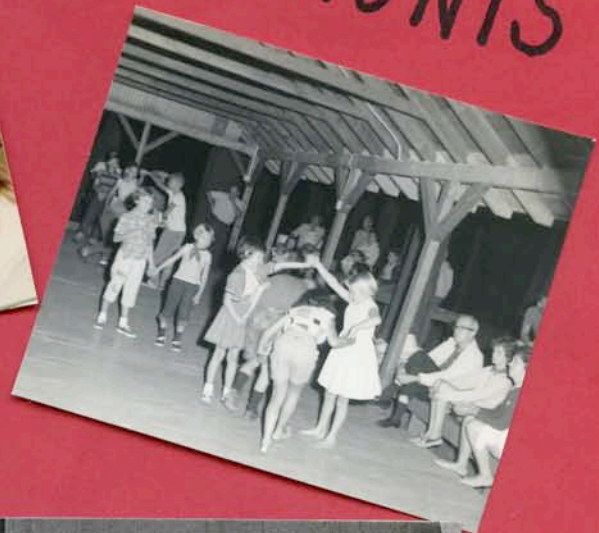


P.F. MEMBER MEMORIES

TRIVIA QUIZ
HUNTS



Included here are
MEMOIRS of
these P.F members:

- Jacqui Hallman Bond (#50)
- Sarah Schafner Berry (#29)
- Luther Dittmer (#15)
- Bill Hoover (#5)
- Henry Moyer (#4)
- David Ziegler (#14)

Kathy Gilbert (76)

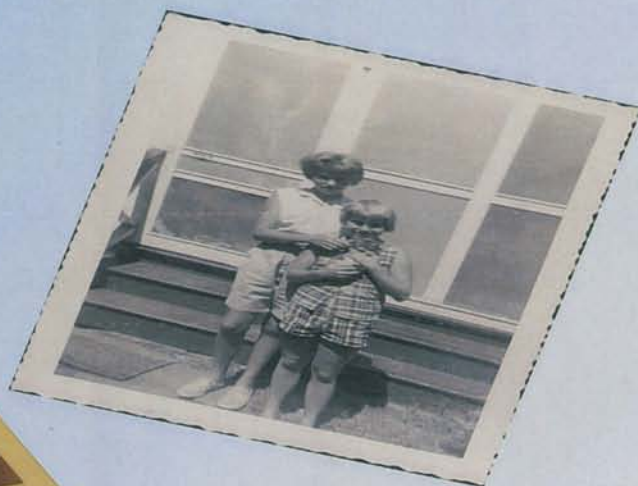
- Bonnet Family (#25)
- DePue Family (#16)
- John Sprecher (#63)

See other members scrapbooks, albums
in P.F. Museum area in Tea Room area!

ALSO TRIVIA,
QUIZZES, HUNTS
AT BACK

FOREVER PARADISE

MEMORIES FOR A LIFETIME



BY SARAH BERRY

"The details of memories from childhood may change as we age. But the way those experiences and memories touch and shape our lives lasts a lifetime."

Preface

My husband Lee and I had the privilege of serving the aboriginal people of the Canadian Arctic for twenty-six years from 1982 until 2008. During that time we discovered that the very pulse of life, the land and its people, were inseparable. There was a reverence for all life, the land that sustained it, and the Creator. There was life-giving interdependence in all things. I then began to understand my connection to Paradise, its meaning for me, and the feelings I have when my feet touch the ground whenever I return.

Join me on my journey as I recount through the eyes of a child growing up in the 50's and 60's, my growing up years in Paradise. Memories of the lake, stream, beach, Center, Falls, and paths of Paradise are forever etched in my mind and reflect my inseparable attachment to the land and its people.

Earliest Family History and Memories

My mother, Ruth Schaffner, told me that as a child, her grandfather, Erwin Moyer, willed his cottage to my mother and her sisters, Edith Hertz and Helen Hendricks. As children, they spent summers renting the old Kucerick, Roeth, and Schuler cottages before Harold Heydt built "Lakeview", her grandfather's cottage and the Hendricks/Greig cottage today. My mother also worked at Nestledown as a waitress many years ago. She had wonderful memories of her growing up years in Paradise, and then having her own cottage with my father, John Schaffner.

My earliest recollections are of being at "Lakeview" sitting in a little green and yellow wading pool on the front lawn of the cottage with my cousins, Claudia Hendricks Nestorowicz, Ester Hertz Greig, and John Hertz. We enjoyed many family gatherings there and spent endless hours on the beach. The beach at that time had large telephone pole logs holding the sand back, and I remember the two docks that my parents held me on as a very young child. I also remember walking down to the Falls and walking over the bridges at the "top" of and below the Falls. There was a "little addition" to the lower bridge near where the stairs are today, that allowed you to get close to the Falls. I remember getting mist in my face and loving it. I also remember making a simple paper plate craft in one of the old brown Girls' Camp buildings before the 1955 flood destroyed much of the Camp and the Falls area.



I remember "living" for my summers and making the drive up the Northeast Extension from Philadelphia to spend the "endless summers" from mid-June to the day after Labor Day. The car tires would hardly stop before I would dash out of the car and head to Gail and Steve Cramer's house to announce my arrival and let summer begin. From then on, it was one exploration after another. Gail and I combed every inch of land in Paradise. We loved finding the perfect tree to climb. In fact, during the other seasons, my family would often come for weekends, and Gail and I would spend hours outside. Without the water turned on in the cottage, we used the facilities in Gate Lodge. Gail and

I snuck in one day and "borrowed" two bottles of A-Treat soda stored at the Tea Room to put in the stream to cool off and drink. Another time, Gail, Steve, and I rowed our boat across the lake to the sandbar area and found a newborn fawn which we promptly brought back to the cottage to show my parents. What a treasure! My dad quickly informed us that the deer had a mother and we should return the fawn to where we found it.

In later years, Russell, Doug, and Cindy Johnson joined our family in off-season adventures and we loved our time ice skating on the lake. Our families would spend New Years playing lots of games, having pizza, and enjoying lovely dinners together at the High Point Inn in Mt. Pocono.

During the summer months, our family had many parties and gatherings at our home for all ages of friends. The memories of those times are endearing to this day. My parents loved to entertain and our "Wit's End" cottage was always their favorite spot on this planet. We loved to share in the Candlelight Service at the beach signaling yet again another end to a magnificent summer season.

Lake

The lake was always a joy for me. I did not own a stitch of clothing that had not gotten "wet" at some time. Of course, I was thrown in the water countless times by fun-loving friends. I loved going "frogging" and catching bullfrogs at night, catching large green tadpoles on the sandbar, going "stream walking" above the lake and collecting the clay from the streambed, and making "drip castles and emergency pools" on the beach. Our "gang" of children, and there were a lot of us in the 50's and 60's, spent hours in the lake. Warm summer days were filled with swimming back and forth from the raft, practicing dives and cannonballs off the "big dock" board, flipping the old Navy raft that we called the "donut", and floating in old black tire tubes down the stream below the dam. Much to the dismay of our parents, we also enjoyed the challenge of walking all the way across the dam, even with a bit of water flowing. Our yearly sleepovers in the woods inevitably led to the lifeguard stand mysteriously "ending up"



on the raft! Of course, Claudia and I always came home covered in poison ivy. Thank heavens for Calamine Lotion. We had a ball with greased watermelon fights, boat races, human pyramids, Kool-aid stands, volleyball games, and campfires.

John Kidd and Fred Flothmeier used to scratch on my cottage bedroom window in the early hours of the morning to go fishing, and I snuck out the window to join them. Off we would go, sometimes up the path by the old Crawford cottage and probably, more than once, cast our lines into the Hatchery pools. One time, John and Fred arrived at our cottage and Fred came bearing a gift, a small snake in his pocket for my mother. She was quite impressed!

Ah yes, these were the days before “organized childhood and playdates” had been invented. And, I’m here to tell you, I would not change a single moment. At the end of the day on the beach, my father and John’s father would give their unique whistles announcing that it was dinnertime. Sometimes, my mother would ring our dinner bell. After dinner, we took a breather before heading to the Center at 7:00 P.M. sharp for the social activities to continue!

In later years, it was fun having Paul Teter, Kit Sanborn, Bob Long, Gail Cramer, and Doug Johnson as lifeguards. I enjoyed my time lifeguarding for two summers as well. It was a joy giving swimming lessons to the “next generation” of PF children. The beach was certainly the place for first crushes and first kisses...a time in life for experiencing the joys of young love.

Center

The Center was the hub of life for the PF gang. In the mornings, we would gather, waiting for the social programs to begin, and swing on the swings or go down the two metal slides across the road. In the afternoon, on rainy days, we would spend time sharing root beer, vanilla, and fruit flavored popsicles at the Gate Lodge watching the world go by and predicting which car would drive by next. In the evenings, we would gather again for the variety of activities to begin.

Originally, there was a little store that carried essential items like milk and bread, along with lots of penny candy. Mrs. Jacobs, the store manager, was quite patient as I picked out 5 cents worth of red hot dollars, jaw breakers, and red licorice. Next to the store was a little gift shop that eventually transformed into a “hang out” for the teens for dancing and having fun.

Norman and Novi were Social Directors along with Paul Teter, Darlene Westerman, Ernie Miller, and David MacLean in other years. In the beginning of the season, the gang spent time painting docks, hammering white tape onto the tennis courts, and preparing the lake buoys. We enjoyed tennis, archery, shuffleboard, crafts, and rousing volleyball games in the field across the road from Social Hall. We had hikes up the hill, to Red Rock Falls, the old cemetery, the old hunter’s cabin, Devil’s Hole, Cranberry Cranny, and the railroad. We even managed a “haunted hike” to an abandoned house deep in the woods, complete with Kenny Teter posing as a skeleton with glow paint. Bill Hoover and Bill Fredrick, then and still lasting friends, especially loved the hiking below the Falls. John Bauers, Diane Flisser, Cathy Eisenberg, and George Miller were quite impressive at archery. Clau-

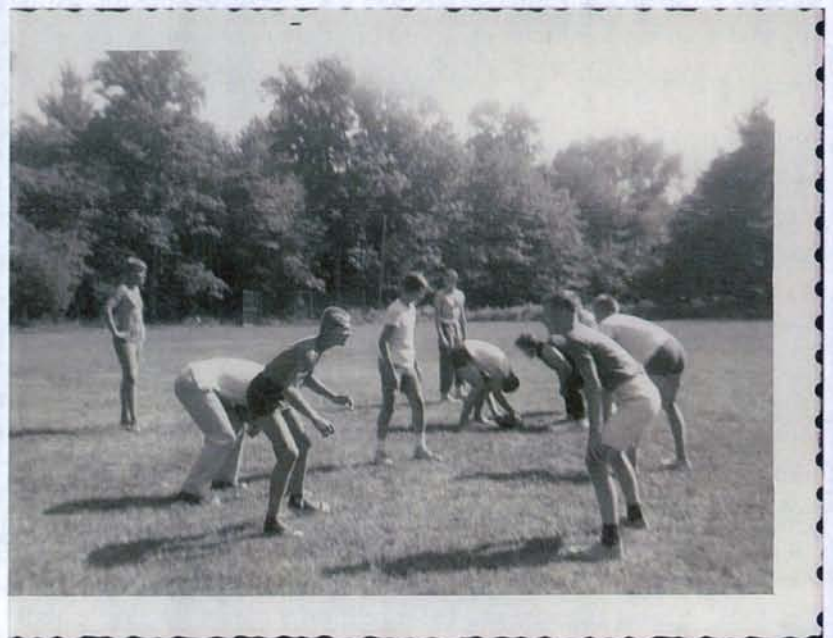


dia and I drove Paul crazy with our tennis talents. We took bike hikes to places like Chestnut Grove Resort and yes, rode on each other's handlebars on occasion. Ernie Miller managed to teach us all Junior Lifesaving at the Farm on the Hill.

The Teter boys were the stars of our softball games. George, Paul, Eddie, and Kenny kept everyone in line as we competed against Henryville. Jim Morentz, Dave Teter, Bob, and Randy Biggs factored in as key players and we spent hours at the Rec Hall field. One year, we even converted the Rec Hall into a "haunted house" using boxes to crawl through. That was quite the event. At other times, we enjoyed square dances there with the Reish Brothers' Band dancing to songs like "Red River Valley" and "Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh"! I even remember David Reinbold's grandmother, Mrs. Shetlock, teaching me Sunday School in the Rec Hall long ago.

Other activities included treasure hunts with color coded clues, scavenger hunts, fabulous road rallies, and horse-drawn hayrides. One evening, our caretaker, Kenny Harrison, gave us a hayride in the back of his dump truck and it started to thunder and rain. I was nestled in between Suzanne, Betsy, and Miggie Kidd and felt much safer. We also enjoyed movie nights in Social Hall. They were memorable nights watching, "The Mole People" and "The Fly". We all screamed and ran home after those movies! How could anyone forget our hilarious Talent Shows and Men's Fashion Shows. I am proud to say that my dad and much later, my husband, both participated admirably.

The gang loved having 10 cent ice cream cones in the evenings at the Tea Room where our parents would often meet and talk as well. Of course, when one of the large containers of ice cream was almost finished, we would be given the container and "long-handled spoons" to finish it on the Center lawn. What fun, especially when the container was mint chip. After the social programs were over, we spent many hours playing "hide and seek" and "sardines" around the flagpole. Sometimes, we even played "hide and seek" in the upstairs of Social Hall, ping pong on the porch, or "Heart and Soul" on the old time piano. Often, we would delight in catching as many lightning bugs as possible trying to make a light bulb.



Sundays, I enjoyed attending church in Social Hall. For me, worshipping and sharing my faith with my family and friends in this beautiful woodland setting was one of the most powerful influences on my future faith life. As the second bell rang at Social Hall, the young people would usually walk in as a group and sit on the right front side of the altar. It was the one day of the week that we would dress up. I enjoyed teaching Sunday School before church began to Miriam Bauers and Debbie Morentz. One year, Freda Ammon tried to form a choir and have a group of us sing, "When Morning Gilds the Skies". To this day, it is my favorite hymn. The "Ammon girls" – Jinny, Freda, and Carole were very much involved in the worship life of the church and were role models for me in childhood. After church one Sunday, John Kidd and Jim Morentz walked home with me. They were quite hungry, and saw our shoo-fly pie on the counter. They divided it "in half" and finished it. You should have seen the look on my parents' faces.

In Social Hall, we also had masquerade parties. One year I went as "Saran Wrap". There were also some incredible semi-formal dances complete with "dry ice volcanoes", and some hilarious one act plays. The plays included "Mind Over Mumps", "Willy Velvet, Homicide Detective", "A Rumpus on Rampage", "Mixed Dates", and "My Hero". What fun we had and so many laughs.

Falls

The damp, pungent smell of the Falls has always triggered incredible memories for me. I loved walking down to the Falls over the woodland paths and enjoying the canopy of leaves above me. I always felt safe among the huge pines. With the sun streaming through the dense forest and rhododendron, it was a spiritual experience for me. The Falls were always such a thrill, especially for "sliding right down the middle of them" and wearing out your bathing suit quickly. My mother recalled doing that as a child as well. The traditions seemed to be alive and well. Whenever my family came to Paradise, we always included a trip to the Falls. I remember Association picnics there, fishing in the pool at the base of the Falls, and square dances under the pavilion. I remember one time my parents were at a square dance there, and a group of friends had gone to our cottage. Somehow, we trapped a skunk in a box on the porch. Well, were my parents alarmed when they got home. Luckily, for all of us, the skunk was released carefully and waddled away without one squirt! One of my fondest memories of the Falls is when the gang played "Capture the Flag" near the pine stand just beyond the Falls. We had a ball crawling around under the trees and trying to outsmart the other team with flag capturing strategies.



In Conclusion

As the years progressed, I met my husband, Lee, at Muhlenberg College in Allentown, and we spent many unforgettable times at Paradise Falls in all seasons. I cherish our times that we walked to Red Rock Falls together, hiked all over, and went swimming and skating at the lake. My dearest memory of Lee at PF is when he returned from summer school courses in Greek at the Seminary in Austin, Texas. He decided to attend the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia for his seminary education. He arrived at our cottage and walked down to the lake. I leaped off the lifeguard stand and into his arms, thrilled for his return. The rest is history after forty years of marriage and our precious son, David. After we moved to Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, we spent many summers at Paradise visiting my mother. David enjoyed fun times with our extended family, his cousins, Nicole and Kelly Greig, and friends, Michael Macksoud and Karen Ehinger. They were magic days, and I am pleased to pass on to David some of the wealth of blessings I felt growing up in Paradise.

The details of memories from childhood may change as we age. But the way those experiences and memories touch and shape our lives lasts a lifetime. One thing is constant and unchanged. I feel blessed beyond measure for having had such an unforgettable and blissful childhood in a place where I have freely shared my love and faith with my family, friends, and the land. I will always hold Paradise close to my heart and a part of me will always be roaming the forest, lake, stream, and Falls. Under the protective presence of our heavenly Father, I will always be immersed in the warm welcome of everything that is... forever Paradise.



Lee and Sarah live at Eagle Lake in Waldhof, Ontario, and are enjoying retirement there. They have one son, David, who is currently living in San Diego, California. He recently became engaged to a lovely gal, Cindi Vokey, and an August 9, 2013 wedding is planned to be held in San Diego with his Dad officiating.

