

instance, at the top of the page would be: "CRANFORD", "DUNELLEN", "ELIZABETH", "FANWOOD", "GARWOOD", "HILLSIDE", and so on. Then, alphabetically under those headings were the name listings and numbers.

The entire phone book was much thinner in those days, and Fanwood's listings took up but one or two pages of it. So once you located the "FANWOOD" heading, it was quick and easy to then find the person's name whose number you wanted.

Most Fanwoodites then had "party lines" -- only a privileged few were fortunate enough, early on, to have a PRIVATE LINE! In Fanwood, the letters "J", "R", and "W" were used as designations after the number, on party lines. For instance, I recall that our number was "Fanwood 2-7474-J", and a friend of mine across town was "7474-W", while still a third party in town had "7474-R". Of course, it was always a huge temptation to "listen in" if you lifted your receiver and found a conversation already in progress on your line. But this was of course taboo-- a highly improper thing to do, and we were all pretty polite people in Fanwood!

The town garage, and JAIL, were located over on North Ave., by the Martine Ave. bridge. I recall when the town had just a few cops. There were Chief John Brady, Tom Starks, our next-door neighbor, George Pandick and Joe Gorsky. Chief Brady was of the old school, a friendly and pleasant Irishman, adept at magic and card tricks; who skillfully directed traffic and caringly escorted school children across the busy intersection of Martine and South Aves., but who was tough when the need arose (and it seems to me there was not often the need, back then!) He lived on Old South Ave.

Garbage collection in Fanwood was interesting "back then". There was a truck, probably only one. Just a regular open dump truck that would come around and collect the garbage. A full load was not a pleasant sight-- or smell, to be sure! Prior to the truck collections, one had to transport one's own garbage, and in both cases it was unloaded over on North Ave., at the bottom of a big hill, near the railroad tracks. In order to control their volume of trash, people burned much of it in their backyards, which was permissible at the time. They were also permitted then to burn leaves in the gutter, in the Fall. What a long-gone but pleasantly nostalgic aroma that was!

As for doctors and dentists in town, during my time there were but two doctors, Dr. Morris Osher, on No. Martine, and Dr. Robert Boyd, on So. Martine. Across from Dr. Osher was the dentist, Dr. Ted Cowell. Before