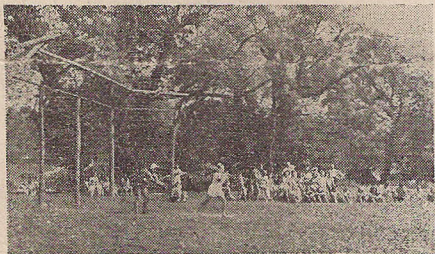


Paulinskill PIONEER

VOL. 2, NO. 2 * PAULINSKILL LAKE, NEWTON, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1941 * PRICELESS



"Betty At The Bat"

NEW MESSAGE SERVICE HAS POSSIBILITIES

We feel sure that most of you will be interested in hearing that there will be a new way of sending important communiques to the folks back home. No, no one has taken up raising carrier pigeons, nor are the Paulinskill Stables (free plug) intending to install a Pony Express service.

The fact of the matter is that Deane Uptegrove will open his radio station, W3JQS, for action.

Now, if you want to tell Aunt Minnie that Johnny's poison ivy is better, all you will have to do is to see Deane. As soon as he has your message, he sits down and relays it to another amateur operator in Aunt Minnie's vicinity. The other operator will either telephone the message to your loving aunt or deliver it in person.

We feel sure that you will find Deane fully qualified to handle your message. He is a licensed amateur radio operator and a member of the American Radio Relay League. For the past year he has been vice-president of the Yale Radio Club.

One of the blessings of this service is that it is absolutely free. In fact, it would be a Federal offense for Deane, or any other amateur operator for that matter, to take payment, or even a tip for his services. Also you may be sure that all messages will be held in the strictest confidence.

IT'S A GIRL for Mr. and Mrs. Jack W. Forbes. Mary Ann Forbes arrived July 29, 1941. Our congratulations to the proud mama and papa.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John V. Saunders of Grantwood, New Jersey, are building a home on South Shore Terrace.

LABOR DAY WEEK-END HAILED GREAT SUCCESS

Baseball, Swimming, Dancing, Corn Roast Make Up Celebration

Beyond a doubt, the most eventful three days of the entire season were those of the Labor Day week-end.

The ball started rolling Saturday evening with the first organized dance in the history of Paulinskill Lake. At eight o'clock the entire junior population of the Lake congregated at the club house in the recreation room which was decorated by Dotty Holm, Neil Uptegrove and Ted Smith, all under the direction of Charlie Wood.

The young people danced until shortly after one o'clock to the music of Tommy Dorsey, Glen Miller, and many other notable bands whose recorded music was played over Pat Fredrick's record player.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream and pop were served.

Sunday the long awaited corn roast took place. Although during the entire day the weather man threatened to throw his oft-hurled monkey wrench into the plans of the committee, the rains never actually came.

SWIMMING RACES HELD

Before the time for eating rolled around, a number of swimming and canoeing races took place.

The fifty ft. race for children under eight years was the first of these races. It was won by Arthur O'Hara with Bill Belke coming in second.

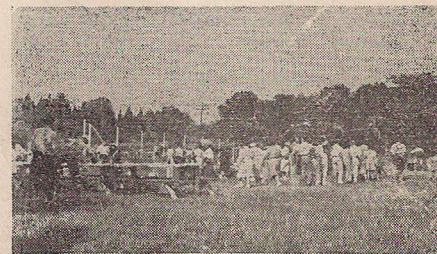
The fifty yard swim for girls was won by Audry Schnell, closely followed by Trudy Etter. Ernest Kondla was victorious in the fifty yard swim for boys.

The seventy-five yard swim for girls was cancelled because of a lack of contestants.

In the seventy-five yard swim for boys, Phil Bauldry came in first with Dixie Kelly his closest contender.

The next event, one of the most interesting, was the fancy diving contest. After quite a few minutes of fine diving by all contenders, Charlie Wood succeeded in taking first place.

In the canoe tilting contest the team of Otto Etter and Verne Reading, the former with the pole, the latter handling the paddle.



"Come And Get It"

The canoe race also was won by Otto and Verne.