Sarah has taught in Pennsylvania for five years and 24 years in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. Most of her teaching years were spent in Grade One which she loved, and then she spent six years as Assistant Principal of J.H. Sissons School in Yellowknife. Lee and Sarah's summers in Yellowknife were spent working with the "On Eagle's Wings" Summer Bible School teachers who came from all over North America to teach in the Aboriginal communities of the Arctic. I currently do some occasional teaching in the Dryden School District, as well as at the Ojibwe Reservation School at Eagle Lake.

BOND PHOTOS



PFLA - Miss Logan's cottage in rear of Kiddnap Cottage 1936/37
 - MARTHA JACKY BARBARA EMMA LESTER HARVEY
 ARDELL HALLMAN ARDELL HALLMAN HALLMAN HALLMAN



PFLA - OLD SWIMMING HOLE 1937 was fact of them we swam at FALLS
 FILL DAM WAS BUILT FOR US TO SWIM AT NEW LAUREL (CRAWFORD) 19

"DADDY" LESTER HALLMAN Sr.
 JACKY HALLMAN LESTER (SUNNY) HALLMAN, JR. HARVEY HALLMAN HAZEL MACELROY SEXTON'S DAUGHTER - Souderton PA BARBARA ARDELL PEG HALL 1936



PFLA - Kiddnap LESTER & JACKY & HOME MADE PLANK BY DADDY
 SECKIE PEAR TREE GOOSEBERRY BUSH 1936



PFLA "Kiddnap Cottage" TED HALLMAN BABY TEDDY ANN H. JACKY HALLMAN LESTER H. JR. MARINA HALLMAN



PFLA "KIDDNAP COTTAGE" (REV. HARVEY KIDD ADDED N. ROOMS) 1928 PICT.



PFLA - KIDDNAP COTTAGE ANN H. JACKY BABY TEDDY / or HARVEY H. ARDELL LESTER H. JR.



PFLA "KIDDNAP COTTAGE" ANN H. JACKY TEDDY H. BARBARA ARDELL LESTER H. JR. H. POSS HARVEY



BOND PHOTOS



about 1946 OLD STORE PFLM

Anna Ridd Matiah Kidd Hallman



ev. Harvey & 1st Grandchild
S. Kidd Jackie Hallman
& deceased
8/18/42

BOND TAPESTRY I
10 PAGES, + PHOTOS

written
Oct. 11, 1997
(Tom Kipper)

BOND

"TAPESTRY"
PFLA

As a child I especially enjoyed the activities at the center each night as planned by the Ammons (Rev. George and Mrs. Anna Mary Ammon). It was exciting to wonder, "What have the Ammons planned for tonight?"

Wednesday and Saturday nights were always movie nights. In those days the movies were more acceptable fare than today. Sundays we may have had vespers. I always seemed to like vespers as a child and missed them when they became a thing of the past. They were a nice quiet way to end a day.

But that left Monday through Friday for the other planned activities--shuffleboard tournaments, masquerades, game nights, party nights, talent shows, dramas (comedy), hayrides, treasure hunts, scavenger hunts. The underlined are ^{still} part of our activities in the '90's. Picnics and corn or doggie roasts at the Falls or on the beach. Oh yes, and square dancing.

Mornings began with tennis daily. My best friend and I usually arrived around 10:00 A.M. and waited and watched on the benches till our turn came. What fun we had and so challenging to our skills! This friend and her retired husband have renovated her grandparents' cottage into a modern home and now live there yearround except for their RV trips. We have my grandparents' old farmhouse and it is considered historic so we're not sure at this point how much we want to do to change it. *We live right across the street.*

On the lake though no motor vehicles are used one may have a row boat for fishing or for fun, a canoe, or a kayak and enjoy this. In July and August we have a lifeguard. As a teen^s this friend and I especially enjoyed the canoes which at that time were owned by the Association. Most fun was gunneling--standing on the gunnels of the canoe and rhythmically bouncing up and down as the front end of the canoe came out of the water and returned in a graceful manner moving one along without the use of paddles--this was just one of our enjoyments with the canoes. Each had their own canoe to do this. I could picture a gunneling race but only with those skilled at it.

There ~~was~~ much fancy diving at one time--the "swan" dive, the "jack-knife", etc. At the girls' camp (now gone) was a high dive for those who dared. Their water pageants were spectacular though perhaps not in comparison to today. I could dive, but I was not "game" to try all those fancy dives. *(At the EVERY afternoon was spent at the LAKE ... by most. In the old days, Sunday was excepted. I remember when men had to wear tops to their bathing suits. Sounds funny now.*

"Tapestry"--cont"d

Rainy days in the 1940's were at times spent with quite a group of usteenagers on Rev. Shetlock's porch with Polly his daughter, who^{now} with her husband, a retired superintendant of schools, have a luxurious year-round home in PFLA. There could have been as many as 15 of us youth. We took four decks of pinochle cards and shuffled them all together and played as a large group in one game. Perhaps it was more than four. We may have pursued other games in smaller groups also, but it was always hilarious fun!

Walking in the rain was a real pleasure to me. I'd wear a rain hat, rain coat and boots and go out. Just being out and walking in the rain was a wonderful experience for me. Today I don't even own a pair of rain boots.

Oh, yes, the "BELL"--PF has a bell as Thiel College has a bell--our bell is used to announce the time of church and to call all ages to the activity of the evening as announced in the "SPRAY"--our weekly newsletter of the eventsto come. This newsletter was begun in the 1920's.

The season opens the last weekend of June with the first part of the two-part annual meeting Saturday at 10:00 A.M. when most cottagers make an effort to be in PF. At 5:30 in the evening we have our opening picnic at the center where we are happy to see one another again and have our families gather with us.

Next A.M. we have our first church service of the season in Social Hall. And thus begins our season with all its activities--fun for all.

Our church services are marked as special occasions since we have a different minister each week as suggested by the cottagers--perhaps their own minister. There is quite a variety in their personalities and in their methods of presenting the gospel which makes for exceptional listening and hopefully the "hearing" of the true message of the Lord.

Communion is given the first Sundays of July and August--a special time for each participant. Monday evenings the guest minister, who has the opportunity of using the pastor's apartment, will present a topic that he feels may be of interest to the people--usually mostly it is ministers and their wives who turn out. Many varieties of ways to present the topic, perhaps his favorite cause, are used or adapted for use with us. We who attend are always fascinated and at times "provoked" to put on our thinking caps and become involved. The religious committee also has a program weekly. It may be Bible studies, videos, discussion groups. This past season (1997) it was Bill Moyer's journal on Genesis, I believe. Also there were videos on historical church figures, such as Wycliff, Tyn-dale and John Hus, and Martin Luther,



"Tapestry"--cont'd

BOND TAPESTRY ③

Here is a paragraph that I added to a prayer of thanksgiving the end of June in 1994. This I prayerfully wrote in July two weeks later concerning Paradise Falls Lutheran Association. I felt led to share it with you.

And thank You, Lord, for this beautiful Paradise Valley. It has been a place of tranquility, a place of relationships, a place of activities, and a place of security. I thank You, Lord, that You have chosen this beautiful area to be preserved for our use, and our children's use; that you have chosen us Lutherans for such a place of beauty as this; that You have chosen to show us how to live together in peace and harmony all these 72 years.

POCONOS--a place of resorts.

May 11, 1998

Paradise Falls is one of quite a few places in the Poconos which were "given over"/ owned by religious groups since at least the '20's. The article by Rev. Hays states that there were already other denominations owning and running Christian resorts for their own people.

There were also Jewish resorts up there. I personally, at about the age of 10 or 12, went with my father to deliver butter on his Mt. route about 2 hours from our creamery. I remember especially one which was named Tamiment owned by Jews for Jews. We took sweet butter to them, as my father explained they did not use salt butter. Tamimant is still in business as a resort and I went with my brother to deliver to them yet: Jews only, I don't know. My father also delivered to another Jewish community a few miles from my cottage and it also is still in existence though again I don't know if it is still all Jews.

The Mennonites still have their camp at Spruce Lake where adults may come (I know some Mennonites who go there) and a portion of it is a children's camp to which my Lutheran grandson went a few weeks one summer-- perhaps because he went to the Mennonite school up the street from their home; perhaps because my grandfather on the other side of the family had been a Mennonite; or perhaps because they may take in other children now.?

The Poconos itself is undergoing a stress test. We have managed to keep out casinos, but now resorts and places of business are having some difficulties. The tenacious are still holding on and we (Poconos) will make it. There are still plenty of attractions to make the Poconos interesting and appealing. The planned Tocks Island Project (to make a huge dam) of the 70's did not go through although "they" took our three Lutheran camps there--Hagan(girls), Miller (boys), and Ministerium (adults/family) which then moved north to Bear Creek (near Scranton?), whether as powerful or complete an endeavor as the other three, I don't know.

"Tapestry"--cont'd

BOND TAPESTRY

POCONOS--a place of resorts, still a favorite place for honeymoons.

Many of the denominational resorts have gone by the wayside. There was another Lutheran "camp" north of us that didn't make it ultimately--speculation has it that they may have overexpanded.

Buck Hill Falls and extravagant resort begun by the Quakers went bankrupt just a few years ago, but I understand they are trying to reopen.

There has been much change in PFLA since its inception. One is the closing of Nestledown Inn about 1959, and the Brown and White Cottages, plus the third floor of Social Hall (probably in the 60's), which meant the end of the age of roomers and boarders. The first three were then sold as cottages. #1--Nestledown is up for sale with its 7 or more bedrooms, after being owned about 30 years by a black couple. It would make a perfect place for adult retreats. If PFLA, or a synod, or a church would buy this, it would be great!

#2--Another cottage for sale, the Young cottage would be very good for youth groups. The Young's retired and decided to make this their year-round home, but when spring came it was found that Jean had a severe reaction to the pine pollen and they had to move elsewhere. Cottage is rented.

As to why other cottages are being sold: #3--My cousin and her husband's own personal bank went out of business and they felt they no longer could afford two homes. Cottage now rented.

#4--The Naus cottage--the 94-year-old mother's health had gone down and needed to live in a retirement home. The family has two other cottages and no longer need this one. Cottage now rented.

#5--Monson's cottage-- He had very bad back trouble and could not come to PFLA and felt he could not keep his cottage anymore.

#6--Mangum's--This widow decided to move closer to her children.

#7--Kirk's--The wife had severe physical problems and the doctor recommended they move to Arizona. Cottage is rented.

#8 Moyer's--Owner died and unmarried sons want to sell.

#9--Dittmer--Owner had a bad accident a few years ago and has difficulty maneuvering and goes to good Shepherd Lutheran Hospital for RX...moved closer. Rented.

#10--Wesley cottage--This may have been sold in October '97. The son told me they move around a lot for his father's work.

"Tapestry"--cont'd

Memories--PFLA, The Place of Happenings

PFLA--a place of Memories!!? Yes. But the memories keep going on. Each year, each season is a gift...of memories. The memories keep going on...like the river... ..keeps on rollin' along.

Memories--a continuation, not an ending...never-ending.

Each summer is filled with Happenings and Happenings turn into Memories...the moment the Happening is over!!!

Our summers are suites, like suites of rooms, and sweets of Happenings turned Memories. They say variety is the spice of life. At PFLA or "pfla", as our young affectionately call it at times, at PFLA we have suites of many varieties.

On the sports arena: there is "jogging" and the continual "jogging" by J.C. and any other who wants to take up the sport.

There is the basketball court for impromptu setups if one so cares or games may be planned.

The ever-present tennis courts are in excellent condition and much used even today whereas in the past they were "THE" sport of the day. One had to sign up and wait his/her turn in the '40's.

Now would you believe shuffleboard that old-time favorite! My ^{paternal} grand-
parents had one at their home. The granddaddies like to take their young grandkiddies out in the early evening for a little shuffling and the young ones enjoy it!

Up the street just 2 or 3 miles away one may go horseback riding. The owners have about 20-30 horses. Very popular in the Paradise Valley resort community. They even have horse-drawn wagon rides.

The beach is the most favorite place of all at PFLA. This is the most inter-generational thing of all. Kids love it (especially if there are tadpoles)...while the adults have their time socializing and warming up in the sun. Then though the water is cold most go in to cool off, have a swim perhaps and enjoy further conversation ...and they even say its wonderful...Brrr.

There are many attractions in the area if one wants to go off the grounds..

"Tapestry"--cont'd

Memories--cont'd

Other happenings-turned memories: "Bridge" enthusiasts come out twice weekly to enjoy this challenging sport for the mind. Sometimes the ladies group meets to paint T-shirts or make quick-quilts. They have several lunches and a flea market in the season which is July and August.

Are doggie roasts a thing of the past? Not really; there could very well be such a happening-turned memory this summer. Who knows what wonderful memories will happen in the 1998 season!!!

On the religious angle: We have a different guest pastor weekly who will not only preach Sunday but will have a presentation Monday night as he spends the week in a not-too-modern suite of rooms called simply "the Pastor's apartment". Besides this the PFLA group has their own inventive religious program weekly.

Crafts: Three mornings a week crafts are a "must" for the kiddies and young teens.

Activities go on 3-5 nights a week as a rule.

Nature: One who loves nature must NOT forget to stroll the footpaths of PFLA and especially the one to the falls. Sit and rest a bit as you watch the waters tumble over the rocks plummeting to the pool beneath. Birds such as fly catchers may flit above the falls between the towering pines. I believe S.B. makes her long yearly trip from the Northwest Territories where her husband is a missionary pilot (LAMPS) simply to walk the paths of PFLA with her mother or perhaps alone. She had the distinct pleasure of spending time with old PFLA friends from childhood while here for the 75th anniversary celebration week!!

Grandparenting: This is such a great place for grand-parenting!! The youngsters love it and are quite free to come and go daily. Inner growth is established and bonding between the generations, So important in this day and age when the circular family is frequently separated by time and distance.

The Tea Room: At the Center of all evening activities is the "Tea Room" which is open from 7-10. Its great for treating "youngsters" even in their 70's to their favorite ice cream. Here one may enjoy planned or spur of the moment card or board games with friends or anyone who drops in. There is even a jigsaw puzzle always holding down a table just waiting to tempt anyone who passes by to try a few pieces and often captivates them to sit down and give it a good try--perhaps even a group will avail themselves of the challenge.

"Tapestry"--cont'd

In closing...

All these PFLA activities must sound so mundane to the fast-paced and traveling society we live in today. But this may very well be one of the reasons it is so sweet, so mellow, soft and gentle, persuasive. ... Come SIT a spell with me. ...RELAX, take off your shoes, sit back and breath...that fresh mountain air and listen to the brook trickling by.

Shhh. "Be still and know...that I am God."

Ps.46:10

Jacky/Jacqui Bond
Dec 17, 2010

BOND TAPESTRY (8)

P.O. Box 431601
Big Pine Key, FL
33043-1601
March 22, 1998

8

from Thiel

Dr. Don Himmelman & wife Sue
Dear Don, and Sue, too,

The crickets are sounding their symphony of tunes. The night air is cool after a warm day. Except for an occasional bark from a neighbor's dog, it is a peaceful night in the Keys, reminiscent of Paradise Falls Lutheran Association in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania.

Paradise Falls is a Lutheran cottage colony nestled in the wooded areas of Monroe County (yes, Pennsylvania has one, too) which area is locally called Paradise Valley.

I can recall as a child there were still Indians (Leni Lenape, Shawnee, and possibly Delaware) living in the area. They had souvenir stores--the Indian Trading Post for one. Now, it seems the Indians have gone for the most part, but we are left behind to enjoy the beauties of nature along the beautiful Paradise Stream and Falls.

When I was about six years old in the mid-thirties, I had the wonderful experience of seeing a pair of white oxen come up our road slowly pulling an apparently empty hay wagon reaching the crest of the long upward hill in front of our cottage. This road is now a well-travelled two-lane "highway". ^{#191}
_{kidnap}

I wasn't more than a couple years older when we lay on the bank of our front yard one night and watched the spectacle of the aurora borealis, I've seen that only twice, both times in the thirties and in PA. I doubt that my children have ever witnessed it.

A Philadelphia layman had come to the Paradise Valley in the Poconos in the hopes of regaining his health which quickly returned to him in the wonderful atmosphere and beauty of the area. As a result of his thankfulness to God, he decided to offer his grounds for Lutherans to have a special place of retreat as did other church groups in the area.

It has been such a wonderful place of retreat for 75 years now! My grandfather was one of the first to own a cottage (about 1924/25) on this association-owned land. He purchased an old farmhouse which was cabled to the ground to keep it from blowing over. It was black from age (mildew perhaps), so the father and the four children (and perhaps the busy mother) used wire brushes and cleaned the black off the house and painted it an attractive white with dark green trim. My grandfather was a minister and his seminary picture shows him somewhat robust, so I'm not sure who got up the ladder to clean and paint the second and third floors. Later, when I knew him ☺, he was very heavy...and very loving.

Out of the wrap-around porch my grandfather made a sunporch on the south side. That would probably be called a Florida room now. On the north side he added a dining room, kitchen and bath. No more need for the cables now, as these additions stabilized the house.

My grandmother had a trellis with red roses on the cement stoop at the back door where she and my grandfather washed the clothes each Monday. They had a wooden washer, a round tub on legs with a lever my grandfather had to push back and forth to agitate the clothes. Very modern!! They always seemed so happy.

