

and homes there for a long, long time now (the MacLennan Place area). But the Hubbell home was/is an historic landmark in Fanwood. It has wonderful low ceilings and quaint iron latches on the doors. Betty Ann and I spent many a happy childhood hour idling away our time, playing in that house, or perhaps outside, perched on a perfect limb of their huge old magnolia.

I think of many names of people who lived in Fanwood then. As my mind goes up and down the streets around So. Martine, I think of the Weyrauchs, the Yosts, the Querys, the MacDermotts, the Glatzels, the Wains, the Cliffords, the Harveys, the Ackermans, the Fishers, the Angelmans, and further over, around Cray Terrace and Helen St., the Russells, the Valentines, the Dautels, the Darbys, the Pettems, the Davises, the Woods, the Schwingels, the Friedrichs.....I could go on and on, listing names, describing the people. I remember each and every person as if it were yesterday.

In winter, in Fanwood, ice skating was the name of the game. And it seemed as though we went almost every day.....after school, on Saturdays.....all the time. It's just not cold enough, long enough, for that anymore. Popular spots were, "Happel's pond", off of Westfield Rd., a pond off Forest Rd., King St. pond, Mindowaskin Lake in Westfield, Seeley's Pond in Watchung, Watchung Lake, Cedarbrook Park in Plainfield, or Echo Lake in Westfield.....there were loads of places to go. Of course, parents drove you to the out-of-town locations, but to those nearby, you walked. You toted your skates and when you got there, sat by the side of the lake and laced 'em up. You'd glide around till almost dark, and sometimes there'd be an especially talented girl who could really perform and would wear fancy, short, flared skirts. We wondered how come she didn't freeze to death! Most of these skating areas, except for the large parks, have of course been developed, and homes are standing on them now.

Something else that was ongoing in Fanwood during the war was the sewing group for the Red Cross. I can remember that my mother went faithfully and without fail, each and every Wednesday, to Mrs. Bonnell's, Mrs. Slocum's, or many other locations, to do sewing for the service, make bandages, and whatever was needed for the war effort. This she did for many years. Likewise, we all saved cans (you had to flatten them), old rubber tires, all kinds of scrap metal, and periodically there would be "drives" to collect all these things for the war effort.