Well, KHS is getting busy again. With new members and continued community activities and presence, things have definitely picked up from our winter time lull.

We had one of nine booths at the Lakeview Elementary School PTA walk, on May 8, as well as providing photos and text for signs along the walk route denoting historical sights. Thanks much to Matt McCasley, for researching and writing the signs’ text, and special thanks to Alan Stein, Barbara Loomis and Loita Hawkinson for staffing the booth. Houghton community leader Joan McDride invited us to the event and we appreciate the chance to have participated.

Our own Myron Lewis reports that the Kirkland Chamber of Commerce auction went well. As you may recall, he built several wooden toy trucks which were offered along with a complementary KHS membership and other materials as a package. So far we’ve heard back from Len McAdams, who bought a package and we welcome him as our newest KHS member. We look forward to meeting him soon.

Those of you interested in becoming oral history interviewers will be interested to know that our own Lorraine McConaghy will be implementing a KHS oral history program soon and will conduct a narrator training if there is sufficient interest.

I hope I see you at our next meeting. Sue Carter has generously invited us to hold the meeting at her historic home, located at 120 3rd Avenue, in Kirkland.

Next Meeting: May 25

Our next meeting will be held at Sue Carter’s historic home, on Wednesday May 25 at 7:00.

Sue’s home is located at 120 3rd Avenue. Sue will give us a tour of her home and Alan Stein will talk about research he has done on the home’s builder, John Wester.

Sue’s house is hard to miss. “The ubiquitous Sue Carter House,” as Alan Stein calls it, can be seen in just about every historical photograph of downtown Kirkland. This meeting should be quite a treat.

New Member: Len McAdams

Len McAdams, of Kirkland, recently showed his support for the Kirkland Chamber of Commerce and KHS by purchasing a (Myron Lewis) historical wooden toy truck package, which included a KHS membership. Welcome, Len, we hope to meet you soon and appreciate your support!

Thanks, too, to Myron. As a woodworker hobbyist myself, I could really appreciate the ingenious design and craftsmanship that went into those little trucks. Tying them into the local historical theme was a great, positive way to strengthen a sense of community by promoting Kirkland’s rich past. Bravo.—M.M.

Lakeview Elementary School Walk: A Big Success

Barbara Loomis, Loita Hawkinson and Alan Stein staffed a KHS booth at the Lakeview PTA sponsored walk, on May 8. The walk was designed to promote pedestrian awareness and received support from McCaw Cellular Communications and other sources. KHS was invited to the event by Joan McDride, of the Lakeview PTA. Joan is involved in numerous community service projects and, as a volunteer in the recently concluded Kirkland History Project, is known by many KHS members.

Alan said the walk went well and the feedback from the walkers was very positive. He said he, Loita and Barbara handed out numerous membership brochures, wooden nickles—yes, we still have wooden nickles—and enjoyed the nice weather. Our booth was located near Houghton Beach and participants would stop at each of the nine, or so, booths spread out along the route and receive a stamp in their “passports” when they walked past the booths.
The Years in Your Ears
By
Alan Stein

(This month, instead of his usual fictional account of Kirkland's past, Alan has provided the genuine article. It is a letter from Frances Goodiner printed in the Eastside Journal, in 1925. Also, Alan said a journal database search provided no further information about the author of the letter.)

"Newcomers Sometimes See Faults That We overlook"

Editors Note: Sometimes we learn of our shortcomings by finding out what others think of us. To give our readers an opportunity of getting a newcomer's first impression of kirkland we are reprinting a well written letter sent to her old home paper by Frances Goodiner(sic), now residing here.

When I was a child in Union County, my brothers and I and the other children we played 'round with knew the names of all but the rare native trees, shrubs, plants, birds, beasts, reptiles and fishes. I don't know just how we learned. We didn't learn from books or teachers, just sort of absorbed the knowledge from having a healthy interest in our surroundings. I wonder how it is with the present generation of young people there? Could most of them tell where to find slippery elm bark, or sassafrass root, or answer the 'what's that' of a stranger to that part of the country? When I was there most everybody seemed to know all those things, but since I've been in the Northwest I've been very impatient with the lack of that kind of knowledge I meet with among the people who have been here long enough to learn something about the country.