In the house, near the entrance door in the living room, was a "dumb-waiter", an approximately two-foot square cut in the floor. About 3-5 shelves extended into the cellar for storing food and by the handle it could be raised up as needed. Of course, it was screened to keep out any vermin.

We had no electricity at that time so my grandmother had to boil the water in two big aluminum kettles for our baths. ~~These~~ ^{These} kettles, which I still have, are like large tea kettles. We had kerosene lamps and one gas lamp. We had a big coal and woodburning stove in the living room for heat only. The pipe went through the bedroom floor and ^{on} up through the third floor dormer where it then was attached to a chimney (this is all gone now). It was very hot and helped heat the upstairs somewhat. We used our cottage only in summers, but nights could be very cold in those days. Where it once was all farmland, now there are woods all around, and perhaps this may have something to do with the fact that it is not as cold most of the time.

We also have a wonderful fireplace in which my grandfather would build a roaring fire for us grandchildren to warm ourselves by on cold mornings. Those were idyllic days. I felt so loved, so cared for. When our family broke up a few years later (I was around 12) and then my grandfather died, I had received such a base of love that although the family was such an unexpected shock, I seemed to adjust fairly quickly. And ^{thing} with my grandfather's death, somehow it didn't come as such a shock and I had no need to mourn by the grace of God and that loving base. Probably my aunt may have helped prepare the way before he died by telling me, "Jacky, when people cry at funerals, they're crying for themselves because that person is already in heaven." When he died, I KNEW he was in heaven and I felt "his" love emanating back and forth whenever I was in my bedroom! To this day I have not had to mourn for loved ones who have gone ahead to heaven.

I look back on my life and I say, "God's grace, God's grace, God's grace...".

In Christ
Jacquie Bond

about the falls

BOND TAPESTRY (10)
10 PAGES / + PHOTOS

July 30, 1990
our 35th anniversary
(last 1/2 + mine)

Use D. sent about the
falls when the old
foot bridge used to be.

The Bower of Nature (in P&A)

Above the Falls:

The bower of branches on the trees hang over the freely flowing water. They soak up the sunlight as does the white frothy water as it spills over the rocks at a fast moving pace.

The grooves between the rocks make wonderful paths for the water to flow as it goes on its way toward "The Falls"!

Sparkling sunlight, frothy water and crystal clear water goes on its path quickly; nothing shall stop it.

Rhododendron leaves pattern themselves across the water letting light filter through, their fingers repeating their design in the reflecting pools near the ^{bank} bank.

Rocks bound by earth and roots of trees just out as flats on which one may stand.

One can almost find footing to step across the stream; this may be a real challenge.

Here is nature at its best - always there, always challenging, always beautiful, a setting quite different from the rush and hub-bub of the workaday life - be it small town or city.

Underneath "below the falls":

The water swirls in rivulets beneath the bridge on which I sit. It looks like waves of hair or patches of paint by an artist. [His science class circa 1945 - "If no one is there in the forest to hear a tree fall, is there sound?"]

My answer 1990 - "Do you mean there may be no sound of the falls if I'm not here to hear it? Not in a million years ^{will} I believe it!!!"

1997 - An oscilloscope could measure it because vibrations go out! & besides Hobie is listening! ↓

TO PAGES 4 PHOTOS

The roots of the trees snake in and around the rocks.
There's a rock wedged UPRIGHT under a tree !!!

"The Falls":

Rocks, rocks, rocks - a huge slab over which the water flows!
A "humpy" section in the middle divides the water into
two whitewater streams to the right and to the left
as it flows swiftly down to the "pool" beneath.

Here we once swam about 1937 while they built
the dam for our present-day lake (small, convenient, & lovely).
the pool at the foot of the falls

We slid down the rocks till ^{there} were holes in our suits!

What fun!

Near the bridge is a large ^{elongated} ~~block~~ of rock on
which is growing moss and ferns - a decorative spot
with fox grape flowers blooming near by in their rich
lavender pink shade.

A spot in the sun! I sit on the bridge!...

And NOW for lunch on this bench at "The Falls".

Jacky Bond (Dec. 2010)

BOND PHOTOS



PFLA Sam Kidd, Violet Kidd, Genaviere Moyer, Evelyn Dorn 1928



PFLA Genaviere Moyer Dorn, Evelyn Dorn, Violet Kidd, Alma Frederick 1928



PFLA The Falls (old wooden bridge - if top 1955 Flood swept it away) 1928



PFLA Falls Lester Hallman, Emma Harvey, Jackey



PFLA Anna Kidd (Mrs. Harvey K.) 1936



PFLA "Kiddnap Cottage" Mrs. Harvey (Anna) Kidd son in law Lester C. Hallman, Sr. early 1930's (?)

LITTLE BUSH VEG BOUNDARY

MAY 1915 W/ G. B. DODD A

To see the wonder of it all
That only God could give.

As Christian folk, of
Lutheran faith
We planned each one his
home.
That to this earthly
Paradise
Each summer we could
roam.

And look at the
everlasting green
Of the pines upon the hills
and listen to the cascading
sound
of the water and its rills.

We hear the call of the
waterfall
And the bird calls sweet
and clear.
And we say as we linger
on In its beauty and fragrance
"Tis good, Lord, to be
here".

As the years rolled on
many guests did come
To "Gulp It Down" they
went to sup.
Mrs. Hays the chef's role
did take up.
She filled the guests with
johnnycake-
From Maryland she came,
and brought to us its glorious
fame.

Nanato poem re Paradise Falls
1924 by Anna Kidd (Mrs Harvey)

Hear Ye, Hear Ye, Friends
of Paradise
the tales we have to tell.
How in 1924 on a bright
August day
we came here for a spell.

The Dietrick house was a
haven of rest
for Rev. Hays who was ill,
He brought with him his
wife and girls
to roam around the hills.

He gained his health and
then he said
"The Lutherans here must
come"
to rest awhile and breathe
the air
that restores everyone.

The Dietrick barn was
such a thorn
That Rev Hays then said,
I'll take this barn and
make an inn
which then he promptly
did.

The cattle stall was made
for all
to cook there with a
whim.

The Hays, the Koons, the
Ohls, the Muellers,
The Kidds and Dr. Fischers
too joined in.

We had a jolly time.

Miss Hyde cooked
cartoffelen glace
and gave us all a whiff of
onions, browned in butter.
Of the heavenly smells
of cooking food
My head could hardly
utter.

Next, to the stall of dapple
gray,
we went to dine in style.
Each group had a table to
call their own,
Provided with silver and
china, too.
And thus we ate as if in
state.
We took no pills, and
forgot our ills.

At night we went up to the
loft,
where of yore was kept
the hay,
but the Hays' had cleared
it all away.
And made us beds so
clean and bright
That everything seemed
exactly right.

It took us back in memory
when-
There was no place in the
Inn.
And our Savior came to
the lowly stall,
And there did life begin.

Then to the falls went one
and all
On that bright happy day
on which we lived

LOVE IS...

An element that comes from above;

It is the essence of truth.

From IT radiates the kindness of the human being.

In IT we are transformed into that person we could never be.

Through IT comes a flow of blessings

on others as well as ourselves.

Without IT we are lost creatures of eternity

starved of that light that brings us in touch with God.

Witness to the fact that a man devoid of LOVE is without rhyme

or reason. His goal is not permeated with that need

to give of self to others.

LOVE cannot be conquered by evil,

but works to overcome it.

LOVE knows to choose the right.

LOVE sees the need, cares and acts without being

pulled into the circumstance ITSELF.

LOVE constrains us, for LOVE is of God and God is LOVE

and He gave His Son in death to forgive us

and in life to comfort and guide us eternally;

For whoever calls upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved

in the purest and in the holiest of LOVE, JESUS.

By J. Bond

Bonnie Atkins
re/
Mrs Wilde's Apron

November 14, 2012

Beth Reindl
5631 Paradise Valley Road
Cresco, PA 18325

Dear Beth:

The enclosed apron was made by Mrs. Oscar (Wilde)? in the early 1950's when almost annually there was an apron fashion show on the shuffleboard courts. Mother-daughter, bride and bridesmaids, etc., etc. I found this one last weekend while going through some of my mother's hidden treasures.

We are the Bonnets—Phil and Esther and their five children, Bonnie, Philip, Bitsy, Chris and Debby. We had Schajawong, at the foot of the dam, for many summers from the early 40's to the mid 50's. Our family was acquainted with the Shetlocks, Ammons, Kidds and Tituses—my brother Phil still keeps in touch with one of the Titus twins.

Your address was in the Paradise Falls bulletin from last June which I found on the web—that is why I am mailing the apron to you—the only address I have.

If you share this with someone who knows us, my father died in 1999, my mother will celebrate her 100th birthday on February 1, 2013. The five of us children are all fine.

I apologize if I have given you a task that just adds to your load, but I thought the apron belongs in the Paradise Falls memory chest. Someone will remember the apron maker's name.

Thank you for whatever you do with this note and the apron. Someone will have a memory and maybe a good laugh.

Bonnie Atkins
Bonnie Bonnet Atkins

18 Greystone Road
Dover, MA 02030

1-508-785-1635

cbakins@comcast.net

The Flood of August 1955

The night of the flood – August 18, 1955 there was to be a Masquerade Party down at the center and my sister, Freda, and I were going as L'il Abner and Daisy Mae – the cartoon characters. We were so disappointed when it was cancelled because there was torrential rain and flooding and no one was about to chance going out on an awful night like that. Except for my parents and eldest sister, Jinny, who ventured out late that afternoon to see what was going on at the Falls. I was most annoyed that I could not go since I was too little (only 10 years old at the time). Freda and I stayed at the cottage with Gertie Messner, the woman who owned the cottage before the Ammons and was like a grandmother to us. Jinny remembers that the water was up to the bridge below the Falls and it was swaying!

The next day was gorgeous. The most beautiful bright blue sky greeted us on waking that morning, but there was devastation all around us! We walked down the road to the bridge across the stream and found that the bridge was still there, but unfortunately, the road below the bridge was GONE! The stream had taken a turn and not gone under the bridge, but around it and washed away the road!

The people of PF gathered with wheelbarrows, and lots of muscle and determination to get that road re-built so a car could get down the mountain. We worked all day – all ages – working together to accomplish this task and by evening the road was built back up! What a group effort that was!

There were large ponds of water in the Girls' Camp field that were not there the day before and there were fish in those ponds! The boys got nets and rescued the fish and put them back in the stream, so that they would not die when the ponds eventually dried up.

Prior to the flood, the young people of PF had taken over one of the abandoned Girls' Camp cabins and refurbished it as a clubhouse. We called ourselves the PFG (not PF Girls) but the PF Gang. That cabin and all the others were washed away or turned on their sides flooded and ruined. We were very disappointed, but we were all safe and no one at Paradise Falls had been hurt or injured. Those were true blessings.

For the rest of the summer we were not allowed to swim in the lake for fear of getting a disease, so we made the best of it and found other fun things to do in the waning days of summer that year. I remember playing a lot of ping pong on Social Hall porch in the afternoons. In those days with many children staying with their families for the entire summer, there was a full social program and lots to do every evening and of course, we had the Coffee Shop (Tea Room) for ice cream, candies, and socializing. So despite the flood, we were at a wonderful summer place among good people and God's beauty all around us. Life was good!

Submitted by Carole (Ammon) DePue

Memories DE PUE
2012-90th

"A Favorite Place to Visit."- written by Katie DePue (of the Ammon cottage) in 1990 for a school assignment when she was 10 years old.

AMM
Already published

(It was published in the Spray sometime during the summer of 1991.)

"I love to visit a little red cottage in the Poconos. It is surrounded by many old evergreens. It is located in a small community called Paradise Falls. It has about 87 cottages, one small lake, a dam, a stream, and a waterfall. It also has a small, sandy beach by the lake. When you go to the lake, you can swim, catch tadpoles, or sunbathe. When you are done swimming, catching tadpoles, or sunbathing, you can take a ride in a small red canoe. When you are done your canoe ride, you can either take a hike in the woods or go to the Falls. If it were up to me, I would go to the Falls even though it's a long walk. At the Falls, you can fish for slimy eels, have a picnic, or just watch the water fall over the smooth, slippery rocks. When you go to the Falls at night you can turn on the colored lights that shine on the falling water. When you get back from the Falls and have eaten dinner, you can go to the Coffee Shop. You can't get coffee there, but you can get ice cream and penny candy. You can even get a delicious banana split or a creamy hot fudge sundae."

Speech written and read by Luther Dittmer July 25, 1997
(P.F.'s 75th Anniversary year) to the Monroe County Historical Society 1

The Paradise Falls Lutheran Association—The Years of Manifest Destiny 1922-1929

We wish to welcome to the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association the members of the Barrett Township chapter of the Monroe County Historical Association, their guests, and members of our own community. Those of you who are sitting in the rear rows are perched in the middle of the Hay Loft of the Haller Barn, whose last active owner was Mr. Harvey Dietrich. We hope that no one suffers from Hay Fever.

Harvey Dietrich

I do not preach causality in historical determinism; there is an entire branch of our science devoted to this: The Philosophy of History. Rather, I would point out that certain events do come into being because conditions are favourable to their success. Such in part is the history of the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association in the 1920's. I have borrowed a word to describe it: Manifest Destiny, which may embrace this movement, knowing full well that such borrowed terms only partially explain the circumstances.

With the arrival of the American White Man preëminently from Northern Europe in the 18th but mostly in the 19th century, there developed an essentially rural civilization in areas favourable to it. In the Poconos, this resulted as elsewhere in smaller farms that could be maintained by one family, but which would also supply the minimum sustenance to preserve that family. In the larger area of the Poconos, farm houses were built on the land itself and the unit became a self-sufficient unit. In other climes, such as in France, small villages were formed from whence the farmers moved daily to their chosen areas. Not so, here! the farms dotted the landscape.

There were peculiarities to the farms in the Poconos caused by factors of the land. We are here at the southern-most extreme of the last Ice-Age. Moraine rock, still in abundance, shored the land of soil. But here there was little if any igneous rock, so that the land was formed to a greater extent, a bane to the farmers, a boon to the tourists.

Our forest are said to be deciduous, but the pine forests helped develop the soil, which in most places is but a thin veneer over shale rock, more clay than top soil, hostile to the growth of crops. The harvesting of grained crops was essential for the wealth of a farmer, because these were cash crops that could be sold at market, permitting him to partake of outside pleasures. This was marginal farming: animal husbandry, fruit orchards, small vegetable farming for personal use. Life was hard but certainly not monotonous. Weather was predictable and retained a steady constant predictable pattern over the years.

Mills were not needed and seldom constructed, although the many all-year rivers would easily have provided the forces of generation. The absence of mills prevented the rise of the entrepreneurial and therefore richer class of mill owner, that had been the point of stress in many rural communities. This was a class of rugged egalitarianism, proud with its own South-German dialects, closed to the outside world by necessity.

But this idyllic and oppressive landscape was slowly to dissipate itself in the 20th century, as the more well to do persons enjoyed the freedom of simpler means of transportation. The absence of mineral deposits had preserved this area untouched too long. There was not the coal of Scranton, not the Slate of the southern Slate Belt. In was Paradise, but it was Shangri-la, cut off from the main stream of events. It is true that the railroad did penetrate this area at a distance. With the railroad came the annual ritual of forest fires and often it brought more misery than sustenance. It did make the land, however, more evident to outsiders.

Because of its later disintegration, we find it hard to accept that Water Gap had been the centre of a booming tourist industry one hundred years ago. Symbolic of its demise was the fire that destroyed the Kittatinny Hôtel, but the die had been cast. Other centres of activity centered around the borough of the Forks, now called Mt. Pocono. In fact, beginning in 1897, regular tourist trips were organized from the Forks to the Paradise Falls. The tourists had arrived and the Poconos would never be the same.

Mt Pocono

There were passages of access through this area. Among the famous paths was the Kittatinny Indian trail used in annual migrations of the Lenape and other Indians. There was the Lackawanna Trail, and there was the famous route of Sullivan's March. Secondary routes were only local routes. I was asked recently, why roads were always built to pass in between farm house and barn. I replied that often the cart was placed before the horse; the farms existed and then the roads were formed to join farms and used only

for these purposes. A good example of this is the route to Cresco near the Séguine estate and we have such here also.

Farming in the Poconos gradually fell prey to the viral infection of tourism. This was earlier in Barrett Township because the land was even less hospitable there in the real Poconos. This was bottom land in Paradise Valley, which was a shade more productive. And where in Barrett Township farms became more and more an inappropriate answer to life style, here in the valley, the farms enjoyed a respite of an additional 20 years, one further generation to preserve its way of life. It was under these circumstances that the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association early in the 1920's moved into this area at the outskirts of civilization.

Now the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association was neither unique nor the pathfinder in this development. The Buck Hill Falls Association began in 1901 also on religious premises. There were others along the main line of track such as Lutherland. Alone the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association was able to preserve itself despite itself through sheer fortune of circumstance. But even as I speak, its continuation as we have known it is being threatened from within the organization.

The origins of the Paradise Valley and then Paradise Falls Lutheran Association date back to the year 1922, a year we celebrate this coming week in its 75th year, when a group of Lutheran laymen and Pastors from the big cities accepted a parcel of land of about 14 hectares in size, 12 hectares of which were east of the public highway, and 2 hectares of which were West of it. Please, I find it difficult to measure areas in what I consider to be the antiquated English system of measurement. A Hectare is the approximate equivalence of 70 square rods in your measurement, and 30 1/2 square rods form what you call an acre, which is slightly smaller than our antiquated Morgen of land.

