returned because the call was not completed. Now you had an extra nickel to buy another candy bar while you waited for your chauffeur. Oh, how devious the mind of a teenager could be!

All of that planning and coordination for a nickel, the reader may be thinking. But look at some statistics from 1955. A first-year high school teacher in Maryland was being paid an average of \$4,750 annually. A high school principal could expect an average of \$6,000 per year. Is it any surprise that LHS principal L.B. Howland let his frustration vent when he said to a small group of senior boys, “I don’t get paid enough to deal with this senior class.” The source of his frustration was often a practical joke played at his expense. Such antics were carried out almost daily, but we shall return to that subject later.

The charge to send a first-class letter from Laurel

to anywhere in the United States in 1955 was 3¢. This price was established in 1932 and would remain in effect until 1958.

A married student with two children could rent a one-bedroom apartment on the College Park campus of the University of Maryland for \$30 per month in 1955.

If you were going grocery shopping in 1955, you would find milk priced at 22¢ per quart and eggs for 39¢ a dozen. Egg prices, especially, were quite unstable in those days. You did not have to leave home, though, to get either milk or eggs in 1955. Several farmers in the Laurel area offered home delivery service. Place the empty glass milk bottles and reusable egg cartons outside of your front door and they would be replaced with containers of fresh products. If your supply of these essentials ran low before delivery day, you could always make a short drive to Scaggsville Road or to Burtonsville to remedy the shortfall.

Maybe you were craving a popsicle. That could be purchased for a nickel at some local stores. And a bottle of Coca-Cola could also be bought for a nickel. If you were very lucky, the bottom of a glass Coca-Cola bottle would show the location of the bottling plant as Laurel, MD. Yes, Laurel had a Coca-Cola bottling plant in earlier days and some of those Laurel bottles were still in use. American consumers had not yet been introduced to planned obsolescence in products that they purchased.

The Christmas holidays were upon us and they seemed to pass in a blur of family gatherings, parties, last minute shopping for gifts, late morning sleep-ins, and, for some classmates, temporary jobs. All too soon we were back in school. Anxiety was increasing once again as mid-year report cards would soon be handed to us. Therein would lie a major deciding factor in which colleges and universities would receive our applications for admission. After several weeks, we began to race home each afternoon to check the day’s mail delivery. We did not have to open the letter to know the answer that it contained. A thick envelope was good news, you had been accepted. The thick envelope contained additional information for the in-coming freshmen. The thin envelope contained a single-page rejection letter. Most of us got some of each. Yet another decision had to be made. The graduates entering the work force had to decide what job they wanted to pursue. Graduates going on to college had to start thinking about what they wanted to major in. After all, these were decisions that we would have to live with for decades to come.

The warm days of Spring had arrived in Laurel. The thoughts of students turned from the studies and graduation to outdoor activities and dreamed about their what the future might hold for us. This topped the list of concerns for some classmates. The practical jokes typically involved non-venomous snakes and mice, water pistols and balloons, and sometimes firecrackers. Pity the poor student who forgot to close and lock the locker when hurrying to class. The next time he opened it, a snake was liable to fall around the feet.

On other occasions, the lower-level hallway looked more like Niagara Falls due to the deluge from water pistols and water balloons. These activities soon lessened as we turned our attention to ordering caps



Movies at the Laurel Theatre on Main Street were only 25¢. (Laurel Historical Society collection)

and gowns and planning graduation activities.

The impending graduation ceremony brought with it a feeling of deep sadness, but also elation. We were happy to be graduating but, at the same time, we were realizing that friendships of many years would soon be lost as the class of 1956 scattered in their separate directions. It was indeed a very emotional time.

At last, it was September 1956. College and jobs, look out! Here we come! But college definitely is not what we expected. We had read the information that we received in the thick envelopes. What had happened to the freedom of adulthood that we expected? We were not expecting more rules than we had in high school. As college freshmen, we were required to wear beanies to denote to the world our lowly status. Freshmen were not allowed to have cars on campus. Women living in the dormitory had a nightly curfew, but men did not. Women could not wear slacks or shorts on campus. We were required to attend a nondenominational church service every Sunday evening at 6 pm. The list seemed endless and, yes, we were referred to as women and men, no longer as girls and boys. We are now adults biologically, but from the perspective of behavior, maturity came slower for many students. The stories of the immature events are best kept from the eyes and ears of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

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John (Jack) Bowen is a Laurel native and a 50-year local historian and memorabilia collector.

Laurel Wreath Lodge #149



BY BRO. GREG SWEITZER, PAST MASTER

You may have wondered what the Freemasons are and what they do. Lay bricks? Build things out of stone? What goes on in that little red building next to Century 21 reality, at Route 1 and Montgomery Street? To understand that, lets take a short look at what Freemasonry is and its origin.

What is Masonry?

Freemasonry is one of the world’s oldest and largest non-religious, non-political, fraternal, and charitable organizations. Members are expected to be of high moral standing and are encouraged to speak openly about Freemasonry.

Freemasonry is a society of men concerned with moral and spiritual values. Its members are taught its principles (moral lessons and self-knowledge) by a series of ritual dramas—a progression of allegorical two-part plays that are learned by heart and performed within each Lodge—which follow ancient forms and use stonemasons’ customs and tools as allegorical guides.

Freemasonry instills in its members a moral and ethical approach to life: its values are based on integrity, kindness, honesty, and fairness. Members are urged to regard the interests of the family as paramount but, importantly, Freemasonry also teaches concern for people, care for the less fortunate, and help for those in need.

Origins of Freemasonry

No one knows with certainty how or when the Masonic Fraternity was formed. A widely accepted theory among Masonic scholars is that it arose from the stonemasons’ guilds during the Middle Ages. The oldest

document that makes reference to Masons is the Regius Poem, printed about 1390. In 1717, four lodges in London formed the first Grand Lodge of England, and records from that point on are more complete.

Many of our nation’s early patriots were Freemasons—George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Paul Revere, John Paul Jones, Rufus King, James Otis, Baron von Steuben, and Joseph Warren—as were 13 signers of the Constitution. Fourteen Presidents, beginning with Washington, and 18 Vice-Presidents were Masons. Five Chief Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court—Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall, William Howard Taft, Frederick Vinson, and Earl Warren—were Freemasons, and the ranks of Masonry have included a majority of Supreme Court Justices, of Governors of States, of members of the U.S. Senate, and a large percentage of members of the U.S. House of Representatives.

Famous Masons include Simon Bolivar, James Boswell, Robert Burns, Edward VII, Giuseppe Garibaldi, George VI, Goethe, Rudyard Kipling, Haydn, Mozart, Will Rogers, Sir Walter Scott, Jean Sibelius, Voltaire, and many others.

Today, more than four million Freemasons around the world come from virtually every occupation and profession. Within the Fraternity, however, they all meet as equals. They come from diverse political ideologies, but they meet as friends. They come from virtually every religious belief, but they all believe in one God.

Over the centuries, Freemasonry has developed into a worldwide fraternity

emphasizing personal study, self-improvement, and social betterment via individual involvement and philanthropy. During the late 1700s it was one of the organizations most responsible for spreading the ideals of the Enlightenment: the dignity of man and the liberty of the individual, the right of all persons to worship as they choose, the formation of democratic governments, and the importance of public education. Masons supported the first public schools in both Europe and America.

During the 1800s and early 1900s, Freemasonry grew dramatically. At that time, the government had provided no social “safety net.” The Masonic tradition of founding orphanages, homes for widows, and homes for the aged provided the only security many people knew. Following World War II, membership greatly increased. There are approximately 16,000 Masons in Maryland. Laurel Wreath Lodge currently has approximately 125 members.

Laurel Wreath Lodge

Laurel Wreath Lodge was formed on May 21, 1869 and formally chartered in the same year on November 15. The birth of the Lodge preceded by only five months the incorporation of the Town of Laurel on April 4, 1870. Since that time, both institutions have been intimately associated, through participation of our Masonic brethren, in a broad range of community affairs.

In our installation ceremony the Charge to the Lodge sentimentally expresses the hope (to paraphrase the words a bit) that our children’s children may celebrate with joy and gratitude the heritage we pass along from generation to



generation. The list of our Past Masters will testify that we have been realizing the desire in a considerable way, evident more substantially if the whole Lodge rosters over the years and the family interrelationships are considered.

The Snowdens, long connected with early Laurel history, gave a start with Dr. DeWilton Snowden our second Worshipful Master and his sons John and William. Dr. John Cronmiller, third on the list of Past Masters, was followed by Thomas Cronmiller in 1903 and LePage Cronmiller in 1907. Likewise, we go from Past Master Edmund Hill in 1883 and 1884 to Past Master E. Roy Hill in 1925 and his son E. Burns Hill. In more recent years Past Master David M. Fisher, Sr.

in 1890, Past Master Hugh A. Fisher 1920 and Past Master D.M. Fisher, Jr, in 1926. Our record string of grandfather, son, and grandson Past Masters are John R. Jones in 1909, J. Russell Jones in 1941 and 1942, and Russell Lowery Jones in 1974.

Other families with father and son continuities include Bond, Shaffer, Armstrong, Donaldson, McCeney, Whitman, Block, Thomas, Bryan, Warren, Beall, Sweitzer, Cook, Morris, Stevens, Chamberlin, Mauck, Flester, Barton, Phelps, Holden, Tharpe, Vogts, Diffendals, and Murphy. Additional family links can be found among the Curley, Brashear, Fairall, Milstead, McLellan, Donaldson, Whittaker, Pritchard, Harrison, Ricks, Haslup, Fisher, and Gray

family names.

Laurel Wreath Lodge can take pride in its record of passing the torch of Freemasonry on to succeeding generations.

Community Ties

It is interesting to remark on structures still in use and their history, even to note some historical ones now gone, with which Laurel Wreath Lodge brethren had a connection.

Charles F. Shaffer, Sr. first opened an undertaking establishment in Laurel, and then in 1874 bought a local lumber company and operated the C.F. Shaffer Lumber Company for many years at Second and Main Streets. C.R. Shaffer, Jr., in partnership with Edward Phelps (several time Laurel Mayor) started a department store at Ninth and Montgomery Streets in a building that later housed the Laurel Volunteer Fire Department.

One business until recently still in operation under ownership of grandson Charles was the firm of Dewilton H. Donaldson at Sixth and Montgomery Streets. Ernest R. Harrison the town tax collector and city clerk who started out in partnership with Brother Donaldson later opened a grocery store at Ninth and Montgomery Streets.

On Main Street, the former Patuxent Bank building once housed the firm C.H. Stanley, Inc., of Brother Charles H. Stanely, Jr., and at one time the Laurel Post Office. Among our members who have held the office of Postmaster are Brothers Charles F. Shaffer, James Curley, and Russell W. Beall. Other former businesses on Main Street were the Laurel Jewelry Company, operated for many years by member Brother Julius Lazerow and his brother Sol; Brother Louis F. Sussman’s haberdashery; the office of the *Laurel News Leader*, long published by Brother G. Bowie McCeney; it also housed the law firm of Brothers G. Bowie and his father, George McCeney (before the McCeneys,

the Leader had been operated by Past Master James P. Curley); Brother Montgomery Armstrong’s grocery; the two buildings where Brother Theodore B. Siehler ran the Laurel Furniture Company with assistance of Brother C. Warren Pritchard.

The venerable Academy of Music was founded by Brother Ormand W. Phair. It used to be Academy Ford car dealership but has long since moved to a location south of Laurel on Route 1. On Prince George Street is a remaining part of what was known as the General Hatch Place, the home of member Brother General Everard E. Hatch who was Mayor in 1936. Years back on Prince George Street were the offices and clinic of Brothers Dr. Bryan and John Warren and the hospital the Warrens founded. The Chevrolet dealership known as Mid-City Chevrolet was founded by Brother Jack Tyler. Also, on Carroll used to be the old City Water Works with Brother “Uncle Albert” Gosnell as superintendent. The Donaldson Funeral Home was founded by our Brother Dewitt Donaldson. On Little Montgomery are the buildings that for three generations housed the J.R. Jones Feed and Fuel firm. Brother Past Master Lowery Jones is now deceased.

Law and Order

Laurel Wreath Lodge has long been involved in the field of local, county, and state law enforcement through membership of their officers in our Lodge. This connection started in 1943 when Roland B. Sweitzer, Sr., Past Master, and Boyd A. Hamilton of the Prince George’s County Police Department were raised by Past Master Lafayette Clinton Donaldson. Brother Sweitzer subsequently rose to the position of Chief of Police for Prince George’s County before retiring in 1975. His successor, Brother John W. Rhodes, now retired, is also a Laurel Wreath Lodge member. At present there are nine members from the

Prince George’s County Police Department.

In addition, Brothers Martin M. (Mat) Puncke and Charles Diffendal put in long service on the Maryland State Police. Mat, now deceased, rose to Major. Also, two of our brethren have been Laurel Police Officers. A pretty impressive record!

Laurel Wreath Lodge in the Community

The Maryland Masonic Child ID Program (MD CHIP) has provided Maryland parents with an extra measure of security for years. Laurel Wreath Lodge annually provides this service free of charge to the community at the Laurel Main Street Festival each May.

When a child participates in the program, all vital statistics are recorded. The child is photographed and digital fingerprints are taken. Additionally, a video recording of the child speaking is made.

All of the above information is then recorded onto a CD. A cheek swab of the child’s DNA is collected painlessly. Everything is then sealed in an envelope and given to the parent for safekeeping. We retain none of the information.

Also, Freemasonry worldwide supports the St. Jude’s Hospital for Children, a place where children can go for cancer treatment and burn wound treatment for free.