After all the water events were completed, the land contests began. The three-legged race for children was divided into three separate races. The first of these was won by the team of Earnest Kondla and Walter De Young. Jack Storck and Jack Barber won top rating in the second while Charlie Lang and Yvonne Cornett took first place in the third.

The three-legged race for adults was won by the team of Pat Harber and Ruth Walters.

The final race of the day was the potato race for children. In this, Arthur O'Hara was victorious.

Gold medals were given to the first place winners in the swimming and canoeing events. Suitable prizes were given to the other winners.

SUMPTUOUS FEAST SERVED

After the races, the food was served. Hamburgers, hot dogs, corn, iced tea, and milk were consumed in unbelievable quantities. During the feast, Mr. Van Houten raffled off a radio, the profits from which helped to defray the cost of the corn roast. The lucky ticket holder was Evelyn Rux.

After all were fed there was dancing again in the club house. This time the music was supplied by records played on the public address system with which Mr. Barber announced the results of the swimming races. There were couples dancing until about midnight.

During the earlier part of the evening, Mr. Jacobs showed some home made movies taken here at Paulinskill of our winter sports. Mr. Reidmann treated the little children to ice cream

Continued on Page 3, Column 2

The Paulinskill Pioneer

Published in the interests of residents and members of Paulinskill Lake under the direction of Paulinskill Lake Association, Inc. Published now and then at the Clubhouse, Paulinskill Lake, Newton, New Jersey. Copyright applied for.

Arthur Schnell - Director

Neil Uptegrove - Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1941

BOY, IT HAS GONE FAST!

To us it doesn't seem possible. Almost two months have slipped over the dam since July 4. Where on earth did all that time go to?

But as we look back over those two elusive months, it occurs to us that it has really been a swell summer for all of us.

All right. So little Willie did fall into a wasps' nest and so Gerty did get the hives. You can't have everything.

But seriously, I think that you *all* will agree that it has been an unusually fine summer. And in behalf of the juniors, we wish to take this opportunity to thank the man who did so much to make it so for us. We mean, of course, Mr. Schnell. For the parties he has given us and for all of his help, we are truly grateful, and we want him to know it.

About the future we have heard relatively little. There have been a few rumors about skating parties and skiing parties, but there seems to be absolutely nothing definite.

It seems that we are about at the thirty mark for this summer, so all we can say is so long until next summer.

OOPS, SORRY

As you will remember, in our last issue, we stated that Anna John and Frank Cole were to be married some time in September. However they changed their minds and had the knot tied just after paper went to press. Of course we couldn't stop the ceremony, so the only alternative left to us was to chalk up an error against ourselves. But in spite of the double cross, we wish to express to them again our wishes for the best of everything to them.

NOTICE

We have been asked by the corporation to publish the following reminder.

If you have not already done so, be sure to make some *definite* arrangements about the draining of the plumbing fixtures in your cottage. The water will be turned off on or about November 15. If the plumbing in your cottage is not properly drained by that time, a great deal of damage and expense due to frozen pipes may be the result.

To make the necessary arrangements, leave word at the office.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

Newly elected trustees, overly optimistic, annually promise much in the way of new improvements, forget entirely that there are only sixty days between July 1 and Labor Day. That anything at all is accomplished is a tribute to the diligence and frequently to the personal sacrifice of the trustees and committee heads.

This year's achievement seem to center largely about the swimming area. A new layer of sand was added to the beach—27 tons of it, in fact—to the satisfaction of the swimmers and especially to the sun-tan addicts. Those who prefer to swim instead of bask on the beach are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Wimmer for their generous gift of a new diving board (in fact, we might put it in verse—All of you swimmers say thanks to the Wimmers - you can go on from there).

As you must have noticed, a children's play area has been sandwiched in between the parking space and the beach. It is equipped with a seesaw, a slide, and a swing. But probably the most constructive step of all was the hiring of a life guard to watch over the swimmers. Many parents tell us that it has taken quite a load off their minds to know that their pride and joy was splashing about in the water under the watchful eye of a trained life guard.

