



# NEWSLETTER

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## Long Ago Snowplay in Barrett

By Jacqueline Magann



Patch of Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania

As a young child growing up in Barrett in the wintertime of the 1940's, I could hardly wait for the first snowfall of the season. Even, perhaps, to hear those wished for words NO SCHOOL TODAY!

Who doesn't remember the joy of throwing the first snowball in the newly fallen snow, building snow forts and snowmen and taking a sleigh ride?

I had six siblings to snowplay with; and, with so many hands, we did it all! When we were wet, cold, red cheeked and exhausted we came into the house from the backyard. Mittens were hung on a makeshift clothesline in the warm kitchen over the coal stove. We watched the melting snow drop from the mittens to the hot stove top and skittle across the surface of the stove. Hot chocolate was shared by all as we excitedly planned our next foray into the snow.

Barrett's resorts have long been a winter attraction with two in particular, the Inn at Buck Hill, now demolished, and the Inn at Skytop.

Cresco Station Museum houses winter sports artifacts from both resorts. They include a dog sled, skis and poles, snowshoes, sleds, ice skates and sleigh bells from a horse drawn sleigh. The Library and Research Center houses a collection of old photographs and post cards of both resorts.

*(Continued on page 6)*

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## Presidential Message

The Barrett Township Historical Society now has quite a history of its own. The year 2023 marks our thirtieth anniversary. So much has happened over that time span, not just for BTHS but the community, the nation and the world as well.

As we look forward to our 30th year it is hard not to reflect on the past, after all we are historians. The earliest days were full of excitement, programs were developed, newsletter was started, membership grew and so did the society. With the support of the Weiler Family Foundation we opened a museum in the old Cresco Train Station. A few years later we moved into the old Cresco Post Office across from the train station and opened the Library and Research Center. With these outstanding facilities our collection of documents and artifacts has grown.

Although the membership should be justly proud of the Society's accomplishments over that last three decades it isn't enough to just sit back and rest on our laurels. As a historical society we must also look to the future as well. There are important questions to be asked and answered about where we will be in the next thirty years and how we are going to get there. For now, the future is bright but we still have some big issues to address if we are going to continue growing. First is finding people willing to volunteer. We are extremely grateful to our volunteers and we always have enough hands on deck the day of an event. What we need is not just those willing to help with events but those willing to plan them, find funding for them and promote them.

If you are willing to take on some responsibility or know someone with a talent for fund raising, event planning and volunteer coordination let us know. 2023 is a very special year for the Barrett Township Historical Society. The Executive Committee meets the second Tuesday of every month in the Library and Research Center at 3:00 pm. Everyone is welcome to join us for these meetings and offer any help or suggestions they may have to ensure that our future is just as successful as our past.

On behalf of the Barrett Township Historical Society, I wish you all Happy New Year!

Darryl Speicher  
President

Darryl Speicher  
*BTHS President*

~\(")/\_/- Whoops, a Mistake...

If there is something that needs to be corrected, speak-up. Please email me at [alesiagallo@yahoo.com](mailto:alesiagallo@yahoo.com) or give me call at (570)972-6422.

Visit our website at [www.barretthistorical.org](http://www.barretthistorical.org)



**Committee Reports:****Cresco Station Museum** Mickey Miller & Joanne Seese

The Cresco Station Museum is on winter schedule: We are open the 2nd Sunday of the month from 1pm – 4pm until Spring.

**Archivist & Curator for LRC & CSM** Joanne Seese – Nothing to report

**Finance** Stu Malin

Please note our financials on page 3.

**Historian** Jacqueline Magann

Nothing to report.

**Hospitality** OPEN

**Information Systems** OPEN

Nothing to report.

**Library Research Center** Jacqueline Magann

Nothing to report.

**Membership** Jackie Speicher

Please see the membership form at the back of the newsletter and return it as soon as possible.

**Newsletter** Alesia Gallo, Editor & Jacqueline Magann, Co-Editor

Deadline for submission to the April 2023 Newsletter is March 23rd. Send by email to: alesiagallo@yahoo.com

**Oral Tradition** OPEN

**Programs** Malinda Bender & Mary Price

Programs are held at the Barrett Friendly Community Center on the dates and times indicated below. You will be notified by e-mail or phone call if program is cancelled.

