

There used to be a Gas Station

There used to be a gas station right here on the corner. It was a Sinclair station. It was in the late 30's early 40's and the gas station was on our property.

Our house was on about an acre and a half of land that wrapped around three sides of Route 202. There was plenty of property so that the gas station didn't look like it was in our front yard.

I'm certain the Sinclair company build it. I imagine there was a deal, they would build it on our property and we would man it. We certainly couldn't have afforded to build it.

It was a cute little one room house built with an enclosed toilet and sink. Just big enough for an attendant to sit in and wait patiently for the customers to pull up.

In those days there weren't that many cars driving by on Route 202 or anyplace else for that matter. We couldn't just sit there all day long. My father came up with a great idea. He put a black hose down on either side of the pumps. When a customer drove in for gas they'd have to drive over the hose, that would cause a very loud ring in the house. Whoever was closest to the door would run out. I was certain my father was a genius.

I imagine in my lifetime I've pumped close to 200 gallons of gas. Customers could get three gallons for 50 cents. "Fill her up" meant a three dollar sale. Oil was 50 cents a quart. I

couldn't do the oil thing, it was too messy. Either the customer would help me, taking pity on a young girl or I'd jump on the hose several times and Daddy would know that meant he had to come out to take care of the customer.

That little house no longer existsneither does Sinclair gas. The cute little house was torn down in about 1948 to become the parking lot for the Hansen House restaurant. that was our home.

I remember at the entrance of the house/restaurant was a big sign that read, Hansen House....Air Conditioned.

There's a picture around here someplace

1/20/18