

Packard (the kind with a large "trunk" on the back). These were two spinster ladies, quite "proper", very tall, slim and erect, never without their hats. They were said to be seamstresses and were always together, seen frequently in the Fanwood stores.

Next door to the A & P was Walt's butcher shop, owned and operated for years by a large, gregarious fellow named Walt ("Butch") Stocker, whose wife, Hazel, taught gym at the high school. If you asked for a pound of ground meat, lean, you always knew that Butch's response was going to be, "Which way do you want it to lean?" He always said it, and it was always funny! His meats were good, and he was there for many, many years.

The Fanwood Drugstore (Fanwood Pharmacy) was next in the row....It has been owned and operated by Edwin Aaron forever, it seems; and Ed, rightfully so, boasts words to this effect on a sign in his store, annually updating the sign to indicate the number of years he has been there.

Before Ed, the store was owned and operated by a rosy-cheeked young man named Bill Altschule, and I can see him yet. He, like Ed, was a most genial and likeable individual. Alderney brand ice cream was sold there then, by weight, rather than by pint or quart. In those days, like almost every drugstore in the country, there was a soda fountain. Ed Aaron, who still dispenses his exact same special brand of cordiality, customer courtesy and helpfulness as he did then, says he still remembers me, and my friends, coming by on our way home from high school, and sitting at one of the tables to have, perhaps, a hot fudge sundae! There was also that interesting white, glass-fronted and wonderful-smelling machine which contained constantly-revolving round trays of warm, assorted nuts. Mmmmm!

At the greeting card rack, you could pick out a nice card for just 25 cents, and there were even some decent ones for only 10 or 15 cents! Prior to that location, the drugstore was on the other block, again about where the library and Mrs. Harris were later located.

There were two barber shops in Fanwood, both located on South Ave., and both with the requisite striped pole revolving out front. One of the shops was "Sal's", and the other was "Mac's", both very friendly and congenial fellows. Mac had a southern accent I remember well, gave me many a childhood "bob", so in vogue then, and kiddingly referred to the neck-shaving machine as an "airplane".