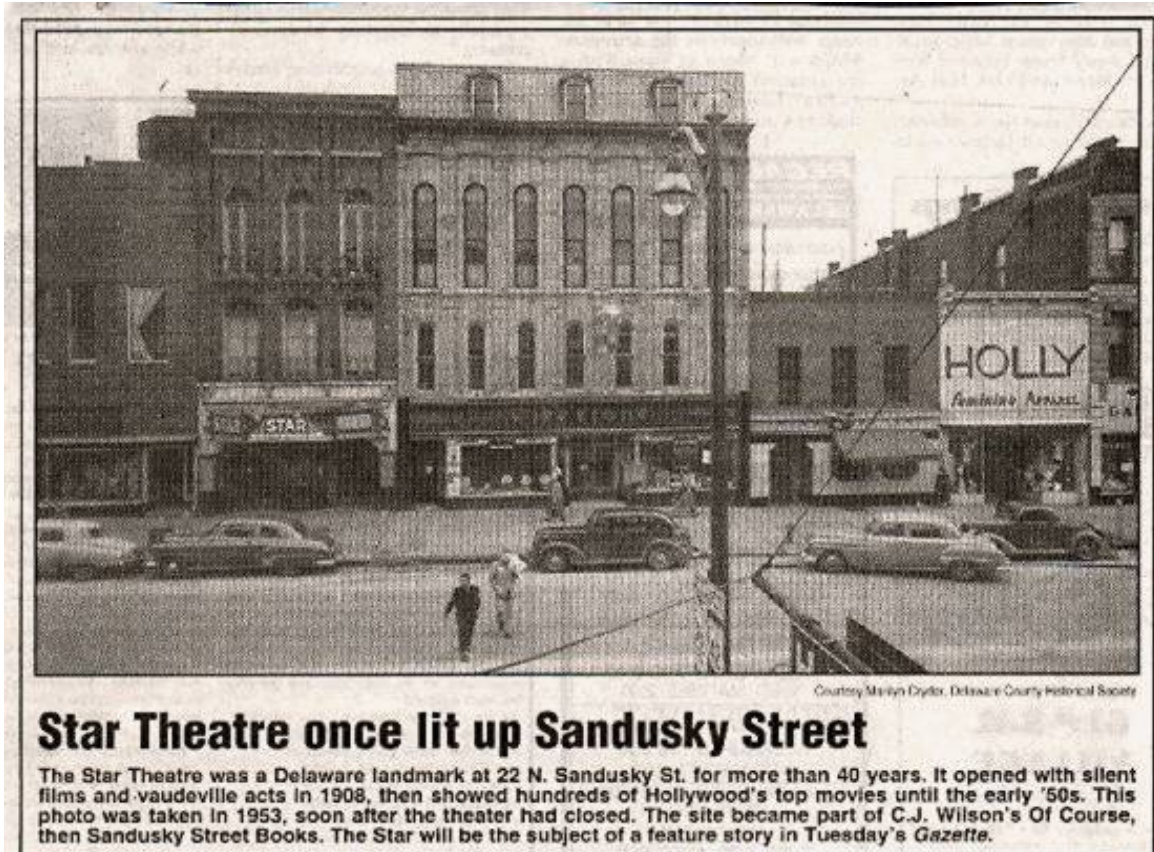


AS TIME GOES BY

The other day I decided to ride my bicycle down to the so called new and improved Hamburger Inn.



I rode east on West Central past the Jane M. Case Hospital, where I was born. Then on past the Girl's Athletic Field to Euclid Avenue. The Street now has a second name of Pacer Drive in deference to Rutherford B. Hayes High School a few blocks to the North. Riding on North on Euclid, oh excuse me I mean Pacer Drive, I turn east on Griswold. Continuing my ride I pass the homes where, the Hudson's, Macelflesh's, Bridges, Mallis, Hopkins and Flemings used to live. I pass the corner of Washington and Griswold where now there's an empty lot where the fraternity house once stood. Turning south on Franklin I pass two more old fraternity houses then on down past the old County Jail. Doctor Bordon the optometrist's office was on the corner of Franklin and Winter. Doctor McCleary's office and residence was on the west side of Franklin before William Street.

My trip takes me on down William and I park my bike in front of what used to be the Peoples Store and Zack Davis's seed store.

I lock my bike to the bike rack located on the side walk. Growing up in Delaware, I never had to lock my bike, not once. In fact I never knew anyone that locked their bike.

I walked over to the Hamburger Inn. A new maroon awning shaded the front window and sidewalk where some tables and chairs were available for diners. It was reminiscent of a French Café. La de da!



I walked inside to find, a red wall with pictures, new stools and hanging lights. The menu was the same. I ordered two eggs hash browns (they give you about a half pound) and wheat toast. I cut up it all up, letting the yoke of the eggs absorb and mix with the hash browns then I shovel a fork full of this ambrosia into my mouth followed by a bite of toast and a swig of coffee. Ecstasy - life is good.

The counters are u shaped so you are looking directly into the face of the diners across from you. I find this a little disconcerting but it doesn't seem to bother the other patrons.



The Hamburger Inn is one of the true Delaware traditions and land marks. Buns really is not there anymore. There is an empty lot with grass growing where Buns used to be. The building west along the alley is called Buns but it's not the same. Isalys, Harters Cafeteria, the Central Restaurant and O Lane O's are all gone. Why couldn't they leave the Hamburger Inn alone? Time marches on crushing memories in it's merciless path.

The down town is decorated with white merchants tents for the Art & Crafts street show taking place this weekend. I walked briskly up and down Sandusky Street viewing all the priceless wares displayed only to find that there was nothing there I couldn't live with out.

I walked down Winter Street past the Strand Theater which is about to become new and improved. "Robin Hood" is now playing. This must be the forth Robin Hood movie in eighty years. Can't they get the story right? There is a rumor that Robin Hood never existed. After four movies, I personally don't care.

On the way back from the book sale at the Library, I was trying to traverse the obstacle course of people and food trailers when I heard the sound of a swing band coming from the parking lot in back of the Bank. I made my way over and there was a five piece band: drums, trumpet, saxophone, two guitars. A talented black woman was singing some blues. They were good. I stood transfixed and listened. It was the best band I have heard in

Delaware since Ray Athony played “When the Saints Go Marching In” at Gray Chapel back in the early Fifties. The group was smiling and moving with the music, enjoying them selves and their music. It was a real happening. I was not sure how many there in the parking lot realized it.

In making my way back to my locked bicycle, I noticed that to be really cool at an Arts & Crafts street show you must have a dog with you, preferable a big dog and it helps if the dog looks hot. Also it’s a must to have a couple of small children with you. To be super cool the kids should be pulled in a little red wagon. Well I didn’t have a dog or kid so I decided to get out of Dodge.

On the way home I saw Pee Wee Culver in front of his house which is located on top of where the Girls Athletic Field used to be. I congratulated him on becoming seventy five. I have forgotten how I knew this fact. We got into a discussion as to who was the oldest in our class. He said Floyd Moffitt but then we remembered Jim Stimmel got his draft notice while still in school that ended the debate.

Upon arriving back home, I was ruminating on my adventure to the new and improved Hamburger Inn and my observations of the day. The thought hit me that I have become a geezer. Usually the tern is used with “old” – like old geezer. I think old in that context is redundant. A geezer is usually old and male. I am not sure how the female population got a reprieve on not being labeled – geezer. Anyway forgive my sarcasm and thinking the past was best. As time goes by I find myself clinging to the past for support as the world rushes by.