*January 20th @ 2pm*

**The Sprag Mill**

*By Mickey Miller*

The Sprag Mill” by Mickey Miller. Did you know that Theodore B. Price invented the Sprag machine which was patented and first used in 1902? These sprags were torpedo shaped pieces of oak which were shipped to the mines in Scranton and used to slow down the coal cars when going downhill. “Runners” (children) were used to accomplish this by running alongside the cars and jamming the sprags in the wheels which was a very dangerous job. Please join us for the story behind this invention and enjoy slides showing the actual machine as well as what the sprags looked like.

Refreshments will be served.

*February 18th @ 2 pm*

**Trivia Night**

*By Darryl and Jackie Speicher*

How well do you know the history of Barrett Township, Pennsylvania and the United States of America? Get your family and friends together for an exciting game of trivia hosted by the Barrett Township Historical Society at The Friendly Community Center on Saturday, February 18, at 2 pm.

Participants can play as part of a team or as an individual. Naturally, the subject matter will be history but will include people, places and things that are part of our local, state and national past.

There will be refreshments for all and prizes for the winners. Refreshments will be served.

Visit our website at [www.barretthistorical.org](http://www.barretthistorical.org)

**Programs (continued)**

*March 17th @ 2pm*

**The History of Irish Immigration in Celebration of St. Patrick's Day**

Visit Ireland through the eyes of Jacqueline Magann and Jean and Jim Bibber in a power point presentation of visits to Ireland and ancestral roots. Jean will play the Irish harp. Refreshments will be served.

*April 21, 2022 @ 7pm*

**Introduction to Beekeeping**

*Speaker to be Announced*

This is a program that was previously scheduled for last July.

The program for October was "The Art of Repairing and Building of Musical Instruments" by Ed Kosmahl. Ed is a gifted musician playing several stringed instruments from a young age. Since he is left-handed, this created a problem for him. He initially would turn the instrument upside down in order to continue playing with his left hand. Over time, since he was never able to comfortably play with his right hand, he began "adjusting" several parts of the instruments he would play. He then went on in his musical career to build his own instruments becoming a master craftsman. One of the instruments he brought with him was an arch top guitar that he built. What a beautiful instrument and the sound was amazing! He is certainly very talented, both in performing professionally and in crafting instruments. Everyone enjoyed his presentation.

Our program in November was Early Settlers in Barrett Township. A short introduction was given on the history of the US Census which was first taken in 1790 when George Washington was president. The first census in Barrett Township was done in 1860 (the 8th census nationwide). The US Census taker's name was Charles Place who was portrayed by Darryl Speicher. As the enumerator for the census he traveled the 53 square miles of the township interviewing the families living here. He gave an account of many of the families visited and what was happening in the township. Also slides were shown of many of the buildings at that time. We also have an enlarged map of 1870 which shows the layout of the township along with a list of the families living here at the time. It also shows where the businesses were located (tanneries, gristmills, sawmills to name a few), cemeteries, churches, hotels, railroads, etc. This map is being framed and will be hung in the Library Research Center for all to view. Many thanks to Darryl who did a great job as Charles Place and also to Jackie Magann for all the work gathering the information, writing the script and providing the map.

Unfortunately, our program for December "Christmas in Times Past" had to be cancelled because of snow and ice. We hope everyone had a very Merry Christmas. Stay tuned! We will try this again next year.

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*(Long Ago Snowplay in Barrett continued from Cover page)*

Dog sled races between Buck Hill and Skytop were very competitive. The story told in regard to the Buck Hill huskies was... "It happened by chance when a guest asked to leave a litter of pups by his Alaskan Husky at the hotel until he could arrange transportation for them to Alaska. The guest did not contact the management again so Harry Drennan began to train these five pups and eventually drove them as a dog sled team". One of the most prominent races won with a team driven by Drennan was the only dog sled race ever held at New York City's Central Park.

