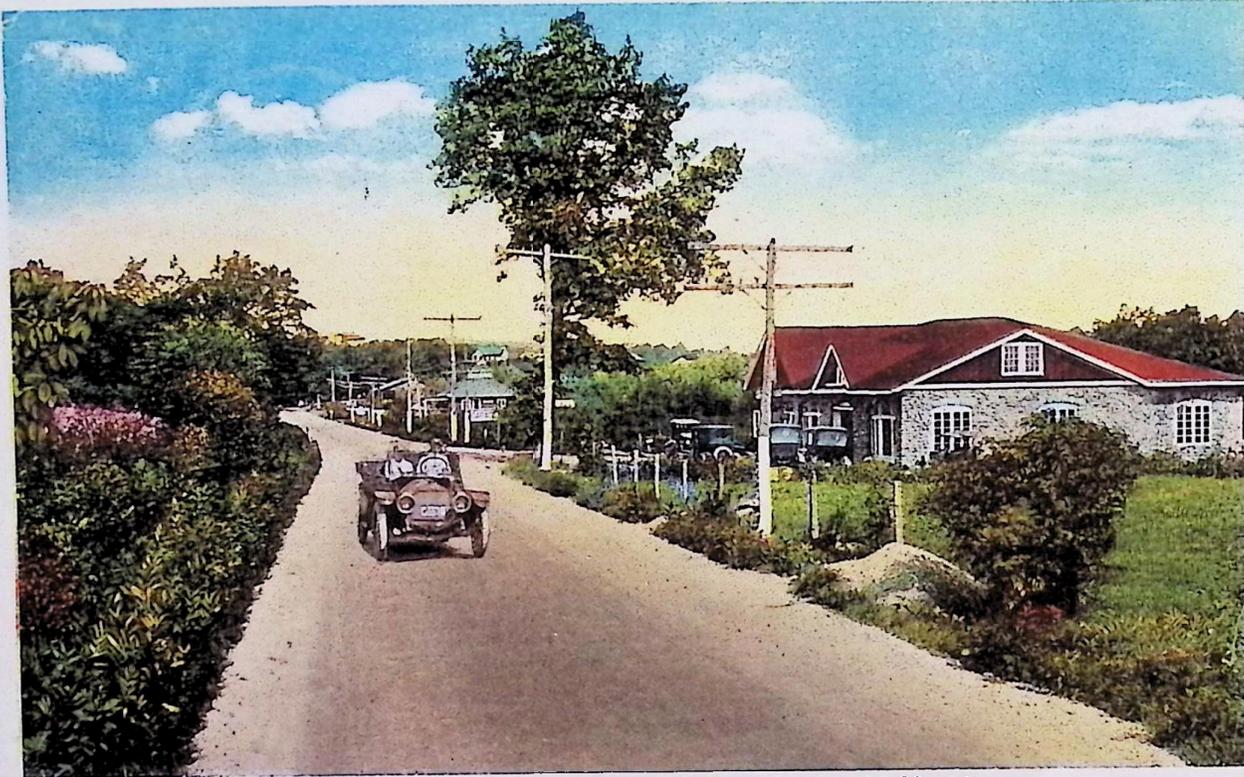


YESTERYEAR



MAIN HIGHWAY, MOUNTAIN HOME, BUCK HILL INN SEEN IN DISTANCE, MONROE CO., PA.

2015

The following is an excerpt from an article written by Charles A. Thompson, January 1, 1944 entitled History of Creeks Adjacent to Bright Creek.

From 1882 until 1891 found me a regular summer visitor at Canadensis with companionable anglers but with a continuing diminution in the fish creel, the lessing water, curtailment of fish food, increasing anglers with a sprinkling of fish hogs. One in particular I recall, when being chided on a catch of 75 when the ice box was already full, advised feeding them to the hogs, for when the fishing got too bad at Canadensis, he could find some other fishing ground. There were others of this brand we cannot class as anglers, who boasted they could take from the Brodhead Creek a bucket of trout from the bridge to the tannery and they made good their boast. It casts a gloom over the present day angler who works hard and honestly for the trout he creels to reflect that such wanton destruction existed. We who now have the benefit of conservative teaching in magazines, papers and through protective fish associations have a far different background. A trout to us is a trout--a thing of beauty and a joy forever, not caught for food alone but for the satisfaction of pitting our skill against his natural sagacity; not striving for quantity, but rather at the day's end, the knowledge that we have spent a day along with Nature in her most soothing and beautiful environment.

Canadensis was a Mecca for the brook trout fisherman, this being before the event of Brown Trout, made so by reason of being the basin for the junction of six streams, all accessible in walking distance so that the angler only had to decide on which one he preferred to spend the day. If you stood on Albert's lawn {editors note: Canadensis Hotel, now a vacant field just beyond two closed buildings, The Crossroads and an electrical repair shop) and looked toward the Brodhead and spread out your (left) hand, you had the picture, the four fingers and thumb representing the five streams flowing into it. So we will begin at the one represented by the little finger, which would be the Buck Hill, perhaps the most picturesque of all. Some five miles from its discharge into the Brodhead, lay the small farm of Aces, to reach which a buck board ride was desirable. Lined with rhododendron and hemlock, it rolled on for some three and a half miles until it reached the upper falls, which made a very full day's fishing. Pausing here and putting up ones rod, it was well to take to the wagon road for home, as the trip over the upper and lower falls was dangerous--the combined height of the two falls 150'. Where the stream led through a narrow gorge was a trail that a slip or misstep might well mean a broken leg or worse, and while I negotiated it twice, it was always with a feeling of relief when I reached the point where one could turn and look up instead of down. ...