Just on a walk from the house to town I see so many things of which I want to know the names and the nearly universal answer I get is "I don't know." I think to myself "Well why don't you know? Aren't you alive?" Kipling's Elephant Child asked questions about everything he ever saw, or heard, or tasted, or smelt and see what he got for it! "I know," you'll say "he got his nose pulled," but I mean he got his useful and efficient trunk.

It not only makes living much more interesting, to have knowledge of all surrounding features,
wherever one lives, but it should be a matter of local pride to be able to give accurate answers to the questions of strangers to your neighborhood.

I believe some boy scouts make a specialty of being able to direct strangers to the right road and tell the distance to places of interest. That’s a good thing. Plenty of grown people might easily know more things like that than they do. It doesn’t cost any money.

Since we have lived in this place I’ve been told there was good fishing at Lake Sammamish “just over the hill a little ways, about three miles.” So one morning I started to walk there. When I came to a sign board that said “Kirkland 4 miles, Redmond 1 1/2 miles, Lake Sammamish 2 miles” I decided to put it off till I had a full day for the trip and go over to Redmond where I could sit down to a cup of coffee and ask some information about the lake and the fishing and the little river that went through the valley. From our house there and back was a little better—or worse—than ten miles, according to whether your feet hurt or not. I got home by noon, tired but not the worse, having seen some very pretty country, of a sort new to me. I felt paid for the trip, but why shouldn’t people have a more definite idea of how far a place really is?

I passes log houses, rail fences, spring houses, orchards, quail, pheasants, fine cattle in big, green pastures. The valley is all pasture land with dairy cattle. Redmond is on the road to Snoqualmie Falls—accent on the second syllable. Two such hard words are enough for one lesson. I think it is where Seattle city water comes from. Not sure. Maybe it’s the electricity. I’ll find out for sure. Anyway, I’ll watch for a chance to go there. Right around Kirkland reminds me a little of the way it used to look between Jonesboro, Alto Pass and Cobden. Very hilly, and many fruit trees, mostly apple and cherry; many strawberries and raspberries. Cultivated land alternated with blocks of timber land, of mixed fir cedar, alder, maple and dogwood. Wherever the shade isn’t too dense are wild rose bushes, wild black raspberries, wild blackberries, gooseberries, currants, and many other shrubs and smaller plants. In this wet climate everything would be an impassable jungle, all the roadsides if it wasn’t for the cows that run loose. There is no stock law and all tilled land is fenced, fencing material plenty, and we can hear the pleasant rural sound of cow bells. That is as it should be, too much good pasture along the roads for it not to be put to be utilized in some way.

Costs too much to cut it.

From nearly every place ‘round here one can see lake Washington, the largest body of fresh water west of the Great Lakes, having a shore line of 85 miles. A little grove hides it from our house, and also keeps off the wind. When it’s clear we can see from a little to one side of the house, many miles of snow topped mountains both to east and west, the Cascades and the Olympic ranges respectively. I hadn’t lived in, or near, a small town is so long that I’d forgotten some features of small town life. The first time I went to the post office the window was down where stamps are sold. I wondered why there was no one to wait on me. Reason why, they were sorting mail and there is no one who doesn’t have all kinds of work to do. I’d forgotten how they do in a small post office. It’s a nice, attractive little town. But in so many other ways we like it better than living in Seattle, and have a nice home, with nearly an acre of good land, fruit trees, berries, chickens, work enough to keep us interested and busy. More another time from

FRANCES GORDINIER”

(EP. Ed. Note: perhaps Ms. Gordinier should have talked to this little Kirklander. He knew where to find the good fishing!)
Barrie Family Photos

A few months ago Mrs. Mabel Barrie loaned us several hundred negatives of photographs taken by her late husband, Donald Barrie's, parents. The Barries, Lucy and Robert, came to Kirkland in the 1890s so Robert Barrie could work at the Eyanson Woolen Mill. The negatives spanned several decades, but the candid shots around town from the 1900s were an especially valuable find. We owe Mrs. Barrie a big thanks for the loan, which expanded our collection considerably (The cover photo is from the Barrie collection also).

Clearing land, 1890s or 1900s. Near today's Kirkland City Hall's site.

Milking the cows was a common chore for kids, 1900s.

The day the VFW floating clubhouse Fort Jackson was moved to the Kirkland waterfront.
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