In the mid-thirties one of the first rope tows in Pennsylvania was built at Buck Hill which continued in operation until 1961. At this time the first Poma lift in the Pocono region was installed with a second one in 1963. It gave a capacity of 2,000 persons per hour on the twelve slopes for skiing and three for sledding... All under Drennan's knowledgeable supervision and his skill for making snow. The resort provided snowmaking facilities in 1959. Harry Drennan served as head of Buck Hill's Winter Sports Program for 48 years. The Program began at Buck Hill in 1913, one hundred and ten years ago!

Skytop continues to offer winter sports to guests at the Inn.

We, Laurie Dunlap and I, have pulled photographs and post cards from the archives at the Society Library and Research Center for you to enjoy in this issue

Source: Cresco Station Museum  
Library and Research Center  
Mountain Mail, January 2002

Sleigh of  
Russian  
Ancestry with  
Buck Hill school  
children  
*Buck Hill*



Sleighbus  
*Buck Hill*

More Long Ago  
Snowplay  
Photos on the  
Following Pages  




**Long Ago Snowplay in Barrett Photos** *(Article begins on Cover)*



The above snowshoes probably from the 1920's or 1930's belonged to Henry Price owner of the Cresco Garage. He, like many residents of Barrett Township at that time, used snow shoes for trapping and hunting in the deep snows. He was part of a group that trapped for beavers.



