

Black Diamond Historical Society



MUSEUM HOURS

Saturday & Sunday --- Noon to 3:00
Thursday---- 9:00 am to 4:00 pm

For special arrangements or tours,
call: 360-886-1168 or 886-2327

Museum---- 360-886-2142

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Black Diamond, WA

B.D.H.S. Newsletter

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Membership fees, which includes a subscription to this newsletter are:

- Annual Membership---- \$5.00
- Family, Annual ----- \$7.00
- Lifetime ----- \$50.00
- Family Lifetime ---- \$75.00
- Business, Annual --- \$15.00

Send dues to :

Black Diamond Historical Society
P.O.Box 232
Black Diamond, WA 98010

Editor---- Vivian Bainton 886-2074

In Memoriam



Pauline Mattson... wife of Otto who was a coal miner. Survived by daughters Sonya Lack and Robin Stroben

Fred Banchemo long time Black Diamond resident.

Felix Sharlock... Long time area resident.

Warren Bruckner... Long time area resident.

Memorials

Felix Sharlock ... Lynda Maks

CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE DEC.1 Sunday at 1p.m.

Come join us at the museum for some coffee, cookies and a good time

Museum attendance has been very good, We will be over 10,000 again this year, We extend an invitation to all new citizens in Black Diamond to come and learn what an important place in history their new town held in the past. We are always glad to have volunteers to help with the various jobs. Report by Secretary Ann Steiert.



The Holiday SEason is just around the corner. May each of you have a joyous and healthful one with a great year to follow.



- 1 -
COMMUNITY HISTORY VIDEO
Full Speed Ahead!

The Black Diamond Historical Society received four grants recently to prepare a community history video series that will be distributed to the Enumclaw School District, the King County Libraries, and will be available for sale at the museum. The expected date of availability is July 4th, 1997, with shooting starting in October.

The videos will tell the history of Black Diamond through its people, using oral histories collected by Diane Olson and museum volunteers in years past. These voices from the past will be used as voice-overs for a video tour of early coal mining practices and the development of the community. The unique resources of the museum archives and the museum Thursday Crew will provide visual images and commentary.

Narration will be guided by Carl Steiert, Museum Curator, and the fourth-grade students of Black Diamond Elementary School. Each video will open with Carl welcoming the viewer to Black Diamond's history through the museum. The kids take it from there, asking questions about the artifacts and images they see in the museum. Location shots will be taken all over town, showing historic photos compared with the Black Diamond community of today. Music and sounds from the past will be added to the film.

The grant funding came from the King County Cultural Resources Division Educational Project Grant, the Puget Sound Welsh Association, Friends of the Black Diamond Library, and the Washington Commission for the Humanities. The Washington Commission for the Humanities is providing equipment and an editing studio, while the others provided cash matches.

In addition to Carl Steiert and the fourth grade class, those involved in production will be Julie Weinbracht of Black Diamond School; David Williams - videographer; and Micki Ryan - Museum Archivist. But of course, there would be no video at all without the contributions of the many Black Diamond families who shared their stories, photos and treasures with the museum over the years.



MORE GRANTS

The Black Diamond Historical Society has been very fortunate over the past year in receiving grants for museum operations. We have received money for improvement of collection care and exhibition. Already we have had all the museum windows covered with clear ultra-violet blocking film. This will keep textiles, photos and paper items from fading or becoming sun-damaged. Next we will install UV "sleeves" over all the fluorescent light tubes throughout the museum, which will inhibit fading and brittling of the items on exhibit. Then we will purchase two dehumidifiers for the basement and archives, and acid-free boxes and files for the archives. We also received funds to hire Micki Ryan to act as our Archivist for a year part-time. She will generally assist Ann Steiert as well, and help setup an expanded docent program. Grant writer for this grant and the video grants was Micki Ryan.

Home
is where
you hang
your heart

MEMORIES OF OUR MOTHER

Our mother, Clotilda Marckx, was born in Belgium. She was Flemish. She came to this country in 1880 with her family when she was eight years old. They settled in a Flemish community in Michigan. She married our father when she was eighteen.