Why was this accepted by a religious organization and not simply by a real-estate developer, as is done increasingly today. This belonged also to the Zeitgeist of the time. What has otherwise been called the roaring twenties, was a time of fervent hope. Today in our resigned hopeless to conquer the problems of the day, we sometimes forget that there was a time, the good years, when man felt that he had the power as an individual to solve the problems of the day. Such movements included: In our generation, all men will become Christians. Organizations of men and women centred around the Church, and unlike today the Christian Church was marching forward.

But there was dissension in the ranks between those who would accept the land and those who would donate it. The group wishing to develop the land wished for a closed Sunday, Mr. Raff wished an open Sunday. Thus, the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association received only that part of the Abend Ruhe Farms east of the public highway; the remainder was given to the Deaconess Sisters of the Philadelphia Mother House. Later, of course, the Deaconesses gave most of their tract to the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association subject to an agreement on reciprocal privileges. This is now a subject of controversy since the Deaconess Cottage is being offered for sale. To indicate, for example, the degree that human devotion seized the activities of the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association, I note for the record that it was finally on 29th June 1931, that the Falls was opened to be viewed on Sundays.

Thus, we had a series of circumstances during the 1920's that was highly favourable to the development of the Paradise Falls. We had available to us a young and bright and intelligent architect and surveyor, born in Japan, to lay out the land. We had people of means willing to invest sums of money in the development and acquisition of land, and there was a spirit of coöperation unknown in future times. There were those who wished to leave farming and took up the burgeoning industry of the area. Take the Kulp foundry, from a part of my family, as an example of the individual family enterprises. These have lost out in further developments, but we are discussing the 1920's an era of unbridled capitalism, the so-called rugged capitalism, where the enemy of progress was only the environment and not local and federal governments. The new order had arrived, but was rudely to be supplanted by the misery following that of the October 1929 crash of the Stock Market.

Let us dwell on the progress of the 1920's here, for the moment. Land acquisitions were more or less complete by 25th June 1928. The Paradise Falls Lutheran Association had raised first \$40,000 and then \$150,000 in bond issues, that permitted this mercurial development. East of the Highway, which is always listed as Pennsylvania 447, whereas we knew it as Pennsylvania 90, the most significant acquisition was that of the Dimmic Dietrich farm. A picture of that barn is included in the material distributed on the last sheet. Unlike most barns here, this developed in an L shape, rather than a simple rectangle. This was to become the first centre of activity for the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association. I am

PF 75th Ann
25th June 1928
Falls
5/11

Final

2 Dec 1931

4/15/30

not too sure whether the Bells Farm had been part and parcel of that rather large and active farm Abend Ruhe, but even today there is a path that goes to that area and there are remnants of the bridge that had once spanned Cranberry Creek. Since with the acquisition of the defunct Hanna Farm in 1927, whose Farm House burned to the ground on 21st September 1925, the Paradise Falls was ready to establish its social centre. A lake was planned fed by Cranberry Creek. Miss Knaus may say something about that project that was wisely abandoned mainly for lack of funds after the Stock-Market crash.

Yet a different area was destined to shift the centre of activities west of the public road; this was the small two hectare area of the defunct Lasher Farm. All who were ready to build in 1925 could build there because the surveyors had completed there their work first. There were two waves of measurements: one in 1925 and one in 1927.

The major acquisition of land was that of the Haller Farm that was owned at the time by Mr. Harvey Dietrich, the father of Mr. Dimmic Dietrich. This was a richer farm than most and boasted of a Blacksmith's shop, which was in the garage area behind the place from which I am addressing you. The farm house is to your right, my left, outside of the windows. I have included a picture of that farm house from 1928 which was the state in which the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association had acquired this in good condition. The farm house is alternately known here as the Gate Lodge, the Falls House, the Coffee Shoppe, the Tea Room, and today is the home of the custodian of the grounds. The barn, now called the Social Hall, has a small flat for the use of the visiting clergyman and his family during the summer season.

Access to the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association was difficult. An all-weather road was built through here only beginning in 1929 and finishing on 25th April 1930. Fortunately for the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association, there were sufficient houses built, that the new road bed in only one particular varied markedly from the old tar road. This had the deleterious effect of shortening the dimensions of certain parcels of terrain, but leaving a no-man's land for others who faced right onto the old road. This also had a way of turning houses by 180°. Consider that large farm house on the left side of the main highway, now called 191, if you travel via Paradise Valley. It is the rear of the house that borders on the highway, the front being on the old road.

Electricity first came along the main highway from a sub-station at the Forks on 12th October 1926. It was 1944 when the last remaining house at the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association installed electric power. Even in 1932, the electric company would only install electricity in our house, if we would purchase an electric stove. My mother was used to a coal-burning oven and the thought of cooking by electricity was bizarre. We had a standard joke in those days, when we advertised: "Don't kill your mother with work, let electricity do it." The presence of electricity changed the dimensions of the day, for we had been used to rise at dawn and return to bed at sundown.

To indicate how expensive the purchase of the Haller Farm had been; it cost \$800, a terribly high price for a farm in those days and an indication as to how valuable that land had been. It cost its price in human frustration, because the surveyor and his group lived in the smithy building. While out surveying one bright day, a conflagration was started somehow which consumed the building including the almost finished dissertation of the chief surveyor.

One of the first buildings to be constructed on this new Haller farm was the Ice House. Perhaps many of you will remember the nature of an ice house and perhaps have had such available. I must confess that I had not really understood the function of an ice house in my youth. In the winter, ice was cut from the stream, and an old ice pond was formed. This ice was stored in such a large house with sawdust on the floor and no windows. The ice would last in this condition almost all summer and could be used to store seasonal products such as meat for the more barren months.

Similarly, I had never quite understood why the salt tax had been such a subject of controversy and even war throughout European history. Salt was important in the preservation of meat and its presence or absence could often determine whether a land had feast or famine.

There were other revelations for us in our youth, for example star gazing. I had always wondered why the ancients so avidly followed the stars. Were they just misguided to feel that human disease was caused by the influence of the stars, for example influenza? No the stars indicated orientation and direction, and there was the famous play on words *O Maria, maris stella*, equating St. Mary with the star of the sea. These were times when we were closer to nature.

The Paradise Falls Lutheran Association did acquire land that had not directly belonged to a farm. This was the entire Falls area purchased early in 1925, and then that area of inhospitable land called then Réservoir Hill. We knew this as the Hôtel Site, for the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association was intent upon building one of those over-stuffed hôtels which began to dot the Poconos: Skytop, Buck Hill Falls Inn, High Point Inn, Pocono Manor Inn. The concept of individual units to house visitors was not yet known. The difficulty of the Hôtel Site for construction was exacerbated by the fact that this marvelous area was not bought by the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association, but just simply annexed for the owners could not be found. The purchase of Réservoir Hill was necessary to ensure a supply of water to the cottages during the summer semester of May through October. Gravitational feed was the only really proper way to service so many cottages. Wells were considered bountiful only if placed close to bodies of water, and thus the old pump house was placed next to the ice pond. This pump was electrified by 7th April 1927.

The area of the Falls was built out as a place of beauty when the amphitheatre was constructed in late 1926. Amphitheatre is perhaps a misleading term, for it was merely a picnic shed. The Falls was quite popular with its Fire places for picnics, its fishing wharf, its natural swimming hole, its His-and-Hers discretely placed on opposite sides of the river. These were all appurtenances which today would be denied by Environmental Resources, but which then were the focal point of pleasurable activity. Who said that fun had to cost money?

Rooms for guests were fashioned with the new buildings of the Brown and White cottages in 1929, the remodeling of Nestledown in 1928, and the improvement of the Social Hall, the building in which we are meeting in 1930. We could accommodate 120 visitors with perhaps 3-4 automobiles among them. There was a boom in building from 1925 through 1929 which slowed to a trickle after the 1929 season. Those areas at the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association which had been budgeted by then were continued, as the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association entered the attendant services. Petrol was needed for the new horseless carriages. Richfield petrol was available at the lighthouse in Henryville, destroyed in the 1955 flood, but the Paradise Falls open a station on 20th January 1931 which had six different pumps for four different brands of petrol. It cost then 14¢ for an American gallon, which included 1¢ federal and 2¢ Pennsylvania tax. The Paradise Falls Lutheran Association was open to professional middle-class America, especially those from the Philadelphia area. It was a place for persons of modest means, but especially was attractive to those with longer holidays, school teachers, university professors, theologians, and spinsters.

The Tea room was also opened for business on 24th April 1931 This was intended for the tourist and transient trade reflecting the new mood of the Poconos. We even were soon to acquire a telephone connection.

The practice of religion was the essence of life at the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association. Daily devotions were held at the Social Hall each day at 9 a.m.; vesper services were held on Sundays at Hillside Temple, and the main service was held at 10.45 a.m. on Sundays. The waitresses left right after the sermon to be ready to serve the guests. Yes, they earned \$3 per week and their meals, with one free day a week, plus their tips. The concept was to serye, the motto coöperation, not that of amassing wealth, for money had less importance then in ^{the society} society. Yes, there were virtues then that we have lost.

Of the nine farm houses and barns that once had been on the property of the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association, seven farm houses and four barns still exist and are used as houses. There is nothing spectacular or even interesting about their construction. Wood was plentifully available and the standard rock houses south of here were not common. Rocks were used only for the cellars mainly because wood would rot in the earth, and besides cellars were cooler in summer, warmer in winter. You know the usual construction. As you entered there was a stairwell rising to the upper floor. On the ground floor it acted as a room divider, left the sitting room, right the kitchen. Bedrooms were upstairs. The construction was enacted to create an edifice to endure the centuries.

The one condition which the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association had not fulfilled was the construction of a golf course. Certainly the religious nature of the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association made it seem prudent to put the construction of a golf course onto the back burner, but it had solemnly entered into a covenant to build such, which at the time was exclusively a rich man's sport, and it seemed easy to conscience this breach of trust. Before the full thrust of the Great Depression hit the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association, this area had become a viable entity.

Because our subject involves historical buildings, we should end here since no further historical buildings were ever again added to its territory. There is no point therefore to leave the time of Manifest Destiny, for that had been achieved, and to talk of retrenchment. Nevertheless, a few salient facts might just be mentioned.

The purchases of the Russell Henry farm and the Heydt farm were financed by an E. Clarence Miller. I am not sure whether the purchase of the Bush farm was included or whether this suffered the same fate, but as the notes came due, the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association did not have the \$3,000 to complete the payment for the Russell Henry Farm and so it was taken over by a Mr. Roswell, who granted scant servitudes or easements to the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association. Evidently, sufficient funds had become available to pay off the debt of the Heydt purchase, for indeed there were houses constructed on this territory. Thus the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association lost valuable land when things were dirt cheap, and which was later sold in the millions of dollars. Similar territory was lost in the sale for \$5000 of the Hanna and Bells farms in 1953.

But all fate was not turned against the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association. The principle of prior purchase rights ruined the Buck Hill Falls; the construction of the Casino ruined Lutherland. The Paradise Falls Lutheran Association was saved through the foresight of the rural pastor Harvey Kidd, whose classic remark was: "Gentlemen, we have the blessings of poverty. We can not afford it!".

In addition, we did receive the remainder of the Abend Ruhe farm from the Deaconesses and we did purchase some headwater land for the construction of the dam and the building of the lake in 1938/9. Nevertheless, the perimeters of the Paradise Falls Lutheran Association were now 40 full hectares of land shorter than at the perigee. Whether less is more is a moot question.

What of the present. We Lutherans enjoy a bad press for we are unmindful of our fellow Christians. We are placed in heaven in a central position surrounded by a mighty fortress including its most singing chorales incessantly. I must confess that such a vision is quite palatable to me. There is little in music to match a Lutheran chorale, but this is just an ideal picture painted by critics. Perhaps if we would reform the entire organization, we would let such considerations have full sway. But we are reminded constantly that what we have constructed, for example the lake, would not be permitted today. If we alter our charter it would have to correspond to the exigencies of modern law, a housing development. Yet even as I speak, there are those who would take steps to alter irrevocably this organization, which never had been, but now is unique. I look upon myself as an historian; others look at me as a fuddy-duddy from the pioneer generation. I leave this decision to posterity in what the French called a *Jeu parti*, that is a play in two parts where the decision is left to the auditors. This word was taken over into English as jeopardy. I thank you and am ready to field questions in whichever language you prefer.

This speech written and read by Luther Dittmer on Friday, July 25, 1997, before the Monroe County Historical Society and members and friends of Paradise Falls. Later Mrs Elsie Knauus recounted some happenings in the earlier history of Paradise Falls.

Dittmer Memories

* Regarding Luther's employment by PF to care for the riding horses used by both the girls camp and guests

- 1937 Horses first available for PF use, housed in Abend Rube barn across from cottage #58
First year tended by Roy Heyen
- 1938 Luther and David Flegler tended the horses
 - #58 farmhouse had local people living there and kept car in barn - but had no relationship to PF.
- 1943 Last year Luther helped with horses & camp riding ceased
 - Luther remembers measuring for a golf course that was never built

* Regarding Luther's stay in Europe (education & marriage to Inga) 1949-53 parts of 4 years. Knowing what happened at PF before he left and when they both came back to a much changed PF helps greatly in their ability to date some of events of that time frame

ie ~~Both~~ Dittmers remembered that the ~~one~~ entering and leaving PF signs were in the back yards of Cottage #60, #49 when he left America. Both Dittmers remember that those signs had been moved down to near Cottage 58 and Swiftwater Road when they returned in 1953.

ie Their memories corroborate the public record that says we did not own Cottage #58 till March 27, 1952. That former Raff acreage beyond the Deconess Cottage was only procured when PF paid \$10,000 to Drexel Home and Motherhouse.

Dittmer Memories

- Regarding the #1-#103 numbering of PF cottages in the early 1950s to assist the fire-rescue people in locating cottages in the event of an emergency.

Each cottage was assigned a sequential roughly going up the right side and down the left side of Summit Hill, then Beach, Village, Nestledown and Cranberry Creek Road areas.

Assigners left some unused numbers here & there for cottages built later.

It may have started after the 1952 purchase of Abend Ruhe when they hoped the extra land there and at NE end of property might signal more cottage building

- Regarding his memories of Nestledown

- Luther worked in its kitchen 1943..
- Meal costs
 - Breakfast 35¢
 - Lunch 50¢
 - Dinner 75¢
- Black Chef had room in the lower level of the L shape
- Often had several seatings for meals
- Camp Dining Hall only served campers w separate staff

- Regarding conflicts in the early 1950s

- Deep Debt came with decline in guests but still needed to pay staff
- Questionable hiring of Phila teacher Schadle to bring student staff which proved to be unreliable
- To close or keep running hotel - many contentious meetings requiring assessments (1953 dues were \$11.50 yrs). Eventually 10 members resigned

Luther Dittmer's Memories

Much of PF's history has come officially from the 50th or 75th anniversary books, from sprays, board meeting minutes, ^{receipts} ~~lots~~ much of what we have in our binders was gotten during interviews with many Sr. Citizens from memories of early days.

After many ^{of those} interviews by ^{Carole} Freda (Common sisters) ^{Jimmy} we would call on our beloved Luther Dittmer to confirm anecdotes by others and to dig deeper into everyone's recollection. His memory for extra details is a part of almost every topic in our history for which we are eternally grateful. A better historian would have included footnotes and acknowledgements to so many like Luther who ~~enlightened~~ were so helpful to our research.

Luther Dittmer's extensive research about PF is written here from the 75th Anniversary lecture he gave on July 23, 1997 to the Monroe County Historical Society in our own Social Hall. It is printed here in total.

Lather - continued

1952-53 Conflict (Minute reading would give details)

- Need for managers
- Debts
- Hotel vs Cottage Fancy competition
- Camp closedown " "
- Whether to sell off land to raise funds
 - Heydt's offer of \$5, considered too small but took to pay bills
- Somehow found \$10,000 to buy Abend Rube property
- Sore point - still Deaconess property in others hands

By time of the 1955 Flood PF was already
bruised by debt and conflict

- Fortunately only renters in Brown, White
- " no campers
- " no meal serving

^{Naus}
Kathy Silberts' Memories Timeline

- Earliest memories of PF

1943 Naus family's first summer in #76 ^{cottage} where
Kathy still resides
Worked as waitress

1950 housed in Dietrick House - Camp D.H.
1952 " " Social Hall - served
Brown & White Cott guests

Alford Dad on board and later its president

1960 Alford died vacationing abroad

1963 Kathy & first husband Bill bought White Cottage (#73)
for Bill's parents Leon & Julia Silbert

1973 Bill's brother purchased #73 from Kathy & Bill

1965-71 Kathy & Bill ran Camp Nausauka

1984 Bill died

till 1990 Kathy in Stroudsburg

1965-1988 #76 'Jo Naus' residence, 1962 Jo - office Mngr

1988 - Now #76 Kathy owner

1987-91 - Son, Jeff, & wife own #37

@ 1990 - death Mother Jo Naus Jacobsen owns #38

1971 Kathy's Uncle Joe & Aunt Betty Clifford bought
#65 cottage in 1971 but sold it 17 yrs later
when Betty died

Kathy's cousin Donald and wife (the Cliffords)
bought and renovated Beach Road #28
and live there now

Hoover Family History at Paradise Falls

By William Hoover



“Paradise: a religious term for a place in which existence is positive, harmonious and timeless. It is conceptually a counter-image of the miseries of human civilization, and in paradise there is only peace, prosperity, and happiness. Paradise is a place of contentment, but it is not necessarily a land of luxury and idleness.” — Wikipedia

The history of Paradise Falls actually predates its creation in 1922 with the Raff offer: and in many ways was quite fortuitous. In the early/mid teens, A Raymond Raff, a wealthy German businessman from Philadelphia started visiting the lower Paradise Valley (at that time mainly farms) for health reasons- to breath the nice clean mountain air – as he was suffering from TB. He became so fond of the place that he started to buy up the local farms. In 1914 he bought 73 acres from Chester Smith. Then in 1915 he bought the Isaac Getz land (48 abutting acres) and later in 1915 he bought 32 acres from Seldon Lasher (also abutting). All of these were on or north of lower Swiftwater Road and west of route 191 (then 90). He would later name the site “abend ruhe farms” (evening peace), with the main farm house being on 191 (today , Jim Christ’s home) but with Ruffs “bungalow” down on Lower Swiftwater Road by the stream.