Skis



Sleigh Bells, Mittens and Ice Skates

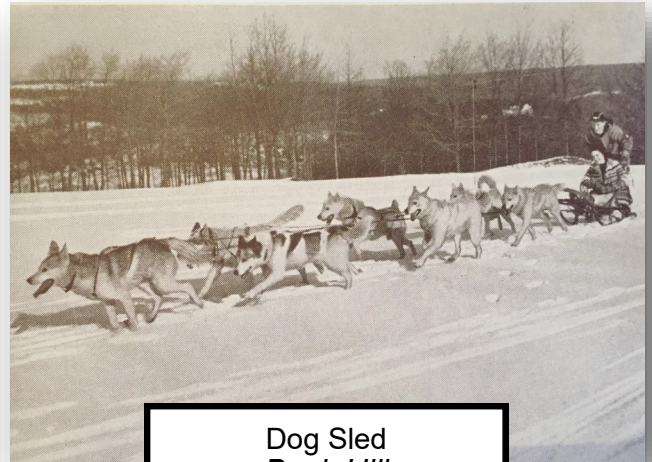


Sled

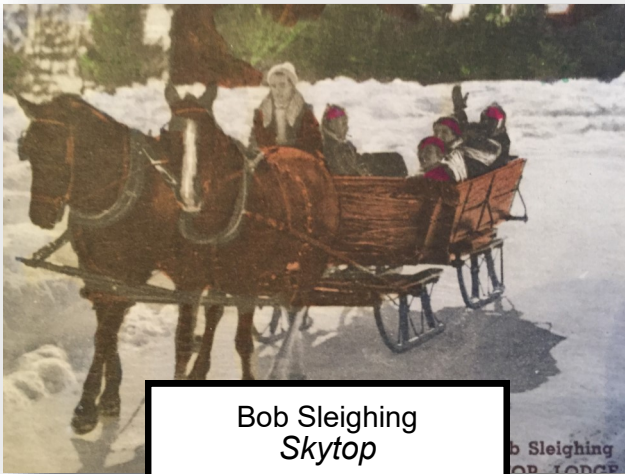




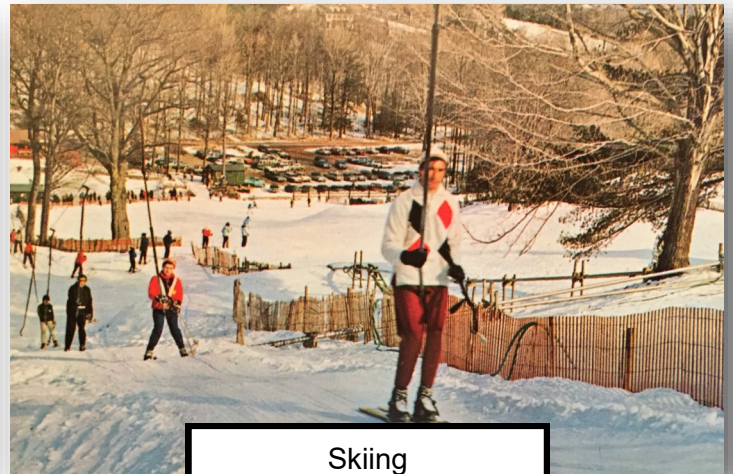
Horse Drawn Sleigh  
*Skytop*



Dog Sled  
*Buck Hill*



Bob Sleighting  
*Skytop*




Skiing  
*Skytop*



Toboggan Chute  
*Buck Hill*



Snowshoeing  
*Buck Hill*

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## Where Did One Learn to Ice Skate 50 Years Ago: Buck Hill

*By Darryl Speicher*

On Christmas Eve when I was 9 years old Santa left something special for me and my siblings to discover under the tree. We all got a pair of ice skates. Ice skating has become one of my favorite pastimes but where we would one learn to skate around here in the late 1960s? We all know how fickle the winters can be and having enough ice on frozen lakes and ponds is not always a guarantee. Fortunately for those of us growing up in Barrett there was Buck Hill.

I am not sure when Buck Hill first froze over the upper parking lot at the golf club to offer ice skating to the community but in the late 1960s and 70s it was a very popular destination for outdoor winter fun. If you didn't own your own skates, they offered rentals in the pro shop. This was also the only way to access the ice. One couldn't simply park, lace up their skates and go. Everyone had to go through the pro shop to step on the ice.

Having to go through the pro shop may not seem like a big deal until you hear how one got from the shop to the ice. In golf season there are a few stairs that lead down to the parking lot but walking on stairs with skates on isn't a good idea so they created an ice ramp. Step out the door and immediately you were propelled by gravity down the ramp and out onto the ice. My backside still aches from the memory of how hard I fell going down the dreaded ice ramp for the first time. I would make it a personal challenge to master the ice ramp one day.

Once on the ice I fell, and fell and fell again. There were no skating props like you see today that beginners can use to support themselves. There was no wall, boards or railing around the perimeter on which you could lean. No it was stand up, fall down, stand up, fall down, stand up and fall down again and again. We were undeterred. No matter how hard we fell we would get back up and give it another try.

My parents took us to the Buck Hill "skating rink" every weekend. Eventually we looked forward to streaking down the ramp our blades firmly underfoot. We'd play games like tag or ice soccer and I don't recall ever being asked to stop or be aware of others on the ice. In my memory there were no referees on the ice and we had a blast. We were also spending a fair amount of time on the ponds around Barrett when they'd support us. I once went out on Woodside pond with a friend and we chopped a hole in the ice with a hatchet. Fortunately, the ice was several inches thick, perfect for skating. We'd play pond hockey which resulted in many an injury and a broken bone or two. In the early 1970s Buck Hill renovated one of the old garage buildings by the riding stables into an indoor ice skating rink and the days of skating the golf club parking lot were over. It was at the indoor rink that I had an opportunity to skate with a bunch of students from Canada that were at the Inn for some international event. I watched and emulated what they were doing and my skating improved greatly.

Today I play organized hockey at a rink in Pittston, PA. It is 54 miles from my driveway to the rink. This is how much I love to skate and play ice hockey. I owe it all to Santa and Christmas when I was 9 and a desire to become the master of the ice ramp at Buck Hill.



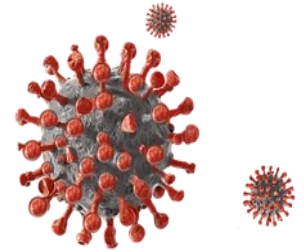
Ice skating at Buck Hill Golf Club parking lot



## What's New with COVID

By Mary Kate Reeves-Hoché

Great news! The US is getting vaccinated against COVID-19, which is helping to reduce hospitalizations and deaths from the disease. This is particularly important this winter as we are in the midst of a Triple-pandemic. A rare circumstance where the conditions are right for three diseases to circulate at the same time: RSV, Flu, and COVID.