In 1889 she sailed to Alaska with her three children to join her husband who had gone there the summer before. They lived in Douglas, Alaska for ten years and during this time, as we all know, fresh produce was almost impossible to obtain. This gave her first interest in the poultry business. Eggs were terribly expensive and never fresh. She knew that our Dad could build or fix anything that she needed. He built her a very satisfactory poultry house and with the short days in the winter time, it was necessary to have it well lighted. This was a simple thing for him to take care of. They were able to have the fresh eggs and enough to sell some to the community. When they left Alaska this venture was not picked up again until several years later.

They left Alaska in 1907 and moved to Black Diamond, Washington where we lived for five years.

Before leaving Alaska she was the only eye witness to a murder. While in Black Diamond she was visited by three men and years later she told me that she could have educated her children very well on the money they offered her if she would not testify against the superintendent who was the murderer. With her strong character she would have no part of that. This murder had taken place years earlier and had been put off as long as they could postpone it. Now it was necessary to try the man and the Winter of 1912 she was sent up to Juneau to be a witness. It was necessary for her to take our little sister with her who was eight months old.

At the trial the murderer was convicted but, of course, he appealed to a higher court and the next summer she had to return for that trial. This time I went along also. I was eight and a half years old and my sister fifteen months.

We stayed in Douglas with friends and she had to take the little ferry to Juneau each day. For this trial they were able to find a young man who said he also saw the shooting and that it was self defense. Knowing our mother, we know that she was correct; that the man was unarmed and shot in cold blood. She would always stand up for what was right and also she was a very civic minded person. When the trial was over, we took the first boat back to Seattle.



During the summer our Dad, with the help of the boys, built our home on the farm at Franklin. He bought the property from the Pacific Coast Coal Company. This piece of property was the old mule pasture when they had to use mules in the Franklin mines. I will never forget our mother's disappointment when she saw where he had built the house. Being away for six weeks, she pictured the house up on the hill where there would be a very nice view of Mount Rainier and the surrounding country. Instead it was built in the gully. This was the convenient spot for Dad to build the house as it was right over a nice stream and a simple place for him to dig a well. The well was right under our pantry and the sink and pump was right above it. In time there was plumbing and a hot water tank with the hot and cold water in the sink.

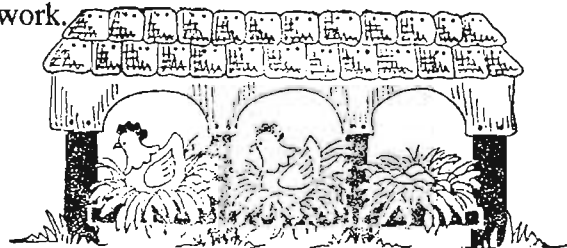
When we moved to Franklin it was a flourishing town and except for the odd family who owned a cow, there was no milk delivery. Dad bought several good milk cows and the mule pasture was to become a dairy farm. There were no herd laws at that time and the animals could graze all over the hills and down into Franklin. This was really a job for our brothers to bring the cows in after school and have them ready to milk and in for the night. The boys did the milking and our oldest brother who had finished the eighth grade in Black Diamond had no more chance to go to school. He was the one who delivered the milk in the morning. With horse and buggy he would take the milk in milk cans and with a pitcher would pour the milk in containers that the customers would bring out to the buggy. It was up to our mother, of course, to manage all of this tremendous work together with her family work. I remember her scalding the cans and keeping everything as sanitary as she could.



Everything went well for a year and then there was a flood in the Franklin mine. Of course the mine was closed down and the people moved out. Our folks were stuck with all of those cows, milk and cream and what to do with it. Mom with her ingenuity came to the rescue. She thought why not make ice cream and sell it. She investigated that part of the work, bought what was necessary and Dad went to work fixing an ice house and getting the necessary horses and wagons together. How well I remember the cream separator and taking care of the cream, keeping it fresh for the week end. There had to be hogs to drink the skim milk. Every night and morning the cows were milked and the cream separated. Dad had built a room which we called the milk house. He built the ice house in a corner of our basement. He found red cinders in an old slag dump no too far away and lined the room with a foot of that. Then he used loads of saw dust to cover the ice. He could saw chunks of ice from Mud Lake in the winter time and that ice kept until into the summer. When that was gone he would take the horses and wagon and get a load of ice from an ice company in Auburn. It took three horses to pull the heavy load of ice. What a job Mom would have on Saturdays; mixing the ice cream and the boys would turn the freezers until it was frozen just right. The dasher would be taken out and the container of ice cream would be put in the wooden tub to be packed with ice and salt and covered over good to keep for Sunday. Early Sunday morning three wagons would go out to different towns, Black Diamond, Ravensdale, Cumberland and other towns near by. Our three brothers would each take a wagon and sometimes Dad would also help.



