



Spring Lake Historical Society, Inc.

Newsletter

May 2024

Vol. 47, No 1

43rd Annual

SPRING LAKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOUSE TOUR

Thursday, June 6, 2024 • 10:00 A.M. - 3:00 P.M.



House Tour Ticket Donation: \$60.00

For Tickets on Tour Day

Spring Lake Railroad Station ~ Warren Avenue

(\$50 if tickets purchased prior to June 6, 2024)

For Tickets Prior to Tour Day

Kate & Co. ~ 1100 Third Avenue

Bain's SL Hardware ~ 1301 Third Avenue

J. McLaughlin ~ 1306 Third Avenue

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*** Rain or Shine • No Refunds ***

A NEW AND VERY VALUABLE ACQUISITION

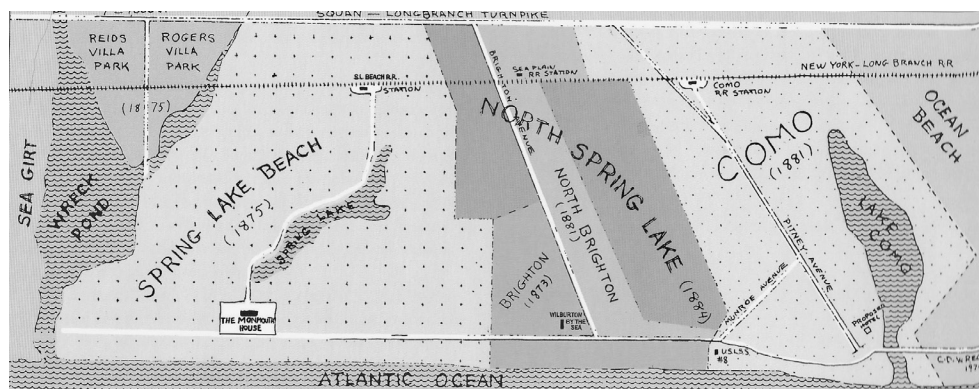
NORTH SPRING LAKE MEETINGS MINUTES LEDGER (1893-1903)

This fascinating donation is a newly acquired acquisition that came to the Spring Lake Historical Society from Deb Bailey & Sandra Ceseocansian, who found it in the attic of their late father. It offers much insight into the work and planning involved in starting a town. North Spring Lake was already in place as a resort, but incorporated as a town in 1893 when this Minutes Meeting book begins. In 1892, Spring Lake Beach was incorporated as the Borough of Spring Lake Beach with Villa Park area joining it. It wasn't until 1904 that North Spring Lake joined to become part of Spring Lake, four areas into one: Spring Lake Beach, Villa Park, Como, and North Spring Lake.

The first mayor of North Spring Lake was Mayor Oliver H. Brown, a prominent businessman, realtor, investor, and politician. His councilmen included: William Potter; Herman Getsinger; Theodore Bennett; and Robert Wilbur. On January 18, 1883, they met in the Getsinger Building, still standing at 1309-1311 Third Ave., and were sworn in. Also the following took the oath of office: Wilbur Tuttle, Borough Clerk; John Middleton, Collector; Frank Getsinger, Assessor; Edward Warner, W.E. Getsinger, James Reed, Commissioners of Appeal; John Smith, Judge of Elections; Robert Dawson and Robert Benten, Inspectors of Elections; and S.S. White, Pound Keeper. SLHS archives indicate that Mr. Getsinger often dipped into his own pockets in order to fund necessary work of which there were insufficient tax revenues. At this initial meeting, the first order of business was to allocate funds to prepare plans for specifications of a proposed sewer system.

In subsequent meetings, bids were taken for installation of things such as sewer lines, and contracts were signed. Neptune Electric was contracted to erect poles and wires in North Spring Lake. Also, getting funds for curbing on Third Avenue became a necessity. Issuing licenses became a necessity for the governing body. The Borough had to allocate funds for a revolver and handcuffs for the Marshall. North Spring Lake acquired the entire beach front from the Force Estate, a major purchase to say the least. These things are being pointed out to remind the reader of some of the issues the governing body had to address in the beginning.