Delivery of mail moved forward a notch this summer. After about two years of backing and filling, Uncle Whiskers down in Washington finally consented to individual delivery instead of group delivery. Now, instead of having to fish around in the big mail box, trying to sort one's own mail from everyone's else, the mail is delivered to the box in front of -or almost in front of - your home. This is an improvement that wins the applause of everyone except our post-card reading addicts.

WHAT IS PROGRESS?

In connection with the improvements made at the lake this summer, it is interesting to note the point of view of many of the residents, a point of view which, because it is conservative, is often overlooked.

Their feeling is that from the start, this has been an unusual community. It was located with great foresight in one of the most beautiful and scenic spots within many miles of New York. It has been free from much of the noise and tawdriness that has marked other, and to their point of view, less desirable communities. Frankly, they dread any changes which may seem advantageous in the abstract, but which would be of such a nature that they would kill forever the original charm which led 160 families to settle here. Hence they congratulate this year's administration on their foresight, good sense, and moderation in making improvements. They urge next year's leaders to remember that motion is not necessarily progress, and to take as their chief objective, the protection of the beauty and unusual charm that we already so fortunately possess.

THE MAN AT THE KEYHOLE

(The following column was delivered to us in a plain envelope by an unknown person and therefore we cannot assume any responsibility for the statements contained therein. Any similarity to persons living or dead is their own darn fault. Mail all subpoenas and time bombs to box 606, Pratt Falls, N. Y.)—Ed.

They say poison oak is all over Princeton now, too.....

At first we thought it was an election campaign when we heard a sound truck go by—but it turned out to be just a corn roast.....

Gordon Dow is now fully convinced that clothes make the man. —The woman too, for that matter.....

We saw Mr. Derrick taking pictures of the players at the great battle-of-the-sexes baseball game on Labor Day.....

It takes more than falling out of a canoe to stop Dixie Kelly from getting second place in a canoe race.....

Cholly Wood, being accustomed to dives, won the fancy diving medal.....

Seen Labor Day week-end for the first time in ages: Jeanne Hathersall, Carl Holm, Barbaras Watson and Haines, Richie's chin.....

Seen all the time: Jane Hartman with her red nose painted white; Fred Gleason making bad puns; motorcycles on Ridge Road; Pinochle.....

Not seen any more: Calcium Chloride on the roads; tennis tournaments; The Old Flivver, hay rides.....

The honor of Paulinskill Lake was upheld when they finally did get some entries for the canoe race.....

A little worm was digging in dead earnest. Poor Earnest.....

If silence is golden we know one person who is flat broke.....

We can't figure out why people would want to load gravel into a passenger car. Especially at nite.....

We lost count of the number of hot dogs and hamburgers that Bob Brinkman ate at the corn roast. Phil Bauldry ate plenty too.....

Evelyn Rux won a radio with number seventeen. Is it a coincidence that the winner was a blonde?.....

A full-rigged ship could be sailed from here to Madagascar on the wind that gushes from the club house on Sunday mornings.....

Betty Taylor fell out of a canoe again.....

Dotty Holm went right along behind her....

The same afternoon Barbara Haines went in trying to drag out Hartman's mongrel.....

Wet day, wasn't it.....

Even with a scorekeeper who juggled the books and strikes called on boys only, the girls still lost the ball game by a lot.....

If at least two dollars a week go into it all winter, the nickelodeon in the club house will stay there all winter. So lets come up on week-ends and dance, folks. And in case you didn't

Continued on Page 3, Column 3

NEW-COMERS

As we look over the list of people who have bought property here at the lake since our last publication date, we were struck by the length of it. Feeling that you might be interested in reading that list, we have decided to publish it here.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Brougham, Linden, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen R. Shupper, Rahway, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gott, Bronx, N. Y.

Mr. Jules C. Gott, West New York, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. Clifford M. Schmidt, Newton, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Atwood McMickle, Newton, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert I. Hanneman, Baldwin, L. I.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Hanneman, Baldwin, L. I.

The Misses Gertrude E. Sims and S. Etta Mitchel, West Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Charlotte Esler, Rutherford, N. J.

We wish to take this opportunity to welcome these new-comers to Paulinskill and to wish them all the happiness in the world in their new homes.