We take the finger adjoining the little finger to portray the next stream known as the Middle Branch, the name possibly due to it centering between the Buckhill and the Levitt Creek, all of which combined when joining their waters to create the Brodhead. The middle Branch flowed through farm land and was formed by small creeks and springs. It afforded about two miles of fishing and while holding a satisfactory number of fair size trout, quite light in color, so much of it was meadow fishing that it was rarely fished except by the native boy.

We now come to the third finger and use it to represent the Levitt Creek, which had its source in the Beaver Dam, a huge dam constructed by the beaver to back up the water which flowed from many springs. So numerous were these springs that they created a large bog which the beaver, by their dam, had converted into an interesting succession of small open areas like small ponds and many deep channels running between what might be termed floating islands and this water almost covered with lily pads except where the current was strong enough to create a channel of clear water which afforded the only fishable waters in the dam.

The fourth finger typifies the Goose Pond Run, rising in a pond known as Goose Pond five miles from Canadensis and entering the Broadhead less than a mile below the Albert House. Flowing for several miles from its source through land heavily timbered with Hemlock and profuse growth. Of Laurel and Rhododendron, the water showed the effect of this environment in its darkish coloration, but this timber growth also kept the water at a good volume. In the upper stretches, this growth made the fly fishing impossible. I made two attempts to fish from Goose Pond down but after two miles of as tough wading as even an ardent angler cares to tackle, gave it over as an unprofitable experience. With a hickory pole, seven feet of stout cord and a can of worms, the results would have been remarkable as there were pools of depth undisturbed save by this native barefoot boy that must have held many an old resident lying safely under the tangle of undergrowth so far as the fly fisherman was concerned. After this stretch, the stream opened out breaking through much farm land with the banks still well shaded by trees but quite suitable for the fly; many sizeable pools carrying trout of length and weight, dark colored and good fighters. An attractive stretch to fish when the moon was up and the large fellows feeding.

And now we come to the Thumb Creek Spruce Cabin run heading in a pond famous for water lilies. A short stream only about two miles in length with clear sparkling water. About the only fishing worth while on it was from a very beautiful falls a short mile from where it spilled into the Broadhead. This stretch was grand fishing—medium size bright colored trout. From the basin at the falls, one could count on eight or ten to start a creel full.

Thompson's description of his trip from Cresco Railroad Station is quite different from what it is today. An excerpt of that continues: "Cresco consisted of the station, a frame hotel directly across from the depot, and a few scattered houses with a Post Office. From here the trip to Canadensis, three miles distant, was made in Albert's six seated double team buck board; a single team was useless owing to the boulders in the middle of the road, which a double team could straddle, but with a single team, the wagon rode at a 90 degree angle. The road was rough and dusty and the team's gait mostly a walk. Your rod in hand and with head turned as far backward as possible to watch for any luggage lost from the rear, you crossed finally the old wooden bridge over Broadhead Creek with a thundering of hoofs and a rattle of iron and rolled into the Hamlet of Canadensis, pulling up with some flourish before the Albert House, the combined boarding house and store. The store part had a wide local reputation for Hard Cider, and no hard liquor being attainable nearer than Stroudsburtg, it was a strong drawing card as well as a strong drink and attracted all teams that went by—the farmer and the proverbial village bum. Another potent attraction was the weekly rate of \$7 per week for adults and \$5 per week for under 18 years. This then famous Albert House was owned and operated by Abe Albert and his wife; Grandpa Albert watched the store. Today these rates would appear applicable only to a dump, but then it provided plentiful, wholesome meals—hot cakes and homegrown maple syrup for breakfast, apple dumplings twice a week,. This was varied by an occasional wood cock or quail shot at the bridge over Goose Pond Run—within a quarter mile from the house. Your bath was confined to what could be accomplished with a pitcher of cold creek water with a rub down on a cotton towel, or for variation, a dip in Goose Pond Run skirting the rear of the Albert place. The signs Men and Women hung out on buildings on the creek some yards below the swimming hole. Since this was prior to the day when Chick Sales threw his artistry into this branch of architecture, they were substantial but primitive—the only decoration attempt being a quarter moon cut in the top of the door through which faint light glimmered.

In the evening at Albert's, females, many "heavenly bound", but some lovely, young, and attractive, gathered in the parlor after supper, where an original horse hair covered sofa was one of the attractions and where general singing was indulged in to the rhythm of a piano of ancient vintage and uncertain tune. My recollection of this is the less said about the singing the better. ...and since oil lamps were not much of a temptation for late reading, 9:30 was bed hour. ...



Built in 1909 on land donated by George G. Shafer, The Barrett Friendly Library was named to honor the Quaker settlement of Buck Hill who raised funds and books for the permanent library in the village of Mountainhome. The building, much expanded, is now occupied by the Friendly Community Center.