Meanwhile, in a totally separate string of events another Lutheran from Philadelphia and a clergyman , Clifford Hayes, was travelling thru the Poconos one day in 1919/1920, when he had a motoring accident on old 715. He was forced to spend two years in the area convalescing and happened to find and rent the Diminic Dietrich farm house for the period (currently Bob Bauer’s home). Raff and Hayes struck up a friendship and a common love for the lower paradise valley. One thing led to another: Hayes was a great organizer and envisioned a fine summer colony with quarter acre lots and its own lake. Raff had in mind a golf course...

Being a good Lutheran and thankful for the peace he found in Paradise, in 1922 Raff he gave 22 acres to the Eastern Penna Synod (and 12 to the Mary J. Drexler Deaconess House in Philadelphia)- aided and abetted by Hayes. Ruffs son and then grand daughter would ultimately go on to inherit his remaining lands along Swiftwater road. Ultimately the granddaughter would marry Walter Riley and the lands passed on to him. More on that later.

But, back to PFLA in 1922. Initially the Eastern Synod was not sure what to do with the land it had inherited from Raff, but Hayes being very well connected contacted his colleagues in the Pennsylvania synod and in new jersey and new York parishes and drummed up support for a summer colony. The Synod finally decided that it would be a good place for its ministers to retire (as they had no homes but lived in church parsonages) and several began building summer cottages on the property. Between 1924



and 1926 a number of other “barns” were purchased along 191 and the Falls itself was purchased in 1925. Hayes commissioned a large stone home on the east side of 191 (currently Masonheimers) that Milton Stone built in 1928. A lake was supposed to be built on the same side down laurel lane by cranberry creek but it turned out that there was not enough flow and it had to be built on the other side of 191 on paradise creek. Hayes became the first president of the newly formed Association . He recruited many lutheran families to the new colony from his parishes and those of his colleagues and from his relations at the seminary in Philadelphia and at Muhlenberg college

Around this same time a railroad worker ,Harold Heydt, from Cresco area would walk by the Association everyday on his way to work in Henryville. He kept noticing that a gang of men were digging away at what is now the tennis court location. One day he got curious and asked what they were doing with their pick axes? Upon finding that they were trying to dig through a layer of shale, he suggested that they use explosives and offered to help. He did so and cut their task time in half. Heydt and a number of the men struck up a friendship and Heydt went on to become the first caretaker at PF. He moved his family into what is now gate lodge and In his spare time, he built a number of cottages on the hill including what are today Moyers and Ingrid’s Idyl (1936).One of Harold’s daughters, Carolyn Pohl, still lives in the “log cabin” on the hill and her daughter, Joanne Pohl, still lives down by Social Hall. Joannes daughter, Rachel ,was born in the same year as Lara Signe Hoover (1991) and they grew up together in the summers at PF.

But, back to the 1920s. More property was bought including Reservoir Hill and the back side of the hill looking over Swiftwater Lake and abutting on Riley’s land. An ice house was built in 1925 and then electricity came to PF in 1926. A gas station (the game shed today) was built in 1930. A girls camp was also started some years later and also a small inn, Nestledown.

Circa the mid 1920’s Bill’s grandmother Wilhelmina (Mina) Katherine Hoover took her only son William Ervin (Erv) to PF to stay at the newly opened Nestledown Inn. Waiters and cooks stayed down the road at “Gooble-down”, currently Bob Bauer’s home. Mina had been a member of the Lutheran Church in Mt Airy (site of the seminary) and must have heard about PF thru the church. Erv went on to become a Sunday school teacher there. The Hoovers must have gone to Henryville by train and then by carriage (or “leapin lena”) to PF. We are not sure how many years they visited but most probably stopped following the crash of 1929. In the late 20’s, PF like many other Pocono resorts, had dreamed of riches and had plans to build a hotel on top of the hill and construct a golf course ,east of 191. But these plans never came to pass and in order to survive and avoid bankruptcy , the Association had to sell off some of the land behind the hill. This was not the last time this would happen.

Erv, meanwhile grew up , went to Franklin and Marshall (the whole Hoover family was from the Pennsylvania Dutch country) and then fought in WWII both at Anzio and Normandy and the S Pacific. In the 30s, PF languished, but in 1938 the dam was constructed and in 1939 the lake filled and the “modern” era of PF commenced. With the end of WWII things started to grow again as more and more families started to enjoy the proximity of the Poconos.



The early 50s were turbulent times at PFLA . The board started to neglect its duties. For the second time in its history PF was forced to sell off land (by Cranberry Creek) to pay off a debt. This caused a lot of trouble for the BOD and in the “revolution of 53” a young Luther Dittmer (and others) threw out the then standing board, re-wrote our constitution and started a new era under Pastor Naus and later Dr. John Schaffner. Bill and Ingrid would eventually become friends with Luther and Inge (and thru Luther , Bill would learn a lot about the early days at PF). In 1955 two massive hurricanes hit the Poconos in succession in September and a number of our bridges, the girls camp and many roads were swept away in the great flood of 1955. Our dam was one of the few dams in the area which held up to the storm.

Circa 1960, Erv, and his wife Jeanette , now parents of 4, (Bill, Debby, Wendy and Steve) had moved from Mt. Airy (where they all attended the church at the seminary)to Lafayette hill, Pa, outside of Philadelphia. The family now attended St. Peters Lutheran Church. Ervs second daughter, Wendy, could not tolerate seawater so the Hoovers had to stop the annual summer visits to Wildwood Crest at the Jersey shore. Erv remembered PF and decided to rent the “Ney” cottage (Payne Palace) for July of 1960. Everyone had a great time and for the next 10 years or so this became the Hoover family’s summer vacation destination. Jeanette would pack the Dodge station wagon with food and load bicycles on the back and basically outfit the family for a month of roughing it (no washers or dryers , four kids and a weekly trip to Lewis’ in Mountainhome to top up things). A routine stop at “Smittys” on old 611 was an integral part of the trek up to the Poconos. Grandad Waetjen (bills mothers father) and Grandmom would often also come up for a week to visit and granddad taught bill how to fish and many other skills.

Erv and Jeanette also started a tradition of taking the family up to Big Pocono one Saturday night a month to pick blueberries, check out the surrounding mountain chains and have a cook out.



This period was the “heyday” of PF, with 2 full time councilors, full programs of activities every day and night, movies on Saturday night and a gang of 20 or so teenagers all summer. Hay rides, square dances, archery, tennis softball at home and at Henryville were all on the agenda and the tea house was open every night selling cones for 10 cents. Some of the kids in the gang were: Sarah Schaffner, Russel and Doug Johnson, Claudia Hendricks, Fred Flothmeier, Jim Morentz, Gail Cramer, Bob Long, Ken Teter, Bill Fredrick and Ernie Miller. John Schaffner and Dwight Johnson led the place. The old blue rec hall was still functioning and there was an occasional square dance on Saturday night.

In the mid 1960s, the Hoover family moved to the larger Long Cottage (known for its pump organ). Breakfast at the falls, pot luck dinners, rocking the raft and splashing wars in row boats were all taking place. In one of the more aggressive splashing contest Bill Jr. got his head split ope by an aluminum oar and was sewn up by John Schaffner on his front porch. Somewhere in this period Bill Jr. met New Jerseyian, Bill Fredrick and became good friends: camping, shooting archery, playing golf, throwing stones and hunting girls together. They also started another tradition of camping out on the land just northwest of the Falls, which they (mistakenly) thought was PF land. They built a rugged stone fireplace which still exists. During the summers Erv and Bill Jr. would often play golf- at Wiscasset (now a driving range), Monomonock (burned down in 80’s), Pocono Manor and occasionally, Skytop or



Buck Hill- where one could then (only) get on the “Red” course in the evenings, cheap -along with the deer. Back then the first hole was a daunting 230 yard par three over the stream; since it has been whittled down to a short flip wedge- too bad.

In 1967, Bill Jr. went off to Dartmouth and Bill Fredrick left for Franklin and Marshall (Ervs alma mater) along with Bill Jr’s. best friend from Lafayette Hill and Plymouth Whitmarsh High School, Peter Funch (of Danish descent). Peter’s sister , Margaret, later that year would befriend the new Danish exchange student (Ingrid Regitze) at PW, and four years later invite her back for her wedding (1972) , where she would eventually meet Bill Jr. at three in the morning... and four years later in a moment of poor judgment but superb insight would marry him.



During the 1970’s Bill and Bill would often come back to PF, illegally, have a swim , use the old campsite and have some beer and wurst at the Old Heidleburg on 611, now long gone. During the 70’s a number of members started making PF their year round home and many more winterized their cottages for use in the off season. Cones were now a quarter.

Fast forward to 1983 when Bill, now with two daughters (Julia Katherine, 3 and Anna Elizabeth, 1) and wife Ingrid, live in Denmark. Bill had joined McKinsey in New York -out of Harvard Business School; Ingrid had keenly noted that Mckinsey had an office in Copenhagen (unlike the other major management consulting firms)and got Bill to transfer there in 1980 for two years...when Julia was to be born. Bill wanted his girls to learn English, but at that time there was very little English on Danish TV. He also remembered PF and arranged to rent the Acker cottage for July, 1983. At first, Julia was a bit overwhelmed and tried to get the locals to speak Danish, but eventually things worked out. As Scandinavians typically take all of July off, Bill was able to spend most Julys from then on at PFLA with his girls. Bill continually tried to get his girls to camp out in leans tos and shoot archery but to no success. He was more successful with them with BB guns. During one memorable rainstorm the house was hit by lightening- blowing a gapping hole in the four foot thick stone foundation. Fortunately no one was hurt. The Mt. Pocono Volunteer fire brigade showed up in force and Bill has been a supporter of them ever since- always taking his girls to the Carnival in Mt. Pocono.



Meanwhile, Ingrid became friends with Betty (Elizabeth Collins), who lived up on the hill in the “chalet”. Bill Jr. knew the chalet well, as it was built in the early 1960s by Pastor Voeringer, who also attended the church in Mt. Airy. Bill can remember sitting on the porch of the chalet

and looking down to Swiftwater Lake . The chalet was once rented by the family of one of Bill's early "flames" ,Minda (nice cheek bones and- best marital advice my mother ever gave me - marry high cheek bones -they never sag). Around 1989, we began to rent the chalet during July. Bill and Claude (Betty's husband) became friends and played a lot of tennis together. Bill always lost but was consoled by the fact that Claude had been in line to become a professional athlete...



Throughout these years it had become traditional that old friend Bill F (Julia's godfather) and still single, would come to PF for a week of golf - always bringing fresh lobsters. Bill Jr. continued the tradition of taking the family to Big Pocono for berry picking and grilling on one Saturday evening.

Bill also became friends with Herb Gibney (one of Ervs old golfing friends from PF in the 1960s) and started to play golf with him at Terra Greens in E. Stroudsburg. Ministers played for free at that time. Bill now has been playing there for more than 25 years and knows every single place to find balls... (about 200 per year) In May of 1991, Lara Signe was born. Two months later she was christened at PF, by Herb Gibney. We held a reception on the porch of the chalet, where one could no longer see Swiftwater Lake as the trees in front had grown too large. The Tea Room was still open and selling cones for 50 cents.



Around 1999, Betty Collins came to be in charge of marketing PF cottages to Lutherans and one of the very few cottages on the lake came up for sale, Trieshbachs. It was pretty old and dark inside and no one seemed very interested, but after Betty gave Ingrid a tour she could see the possibilities and we bought it. We completely repainted the inside white, put on a deck and patio and cut down many trees to provide more light. We renamed it Ingrid's Idyll. Many other improvements followed including an outside shower, wireless, cable, new kitchen, a sequoia and all the best IKEA could offer. Bill also filled in the driveway to create a lawn and added "woodhenge" full of rhododendrons, in 2008. An annual trip to the Crossings had now also become a tradition. During this decade we were often visited at the Idyl by the Heuer family (Fred and Cathy), who liked the cold water in the summer and the good skiing in the winter . They often came by to open up or close the cottage when the Hoovers could not get there. Fred and Bill had known each other since Bible School at Mt Airy (where both of their parents were members) and actually went to Kindergarten, Grade School and High School together. Fred is Signe's Godfather.

In 2000, Bill Fredrick also decided to buy a cottage at PF, which made it easier for Bill and Bill to get together and play golf and throw stones...In 2003, Bill F found his dream wife (Jane) in Kentucky and they were married at Skytop with Bill Jr. officiating the dinner . Signe meanwhile was growing up and learned to fish- taught by Craig, a friend from Alabama



who lived further up Summit road. They are still friends. By now ice cream cones were selling for one dollar.

Throughout the 1990s and 2000s, Bill and Bill continue to do their special 4th of July local fireworks with specially imported rockets from New Jersey and Kentucky, until an unfortunate, but not lethal, incident halted this event in 2008. Typically the whole Hoover family tried to be at PF for the 4th.

In the late 90's, PF fought off the quarry and then from 2003 to 2008 went thru the lake dredging episode, finally getting it right (at a gross cost of 600,000 dollars) and setting up a provision to take care of the lake in the future.

Bill Jr and the family continued to use the cottage for all of July through the first decade of the 21st century and Wendy (the cause of this whole later sequence) and her family used it in August. Her two sons, Stephen and Peter, have come to love it as much as anyone. Bill's younger brother, Steve, also uses the cottage especially in winter for skiing with his three children, William, Ellen and Robert and otherwise helps with maintenance. Signe, Anna and Julia all became part owners of the Idyl in 2009, so we hope they will care for it for another generation.. We still go on stick patrol every time we are there and we still have open fires.

After having helped the Long Range Planning Committee for many years, Bill was elected to the board of PFLA in 2007 and took over as chair of the LRPC. A few "old chestnuts dominated the agenda for the first few years (closing the dilapidated water system, paving some of the most used sections of road and cleaning up and restoring the rec hall field) but by 2011 we had switched the agenda to "what do we want PF to be in 2040" and the implicit question "what is the core of PF" and are we saving and spending in line with the core?

In 2008, Signe started looking at liberal arts colleges in the USA and Bill Jr. took here on the mandatory road trip. Having gone to only Danish schools and gymnasium, Signe's written English was not that good, so Bill reached out for help over the summer, at PF. Anne Richards (a former English teacher) answered the call and taught Signe how to write over the next two summers. Signe eventually wound up at Lehigh and thus is able to make use of the IDYL on odd weekends throughout the year. During this time, Bill and Ingrid and Elton and Anne became closer friends (Bill had decided a long time ago that he would mainly turn up at church to hear Elton preach). At one of our common dinners, Bill and Elton hatched the idea of the FFPP (Fund For Protecting Paradise) and agreed to its initial funding. We hope the FFPP will generate broader interest and help support PF into its second century But now our story turns back again to the Lower Swiftwater Road. Raff's son and then daughter lived happily down by the road for decades. The daughter ultimately married Walter Riley and they fell on harder times. Walter had to sell of various parcels of the original



tract- many to current neighbors of the Association- Jeff Ross and Buddy Price. Bill and Ingrid would often walk down the stream and venture onto Riley's land, ultimately making his acquaintance and offering to buy his property should he ever want to sell? He ultimately did but for a song to an interloper from New York called Sean Connery. Sean was a bit of a rabble rouser and kept wild dogs. In the spring of 2008, the former Riley property (remember the "bungalow" down on Swiftwater Road) then owned by Sean Connery (famed for growing marijuana) came on the market under duress. Bill Jr. collected an army of willing local friends to help and was able to buy it. This land was what remained of the original Raff purchase (his signature is still on the deed.) It is somewhat ironical that, now, almost a century later another businessman of German descent and hailing from Philadelphia would become the owner of Raff's original land. We tore down the old bungalow (which by now, after a series of ugly add ons had become a "dungeon") but who knows- it is still a magnificent location by the stream and one of our girls may well build there one day. So some things come full circle; the land we bought and the stream is the very land where Bill F and Bill Jr. camped as boys and where Raymond Raff first enjoyed Paradise. The the old camp site is still there by the stream. Cones are now selling for two dollars and the Tea Room is making a profit.