Laurel Wreath Lodge also provides scholarships to deserving students in the Laurel area. Annually, the lodge provides \$2,000 scholarships to ten graduating seniors. If you are a student or parent in the Laurel area, please complete the application and return it to the lodge for consideration. Application deadline is May 1st, and applicants will be awarded scholarships the first Monday in June.

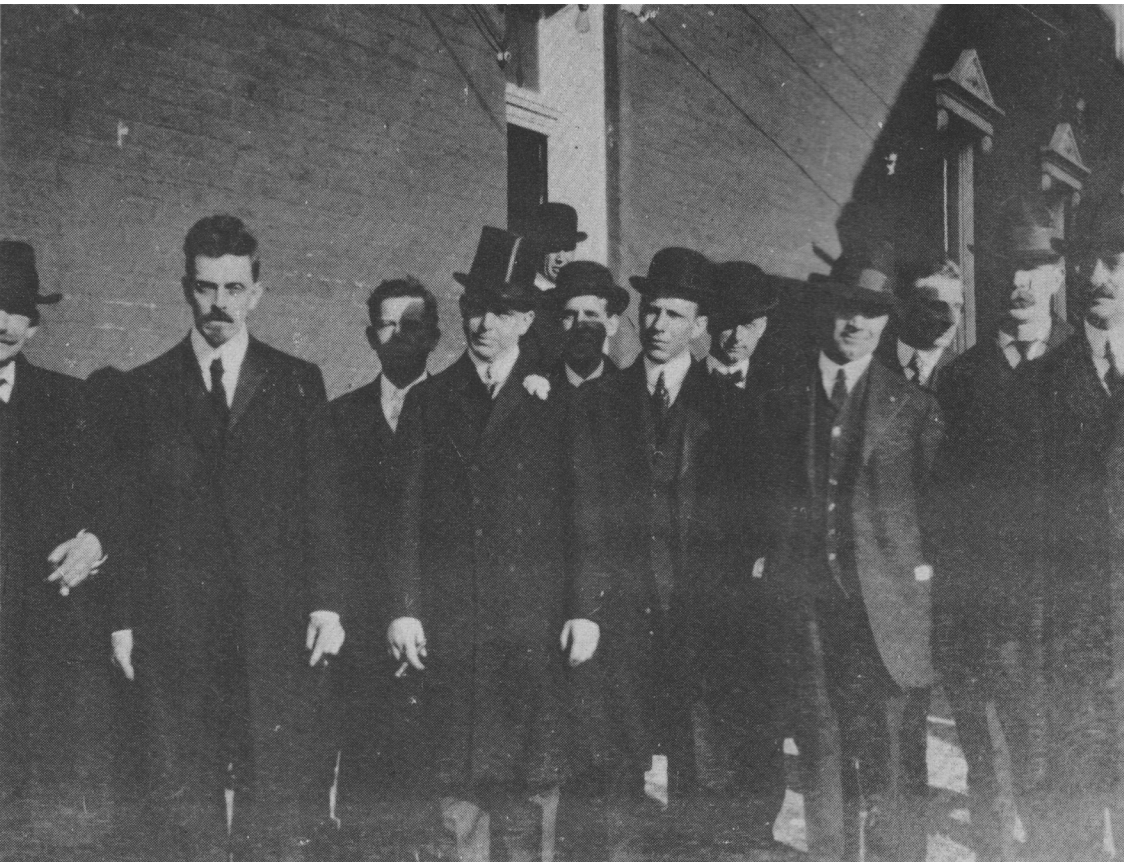
For More Information

The credo of Masonry is to make good men better men. It uses tools of the builder’s trade as emblems and symbols to teach Masons how to build character and moral stature. Masonry is a fellowship that unites Masons in friendship and goodwill. It teaches the spiritual values of life that lie beyond the physical senses.

If you are a man 18 years or older and wish to join or want more information on Freemasonry, call the Lodge at 301-725-4304.



Information for this article was taken from our historical records which can be found on our website (laurelwreathlodge.org), created by deceased Brothers John Chamberlin, Past Master; Robert Hughes, Past Master; and William Todd, Past Master.

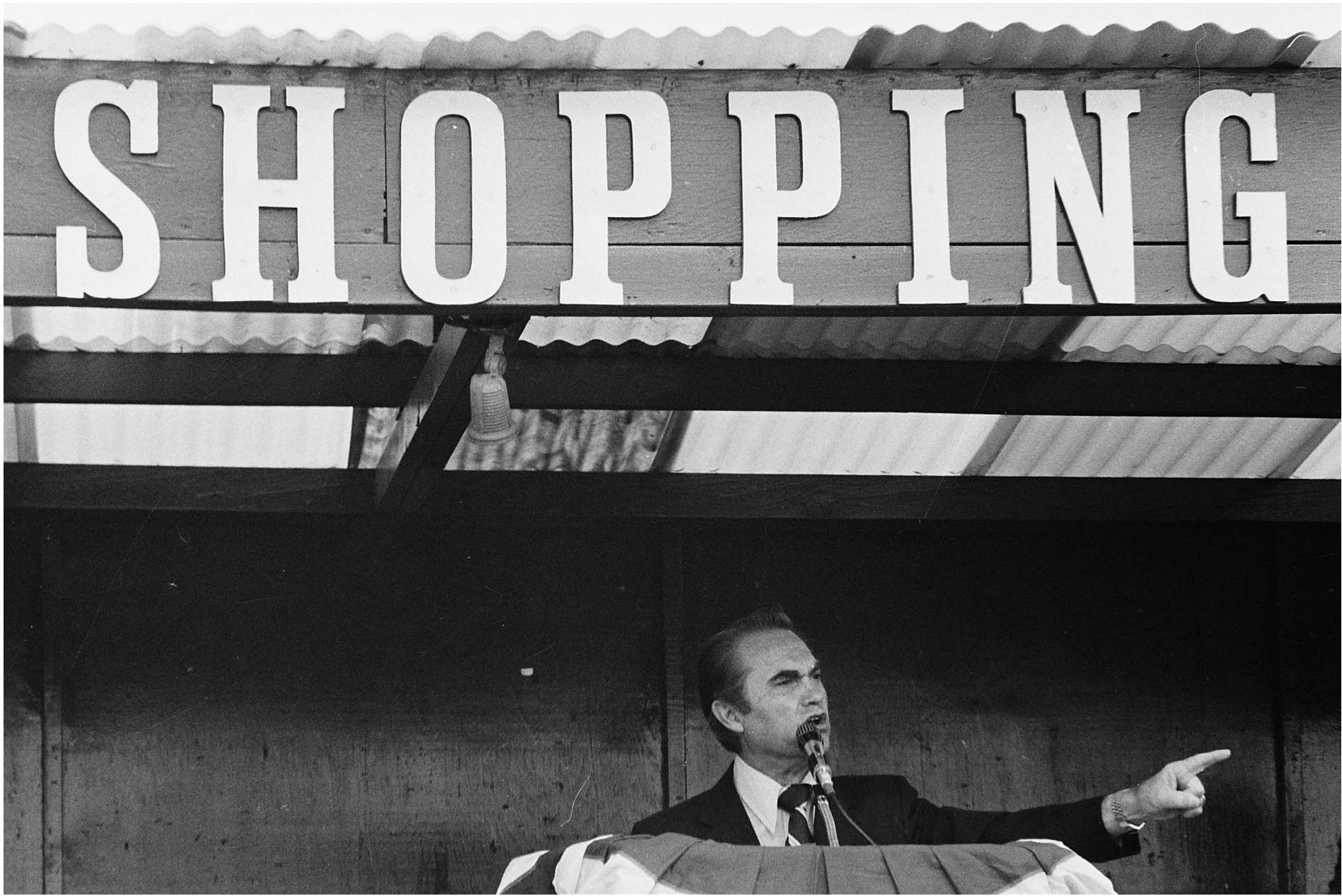


This 1915 snapshot, believed to have been taken by the late Col. G.W.S. Musgrave, shows a group of Masons whose descendants are now three or four generations removed from them. They are (l–r) S.D. Hall, Professor Crispe, John R. Jones, Howard Boteler, LePage Cronmiller, William W. Mercer, Clarence D. Miller, L. Clinton Donaldson, C. Clay Halverson, Charles H. Stanley, Jr., Albin Fairall, and former Laurel mayor Edward F. Tolson. (Photo: Laurel News Leader)

My Photos From the Wallace Shooting



BY JOE KUNDRAT



My interest in photography started when I was senior at Laurel High School. My father bought me a Pentax Spotmatic 35mm camera while he was serving in Vietnam (1969-70). I then enrolled in the Famous Photographers correspondence course, learning a lot about photography. I would take pictures of anything newsworthy and, of course, family and friends. I used the Pentax 35mm with a 135mm lens and B&W Tri-X Kodak film.

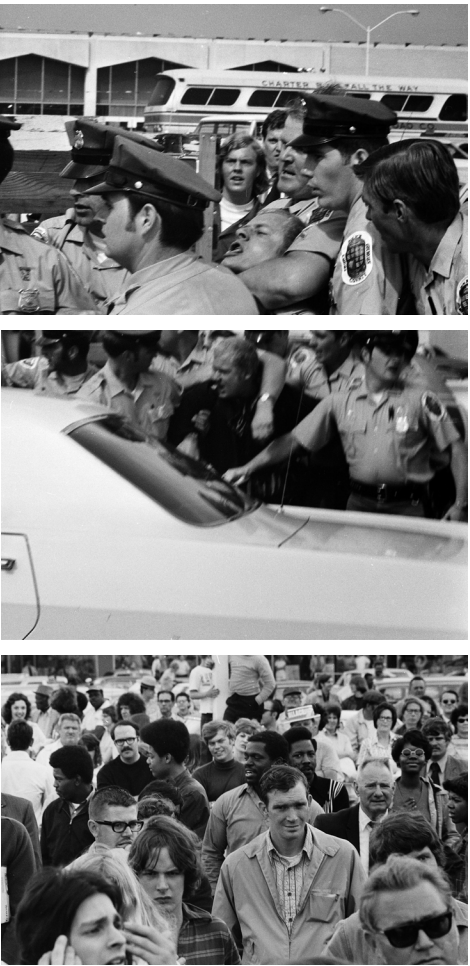
On May 15, 1972, I went to the Laurel Shopping Center with my mother, Barbara Kundra, early in the afternoon so that I could be close enough to get some good pics of Alabama Governor George Wallace,

who was giving a campaign speech. There were a lot of people, but nobody I recognized. They were mildly receptive to his speech, which was mostly about fighting crime. I remember thinking that someone would have to be crazy to try something here, since there was armed security on top of the shopping center and throughout the parking lot and on stage.

After his speech, Wallace came down by the left side of the roped section to shake hands. I was at the right corner waiting to get some close pics. He only got as far as the corner when five shots rang out sounding like fireworks. Then people started screaming, “he’s been shot.” I rushed with the crowd towards him with my



Laurel resident Joe Kundra was at Laurel Shopping Center on May 15, 1972 and captured many photos of the George Wallace speech and the aftermath of his shooting, including the iconic photo above of would-be assassin Arthur Bremer being restrained by Prince George’s County Police officers. Many of Kundra’s photos were on the front page of the Laurel News Leader, and the Bremer image was sold to the Associated Press where it gained international notoriety. Additional photos from Kundra’s series—as well as other images from Laurel in the 1970s—can be seen at laurelhistory.com/contributors/joe_kundra. (All photos courtesy of Joe Kundra)



camera up in the air shooting down, hoping to get a lucky good pic.

He was immediately surrounded by security. I then watched the police to see who they grabbed and followed them through the parking lot until they tried to put Arthur Bremer in a county police car. I had a patrolman blocking my way, so I shot under his outstretched arm to get the pic of Bremer in the police headlock. They decided to put him in a state trooper car further away. There were a couple of girls in chase saying they wanted to shake Bremer’s hand.

Bremer was laid across three police officers in the back seat, struggling the whole time with the officers, and the trooper sped off. Meanwhile, in a hurry, they were putting Wallace in a station wagon, but then the Laurel Rescue Squad arrived and got him an ambulance and took him to Holy Cross Hospital. The whole time there was complete mayhem in the parking lot.

My mother happened upon the Secret Service agent that was shot in the throat, asking him questions but he couldn’t speak. Finally, she found him some help. I also got a pic of someone helping Dora Thompson (a Wallace campaign worker), who was shot in the leg.

I was about to process the film myself when I got home, but Dick Howard, who started Media 4 news locally, called to tell me to go to the shopping center and get some shots. I told him I just got back with

some pics and was about to develop the film. He said don’t; he would call me right back, which he did with instructions to go to *The Evening Star*, where they would process the film and print the pictures they wanted. As I was leaving, I ran into a school friend, Ollie Weaver, who was nice enough to accompany me to *The Evening Star* in DC. He was my navigator since there was no GPS back in those days.

I still had to work in my darkroom at home, because the FBI requested an 8x10 enlargement of every frame of the film I shot to analyze. That evening I was getting calls from a lot of news publications.

Dick Howard was my liaison for handling the pic sales. We ended up selling the Bremer police headlock pic to the Associated Press service. It also ended up in *Time* magazine.

Overall, the one comment that everyone in town had to say was that small town Laurel had made world-wide news and we were on the map for everyone to see.

Joe Kundra, a 50-year resident of Laurel, retired after a 35-year career with the Laurel Post Office. His photos of the aftermath of Hurricane Agnes also appeared in major publications. He is still a part-time professional photographer.





PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: RICHARD FRIEND



BY RICHARD FRIEND

Laurel Noir is a series focused on historic crimes and mysterious events from our hometown.

A single DVD sat on a shelf in the third floor office of Carlos Ghigliotti on April 28, 2000. It was a collection of episodes of *The X-Files*—and a more appropriate item was unimaginable, given the circumstances.

