

Parksville feels like a set-piece from a film that wrapped before its final scene — storefronts frozen mid-story, staircases to nowhere, hotel shells that still reverberate with energy. At its height, this hamlet was a true destination. Parksville and its surrounding hills supported scores of hotels and bungalow colonies; many accounts put the number at over fifty during the Catskills' mid-century peak.

Driving through, you pass names that once filled summer calendars: New Brighton, Spring Lake Spa, the Grand, Young's Gap, Klein's Hillside, Palace House, and Breezy Hill. The Paramount and the Tanzville stood at the center — places where families arrived by car or train, where days unfolded at the pool, and evenings gathered around long tables and live music.

The Tanzville's staircase remains, embedded into the hillside like an ancient ruin. Once it carried guests from parkway to promenade; now it stands quietly, a reminder of the movement and energy that once animated this town.

What endures here is not emptiness, but presence — the traces of laughter, orchestra rehearsals, and family rituals that defined summers in this valley. The Catskills' cultural legacy continues to resonate far beyond these mountains, shaping how we remember leisure, performance, and belonging.

There are signs of care and renewal — modest restorations, new businesses, and ongoing debates over the fate of larger sites like the Paramount. Each act of upkeep feels like part of a larger effort to balance memory with reinvention.

The relics here do not simply recall the past; they remind us that history lingers in light, in sound, and in the spaces we choose to keep alive.

Isaac Jeffreys, October 5, 2025, Parksville, NY