
ON THE POINT

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Fall 2008

A Blue Mountain Summer

What a time we had this summer. And fast, too. If we could actually remember each and every wonderful moment, if we could cite all the terrific people who came here...this would be a *reaaaally* long newsletter. Those of you who spent their first days at Prospect -- hats off to you and thanks for taking the time to discover us. Our challenge can be sorting out parking, boat trailers, kayaks and party barges; teaching folks the ways and means of what "housekeeping" cottages are all about. And another special nod to those of you who made it a point to thanks all the staff who work so hard to keep Prospect the way you love it.

New Stuff We Did

The very popular "Kitchen Lending Library" made its debut to excellent reviews. It solved a problem we have always had with the limited space in the cottages. Most popular item? Could be the blender for all those smoothies. Or the casserole dishes for the ubiquitous pot lucks between cottages.

The herb garden made its debut. Use more parsley, folks. It loves growing here. Garnish your somemores if you have to.

The Sesquicentennial!

Big doings, little town. Sort of.

Street dancing, boats & BBQ. Fireworks.

Rain. No celebration....

An unexpected visitor

One fine day this summer, after a particularly nasty thunderstorm, a very confused homing pigeon came to roost. Complete with two leg bands, she hovered around the roof of the Lodge and pecked at seeds beneath the birdfeeders. We named her Lucy, though I forget just why. Guests stopped over near the office to admire her and wonder what was on the leg bands. After a week we thought maybe she'd stay and be our mascot but it was not to be.

She flew away. End of saga.



Things we didn't have much of this summer:

Bears

Mice

Kindling

SNOW

FISTICUFFS



Table of Stuff

Page 1 The usual summer report

Page 2 PPC in the news

Page 3 We're here all year

Page 6 Ask Aunt Carol

Editor's Note

Page 7 Photos

PROSPECT POINT IN THE NEWS

Did you know that Prospect Point made headlines twice last year? Yup, it's the honest truth.

Many of our return guests (and we're thrilled to say it, that's most of you) have told us how surprised and delighted you've been by the new addition to the Library - the beautiful birch bark canoe with all those neat Native American designs on it. Did you know there's a romantic story behind its creation? In fact, when the canoe arrived a year ago, it was the front page story in The Hamilton County News! For those of you who couldn't join us for the canoe party (and did you ever miss a good time!) or who didn't see the article, we've enclosed a reprint, along with the photograph they used. (Three cheers to The Hamilton County News!)

While we're doing the PR thing, there's more good news from last year - Prospect Point also made the front page of the Travel Section of The Buffalo News! Alongside this beautiful photo, here's what they had to say:

"A serene spot . . . Prospect Point Cottages . . . makes a wonderful base camp. Overlooking Blue Mountain Lake and about a mile from the museum, it has a private beach for swimming/lounging, and rowboats and canoes guests can use. The cottages include linens/bath towels, fully equipped kitchens, cable TV and a spectacular view. Guests have use of a main building to hang out in, play cards and piano, and read one of the many books on hand. A neat little exhibit has items found on the land from the swanky Prospect House that once stood on the very spot. Host Carol Doherty is a hoot and fun to visit with."

- The Buffalo News, Sunday, July 15, 2007

BUFFALO NEWS ARTICLE LEADS TO UNEXPECTED SITUATIONS

by the Roving Reporter

Note: The Roving Reporter has expressed a desire to remain anonymous. (The Manager has insisted however, that we disclose that she is NOT the Roving Reporter.) Any information reported in this column comes from sources which are believed to be semi-reliable some of the time.

An unexpected result of The Buffalo News article has been a spate of public fascination with PPC's

"hooty" host, Carol Doherty. Grounds-keeper Donny explains: "Lots of folks (mostly the guys) want to see if Carol's as much of a hoot as the papers say. So they'll find an excuse to come visit." These individuals, affectionately known as hooters, have been flocking to the office in unprecedented numbers. Their interests have resulted in interviews, ice cream rendezvous at the corner store, and no less than seventeen marriage proposals - several men even pledging to leave their spouses. (Liz Taylor eat your heart out.) Taking things in stride, Carol laughs off these advances. "What would I want with a husband? I already have a parrot and a cockatoo."

As to her rise to fame, Carol is philosophical. "Mother always told me I was bound for greatness," she explains modestly. "I think in her own way she saw this coming. So I can't really say I'm surprised . . . I guess it's just that no one ever imagined it would happen this early."

These days Aunt Carol makes her rounds behind large flowered hats and sunglasses. "Anonymity is the key," she says. "Otherwise it would be impossible to work around here. You'd be amazed by all the traffic we get since that review came out. In the old days people wanted a cottage. Now they want autographs. I'd just be signing pictures and casts all day, and as flattering as that is we really do need to get some things done."

When our roving reporter caught up with the rest of the PPC team, they were equally frustrated. "The paparazzi have been all over us," Alene explains, wiping a tired brow. "Every day you see them stopping at the top of the hill. They may look like ordinary families taking pictures of the mountain and the lake, but you know what they're really angling for is a shot of Carol or Donny or the rest of us. And of course it winds up in the tabloids. Only last week Donny was chased by a busload of screaming teenage girls. If he wasn't on the golf cart at the time I don't know if he'd have gotten away in one piece. Since then we all wear hats and glasses. We can't afford to take chances."

