



Black Diamond Historical Society Newsletter

Museum Hours

Thursday 9 - 4
Sat & Sun (Summer) 12 - 4
Sat & