



October 2020

North East Historical Society Board of Directors

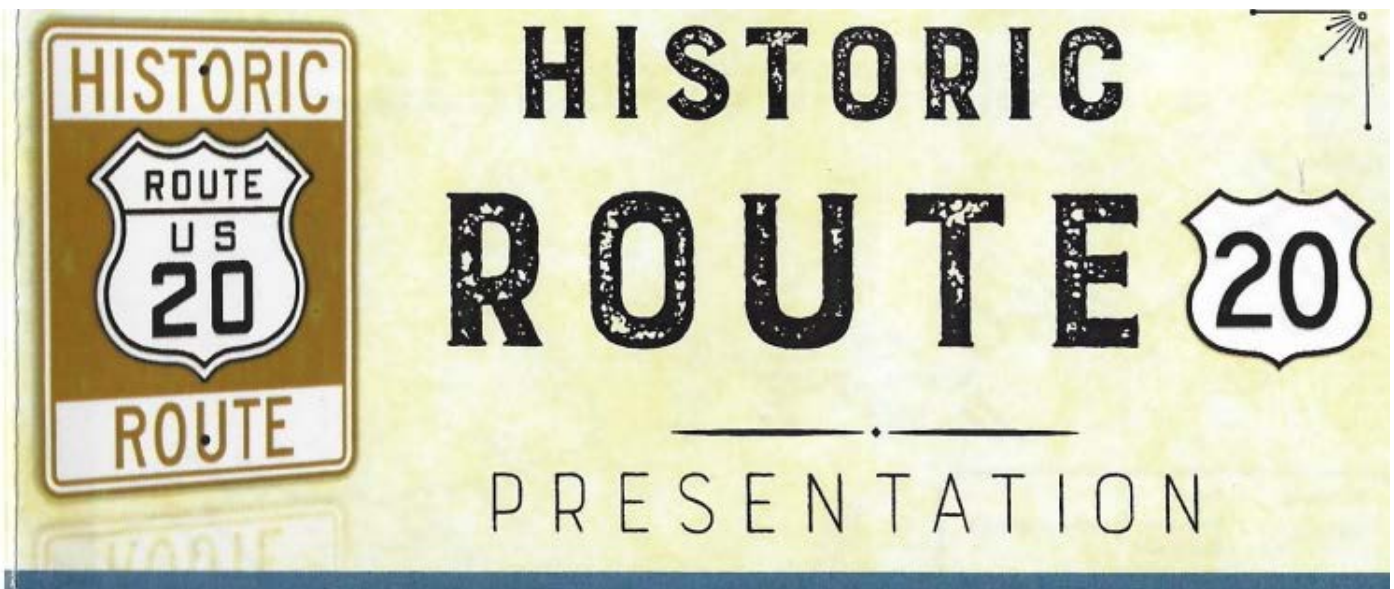
Chas Wagner Kathleen Murphy Karen Jendruczak Jim Pamula

Art Mills Kira Newara Dick Tefft Roger Coda

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We are open our usual hours (4:30-8:30 Fridays & Saturdays) and with all the pandemic precautions recommended to keep everyone safe.



We have engaged Mr. Bryan Farr of The Historic Route 20 Association to make what will be a very interesting presentation of this historic highway at 7:00 PM on Thursday, October 22nd. We have secured the all-purpose room of the First Baptist Church in order to maintain social distancing. The presentation is free and open to the public.

Did you know: you can drive U.S. Route 20 all the way from Boston to Newport, Oregon? the longest road in the U.S., Route 20 is 3,365 miles long? Come and hear about the history of the road from an early Native American trail to an early concourse for transcontinental travel. You will also learn of some interesting people and places along the road. Mr. Farr will have a book the Association offers to further inform you about this historic highway.

WHAT IS HISTORIC ROUTE 20?

America's Longest Highway, US Route 20 is a 3,365 mile journey through the nation's history and its most breathtaking wonders, spanning the continent through twelve states, from the Atlantic to Pacific Oceans. Route 20 reveals the broad scope of American expansion from an early Native American trail through the very first National Park, Yellowstone. Travelers connect with history by visiting the homes of Presidents Grant and Garfield, stand in the place where Lincoln once debated Douglas, and even experience where the first Women's Rights Convention was held. Motorists will view classical architecture in New England towns, traverse the striking beauty of the Finger Lakes as well as the grandeur of the Great Lakes, experience inspiring possibilities of the wide open farm lands of the Great Plains, cross high mountain sage brush deserts, climb the Rockies and Cascades before they reach the shores of the Pacific. For anyone who has heard the romantic call of Route 66 or followed America's path through history on the Lincoln Highway, US 20 is the original concourse to the great American road trip.



A Ketch-Em Banquet

This story is told here just as printed in the *Erie Daily Times* of December 12, 1899. The story was originally published in the *North East Breeze*, but no 1899 copies of the *Breeze* survived to get microfilmed. For those that don't remember the Earl Hotel, it was located at the southwest corner of Clinton and South Lake Streets and was torn down when the subway was built.

Last week Friday morning Jackson Koehler, of Erie City, telephoned Earl Ketcham of the Earl Hotel, that he and a party of five gentlemen were coming to North East via horseless carriage, and ordered four pheasants and two rabbits, with artichokes a-lay-side, and numerous other side dishes that would cause the mouth of even Chauncey Depew (Cornelius Vanderbilt's attorney) to water.

Earl rushed to the secret den where the chief cook and bottle-washer was quietly

snoozing off a batch of lost sleep and made known the wants of the coming guests. The cook replied that there wasn't a pheasant in the market, but he could procure a couple of rabbits that were shot some time before Thanksgiving. Landlord Ketcham rushed out, and in a few moments returned with four very small, motherless chickens and fired them at the cook, with the remark, "Stuff them with hemlock boughs and wintergreen berries, which will give them a wild taste, and if they kick on the light color of the meat say that they were put through a bleaching process before becoming baked, and say, cook, use carrots instead of artichokes. I will entertain them before dinner and they won't know a pheasant from a turkey buzzard. Rabbits? Don't say a word about rabbits; give them a little mock duck with a mustard plaster on the side. When the lay-out is ready touch the button – I'll do the rest." The guests came, the banquet was served, and not a kick was heard. Koehler even tried to bribe the cook to leave the Earl and take charge of his private larder at Erie City. But the cook was glad to get off with his life, and has been telling the boys of his narrow escape at the hands of the high roller from Erie who rode in the country in a dum thing that had "no pushey, no pulley, but go like helley."

A Prostrated Patriarch

Jilted and Deserted by His Prospective Girl Bride

This little article tells it like it was and is given here just as it appeared in *The Erie Morning Dispatch* of April 17, 1885.

A venerable citizen of North East has been heartlessly bamboozled by an alleged ingenuous damsel of 17, whom he had proffered affection's fervor and four farms of which he is the owner.

The girl was courted by a young fellow equally as destitute of wealth as she. The old gentleman took a fancy to the impecunious female and urged her to become the old man's darling, and his residuary legatee in a few years at most. The maiden, whose wardrobe was scant, affected to be convinced of the happiness in store for her as the wife of her antique admirer, and so permitted him to furnish her trousseau and enough cash for incidentals.

The wedding was to come off on Wednesday night but the bride failed to come to time. An investigation revealed the harrowing fact that one of the "incidentals" was the scooting to unknown parts with the peasant swain at the eleventh hour. The friends of the prostrated patriarch agree with him the girl was an awful damsel.