

BLACKBERRY PRESERVES

THE JOURNAL OF
THE KIRKLAND HERITAGE SOCIETY





PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By
Barbara Loomis

My message this month will be short because we will have a special issue of *Blackberry Preserves* to hand out at the Kirkland Art Festival, July 10 and 11. We will have a booth where we will display our photos with explanation text by **Melanie Pate**. We will sell Sarsaparilla and wooden nickles. We will also be doing a raffle for a free night's stay for two at the Shumway Mansion. Thank you **Harris' and Blackmores**.

There are no minutes this month because last month we had the pot-luck and tour at my house. We had a great time and lots of really good food.

Thanks to **Matt McCauley**, we have two new members; **Jenine Heitz** and **Dorris Forbes Beecher**. We welcome you and look forward to meeting you both. **Nona Ganz** also renewed her membership. Thank you **Nona**.

Susan Busch will be our featured speaker on the "History of land use in Houghton," at our next meeting. Susan just received her Masters Degree from the University of Washington and they have already hired her to teach this summer. CONGRATULATIONS SUSAN. Our next meeting will be at the Kirkland Congregational Church, 7 p.m., June 30.

Thank you Barbara!

On behalf of the entire K.H.S. I would like to thank **Barbara** and **Chuck Loomis** for opening their home to us for the pot-luck dinner and the numerous board and recent booth/Art Festival meetings. While I'm at it, thanks, too, to everyone who has participated and expended the extra effort to make our newly revived organization gain momentum. --M.M.

THE YEARS IN YOUR EARS

By
Alan J. Stein

July, 1933

"I can't tell you how happy we are to see you again, dear. When you signed up with the Conservation Corps, I thought it would be forever until we'd see you again. I hope you took good care of yourself down in Oregon."

"Yep, and now that you're working back up here, keep a good eye out for some secret fishin' holes while you're up in the mountains planting trees."

"Oh hush, Jon!"

"Seriously kid, your mother and I are proud to see that you're doing good."

"And you'll be proud of us and the town, too. I don't know if you've ever heard, but we're the first town in the United States to be 100 percent blue eagle! Every merchant in town signed a letter and sent it to President Roosevelt, vowing full support for his national recovery plan. And now every store, including the one your father used to work at, has a blue eagle in the window."

"And if they hurry up and repeal prohibition like they keep saying they're gonna, I'm gonna send my own letter of undying thanks."

"Don't listen to him. He's been in a mood ever since I got the best of him last week. I've been telling him to clean out his pockets before throwing his trousers in the hamper, but you know your father. Finally, last Monday, I told him that I was going to start keeping any money I found, and wouldn't you know it, by the end of the week, I was richer by two dollars. So, I bought myself some new shoes and some hose down at Penney's."

"Yeah, but since she was swimmin' in the dough, I made her take us out of pictures at the Gateway. Went and saw *Tugboat Annie* You won't believe this, but in one part of the show, **Wally Beery** bumps his boat into another one, and at one point you see the other boat's name, and guess what it was-- *The Kirkland of Washington* Can you believe that?!"

"Oh! And the night your father and I went was Treasure Night, and I actually won a prize! Wait here and I'll show it to you..."

"...did she close the door? here, before she gets back, I want you to have this. No, I insist. Your mother worries about you being out in the damp, so buy yourself some extra longjohns and galoshes and what have you. No, don't worry about the money, I won it in a poker game. Your mother keeps track of every nickel and dime in this household, so I can't spend it anyway without causing suspicion. About all I've been able to do is to slip some extra change in my pockets and let her find it. So keep this our little secret...Shh...here she comes..."

"Here it is. Isn't it just lovely? What? Can't you tell? It's an olive urn with a pick! It's pretty and functional."

"Well, I'll never get any use out of it. The last time I had olives I spent half the night sitting on the..."

"Jonathan! He's just jealous because I won something. Why, your Aunt Winnie thought that this...oh goodness! I almost forgot! Your aunt and uncle arrived back at Olympia from their trip to the World's Fair in Chicago, and did they have stories to tell."

"Yeah, like how gasoline costs 18 cents per gallon back east, when it's 22 cents out here. I tell you, I'm glad that Uncle Sam is finally putting some controls on those oil companies. Anyway, I don't know why anyone would drive hundreds of miles to see a Century of Progress when we've got some right down the road. You know, Brown's Garage over in Redmond has a gas pump that calculates how much you owe as it pumps!"

"I'm sure that the boy has seen plenty of those in his travels, Dear. Anyway, your aunt and uncle stopped off at Yellowstone on their way out, and would you believe it, they actually fed bears from their car! And the hotel they stayed at in Chicago!

It actually had...what now? Jonathan! What on earth are you rooting around for? Your pipe tobacco? It's upstairs in the top dresser drawer. I swear, he might as well be filling it with soft coal with that aroma. Now, what was I saying? Oh yes, your...Why what's this? Oh, no honey, I can't take that. You worked hard to earn that. I know times are hard, but, well, it is our anniversary coming up. I tell you what. If you don't mind I'll use this to buy him that new tackle box he's been wanting. It will go well with the fishing pole I got for him on his birthday." No honey, I don't need anything for

myself. I know your father gets cranky now and then, but as long as I have him, I'm the happiest woman in the world. Why without him, I wouldn't have the best son a mother could have! Oh, here he comes. Remember--this is our little secret."

From the *Eastside Journal*
By
Loita Hawkinson

Summer rains, such as the downpour of yesterday, remind the modern generation of the importance of attics. Rain is important to the farmer, and for certain practical uses, but it falls short of doing its duty by the vacationer unless he has an attic to which he may retire to look through boxes of letters, or read old books. The rafters overhead, the cobwebs all about, and the dry, ancient smells, give point to a day indoors, and the man who has an attic with these things in it is seldom if ever found pacing up and down a living room, waiting for the rain to stop.

Cellars are convenient, but they do not equal attics in summer or on rainy days. That is one of the priceless advantages of old houses--if they do not have full-sized attics, they have spaces under the eaves, and various poke-holes into which someone's forefathers stored broken spinning wheels, piles of tracts and magazines, trunks and chest studded with brass nails, pictures and picture frames, chunks of logwood used for making dyes, prizes brought home from alongshore, trophies which once had a day in the parlor, and all that sort of thing. The attic is of the utmost importance on rainy vacation days.

EASTSIDE JOURNAL July 25, 1935.

ROSE HILL SCHOOL THREATENED

Melanie Pate and other K.H.S. members reported that the Lake Washington School District plans to raze the historic Rose Hill School, to increase the land's salability. The school, at 122nd Ave. NE and NE 90th St., near Costco, was built in 1922 to replace the original Rose Hill School after it burned, in 1921.

Melanie said a school district official confirmed, in a telephone conversation, that they plan to demolish the school despite its historic significance.

The school is the oldest in Kirkland and lies on a part of Peter Kirk's mill site.

Mercer Island's East Seattle School, of similar age and construction, was preserved and converted into a Boys' and Girls' Club. Some K.H.S. members have voiced frustration, saying a similar use should be found for the Rose Hill School, citing Kirkland's need for a youth center.

The Cover

Ed Niblock poses with his horse Recall in front of the old Lake Washington Telephone Company building--formerly the Kirkland State Bank--at the foot of Market Street. The high school would later be built on the vacant lot behind him where it stood until--as Kirkland Jr. High--it burned down in the early 1970's.

The Niblock's were early Juanita homesteaders. They owned a large parcel of land west of 100th Ave., between NE124th St. and NE 132nd St which is today developed into homes and apartments.



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A Kirkland "twoholer." So much for the "Fashionable" Eastside.

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