(Below is the last entry in the ledger)



THE END

March 24, 1903

Governor Murphy signed the bill

Annexing the Borough of North Spring Lake

To Spring Lake

“An Almost Improbably Romantic Vision: ” Spring Lake in the 1960s

“My earliest memories are of the house, 16 Brown Avenue. Pier Beach for those who do their geography that way. The last street in Spring Lake before you get to Sea Girt....

On the other side of the Wreck Pond inlet...there were only one or two houses...from my bedroom window, the view was of the Sea Girt lighthouse. And the light was turning, it still revolved in those days, right? And you could also hear the foghorn that went with it when they had the fog warning. So between the sound of the ocean and the sound of the foghorn, it's an almost improbably romantic vision of what is a seaside town.” – Jim Doran, Jr.

Like tiles in a mosaic, oral histories illuminate community life – one story at a time. The above and following excerpts are from the first of several oral history interviews Scott McMurray and the Spring Lake Historical Society are conducting to capture residents' memories of growing up in Spring Lake. The excerpts have been edited for clarity and concision. The full transcripts will be available at the Historical Society at a later date.

After living briefly in Sea Girt and West Belmar, Jim's parents, both teachers, bought the house on Brown Avenue in the mid-1960s so they could raise and educate their children in Spring Lake.

Sister Act

“I started kindergarten in West Belmar Elementary. And I loved it. There was nap time and milk and cookies. And we sang songs, all that sort of thing. Then between fall and spring semesters we moved [to Spring Lake] and I started at Saint Catharine's, which did not nap at the time.

They didn't have a kindergarten in the building that we all know. The kindergarten was held in the basement of Saint Margaret's Church. They put up a wooden room divider and they had two kindergarten classes. There were probably 50 to 60 students in each class, with one nun teaching each class, in full habit.

My class studied with Sister Rose, who was a stern taskmaster. No more milk and cookies. No more naps. We learned our alphabet, we learned how to read. So, I was reading at what I guess today you'd call a second or third grade level by the time we'd gotten out of kindergarten.

...In the fall it was over to Saint Catharine's where I went first through eighth grades. Class size and mix of boys and girls changed over time. It was kind of different every year. But we always had at least two classes for each grade. Sometimes three.

The first day of first grade there were not enough chairs for all of us. And so, two of us had to sit on the windowsill. The boy I sat next to on the sill, Sean Higgins, has been my best friend from that day to this. He had two brothers and three sisters, while I was an only child until I was 10 and my brother Steve was born. And so all of a sudden there was a big family that I could spend time with.

Most remarkably, when we were in seventh grade there was one young, cool nun who insisted that she would take all the boys. Sister Helen Lawrence was convinced that these older women who had never had kids of their own obviously had no idea what to do with boys. They were fine teaching girls, but they didn't get boys. So she insisted on teaching all the boys. And we loved her.

This was someone who understood sports. Who understood that little boys are more restless and noisier, and that's just perfectly natural. It took us years to figure this out, but she had a habit of catching us doing something wrong and giving us detention, which would then be served at the convent, basically so she could talk to us one-on-one and figure out what made us tick. It didn't occur to me at the time to ask whether she understood boys because she had grown up with brothers.

There were 71 of us. It was a huge class. But we were learning. I will be eternally grateful to Saint Catharine's for teaching me how to diagram sentences, which I can still do to this day. It came in very handy when I started studying foreign languages.

I will be far less grateful for the fact that we switched back and forth during those years between the old math, the new math and then back to the old math again. I can speak six languages fluently, but I can't balance a checkbook. Set theory still haunts my dreams. I still see those little bundles. Every time I go to buy fish, if I see grouper, I keep thinking of the groups that we put the bundles of sets into....”

"An Almost Improbably Romantic Vision"

Continued from page 3

Third Avenue: "For a Little Boy that was a Wonderland."

"...My perspective of Third Avenue was the library. I was always in the library. As soon as I was able to ride my bicycle off the block I headed straight to the library. And so, I was there a lot. The bike had a basket, so I would always come home with a half dozen books in it. Generally speaking, what I would do is ride down First Avenue to the Monmouth Hotel, which was still there. And then along the lake and then turn off at 3rd Avenue and ride down Third Avenue to the Community Center and library, which is at Brighton.