Laurel Police detectives were scouring the office for clues, because Ghigliotti’s badly decomposed body had just been found there. Improbably, the corpse had gone undetected in the office for weeks—possibly a month or more.

Ghigliotti’s office was located on the third floor of what had originally been the American National Bank building at 608 Washington Boulevard. The familiar blue mid-century modern building was demolished in 2012 to make way for the Walgreens that now occupies the site. The building had gone largely vacant in its final years, but at the time of Ghigliotti’s death, it still housed several businesses. While a few people had noticed Ghigliotti’s car in the parking lot, unmoved for weeks, no one had reported the 42-year-old missing.

Who was Carlos Ghigliotti?

The already strange story took another bizarre twist when police learned who the dead man was. Carlos Ghigliotti was the owner and sole proprietor of Infrared Technologies Corp. Not only did he specialize in thermal imaging, he was one of only about a dozen U.S. experts in the field at that time. His skill at reading and interpreting Forward Looking Infrared (FLIR) video had awarded him a unique contract with the House Government Reform Committee in October of the previous year—to analyze videotape from the notorious Waco siege. The committee was investigating allegations that FBI agents had fired their weapons at Branch Davidian members, leading to the death of 76 people as the compound burned on April 19, 1993. The FBI had vehemently denied firing any weapons, but Ghigliotti’s analysis suggested otherwise. He was quoted in the *Washington Post*, saying, “The gunfire is there, without a doubt.” Ghigliotti was convinced that both the infrared surveillance footage as well as standard videos filmed by the media included

evidence that the FBI had lied—and that federal agents had indeed fired upon people inside the compound as they attempted to flee the burning structures.

Just a month before his death, he’d been preparing a report to Congress and working with attorneys who were filing a \$100 million wrongful death suit against the government on behalf of the heirs of the Branch Davidians. In a March 28th letter to the lead attorney, he’d written, “I still have a lot of shocking evidence to show you.”

Ghigliotti had previously worked *with* the FBI, analyzing a number of environmental dumping cases between 1991 and 1995. But his latest job put him decidedly at odds with them, and just a few months into his research, he believed he had found the smoking gun—literally and figuratively. Flashes that appeared throughout the thermal video footage, Ghigliotti claimed, were clear evidence of gunfire. His trained eyes had seen it on FLIR video many times before, having filmed above shooting ranges.

To this day, the FBI dismisses the flashes as reflections of sunlight.

Conspiracy Theory

The idea that Ghigliotti—a seemingly healthy 42-year-old man with information potentially damaging to the FBI—turned up dead in his office just before completing his work was undeniably suspicious, and the story immediately became national news.

Within days, stories began to emerge, painting a disturbing picture. David Hardy, a former U.S. attorney who’d worked with Ghigliotti on the Waco investigation recalled a chilling conversation they’d had in Laurel:

“I remember talking to him outside his office, after the first visit, standing there in the parking lot after dark. He’d mentioned that the guy with Infrasppection Institute, who had analyzed the FLIR for (the television show) 60 Minutes back in 1995 or 1996, and found FBI gunshots and shooters on it, had been terrified. In fact, he’d sent copies of the tape to Carlos and to several others in the IR field, with notes saying ‘If anything happens to me, you’ll know why.’

I asked Carlos, there in the parking lot, if he’d ever been fearful. He said only for a while, between the time he made his findings and the time he reported them to the committee. Then he had been worried, because he was looking at clear evidence that would nail a lot of FBI agents on perjury, and perhaps much worse. But once he told others of his results, he figured the cat was out of the bag. Since the committee has his results, and has had information on it for months now, I guess we’ll soon know how serious they are about investigating Waco.”

The committee did have Ghigliotti’s results, but it was quickly becoming apparent that they were leaning in the other direction—and had been for some time. In the weeks before his death, Ghigliotti had grown frustrated and voiced concern that Congress was “more worried about their budget than with finding out what really happened.” For the countless hours of work he’d put in over the course of five months, Ghigliotti had reportedly been paid only \$16,100. The committee also refused to fund additional hours that he felt were needed to complete his work. The final straw came when the Office of Special Counsel conducted a field test of FLIR technology on March 19, 2000, using similar conditions to determine whether gunfire caused the flashes. Despite this having been Ghigliotti’s own suggestion, the committee wouldn’t pay to have him fly to Texas and be part of the experiment.

The testing—without Ghigliotti’s participation—was conducted under a protocol agreed to and signed by attorneys and experts for the Branch Davidians and their families, as well as for the government. The final report to the Deputy Attorney General on November 8, 2000 discounted Ghigliotti’s findings.

Analysis of the shape, duration, and location of the flashes indicated that they resulted from a reflection off debris—likely broken glass—on or around the complex, rather than gunfire. Additionally, an independent expert review of photography taken at the scene showed no people at or near the points from which the flashes emanated. Interviews of Branch Davidians, government witnesses, filmmakers, writers, and advocates for the Branch Davidians found that none

had witnessed any government gunfire on April 19, 1993. None of the Branch Davidians who died on that day displayed evidence of having been struck by a high velocity round, as would be expected had they been shot from outside of the complex by government sniper rifles or other assault weapons. Given this evidence, the Special Counsel concluded that the claim that government gunfire occurred on April 19, 1993, amounted to “an unsupportable case based entirely upon flawed technological assumptions.”

According to a Government Reform Committee spokesperson, Ghigliotti’s research had been defunded “because he repeatedly failed to produce what the staff considered a ‘scientific’ report.” While he had provided detailed evidence noting where he detected supposed gunfire, he had not included the type of calculations and comparisons to other FLIR-recorded gunfire that the committee felt was needed for a case against the FBI. In short, Ghigliotti simply stressed that based on his extensive previous experience, he knew exactly what gunfire looked like on infrared video—and dismissed any possibility that the flashes were the result of sunlight reflections. “There is no alternative explanation,” Ghigliotti had stressed. “None.”

“I still have a lot of shocking evidence to show you.”

GHIGLIOTTI, ONE MONTH BEFORE HE WAS FOUND DEAD

Laurel Police initially investigated Ghigliotti’s death as a possible homicide, although they found no evidence of a break-in or struggle. Nor was there any sign that he had committed suicide. What they did discover, however, was that Ghigliotti had not only died at his office—he’d been *living* there, too. His sister later corroborated this, explaining that Carlos was excessively frugal. Friends and associates never realized that he didn’t have an actual home outside of the office. In fact, he’d also been living out of his office’s previous location years earlier at 1905 Guilford Road in Columbia—an industrial park address that the Motor Vehicle Administration also had listed as Ghigliotti’s residence. His sister speculated that the well-groomed Ghigliotti would check into nearby motels to shower, with no one the wiser.

A routine visitor to Infrared Technologies wouldn’t have noticed anything that belied Ghigliotti living there, but closer inspection after his death revealed the truth. A closet in his two-room Laurel office contained his clothes and a suit bag, along with a small mirror. Numerous over-the-counter cold medications, pain killers, toiletries, and other drugstore staples were stored throughout Suite 304. And Ghigliotti’s body, in its advanced state of decomposition, had been found lying on an air mattress, dressed in nightclothes.

There was no way to definitively know when Ghigliotti died, but investigators suspect it was on or around April 6, 2000. A grocery receipt from April 4th was found in his office.



Carlos Ghigliotti circa 1994. (Family photo)

The autopsy report by Maryland’s chief medical examiner ruled that Ghigliotti died of natural causes—officially, a heart attack hastened by massive arterial blockage. Toxicology tests found only an over-the-counter flu medication in his system.

Carlos’ sister wasn’t surprised at the results; she knew that his lifestyle wasn’t healthy. Tightly-wound, he was a Type A personality who lived on fast food and little sleep. He didn’t exercise, and he hadn’t allowed himself a real vacation in over a decade. Genetics may have worked against him, as well. His father died in his sixties from heart problems, and his mother had passed away at an even younger age—42, coincidentally. She, too, had heart disease.

Conspiracy theories began populating the Internet shortly after Ghigliotti’s death and continue to this day—some theorizing that Carlos had been poisoned by anthrax (or some other untraceable toxin that creates flu-like symptoms), or that his death was faked by the government using the corpse of an unknown (and conveniently unidentifiable) man.

Carlos’ sister doesn’t necessarily believe that, but she *does* believe that her brother’s analysis of the FLIR videos was correct, and that the FBI had lied. She has difficulty reconciling an incident that had occurred the autumn before Carlos died—when he took the unusual step of staying over at her house. Paranoid and completely out of character, he told her that he believed his life was in danger. He then made her watch the tapes, pointing out exactly what he had seen. “He did a second-by-second analysis of where, what, and when.”

Carlos Ghigliotti’s funeral included full military honors in respect to his service with the U.S. Navy. He is buried at Maryland Veterans Cemetery in Cheltenham—a decision his sister made rather than cremation. Given the circumstances of his death, she said she did it “just in case ... he might need to be exhumed someday.”

Richard Friend is a founding member of The Laurel History Boys, and creator of the popular “Lost Laurel” website and book.



“We had a guy...”

Tales from the Laurel Police Department



BY RICK MCGILL

This continuing series is an uncomplicated string of personal war stories from my time at a small municipal police department between Baltimore and Washington, D.C., told without a lot of extravagant details; just the facts, ma'am. Other cops will appreciate the bare-bones setups of my individual anecdotes. But I do try to explain some of the procedures for the general public who has little understanding of why we do some of the things we do.

The men and women I worked with are the finest you will find in any police agency anywhere. Some have since retired or moved on to other agencies, and some are still there fighting the good fight. Hopefully, this bit of sucking up will make up for any inconsistencies in my memory of the events in which some of these great guys made an appearance. They will no doubt recognize their own first names and possibly the fictitious names of some of our less-than-law-abiding customers.

So grab yourself a cup of java or crack open a beer and get comfortable. You're in a room full of cops talking shop. And the attitudes, sometimes smart-ass, sometimes despairing, that go with it. In our town, on my shift, this was policing in the last decades of the 20th century.

“Grab yourself a cup of java or crack open a beer and get comfortable. You're in a room full of cops talking shop. And the attitudes, sometimes smart-ass, sometimes despairing, that go with it. In our town, on my shift, this was policing in the last decades of the 20th century.”

Juveniles. We all started out as one but, if we were lucky, we lived through it. The good part, or sometimes the bad part, of being a juvenile is blissful ignorance. They don't know what cops can do and what we can't do. I had this girl one evening, a shoplifter at the Montgomery Wards department store. It was a minor theft and the store didn't want to prosecute, they just wanted someone to take the kid off their hands. That ended up being me. At that time all we had to do for

minor offenses by a juvenile is document the contact and release them to a responsible adult. So, I take her out to my cruiser with the intent of driving her home. I'm filling out the J-2 form and it turns out she's from Florida. Hmm. Might be a long drive home. Maybe some overtime?

“So, what are you doing up here in Maryland?” She was visiting her uncle here in town. No road trip to Florida. Damn. “Okay, where is he?”

“He's at some party by a big lake across the road.” Now, the lake she's talking about is called Laurel Lake, a big city-owned park surrounded by townhouses now, but at that time it was all wild and wooded and there were beer parties and dopers out there at night. In those days it was still outside the city limits, meaning I had no jurisdiction there and I wasn't keen on wandering into what might turn into a big drug party where I couldn't do anything about it. Besides, if I'd walked her back in there looking for Uncle Doper, they'd probably all scatter into the woods and we'd never find him. The kid would then be left in our hands and I'd have way more paperwork to do and she'd go into the system at Juvenile Services. Unless I drove her to Florida, which really wasn't in the cards.

“Here's what's going to happen. You're not in trouble; the store doesn't want to prosecute you for stealing. But I do have to release you to a responsible adult. That means your uncle. Now if we both go walking back in those woods they'll see me and scatter and then you'd have to go to Juvi. So I'll wait here and you're going in there alone and you're bringing your uncle back out so he can sign for you.”

She nodded her head, understanding the predicament we were both in. “You have five minutes. If you're not back in five minutes, I'm calling every cop in the county and we're surrounding that party and busting everyone. And I'll make sure they all know it was your fault. *Capiche?*”

It was like a prisoner exchange at Checkpoint Charlie in Berlin. Five minutes later Uncle Doper signed the juvenile release form, and I went for coffee.

We had a guy one night, drunk driver. Wiped out his car and three parked cars on Rt. 1 in front of the Little Tavern. The road is four lanes wide at that point, but the two curb lanes are mostly for parking. It's about 11 PM and there are plenty of onlookers from the diner and the bar next door and the Little Tavern across the street, all gathered to rubberneck the accident scene. We get there and there's car parts and debris leading up to where this guy's wrecked car had finally stopped. I don't know why he stopped and didn't keep going. Some people panic and make matters worse by fleeing the carnage they've caused. Either he was too drunk, or his car made the decision for him.

So, the crowd is gathering to watch as we pull him out of his wreck and he's all blubbering and falling-down drunk. This kid has the whole punk-thing going: black leather jacket with cut-off sleeves; wife-beater T-shirt; pierced eyebrow, nose, and everything; biker boots; tattoos; really short bleach-blonde hair; one earring. The works. Now remember: this was back when such descriptions were, shall we say, not as common as they are now.

Our guys now have Demolition Man spread-eagle across the hood of his car searching him prior to handcuffing and he's whining on and on.

“I don't understand! What's going on? What're you doing? I don't understand what's happening...”

It was really getting to be annoying. He had no idea the damage he had wrought. I finally had enough of his whiny blubbering and leaned across the hood from the other side of the car and looked him right in the face, loud enough to pierce his whiskey-eyed haze, “You're under arrest, ya Billy Idol-lookin' b****!”

The spectators heard it, too. I never had a crowd cheer and applaud me before that night. It was kinda nice.

