

Fanwood, where shall I begin? Founded in the year 1885, one square mile of Central New Jersey, surrounded on three sides by one town, Scotch Plains, and on the fourth side by Plainfield. That in itself made us unique! Legend has it that the town was named by the President of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, after "Fanny Wood", a noted writer and frequent visitor to and admirer of the town. I tend to go along with this pleasant premise, and most do seem to agree it is correct.

Fanwood, fifty plus years ago.....small, quiet, pleasant, friendly. You literally knew almost everyone you passed on the street, or, I should say, "sidewalk", for people walked then....to the stores and Post Office each day, to the library....Most everything was accessible to anyone in the town by walking. We walked, and we never thought a thing of it. Even in later years, when we were more car-oriented, most would have thought it comical, or unheard of, to drive to the stores, if indeed we'd have even "thought of it" at all!

The library itself was most interesting. My earliest memory was when it was located in that fascinating "round" house, on the corner of Martine and North Aves. The librarian was a New England maiden lady by the name of Miss Janet Carter. She had short bobbed grey hair and was never without her small cloche-style hat, even as she worked at her desk. I believe that was the custom at the time for librarians. She was rather stern, another prerequisite for librarians then, and I was always most fascinated by the long, narrow wooden box of small index cards on her desk. Who'd ever heard of "computers" in those days?? She'd run her fingertip over the cards, pull out your card, mark it for a 1 or 2-week book, then slip it into the little envelope attached inside each book. Most interesting to this four-year-old who, with Mother, often took afternoon strolls to this intriguing place. I remember borrowing The Little Engine That Could. I recall the way the sidewalk leading to the library had large grey pebbles scattered in with the concrete. Other sidewalks, on North Ave., Martine, etc., were similarly dotted, perhaps still are!

Across the street from the library, on North Ave., sitting rather imposingly up on a hill, was a large white house known as the "Graham house". It was somewhat of a town landmark and it seems to me stood idle for a good many years before finally being torn down to make way for new homes to be built. A true landmark in which Fanwood takes much just pride is its