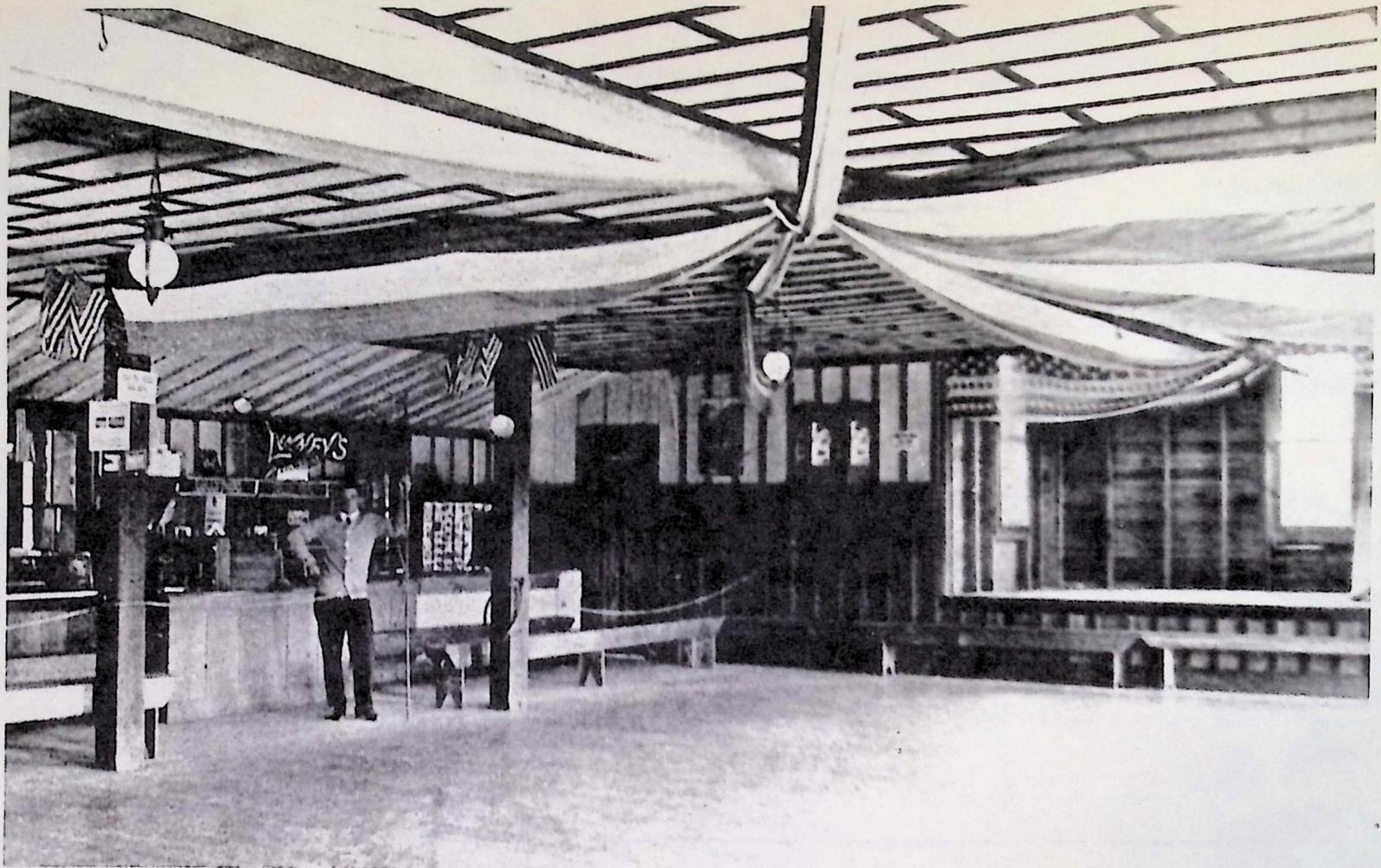


Bush General Store was across the street from the Indian Trading Post in Canadensis. The upper floor at one point was used as added classrooms for the Canadensis High School with an apartment in the back portion of this upper floor.

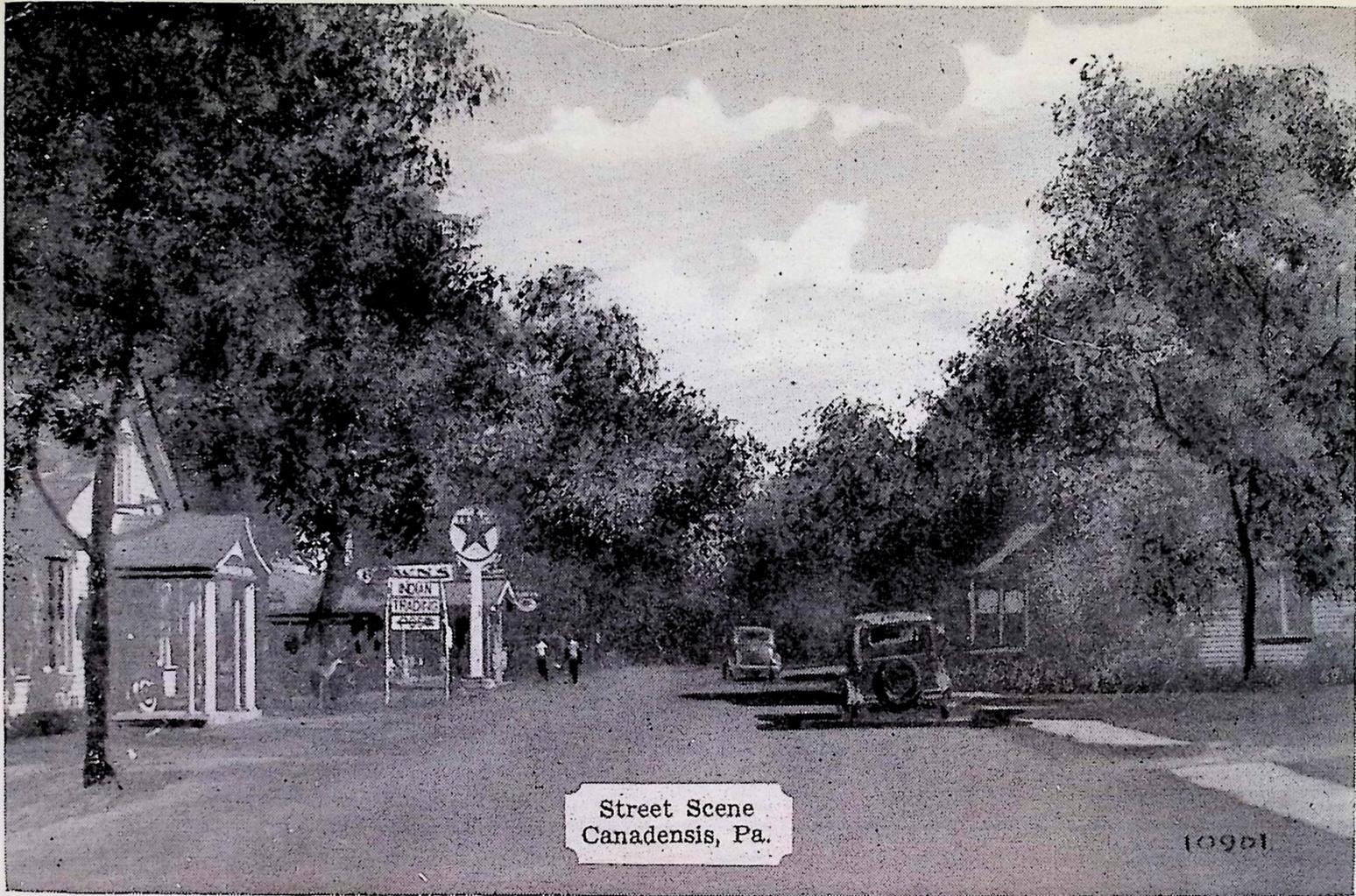
Main Street, Canadensis, Pa., Looking North.