In a darker wrinkle, Amanda explains that for some autograph seekers, the sudden interest in the PPC crew is generated by less than honorable motives. "I thought they were just star-struck fans. But then we found some of the pictures we signed selling for outrageous prices on eBay, and it really got to me. To some folks, all you are is big business. A chance to get rich quick. No one wants to be used like that, no matter how much money your picture's worth on the secondary market."

I don't know what everyone's complaining about," says Cathy. "There haven't been this many men in Blue Mountain Lake since the chicken barbeque. I'm getting more attention than I did in high school and I'm loving it!" (See

Editor's Note).....

SUMMER!

Blue Mountain sure comes to life in June-July-August (and even through Columbus Day) Depending on your week there's sure to be something to amuse, astonish or annoy your group. Here's a sample

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

JUNE

PLACE GARDENS

TIME CONSTANTLY

Weed watching.

JULY

PLACE BEACH

TIME DAWN 'TIL DUSK

Nimble avoiding large sandy holes dug by urchins.

AUGUST

10TH: BLUE MOUNTAIN DAY! STREET DANCE, BOAT PARADE, FIREWORKS. AN HISTORIC EVENT, BY GOLLY.

SEPTEMBER

PLACE JROADSIDES

TIME 1ST-5PM

Antiques, rustic treasures from here to Indian Lake.

OCTOBER

Easting, hiking, lazing around, frantic kindling hunts

On-going stuff

One rumpas or another in the Library – talent shows, scary movies and/or ice cream socials. Be where the Wild Things Are....

Call for entries!

This coming summer marks 10 years of the Oestreicher family's stewardship of Prospect Point. Their decade of perseverance and dedication has impressed not only the long-time guests but also the community here in the middle of nowhere.

We ask that you scour your photos for favorite moments over the years (especially any showing the decrepitude of the cottages!) and allow us to borrow them. You can email them to info@prospectpt.com or mail them to PO Box 113, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812

We will surely return your originals!

We'd love to be able to put together a montage of moments from years gone by and offer it on a DVD (pray for Paul and Carol in this endeavor, please.)

Whether you and your children practically grew up here, or you just found us, we'd love to see your photos!

HO!
HO!
HO!

Christmas at Prospect is a very special event. Twinkling outside lights decorate the trees and bushes. Every door sports a wreath purchased from our local high school's fundraiser. Adirondack-themed trees in the cottages complement the crackle of fireplaces...

We have an agreement with Santa...

(He knows who's been naughty or nice.)



BITS & SNIPPETS

(OR “CONVERSATIONS WE WISH WE’D HEARD MORE OF”)

AT THE BON FIRE

“...I had no idea the rash would get that bad, or I’dve been more careful...”

ONE HECTIC SATURDAY MORNING

“...where’s the baby, Ed? “

“I thought you packed him...I’ll go check the cottage.”

FROM A DISTANCE (THANKFULLY)

“...so I broke both his legs...”

AT THE CORNER STORE

“ where’s the nearest Walmart?”

Editor’s note

All that is written is not news

In this age of instant communication and spin doctors, we encourage our readers to make of the Roving Reporter’s article what you will. Bear in mind that we have learned, from a reliable source, that Roving and his merry band of gypsies sneak in and out of Prospect Point from time to time, stirring up our guests and generating speculation as to who is really the owners of this hallowed spot. There have been sightings over the past months, --reports of small autos pulling up to the Edison House and unloading mounds of plastic bags, filled with who-knows-what. Folks having a leisurely walk down Lower Edison have mentioned the same process in reverse, allegedly over the course of several hours.

Tim Pines, owner of Pine’s Country Store in Indian Lake, would like to thank all the folks who took home the potato mashers from our cottages.

What this editor wants to know (as do we all) is **what** is in those bags and why is someone trying to redirect our attention away from them?? ❖

ASK AUNT CAROL

Q: How far is it to Lake Placid?

A: I don’t know, which way are you going?

Q: We love your cabins but your cable is awful.

A: Yes.

Q: We run out of clean towels but your “welcome letter” says you don’t supply clean ones. What are we supposed to do?

A: This is a hard one to explain. But here’s Aunt Carol’s best try: we don’t have the resources or staff to provide extra towels.

Our laundry is sent out and returned once a week, leaving our inventory very low. It’s a function of space and economy of scale. However, if a family has a real disaster (or bedwetting issue) we do try to help. Otherwise, sadly, our housekeeping cottage rules apply and mean that folks must make the run to Indian Lake’s Laundromat.

Q: I’m afraid of bears. Will they attack me in my cottage?

A: No. They will attack the box of stale donuts you left on the porch. They will root through the dumpster for the

aforementioned donuts. They will terrorize your car if you leave a cooler in there. One couple saw paw prints on their car this fall and maintained to Donny that the cooler was empty so why did the bear bother. Donnie’s reply? “The bear doesn’t know it’s empty. He just knows it’s a cooler.” Keep in mind that these here bears are pretty savvy about human behavior. ? They don’t want you – they want your snacks if they’re easy to get at. And, remember, they don’t have opposable thumbs. That’s really good.

Summer Scrapbook



“There are few times when, amidst the toil and frenetic rush of modern life, one has the pleasure of true rest, undisturbed by the interruptions of so-called modern conveniences.”