That meant you would see all of Third Avenue and for a little boy that was a wonderland. There was all sorts of cool stuff there. There was a stationary store, Youngs, which for an intellectual nerd like me was just paradise. The smells of the pencils and the erasers and all that kind of thing. To this day a stationary store to me is just a wonderful place. Hard to find, and Staples is not the same. It doesn't have the same smell. You can't find most of the same things.

Across the street from the stationary store was a newsstand. A little store where my parents would go on Sunday morning to buy the Sunday papers. And they had candy like a general store. So if I was well-behaved at church I would get to pick out a candy bar or a roll of lifesavers or something like that. So that also was a magical place. That was eventually bought by a family in town, the Carmodys. Again, an enormous Irish catholic family. There was one in my class and, well, there was one in everybody's class. Frank and I ended up going through grammar school and high school together....

There was a grocery store of sorts on Third Avenue in Spring Lake. It was one of the very last if not the last non-self-service A&Ps. It was about the size of a dining room. And you couldn't shop there on your own. You would walk in and some dusty old man would come up to you and say, "can I help you?" And you'd say, "well, I want a box of some cereal" and then he would reach up with one of those mechanical grippers and pull down the one item you wanted and then put it on the counter.

Then he'd say, "anything else?" It was a very strange place. It was on the west side of Third just

short of Washington where Tom Bailey's market is now. In between times, it was a Cumberland Farms for many years. A&P finally moved out to Route 71 where the post office is now. That used to be an A&P, and then it became when A&P was trying desperately to stay in business, it became a WEO, Warehouse Economy Outlet. Which was an even cheesier A&P.

Across Third Avenue, there used to be some kind of butcher shop and something like a grocery store, Bennett and Height. A lot of people in town shopped there, it was certainly very convenient, right? But if you wanted to use coupons and get bargains and buying bulk and things like that, you go out to the Shop Rite on Route 35, the Grand Union or the like.

Freedman's Bakery was open, I don't know when it opened, but it was there when I was a kid. We viewed that as one of the great luxuries of living in Spring Lake was that you didn't have to go all the way to Belmar to get Freedman's rye bread, which to this day is unequalled in my experience and still the greatest rye bread ever...."

Like many in his class at St. Catharine's, Jim attended St. Rose High School in Belmar, where he excelled academically and as a member of the cross-country track team. Jim worked summer jobs to help put himself through Rutgers University, and then pursued a career in government service at home and abroad before returning to Rutgers as a professor in the political science department. He and his wife Laurie live in Manasquan. ~



*James Doran, Jr. (left)
and his parents James and Ruth Marie (right)*

Historic Holy Trinity Church at Christmas Time



In 1875, J. Barlow Morehead, a prosperous and proper Philadelphian and one of the original investors in the resort community incorporated in 1875 as Spring Lake Beach was among those civic leaders breaking ground for the foundation of the Church of the Holy Trinity, the Episcopal chapel that remains Spring Lake's first, and oldest, church. One hundred and forty-four years later, Holy Trinity's understated elegance remains a link to Spring Lake's early decades of Gilded Age splendor, much of which has been lost. And it remains an integral part of Spring Lake community life today and is positioned to continue to do so for generations to come.

Holy Trinity's Board of Trustees and other loyal supporters work not only to maintain Holy Trinity as an Episcopal summer church that is also open for weddings, baptisms and funerals year 'round. They also continue to broaden the role of Holy Trinity in the community at large.

A notable example of Holy Trinity's roots in the community is its hosting of the annual non-denominational Carol Sing on the first Saturday evening in December at 5 p.m.—for hundreds of people every year it is the official start of the Christmas season in Spring Lake. Carol Sing host, Rob Hoffman, who doubles as Holy Trinity's Treasurer, explained that the first Carol Sing held in 1989 was a small affair with singers huddled around the pipe organ in the then-unheated chapel. The event gathered steam, and heat, with the addition in 2005 of an HVAC system at Holy Trinity courtesy of the estate of a long-time supporter. That system was replaced with more energy-efficient units last year.