Humphries Drug Store and the Canadensis Post Office were near each other on the Main Street of the Village. You are looking North and the present day Route 390 crosses the street between these two buildings both of which are gone.



Frank Brown owned the building on the corner across the street from the Indian Trading Post in Canadensis. The Dance Hall had a soda fountain, waitress service for tables and a jukebox with room for dancing and a bar in the back. This room was also used to show movies. Next door to the Dance Hall was the A&P grocery store.

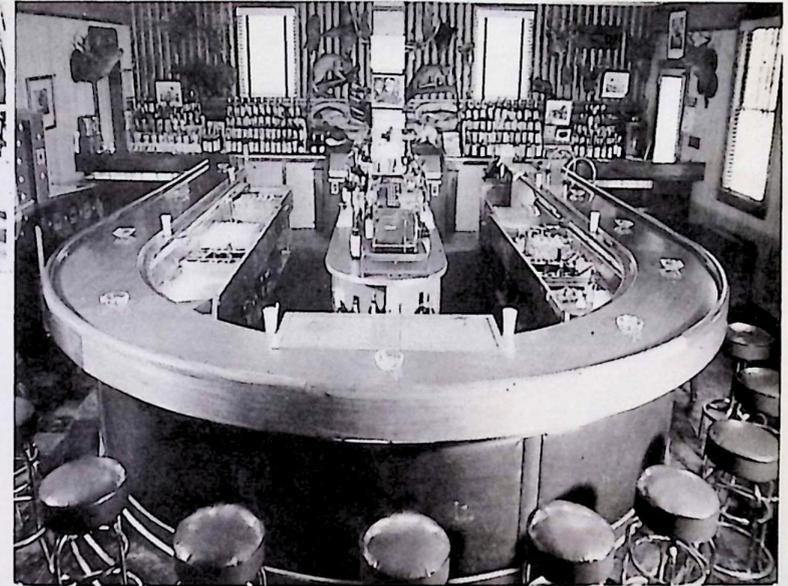


Looking south on Main Street in Canadensis—The Texaco Station was given as a wedding present to John Kerz Sr. by his father. The station went out of business during the Depression and was later an antique store, and today is The Stonewall Garden Nursery owned and operated by Elaine Bubb (John Kerz's granddaughter).

(ERROR)
REALLY FRANK BROWN'S
TEXACO



CLYDE'S
BUCK HILL FORKS
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL
CRES/CO, PA. 3447