Spring 2012

Sources: Bob Bauers interviews, Carolyn Pohl interviews, Luther Dittmer interviews, PFLA 50th Anniversary Brochure, original deeds to Raff land, "Destruction on the Delaware".

Hoover Family History at Paradise Falls

The history of Paradise Falls actually predates its creation in 1922 with the Raff offer. In the early/mid teens A Raymond Raff, a wealthy German businessman from Philadelphia started visiting the lower Paradise Valley (at that time mainly farms) for health reasons- to breathe the nice clean mountain air. He became so fond of the place that he started to buy up the local farms. In 1914 he bought 73 acres from Chester Smith, in 1915 he bought the Issac Getz land (48 abutting acres) and later in 1915 he bought 32 acres from Seldon Lasher (also abutting). All of these were on or north of lower Swiftwater Road and west of route 191 (then 90). He would later name the site "abend ruhe farms" (evening peace), with the main farm house being on 191 (today jim christs home) but with Ruffs "bungalow" down on Lower Swiftwater Road by the stream. Being a good Lutheran and thankful for the peace he found in Paradise, in 1922 he gave 22 acres to the Eastern Penna Synod (and 12 to the Mary J. Drexler Deaconess House in Philadelphia). His son and then grand daughter would ultimately go on to inherit his remaining lands along Swiftwater road. Ultimately the granddaughter would marry Walter Riley and the lands passed on to him. More on that later.

But, back to PFLA In 1922. Initially the Eastern Synod was not sure what to do with the land it had inherited from Raff. The Synod finally decided that it would be a good place for its ministers to retire (as they had no homes but lived in church parsonages) and several began building summer cottages on the property. Between 1924 and 1926 a number of other "barns" were purchased and the Falls itself was purchased in 1925.

Around this same time a railroad worker ,Harold Heydt, from Cresco would walk by the Association everyday on his way to work in Henryville. He kept noticing that a gang of men were digging away at what is now the tennis court location. One day he got curious and asked what they were doing with their pick axes? Upon finding that they were trying to dig through a layer of shale, he suggested that they use explosives and offered to help. He did so and cut their task time in half. Heydt and a number of the men struck up a friendship and Heydt went on to become the first caretaker at PF. In his spare time, he built a number of cottages on the hill including what are today Moyers and Ingrid's Idyl (1936). Harold's daughter, Carolyn Pohl , still lives in the "log cabin" on the hill and her daughter Joanne Fischer still lives down by Social Hall. Joannes daughter, Rachael ,was born in the same year as Lara Signe Hoover (1991) and they grew up together in the summers at PF. But, back to the 1920s. More property was bought including Reservoir Hill and the back side of the hill looking over Swiftwater Lake and abutting on Rileys land. An ice house was built in 1925 and then electricity came to PF in 1926.

Circa the mid 1920, Bills grandmother Wilhelmina (Mina) Katherine Hoover took her only son William Ervin (Erv) to PF to stay at the newly opened Nestledown Inn. Mina had been a member of the Lutheran Church in Mt Airy (site of the seminary) and must have heard about PF thru the church. Erv went on to become a Sunday school teacher there. The Hoovers must have gone to Henryville by train and then by carriage (or "leapin lena") to PF. We are not sure how many years they visited but most probably stopped following the crash of 1929. In the late 20s, PF like many other Pocono resorts ,had dreamed of riches and had plans to build a hotel on top of the hill and construct a golf course ,east of 191. But these plans never came to pass and in order to survive and avoid bankruptcy the Association had to sell off some of the land behind the hill. This was not the last time this would happen.

Erv, meanwhile grew up , went to Franklin and Marshall(the whole Hoover family was from the Penna. Dutch country) and then fought in WWII both at Anzio and Normandy. In the 30s, PF languished, but in 1938 the dam was constructed and in 1939 the lake filled and the "modern" era of PF commenced. With the end of WWII things started to grow again and amongst other things a girls camp was founded on the current rec field- only to be washed away by the great flood of 1955. The early 50s were turbulent times at PFLA . For the second time in its history PF was forced to sell off land (by Cranberry Creek) to pay off a debt. This caused a lot of trouble for the BOD and in the "revolution of 53" a young Luther Ditmer (and others) threw out the then standing board, rewrote our constitution and started a new era under Pastor Naus and later Dr. John Schaffner. Bill and Ingrid would eventually become friends with Luther and Inge (and thru Luther , Bill would learn a lot about the early days at PF.

Circa 1960, Erv, and his wife Jeanette , now parents of 4, (Bill, Debby, Wendy and Steve) had moved from Mt. Airy (where they all attended the church at the seminary) to Lafayette hill, Pa, outside of Philadelphia. The family now attended St. Peters Lutheran Church. Ervs second daughter, Wendy, could not tolerate seawater so the Hoovers had to stop the annual summer visits to Wildwood Crest at the Jersey shore. Erv remembered PF and decided to rent the "Ney" cottage(Payne Palace) for July of 1960. Everyone had a great time and for the next 10 years or so this became the Hoover familys summer vacation destination. Jeanette would pack the Dodge station wagon with food and load bicycles on the back and basically outfit the family for a month of roughing it (no washers or dryers , four kids and a weekly trip to Lewiss in Mountainhome to top up things). Erv and Jeanette also started a tradition of taking the family up to Big Pocono one Saturday night to pick blueberries and have a cook out.

This period was the "heyday" of PF, with 2 full time councilors, full programs of activities every day and night, movies on Saturday night and a gang of 20 or so teenagers all summer. Hay rides, square dances, archery, tennis softball at home and at Henryville were all on the agenda and the tea house was open every night selling cones for 10 cents. Some of the kids in the gang were: Sarah Schaffner, Russel and Doug Johnson, Claudia Hendricks, Fred Flothmeier, Jim Morentz, Gail Cramer, Bob Long, Ken Teter, Bill Fredricks and Ernie Miller. John schaffner and Dwight Johnson led the place.

In the mid 1960s, the Hoover family moved to the larger Long Cottage. Breakfast at the falls, pot luck dinners , rocking the raft and splashing wars in row boats were all taking place. In one of the more aggressive splashing contest Bill Jr. got his head split open by an aluminum oar and was sewn up by John Schaffner on his front porch. Somewhere in this period Bill Jr. met New Jerseyian Bill Fredricks and became good friends: camping, shooting archery, playing golf, throwing stones and hunting girls together. They also started another tradition of camping out on the land just northwest of the Falls, which they (mistakenly) thought was PF land.(they built a rugged stone fireplace which still exists) During the summers Erv and Bill Jr., would often play golf- at Wiscasset (now a driving range), Monomonock (burned down in 80s), Pocono Manor and occasionally Skytop or Buck Hill- where one could then (only) get on the "Red" course in the evenings, cheap -along with the deer.

In 1967, Bill Jr. went off to Dartmouth and Bill Fredricks left for Franklin and Marshall (Ervs alma mater) along with Bill Jrs. best friend from Lafayette Hill and Plymouth Whitemarsh High School, Peter Funch (of Danish descent). Peters sister , Margaret, later that year would befriend the new Danish exchange student (Ingrid Regitze) at PW, and 4 years later invite her back for her wedding(1972) , where she would

eventually meet Bill Jr. at 3 in the morning... and later in a moment of poor judgment but superb insight would marry him.

During the 1970s Bill and Bill would often come back to PF, illegally, have a swim, use the old campsite and have some beer and wurst at the Old Heidleburg on 611, now long gone. Cones were now a quarter.

Fast forward to 1983 when Bill Jr. now with 2 daughters (Julia Katherine 3 and Anna Elizabeth,1) and wife Ingrid, live in Denmark. Bill had joined McKinsey in New York, out of HBS; Ingrid had keenly noted that McKinsey had an office in Copenhagen (unlike the other major management consulting firms) and got Bill to transfer there in 1980 (for 2 years...) when Julia was to be born. Bill wanted his girls to learn English, but at that time there was very little English on Danish TV. He also remembered PF and arranged to rent the Acker cottage for July, 1983. At first, Julia was a bit overwhelmed and tried to get the locals to speak Danish, but eventually things worked out. As Scandinavians typically take all of July off, Bill was able to spend most Julys from then on at PFLA with his girls. Bill continually tried to get his girls to camp out in leans tos and shoot archery but to no success. He was more successful with them with BB guns. During one memorable rainstorm the house was hit by lightning- blowing a gaping hole in the four foot thick stone foundation. The Mt. Pocono Volunteer fire brigade showed up in force and Bill has been a supporter of them ever since- always taking his girls to the Carnival in Mt. Pocono.

Meanwhile Ingrid became friends with Betty (Elizabeth Collins), who lived up on the hill in the "chalet". Bill Jr. knew the chalet well, as it was built in the early 1960s by Pastor Voeringer, who also attended the church in Mt. Airy. Bill can remember sitting on the porch of the chalet and looking down to Swiftwater Lake. The chalet was once rented by the family of one of Bills early "flames", Minda (nice cheek bones and- best marital advice my mother ever gave me - marry high cheek bones -they never sag). Around 1989, we began to rent the chalet during July. Bill and Claude (Betty's husband) became friends and played a lot of tennis together. Bill always lost but was consoled by the fact that Claude had been in line to become a professional athlete... Throughout these years it had become traditional that old friend Bill F (Julias godfather) and still single, would come to PF for a week of golf - always bringing fresh lobsters. Bill Jr. continued the tradition of taking the family to Big Pocono for berry picking and grilling, on one Saturday evening.

Bill also became friends with Herb Gibney (one of Ervs old golfing friends from PF in the 1960s) and started to play golf with him at Terra Greens in E. Stroudsburg. Ministers played for free at that time. Bill now has been playing there for more than 25 years and knows every single place to find balls... (about 200 per year) In May of 1991, Lara Signe was born. Two months later she christened at PF, by Herb Gibney. We held a reception on the porch of the chalet, where one could no longer see Swiftwater Lake as the trees in front had grown too large. The tea house was still open and selling cones for 50 cents.

Around 1999, Betty Collins came to be in charge of marketing PF cottages to Lutherans and one of the very few cottages on the lake came up for sale, Triesbachs. It was pretty old and dark inside and no one seemed very interested, but after Betty gave Ingrid a tour she could see the possibilities and we bought it. We completely repainted the inside white, put on a deck and patio and cut down many trees to provide more light. We renamed it Ingrid's Idyll. Many other improvements followed including an outside shower, wireless, cable, new kitchen, a sequoia and all the best Walmart could offer. Bill also filled in the driveway to create a lawn and added "woodhenge" full of rhodos, in 2008. An annual trip to the Crossings had now

also become a tradition. During this decade we were often visited at the Idyl by the Heuer family (Fred and Cathy), who liked the cold water in the summer and the good skiing in the winter. They often came by to open up or close the cottage when the Hoovers could not get there. Fred and Bill had known each other since Bible School at Mt Airy (where both of their parents were members) and actually went to Kindergarten, Grade School and High School together. Fred is Signe's Godfather.

In 2002, Bill Fredricks also decided to buy a cottage at PF, which made it easier for Bill and Bill to get together and play golf and throw stones...In 2003, Bill F found his dream wife (Jane) in Kentucky and they were married at Skytop with Bill Jr. officiating the dinner. Signe meanwhile was growing up and learned to fish- taught by Craig, a friend from Alabama who lived further up Summit road. They are still friends. By now ice cream cones were selling for one dollar.

Throughout the 1990s and 2000s, Bill and Bill continue to do their special 4th of July local fireworks with specially imported rockets from New Jersey and Kentucky, until an unfortunate, but not lethal, incident, halted this event in 2008. Typically the whole Hoover family tried to be at PF for the 4th.

In the late 90s, PF fought off the quarry and then from 2003 to 2008 went thru the lake dredging episode, finally getting it right (at a gross cost of 600,000 dollars) and setting up a provision to take care of the lake in the future.

Bill Jr and the family continued to use the cottage for all of July through the first decade of the 21st century and Wendy (the cause of this whole later sequence) and her family used it in August. Her 2 sons Stephen and Peter have come to love it as much as anyone. Bill's younger brother, Steve, also uses the cottage especially in winter for skiing with his three children, William, Ellen and Robert and otherwise helps with maintenance. Signe, Anna and Julia all became part owners of the Idyl in 2009, so we hope they will care for it for another generation.. We still go on stick patrol every time we are there and we still have open fires.

After having helped the Long Range Planning Committee for many years Bill Jr. was elected to the board of PFLA in 07 and took over as chair of the LRPC. A few "old chestnuts" dominated the agenda for the first few years (closing the dilapidated water system, paving some of the most used sections of road and cleaning up and restoring the rec hall field) but by 2011 we had switched the agenda to "what do we want PF to be in 2040" and the implicit question "what is the core of PF" and are we saving and spending in line with the core?

In 2008, Signe started looking at liberal arts colleges in the USA and Bill Jr. took her on the mandatory road trip. Having gone to only Danish schools and gymnasium, Signe's written English was not that good, so Bill reached out for help over the summer, at PF. Anne Richards (a former English teacher) answered the call and taught Signe how to write over the next two summers. Signe eventually wound up at Lehigh and thus was able to make use of the IDYL on odd weekends throughout the year. During this time, Bill and Ingrid and Elton and Anne became closer friends (Bill had decided a long time ago that he would mainly turn up at church to hear Elton preach). At one of our common dinners, Bill and Elton hatched the idea of the FFPP (Fund for protecting Paradise) and agreed to its initial funding. We hope the FFPP will generate broader interest and help support PF into its second century.

In the spring of 2008, the former Riley property (remember the "bungalow" down on Swiftwater Road) then owned by Sean Connery (famed for growing marijuana) came on the market under duress. Bill Jr. collected an army of willing local friends to help and was able to buy it. This land was what remained of the original Raff purchase (his signature is still on the deed.) It is somewhat ironical that ,now ,almost a century years later another businessman of German descent and hailing from Philadelphia would become the owner. We tore down the old bungalow (which by now after a series of ugly add ons had become a "dungeon") but who knows- it is still a magnificent location by the stream and one of our girls may well build there one day. So some things come full circle; the land we bought and the stream is the very land where Bill F and Bill Jr. camped as boys and where Raymond Raff first enjoyed Paradise. The the old camp site is still there by the stream. Cones are now selling for two dollars and the tea house is making a profit.

Spring 2012

Here is full written text of a 1993 Henry Moyer
Tape that he donated to our P.F. Files.

Sat 1931 Went to conference in Social Hall

Nestledown - Meals

Tea Room - Sandwiches

Rented Ernie Miller 1931 } much in demand
" Schuler 1932 }

Resort - summer

Aboki stand in room toilet down hall

Robert Haag - Sam Kidd - Henry Moyer

Drove station wagon

Operated Reg & Hi Test Gas Station

Chef, Asst. Chef bus boys

Dietrich - girls

Boys stayed Sunset Cottages -

Ball diamond

1931 Girls Camp - swam at Falls
dammed up creek - cottagers

Dick Haag & Henry Moyer Palmer Kuntz

15 x 15 ft ice house

Palmer Kuntz - Werkheiser

? Store - Ma + Pop Koons grandparents Smeas
Jacob

Kerosene - Storage

Harold Heydt - ~~Hilda~~ - postmistress

1932 - shuffleboard

33-35 - Sea 41-46 War

1937 House built

1955 brought babysitter - FLOOD

47 yrs Construction -

Made fulltime - home base for kids

1993

Mother had home of her own
Random - Annual Play - Hired Help
Swimming hole, tea room
Lighthouse - sandwich - jukebox -

Jean Mueller Broman
Rt 611 Jammersville - Wigwam
Robot Mose

No Swimming Tennis on Sunday
Kerosene - upright heaters

Went to Hunters Lake

New deck \$3400 Cost of orig cottage
SINK - REJECT
(6 doors in living room)

Pump & hose brought lake water
filled tub for toilet - in winter

Only Adults - cast iron stove
same jokes -

Target practice - 22 pistol Shalepit

³⁴
1935-36 - Sea Hotel Hill Camp Out
Tarpaulin Stone fireplace

Cottage -

Hunters Lake (Presbyterian Assoc)

Lake Naomi Lutherland Casino - Movie

Hotel & Casino

450 acres now

Used to own to Swiftwater - sold to Roswell
Beyond Knaws, sold to Harold Heydt

Own 4 acres 1932 17

Henry Edward 18 Sect 1
Eleanor

19

20

Sunday School Mtg brought to P.F.

Baseball - off

Late Lodge 5 born in gate lodge

Aunt Esther died in cottage

Harold called Eddie Cantor of the Poconos
house 5 girls also

Dump - Cranberry Creek Rd
22 rifles - shot rats

Skatina

Bob Moyer, cousin of Peter Moyer -
fathers, Henry and Ed, were
hers. Wife is Ida

has many PF postcards he
collage and send.

+ Ida Moyer, Asheboro, NC
oyer @ asheboro.com
3 → postcards to use



About 1924 an association was formed to turn a marginal farm into a recreation paradise. Frank and Sara Mueller bought five memberships; one for each of their children - Dallas, Sara (Sally) and Jean - and one each for themselves. They built a cottage with thick stone walls up to the second floor. They dug a well at the edge of the foundation and built the garage the same year. About 1928 a clay tennis court was added between the cottage and the main road. This was what I saw on my first visit in the summer of 1934.

How I got there is another story....