This was not an easy way to earn a living; being concerned about the cows, taking care of the ice, and then if it wasn't a warm summer the ice cream sales would not be too good. This was when she started thinking about the poultry business again. There was plenty of land, the soil was good to grow kale and greens for the chickens. Mom believed in giving her chickens the very best care and she knew that the right food was important. Dad, of course, could build the chicken houses and do all of that necessary work.

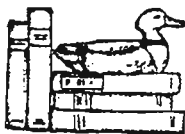


They bought a light plant as it would be necessary to have electric lights for the chickens. It is necessary to lengthen the day. He fixed an arrangement in the house that could dim the lights in the evenings before they were turned off completely and in the morning the lights would be started off dim to imitate the natural light.

The chicken houses were 26 feet wide and 196 feet long. There was a platform all across the front large enough to push a wheel barrow on to fill the troughs to feed and water the chickens and there were little stalls of wire that they could feed through. When the water froze in the winter she would have to carry hot water to thaw the ice so the chickens would have water.

She bought all of the literature she could find on poultry raising. She took a correspondence course. Here she showed her excellent mind capabilities because her examination grades were always in the upper 90's and many 100's. She also received a good deal of information from the Puyallup experimental station. Francis and I both remember that she talked a good deal about a Mr. Shoup who was in charge there and helped her so much.

She had White Leghorn chickens and worked hard to develop a very good strain. She did this through her trap nesting which was another big job and took a great deal of record keeping. She kept in the neighborhood of 2,000 hens and had a 12,000 egg incubator. She would box the little chicks and ship them to her customers. If the distance was not too great, one of the boys, usually Ed, would deliver them. Many of the chicks were delivered in the Winlock area where they still celebrate "Egg Day." Mom received a lot of letters complimenting the chicks. One letter said they liked the chicks but did not know which he liked best -- the chicks or the boy who delivered them. She was with the first group of poultry raisers in the state. There was the Hollywood Poultry farm in Alderwood Manor and a Mr. Beale on Vashon Island who also had a big poultry farm. They all worked together and learned from each other. This was a new industry at that time. She must have started her poultry business about 1917 as near as I can remember.



About this time Dad was asked to be on the Black Diamond School Board, they needed a representative from Franklin. This was not Dad's "thing" at all, it was our Mother who was so very civic minded. She was happy to do her part. She wasn't afraid of the men on the school board, she had had experience in Juneau with the prosecuting attorney and other men trying to put her down. She was a woman's lib of her time.

Her first meeting they handed her some blank vouchers to sign. This was a surprise and then she learned that some of these bills were for flour, sugar, and other staples, much more than could be used in any of the domestic science classes. She was shocked. She had a feeling that everything wasn't handled honestly so she was prepared. She finally said, "All-right I'll sign them this time but this will be the only time I'll sign a blank voucher. She knew that with the coal mines there in Black Diamond and Franklin, the school district should not be a poor one. The men were what you might call "company men" and did as the company wanted. She always compared it with the Enumclaw Schools which were well financed as the farmers there paid their full taxes.

She had quite a lively time being on the school board and there were many stories but I thought this one that one of my sisters remembered was precious. She was always busy proving that the student came first. No one should let a grudge come between a teacher and a student. One of the students had to drop out of school for a while so he could go to work and help support his family. He had a year or more to go to finish high school. He was three years older than the students in his class and he was a good student. When he was to get his graduation diploma, there was none for him. He had all of his requirements in but the diploma was denied him. Mom went to every authority in the state fighting for that young man and she finally won. The man was eternally grateful.