Respiratory syncytial (sin-SISH-uhl) virus, or RSV, is a common respiratory virus that usually causes mild, cold-like symptoms. Most people recover in a week or two, but RSV can be serious, especially for infants and older adults. RSV is the most common cause of bronchiolitis (inflammation of the small airways in the lung) and pneumonia (infection of the lungs) in children younger than 1 year of age in the United States. There is currently no vaccine for RSV although there are some in development. (CDC.gov).

Flu, or Influenza, is a contagious respiratory illness caused by influenza viruses that infect the nose, throat, and sometimes the lungs. It can cause mild to severe illness, and at times can lead to death. The best way to prevent flu is by getting a flu vaccine each year.

COVID-19 or SARS-CoV-2, is a respiratory disease caused by SARS-CoV-2, a coronavirus discovered in 2019. The virus spreads mainly from person to person through respiratory droplets and small particles produced when an infected person coughs, sneezes, or talks. The virus spreads readily in crowded or poorly ventilated indoor settings. Illness can range from mild to severe, though not everyone infected with the virus develops symptoms. Adults 65 years and older and people of any age with underlying medical conditions are at higher risk for severe illness. CDC recommends COVID-19 vaccines for everyone 6 months and older and boosters for everyone 5 years and older.

This winter plan to practice healthy habits to prevent the spread of these three diseases, wash your hands, cover your nose and mouth when sneezing with a tissue (then dispose of the tissue), stay home if you are not feeling well. Get a booster shot for COVID, and get your flu shot.

Source: *CDC.gov*

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## Historical Recipe: Tomato Soup Cake

By Mary Kate Reeves-Hoché

During the period following Halloween and just before the New Year, I typically pull out all my old family cookbooks and dig through them to find my grandmother's recipe for stuffing, or my Great-Uncle's recipe for gravy. This year, my niece called and asked for a recipe she knew I would have because I am the holder of the family cookbooks and the historical recipe file boxes. As I strolled through these file boxes and discussed the recipes with my niece, we commented on how the ingredients had evolved from generation to generation, lard was replaced by oleo during the second world war, margarine replacing butter in the 1970's as the health kick set in, and now olive oils replacing other fats for an even healthier alternative.

In my holdings, there were lots of depression era recipes, stick to your rib – fill you up, but not much in the nutritional value. Potatoes were the mainstay of these recipes, with gravies made with cornstarch and caramel coloring or Worcester sauce.

The recipes during the early 1950s, my parents lean years, when we were young and Dad was a serviceman, or finishing college, many of the recipes began with a can of soup. These were mostly casseroles and could be used to dress-up left overs, or make a meal from scratch – begin with a can of cream of chicken soup, or a can of cream of mushroom soup and/or a can of celery soup. The advantage of a casserole was that they could easily be taken to a pot-luck dinner, and if you were poor and living on a shoe string, you could hope that you could eat something different at the pot-luck.

Many of the recipes in the family cookbooks or file boxes had the name of the friend who had given the recipe to my grandmother or great-aunt. Some of my favorite titles include: Mary Marshall's Mother's Never Fail Chocolate Cake, Shirley Shellman's Aunt Flavia's Sweet and Sour Carrots for Thanksgiving, and Sister Pearl's Champagne Swirl – sure to thrill.

There were also many recipes that were only used for special occasions. Dad's birthday cake (angel food); Clara's wedding cake (coconut); funeral pie (a pie made of raisins only served at the funeral lunch); Baptism cake (a marbled pound cake only served at baptism receptions).

For this edition of historical recipes, I have selected the Tomato Soup Cake from our friends at the Campbell's Soup Company. This recipe was developed in 1920 and was printed on the side of their cans during the second world war in an eggless version to help with rationing. No side-by-side version this time; although in my 1976 Joy of Cooking the recipe calls for 1 cup each of nuts and raisins to be added at the end, and for the cake to be cooked in a Bundt pan and drizzled with confectioners' sugar icing.

