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B.D.H.S. Newsletter

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Editor: Ann Steiert 886-1168

IN MEMORIAM

Max Manowski—Husband of Sylvia, father
of Max and Nancy. A native of Black
Diamond, living in the area most of his
life.

Duselina Cavaletto—Early resident. A
valuable contributor to our History.

MEMORIALS

Stella Cooney from: Joe & Eileen Zumek

MaryRose Madden from: Joe & Eileen Zumek

Emmett McIntrye from: Mr. & Mrs. Bud

Simmons

John Maragliano from Dorothy Maragliano

Elvira Strickler from Dorothy Maragliano

Max Manowski from:

Leonard and MaryLou Flothe

Carl and Ann Steiert

Lou and Rachel Fagnon

Robert and Gail Kuzaro

Frank and Helen Manowski

Palmer Coking Coal Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Simmons

Irene Bainton

CELEBRATION

Members of the Historical Society and their friends met on Dec. 11 to have a three-way Celebration. It was our Centennial Kick-off with the introduction of our new book. We were celebrating the completion of the new addition of three rooms. These together with the Celebration of Christmas made for a gala day. Over 100 persons attended and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. Everyone seemed pleased with what they were seeing. Our book made an instant hit and many purchased their own copy before they left for home.

There was the smell of hot cider and Christmas goodies in the air. We want to thank all of the good cooks who provided the treats. We, especially, want to thank the Black Diamond Bakery for donating a huge tray of doughnuts. We appreciated them very much. Guests came from all over. Charles Payton of the Historic Preservation Office in Seattle was there as was Gary Grant and Jerry Russell, the publisher of our Book. Cecil Robinson and Boots Pierotti were a couple of our Seniors who we were delighted to see. The day proved to be a huge success as the guests explored the new addition, talked of the book and just generally reminisced.

NEXT GENERAL MEETING



Robert Eaton the President of the Historical Society has called a meeting to be held on March 12 at 2:00 p.m. at the Museum. Bob has worked very hard this past year co-ordinating all the activities and would appreciate an input that the members might have in ways to do even better than has been done already. Don't forget MARCH 12

"Black Diamond, Mining the Memories."

Black Diamond, Mining the Memories" is proving to be a big hit. We are very fortunate to have the co-operation of local businesses in helping us contact people. The following ~~businesses~~ have handled them for us:

Coast to Coast Hardware at 4 corners.

Zumek's Family Grocer

The Countrycraft Mall

The Dinner House

Black Diamond Bakery

Black Diamond City Hall

We are grateful for their help. Quite a few members have had them mailed to them. One has gone to Virginia to James Carey. Many have gone to California and the greater Puget Sound area.

Every report we get has been good thus far. Many people ask whether we are planning another book soon. At this point we don't know. Perhaps it would be a way of getting a later generation's memories. It is a big task and we have to take a breather for a while.

After Mary Keehner (Savicke) of Oakland, CA received her book she wrote to us with much enthusiasm. Some excerpts from her letter follow:

"I just finished reading the book, "Black Diamond, Mining the Memories" and what memories they are to me--seems like I was involved in everyone of them. What a nostalgic trip. A lot of happiness and a lot of sadness. As someone once said, "It was the best of times and the worst of times." However, I am glad that I lived my first twenty-five years in Black Diamond.

I felt that I had to write to tell you how impressed I am and grateful to both of you for putting this book together. Carl's input is awesome. His knowledge of Black Diamond history and the mines is wonderful. Thank Heavens that someone has finally published those memories. Many thanks to Diane and Cory the editors.

I sympathized with Ann when she wrote how she got sick eating Dixie Cup Ice cream at a picnic. It reminded me of how very sick I got eating ice cream and steamed clams at a miner's picnic in Morgansville when I was a child. It was the ice cream as I'm not fond of the stuff to this day...not so the steamed clams. That day I managed to walk all the way to the top of Lawson Hill where I collapsed. I never went to another miner's picnic again ever!

