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February 1993

Black Diamond, Washington

Volume XVI Issue I

B.D.H.S.

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 Send dues to: Box 232
 Black Diamond, WA.
 Editor: Ann Steiert 886-1168

IN MEMORIAM

John (Bud) Stebly — A native of Black
 Diamond.
John Niemczyk — Born and raised in
 Black Diamond.
Joe Romedo — Husband of Merle. A
 lifetime resident of Black Diamond.
Jackie German — mother of Richard.
 She lived and worked in the area for
 many years.
Joe Kerkes — husband of Ruth Mills
Al Morgan, son of Bill Morgan who
 worked at the Company Store. Killed
 in auto accident in California.
Helen Darby — wife of Roy, mother of
 Rick, Kenneth and Roy Jr.

MEMORIALS

The Sternig Family — from Mrs. Sam Witt Tom Maks — from Linda Maks
Antonia Kravagna, Patrica Early, Chick Kravagna, Joe Romedo — from Marian DiPietro
Sam Zinter: — From: Everett & Olga Swann, Donna Gauchenour, Stanley Celigoy
Andrew Benedetti: — Everett & Olga Swann, Mrs. Charles Kravagna
Joe Romedo: — Arthur Eltz Vi Campbell Marian Di Pietro Lynda Maks
 Charles & Irene Thompson Everett & Olga Swann
 Ralph Banhero Carl & Ann Steiert Stanley Celigoy
Richard Jazbec: — Lynda Maks Robert & Emma Eaton Stanley Celigoy
Joe Kerkes: — Lou & Rachel Fagnon Irene Bainton
Helen Darby: — Helen Manowski Jewell McCloud
Jackie German: — Jewell McCloud
Laurel Shute: — Everett & Olga Swann

Note: We want to thank all of the people who chose to have their memorials
 sent to the Historical Society. We try very hard to carefully record each one
 as it comes in but with the many names that come in we are always fearful that
 someone has been overlooked. If this should happen to any of our readers, please,
 don't hesitate to let us know so that the error can be corrected.

MEETING IN MARCH

There is going to be a general Membership Meeting on Sunday March 7 at one
o'clock in the afternoon. With the New Year just beginning we would like to
 have input from the members as to what is taking place. we want to feel that all
 of the members have a sayso in projects and general affairs of the Society. It is
 time to elect new officers and we'd like to hear your thoughts on that. we'd like
 to have as many members attend as possible.

Our Christmas Party was a mild success in that there were about 50 people
 in attendance which out of as large a membership as we have wasn't that great.
 We have over 100 living in the near vicinity and some in Seattle etc. Some of

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MEETINGS Cont'd

of the members at the Christmas party came all the way from Edmonds and north Seattle. We appreciate their efforts to get to the Party.

THURSDAY HAPPENINGS

Thursdays are still busy days at the Museum. The weather has put a halt to the outdoor activities for a while. In the meantime, the Crew is very busy working in the last big room on the lower floor. It is dedicated to machinery, tools and equipment used in building and Maintenance. There will be a sizeable display of automotive equipment. There is much work to be done yet. It offers a challenge to the men. They are making stands for some of the displays. They are building boards to hang on the walls on which tools will be displayed. The tools and items are all being sorted, categorized and cleaned. There are a good many automobile motors and parts. Carl has a transmission for a 1920 truck and an auxilliary transmission for a Model-A truck.

Dwight Garrett has donated a large multi-plex. It contains 12 large "pages" on which we can put all sorts of materials for display. There are a lot of very interesting pictures all relating to the different things of interest in the room.

Robert Barry of Edmonds has given us a lot of interesting tools. He brings them all mounted and labeled and ready to display. They have built a section around one of the center posts which are designating the "Robert Barry Section"

When the men are all present and working the room looks like a busy beehive. Each man has some area of expertise which he can do and they all help each other. Bob Burdick is our painter. Most of the time he can be seen refurbishing some piece. Don Botts, Phil Werle and Gerald Bainton usually do a lot of building stands and tables. Martin Moore is an all-round worker and helps everyone. Bob Eaton is busy getting supplies and monitoring the jobs. Joe Kuzaro put in a lot of time last year but right now he is on vacation in Arizona. We miss him.

Ted Barner is our official clean-up man. He gets rid of all the paper that seems to accumulate. He keeps real busy.