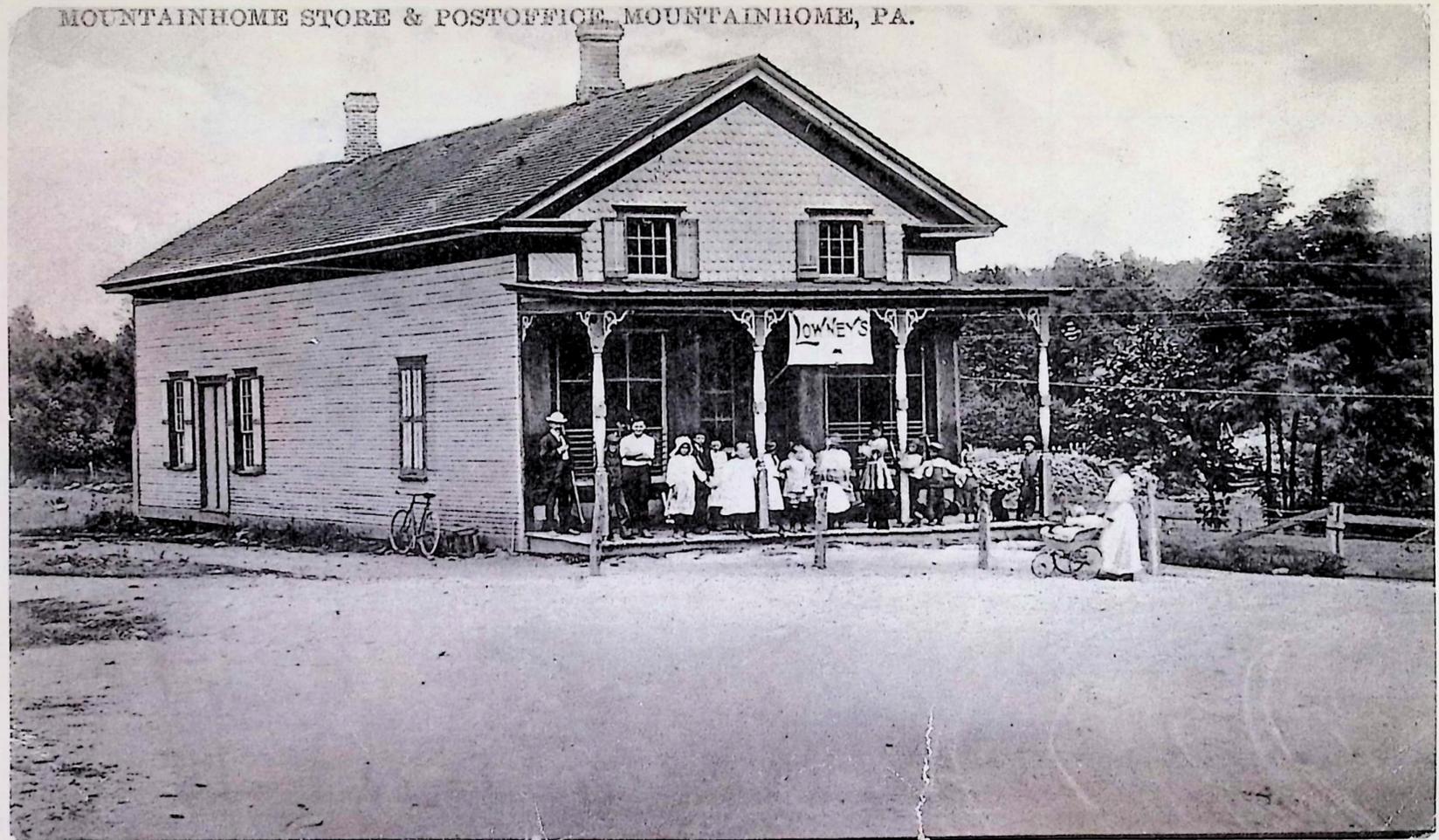


This building was across from the present Mountainhome Deli, and once housed an ice cream and souvenir shop before Clyde Price opened it as a tavern and restaurant called "Clyde's", both of which were very popular. The bar became well-attended during WWII with Jimmy Applegate's Band playing regular dates. After Mr. Price died the property changed hands several times and was renovated by each owner. The building was a candle shop most recently until destroyed by fire in 2005.

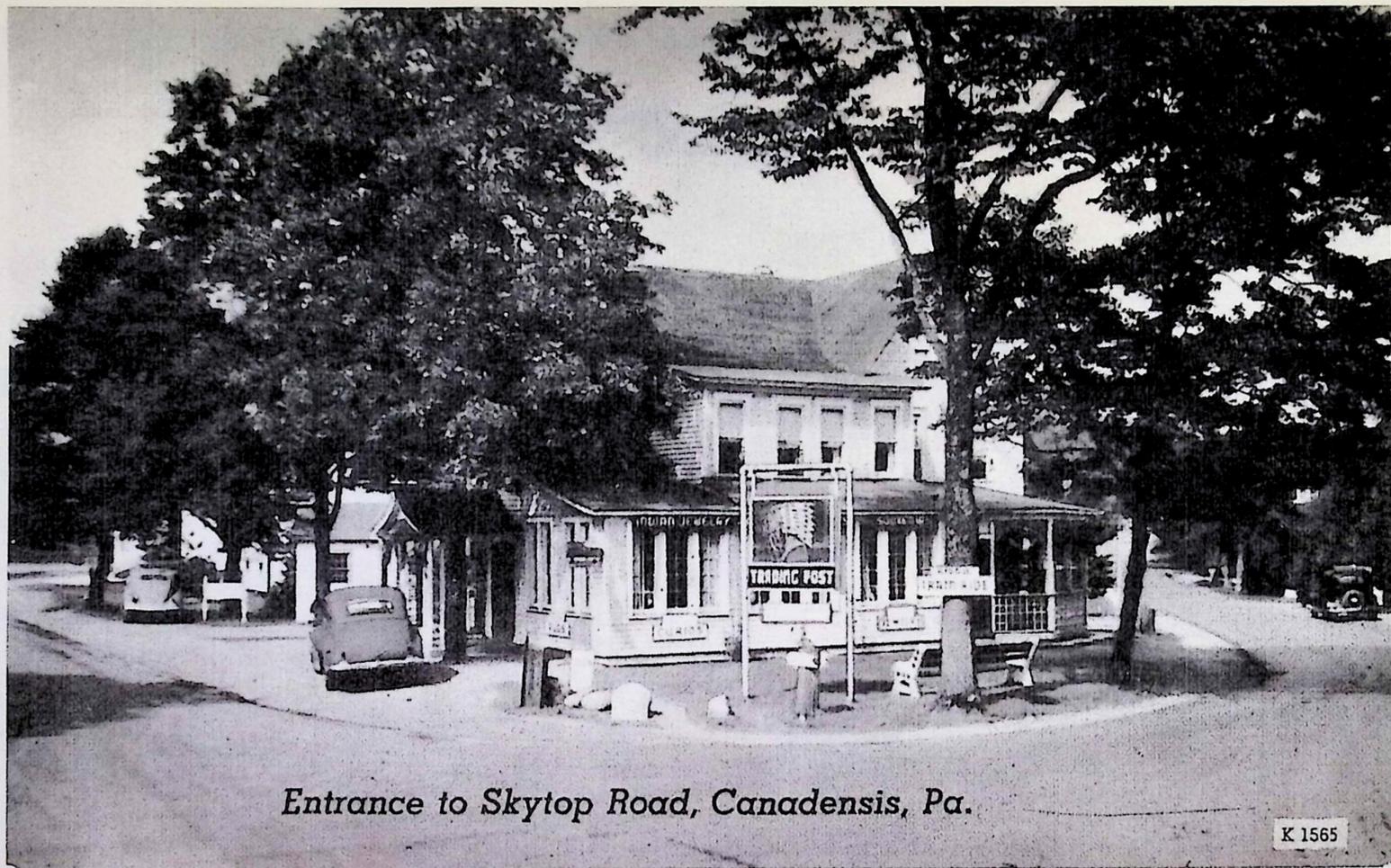


IN THE POCONO MOUNTAINS MOUNTAINHOME, PA.

