

When the air raid alarm sounded, EVERY house had to be totally blackened. Window shades had to be drawn, all the way down, just as far as they would go. You were not to even so much as light a match, lest the enemy see a tiny spark of light. It was very eerie. The air raid warden patrolled the darkened streets, carrying his flashlight, making very sure that every house was in total darkness, and summarily pushing the doorbell of any which was not!

Automobiles at that time were required by law to have the top half of their headlights painted black, thus lessening the amount of light cast on the streets to "show the enemy the way". All cars also sported a gas-rationing sticker on their rear window, with the designations "A", "B", "C", etc. according to how much gas the owners were permitted, in line with the car's necessary usage and their legitimate needs. Siphoning of cars' gas tanks was a frequent occurrence, as were similar illegal methods of obtaining rationed goods, always an offshoot of wars and rationing.

Because of the gas rationing, tire rationing, limitations on permitted mileage and usage, and the fact that automobiles were just not being made, many people drove very little, or did not own a car at all. All the automobile manufacturers had retooled and were building aircraft for the war.

I'll never forget the very first post-war car that appeared on the Fanwood scene. It was a '46 Dodge, light blue, purchased by the Querys. I can still see the "small squares within the large square" grille. It was a thing of beauty, and turned every head as it purred down the streets of Fanwood!

A year or so later, a few brand-new and somewhat strange-looking makes of automobiles came on the market, such as the Kaiser-Frazer. Our family purchased a snappy brown-and-cream-colored number, a Frazer "Manhattan". Wow!

The Querys had also figured significantly in my recollection of "V. J. Day"--the end of World War II, when the Japanese surrendered to the allies. I was baby-sitting at Query's while they attended an event down at the Fanwood Playground. The news of the surrender was imminent, so everyone was glued to the radio. Finally, around 7 P. M., the word came, and the celebrating began! Someone in the neighborhood shot a pistol into the air in jubilation, much to his wife's consternation! People all flocked outside onto their lawns, laughing and yelling, in a total state of wild delight, that this horrible war had finally and completely ended. An elderly lady walking past said to me, "Don't this make your heart glad?" I