We still have many items to put on display. There are many office machines and miscellaneous artifacts that will be shown. Last week Lynda Maks donated a portable forge in honor of her husband Tom. Darwin Glaser donated a water-cooled air compressor and a hand-operated Boring Bar circa 1920. We are trying to make everything clearly marked and accessable to viewing. The room looked very big when it was empty but it is going to be pretty full when it is all done.

We want to thank Rose and the ladies who have been doing the lunches for the men. They still maintain that they have yet to get a poor lunch. The invitation is still out to any member who would like to join the other cooks. We really miss having Rae and Lou come out once a month and join us. They came over from Normandy Park each second Thursday of the month. Now due to Lou's health they no longer are able to make it. They know how much the crew likes to hear a good joke or story so she often sends us something that she has come across. The following little story is her latest :

There were three young bulls and some cows grazing in a field. The bulls were discussing what they planned to do with their lives. Bull No.1 said, "I am going to be a bull on Wall Street."

Bull No.2 said, "I am going to be a bull in a China Closet."

Bull No.3 said, "Not me! I'm going to stay here for Heifer & Heifer & Heifer!"

Thank you, Rachel Fagnon.....

The following is contributed by Dorothy (Franz) Corlett. It is a narration of her memories while going to the Black Diamond Grade School:

My first memory of Black Diamond was of a gloomy, dark, foggy day in November. The mountainous mine dumps were smoldering and smoking. They gave off a strange almost offensive odor. I was glad that we were to live out of Town.

We went to the big old grade school. The halls were dark, and it was hard to find your seats in the nocks off the dark hallways. On stormy days, the wind "howled" around the eaves. It was an eerie ghostly sound..sort of scary for little kids! We soon found out it was a "neat " place to go to school. We soon made friends...some of them are still friends today---many years later. We had real good schools here. Anyone who wanted to learn could learn with the help of the teachers. The teachers were always willing to spend extra time with any student who needed help. We were sent to school to learn. We knew we were to sit down, pay attention, and behave ourselves. That didn't mean we didn't play a few "childish pranks!!" Some of the teachers did get a little rough with some of the kids who "goofed off". Some of the teachers were only a few years older than some of the students. Some of the 7th and 8th grade boys were bigger than their teachers!

I remember Mr. Ray and his "story Problem". I just loved them. He was a great History and Geography teacher, too. He didn't stand for any foolishness. You'd better not get caught playing with anything while he was giving a lesson. He had a whole drawer full of stuff he had taken away from kids after he had shaken the "living Daylights" out of them. Some of the more timid students were almost petrified of him when he got mad. You had to wait until school let out for summer vacation to get your "toys" back. No one ever asked for them before that. At recess he went out and played marbles with the older boys. He seldom failed to win the "whole Pot." He'd come back into class and dump his winnings into a drawer. He had quite a collection!

Miss Trainik was one of my favorite teachers. She knew how to keep her cool. I remember when someone put a mouse in the drawer where she kept her lunch. I guess the mouse tore a hole in the sack and was having lunch on her. She took the bag out of the drawer, glanced at the torn corner, and opened the bag. She didn't say a word or even look dismayed. She just dropped the sack, mouse and all into the waste basket. I'm sure that took all the fun out of the incident for whoever played the trick! She was a real neat lady. Some mornings she "hitched a ride with the road grader. She had to come from Morgansville where she lived. Us kids speculated that the grader operator was her boyfriend!!!

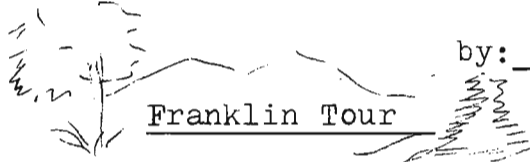
High School was something else. After being in that dark old grade school, it was a real change. We were lucky to have had a teacher like Mr. Cobb. So many of the things we learned about World History and Economics in his classes came true at the time we never thought they would. He told us to beware of the Japanese and the Chinese, (The Yellow Peril). It wasn't long until the Pearl Harbor attack took place. He was a smart man, having been in the Spanish-American and in China during the Boxer Rebellion. He was old, at least he seemed so to us. He must have been old, because he took naps regularly during our study periods. He chewed tobacco and often opened a window to spit out of. The boys favorite trick was to close the window when he wasn't looking and the result was a real mess. Sometimes we'd hear snoring sounds and we'd realize he was sleeping. Some times kids threw things at him, or shot spit-wads or erasers at him. When he awoke with a snort we'd hide behind our books and pretend we were studying. He would reach for his red pencil and put red marks in his grade book for the one he figured was guilty. A red mark meant five points off your grade. I'm sure kids

had more red marks than they had grades!

