

ago, residing in Vermont. Jimmy Devine was another familiar face in our Post Office. Later, Dean Lowrie served as Postmaster for many years.

In the early days, we did not have mail delivery in Fanwood, and one had to go to the Post Office to pick up his mail. Everyone was assigned a box. Ours was number 527, I remember. It was always kind of fun for me, as a kid, to walk down there with that special key and reach in to see what kind of fascinating booty the box might yield. There were two or three high wooden tables in front, with the ubiquitous "Post Office pens".....not even on chains then, but they sure did scratch! I'd often send "penny postcards" (and that is what they cost then), in my high school years, to favorite radio disc jockeys who would actually play your request on the radio at your requested time! Some would even give your name.

While speaking of the mail, radio, and the like, another method of communication was certainly interesting at the time in Fanwood. Telephones were an ever-growing, ever-improving, and ever more necessary item in our daily lives.

Memory goes back to the "upright" variety with megaphone-shaped speaker. My grandparents in Plainfield had one, and for many years, so did a great many Fanwoodites. Then came the "really modernistic" low-slung "desk models", but you still had to tell the operator the number you wished to call.

You lifted the receiver, and "The Voice with a Smile" would ask, "Number please?".....or, if you needed a number looked up, you asked for "Information", to which a similarly cheery voice would "sing" "Inform-A-shunnn!" The "Telephone Company", as it was always referred to then, prided itself on its exceptionally courteous service to its customers, and that never wavered.

It may be hard to believe, but the advent of the rotary dial telephone in Fanwood was greeted with the acclaim and enthusiasm which we later accorded the "Touch Tone" style phone. Gone were "Number please", and "Inform-A-shun", and YOU and your fingertip were in complete command!

As the pace of all our lives quickened over the years, we of course became impatient with the slowness of the rotary dial, and it was hard to believe we'd once thought it so wonderful.

At that time, numbers in the telephone directory were not listed as they are now, by name only, but were divided first according to town. For