The Carol Sing has drawn more than 300 attendees some years as the deceptively large worship space fills to capacity and then some. The song sheet includes a mix of traditional secular and religious carols, culminating in a candle-lit version of Silent Night. The evening, which Hoffman keeps to a tight 60 minutes, also includes performances by a brass ensemble, small children in the audience coming up front to ring sleigh bells, and a "surprise" appearance by acolyte Brian McLaughlin as a red-nosed and antlered Rudolph.

One of the most memorable characteristics of the Carol Sing is a competitive rendition of The Twelve Days of Christmas! Everyone sings the first verse throughout the song. Hoffman assigns subsequent verses to every four rows of pews, up one side of the center aisle and down the other. While first-timers may seem reticent, repeat performers jump to their feet on cue to celebrate seven swans a swimming, eight maids a milking or nine ladies dancing, depending on their pew.

This is an event that should not be missed and the Historical Society urges everyone to join in this year's community caroling at Holy Trinity on December 7, 2024. Or for more information, see the Holy Trinity website: www.holytrinityspringlake.org.

Scott McMurray



The Role of Women in the Spring Lake First Aid and Emergency Squad

by Lily Rodgers

The Spring Lake First Aid and Emergency Squad is one of the oldest volunteer emergency squads in our country. Founded in 1928, the squad has served as an exemplary model for providing quality EMS care to residents and guests of Spring Lake, Spring Lake Heights, and surrounding communities for over 95 years. The first aid squad holds special importance to me, for my brother Thomas and I have been members since January 2022, and my mother has actively served for 37 years. Long before I was old enough to join, I have been fortunate to participate in squad activities such as Memorial Day, the Five Mile Run/Kids Runs, and the 90th anniversary celebration. For more than four decades, the Spring Lake First Aid Squad was an all-male organization. Thanks to several female trailblazers, I am honored and privileged to be a part of this fine squad today.

Original squad members were trained by Dr. Robert Patterson. These men responded to various medical emergencies in not just Spring Lake and Spring Lake Heights, but also surrounding towns. Initially, they answered calls with a milk truck they borrowed from Frank Gaskin's Milk Company. Soon, Frederick A. Duggan donated a fully equipped Studebaker ambulance. After Mr. Duggan's untimely passing, his family built and donated a red brick building, 313 Washington Avenue, for the squad to use.

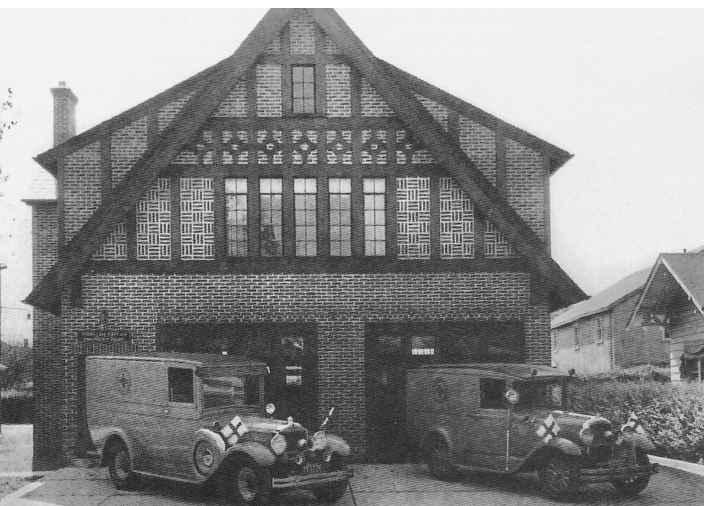
The Spring Lake First Aid Squad responded to several large-scale emergencies. When the Morro

Castle caught fire off the coast of Asbury Park in 1934, 128 victims were treated along the Spring Lake Beach. Deceased member Stanley Truax explained to my mother, current squad President Andrea Rodgers, how he responded to the Hindenburg Blimp crash in 1937. The squad provided care to the blimp's Captain, Ernest Lehman and transported him to Paul Kimball Hospital in Lakewood. Before he passed away, Stan showed my mother a piece of the Hindenburg!

