



I'd spent many summers during my childhood, in the Adirondacks. When my husband and I started looking for a place to retire, we started there. Unfortunately, we discovered that a

lot of my childhood recollections, no longer existed.

We then spent 2 years, exploring the entire east coast, searching for the "Adirondacks Mountains" of my memories. Tennessee, North Carolina, West Virginia and South Carolina offered many beautiful locations but somehow they were still missing something.

Although we lived in NJ, Pennsylvania was never considered an option because our memories were flooded with 1976 ad campaigns offering accommodations with heart-shaped, red velvet beds and champagne glass, bathtubs. And, if the Adirondacks had worsened over the years, Pennsylvania surely had too.

But, when none of the other properties we'd seen met with our expectations, we decided, one weekend, to drive to PA anyway.

The Pennsylvania counties, boarding NJ and Delaware River, had indeed improved over the years! But, more interestingly, Wayne County had remained in a time warp. It had never changed for the worse and therefore had never had to reinvent itself for the better.

When we found the little town of Equinunk, and in particular Duck Harbor Pond, we finally discovered

the Adirondack Mountains of my childhood.

As we trekked through the woods that autumn, the memories of hemlock groves, icy streams, rocky waterfalls, mountains and sweet smelling air were all there again! The quiet memories of peaceful, summer days, where not a plane, car or person could be heard, surrounded us! The terrain was identical to the Adirondacks, but on a

smaller scale. And, the property was just 2 hours from our Morristown home, half the price of Adirondack property and still undeveloped.

I knew immediately that we had found our own little piece of the Adirondacks, but amazingly, it was in Wayne County, PA.

We built a log home, reminiscent of the Great Camps constructed in the

Adirondacks in the late 19th century. The home harmonizes perfectly with the beautiful landscape and reflects my love of nature, spawn from my childhood memories of the Great North Woods.

– Kathy Duane  
*The Woods at Duck Harbor*

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