Before this our big ice cream treat was when Mr. Marchx would come down to New Lawson with his horse and ice cream wagon. It was the best ice cream in the world and only 5¢ a cone. Our land is next to what used to be Mud Lake. During the winter we'd watch Mr. Marchx and his team of horses cut ice out of the lake. We were always afraid that he would spoil our ice skating. Skating on the lake was a lot of fun. My father always had a huge fire going on shore.

Dr. Smith's ambulance, also, reminded me of the time he gave me and a friend a ride up Lawson Hill. We were both about in the second grade. It was a long walk home from school and we were always glad to get a ride home from school. The school bus was not allowed to pick up children from the Hill. When Mr. Mills drove the bus, he bent a few rules and gave us a ride on snowy or rainy days on his way to and from Franklin. I don't know whose rule it was but the children on Lawson are now picked up by the school bus.

To get back to the ambulance...we were playing in the back of the ambulance and the back door was open. I fell or was pushed out and landed on my head. I don't think the ambulance was going very fast or I wouldn't be here. About 15 MPH going up Lawson Hill was speeding in those days. I still have a scar on my forehead and I can still hear my mother yelling at Dr. Smith as if it

Book (cont'd)

were his fault. The picture of the ambulance is very familiar to me.

Note We want to thank Mary for the wonderful letter. We hope that everyone who reads the book will have the same reaction as Mary has had. If it stirs up memories for you, please write them down. We'd love to hear from you too. We urge everyone to record their memories in some way. They are priceless for those here and now and for future generations. One thing we especially want to impress upon people is that everyone should identify and label their photographs. We have been given many beautiful pictures which are completely devoid of any identification. The donors didn't even put their names on them. This is very frustrating because we know they contain history.

AT THE END OF THE YEAR

In recaping the year 1988 we feel that we have accomplished much. Now that our book is properly launched we are continuing to work on the cosmetic part of the new addition. The inside of the fireproof vault has been painted and shelves built. We are in the process of determing the articles which will be stored there. The articles being displayed are being placed, labeled and arranged for best viewing. It is an on-going job.

One of the first jobs to be done when the weather permits is to replace some of the boards on the platform. We have been fortunate to have a very generous donation of planks made for us by Rudy Malachnik. We are most grateful to him. Some of the present boards have weathered badly and present a hazard.

The Thursday Gang will, also, be doing some work on the grounds around the Museum. It is hoped to clear the Mine Opening area of vegetation and get some cinders around the sidewalk. Those things are all dependent on what the weather will be like in the next few weeks.

After the above jobs are done they will get on with the restoration of the caboose. It will be a real challenge and they are anxious to get on with it. Anyone with knowledge of cabooses will be welcomed.

It looks as though 1989 will be equally as busy as the last year was. We want to thank everyone who has been so supportive of the projects. There is no way that we can adequately thank the men who have been working. Most Thursdays will find Bob Eaton, Martin Moore, Donald Botts, Joe Kuzaro, Ted Barner and Carl Steiert ready to work. Others who helped on the building are Delbert Garrett, Robert Bardick, (Diane Olson's Dad), Joe Dal Santo, Ole Una, Tom Zumek, Archie Eltz. Don McEniry was responsible for painting the outside of the new section.

Once again, our deepest gratitude to all who worked so hard. We, also, invite anyone willing to help to feel free to come and help. Please don't wait for a formal invitation. We hope that more members will get involved with the lunch program and with sitting the Museum. Because it is an on going project every bit of help is valued.

ADVERTISERS

If you will notice that once again we have a new cover for our Letter. The names of many fine firms are listed on cover. These people have been very supportive of us. Please give them consideration whenever you need any of their products.

EARLY VIOLENCE

The following account was taken from an article in the Renton Chronicle 1973:

The early history of mining was laced with violence and there are many stories told of long crippling strikes and frequent labor troubles.

The Chinese, who worked the Renton mines first, suffered racial discrimination throughout King County at various times.

In 1885 by common consent of labor leaders, they were driven from the Newcastle, Black Diamond and Renton mines, and from industries in Tacoma.