Until the 1970's, the first aid squad responded to approximately 400 calls per year. As the call volume increased, June Dale Patterson Rounds, a registered nurse and the daughter of Dr. Robert D. Patterson, applied for associate membership on September 10, 1973. The all-male membership turned down her application on October 10, 1973. However, she was not to be dissuaded. She re-applied and was accepted as the first female member of the Spring Lake First Aid and Emergency Squad on March 3, 1974. Her perseverance paved the way for other females to join. Mrs. Rounds passed away in 2020 at the age of 95, but her legend lives on in our rescue squad.

Notable women such as Lynn Baatz (accepted September 9, 1974) and Nancy Magner (accepted December 6, 1976) followed June Rounds. Margie Brahn, our Trustee, secretary, ex-Captain, and past President, joined our squad in 1982 when a neighbor begged her to take a first aid class. Uncertain if she would like it, Margie reluctantly agreed. "I loved it, which is why I am still doing it." She has been responding to emergency calls ever since (over 7,350)! My mother has served alongside Margie since 1987 and speaks highly of her dedication and service during routine calls to extraordinary circumstances such as hurricanes, Superstorm Sandy, blizzards, and the COVID-19 pandemic. Margie is the wife of Don Brahn, whose grandfather was a founding member of the first aid squad and served as Captain for over thirty years.

Due to the passion and zeal of the Spring Lake First Aid Squad women before me, I am able to realize my dream of being part of this wonderful organization. If not for their courage and perseverance, I might not be able to be a first aid squad member today.



The First Aid Squad Building in the late 1930's

Sisters Academy



Students from the Sisters Academy Fourth Grade Class of Mrs. Intrabartolo visited the Museum in January

Mountz School



Students from the Seventh Grade of the Mountz School visited the Museum in April along with their teacher Ms. Mary Pearce and school board secretary Daniel Layton.



Beautiful Spring Lake Historical Society House Plaques are available if your home qualifies. For more information contact our office at 732-449-0772 or slhs703@optimum.net. The cost of home research fees and the plaque are \$250.

Condolences....

The Spring Lake Historical Society extends condolences to the Families of the following:

Alice "Cookie" Boyle

Margaret Morris

John A. "Jack" Beaulieu

Rose Di Ionno

Carroll A. Nugent

Mary Anne Coogan

Lucia "Lucy" Campo

Marion A. Mullarkey - Lifetime Member

Richard J. McCoid

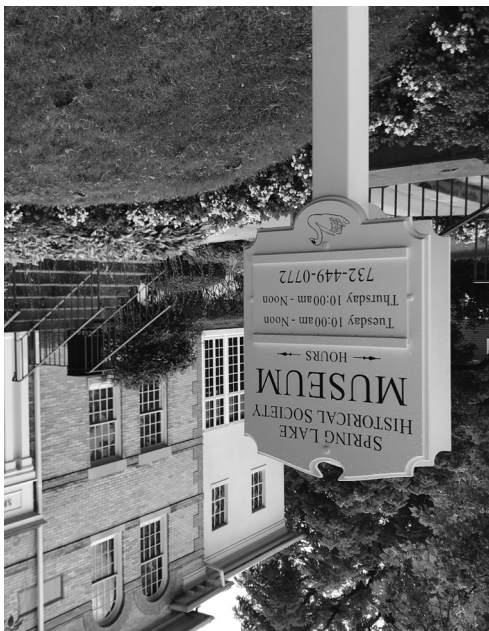
Larry Fell - Lifetime Member

Sister Mary Ann O'Connor, OP,
Lifetime Member



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Vice President.....John McGlinchey
Treasurer.....Robert Drasheff
Corresponding Secretary.....Stephanie McMurray
Recording Secretary.....Priscilla Reilly
Trustees.....Bonnie DuBois, Carole Morris and Marie Curry
Newsletter.....Marie Curry, John McGlinchey, Bonnie DuBois,
Barbara Kolarsick-Harrigan, Stephanie McMurray

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