The Log Cabin Room opened in October of 1940. Prior to this, a roadside stand across the highway rented bicycles and sold ice cream and soda. The Log Cabin Tea Room served breakfast along with sandwiches, fresh fruit sundaes, milkshakes and banana splits. Bike rentals also continued. Most of the business came from the three resorts in close proximity—Onawa Lodge, Pleasant Ridge House and Monomonock.



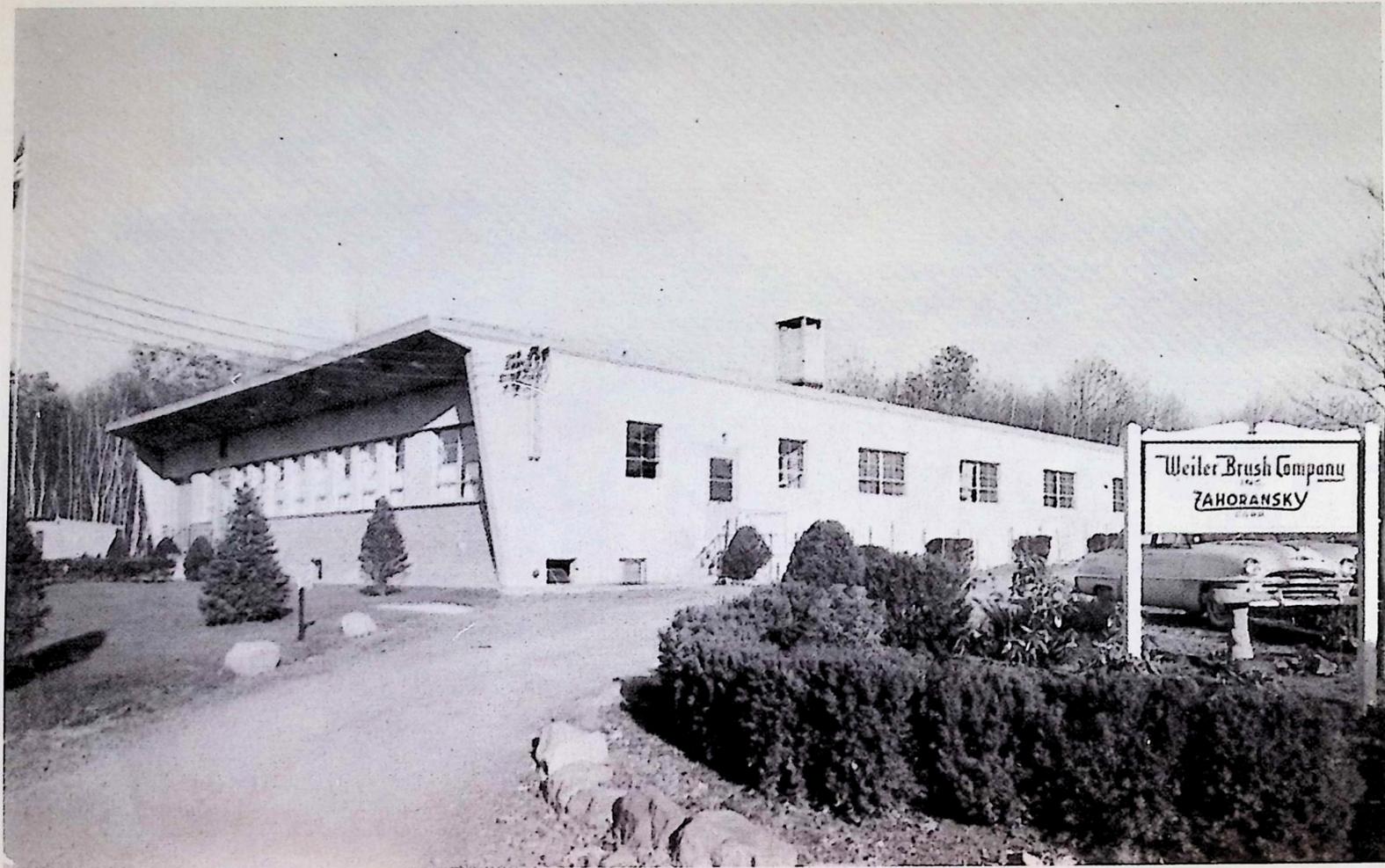
Prior to World War II there were three small grocery stores serving the Barrett area: The A&P which was located in what is now Mick's Showroom; The A&P in Frank Brown's building in Canadensis; and the American Store and Post Office in what is now the Bible Church in Mountainhome.



Entrance to Skytop Road, Canadensis, Pa.

