

ANNUAL MEETING

Wednesday, November 20, 2019

7:00 pm, Olson's Chapel, 309 S. 5th St.

"Prohibition in the U.S. How a Wet Nation Went Dry" by David Clark



Presented by KHS & Kirkland Public Library



WINTER MEETING

Sunday, Feb. 16, 2020

2:00 at Olson's Chapel



CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, SHOWS CLOSED
EPIDEMIC PUTS BAN ON ALL PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES

"The Flu Epidemic of 1918 and Camp Grant"

By Bruce W. Olson
of Olson's Funeral Services



SPRING MEETING

Wed., April 29, 2020

7 pm at Olson's Chapel

"Life through the Lens of Kodak"
by Robert Lindsey as George Eastman



Refreshments will be served.

Meetings are open to all.





In September, Connie Worden presented an interesting and informative program about the history of Kirkland's Hemp Mill. Thanks Connie.



Many thanks for donated historical items from: Chris Bonine, Boone County Museum (Dion DeMarbelle items & State Bank of Kirkland teller window), John Karolus, John Marshall, Joiner History Room, Jean Klock, Jim Montgomery, Joe Gulotta, Jim Bruch, Connie Worden, Joiner History Room (Rowan material), Judy Prindiville, Steve Emling, (Wayne Way Estate), Barbara Luther & Nancy Dach (Gilchrist material), Paul Stott, Charles & Joanne Fruit, Nancy Conro, Robert Ecklund, William R. Nicholson, Tom & Louise Hoffman, and Ed & Helen Davis.



In case you have not heard, "Dues are due."



Christmas in Kirkland
Saturday, December 14
Craft Fair at High School from
3 to 6 pm.

We will have mugs and other items for sale. Do you have any homemade items you could donate for us to sell?



Memories We have published all the stories and memories given to us. Can you find pen and paper and send more "Memories of Kirkland" to us for publication? Thanks!

Exercises for People over 50

Begin by standing on a comfortable surface, where you have plenty of room at each side.

With a 5-lb potato sack in each hand extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can.

Try to reach a full minute, and then relax. Each day you'll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer.

After a couple of weeks, move up to 10-lb potato sacks.

Then try 50-lb potato sacks and then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100-lb potato sack in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute. (I'm at this level.)

After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each of the sacks.

Memories of Kirkland

Apologia: "It's impossible to say a thing exactly the way it was, because what you say can never be exact, you always have to leave something out, there are too many parts, sides, crosscurrents, nuances; too many gestures, which could mean this or that, too many shapes which can never be fully described, too many flavors, in the air or on the tongue, half colors, too many . . ." - Margaret Atwood, *The Handmaid's Tale*, Chapter 23

The Greatest Show on Earth By Judi (Smith) Kaveney - March 2017

It was mid-twentieth century. We remember ourselves as Tom Sawyer children in the small town on the Kishwaukee. Often we wax nostalgic about our free and unfettered childhood. But lurking in the background were dangers more primitive and perhaps more organic than those of today: Infectious disease. In order to start school, it was necessary to have a small pox vaccination. Intermittently, the red quarantine sign would appear on a neighbor's house: diphtheria. But topping the list was polio—poliomyelitis—infantile paralysis. And every summer there were deaths—a young mother of 2, taken by bulbar polio, a beautiful small girl under a glass coffin cover to save the mourners from contagion. Mothers went into crisis mode: there would be naps each afternoon, no swimming in community pools and no drinking from public fountains. Somehow in her wisdom, my mother knew that the virus could be water-borne and god forbid anyone should get a headache or stiff neck.

Children were steeped in information, what to do, what not to do and that "the polio fund" was working to keep us safe. Eventually, we dreamed of being part of the solution and employing our innate theatrics to do it. Bitten by the Barnum and Bailey bug, the big top was coming to town!

Our site would be the grassy vacant lot next to the Dr's office (the old Morris Hotel) on Main St. Publicity was minimal, maybe a few handwritten flyers nailed to telephone poles.

Rehearsals were optional. Spontaneity was our friend—though there were a few meticulous souls. My sister Pam Wallenda, the high wire walker, strung a low-hanging rope between our 2 pear trees and teetered across in her ballet slippers. Her friend Helen, the snake charmer, practiced in the Lamont kitchen with her box of garter snakes, captured by willing neighbor boys. But the act, sadly, never made opening day. There are alternative versions here. I say that one of the snakes pooped on Helen's arm and she resigned. Helen says that her mother turned all her snakes loose and this ended the act, a loss for our audience!

From the Lamont back yard, we dragged an old swing set to accommodate Sue Awe, the trapeze artist who thrilled us all hanging from her ankles. We did have the forethought to put an old crib mattress beneath her, in case of a fall. My brother Skip was the animal trainer, with our old dog Bud, who ignored any and all commands but wagged his tail throughout so was a fine greeter. I, of course, insisted on being ring master, wearing my bolero outfit from Isabelle Twombly's dance recital.

Over in one corner, fortunes were told with the help of Prindiville's crazy 8, a black crystal ball, which would answer "yes" or "no" once the client speculated on their future. Mothers popped corn for us to sell along with koolaid.

I can't say how many people saw the show but I can say that they were generous, for by closing we had raised slightly over \$50, an impressive sum for that time. A bank check was sent off to the polio fund. We were not acknowledged. But this is not to say that we were not rewarded. In March 1953, Jonas Salk announced the discovery of a polio vaccine and in April 1955, results of the successful trial was released.

Memories of Kirkland
By Beulah (Ecklund) Bauman, Class of 1961

Memories:

- Going upstairs above a store.
- Watching Lillian Gray, as the telephone operator, inserting wires (plugs) in little holes.
- Fern Worden delivering Mothers' Day corsage to our mailbox on the farm east of Kirkland on Route 72.
- Dr. Barrowman had his little middle finger missing. Wonder how that happened!
- Having the snake dance on Homecoming eve going through Sparks Tavern on W. Main St.

My teachers:

First Grade - Miss Alma Hemmingway; must have taught every kid in Kirkland.

Second Grade - Mrs. Campbell

Third Grade - Mrs. Dundore - Read all the Laura Ingalls Wilder books to us.

Fourth Grade - Mrs. Mildred Buhl - quite an artist; I had the measles that year.

Fifth & Sixth Grades - We were all bused to Fairdale for school, a 4-room schoolhouse.

Fifth - Mrs. Williams

Sixth - Mr. Harry Woodyatt

Seventh Grade - Mrs. McCaskey

Eighth Grade - Mrs. Bernice Carlson