There was much bloodshed and more than a few killings, but few lawmen of the day condemned the labor leaders' actions.

One of the longer strikes on record occurred in Renton and it lasted three years.

Strike breakers were brought in to work the mines and the miners themselves subsisted on charity and sometimes on the fruits of the small farms many of them owned.

But ill feelings between the miners and the strike breakers often ran high, and when there was gun play, the ill feelings were carried as grudges for years.

One story of an incident that occurred in a strike at Franklin was told. Fighting had broken out between the miners and the imported strike-breakers. The wife of one of the miners heard the news that a neighbor of hers, Mrs. Jones, had been shot in the head by a strike-breaker. When the woman's husband came home, he found his wife kneeling on the floor with her head stuck in the oven. In her simplicity, she told him that whatever happened she wasn't going to be shot in the head like Mrs. Jones had been.

Franklin was destined to have problems with its' mines. There were strikes and then disaster in the mines. In 1894 there was a disastrous fire which killed 37 men. The headlines in the Seattle paper were very descriptive:

The headlines read, "Death King at Franklin". And the first paragraph said, "Death silent and terrible visited the little mining town of Franklin yesterday and 37 strong and stalwart miners were cut off in a moment's notice and scarcely without warning. Black Damp, like the demon of destruction it was, engulfed them while they were vainly striving and struggling to reach fresh air of Heaven outside.

The account tells how a fire started in "breast No. 62." on the north side of the sixth level." and how a ventilating fan was shut off by mistake and a door at the bottom of the shaft left open, so smoke and black damp reached miners on their way out.

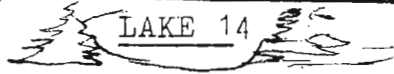
Note: In studying the history there are many stories of violence in many places. This makes us realize when we read of current problems that in the early days there were severe problems too.

Thank you, Thank You, Thank You, Thank You

During the course of the year several people gave of their time and money above and beyond. Diane and Cory Olson are to be commended for their fine work on the Book. Their choice of publisher was excellent. It is agreed that it is great. The collection of these memories began shortly after the Society was formed. Carl Steiert was in on most of the tapings and has spent many hour researching the area. Don Mason has been researching the Franklin area and spending much time with people who know its past. William Kombol is ever aware of our needs and helped get our book published with a special

More Thank You's

loan called a "Bridge Loan." He has contributed many bits of information as the year went by. Palmer Coking Coal for allowing Roberta Falk to copy items for us. Ed Gokey of B.L. Rental let us use some of his equipment without charge. Flaine Griffin for getting sitters for the Museum and Rose Guidetti for seeing that the Thursday Crew is fed. President Bob Eaton performed many chores.



The men and women who came to the Black Diamond area from California were both overwhelmed and challenged by the trees and lakes in the area. The area where the City now stands was all virgin timber. They were very glad to see the trees because that meant they would not have to import timbers for the mines. They tell us that the woods were so dense that at first it was hard to fall a tree. Once cut it would just lean over on its' neighbor, having no space in which to fall. After they learned to cope with that problem the trees were of great value to them. Homes were built and the lumber was used for much valued timbers in the mine.

The area, also, boasted many lakes. One of which was Lake 14 or Jones Lake. It was located just below the First Mine, also called 14. This was because they were located on Section 14 of the geological map. The following account was given to us by James Vernarelli:

How Jones Lake got it's name.

How Jones Lake, also known as Lake 14 acquired its name, is as follows. In the late 1800's a man by the name of Jones lived in a cabin on the far southwest side of the lake. People would come up from Green Valley and surrounding areas on horseback, wagon or on foot and would stop at his place. He would ferry them across the Lake to the east side on a raft or rowboat. It was the way the travelers would come up to the Town of Black Diamond. At that time there was no road coming up to Black Diamond. It dead-ended at the Jones Cabin.

Mr. Jones had the habit of coming up to Black Diamond and stopping in at Jose Krause's Saloon to have his drink of whiskey. This one time he had a little too much to drink. For a few days he did not show up in the Saloon. His friends became worried so they went to his place to see what was the matter. When they got to his place they found him in the lake drowned close by his dock. When he arrived home he probably got out of his boat too soon and drowned.