The weekend I graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in June 1934, I had hitch-hiked home to Ephrata to get the family car to go bring my belongings back home. When I arrived, the Mueller's (Frank, Sara and Sally) were sitting on my Aunt Ruth Eiseman's side of the front porch. They were traveling to their Philadelphia home at the end of Sally's junior year at Bucknell. Dad Mueller didn't like to drive in the dark so they stopped when they saw my Aunt's tourist rooms sign. That was how we met, and the very next night - as I had the car in Philadelphia - we had our first date.

Several weeks and several dates later, Sally invited me up to the cottage for a weekend. That did it! A very pretty girl and the magic beauty of Paradise Falls made me fall head over heels in love with both of them! Seventy-five years later that love still thrives.

In the summer, Sally and Jean worked at the Tea Room and stayed in the Deitrich house. It is 100 miles from Ephrata to Paradise Falls, and the little old Pontiac and I made it every weekend. There was horseback riding, canoeing, and dancing at the big hotels... (and sometimes we were a little late getting back to the Deitrich house by the 11 o'clock curfew!)

One weekend I stayed in a rented room over the chapel and intended to drive home Monday morning. The strong smell of smoke wakened me, then a clanging got me out of there in a big hurry! It wasn't the chapel bell - it was the big iron ring that was the fire alarm. The Mueller cottage was burning! I hurried up the road to see people still on the porch, but the cottage was filled with fire.

The cottage had been rented to the President of Muhlenberg College and his family, that August. Apparently, the hired man started a wood fire in the kitchen range and it spread to the chimney and then to the woodwork. Everybody had initially gotten out safely, but one old Aunt went back to get something and did not make it back out alive.

I stood there, helpless, when I saw Sally coming over the hill from the Deitrich house and I went to her to comfort her. The Mt. Pocono Fire engines arrived and saved the garage. All that was left of the cottage was the stone walls but they were too badly damaged and had to be torn down. The present cottage is built on the old stone foundation with the same room layout as the original one. Dad Mueller had insurance, so he started to rebuild that very fall. The new cottage was finished for the 1935 season.

The Hoyts also had a cottage up the hill at Paradise Falls, and Curt had been dating Jean before Sally and I had met. Times were tough, and marriage was just not possible, at the time. But, five years later, in June 1939, we had a double-date to Longwood Gardens, and on the way home we had a picnic lunch at a little park. The subject of marriage came up, and a double wedding was possible, but Jean wanted her own day. So, Jean and Curt were married that October; Sally and I were married in November.

Over the years, Eureka cottage and Paradise Falls have given us and our families - five generation's worth! - so much pleasure!

John M. Sprecher
June 2009

The Ziegler Cottage at Paradise Falls

My father liked the mountains. My mother liked the seashore. Or at least my mother was willing to go to the seashore with her sisters and parents, something we did in 1951 and 1952. But my father didn't like the shore very much, because there wasn't much there he liked to do. He didn't swim, he didn't fish, he didn't sunbathe -- he liked to reading but not on a blanket in the hot sun. Betsy remembers that he complained about the sand -- sand in everything.

His family's tradition was the summer cottage in the woods. He liked the cooler temperature. He liked walking (and later he would like par-3 golf courses). He liked to read, which he could do more comfortably on a rocking chair on a porch in the shaded cool woods.

My mother may have liked the seashore, but she didn't dislike the mountains. As a girl, she had spent very pleasant week-ends with the neighboring girl's family on car-camping trips to wooded areas in southern Pennsylvania and Maryland.

In addition to a week or so at the shore, we did try part of a summer vacation at a cottage -- but it was nearby, along the local creek, and the cottage was very tiny -- just a fisherman's cabin. As I recall, when the beds were all in the bedroom, there was no room to walk.

Betsy remembers that she was hard on my parents while we were at that cabin. I could find interesting things to do by myself -- look for crayfish under rocks, build a little lean-to on an island. But she was more social and at this little cottage we had no neighbors. Our parents had to play with her or take her swimming or otherwise amuse her.

So when people dropped by at our home in Bloomsburg in 1952, on a trip where they stopped at Lutheran parsonages to find prospective buyers for their cottage at Paradise Falls, our parents were ready at least to look at the place.

My father must have been attracted by the less commercial, more wholesome atmosphere of a Lutheran association, which provided a social director and where the only social event everyone turned out for was a Sunday morning church service. The seashore had a Steel Pier with a diving horse and kiosks selling salt water taffy, neither of which were our idea of a good time. Certainly for us children, who were always uppermost in our parents' minds, Paradise Falls seemed to offer more. Only after we had tried it for a year did we learn how much more.

On first sight, the place was very unprepossessing, in fact, actually gloomy, with its dark stain and shaded location. As I recall, the day we visited was not a bright fall day but rather rainy. Nevertheless, we liked the location.

Our major family outings at the time were fall trips to nearby state parks such as Rickett's Glen. My mother's weak heart kept her from walking too much, but I was like a little dog out for his evening walk. I probably walked two miles for every mile of trail. My mother had us somewhat interested in birds, and I was vaguely interested in plants, but I really loved things that crawled and crept and jumped -- amphibians and insects. Paradise Falls was sure to have them in abundance.

At the time, I remember hearing that the cottage had been built by vocational high school boys from Philadelphia, possibly under the direction of someone who was associated with PFLA for a while. Daddy always said that nothing in it was square -- but that may have been the result of weathering.

Of course, in general shape the cottage was square, or appeared so upon visual inspection. Attached to the back, dug into the slope of the hill, was a garage, the roof of which came below the windows of the back bedroom. A small door opened up next to the back door.

The garage was a strange appurtenance. It seemed quite small, even by the standards of 1930s and 1940s, and the slope up into it appeared very steep. We couldn't imagine anyone getting a car into it. Yet many of the cottages had garages. The Ammons next door (at that time still officially the Mrs. Messmer's cottage, although in effect the Ammons') had a big garage attached -- George used it for photography.

Were cars of the pre-war era considered fragile? Or too valuable to be left outside? It's true that we had a gentle rain of evergreen needles that needed to be cleaned off and occasional drops of pitch, and perhaps heavy boughs could fall off during violent weather, but most people left their cars outside unprotected all the time. Perhaps the pre-war generation saw nature as less benign than we did. Still, the thought of forcing some motor vehicle up that steep slope and into that narrow enclosure struck us as bizarre.

When we acquired the cottage, the garage contained little beyond an old ice chest. I think it was the first one I ever touched. I had heard of them, because I had heard warnings about the danger of leaving old ice chests lying about where toddlers could crawl into them and close themselves in. But I had never seen one before. It was quite handsome, a nice oak finish, quite elaborate handles. I presume it was the source of refrigeration for the cottage, but where did the ice come from? An ice wagon making deliveries up the road? Or did people haul up ice from a depot at the foot of the road? Or all the way from Stroudsburg?

When we arrived, the ice chest was history. We had an electric refrigerator. Betsy thinks it came with the cottage. I recall something familiar about it, like an old one we had at home. Certainly it was an older refrigerator and did resemble earlier

models we had had. It was considerably smaller than what we were used to a home, but it was all part of the cottage experience. Everything was smaller in the cottage. We probably went into this refrigerator a bit more, because of the warm summer weather and the need to make grocery trips to Stroudsburg or bring groceries from home, which gave us an incentive to keep large quantities on hand.

I didn't cook much in those days (although occasionally I would cook breakfast), and I don't remember much about the kitchen stove. I think it was electric. We had an electric one in Bloomsburg and a gas one in Hanover (1953 to 1958), and as in the case of the refrigerator I think there was some nostalgia about seeing an old friend when we went to the mountains. My mother managed to keep us happy with food without spending as much time in the kitchen on her vacation than she did at home. Our family always ate all three meals together -- breakfast, dinner, and supper -- from the time we were old enough to sit at table until the time we left for college. Betsy says that the order was different in the cottage: a light meal in at noon (because it was hotter and because we would be going swimming) and the big meal in the evening. During the noon meal and perhaps the evening meal we used to listen to WNEW in New York City -- "the Make-Believe Ballroom" and other programs that played popular music. No niche marketing in those days -- only one kind of popular music.

One appliance was truly different: the toaster. We used a model popular in the 1930s. Betsy said it came with the cottage, but I think one of my aunts recognized as the type she had received as a wedding present. I don't know what it was called, probably just "toaster," but it was the type that preceded the pop-up or automatic toaster. The flat sides sloped up, forming a triangle when viewed from the end. The heating coils in the middle toasted one side of the bread at a time. The operator had to pay attention -- a few seconds too long and you had carbon. But with a little practice, even a child could learn when to turn the bread -- which you did simply by opening each side all the way. The slice of bread slid down onto the open door and when you closed it again it was reversed so you could toast the other side. Quite apart from the fun it provided of mastering a skill, it also provided better toast than the pop-up -- certainly a more customized piece of toast. At some point I think we got a pop-up toaster as well, but I enjoyed the old model.

The kitchen wasn't very roomy, but unlike the kitchens in our winter houses, it wasn't used as a center of sociability. The water heater was in there somewhere, hidden behind a curtain, I think, along with brooms; with the refrigerator, the stove, and a rather primitive sink, there was not room for much else. At the time we were living in an old mansion in Hanover which had a kitchen approaching in size the entire cottage; attached to that kitchen, but on the other side of a door, was a fireplace so big that I used to keep my bicycle there. In human terms, the cottage kitchen was an improvement.

The social center of the cottage was the living room. It was so unadorned that I

don't remember much about its furnishings. The unique feature was a tiny woodstove in the corner. Woodstoves had disappeared from American homes by this time, not to return until the energy crisis of 1973. In fact, my father took this one along to York, perhaps with the idea of using it in the house they bought upon retirement. At the cottage, we fueled it with logs cut from saplings that we cut down as they encroached around the cottage -- none of them greater than 3 inches in diameter. The stove was elongated, sort of a dachshund among stoves, with a door in one end. We did indeed use it when we had a spell of cool, moist days. I remember one summer when we had a lot to them. Mushrooms grew everywhere that year, a profusion of types, sizes, and colors.

On those days, we would gather in the living room. The main feature for us was a table, where we would play board games and card games. Often other kids would show up and we could play elaborate games like Monopoly. There was a small cabinet stuck between the exposed studs along the outside wall (actually, a section of pigeon-holes from a roll-top desk) that held playing cards and lots of toothpicks. My parents speculated that the previous owners played games involving betting (things like "Fan Tan") and used the toothpicks for tokens. The cabinet had a small lapel button with the slogan, "I am proud to be an American," and a tiny fountain pen that wrote with a wonderfully fine line. I used that pen for years but it was so small that I could conveniently put it in a pants pocket and one day I sat on it. The small cabinet, from the roll-top desk, is sitting in front of me in my study as I write this.

I had thought perhaps I exaggerated our evenings with board games -- like the ads you used to see in magazines with families sitting around looking at encyclopedias, all of them impossibly dressed and impossibly interested in an article on how a steam engine works. But in fact I find, from my notes on 1954, that we really did play board games:

- June 28 *"It rained in the evening. Verner, Freda, Carole, Betsy and I played Monopoly and a stunt game."*
- July 4 *"We played Monopoly in the evening before we went to the watermelon party."*
- July 11 *"The girls were playing Monopoly when I got home. They started at 8:00 and finished at 12:00."*
- August 4 *"We played Scrabble."*

The reason my diary doesn't record even more games is that the social director had organized other events for most evenings -- a scavenger hunt, a masquerade party, a watermelon party, and so on. And when it didn't rain, we spent time on the lake or sitting around on the lawn in the evening.

The living room a large box or maybe two for storage, I think directly beneath the window opening out to the porch, and it contained our old studio couch. We moved studio couch from Bloomsburg to the cottage instead of to Hanover in 1953. We opened it out to sleep guests. The place was really crowded when we had guests, of course -- my parents in the front bedroom, Betsy and girls in the back bedroom, guests in the living room, and boys on the front porch. Betsy said she found the outside wall of her room, which overlooked the roof of the garage, rather creepy and always had her guests sleep on the outside.

My favorite possession as a boy was a terrarium, carefully built by my father as I watched him demonstrate talents I didn't know he had. During our first extended summer at Paradise Falls, he brought the terrarium along on one of his later trips and we set it on the triangular piece in the corner of the porch. I collected woodland plants to fill it and then toads to stock it. According to my diary, I caught 11 toads on that expedition -- I imagine they have now disappeared from the woods as they have from everywhere else. I only put one big one in the terrarium. We would then feed it with the abundant insects. One of our favorite activities was to catch lightning bugs and watch the glow through the walls of the toad's stomach. (I read just recently that beetles in that family are toxic, but we never lost a toad.)

Mosquitoes were a problem to those sensitive to their bites, like my sister. Yellowjackets, which nest in the ground, gave us trouble when we stepped on their nests -- as we did one time when clearing brush in front of the Ammons. Deerflies and horseflies were bothersome while swimming and along the road, but active only during the heat of the day.

The only trouble we had in the cottage with insects was with carpenter ants. I believe we identified them in the first or second year. We treated the base of the house with creosote, my first exposure to that product, and I still have a vaguely pleasant association with the odor.

Our first summer there was not much room to walk next to the cottage on the uphill side of the house (south side? I'm not sure of orientation). Vegetation came right up the building and the saplings that went into the woodstove came from there. My father widened that passage and built a dry stone retaining wall.

Back behind the house was a circular fire area we used for burning paper trash. At that age I still was filled with pyromaniacal urges -- perhaps the result of all the warnings not to play with matches -- and did most or all of the paper burning. I was fascinated by the waxed paper cartons the milk came in -- unlike the glass bottles we got it in at home. I would ignite the top and see how long they took to burn. I believe someone recommended keeping a few empty ones in the trunk of a car to burn as warning lights in the event of a highway breakdown.

When I first began to explore the woods, I was surprised to discover how

shallow the soil was -- not at all deep, unlike our garden or lawn at home. I think I had imagined that woods grew from several feet of humus. Very early in our stay, I began to gather up fallen leaves and deposit them in a pile on beyond the trash-burning pit. I remember taking very big loads during fall visits. For years, not much happened in my forest compost-making pile, but I remember being pleased on my last visit (probably 1964) to discover that at last there was a deep layer of forest humus back there.

Behind the trash-burning pit and next to my compost pile was a witch hazel bush. The species of plants interested me much less than the species of insects that could be found on them. One day I discovered a luna moth back there, an event which probably has cemented the name of the brush in my mind.

Next to the house at a slight elevation was a flat area we used for picnics -- technically on some one else's lot but there were no other cottages nearby in that direction. We had a crude stone fireplace and would put hot dogs on sticks or put hamburgers on a grill. One morning my father went out there and cooked breakfast for the family. We would usually sit on stumps and blocks of wood placed in the flat area. We had these picnics often, certainly whenever we had guests and sometimes just for the family -- at least two nights a week when the weather was good. One of the ways my mother reduced the workload. On occasion the meal was followed by story-telling around the fire.

Just beyond the fireplace was a very large pine tree. After learning about Succoth in Sunday School, we constructed our version of a succah using the branches of the tree, an experience that was useful to me later in life when first conversing with my new in-laws. I don't think we slept in it, but then I don't think we learned that you were supposed to sleep in it.

The area around the cottage seemed densely wooded to us when we saw it in 1952. My initial thought was that fifty years later it must be even more so. But Betsy tells me today that it is much more open than it was then -- in the 1950s we could barely see the road, certainly not the part that was not directly in front of the cottage, and we could not see the cottages behind us. The evergreens were still young, 5 to 10 feet tall, and screening everything.

The hemlock trees down toward the lake were the biggest trees around. The trees surrounding the cottage were quite young. Once we were visited by a neighbor from Bloomsburg, a state forester, and he suggested that many of the trees should be taken out. I am sure that by now nature has performed that task. There were still shoots from chestnut trees when we first moved there, along the stone path up to the front, but in my last years there they had ceased trying. There was some big stump, probably a chestnut, in front of the cottage, and one night we noticed it was glowing in the dark -- phosphorescent fungus, a fascinating phenomenon. I don't think I have ever seen it since.

I noticed such things because I liked to walk home in the dark. My parents always used flashlights, but I found it wasn't hard to walk without. If you were walking into leaves and brush, you weren't on the road; if you were on a smooth path, you were on the road. Simple. It is a lesson I subsequently found useful on backpacking trips in the wilderness.

Despite the fact that we were in the woods, the amount of wildlife we encountered was rather small. In the evening, deer would cross the road just beyond the bend in the road at the shale pit and walk along the flat area to the side of the cottage on their way to the lake to drink. At night, racoons would rattle the garbage can. But in fact I see more wildlife on my own property now than I ever saw at Paradise Falls.

One day, as we were walking home, I heard a tiny squeal along the road just after it rises up from the stream and passes the first knot of cottages. Just beyond the berm, among the pine needles, I discovered a nest of very young rabbits. We would stop and take a brief look at them each day, watching them mature, until they were old enough to leave the nest and disappear.

The most exciting encounter with a mammal occurred the morning when I looked out and saw a cow coming into the front area -- a black and white Holstein. It was late morning in early July and a lot of kids were about. Betsy remembers this in greater detail, because she says she was terrified by it. Cows seen close up for the first time are really big. She says she was in her room at the time and thought I was doing a really good cow imitation out front.

After some milling about and after our group grew larger, we drove the cow back up the hill, all the way to the fields at the top. We saw other cows down the slope -- an open field at the time -- and assumed that was where this one belonged. It was my closest association with a cow up to that point; only some years later would I actually learn to milk a cow.