When Laurel Lake became part of the incorporated city limits and was fully developed, the city built a beautiful park around it. There are picnic areas, paddle boats, jogging trails, wild ducks, playground equipment for the kiddies; all the park amenities. It is surrounded by townhomes and apartments and it bears no

resemblance to the old lake and thick woods I mentioned in the story above. But the city grew southward, and with more people came more potential witnesses to what might have gone unnoticed in the past.

We had this guy one Sunday, the radio call came out as, “An Asian male harassing ducks at the lake.” Our officer met with the complainant who said an Asian guy drove up in a little brown Toyota or Nissan, jumped out, and chased a bunch of ducks beside the lake. He grabbed one by the neck and jumped back in his car and sped away down Cherry Lane. Can you see where this is going?

Good Citizen even got the tag number on the suspect's car. Sure enough: it came back as a commercial listing, Peking House Chinese Cuisine (or something similar: I hope there's no restaurant by that name there now) in the 8700 block of Cherry Lane, which was in the direction the car was last seen headed. Now, the ducks are considered wildlife, no one owns them around the lake, and I suppose there is a hunting season for ducks in Maryland but enforcing hunting regulations isn't high on our to-do list. So, Cpl. Carl had to go and tell the Chinese restaurant owner not to take live ducks from the city's lake to cook at his restaurant.

But hey, the menu says, “Fresh Food All the Time.”

Why do people run from the police? I had a guy who tried to outrun my cruiser on foot one night. Why would you even think you could outrun a car on foot? We were behind Tag's Italian restaurant near Main Street and Washington Blvd. in connection with a call around the corner where my partner was meeting a complainant about something-or-other involving this guy, so we needed to talk to him. He had walked away as soon as we arrived, but I drove behind the building to stop him and get his side of the story. At the time he may or may not have been arrested depending on our complainant's story, but at this point he wasn't really a suspect in anything. So there he was walking behind the building and I stopped my cruiser intent on keeping things casual until the pieces came together. But as soon as I cracked my car door, he took off running toward the far corner of the building.

It was right about that time my partner radios me that, “Yeah, he needs to be a '95.” “95” is short for “10-95,” which translates to “prisoner in custody,” meaning my partner is saying we have enough to charge him with something. That's good enough for me. I could hear the theme song to Beverly Hills Cop with Eddie Murphy playing in my head as I dropped the cruiser into Drive. I figured I could head him off before he makes it to the corner of the building. If I don't beat him to the corner, I know he'll be gone. Its neck-and-neck and we're down to the last ten feet or so and I'm narrowing the gap between him and my fender and the brick wall hoping he'll just give it up, when suddenly he lets out a scream and rolls across the front of my hood and down onto the ground.

“You ran over my foot! M****f*****! That ain't right!” To be honest, I didn't intend to run over his foot. He had placed himself in a dangerous position by fleeing from law enforcement and he suffered the

consequences of his actions.

We're on the way to the hospital and he's in handcuffs and pain. The only solace I can offer him: “Don't run from the police, man.”

No matter how many times I've said it, I've never said it to the same person twice.

We had a guy breaking into parked cars at the commuter parking lot at the edge of town one day. I was a corporal and my sergeant calls me over to the lot where they'd stopped a guy who was walking among the cars when the sergeant first got there. Sgt. Mike takes me aside and says, “There's a car over there with a busted back window and a hammer on the back seat. I told this guy we've had a camera set up in those woods next to the lot because we've been having so many cars broken into here. Go in the woods and wait a minute like you're checking the camera and then tell me on the radio we've got him on tape.” Cool idea! Someday I'm gonna be a sergeant, too.

I head into the trees and after a suitable pause I call Mike on the radio, “Yup. Looks like he used a hammer, right?”

Hammer Boy's sitting on the curb and hears me on the radio and just hangs his head and says, “I'm sorry. I don't know why I did it...” In legal parlance we call that a *res gestae* statement or “spontaneous utterance” and the best part is its 100% admissible in court. Genius idea. And just think how much money Mike saved the city by not having to actually buy a camera to put in the woods.

But then suddenly the emotional trauma of being caught red-handed is too much for Hammer Boy who, it turns out, suffers from epilepsy. He throws a seizure and we have to pack him off in an ambulance and get a warrant to charge him later. Oops.

When I was a slick-sleeve rookie I had a guy break into his neighbor's apartment to steal an Atari video game console. Yes, Atari. Hey, in 1980 Atari was a must-have and all the cool kids had one, including me. I don't know if this guy knew that's what he was after or if that's the only thing of value he could find once he got into the apartment, but that's what he took. It was an old two-story house split up into several apartments. A wrap-around porch had a roof over it and the second-floor windows all opened out onto that roof. The point-of-entry was one of those windows. There were only two apartments on the second floor, one being the victim's and one being my suspect's. Since I was a rookie, I didn't have any Spidey sense yet, but my Field Training Officer (FTO) did. We're standing outside and he leads me down the garden path of Modern Police Investigative Techniques, guiding my thought process.

“Look around out here. Do you see any way someone could get on the porch roof from the ground?” Nope. “Do you think you might want to talk to the other second floor tenant?” Yup!

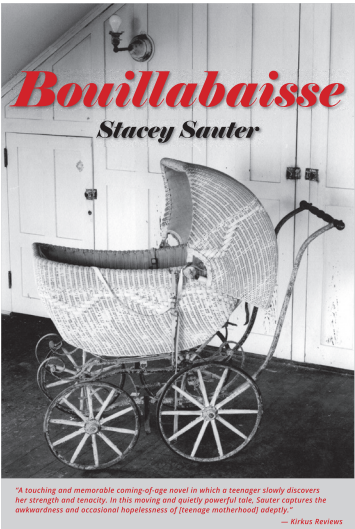
The Magic and Magnetism of Old Town Laurel

Author Stacey Sauter’s novel is set in 1960s Laurel

BY STACEY SAUTER



“The creation of such a vibrant story of a textured family life came about because the scaffolding for the story had already been built for me in the magical and magnetic town of historic Laurel.”



The fact that my novel *Bouillabaisse* is set in historic Laurel is purely providential to me. I absolutely love this town, and the evolution of my love affair with it is evident in my book. It was the perfect setting for my story, making it a joy to write this book.

Bouillabaisse was based on some real events that happened to a friend’s family here in Maryland during the 1960s, specifically after an aunt died during childbirth. Her infant son was about to be put up for adoption when my friend’s own mother swooped in to rescue him. As she shared the account of that baby’s life with me, I was struck by its potential basis for a novel. It wasn’t long before my creative Cuisinart clicked on and a couple of characters started fleshing out in my mind. I was compelled to write their story, but first needed a location in which to set it up.

Prior to that time, I’d never been to historic Laurel and honestly didn’t even know it existed. In search of a setting—one preferably halfway between Baltimore and Washington, DC—I decided to drive south

on Route 1 starting near Jessup. Before long I happened upon Laurel’s Main Street.

There was an undeniable and absolutely magnetic draw into the town, harkening to Luigi Pirandellao’s play *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. In this absurdist, metaphysical production, six “characters” suddenly interrupt a play’s rehearsal and insist that the director tell their story instead. I love this play because as a writer I know what happens once a character or two are fleshed out and insist that I tell their story. And when I drove into Laurel that day it was as if the characters had just directed me to their hometown. The stage was set.

Between the Laurel Meat Market, High’s Dairy, Outback Leather (formerly Gayer’s), Oliver’s Tavern, the train depot, the ancient St. Mary of the Mills Church, so many quaint homes and ancient buildings lining the streets, and the nearby race track, Old Town Laurel appeared to be a genuine time capsule and a virtual creative carnival for my mind. I imagined Warren’s Hospital as the place where the

baby was born and absconded by the despondent aunt. I saw her family living in a charming home just a few blocks away on Montgomery Avenue, and her children attending school at St. Mary’s and Pallotti. I saw the Pallottine nuns actively going about their business. The rich tapestry of a created life in the approximate five square miles making up Old Town Laurel instantly came to mind.

I fell in love with it as there wasn’t a nook or cranny in the town that didn’t offer itself to some form of creative expression. If I was short on a detail or inspiration, I could always drive up and what I needed seemed to always magically appear.

From Oliver’s Tavern to the Pallotti Convent, I made new friends. This included Sister Perpetua, a longtime teacher at St. Mary of the Mills, one of the kindest and gentlest souls I’ve ever met. She offered to let me use her likeness (under certain conditions) and in homage to her when selecting the typeface for the printed book I chose “Perpetua.”

Here’s a short excerpt from the story, which includes my

description of life in Laurel as seen from the 15-year old protagonist’s viewpoint after it’s revealed she was seen stealing licorice from a local sweet shop.

It was no mystery that Mrs. Sweeney—God’s fat, gossipy handmaiden and also monsignor’s volunteer secretary—just happened to be in Guvelli’s the day I was short on both dollars and sense. Anyway, the scene of that crime was on Main Street, a very self-contained business district and the site of many family-owned and operated stores. Within blocks of my house we could get hand-made ice cream, a gallon of milk, warmly baked bread, a prescription filled, a newly cut slab of beef, or even a freshly killed chicken. There was also a hardware center with enough supplies to build a house, plus stores with appliances and furniture—both new and used. For the love struck, engagement rings and wedding dresses, both new and used, could be purchased. If the engagement didn’t work out one could pawn the ring or dress at Things Gone By, then drown one’s sorrows with a bottle of liquor from the local package store. If the wedding happened there were five churches, a synagogue and, of course, the booze to celebrate. We could attend a move or a play, swim in the community pool or the river, plus take our parents’ pick of parochial or public schools. And, if need be, one could get a broken bone set or even deliver a baby at Warren’s Hospital—a fifteen-bed facility just down the street from my house where, most conveniently, all five children in my family were born.

For the serious drinkers—including Father Ryan—Main Street offered bookend bars: Oliver’s and the Laurel Tavern. And for the gamblers (again, Father Ryan) we were a short

walk to Laurel’s horse racing track. No one had far to travel after dying, either, as our neighborhood boasted a funeral home and two cemeteries; one was for Catholics, the other for everyone else.

And as I discovered through Mrs. Sweeney, Laurel was just large enough that we thought no one knew our business, and just small enough that everybody did.

One of the most gratifying things readers tell me about *Bouillabaisse* is its authenticity. They actually feel like they are a part of the family of which I write, and they can readily envision life there. The joys and tribulations of the Kenealy family, their setbacks, and deep heartaches feel so real to them. The characters seemed to beckon and direct me to that perfect stage. And I truly believe that the creation of such a vibrant story of a textured family life came about because the scaffolding for the story had already been built for me in the magical and magnetic town of historic Laurel.

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Stacey Sauter grew up in Bethesda, Maryland and currently resides in Potomac. She has an undergraduate degree from the University of Maryland and a master’s in journalism from Columbia University. Presently she’s pursuing a second master’s degree, this one from Maryland’s School of Public Policy. In addition to being a full-time Realtor, Sauter is currently developing a non-profit organization to help in the fight against homelessness. She remains passionate about writing books, and is at work on two of them, one a work of fiction and the other non-fiction with expected publication dates in 2022. *Bouillabaisse* is her fourth published novel.

Author Reminisces About His Totally Gnarly, Way Bogus Novel Set in 1986 Laurel

BY TEDDY DURGIN

I grew up and lived in Laurel from the time I was a little boy in the 1970s to a married man and father of one in 2005. That was the year my wife and I decided to move to the Halethorpe suburb of Baltimore, as we were both alumni of the nearby University of Maryland Baltimore County (UMBC) and loved that town, too. Then, in 2014, we made an even bigger move to Raleigh-Durham, NC.

But not a day goes by where I don’t think of growing up and coming of age in Laurel. I still remember the creak of the floorboards of Cook’s Hardware store on Main Street. I can still look in the mirror at my 50-year-old noggin and halfway see that kid’s bowl cut from Bart’s Barber Shop. And, oh, how I still crave Little Tavern hamburgers, Tippy’s tacos, and the steak and cake platter at Bay and Surf!

Here in Carolina, I haven’t found a butcher anywhere near the caliber of the guys that worked the old Laurel Meat Market. I’ll always miss the ease and convenience of having my eyeglasses adjusted at Pyle Opticians. And when my teenage daughter needed braces ... where was Dr. Decker?!

Of course, most of the above-mentioned businesses and business operators are long gone from Laurel. A few still survive. And there’s still my old high school, Pallotti; my old townhouse development of Cromwell Station; and my old church of St. Mary’s. But most everything else is gone and the chain restaurants and stores endure.

I wanted to preserve them. I wanted to preserve my past, my specific time, my hometown as I remembered it. So, a few years back, I wrote *The Totally Gnarly, Way Bogus Murder of Muffy McGregor*. My debut novel is set in Laurel during the summer of 1986. It follows an unpopular teenage boy named Sam Eckert, who has just completed his sophomore year at the local Catholic high school and has gotten his first job at the old Laurel Centre Mall. When his school’s most popular cheerleader (the titular Muffy) is murdered at the mall, Sam takes it upon himself to try and solve the crime so he can get in good with the cool crowd when he returns to school in the fall.

Hijinks ensue.

OK, so the murder is made up. But the goofy, comic “Whodunit?!” mystery at the core of my book sprang from many of the experiences I had in Laurel and at Pallotti, specifically. I was a student there from 1984 to 1988, the absolute prime years of that great decade of excess. I don’t lament growing old mainly because my youth seemed so perfectly timed to the great pop culture of the time. I was 6 when the original 1977 *Star Wars* was released; 11 when *E.T.* hit theaters; and between the ages of 13 and 16 when John Hughes went on his streak of great teen comedy-dramas with *Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club*, *Weird Science*, and *Ferris Bueller’s Day Off*.