## Tomato Soup Cake or Mystery Cake – 1920

### Ingredients

1 10 ½ oz can condensed tomato soup (Campbell's)  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
1 cup (200g) white sugar  
½ cup (115g) unsalted butter, at room temperature (1 stick)  
2 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
2 cups (240g) all-purpose flour (plain flour)  
2 ½ teaspoons baking powder  
1 ½ teaspoons ground cinnamon  
½ teaspoon ground nutmeg  
¼ teaspoon allspice

### Cream Cheese Frosting

8 oz (250g) cream cheese at room temperature (1 package)  
½ cup (115g) unsalted butter at room temperature (1 stick)  
3 ½ cups (440g) powdered sugar (or less if it becomes stiff while mixing)  
½ tsp vanilla extract



## Instructions

Preheat the oven to 350°F/175°C. Lightly grease 2 x 8-inch round cake pans.

Add the condensed tomato soup (don't add water) to a bowl and stir in the baking soda (it will puff up a bit as it reacts with the acidity). Set aside while preparing the rest of the ingredients.

Add the sugar and softened butter to a mixing bowl and beat with an electric mixer then beat in the eggs, one at a time, then add the vanilla.

Mix in the tomato soup. This gets messy and looks ugly, but don't worry, it will come together with the flour. Sift in the flour, baking powder and spices, then gently mix to combine (with a wooden spoon, don't use the electric mixer). Don't overmix, but be sure no streaks of flour remain.

Pour the mixture into the prepared pans and bake for 25 minutes or until an inserted toothpick comes out clean.

Allow to cool in the pans for 5 minutes, then turn out onto a wire cooling rack to cool completely.

Once the cakes are cooling, make the cream cheese frosting.

Beat the cream cheese and butter together with an electric mixer until smooth. Add the powdered sugar gradually and vanilla and beat until smooth.

Frost the completely cooled tomato soup cake.

### Notes:

- All refrigerated ingredients need to be at room temperature before baking to ensure even cooking inside the cake.
- For this recipe, use unsalted butter as the tomato soup already contains salt.
- The cake needs to be completely cooled before frosting to prevent the frosting from melting or running.
- You'll need to make sure you purchase condensed soup only and DO NOT add water. Use the full can undiluted in the cake.
- To make sure the cake stays light and fluffy, do not overmix the ingredients. Once you mix the dry ingredients in, use a wooden spoon and fold until there are no flour streaks present without overmixing.



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## CRESCO ANNIE CHAPTER 3

As you may remember in my last entry in my journal; after the runaway train wreck and my long walk back down the tracks, I found myself on the porch of an old hotel. As I cautiously pushed open the door I was greeted by an amazing sight. A wonderful party was going on; ladies dressed in beautiful gowns and wearing glittering jewels and men in handsome tuxedos. There was music, food, dancing, and all the festivities were bathed in the soft glow of gas lights. Just then someone saw me and offered me a chair. I must have looked a mess; bedraggled dress, sooty cape, no hat, and clutching my baby tightly in my arms. As I sank down into the chair, many people gathered around me, full of questions. Where were we from? Why were we out on such a nasty night? What were our names? And then I remembered – I didn't know my real name and my baby had never been given one. All I knew was what the Society folks had called me – "Cresco Annie." So that's what I told them.

Then it was my turn with questions. When I asked where we were I was astonished to learn that I was in the Cresco House, the year was 1880 and somehow I had journeyed over one hundred years back in time. Remember, my first year in my kitchen at the Station was 1998.

My head was aching, I had so many questions; but most importantly, was my Station still there across the tracks. I was assured that the train did stop there and they would show me in the morning. I was getting very sleepy, sitting beside the roaring fire in the fireplace and before I knew it I had fallen asleep - "Baby too". On awaking, I realized the party was over and only a few people were hurrying about cleaning up, turning down the lights, and rebuilding the fire. Baby was hungry so after I found the kitchen and got some food, I tried to peer out the windows, looking for my "home". I blew on the frost and finally cleared enough to see out. But there was nothing to see. Where my station should have been was an empty space. Back towards the woods was another track and some logs and a tent like roof. That lovely green building with the red trim and stained glass windows had vanished. I stared in amazement forgetting that the year was 1880 and the station had not been build yet.

