

Churches in Fanwood.....we had but one, and that was the Fanwood Presbyterian, where I went to Sunday School We lived just up the street, so it was nice and close, and I could walk. What a familiar ring those bells had each Sunday morning. I can hear them yet; simple, like the building itself, but clear. The man next door, Garrett Day, pulled the ropes that rang them.

When I was very small, our minister was a wonderful older gentleman by the name of Dr. Cameron. Later came a much younger, David W. Baker, and still later, Noel A. Calhoun, both of them handsome Princetonians. The congregation burgeoned. At the time, there was only the original small, white clapboard New England style church, and the area where the large church is now was just woods. There was always a diagonal path through those woods, a much-used short cut from Martine Ave. to Marian Ave. But the little church is the one in my memory, and it was truly charming.

On summer Sunday mornings, the singing of the hymns by the congregation could be heard wafting through the opened stained-glass windows. Matthew Purvis was the church organist. Soloists such as Ruth Taber, Malcolm (Mac) Hazel and others, led the choir. Here too, you knew almost everyone by name. On Mother's Day, each child was given a pink begonia plant to take home, and in June, there was always THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL, held on the church lawn. Very special!

The Fanwood Borough Hall and "firehouse" were for many years located in a comparatively small building on Watson Rd. One year, in the late 30's, the Sunday School children put on a performance of "A Tom Thumb Wedding". I'll never forget the magic of it. Peggy Darby played the bride, and I was one of the bridesmaids, wearing this beautiful long, pink gown! Our rehearsals were held in the firehouse, and I will never forget the thrill of being on a real "STAGE" for the first time.

Along those lines, but for the adult Fanwood population there was for many years, and still is, the Philathalians, a very popular and successful amateur theatre group. In addition, for several years running, very impressive and entertaining minstrel shows were presented by local talent. A couple of years, this author and three friends sang as a quartet in the minstrel show, calling ourselves "The Fanfairs", a name thought up by my father.

I spoke earlier about buslines that ran through town. They were a real necessity during wartime, as many people had no car at all, or had put it "up on blocks" for "the duration". But in addition to the buses, of course,