OUR ADVERTISERS

Here we would like to say a few words on behalf of our advertisers. They are all local merchants who are, or should be, well known to you. When selecting advertisers, we have been extremely careful to make sure that they are worthy of your patronage. We know that their merchandise is of the highest quality and that they are most reliable. We feel sure that if you patronize them, you cannot go wrong.

Oh, yes. When you do patronize our advertisers, please be sure to mention the PIONEER. Thank you.

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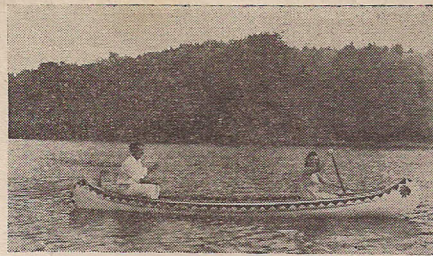
Come in your Blue Jeans and
Red Polka-Dot Kerchief.
Shake the hayseed out of your
old straw hat.

Prizes for the three best costumes.
All members should turn out
for this gala affair.

Admission 15c Per Person
Children under 12 free if with
parents.

Tickets at Clubhouse - Or at Door.

Refreshments Available



Summer Idyl

**LABOR DAY WEEK-END
HAILED GREAT SUCCESS**

Continued from Page One
cones while they watched the snow fly on the screen.

FREAK BASEBALL GAME PLAYED

On the following afternoon, one of the strangest baseball games in history was played. The Paulinskill Powderpuffs (the girls) challenged the Wildcats (the boys). The two teams met on the playing field at two o'clock. After a few adjustments of the official rules (this was to make the game a little more fair) the game began. The new rules stipulated that the boys had to bat 'lefty' and that the girls could not strike out.

From the opening pitch, it was clear that the boys had the advantage. However, do not be misled by this statement. A good many of those girls could really clout that apple. And when it came to fielding they were pretty good. Notable among the good fielders was Frankie McCarthy. She really showed a lot of beautiful form out in right field. In spite of their good playing the Powderpuffs were soon far behind, and not even the score keeping of Dave Taylor could even up the score. Just what the final score was, is a matter for debate. However, the majority puts it at about thirty to one, in favor of the boys.

We feel that a great deal of credit should go to the committee who planned the celebration for the swell job they did.

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THE MAN AT THE KEYHOLE

Continued from Page Two

know, profits from the machine go right back into it again in the form of free tunes.....

Phil Nugent and Ethel Brinkman are headed for the altar.....

Powdered sulfur in the grass will keep the chiggers away.....

Newest source of entertainment for the ladies of Paulinskill is the youngest Derrick.....

Things the local sightseer should see: Jane raking the beach in the morning. Frankie washing dishes in that famous white bathing suit, assisted by Dotty. Phil Bauldry sitting in the Kiddies' Sand Box. Uppy and the Blonde. You-know-who eating you-know-what.....

—FEEBISH

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TIP FOR WOULD-BE FISHERMEN

Here is a tip for those who like to fish but have some difficulty in landing anything worth the trouble.

What would you say if we told you how you could pull out an almost limitless number of fish weighing from five to fifteen pounds? It sounds impossible, doesn't it? Well, it's simple enough if you know how.

The fish to which we refer is the carp. In the Kill there are far too many of these fish. The game warden, Mr. Hyde, stated recently that if the carp were taken out of the Kill, the trout fishing would be vastly improved.

The secret of catching carp is just this. For bait you use a revolting mixture of corn meal, sugar, and flour, mixed in equal parts. Add water until it has the consistency of the muck on the river bottom. Waggle the hook around in this mess, getting as much as possible to stick to it.

The best place we have found to catch carp is off the bridge below the dam, on the side toward the dam.

If you think the above directions are a joke, talk to 'Mac' MacGrath about it. He has pulled

more than one finny monster of the deep on the bait we have just described.

You will find that it is loads of fun, catching these giants and by killing as many as you can, you will be improving the trout fishing in the Kill. Why not give it a try?

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The Misses Sims and Mitchel, both of West Orange, N. J., are having a cottage built on Kill Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold D. Vail of West Englewood, New Jersey, are building a rustic lodge on Ridge Road.

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