

filled two large scrapbook pages, which I still have, describing the event. It was, indeed, a night to remember.

The aforementioned playground was heartily welcomed by the townsfolk as a monumental and much-needed addition to Fanwood. Constructed in the early 40's at the corner of La Grande and Second St., it was, at last, a central location where softball games (both men's and women's leagues) could be played, kids could swing and play and have fun, and people of all ages could meet and just generally enjoy themselves. And this they did! It became a very popular spot.

Up the street just a short way from the playground stood "The Little House", where we Girl Scouts held our weekly meetings. It truly was just that, a little house, and Mrs. Schwingel and Mrs. Pritchard taught us many a valuable Girl Scout lesson in that little place. Out front, after each meeting, we'd form a circle, join hands, and sing the well-known Girl Scout version of "Taps" .... "Day is done, gone the sun....."

But to get back to early Fanwood School #4 days.....and these were Depression days, remember, prior to Pearl Harbor. Many times there would be live shows that the kids could go to see, after school, in the auditorium. We'd be so excited when, for just 10 cents a ticket you could see a magician, or a puppet show, or glass blowers. Mr. and Mrs. Howell were the glass blowers, and gave many many performances through the years. On one occasion, they passed out to each child a creation they had just made. I treasured it for absolute years. It was a very thin and fragile glass pen, blue, with the point also made of glass. I could never get it to write, no matter what brand of ink I dipped it in, but I loved it, it was so pretty.

Another highlight of the year, for many many school years that I can remember, was one day each year when a container of free ice cream was given out to each child. A gentleman by the name of Dr. J. Ackerman Coles, in Scotch Plains, loved children so much that he had set aside a specific amount in his will to be used to treat all the school children to ice cream once each year. What a special day that was! He too subsequently had a school named for him, a move which I am sure all those children would heartily applaud!

Recess, of course, was a fun time. I remember the thick, green, wooden swings, suspended on long, sturdy cables. When you'd swung long enough at recess, you'd holler "Swiing for saaaale!" Also on the playground (to the rear of the school, on the South Ave. side), was this wondrous wooden