

for us giggly teenagers, always buying or listening to records, and sometimes even MAKING a record of our own voices, in the special booth Mr. Gardner had there for that purpose. Talk about a good time!

Many is the "78" record, or album I bought there and couldn't wait to dash home and play on my record player. Maybe it was Vaughn Monroe's latest, or one by Glenn Miller, The Mills Brothers, Dick Haymes, or my all-time, all-time favorite, "Mr. B.", BILLY ECKSTINE!

In what I believe was that same location, or right next to it, we also had a novel and special spot. It had been decided by the town fathers (and mothers too, I suppose) in Fanwood that the high school kids needed a place to go, to "hang out", enjoy a Coke, listen to records, dance, and so on. So, a contest was held to give a name to this place.....The winner was Hank Friedrichs, one of my classmates.....and the winning name was-- THE JUKERY! What could be more appropriate? We "juke-boxed" away many a fun teenage hour at the Jukery.

Speaking as I did above, of memorizing things, I often wonder if school children today are made to memorize and recite long passages of poetry, as we were. That was definitely good training. Eighth grade at Scotch Plains High School, and Miss Mary Galt, were renowned for requiring you to memorize and recite before the class passages from Snowbound, that charming poem by John Greenleaf Whittier which I appreciate so much more now than I did back then! "The sun that brief December day rose cheerless over hills of grey, and darkly circled gave at noon a sadder light than waning moon....."

I think too of our senior English teacher, Miss Edith Higgins, another treasure. She, like Miss Galt, Miss Pitcher, et al, was such a great teacher. One of Miss Higgins' strict requirements of all seniors was the famous "pronunciation list", which I believe she herself had compiled-- a long list of often-mispronounced words, which we had to commit to memory with the correct pronunciation of each word, and recite them before the class. I daresay most all of us can still remember at least the opening words..."O-ral", "gas-e-ous", "clique" (cleek), "grim-ace".....

While on the subject of school, School #4 on La Grande Ave. in Fanwood (now the Children's Specialized Hospital) must be told about. In retrospect, I feel that one could not ask for a better, more dedicated group of teachers than we were fortunate enough to have in those days, both at School #4 and at Scotch Plains High School.