

Gibson would come to the door to pick it up. A few days later, miraculously, to me, he would return, with all the items beautifully washed and ironed, and wrapped in crisp brown paper, fastened with tape. Much of the daily wash was done at home, much by hand, some by "wringer-type" washing machines; but most every Fanwood home sported a clothesline of some description in its backyard, and on any given sunny day, Monday mornings in particular, the family wash could be seen out there, flapping merrily in the breeze. Clothes dryers? No. This was solar energy at its best!

Then there was the scissor sharpener. He came around periodically, and the loud, single clang of his bell always sent the Fanwood housewives out with their scissors and knives for him to sharpen. Likewise, there was the "rag man", who came around with horse and wagon, small, rusty bells strung across the front, and took any and all of your old rags, paying you a nominal sum of change, in return.

But, most exciting and wondrous of all was.....DUGAN'S!! This was a "bakery on wheels", you might say. Another of these was Rice's. If you wanted Dugan's to stop at your door with their tasty wares, you placed in your front window an orange placard with large black letter "D" which they provided, to let the driver know he should come to your door that day.

Now, this mouth-watering display of baked goods was definitely a child's delight. The salesman carried it all in a large, metal, rather deep, tray-like carrier, with a big handle. He'd set it down for you to make your difficult decisions. There were coffee cakes, pastries and buns, donuts, crullers, layer cakes, wonderful fresh breads, rolls, and the like, all divine smelling. A favorite of mine were devil's food cupcakes, sprinkled on top with powdered sugar, filled with a wonderful white cream in the center. They also had the reverse flavor, white cakes with light chocolate centers, but the devil's food always got my vote!

It must be said here, too, that among the many purveyors who plied the streets of Fanwood.....the iceman did also,.....definitely, .....cometh!!

And speaking of ice.....Somewhere in the early forties, a real innovation came to Fanwood, in the form of frozen foods! I remember that the first company to come around was called "Bob-White", and you knew the snow-white truck was approaching when you heard the driver sound his special whistle, which sounded just like the call of a Bobwhite bird! As I recall, the principal frozen vegetable he had available was peas. Later, Bird's Eye