

huge and majestic old oak tree, on the bend of North Martine Ave. just beyond Midway.

Opposite the Graham house, and diagonally across from the library, lived the Bazins, and they operated "Bide-a-Wee Lane Nursery School" there for many years.

In later years, the Fanwood Library was relocated to a storefront on South Ave., just a few doors down from where Burgdorff's now is. The librarian there was a jolly woman named Mrs. Reginald (Olive) Harris. Like its predecessor, this location was warmed by a gas stove that I can smell yet, and Mrs. Harris's rich but hushed tones helped many of us high schoolers find just the books we needed for our assignments over the years. Later, of course, around 1951, the building which houses the Fanwood Memorial Library was built, sitting impressively by itself on the triangle formed by North Ave., Forest and Tillotson Rds.

Mentioning Burgdorff's as I did, on the corner of South and Martine Aves., certainly takes me back. When I was very young, it was known, unofficially, as "the corner store", owned by Mr. and Mrs. Paul. A wonderful sign always sat outside on the sidewalk, the kind then seen in front of many Breyer's ice cream shops, that swung back and forth within its frame. It read: "EAT ALL-WAYS - BREYER'S ICE CREAM", with the trademark green breyer leaf below. Your mouth watered at the very sight of the sign on a hot summer day!

Mr. Paul was disabled, and was always seen at the rear of the store, sitting at a white porcelain-topped table, never missing a single transaction which took place! And a good deal of those transactions involved the penny candy case! Many a School #4 child spent many long minutes before that old oak and glass case, making the major decision of the day....Should I get a licorice stick, a candy banana, a Mary Jane, Red Hots, or what? All the while the clerk would stand behind the case, with infinite patience and a look of resignation, awaiting the momentous decisions, ready to pluck from the case whatever tasty morsel or morsels the young customer had chosen, and place them in a small brown bag. There were many other choice delights which beckoned, such as those little wax bottles which, when chewed, emitted some ghastly sweet colored liquid. But oh, those were such glorious confections, and such glorious days.

I so well remember my mother giving me a dime to go into the corner store of a Saturday afternoon, and I would exit the store with no less than: One Breyer's chocolate and vanilla "Dixie Cup" (you always licked off the