Later that morning Baby and I went outside and walked across the tracks to look around. It certainly was different. There were a few men loading train cars, a steam engine was puffing out huge clouds of smoke, and right on the tracks at the end of the train sat a little red building. I didn't know then that it was the caboose. There was smoke coming out of a smoke stack and I decided to go inside and wait until they were not so busy and could answer my questions. It was very cozy inside, fire in the stove, and a rocking chair and since I was still tired from my ordeal yesterday, I must have fallen asleep.

The motion of the little house woke me. It was swaying back and forth and we seemed to be moving. I tried to open the door but there didn't seem to be any way to get out of that moving "house" so I sat and waited for someone to find me. It wasn't long before a man came in and, looking very puzzled, asked me where I had come from and what was I doing on the train. When I realized what I had done, I apologized and asked him to let me off. That was impossible, we had traveled too far from Oakland (Cresco's name back then) and Baby and I would have to stay until we got to the end of the line – Hoboken, New Jersey.

I kept glancing at the man, he was quite handsome in his blue uniform and cap, and he looked familiar. I noticed him looking at me with a puzzled expression. Finally, after he fixed us a cup of tea, he asked me if I had ever been on his train before (he was one of the conductors) and I shook my head and told him I didn't think so but explained why I couldn't be sure. He seemed to find that more puzzling and started to say something but before he had a chance, he said he had to go collect tickets and would be back soon.

Baby and I sat sipping our tea and wondering what that puzzled expression might mean. Was he someone I had met in my past and forgotten when I lost my memory? Did I just remind him of someone else? Would I find out more about myself? As I sat quietly stroking Baby's soft blonde hair and waiting for whatever came next I noticed that I really needed to do something about my fingernails, they were very ragged and dirty. And then it struck me, when I was rescued from that barn and brought to my Station, I had no hands and now I did. How could this be?

But there I must leave you again, Dear Reader, because the conductor was returning and I have so much more to tell you that it will have to wait until I have a chance to again write in my journal.

## CRESCO ANNIE CHAPTER 4

If you remember, when last we met, I was puzzling over having hands and the strange expression on the handsome conductor's face. As I was trying to figure this out, I noticed that the train was slowing down and finally it stopped completely. I looked out the window of the caboose but could see very little because there was so much snow. The conductor, who said his name was John, came back and explained that we were in the middle of a huge snow storm and the train could go no further. I later heard that the storm had raged for 7 days and had dumped at least 6 feet of snow on the area. John said some of the drifts were over 12 feet deep and had even cut New York City off from the outside world. It became known as the Blizzard of '88 (March,

1888). I was very upset and Baby was beginning to whimper. She seemed to know something strange was happening.

As I was wondering what to do next, the engineer of the train and several other trainmen came into the caboose. They were a little surprised to see me but were so busy trying to figure out what to do; they didn't pay much attention to me. Finally John sat down beside me and explained that there was a small hotel close to where they had stopped and we would all have to stay there until the railroad company could get the track opened up and the train could continue. I bundled Baby into an extra blanket and climbed off into the swirling snow. It was bitter cold, windy, and if not for John and the other men, I know I would have been blown away or lost in the snow drifts. We struggled through the snow for what seemed like hours but was really only a few minutes and finally saw the lights of the hotel shining through the darkness. Everyone was very relieved to get inside out of the cold.

Once inside I took a few minutes to look around and found myself in a clean, although a little shabby room with a roaring fire in the fireplace. A lady came over and asked me if I wanted to sit a bit and warm up. She brought a steaming cup of tea and a cookie for Baby and we soon felt very comfortable. I overheard John talking to some of the train people about us but I was too busy looking around to pay much attention. Inside I was wondering why all this was happening to me and where I would end up next but I just smiled at the lady and decided to wait until someone asked me questions.

The little hotel we had found was not prepared for all the extra people rescued from the stranded train so I volunteered to help wherever I could. I ended up helping in the kitchen because, although I couldn't remember where I had learned, it turned out I was a pretty good cook. (I had forgotten that my first year at my Station was in the kitchen and there I spent many happy hours with Baby and my little yellow stove.) Between my chores in the kitchen, John and I had a chance to talk and try to figure out if we had ever met and why we seemed so familiar to each other.