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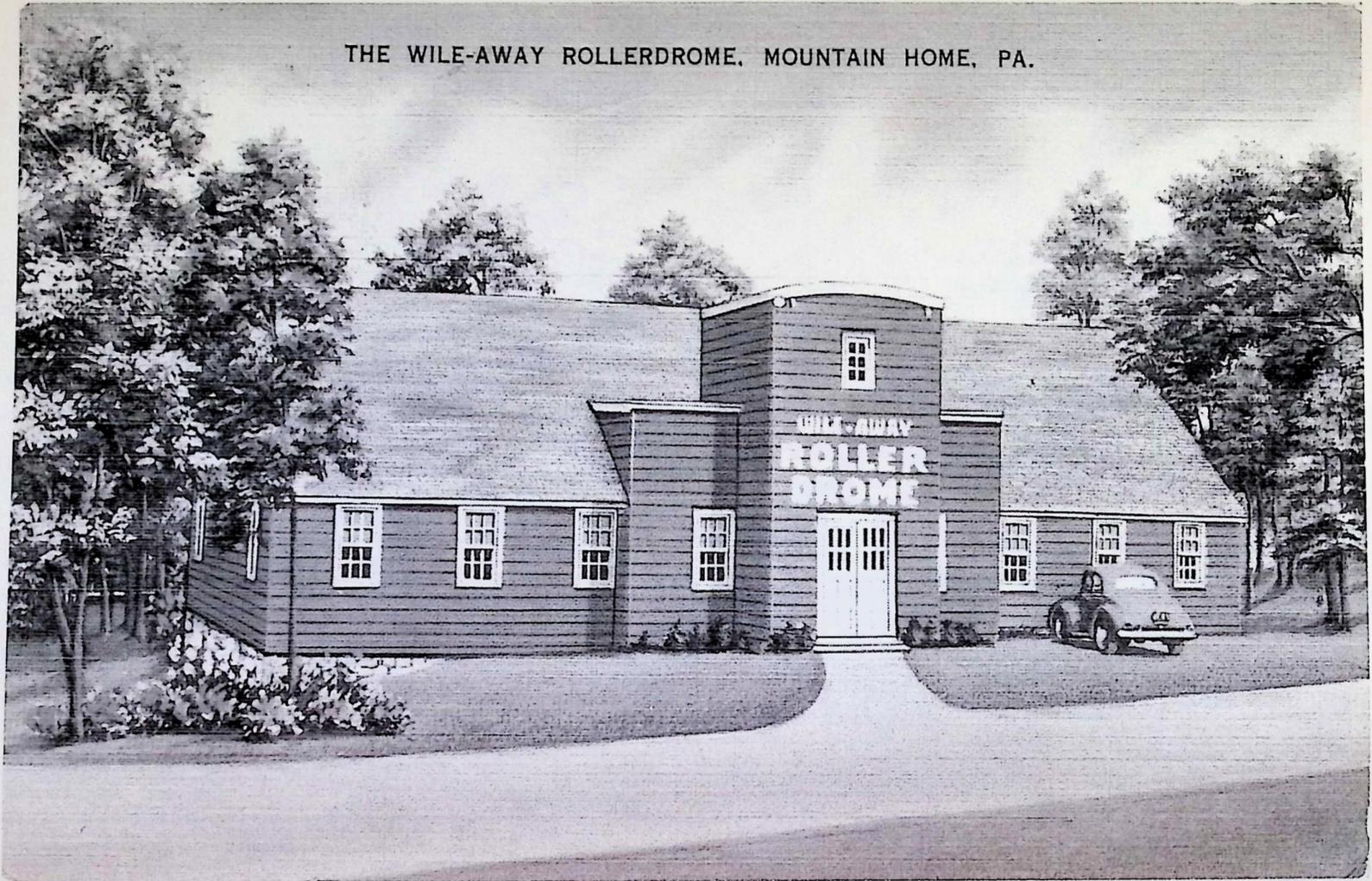
Now Smitty's Sporting Goods, but in the past known by local folk as the Indian Trading Post, this was once Canadensis Valley House, owned and operated by Wilkinson Price and offered good fishing and hunting to the 10 persons it would accommodate. During its time as the Trading Post, the owner, Fred Schafer, brought in a group of Indians from the west to live in their native tepees and attract tourists. They built a small village of tepees across from the Trading Post where the Laundromat is now.