At that time when people would go down to the lake they would always say, "Let's go down to Jone's Lake." Ever since it was known as Jones Lake.

This information was given to me by the old timer, Fred Roberts. The parents of Fred Roberts were one of the first pioneer families to arrive in Black Diamond. His mother had to bake bread for many of the single persons living in tents. They were working on opening the first coal mine, the 14. They lived in a log cabin about 150 feet down Merino St. on the right side of Railroad Avenue.

Jones Lake at that time was many times larger than it is today. It had a good shoreline and was clear of the vegetation that now has overtaken it.

In the early days the winters were much colder than they are now. The lake would freeze over. This provided much sport for the people in Town. They could skate on it, they played hockey and are said to have even driven horses and later cars on it. There were many fish in it. It was a great sport to go down at night and fish for Catfish.

One shore was a favorite encampment spot for bands of roaming Gypsies.

Lake 14 (cont'd)

Who came to town periodically. They were a colorful bunch of people. Everyone was very interested in them and wary of them, also. We are told that they would steal anything that they could lay their hands on. They stole chickens, clothes off the clothes lines and whatever was portable. They were filled with mystery for the townspeople. Little children were cautioned to keep away from them as they were reputed to snatch little children. At first they drove wagons and later big old cars.



During the time that the railroad was being built there were a few Chinese people living down in the Lake area. They were not especially made welcome by the townspeople.

Boys used to go to the Lake to learn to swim. Since there were no bathing suits available, they would skinny dip most of the time. Some of them made suits out of flour sacks which they would put on only if necessary.

In later years there was a small resort area which had a service station and a few cabins. There were rumors about some of the activities going on in the cabins. As the area opened up less people went to the Lake. In later years the outlet was enlarged and the water level lowered. Now the cattails and other growth have almost taken over the Lake entirely. It is very sad. We have all hoped that someone would have enough interest to restore it to its' early glory. With Mount Rainier in the background, it makes a beautiful picture.

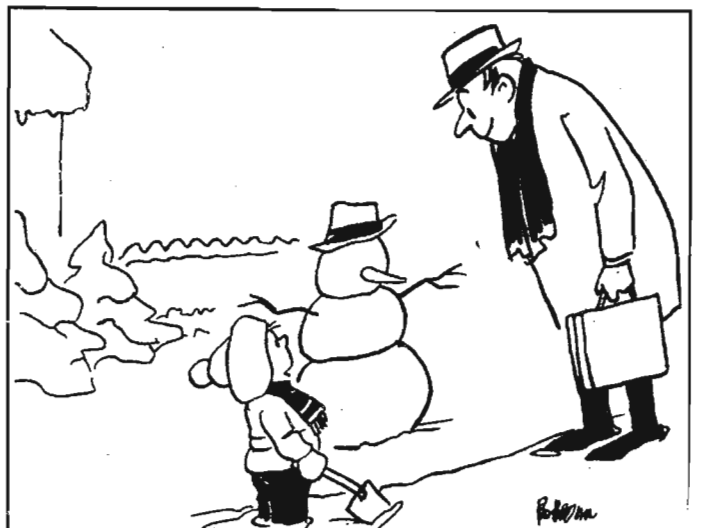
Something to think about:

During the months June thru December there were 1825 signatures on the guest book at the Museum. We are told that only about 40% of people attending bother to sign the book. This makes our total of visitors really gratifying. We had names from all over the world:

Paris	London	Cardiff, Wales	Honolulu	Linhoping, SW
Copenhagen	New Zealand	Lue, England	Anchorage	New York City
Dallas, TX	Norside, England	Atlanta, GA	Amherst, MA.	Cambridge, Eng.

We need more pupils in our school. If you know of anyone having child-size figures please let us know. Our one little kid is lonely!!!

If you haven't already done so. Buy a book. We think you will be very pleased with what you get. So far all who have purchased them have high praise for them. Tell your neighbor!



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