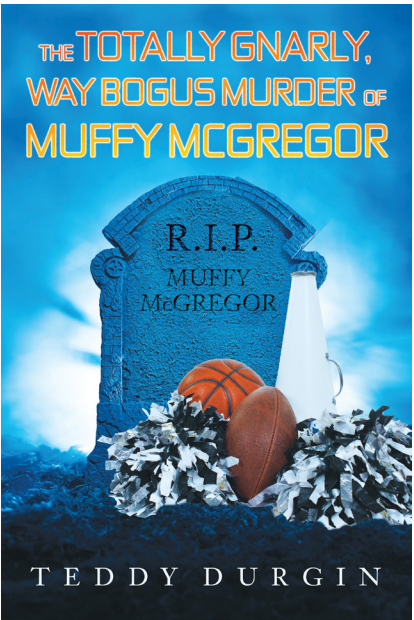
In fact, when I promoted my book upon its publication in 2016, I often described it as “What if John Hughes had written a teenage murder mystery?” Arrogant of me to say? Yes. But it was a great way to describe in a nutshell what I was going for.

When I set out to write *Muffy McGregor*, I truly didn’t realize how much I would draw on my high school days in Laurel. I thought it was going to be more of a riff on ‘80s pop culture nostalgia. But the more I got into plotting out the novel’s story beats and finding the authentic voices of the characters, the more I found myself mentally transporting back to the days of baseball tryouts in the spring, working at Laurel Mall in the summer, going back to school in the fall, and listening to WTOP for snow delays and cancellations in the winter (with fingers crossed and silent Catholic prayers said).

And, yes, it was also the days when MTV still played music, going to a PG-13 movie felt somewhat naughty, and the Maryland/DC area was loaded with championship sports contenders from the Joe Gibbs Redskins to the Cal Ripken Jr. Orioles to John Thompson’s Georgetown Hoyas. As much as I wanted to write a cool, clever murder mystery with twists and turns, it became a real delight packing in as much ‘80s-era tidbits and details, both pop culture and Laurel/Pallotti culture, as the story allowed.

I have been a working journalist since 1992, and I’m now a senior editor for SmithBucklin, the world’s largest professional association management firm. That’s my “day job.” On the side, I write film reviews for various outlets and still pen a monthly column for the Maryland Beverage Journal covering the state’s beer, wine, and spirits trade. Despite those gigs, my time spent shepherding *The Totally Gnarly, Way Bogus Murder of Muffy McGregor* from concept to completion was the most fun I’ve ever had writing anything.

It was fun every step of the way! Plotting the story out and writing it was like jumping into a time machine whenever I could break away from my professional and family responsibilities. I found myself drawing on old conversations I’d had with fellow Pallotti classmates across the lunchroom table or in homeroom—silly arguments about movies like *Aliens* and *Top Gun* and more serious discussions about talking to girls or getting bullied. One of the reasons why I think people have responded so well to *Muffy* is that a lot of the dialogue had actually been said in real life, and there were moments both big and small throughout the book that really did take place in one form or another. Sure, I filtered them through the prism of fiction and embellishment. But part of the fun was being able



to remember a talk I had with a friend or a girl or someone in authority and being able to write in the line I should have said back then.

But it was upon publication that the book paid off in dividends I could not have imagined. I had re-connected with a number of my classmates at our 20-year reunion in 2008. Many have become Facebook friends as a direct result, and we’ve been able to keep up in the years since via email and the social networking site. But I was overwhelmed by the support I got from my classmates and from students who had graduated in different years, who had heard of the book, gave it a read, and then recommended it to others. The amount of “likes” and “shares” was enormously gratifying. I wish I had that many friends back in high school!

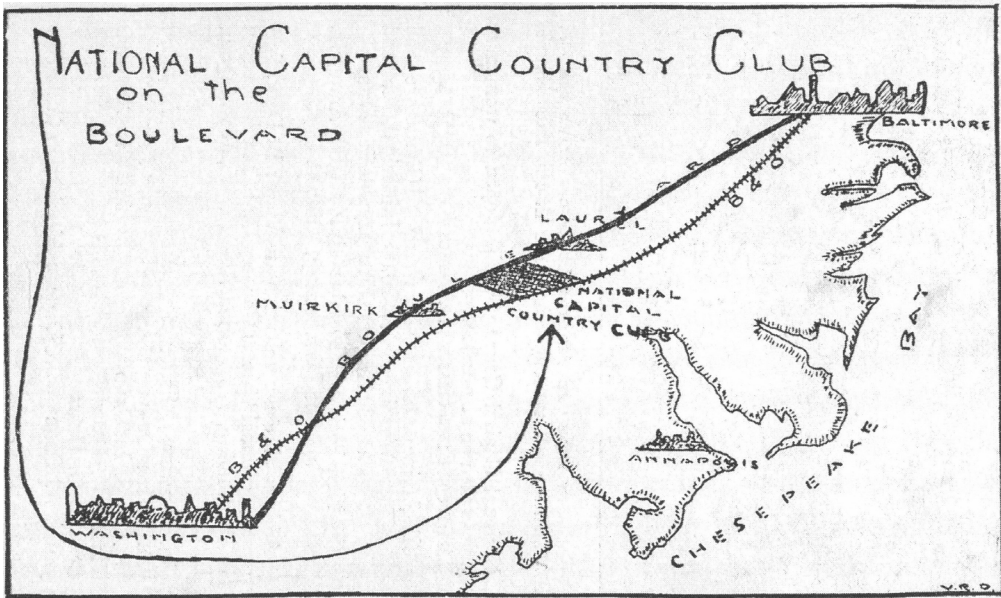
But one of the biggest rewards that came from the book was re-connecting with Laurel. The town is very different from what it was when I lived there in the 1970s, ‘80s, and ‘90s. But there is still a lot of civic pride. Sure, many of the places in the book are gone like the mall, the old Woolworth’s “dime store,” and the two-screen Laurel Twin Cinema. But Oliver’s Old Towne Tavern is still up and running, and proprietor Lenny Wohlfarth invited me back to put up a poster of my novel’s cover art in the bar for display.

Through it all, I would get the same question over and over again: “Is the book’s lead character, Sam, really you?” Yes and no. Sam is certainly the character in the book who is most like me. I also was 15 going on 16 that summer. I also worked at a plus-sized women’s clothing store (my mom got me the job) at Laurel Mall.

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A Place of Our Own

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A map of the location from the promotional brochure soliciting memberships.



The mansion, used as a clubhouse.

entertainment as well as facilities for conferences and at the same time afford an opportunity for recreation and relaxation” for members. Plans were made for an elaborate clubhouse/ballroom/ meeting room, a golf course, and tennis courts. The investors wanted to construct a members-only club that “reflected their status,” according to Fletcher.

Twenty-three acres of land were acquired on the east side of Route 1 between Muirkirk and Contee Road, bordered by the B&O Railroad tracks. A magnificent mansion was already on the grounds and was repurposed into a clubhouse, but that was supposed to be temporary until a grand new building was erected.

The upper crust of Black society in the Washington-Baltimore region was well represented by the officers of the club.

Dr. Emmett J. Scott, President and Chairman of the Board, had a prestigious career as a journalist, author, and government official, among other positions. In 1897, Booker T. Washington hired him as his personal secretary and advisor at the Tuskegee Institute. At the beginning of World War I, he was appointed Special Assistant for Negro Affairs to the Secretary of War, making him the highest-ranking African American in Woodrow Wilson’s administration. At the time of the National Capital Country Club’s founding in 1926, he was the Secretary-Treasurer of Howard University in Washington, D.C.

Dr. Harry S. McCard, Vice-President, was a nationally known medical director and lecturer from Baltimore. He frequently criticized the city’s Health Department and Mayor for the cause of equal rights in medical care. His family—his father was also a well-known attorney—was famous for its activism. McCard was also the

founder of the all-Black American Tennis Association in 1916.

Judge James A. Cobb, Membership Committee Chairman, was a prominent Washington, DC attorney and law professor. He was appointed Judge of the Municipal Court for the District of Columbia in 1926, the same year the National Capital Country Club opened.

The rest of the investors were comprised of “bankers, lawyers, doctors, agency and fraternal leaders and business owners,” according to Fletcher. The club—which only consisted of the repurposed mansion at this point—opened in May 1926 with “a gala ball packed with well-wishers and visitors in town for the annual track and field meet held at Howard University.” As Fletcher put it, “the event heralded a bright future for a first-class ‘place of our own’.”

For the first year, the only amenity was the clubhouse, while the golf course was under construction. A wing was added to the mansion, and hotel accommodations with 10 bedrooms were added. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings were a constant blur of conferences, balls, dances, and dinners. Members—women were allowed as members—could bring guests to these festivities.

Club Expansion

In 1927, the club opened a 9-hole golf course, tennis courts, a croquet field, and a billiards room. To mark the occasion, the club staged an 18-hole golf exhibition match between Harry Jackson and John Shippen. This was a big deal to local Black golfers.

Harry Jackson won the United States Colored Golf Association’s first Negro National Open the year before,

in 1926. The association was formed in 1925 to fill the void for Black professional golfers, who were not allowed to play in the whites-only Professional Golfers Association (PGA).

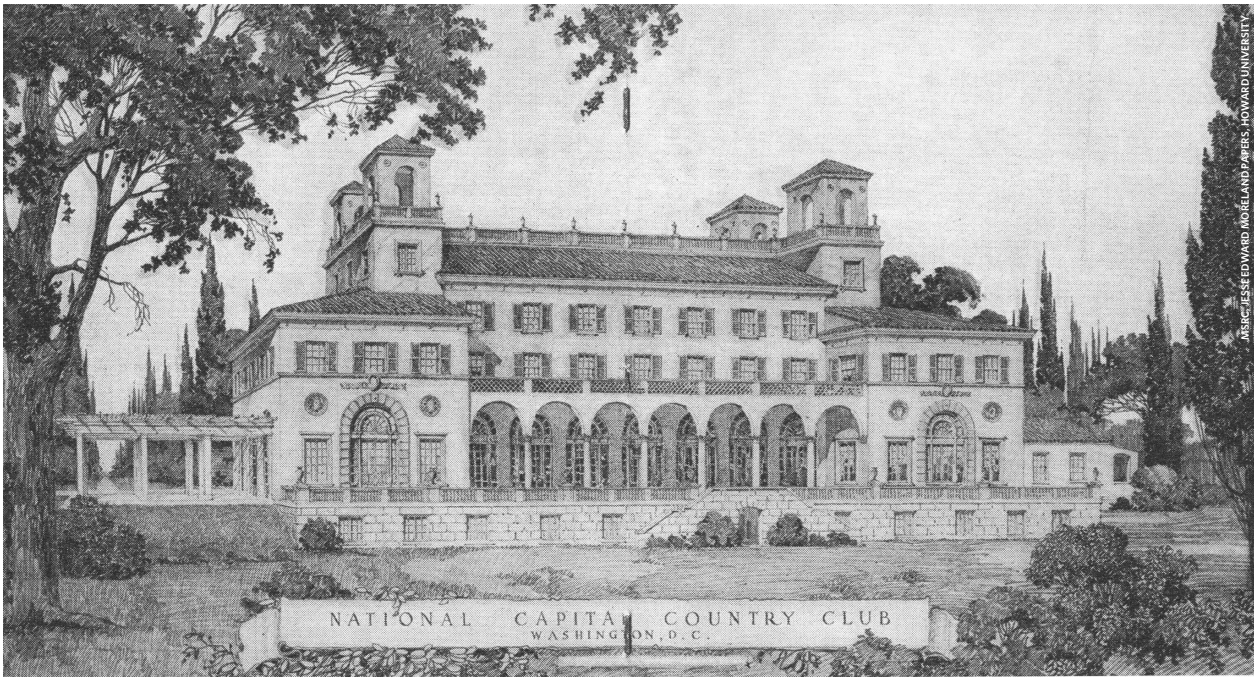
John Shippen’s relatively unknown history is remarkable. Born in Anacostia in 1879 to a Black minister and Native American mother, the family moved to the Shinnecock Indian Reservation on Long Island in New York in 1888. After the Shinnecock Hills Golf Course was built near the reservation, the young Shippen began caddying and learning the game from the course’s pro. He became so good that the pro hired him as his assistant and Shippen gave lessons to White golfers.

When the U.S. Open was held at Shinnecock in 1896, a group of White members—many of whom had taken lessons from Shippen—entered him in the tournament, along with his friend, Shinnecock Indian Oscar Bunn, another golf prodigy. They were both entered as American Indians to skirt the no-Blacks rule.

But the 28 British and Scottish players—there were no other Americans entered as golf was still relatively new in America—objected. According to the PGA’s own history on its website, “Some of the professional players threatened to boycott the event when they discovered his race, but backed down when USGA President Theodore Havemayer defended Shippen [and Bunn]. Shippen tied for sixth and won \$10. He goes on to play in five more U.S. Opens.”

Since Bunn was an amateur, John Shippen was the first American-born and Black professional golfer to play in the U.S. Open.

Shippen worked as a golf pro in between Black tournaments in the ensuing years at a number of places:



Above: An artist’s rendering of the proposed clubhouse/ballroom/meeting room. It was never built.

Right: The upper crust of Black society in the Washington-Baltimore region was well represented by the officers of the club.

(Top): Dr. Emmett J. Scott represented Booker T. Washington in 1909 as a member of a delegation that traveled to Liberia.

(Middle): Harry McCard, (1st row, 2nd from right) was the only Black member of the Mandolin Club at the University of Wisconsin in the 1890s.

(Bottom): Judge James A. Cobb was a prominent DC attorney and law professor who was appointed Judge of the Municipal Court for the District of Columbia in 1926, the same year the National Capital Country Club opened.

Baltimore, Chicago, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland. Author Lane Demas, in his book *Game of Privilege*, claims that Shippen worked for a while at the National Capital Country Club at some point.