He was the boys workshop teacher also. He had made the nicest block to hold his pencils. (both red and blue) Each morning he sharpened all of them and stood them up in the holes he had drilled in the block. It was sort of a ritual with him. One day he was furious at someone for some infraction he grabbed his red pencil. It seemed to be stuck, so he grabbed for another and another. They were all stuck! Some "smart-aleck" had taken the pencils out the evening before and filled the holes with water before reinserting the pencils!! The poor man! Mr. Cobb was angry!!

He had his favorite jokes, too: which he told every-so-often. If you had him for classes for four years, you heard them over and over. We learned to laugh politely at each retelling. One of his favorite jokes was about "Mug-wump". A Mug-wump was a person who wasn't very smart and didn't think for himself. He just sat on the fence with his mug on one side and his wump on the other. He never voiced an opinion for fear of losing favor with either side of the situation being discussed!. The moral of the joke, I think was "have the courage of your convictions and don't be afraid to speak out on an issue that is important to you. I wonder if that is the reason I have my "foot in my mouth most of the time"?

I could go on and on about the good teachers we had. I have a lot of good memories of the largest share of them. More than thirty years later I still have the same feelings about them. They must have made a good impression on me.



by: Dorothy Franz Corlett

Franklin Tour

On this past January 3, Don Mason and Carl Steiert led a group of people on a tour of the Franklin area. There were 30 people who came. In spite of the fact that it was a cold blustery day they all seemed to enjoy themselves and thought that they would like to do it again. Don and Carl told them that they plan to go again later on when the weather is better. If any of you would like to go on the tour let us know and we will put your names down and let you know when the next one is scheduled.

STORMY WEATHER

January 20 will be a day that we will not soon forget. We awakened to lights blinking off and on and then going off completely. We wanted to feel that this was going to be the usual couple hour session without lights but instinct told us not so. It was very cold and everyone used whatever they had to get some heat. Fireplaces were used for heat and to cook on in many cases. We had a battery radio and upon turning it on found that this was not just an isolated section but it was Statewide. Many in the Enumclaw-Black Diamond area were without lights & heat for five days. The winds which battered the area were clocked at 80 MPH. Needless to say we are all glad this session is over and hope the next one will be a long time coming.

WARNING DID YOU KNOW THAT SENIOR CITIZENS ARE THE BIGGEST CARRIERS OF AIDS?

Hearing AIDS

BandAIDS

RollAIDS

Walking AIDS

MedicAID

GovernmentAID

During the lifetime of Black Diamond, Railroad Ave has been the spot where most of the activities such as buying and selling, a a lot of visiting has taken place. People who are new to the area find it hard to believe the many buildings and stores that were there over the span of the first 100 yrs of its existance. The following are some that have come to mind:

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| <u>Murphy's Shoe Shop</u> | <u>Black Diamond Bakery</u> | <u>First Company Store</u> |
| <u>Roma Bakery</u> | <u>Klupford Meat Market</u> | <u>Big Company Store</u> |
| <u>Jewelry Store</u> | <u>Peoples Store, later Pool Hall</u> | <u>Diamond Stage Co.</u> |
| <u>Peoples' Meat Market</u> | <u>Ford Dealership</u> | <u>2 lane Bowling Alley</u> |
| <u>Lumber Yard by the Depot</u> | <u>Habenicht Hotel</u> | <u>McKinnon's Blacksmith</u> |
| <u>Photo Studio</u> | <u>Krause Saloon</u> | <u>Shop</u> |
| <u>City Jail</u> | <u>Davies Hotel</u> | |

Across the street from the Depot:

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <u>Show Hall</u> | <u>2 small Hotels</u> | <u>The Confectionary</u> was the |
| <u>The Confectionary</u> | <u>Tailor Shop</u> | site of the first <u>Post</u> |
| <u>Mortuary</u> | <u>Meat Market</u> | office, later a <u>drug store</u> |
| <u>Barber Shop</u> | <u>Bakery</u> | a bank, <u>art gallery</u> and |
| | | <u>now, a Mall</u> |

The seven buildings across from the depot burned down in 1913. They were replaced by a large hotel in 1917. It had 67 rooms and was built by PCC Co. John Davis had a candy shop behind it.

The City Fathers have decided to upgrade Railroad Avenue and make it more accessable to people traveling through Town. They plan to extend the street northeast. They will curve up the hill to meet Highway 169 on the road just below where the Harry McDowell house still stands, There are several new homes in that area.

