

whizzing around the blocks, arms swinging wildly, always mildly annoyed when there'd be loose stones on the sidewalk or some other small impediment to our reckless abandon!

We'd play the game of "Roly-Poly", mostly after supper at night, on spring evenings as the birds chirped. Is that game ever played anymore, I wonder? You rolled the ball,....a golfball was best,....and bounced it, starting with "onesies", on to "twosies", "threesies", and so on to "clapsies" and increasingly intricate requirements of ball bouncing. Then of course, there was the game of "Giant Step""Go back! You forgot to say 'may I'!"

During the war, among other commodities that were almost impossible to get, were bicycles; one reason, no doubt, why Miss Wade rode an older one. This came at a time when I was finally going to be allowed to have a bike! You had to fill out special forms for the "O.P.A." (Office of Price Administration), proving your need for a bike! Truly you did. I finally obtained that long-awaited approval, only to find there was not a bike to be had in the stores, for love nor money. At long last, a used one was advertised in the paper, and I shall never forget my total ecstasy when, for \$25., it became mine! It was kind of old, blue, had thick white-walled tires, and believe me, nothing, but nothing, has ever pumped harder, on the face of the earth. But to me it was pure heaven, and I daresay I benefited from what was probably a lifetime's worth of exercise, during those years that I pumped it up and down Fanwood's streets and hills! To me it was like a Rolls Royce. That old familiar lesson of how much more we appreciate things when they have been difficult to come by!

There were many offshoots of wartimes in Fanwood in addition to those I've mentioned. One was a pleasant one! A well-known local resident, father of my playmate, Betty Ann, air raid warden, inventor, and owner of acreage on So. Martine Ave., Mr. Jesse Hubbell, donated a large tract of his land for residents to plant "Victory Gardens". Each person or family had their designated portion for their garden, and folks raised wonderful vegetables, all to help the war effort, as well as, of course, themselves. But the nice side benefit was that it brought neighbors and townfolk together, as they'd tend their gardens each summer evening, many of whom might otherwise never have gotten to know one another. What an unselfish and humanitarian thing Mr. Hubbell did.

The Hubbell house itself is certainly a major recollection of childhood in Fanwood. Of pre-Revolutionary vintage, it sat (still does) at the top of a long driveway off of South Martine. The land that had been the Victory Gardens of course was ultimately built upon, and there have been streets