But in 1927, Shippen, who was then 47 years old, squared off with Harry Jackson at the exhibition in Laurel. As described by Fletcher, Jackson, the hot young champion, “triumphed over the now ‘old lion’ to the delight of the crowds who had been treated to a rousing contest.”

Kidnapping Scandal

The club was named in a mini scandal in 1935, when acclaimed Black actor Richard Berry Harrison died. Harrison, who was on the cover of *Time* magazine in 1935 just weeks before his death, was most famous for starring in the first all-Black cast in a Broadway play, “The Green Pastures.” It ran on Broadway for 16 months before touring Canada and the U.S. for years.

After Harrison died, the story came out that when the play was to open at the National Theater in Washington, D.C. in 1933, the theater announced that only Whites would be permitted inside to see it. According to the *Afro-American*, “a group of local young professional men discussed the outrage” and suggested “that a good way to embarrass the theater’s management and center nationwide public attention on the theater’s indefensible position would be to kidnap the star of

the show, Mr. Harrison.” The plan was to then spirit him “out to the National Capital Country Club until midnight.”

Apparently, one of the leaders of this “discussion” was Victor R. Daly, the Secretary of the National Capital Country Club.

Police were notified by someone who overheard the group and Harrison was afforded protection “much to his discomfiture,” reported the *Afro-American*. A local radio station reported the “plot” on the air and Daly was questioned by police, but Daly convinced the authorities it was just blowing off steam.

A Good Run

It was a good run—eight years—but, like everything else, the club couldn’t weather the Great Depression. In 1934, the National Capital Country Club closed and was bought by one of the members, who reopened as a nightclub in May of that year. The nightclub was named “Club Chalcedony.”

According to the *Afro-American*, the new club “is the new hot spot between midnight and two a.m., when the curfew rings on liquor selling.” It also announced that “Oliver ‘Doc’ Perry, who taught Duke Ellington music, is playing the piano in the grill room.”

But the Club Chalcedony followed the same path as the National Capital Country Club four years later: unable to weather the Depression, it closed for good.

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Kevin Leonard is a founding member of The Laurel History Boys. He has written about local history for the Laurel Leader for almost 10 years.



Laurel Ham Radio Contact Spurs Visit to the Bottom of the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

It was in the old Dome building, I was told, which was partly covered in snow and mostly abandoned in favor of more modern, newly constructed station barracks.

I made a B-line for the Dome. Sure enough, there was a transceiver (transmitter/receiver) near the entrance, in a small room. I got chills when I first saw it, and not just from the brutal polar weather. That might have been where the ham operator sat when he answered my weak signal way back in high school, giving me one of the bigger thrills of my pre-adult life.

After hot tea and some chit-chat, I politely asked if I could operate the radio myself. I had kept my FCC license current, so I was legal. First, I set the dial for the same 14-MHz frequency band I had used when I had originally contacted the Pole. Then, I clicked the mic and called out “CQ” (seek you), the ham’s way of looking for a chat. The reply was hard static. I called again. Static again. I tried several more times, but to no avail.

The station manager shook his head. Turns out that ionospheric conditions in the atmosphere weren’t conducive to signal propagation, meaning I couldn’t contact anyone that day, near or far. The blackouts happen in the polar regions from time to time, depending upon solar flare and sunspot activity.

I was disappointed, of course, but just briefly. Hey, we had made it to the South Pole, where explorers Roald Amundsen (Norway) and Robert Scott (Great Britain) had first ventured in 1911 and 1912, respectively, with Scott dying on his return trek. We had found the station’s unique radio setup. And then, I actually got to transmit from it!

It would have been nice to have given a ham somewhere in the world the same thrill I had had as a teen, if conditions were better, but it was too cold to worry about it. There were plenty of other fascinating things to explore at the world’s southernmost station, such as telescopes and core-drilling operations.

Suffice it to say, though, my radio contact as a teen in Laurel had inspired me to visit the station, and maybe even helped influence my career later to become an adventure journalist.

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Jim Clash, a longtime writer for Forbes magazine, regularly immerses himself in extreme adventures. He has driven a Bugatti at 253 mph, flown in a MiG-25 to 84,000 feet at 2.6 times the speed of sound, summited the Matterhorn, and skied to the South Pole, among other things. He has a BA from the University of Maryland, an MBA from Columbia University, and graduated from Laurel High School in 1973. His books include Forbes to the Limits and The Right Stuff: Interviews with Icons of the 1960s.



Scenes from Jim Clash’s trek to the Amundsen-Scott Station on the geographic South Pole. (Photos courtesy of Jim Clash)

Fashion and the Fight to Vote

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PHOTO COURTESY OF ANN BENNETT

a victory 72 years (and more!) in the making, since the women’s rights convention at Seneca Falls, New York in July 1848. However, the victory was incomplete, as other laws restricted African American women and men from voting, and Native American and Asian immigrant women were denied citizenship. It wasn’t until the Voting Rights Act of 1965 that all Americans’ right to vote was protected.

It was after attending this tea that I grew more interested in what was happening locally in Laurel during the nationwide suffrage movement, particularly the period 1913-1920. It turns out the history of suffrage in Laurel is both fascinating and frustrating, and we have a long way to go to fully understand and appreciate what local suffragists were doing.

The biggest reason that this topic is frustrating to research is that it was not given much coverage in the *Laurel Leader*. Since the Laurel Historical Society has all of the past editions digitized, it is an easily accessible source for documenting life in Laurel in the past. However, this was not the case for women’s suffrage, as the editor-in-chief at the time, James P. Curley, was against women’s suffrage and even big national news stories relating to the suffrage movement were simply not included in his publication. In fact, the only consistent mention of suffrage events was those happening in Great Britain and reported in the Foreign News section. In 1913, Contributing Editor Colonel G.W.S. Musgrave contributed a piece, with the full support of Curley, entitled “Why Men Balk at Woman Suffrage,” where he wrote:

“We can well appreciate how the suffrage agitation affords considerable amusement and pastime to a number of divorcees or idle rich married women who care nothing for their homes or families, and who have ample leisure time by shirking the usual and ordinary duties...leaving their children to the tender mercies of servants and their husbands to seek companionship wherever they deem best...”

However, not all men in Laurel shared Musgraves’ opinion. F.H. Knowlton, President of the Laurel Library Association, took issue when Musgrave wrote “A few unthinking men are encouraging

the movement, but when they realize that they are contributing to that which takes away from woman her greatest charm and lower her status, it is to be hoped they will reconsider.” Knowlton did not reconsider, and responded the following week with a letter stating unequivocally “The writer believes that women should be granted the right to vote. If there is one intelligent, sufficient reason why this should not be, it has escaped the writer’s attention.”

As Laurel was conveniently located along the rail and roadways between Baltimore and Washington, it was also a logical stop for national and state events that made their way down Route 1. In 1913, a 230-mile suffrage hike from New York to Washington, D.C., was organized by Rosalie Gardiner Jones to bring national attention to the cause of women’s suffrage, arriving in DC on the eve of President Woodrow Wilson’s inauguration. The hikers and drivers, including an entourage of journalists, left Baltimore and hiked through Elkridge and Dorsey before camping the night in Laurel. The *Baltimore Sun*, *Washington Post*, and *New York Times* (but not the *Leader*) documented the events of the day, including Mayor George Waters greeting the group near the Laurel Hotel. Names of several local ladies were included in these articles, and are some of our only clues as to who the local suffragists might have been.

The exclusion of the 1913 hike through Laurel from the *Leader* is particularly upsetting since it would have given additional insight into this pivotal day, as Laurel was the location from which a suffrage flag and letter were sent to President-elect Wilson. Laurel was also the first time that the issue of allowing Black suffragists to join the group was forced to be addressed. It seems that a small group of African American suffragists from the nearby area attempted to join the group at Laurel and were denied. Jones attempted to diffuse the local trouble by stating that “only those who had marched considerable distance were qualified to enlist,” according to the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

In the summer of 1915, a similar event was sponsored by the Just Government League of Maryland. The Prairie Schooner Campaign was a

350-mile hike through Maryland to raise awareness for the cause of women’s suffrage. The campaign went through Laurel, although no article was written in the *Leader*. The event was at least mentioned in the following week’s edition.

The Just Government League was one of several suffrage organizations for White women in Maryland. It was more militant than other groups and targeted professional women, and was led by Edith Haughton Hooker. The JGL had local and county chapters, and we have two citations from Maryland newspapers that there was a chapter in Laurel, with Susan Bansemer Cronmiller (wife of LePage Cronmiller) as president. Her cousin, Caroline S. Bansemer, also appears in newspaper articles associated with Hooker and the JGL. The vice president of the Laurel chapter was Mary E. Dartt, wife of Episcopal priest Rev. Nathan Thompson.

The Laurel Historical Society is partnering with the Maryland Women’s Heritage Center and the Woman’s Club of Laurel to further the research into the fascinating and frustrating history of suffrage in Laurel. I wish to thank Diana Bailey, Pamela Young, Amy Rosenkrans, Jean Thompson, and Diane Hill for their assistance thus far.

If you know any additional information or materials associated with suffrage in Laurel, especially the Black suffrage group and the women listed below, please contact me! I would love to add to their stories.

- Miss S. Cronmiller
- Mrs. T. W. Byerly
- Mrs. Waters
- Susan Boyer Bansemer Cronmiller
- Mrs. E.O. Clark
- Mary Dartt Thompson

So now when I put on my Votes for Women sash, and pin on my black velvet hat, I have a greater appreciation for the women who fought to vote in Laurel. Fashion was a large part of the suffrage movement in the early 20th century, when suffragists carefully chose to conform to current feminine ideals and fashion as part of their strategy to further their cause by presenting themselves in smart dress. This included wearing white clothes and the colors purple/white/gold (in America) on sashes, belts, and ribbons. Purple, white, and gold were the colors of the National Women’s Party, symbolizing loyalty, purity, and light. Suffragettes in England used purple (or violet), white, and green, symbolizing royalty, purity, and hope.

And it is my hope and joy that we continue to learn more about women’s suffrage in Laurel and continue the fight of our ancestors in modern times to ensure that everyone’s voice is heard—in and out of the polls.

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Ann Bennett is an archaeologist, educator, and living historian who loves historic sewing, hearth cooking, kayaking, and crossword puzzles. She currently serves as the Executive Director of the Laurel Historical Society and as a Director for the Laurel Board of Trade.

Ellicott City Main Street

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

containing nearly three acres. From all its meandering walks, nothing can be more interesting to the eye than the ever varying landscapes formed by the bold and romantic scenery of this delightful village.

Upon the summit of the hills, which appear like a succession of rolling billows rising in every direction, here and there is seen a splendid mansion, beautiful as a stately ship riding upon the mountain wave.

In the valley below, the clink of the hammer is heard from every quarter, splitting the gray granite, which abounds in inexhaustible quantities; the dull noises of the forges and rapid motion of Saw Mills; the hum of ten thousand spindles in the Cotton Factories, the whirl of the many mill stones, and the white spray of the pure water which is constantly which is constantly tumbling over the dam, mingling with the cheerful bustle of the industrious and enterprising villagers, give to the whole scene a most animating character, and make it the happy resort of thousands of admiring visitors.

Near it there are many beautiful farms upon Elkridge, celebrated for their richness of soil, and the hospitality and polish of their proprietors.

The flourishing and ably conducted Academy, under the superintendence of Mr. Sams, is upon the summit of Rock Hill, immediately opposite.

The Patapsco Female Academy, which is building in the rear upon a magnificent scale, situated on a beautiful commanding eminence 224 feet above the level of the turnpike. Several extensive Stores, two Churches, and a Bank about to be erected, bear evidence of the prosperous condition of the village.

This Property is unrivaled and increasing every day

in importance. Commissioners have been appointed, who have valued the property, that its real worth may be set forth and no speculative purpose indulged.

Three Thousand Dollars Rent has been recently offered for the Hotel. The proprietor has expended large sums of improvements, and will leave it very reluctantly, having consented to part with it under peculiar circumstances.

The Prizes in this Lottery are subject to no discount, what may be drawn will be delivered free of all charges, and with an unquestionable title.

The Price of a Ticket is but Ten Dollars

The McLaughlin lottery was the impetus for a retail presence along Frederick Road, which would quickly start to look like a Main Street with businesses servicing the residents, tourists, travelers, and workers alike.

Ellicott’s Mills was granted a city charter in 1867, thus officially changing its name to Ellicott City. The mill town had begun shifting to commerce prior to the Civil War, but in the years after the Great Flood of ’68 more businesses set up shop and prospered. Main Street businesses in the late 1800s included: hotels, coal yards, livery stables, lumber yards, funeral parlors, emporiums, and mills, namely the large Patapsco Flour Mill owned by C.A. Gambrill & Co on the other side of the railroad bridge.

Following the devastation of the Flood of 1868, from 1870–1900, Ellicott City rebounded with numerous new and old businesses flourishing, like Brown’s Hotel, the *Ellicott City Times*, Radcliff’s Emporium, Oppenheim, Obendorf & Co., the Howard County Progress, Shea’s Tobacco Store, Laumann’s Grocer, Ecklof Furniture

Store, Hunt’s Millinery and Dry Goods, Patapsco Bank, Norton’s Pharmacy, Patapsco Pharmacy, Peddicord’s Appliance Shop, Abe Cohen’s Clothing Store, Talbott Lumber Yard, Makinson Blacksmith Shop, the Goldberg Store, the Henke Clothing Hall, Sol Davis’ Dry Goods, Caplans, Mellor Carriage Factory, Mayfield Harness Shop, Gaither Livery Stable, Dr. Mordecai Gist’s dental practice, and the Burgess Grist Mill and Wagon Works.

