

TOWNSHIP TOPICS

Miss Esther Schaffernoth, daughter of Mrs. E. C. Schaffernoth, of Old Haritan Road, was taken to Muhlenberg Hospital recently by the Rescue Squad ambulance, with injuries suffered when she was mauled by a cow.

Miss Schaffernoth was leading the animal from the pasture to a barn when it suddenly turned and attacked her. She was knocked down and rolled over several times and although the cow put its foot on her, she was able to knock it off. The left side of her abdomen was bruised considerably when it attempted to toss her.

Walter Short, 22, of 315 Hunter Avenue, was taken to Muhlenberg Hospital on July 31, with injuries suffered when the car he was driving ran into a tree on Mountain Avenue. He suffered lacerations of the face and scalp, a possible slight concussion and a fractured toe. The car was badly damaged.

Lieut. Robert E. Scott, U.S. Coast Guard Reserve, put some of his training to a test recently when he and Mrs. Scott together with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Corcoran, all of Old Haritan Rd., sailed on a two-week cruise in the auxiliary ketch, "Petrel" from City Island, N. Y., to Fisher's Island.

After an absence of more than a year, Charles Rittweger, former President of the Crestwood Civic Assn. has returned to his home on Allwood Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin, formerly of Union Township, are now living in their recently purchased home at 2436 Allwood Road.

On a recent inspection tour of their victory garden, Mrs. Vail, of Longfellow Avenue, asked, "What is that green stuff over there, I don't remember planting anything like that. Why that's kale, I planted it", said Mr. Vail proudly. When the kale ripened looking nice and green, Mrs. Vail picked and prepared it but to their keen disappointment the delicious looking vegetable was tough and leathery. The examined the seed-wrappers and to their amazement found it was marked "CATTLE KALE".

The Lindners on Cooper Road are making news with their transformation of Gordonwoods old riding school and farm. All but six acres have been cleared and put into cultivation and those last six acres are now in process of being cleared. Anyone who has been away a year or two would never know the place. The horse show ring and jumping course are now barns and pasture for twenty-one head of Guernsey cows and all the rest of the land is in corn and soybeans.

The spirit of neighborly cooperation which is evidenced so often in Scotch Plains these days has one of its leading proponents in Mr. Gerald L. Furman of Rahway Road. Mr. Furman, an executive with a company engaged in vital war work, is probably pretty tired when he gets home from a hard days work. But this doesn't stop him from getting out his tractor in the evening and on week-ends and helping his neighbors with their farming.

All gratuitously of course, and in addition to the work on his own place. The tractor, once the object of calculating looks from the chairman of the Salvage Committee, was completely overhauled by Mr. Furman personally; has a brand new coat of paint, and now functions almost as smoothly and quietly (?) as a General Sherman tank. It is one neighbors answer to the farm problem.

As a development of our brief editorial life, we have an understanding sympathy for Major Hoople, the comic-strip character, who resigned his newspaper job after a three day spell as Information Editor. We wonder what the Major would have done if the following query from Maple Hills Farms had been dropped into his lap instead of ours.

"Is there a herpetologist in town? Little Gordie Griswold and David Dickey encountered a light raspberry colored snake with white rings on it and about 16 inches long. Papa Gordon rushed to the rescue and killed the pretty creature. Was it or was it not a coral snake?"



A brief reference to the dictionary corrected our mistaken impression that a herpetologist must be the guy who makes the Herpicide which our pet barber always tries to foist upon us. Instead, - we learned that a herpetologist is an expert in herpetology. Having cleared up that puzzling detail, we next proceeded to dig up a herpetologist of our acquaintance. He tells us that the snake is not a coral snake - it is a

"Lampropeltis Triangulum."

Next question!

Ed. Grau of Johnson St., brother in-law of Lt. Roy Croag, recently secured a gig for his pony. After hitching up the pony to the gig for the first time, Ed invited Mrs. Peterson, wife of Nils Peterson CCM, for a joy-ride. They drove off with a smile but as they were about to turn back, the spirited animal gave a jerk and spilled Ed and his guest out of the gig to the ground. Neither was hurt but the gig had to be repaired. It's in good shape again and Ed may be seen driving around town indifferent to the problems of gas rations and the "no gasoline" signs on the local stations. "Giddyap Napoleon, it looks like rain."

Mrs. Lorna Jackson, of Cooper Road, tells us that she is saving all her copies of The Scotch Plainsman and plans to put them in a bound volume. Captain Alden deHart tells us he is doing the same thing and we must confess we've been toying with the idea ourselves.

A recent brush fire, intended to burn out some underbrush along a fence on the property of Judge W. O. Voorhis on Rahway Road, succeeded all too well. It burned out the underbrush, burned up the fence, set fire to several trees and threatened to burn up the barn. While the advisability of calling the fire department was being debated, due consideration being given to the time element involved, an Air Raid Warden (one of the few overlooked by the Army in this part of town) arrived on the scene with his Indian pump tank extinguisher. To everyone's surprise the fire was quickly extinguished and the social gathering which followed was enjoyed by all.

Donald W. Cowell S 1/C has returned to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Fla., after spending a ten day furlough at home.

Pfc. Philip Decker has arrived in England. He is with the Signal Corps.

M/Sgt. Roy L. Dobbs and his wife were recent visitors at the home of his mother on Longfellow Ave. Sgt. Dobbs is assigned as Sgt. Major of the Enemy Section, Office of the Provost Marshal General, Fort Meade, Md.

Pvt. William Peele, of 8 John St. has received a medical discharge and has returned home from Louisiana.

Charles Williams, SM 2/C was discharged from the Naval Hospital in Honolulu recently after a siege of mumps.

MAIL

What more welcome cry is there Than the cry of mail? Men seem to come from everywhere I've never seen it fail

Shove and jostle eagerly While a hundred voices shout, "Is there any for me?" And a hundred hands reach out.

They sit down in the nearest place, Wherever they can read. And the happy smile on every face Is a warming sight indeed.

But when the mail is all passed quit, Some slowly turn away. And I truly pity those without Any mail today.

If the folks back home knew what it meant Those letters to receive, I'm sure those letters would be sent To gladden hearts that grieve.

I can appreciate their hungry eyes; It's a sight I hate to see, For I know how my own hope dies When there's no mail for me. -----Kodiak (Alaska) Bear.

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