I explained about being found in a barn and my life at the Station but I couldn't tell him why all this was happening now, over 100 years earlier. I remembered my tea parties with Phoebe Snow and the train ride and the wreck, the walk back to the Hotel Cresco, and everything that had happened but not how I had gone back in time. What a mystery.

Finally, the railroad folk were able to get the line open and they said we could get back on the train and finish our trip. I asked where we were going and was told a place called Hoboken, which is in New Jersey and the end of the line for this train. The rest of our trip was uneventful and Baby and I left the train with the name of a place to stay until I could figure out how to get back to my little Station by the track. John assured me that as soon as another passenger train was returning to Scranton, he would see that we were on it.

We found the hotel and our room and prepared to spend several days waiting. I really didn't get too lonely because, of course, I had Baby to take care of and John spent all of his free time keeping us company. Did I mention how handsome he was? Oh, I guess I did. And he was so nice. He brought toys for Baby; a doll and teddy bear, and a delicious box of candy for me. We spent many hours talking, holding hands, and would you believe it, he even stole a kiss or two. (It makes me blush and feel all fluttery inside just thinking about our time there.) I was almost sorry when he said we would be able to leave the next day.

In the morning we boarded the train for our return trip to Oakland (in my day it is called Cresco). I was expecting a quiet trip but I should have known better. If anything strange or unusual was going to happen it would happen to me. The train stopped suddenly and the door burst open. Several very rough looking men pushed their way into the caboose, waving guns, and shouting. They were train robbers and demanded all our money and jewelry. I didn't have either so I thought I would be safe from them. Then the leader, the roughest looking of them all, grabbed my arm and pulled me toward the door. He threatened to do us all in if anyone tried to follow and he would let me go when we were far enough away from the train. He wouldn't let me take Baby because he said she was too little to be of any use, just a nuisance. I stumbled after him as best I could, hoping that John or someone else would take care of my child and I would see her again soon. I was very frightened and could barely keep up with them. When we got outside I was picked up and dumped into a wagon, a blanket thrown over me, and that was the last I knew for what seemed like a long time.

Suddenly I realized we had stopped. I cautiously peered out from under the blanket to find myself alone. The wagon was parked beside the road and there was no one in sight. I decided it would do no good to sit there and freeze so I started following the wagon tracks back the way we came. Soon I heard voices and saw some men coming toward me. I hid behind a tree thinking the robbers had come back. But, much to my relief, I recognized John and some of the others from the train. I ran from my hiding place into John's strong arms. I was safe!

But there I must leave you again. I have some chores to do and I want to be able to tell you all about some wonderful things that happened after I was rescued.

RETURN TO  
HOME PAGE







**DOG-SLED DELIVERY**

Mt. POCONO, PA.—High in the mountains near Sky Top two satisfied customers are enjoying Westinghouse Refrigeration because Paul McBride, District Manager, Mt. Pocono, and Walter Davis, District Representative, didn't let snow, shoulder-high snow drifts and sub-zero winds hold up delivery. The truck got within three miles of the house, and then "Peck" Rake of Sky Top Lodge and his team of seven huskies mushed the rest of the way with the refrigerator. Davis' only comment was "They needed the refrigerator."

**MUSHING IN** with a Westinghouse Refrigerator to the Sky Top home of a Mt. Pocono customer may look tough to others, but it's "just another day" in the life of Walter Davis of Pennsylvania Power & Light Company. Story on page 8.

**Barrett Township Historical Society**

- New Membership                       Membership Renewal

Last Name \_\_\_\_\_ First Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

<b>Regular Membership</b>	<b>Sustaining Membership</b>	<b>Lifetime Membership</b>
Individual \$20.00	Friend \$51.00 - \$99.00	\$500.00 and Up
Family \$30.00	Patron \$100.00 - \$249.00	
Business/Organization \$50.00	Angel \$250.00 - \$499.00	

- Additional Donation \$ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed
- Please check this box if you do NOT agree to receive the newsletter via email

**Please make checks payable to Barrett Township Historical Society and mail check and membership form to:**  
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**PO Box 358**  
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