By 1900, more businesses were being established along Main Street, transforming it into a bustling commercial town with improved transportation. Trees that once provided shade for the town and water troughs for horses were replaced with trolley tracks and Belgian block street pavers.

The Ellicott City Trolley Line (Trolley Line #9 Trail) arrived in Ellicott City in 1899 and served the community for the next 55 years. There were two trolley lines to and from the terminus at Fells Lane, through Ellicott City to Catonsville via a 200-foot-long wooden bridge between Howard County and Baltimore County. As the number of automobiles increased in the 1920s and 30s, trolley travel through Main Street became more difficult as parked cars often would block the trolley.

By the 1930s, Ellicott City’s Main Street had four Jewish family retail stores: Caplans (1895), the Taylors (1912), the Rosenstocks (1918) and the Holzweigs (1927). In 1935, Ellicott City became unincorporated, choosing county government over a city commission.

After World War II, Ellicott City’s Main Street functioned as the county’s busiest merchant town. Saloons appeared again on Main Street during the war to accommodate soldiers and remained after the war ended. The town transitioned to accommodate more automobile traffic with newly paved streets, service stations, and traffic lights. Main Street merchants were competing with newer shopping centers causing turnover with many storefronts and a loss of customers. By the 1960s, traditional shops and department stores were leaving and being replaced by antique dealers and specialty shops who were attracted to the lower rent and historic facades. Throughout the post-war era, Ellicott City continued to suffer from natural disasters; fires and floods were commonplace. As the town prepared for its bicentennial celebration in 1972, another devastating flood caused by Hurricane Agnes ravaged the town and surrounding area.

Shawn Gladden is the Executive Director of the Howard County Historical Society and a member of the Board of Directors of The Laurel History Boys.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF HOWARD COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Marilyn Johnson Sewing Design Studio

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

be a ballerina or a famous actress. Opening her own design studio was not something she even thought of, but a destination realized by pursuing her dual passions for fashion, and theatre and the performing arts.

As a teen, Johnson sewed her own costume to wear in the chorus of a summer production of “Wild Cat” with the Patio Players in Long Island, a group cofounded by Patti LaPone.

Johnson fondly describes that first costume design as “a 16-year-old’s idea of what girls wore on the prairie”—turquoise blue with puffy sleeves, fitted waist, and a big full skirt. (She still has the sentimental piece; neighbors may have seen it stuffed under a tree at her North Laurel home at Halloween.)

After graduating high school, Johnson began making her clothes from patterns. By her mid-20s, she experimented with her own designs, eventually adding fabric painting, beading, knitting, crocheting, crewel and latch hooking, weaving, dyeing, and, most recently, spinning to her repertoire.

Sewing has always been a labor of love for the mom (and now grandmother) who enjoyed making baby and kids’ clothes, curtains, and household items.

“Through it all, I sewed,” she says.

When her daughter Jessica spread the word that her mom sewed costumes in high school, “it started,” and Johnson says she found herself sewing costumes as a volunteer for many of her three children’s school theatre productions.

In 1998, faced with her daughter’s college tuition, Johnson began sewing professionally out of her basement. Five years later, she opened The Marilyn Johnson Sewing Design Studio in a commercial space at 154 LaFayette Avenue, settling into a larger space in Suite K, where she now employs five staff members, a decade later.

When the COVID-19 pandemic landed in 2020, theatres and schools closed, proms were cancelled, and

weddings scaled down. Johnson had to furlough her staff that March. But by the end of April, they were able to safely pick up materials and begin sewing masks at home (the City of Laurel purchased 200).

Johnson reopened her studio space in early June of last year on a modified basis with reduced hours following all COVID protocols with one person per 250 square feet.

She recently developed her own private label and has been working for nearly a year with a local engineering firm, at their location, to provide sewing and technical feedback in the development of a unique product funded by the Department of Defense.

In the future, Johnson dreams of moving her studio to Main Street, although recent negotiations to relocate into the old Laurel Meat Market on the corner of C Street sadly didn’t pan out.

“I was heartbroken when that fell through,”

Johnson says. “If anyone knows of a 6,000 square feet property available on Main Street, I would appreciate being contacted.”

==

A freelance arts and entertainment writer known for her Laurel landmark business series and theater reviews in the Laurel Leader, Patti Restivo has received several MDDC Press Association awards, most recently for a landmark business story picked up by The Washington Post.



Marilyn Johnson



Not every police report ends with the initial description of the basic events. When there’s a probability of further supplementary reports to come the typical closing line of the report narrative is, “Investigation to continue.” I hope these anecdotes haven’t offended too many readers of this venture from the Laurel History Boys. And hopefully there will be more to come. Thanks for your time.

Investigation to continue...

==

Rick McGill grew up in Laurel and worked at the Laurel Police Department from 1977 to 2001. He authored two history books: Brass Buttons & Gun Leather, A History of the Laurel Police Department (soon to be in its 4th printing), and History of the North Tract, An Anne Arundel Time Capsule. In 2001 he retired to Montana and worked as a military security contractor for Blackwater Worldwide making 12 deployments to Iraq and Pakistan from 2004 to 2010. He is now a Reserve Deputy Sheriff in Montana.



The attention is in the details in all of Marilyn Johnson Sewing Design Studio’s handiwork.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF MARILYN JOHNSON

RFK Stadium

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Being close to third base I also enjoyed watching Ken McMullen and shortstop Eddie Brinkman. It was extremely exciting and joyful seeing the live versions of my baseball cards. Ace and Frank treated me kindly, showering me with hot dogs, soda, and popcorn throughout the game. By the time the game was over, the Nats had lost their lead and the game. There was some slight grumbling at the end and, looking back, I believe it had something to do with them losing a bet. I often saw Ace enter the old-fashioned phone booth my dad had in his restaurant and as he exited, the word “bookie” often entered the conversation.

As a teenager I went to many more Senator games at RFK Stadium. My friends and I even snuck into a few games, but that’s another story. It was a season-ending game that I remember most. My buddy, Roy, and I went to the final Washington Senators’ game in September 1971. The New York Yankees were the opponents. Team owner Bob Short was moving the Senators to Texas and protesters against the team were plentiful. I do remember Howard (aka Hondo, Capitol Punisher, The Washington Monument) in his final at bat launched a home run to the delight of the fans. After trailing early,

the Nats took a 7-5 lead in the ninth inning. They were able to field two outs made by the Yankees. Only one out left for the conclusion of major league baseball in Washington for the time being. Crowd noise was reaching a fever pitch and then a few fans went onto the field. More started to jump the short fence. The players left the field. Security on the field was far outnumbered as fans poured onto the field. Souvenir hunters were gathering almost anything in sight. The bases were gone as well as parts of the scoreboard, and chunks of grass were being put in pockets!

Although it seemed like a free for all, I don’t remember any violence. Roy and I casually walked onto the field and observed the craziness in a sort of surreal fog. I remember grabbing at some grass, but decided it wasn’t really worth the effort. I also remember gazing at the upper deck and seeing a few of the painted white seats which marked where the balls landed from Howard’s mammoth homers. The Senators were forced to forfeit the game to the Yankees with a 9-0 score. One perspective is that baseball never truly ended in Washington. This proved to be the case when, in 2005, the Washington Nationals began their inaugural season at RFK Stadium.

If I had to pick a year that was most glorious for the stadium, it would be 1969, the year its name changed from D.C. (District of Columbia) Stadium to R.F.K. (Robert F. Kennedy Memorial) Stadium. RFK hosted baseball’s All-Star Game, where Howard hit a home run.

Two all-time legends coached on the turf of RFK in ‘69. Hall of Famer Ted Williams managed the Senators with 86 wins to their first winning season since 1952, and Vince Lombardi coached the Redskins to their first winning season in 15 years, earning a 7-5-2 record.

It’s easy to see why for my eighth-grade hero essay assignment I chose Frank Howard as one of my two sports heroes. Wearing the same jersey number 9, as Howard, my other choice was Washington quarterback Sonny Jurgensen. Although the Redskins didn’t win very often in the Sixties, it was still exciting to see the beautiful on-target spiral passes that he often threw. When he arrived in 1964 a new kind of hope evolved for fans thinking there’s always a chance that Sonny could lead them to victory despite how many points the defense gave up.

Luck and good fortune played a large role in allowing me to attend what many people say are the



Literary Laurel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

I also had an encyclopedic knowledge of movies, music, and TV of that time. And, yes, I wasn’t exactly popular at Pallotti. I couldn’t get my wavy hair to do any of that cool, part-in-the-middle, feathered look the boys could back then. I wasn’t a jock or a brain, and puberty had hit me like Peter Gabriel’s “Sledgehammer.”

With so many awkward and even negative memories of that time, how could I possibly write a novel about those days that was so positive and nostalgic? OK, pop culture reference time. Have you seen *Biloxi Blues*? It was a 1988 movie based on a stage play by Neil Simon that starred ‘80s icon Matthew Broderick as an Army private, suffering through basic training in the late days of World War II. In the final scene, Broderick’s Eugene is heard as the narrator reminiscing about his time at boot camp in Mississippi. I paraphrase: “As I look back now, a lot of years later, I realize that my time in the Army was the happiest time of my life. God knows not because I liked the Army, and there sure was nothing to like about a war. I liked it for the most selfish reason of all ... because I was young.”

Life is weird, you know?

In addition to being the author of *The Totally Gnarly, Way Bogus Murder of Muffy McGregor*, *Teddy Durgin* was thrilled to have his one-act play “*The Next Street Over*,” produced as part of the inaugural North Carolina Radio Play Festival this past October. His one-act holiday play, “*Remembering Frosty*,” was first performed on March 12, 2020, at the North Raleigh Arts and Creative Theatre (NRACT) as part of their children’s acting program.



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Former Laurel High School teacher Robert Giuliani recalls the legendary RFK Stadium as the site of many fond memories in its heyday, including baseball games with the Senators, (and later, albeit briefly, the Nationals) classic football contests between NFC East rivalries, and landmark concerts. The stadium closed in 2017, and demolition is scheduled to begin in 2022.

two greatest football games in RFK history. Both were NFC Championship games, and both were against the rival Dallas Cowboys. It was New Year’s Eve in 1972. My friend and I decided to drive down to RFK to see if we could scalp some tickets. The tickets were going for top dollar—beyond our teenager funds—so with disappointment on our faces, we were about to head home when an older couple gave us two tickets! We were ecstatic! The Redskins throttled the Cowboys 26-3 with Billy Kilmer, Charley Taylor, and Larry Brown leading the way, coupled with an overwhelming defense. Although our seats were sky-high, during the last quarter of the game we headed to lower seats so we could be part of the celebration closer to the field. I do remember us taking pictures on the field after the game.

Ten years later in 1983, under Coach Joe Gibbs, RFK and the Redskins were once again hosting the Dallas Cowboys for the NFC Championship. I was content planning on watching the game on TV until I received a very early morning phone call from a colleague who said that he was laying down the cable feeds from the NFL Films trailer into the stadium and they needed more help. The reward was free entry to the game and seats! I jumped at the opportunity and took a friend.

The seats we had were phenomenal—very close to the press box—and the sellout crowd was raucous with constant cheering and stomping on the metal portions of the floor. Although John Riggins was rushing at will (140 yards) and quarterback Joe Theisman was making timely passes, it was the defense and the offensive line (The Hogs) that controlled the Cowboys. Dexter Manley was a beast! He cleanly knocked Dallas quarterback Danny White out of the game. The fans were going wild, and you could actually feel the stands swaying! The most memorable moment was when the Cowboys were getting close and Manley tipped the quarterback’s throw and it was intercepted by Redskin tackle Darryl Grant, who lumbered into the end zone to score. The image of him emphatically spiking the ball into the end zone and being surrounded by his celebrating teammates is indelible. I also remember when we jumped out of our seats at the interception, my friend’s beer spilled a bit on a highbrow lady below us who was not very pleased. Nothing could spoil this

31-17 victory as I recall the players swarming Coach Gibbs as they carried him off the field. This RFK game earned more relevancy as it became the stepping stone to the Redskins’ first ever Super Bowl victory.

In addition to the sports history of RFK, the stadium did host some impressive concerts featuring elite performers. I would be remiss if I didn’t include my own memories of a Rolling Stones concert I attended in the summer of 1972. I remember it took place on the Fourth of July. Stevie Wonder was a great opening act. I remember the stage being on the infield and much of the infield was jam-packed with fans. By the time Stevie Wonder had finished his set, a cloud of marijuana smoke permeated and hung gently over the inside of the stadium. At one point I thought that one might be able to get high just by breathing.

Eventually the Rolling Stones appeared onstage eliciting a wild roar from the crowd. I don’t remember too many more details except standing up throughout most of the concert and being mesmerized by Mick Jagger’s dynamic energy and dance moves on stage. Although “Brown Sugar” was my favorite song it was the manner in which he performed another song, “Midnight Rambler,” that was etched in my memory. As he sang the chorus and emphasized the word “rambler,” he would quickly lean his body low to the floor to a side of the stage. As he did that, one could feel and see the entire crowd sway with him and then eventually everyone joined in and started singing louder and louder. I had never before seen anyone control a crowd like that! It was almost as if he had some magical power over the audience.

Since 1961, RFK Stadium served its purpose wonderfully by providing a venue for entertainment, excitement, fun, hope and dreams, as well as the sweet joy of home team victories, and the seemingly always more easily forgettable agony of defeats. Although the edifice will be gone, the spirit of RFK will live on through the stories one tells.

Robert Giuliani taught English, Journalism, and Television Production for 26 years at Laurel High School.

Laurel’s Car Dealerships of Yesteryear



BY PETE LEWNES

I will always have a special fondness for Mid-City Chevrolet, where I purchased my very first car. But the 1960s–80s were really a golden era for quality dealerships in Laurel. Here’s a selection of artifacts that are sure to bring back some motoring memories.