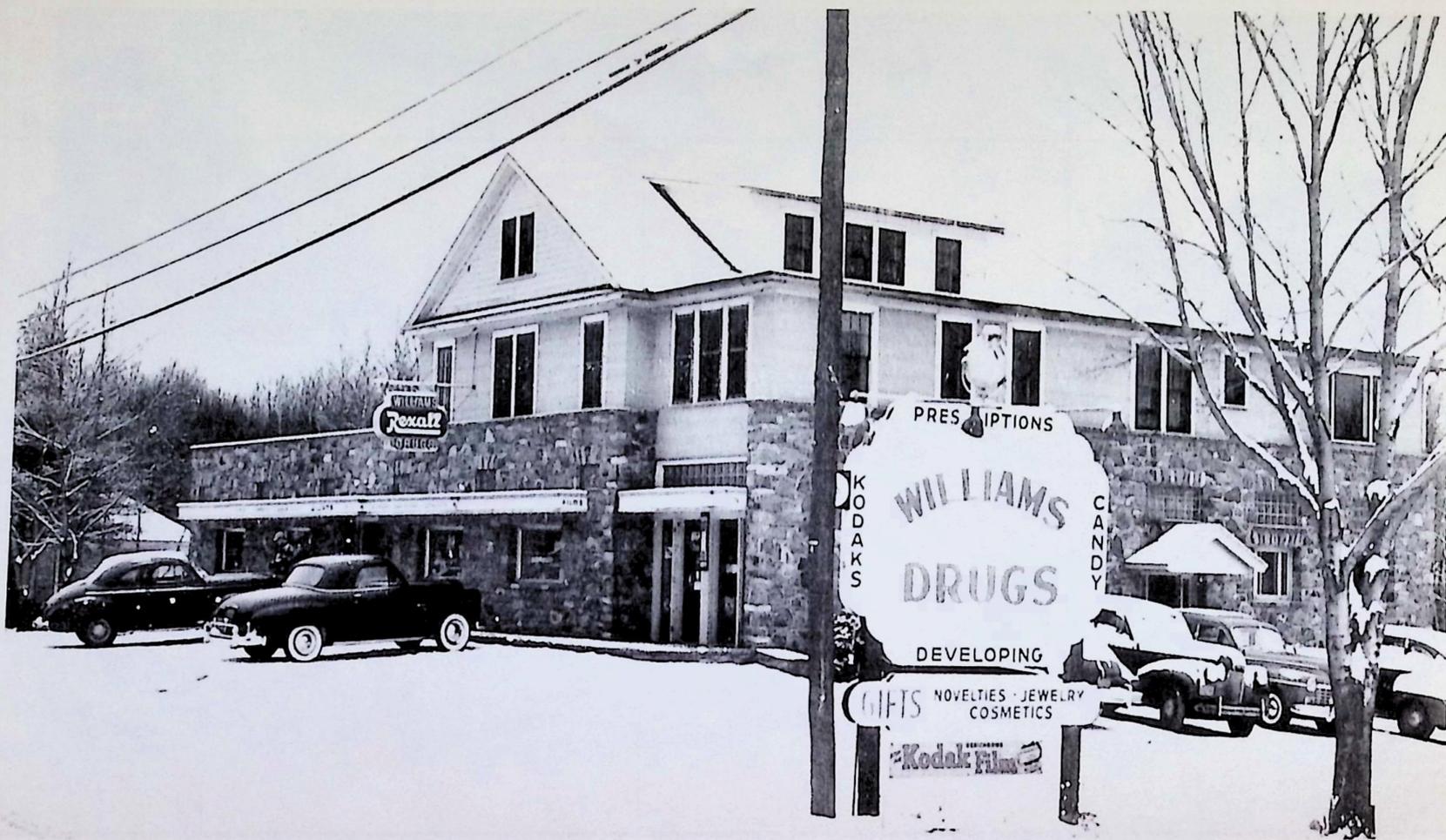
The Wyler Brush Company moved to Cresco in 1957 from Long Island, NY and made industrial brushes used in jewelry manufacturing, dental labs, dermatology and oil pipeline fabrication. The building has been expanded a number of times and the company is now known as The Wyler Corporation.

Our apologies for the misspelling of Weiler Brush Company and Weiler Corporation.

THE WILE-AWAY ROLLERDROME, MOUNTAIN HOME, PA.



The Wile-Away RollerDrome on Golf Drive in Mountainhome was built before WWII by Joe Wile who was a Physical Education teacher at the Barretrt Consolidated School. The RollerDrome burned and the property is now Ye Olde Village Workshop LLC.



Built in the 1930's and enlarged in the 40's, this building was originally Williams Drug Store, owned and operated by Jack Williams. It was then a Rea and Derrick's Drug Store in the 50's before becoming a CVS. Although closed now, there have been many other "residents" of this building: rental apartments on the top floor, District Magistrate's Office, an Insurance Office and the Nearly New Shop.

Ray Price Garage
(Front Cover)

From: Ringing Axes and Rocking Chairs by Peggy Bancroft

“The sign in front of the tiny garage building said “Gas, Free Air, R.L. Price Garage. Authorized Ford Sales and Service.” Not an earth shaking bit of business and yet it signaled the end of an era and the beginning of a new one for Barrett Township.

Raymond L. Price was the first Ford dealer in the region. Cars came in pieces on freight cars to the siding by the Mountainhome Methodist Church. At one time, in the middle of the winter, 17 cars came in that way, and were kept in barns and outbuildings. People thought Ray Price had lost his mind, but he sold those cars and many hundreds more.

Not only was Ray Price a pioneer in Barrett Township, Ford Agency was the third oldest in Pennsylvania. In October of 1913, with only one mile of paved road in the region, Ray Price, a man with vision, decided to enter the automobile business. There may have been ten cars in the area at that time when Mr. Price contracted with Henry Ford’s infant company to sell an average of about 100 new Ford cars and trucks each year. And before his death in March, 1973, he was to sell the equivalent of one to every man, woman and child living in Monroe County, and many more.

The fact that the cars arrived in crates is a staggering idea. Moreover, most of the customers had no idea how to drive their newfangled machines, so he taught them how, and lived to tell the tale! And the business involved much more than cash. On the books were trade-ins: a dog, a team of mules, a shotgun, even a sawmill. A fellow really had to be a good trader in those days.

In 1922 a new addition totaling 50’ x 80’ was added to the garage. Three years later, another 50’ x’80’ addition went on. Later, on the heels of the World War II victory, the Prices obtained a new franchise in Stroudsburg. And in 1966, a glittering new showroom went on the old building, giving a total space of 9,000 square feet compared to the 1,500 he had started with.

Ray Price was not just a Ford dealer, and not just a very good Ford dealer, he was a man who took the community's interest to heart in the same way he turned the era of lumbering and oxcarts and boarding houses into the convenient age of the automobile. He had a part in the first airfield in the township. He was a sportsman of the finest caliber, and among his fondest memories were times spent with his coonhounds in night hunts filled with their mournful music, or the hours at Dippy Dell when hanging up the camp limit of deer was not the unusual, but the usual, each hunting season. The tales around the potbellied stove at Dippy Dell were spun through the years—happy years for a man who found a wealth of good living in his own home town.”

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