Just
for
you

I want to tell another story about our mother to show her strength and her love of education. If my memory is correct, it was in 1918 that the county was planning to build a new road up into Franklin. Dad had the contract and this road is still being used. He had the equipment and the horses and with the help of his boys, he could do the job. He had planned on doing it during the summer but wasn't able to start until August so it ran into the school year. It wasn't finished until October, long after school had started. Dad had a brother who didn't think that much schooling was that important for young men and this influenced our Dad.

Anyway Dad enjoyed having the boys home all winter to help on the farm. He already had made it impossible for our oldest brother, August to go to high school and that about broke our mother's heart. When summer came the following year our mother had made up her mind that Ed and Hilary were going to finish high school. Dad fought all of the way but Mom went ahead and bought their clothes and shoes and prepared them to start school in September. When the first day of school came Dad took his usual morning walk around the farm. He knew Mom well enough to know that she would do all she could to help the boys; so this walk was, no doubt, deliberately planned. When he got back to the house and school kids were all gone he said to Mom, "Where are the boys?" She answered, "They've gone to school." Dad said no more about the boys going to school. He knew that Mom would fight for what she thought was right.

Dad was killed in 1925 and a year later the family and the chickens were all moved to South Beacon Hill where she planned to handle the business herself and let the boys lead their own lives. Her boys were wonderful help to her. After Dad died our brother August, went back to the Grays Harbor area to his machine shop job for a lumber company and every month he sent \$50 home to help with expenses. That was a good deal of money in the 1920's and she was able to make her payment on the Beacon Hill property. This he did until the depression and logging company was closed down. Our second brother Ed, was wonderful help also during the depression. He lived at home and helped in every way he could.

Her prayer book as her bible and certainly her faith saw her through. How else could a person have such strength, be able to conquer the many stumbling blocks in her life. We, who were so close to her, all turned out to be honorable people because of her influence. We should thank her everyday for being born to her.

In 1936 she gave up her poultry business and bought a nice little home near Green Lake. Then she could go back to the beautiful handwork she did in her younger days. We still have beautiful embroidered doilies she did almost a century ago when they were in style. Now it was mostly crocheting. Beautiful tablecloths and bedspreads. I went to the Puyallup Fair during this time and with all of the dozens of bedspreads that were hanging, hers was the outstanding one framed in the corner. This, our sister, Elna has. She was very proud of the unusual work she did.

One of her big pleasures was card-playing and in her later days she was an expert bridge player.

When she could not keep house for herself any more she sold her nice home, she was so proud of, and went to live at St. Vincent's Home. She still had a feeling of independence and this way she would be a burden to no one. She had always said that she was going to live to 90 years old and she passed away a month before she would have been 92.

Submitted by Regina Marckx Whitehill

Several of us were enjoying lunch at the museum the other day.

The usual group was there including Ted Barner, Ted always has a little story or poem for us, so I thought I'd share this one.

You're a welcome guest
Be at your ease,
Go to bed when you like,
Get up when you please.

We are happy to share with
you such as we've got,
The leaks in the roof and
the soup in the pot.

You don't have to thank us
or laugh at our jokes,
Sit deep and come often
You're one of the folks.

Thanks Ted. By the way a belated Happy Birthday...He turned 90 on Oct 16th. He also went hunting the following week and as usual he bagged his deer. Great Going TED!!!

Another friend donated this one.

Go to Father she said, when I asked her to wed.
For she knew that I knew her father was dead.

For she knew that I knew the life he had led.
And she knew that I knew what she meant
when she said.... Go to Father.



Wishing you a
holiday you'll
always
remember

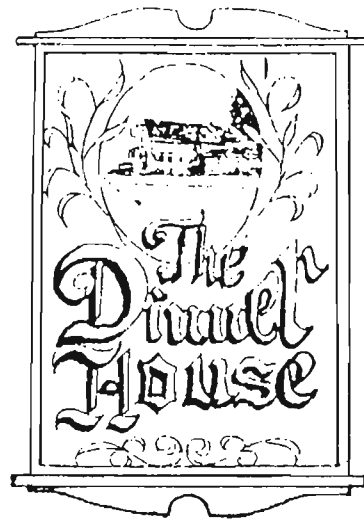


Don't forget..... Christmas open house Sunday Dec. 1, at 1p.m.



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