Pete Lewnes is a founding member of The Laurel History Boys, and a prolific collector of historical Laurel memorabilia from all eras.



Harriette Louise Whitney, 93

Performer, piano teacher, and music educator

Harriette Louise Whitney, née Miller, passed away at her home in Laurel, Maryland on Sunday, January 31, 2021. Born February 23, 1927, in Fairmont, West Virginia, she was the daughter of Harry M. Miller and Nora Gravely Miller. She was preceded in death by her husband of 54 years, James E. Whitney. Their marriage was one of love for the Lord and family and dedication to service. Both believed in the transformative power of education: “look it up” was a family motto.

Harriette grew up in Fairmont, West Virginia. She attended Dunbar High School before pursuing her B.A. in Music at West Virginia State College, graduating in 1949. Upon graduation, Harriette enlisted in the United States Air Force and served as a librarian until her honorable discharge in March 1954. It was during this enlistment that she met and eventually married CMSgt. James E. Whitney. They had three children and traveled to several duty stations, most notably Clark Air Base in the Philippines from 1965-67. After a final posting in Dover, Delaware, CMSgt. James E. Whitney retired, and the family settled in Laurel, Maryland in 1968.

From her early years, Harriette demonstrated a remarkable gift for music, most especially singing. A professional performer, she sang music that spanned genres from jazz to classical. She had a beautiful, luminous alto voice, and throughout her life was often chosen to sing solos in choral repertoire, most memorably in performances of George Frideric Handel’s “Messiah.” Her musicality was impeccable: when she sang, she invested every phrase with meaning, creating indelible experiences for those who heard her.

Harriette was a gifted and dedicated piano teacher and music educator. As her children became more self-sufficient, she allowed her studio to grow, teaching countless numbers of students of all ages and abilities. She was a lifelong learner: concurrent with her teaching, Harriette continued her music studies at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, Maryland, where her piano teachers included Paul Mailliet and Jeffrey Chappell. Chappell always said, “she was a lovely pianist.” She also studied theory with Mr. Jack Thames. During this time, she became a member of the National Music Teachers Association and attended yearly Master Classes of such luminaries as Alicia de Larrocha, Leon Fleischer, Lili Kraus, and André Watts.

Harriette was the third of six siblings and was predeceased by three of them: Harry Miller, Agnes E. Kennedy, and George Miller. She is survived by William B. Miller and Joan Miller-Haleem; her three children, Cheryl Whitney of Princeton, New Jersey; Dr. James E. Whitney II of Baltimore, Maryland; and John Whitney of Baltimore, Maryland; and numerous nieces and nephews.

The Whitney children are especially grateful to Hospice of the Chesapeake, as well as Food & Friends for their extraordinary care both their parents received. If you are so moved, consider a donation to one or both of these organizations.



Brian Bregman, 43

On Wednesday, February 3, 2021, beloved son of Dr. Susan Bregman and the late Ralph Bregman; brother of Jason Ben-Ari Bregman (Kathryn); uncle of Maya Claire Bregman. Brian was an attorney, an investigator with the Maryland State Medical Examiner's Office, a volunteer with the Metropolitan Police Department for 16 years, and for over two decades volunteered for a multiple of Prince George's County Fire Departments. He was dedicated to his work, being a mentor to

many, he was highly regarded and loved by the community and his family. He was a world traveler that visited dozens of countries and every continent. He loved his work, music, and, most of all, his many close friendships. A memorial service will be scheduled for a later date. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to So Others Might Eat (www.some.org) or the Greenbelt City Volunteer Fire Department.



Gloria Alice Petrucci, 54



Gloria "Glo" Alice Petrucci passed away on January 10, 2021 at the age of 54 years young, in the town of Glen Burnie, Maryland. Born on May 4th, 1966, she was the daughter of Carlo and Angie Petrucci. Gloria attended Atholton High School and graduated in 1984.

Gloria's battle with serious medical issues in the past 5 years showed her courage in facing life challenges with a smile. Despite the trials associated with her illnesses, Gloria was happy and comfortable until the end. Gloria was an unmatched beauty, with a kind soul and a strong will. Her best friends shared many amazing stories of cherished moments from her childhood.

Throughout her adult life, she worked tirelessly to provide for her children John, Matt, Calvin, and Christopher so they could have a better life, all while bettering herself with higher education. Gloria loved to laugh, dance, and have a good time with her family and

friends. Her favorite musician was Billy Joel, and her favorite musicals were *The Sound of Music* and *Grease*.

Gloria is survived by her children John Lofton IV, Matt Lofton, Calvin Lofton, and Christopher Hardman, her mother Angie, her brothers and sisters David, Maria, Paul, Giana, Angela, Danny, Diana, and Lisa.

Expressions of sympathy, memorial donations and details on the memorial services can be found on Gloria's Memorial GoFundMe Page: gofundme.com/f/paying-tribute-to-gloria-petrucci. After COVID ends and in-person gatherings are safe, we will celebrate her life again with an in-person memorial. Details to be announced at a later date on social media and her GoFundMe page.

Rest in Peace, Gloria. You will be dearly missed by your friends and family.

Francis "Mickey" C. Hall, 86

Francis C. Hall died on Sunday, February 7, 2021 at his home. He was 86. Francis, known as "Mickey" to all his family, friends, and coworkers was born in Savage, Maryland in 1934 to Florence and Clarence Hall.

He worked initially for the B&O Railroad in his late teen years before settling into a long and productive career as a highly skilled carpenter. His last positions were as a carpenter and Shop General Foreman maintaining various buildings and property associated with the D.C. Children's Center in Laurel. He retired from the Federal Government in 1988.

During his post-retirement years, he owned a small home improvement business, which proved to be quite successful and an outlet for him to display all his trade skills to various homeowners and real estate companies. Throughout his life, Mickey enjoyed it the most when he was outside tending to his vegetable gardens,

fixing his truck, or working in his yard. He was always available to his family with anything from extensive home renovations to simple maintenance repairs, where his skill for square, plumb, and level were passed on to those around him.

His greatest joy was his family. He especially delighted in seeing his family grow and loved spending time with his grandchildren and great grandchildren. Mickey is survived by his wife of 65 years Betty Jean; children Michael, Janice (Joe), and Stephen (Patty); grandchildren Chris (Ana), Julie (Matt), John, Greg (Mackenzie), Melissa (Addison), Michael (Samantha), Billy, Ricky, and Erin; and 11 great grandchildren. He is also survived by his sister Theresa Parham.

He was preceded in death by his parents and his three siblings Jerry, Cliff, and Peggy.



Emerson Richard Lloyd, 95

Laurel Policeman and World War II veteran helped co-found Laurel Rescue Squad

Emerson Richard Lloyd, 95, of Ocean Pines, MD, passed away on January 7, 2021. He was born on Hooper's Island, MD, on November 23, 1925 to the late Lafayette and Mary Lloyd. Emerson was raised on this small island in the Chesapeake Bay during the Depression. After Pearl Harbor, he joined the 1st Infantry Division and fought bravely in Germany at the age of 19. In the Ardennes counter-offensive, better known as the Battle of the Bulge, he was wounded in the arm and sent back to the States. He is a recipient of the Purple Heart and two Bronze Stars.

After the war, he joined the Maryland State Troopers which led to the meeting of his wife, Julia Adele. They married in 1948, moved to the suburbs of Laurel and raised four children. Lloyd became a Laurel policeman and helped co-found the Laurel Rescue Squad.

One of his favorite stories from his time with the Laurel Police Department is when he was with another officer patrolling the Laurel Lake area at night. He said to his partner "Hey, that car looks a lot like my car. Wait, that IS my car." He walked up to the car and shined his flashlight inside to disturb the couple "parked." It was his brother-in-law and his girlfriend! Emerson's wife let her brother borrow their car that night.

Over the years he became affectionately known as Mr. Lloyd to the neighbors, Uncle Rich to the cousins, and Pop-Pop to his grandkids, but will always be Dad to his children. He led a simple life, but a fulfilling one, and his legacy will be that of a great family man.

Lloyd was preceded in death by his parents and his wife, Julia Lloyd. He is survived by his sons Emerson Lloyd, Jr. (Karen) and John Lloyd (Brenda); daughters Mary Catherine Fontaine (Norman) and Ruthann Clark (Doug); 13 grandchildren; 23 great-grandchildren; and his sister, Ann Bradway. A memorial service will be held at a later date.



Laurel Police officer Emerson Lloyd inspects an abandoned car on Second Street in this Laurel News Leader photo.



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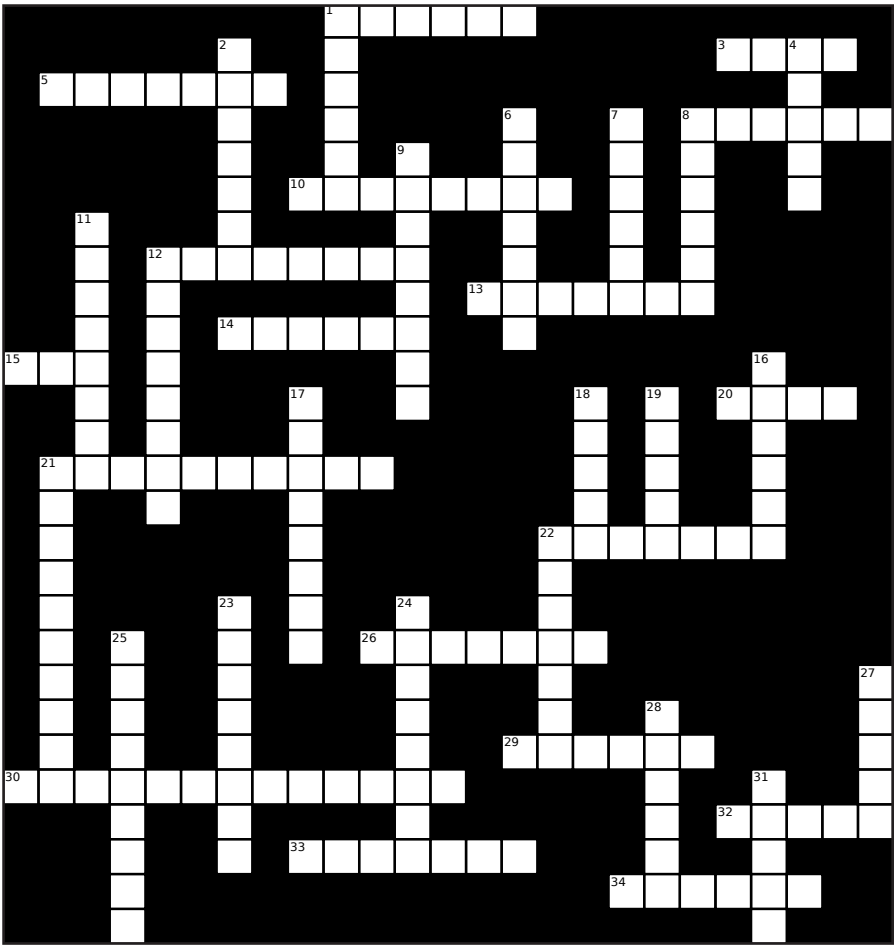
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

- 1 Mayor of Laurel 1986 to 1990
- 3 Johnny _____, leprechaun at Delaney’s Irish Pub
- 5 Mayor of Laurel 1990 to 1994
- 8 current City Council member
- 10 family owners of Laurel Park
- 12 family-owned dinner theater
- 13 popular Main Street saloon
- 14 Mayor of Laurel 1895 to 1902
- 15 Mayor of Laurel since 2002
- 20 long ago Italian restaurant
- 21 South Laurel mansion
- 22 current President of LVFD
- 26 family-owned convenience store, other Main Street businesses
- 29 Laurel Shopping Center developer brothers
- 30 race at Laurel featuring horses from around the world
- 32 St. Mary of the _____
- 33 originally a music hall, then a Ford dealership
- 34 current LPD Chief

Down

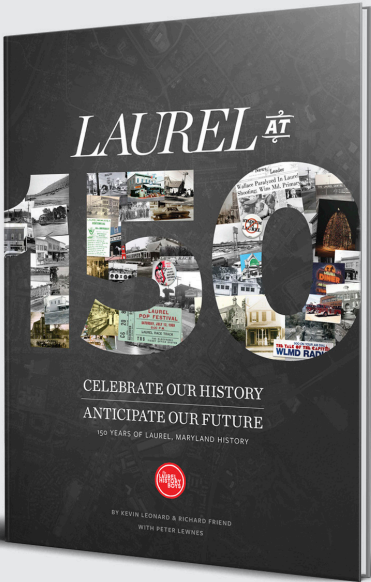
- 1 current City Council member
- 2 apartments on Rt. 197
- 4 1972 hurricane
- 6 retired judge
- 7 northern neighborhood community
- 8 former City Council member
- 9 third Laurel Shopping Center developer
- 11 Mayor of Laurel 1978 to 1986
- 12 Catholic High School
- 16 Diner
- 17 Laurel High graduate, guitarist with Megadeth
- 18 Mayor of Laurel 1936 to 1940
- 19 family-owned famous boot maker
- 21 former LPD Chief
- 22 Presidential candidate shot at Laurel Shopping Center
- 23 Laurel _____ & Referral Service
- 24 _____ City, between Laurel and Fort Meade
- 25 Chrysler dealer
- 27 former City Council member
- 28 only Laurel Mayor to die while in office
- 31 owner of Laurel Meat Market



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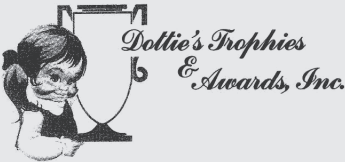
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