My mother had an interest in birds but my bird-watching skills were not yet well developed. The one bird I remember was the wood thrush. One nested in the branches that formed a canopy above the road, in the flat area in front of the Ammon's. Because it sang frequently to mark its territory, I was able to stalk it and get to see it.

Mr. Leberknight was a visitor who taught at a university in Philadelphia. He knew a lot about plants and would take people on "nature walks." He encouraged me to study ferns. He said there was a limited number of them and I could learn to identify and find them all. And indeed there was a wide variety in Paradise Falls. Tucked into my field guide I still find a detailed list of exactly where to find 20 different species of fern in Paradise Falls. I think I found all the ones found in the area except for the elusive walking fern.

Just up the road was the shale pit, used as a source of material for road building. Fairly often -- far too often for our taste -- people would come up there to shoot guns, a strangely barbarous activity for land that we regarded as close to sacred.

My own memories are really best from 1953 and 1954. After that, I was spending more time away. I missed the great flood of 1955 and didn't spend much time there in the summers following. Betsy has a better idea of those years and of changes and remodelling.

David W. Ziegler
July 18, 2000

AGREEMENT OF SALE

THIS AGREEMENT, between EMMA L. KEASEY, herein called the Seller, and EDGAR D. ZIEGLER and DOROTHY D. ZIEGLER, his wife, herein called the Buyers, WITNESSETH:

1. The Seller agrees to sell and assign to the Buyers:-
Seller's Certificate of Membership, No. 52, in the
Paradise Falls Lutheran Association (a Pennsylvania
corporation, and herein called the Association,) for
the perpetual use and enjoyment of Lot 100, Section
1, on the Plan of Lots of said Association, as re-
corded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of
Monroe County, Pennsylvania;

TOGETHER with all the buildings on said Lot, free of all encumbrances;
and TOGETHER with all the household goods and contents therein for the con-
sideration of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, to be paid in cash at the signing hereof.

2. At, or prior to, the signing of this Agreement, the Seller
shall pay in full all of the said Association dues, assessments, or other in-
debtedness, current or otherwise, charged against the said Lot, or the build-
ings and improvements thereon, and also all the County and Township taxes, or
assessments, of any kind, current or otherwise, charged against said Lot, or
the buildings and improvements thereon.

3. At the signing hereof, and upon payment of the full considera-
tion of \$2,000, the Buyers shall be entitled to the immediate use, occupation
and possession of said Lot, together with the immediate possession and owner-
ship of the buildings and improvements erected thereon, and together with the
immediate possession and ownership of the said household goods and contents
therein.

4. This Agreement is entered into, by the parties hereto, under and subject to the Constitution and Rules and Regulations of the said Association.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have set their hands and seals this 22nd day of January, 1953.

Emma L. Keasey SEAL
EMMA L. KEASEY

WITNESS:

Philip L. Shadle

Edgar D. Ziegler SEAL
EDGAR D. ZIEGLER

Dorothy D. Ziegler SEAL
DOROTHY D. ZIEGLER

ACCEPTED-BOARD OF DIRECTORS-PARADISE FALLS LUTHERAN ASSOCIATION

Arthur K. Lieberknecht
SECRETARY, PARADISE FALLS LUTHERAN ASSOCIATION

RECEIVED the day and date of the above Agreement, the full consideration of \$2,000.

Emma L. Keasey
EMMA L. KEASEY

WITNESS:

Philip L. Shadle

This clever Scavenger Hunt was created by Jane Fredrick
Try your luck matching pictures with below clues.
An answer sheet is folded following photos.

KNOW YOUR PARADISE FALLS
SCAVENGER HUNT
2008

Just like on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* and *Cash Cab* it is perfectly legal to give a shout out to anyone who might be able to help you locate these Paradise Falls locations. Long-time members will be especially helpful. First participants to bring back all the markers win.

Five sites are on the tennis courts side of the road and six sites are on the Tea Room side of the road. No sites are on the top of the hill.

Please be careful crossing the road.

Here are the clues:

Road to the Carriage House

Do you believe in magic?

I will remember you

I am an evergreen tree, but if I was a singer, I would sing the blues.

Two brown, then slow down

Peter Cottontail

Sweet Sounds of Phil

Kitty

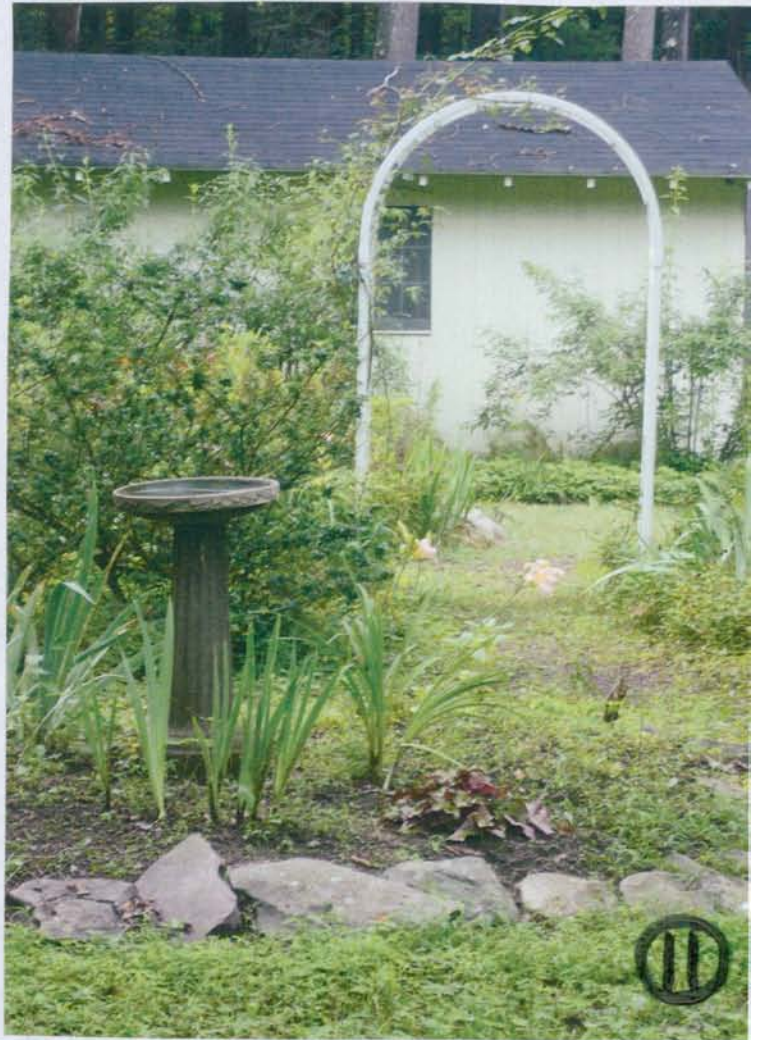
Small Haas

Let's have a picnic

Nwodeltsen







KNOW YOUR PARADISE FALLS SCAVENGER HUNT 2008

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Here are the clues:

- 5 Road to the Carriage House
- 11 Do you believe in magic?
- 1 I will remember you
- I am an evergreen tree, but if I was a singer, I would sing the blues.
- Two brown, then slow down
- Peter Cottontail
- 9 Sweet Sounds of Phil
- 6 Kitty
- 2 Small Haas
- 4 Let's have a picnic
- 8 Nwodeltsen

Trivia Quiz

How Well Do You Know Paradise Falls?

Choose the most nearly correct answer and place the letter in the space in front of the number.

- A 1. The original tennis courts were built in
(a) 1926 (b) 1940 (c) 1935
- D 2. The newest cottage owner/owners are
(a) Mildred Crane (b) Herb and Katherine Speers (c) Oscar Barlett
(d) Doug and Ruth Larison
- C 3. The first president of the Women's Auxiliary was
(a) Mrs. George Haag (b) Mrs. Harvey Kidd (c) Mrs. David Jaxheimer
- A 4. The first issue of the Spray was published in
(a) 1927 (b) 1939 (c) 1932
- B 5. Lake Crawford was constructed in
(a) 1927 (b) 1938 (c) 1940
- C 6. How many steps are there down to the Falls?
(a) 32 (b) 27 (c) 40 (d) 30
- C 7. The cost of the construction of Lake Crawford was
(a) \$6000. (b) \$30,000. (c) \$23,000. (d) \$51,000.
- B 8. How many concrete benches are there on the grounds?
(a) ten (b) fourteen (c) eighteen (d) eight
- C 9. How many cottages are presently for sale?
(a) 4 (b) none (c) 2 (d) 5
- A 10. When did the ice finally melt on the lake this winter?
(a) March 9th (b) March 1st (c) March 15th (d) February 25th
- D 11. There are approximately how many miles of roads in P.F.L. A.?
(a) 12 (b) 6 (c) 30 (d) 3.7
- A 12. How many cottages are held in the original family?
(a) 26 (b) 32 (c) 20 (d) 16
- C 13. How many families live here all year round?
(a) 12 (b) 19 (c) 16 ^{+ Moyer} (d) 13

- D 14. Which one of these was not a caretaker?
(a) S. Smith (b) K. Harrison (c) Galavitz (d) J. Miller
- B 15. Which of these was not one of the original farm houses?
(a) Gate Lodge (b) Carriage House (c) Kiddnap (d) Abend Ruhe
- A 16. The first permanent resident of Paradise Falls was
(a) Miss Anna Mahler (b) Mr. A. Raymond Raff (c) Paul Ohl
- A 17. There are how many boards in the raft?
(a) 21 (b) 16 (c) 29 (d) 14
- C 18. The first cottage built at Paradise Falls was
(a) Buchner's (b) Hays (c) Primrose
- C 19. Whose is the last cottage built at PFLA?
(a) Mariano (b) MacLean (c) Snear
- C 20. How many cottages are there?
(a) 88 (b) 89 (c) 87 (d) 91

II. Short answer

1. Name as many of the roads of Paradise Falls as you can. (There are at least 23).

Wimlock Lane
Summit Drive
Rabbit Run
Spruce Rd.

2. Can anyone remember what it cost to attend the girls camp? When it first opened? Later?

3. When did the girls camp close?

III Try your hand at poetry!

Finish these quatrains by filling in the last line.

A city Lutheran traveled far
In search of peace and quiet
at Paradise he found his spot

Where do Lutherans go in summer
When the city is humid and hot ?
They pack their kids and bags and food

And came to this heavenly spot.

I've been to Paris and London, too
I've seen the Orient's sights
But in summertime I long to go

To the land of starlit nights.

A Lutheran came to the mountain top
A youth-giving fountain to find
And when he arrived at the beautiful Falls

He left all his search behind.

Limericks are a little harder. Write the 5th line to these rhyming it to the first 2 lines.

1. They named it Paradise Falls
This gem of nature that calls
Loud and clear
Throughout the year
-

2. At Paradise the falls splashes down
Near the scenic old picnic ground
And year after year
You plainly hear
-

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PARADISE FALLS?

Sample Trivia Quiz

1. What was the name of the Girls' Camp? **P.F.G.S.C.**
2. When did the Girls' Camp close? **1952**
3. What was the date of the great flood? **Aug 18, 1955**
4. What was the name of the hurricane that caused the Great Flood? **Diane**
5. How many bridges were washed out by the Flood? **2**
6. Which cottage has the lowest elevation? **#68, #69**
7. What cottage has the highest elevation? **#8**
8. What was the original use of the shuffleboard shed? **Gas Station**
9. What was Nestledown Inn originally used for? **Barn**
10. How many social directors have been couples? Name three. **8 // Mathys + Hammon // Dreis**
1. What is our lake's name and why is it named that? **Crawford // Crawford after Mr.**
2. In what year was the lake dedicated? **19**
3. What are the names of all the roads in P.F.?
4. How many cottages are there in P.F.? **87**
5. When did P.F. first become an association? **1926**
6. In what year was the Lounge built? **1968**
7. Where was the Girls' Camp? **Field**
8. Where was the old Rec Hall located (before it was moved to the field) and what did it serve as? **Nestledown Girls Dining Room at Nestledown**
9. What does P.F.D.B. stand for? **Dam Builders**
10. What is the distance from the rock steps at the beach to directly cross the lake (where the orange fluorescent X is)?
1. How many windows are there in Social Hall?
2. Who owns cottage "91"?
2. Which was the first cottage built (not already standing) in P.F.?
3. What were the names of 3 of the Galuniks' dogs?
4. How many boards make up the raft and the two docks?
15. What namebrand is on the Thorpes' chain at the end of their driveway?
16. Which cottage has a golf course in its backyard?
27. What kind of truck does Mr. Cramer drive?
28. Who shares the road with the Fritz family?

- 29. Who owns "Trip's End?"
- 30. What road has the same name as a car?
DePaul Rabbit
- 31. What is the "Suzie Q" and who owns it?
Canoe, Bauers // Dog, Richards
- 32. Who owns the 2 end pr operties on P.F. grounds when travelling along 191?
Olson // Christ
- 33. How many cottages are up for sale and whose are they?
3 // Thorpe - Gaupp - Lindholm
- 34. Who lives in a "fairytale" cottage?
Wunders
- 35. What does "Schajawonge" mean?
On the side of a hill
- 36. How many cottages have Jewish owners?
None
- 37. What exactly does the sign on 191 say when entering Paradise Falls from Stroudsburg?
- 38. Who was elected president of P.F. twice but not consecutively?
Herb F Meyer
- 39. How many cottage owners have pools and who are they?
2 Crane, Acher
- 40. What family has dominated the newspaper at P.F. in past years?
Zidobnos
- 41. Who shot J.R. (on Dallas)?
Christina
- 42. How many cottages have paved driveways and who are they?
1 Nau's // Hlien
- 43. Whose mailbox looks like a covered wagon?
Gaupp
- 44. Whose house is shaped like a barn?
mangum // NestleDown
- 45. How many rabbits are on Bunny Hop Lane?
8
- 46. Who lives in the house with the quiet trees?
Gaupp
- 47. What two family's names indicate size?
Smallley, Long
- 48. Whose mailbox is next to the American Flag?
Payne
- ? 49. Who donated the new flag?
- 50. Name 2 different caretakers who are related.
Heydt, Cramer // Harrison
- 51. How many mailboxes are in the mailroom?
114
- 52. Name a cottage with a hand dug well.
Bauers // Richards //
- 53. In which two cottages would royalty reside if they came for a visit?
Koenigs Kastle // Payne's Palace
- 54. When did the Girls' Camp close?
1982
- 55. Name all the crazy people that made up this quiz.

Answers to the P.F. Quiz

1. Paradise Falls Girls' Camp.
2. 1952
3. Aug. 18 + 19, 1955
4. Diane
5. 2
6. Knaus or Jacobs (Ditmar)
7. Bates
8. Gas Station
9. Barn
10. 8; Ammons, Melcherts, Dreisbachs, Turnau, Smith, Bowmans, Bealors, Matthy
11. Mrs. Crawford donated money for the dam in memory of Mr. Crawford.
12. 1939
13. Summit Drive, Beach Road, Pine Rd., Cedar Rd., Hemlock Lane, Dogwood Lane, Oak Drive, Spruce Drive, Tuliptree Lane, Birch Rd. (Cardinal Rd.), Maple Rd., Chestnut Rd., Hickory Lane, Valley View Dr., Falls Dr., Deer Lane, Bunny-hop Rd., Laurel Dr., Pheasant Lane, Nestledown Rd., Paradise Dr.
14. 86
15. 1922 Paradise Valley Lutheran Assoc.
1925 " Falls " "
16. 1968
17. Rec Hall Field

18. It served as a dining room behind Nestledown.
19. Paradise Falls Dam Builders.
20. If you don't know, take a rowboat out on the lake, + a piece of string, + measure the distance.
21. Count them on Sunday morning.
22. Olson
23. Neff - Primrose
24. Coventry (Cub-a-tree), Yukon, Blueberry
24. While you're sitting on the beach, bored because you can't go swimming in the lake because of the algae, go out + count the # of boards on the 2 docks. The raft has 21.
25. Elgin
26. Knaus
27. Dodge power wagon
28. Schroeder
29. DePaul
30. Rabbit Rd.
31. the Bauer's canoe; the Richard's dog
32. Olson, Christ
33. 3; Thorpe, Lindholm, Gaupp (Hillverne)
34. Wunder (Wunderland); Segraues (Magic Cottage)
35. On the side of a hill.
36. None

37. Entering the grounds of Paradise Falls
Lutheran Cottage Resort.
38. Herb F. Meyer
39. 2; Cranes and Aekers
40. Ammon - The SPRAY
Zeidonis - The newspapers
41. Christina
42. 2; Naus & Klein
43. Gaupp
44. Mangum
45. 8 - 4 on each side of the sign.
46. Gaupp - "Whispering Pines"
47. Smalley & Long
48. Payne (On 191, next to the American flag
mailbox)
49. Mrs. Kathryn Hafer, sister of Dr. Eisenberg.
50. Ken & Walter Harrison
Mr. Harold Heydt + Mr. Clyde Chamer
51. 115
52. Richards, Bauers, Lindholms, Eisenbergs, etc.
53. Payne's Palace & Koenig's Castle
54. 1952
55. Cindy, Roy, Gary, & Eric Olson; Bryan Miller,
Allison Naus, Kurt & Susan Buchholz