This is more of an undertaking than it seemed at first. Many codes have to be met. People who live in the area have input. There is talk of putting in sidewalks and a bike trail.

Keith Olson, the Town's Maintenance engineer, brought a map down to the Museum to show what changes were going to take place in front of the building. The first plan would have wiped out our "much worked on Memorial Garden" It would have brought the traffic much too close to the building. When he left he had no doubt that the whole Crew was not pleased with the proposal. After much discussion and some tears they have redesigned that segment. The Eagles Lodge has agreed to let them have some property and the emphasis will be shifted to the upper side of the road. We have all attended several meetings that have been held and are holding fast on the Society's resolution.

It is a big job and will take a lot of work to accomplish. When completed it will add to the Town and perhaps lure people with things to sell and make the Avenue the busy place that it has been in earlier years.

DO YOU KNOW??

In researching the past of Black Diamond we often come upon names of men and women who lived here in earlier years and have been lost track of. Everyone who has ever lived here has left some mark . The following people have been asked about and we have not been able to give any information. We have no idea whether they are still alive or not. If any of you members know please let us know....

Donald "Monk" Mallough, his mother was a teacher here during the "30's

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"DO YOU KNOW" Cont'd



Herbert Benz a resident during the 1930's
Opal Baxter and her family. They lived in the house in back of the Fire Station
Millard Picton, related to the Tim Morgan Family.
Ellen Brodie, a teacher in the Grade School
Frank, Bluejay, Tratnik, lived in Morgansville brother of Mary Tratnik
Walter Gibson, His father was known as "Hoot" Gibson
Cougar Coucher, had a family. We wonder if any of the members are living in area

"OLD AGE CAN BE FUN!"

As I turn with rejoicing the calendar's page, I'm aiming to live to a
ripe old age.
But not overripe in case you've forgotten, The word overripe can sometimes
mean rotten.
I'll live to be a hundred, my health is so good, excuse my exuberance I'm
knocking on wood.
I was feeling so youthful, so buoyant and fleet till a kindly Boy Scout
helped me crossing the street.
Some things about aging are awfully nice, like riding the Subway for only
half price.
I can balance my checkbook and that's quite a trick. If I can do that I'm
not mentally sick.
Oh, blessed second childhood, I'm having such fun, the best time of
living has only begun
If you get really old, you are in for a treat, Some nice man will kiss you
it's awfully sweet.
I'll say in conclusion, when all's said and done, if you so decree it,
Old age can be fun

"THE WAY IT WAS"

The following was taken from "Mining the Memories" as told to the Authors
by Paul Botts:

When I first got married in 1939, I worked graveyard shift. For nine months
Gertrude set here in the house afraid to go to bed. There were four or five
couples of us that lived up here at that time. All of us here on the hill were
newlyweds. The women had never been alone before in their life. The cows ran
loose in Town. One of the cows would come over and scratch her back on the
corner of our house and shake the hell out of things. Of course, she'd always
dangle her bell all night and chewing her cud. They were just afraid. No
phones, you know. Some of them would stay up all night and sleep all day. Or
I'd come home and there would be a note, "I'm over at Pat's or I'm staying
with Pat tonight." I remember I would come home from work in the morning and
I had to take a bath at home. I'd clean up and go to get in bed and there would
be Gertie and another girl sleeping in bed. I'd stand there and try---Oh, I
never tried too hard--to wake them up. Pretty soon I'd just crawl in bed, you
know. I'd be almost to sleep and one of them would wake up --EEEEK! and pop
out of bed. Those were the days!!

"NOTICE TO REMEMBER"

Don't forget the meeting on March 7, at 1:00 p.m. at the Museum

Dues are due for 1993

We would appreciate volunteers to help on sitting the Museum on weekends.
call Donald Botts 886-2766 or Carl Steiert 886-1168

Ladies wishing to help with the lunch program call Rose Guidetti 886-2858

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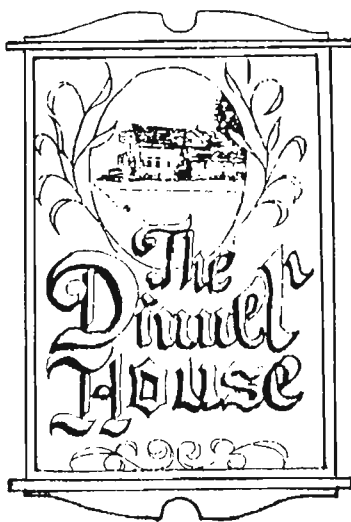
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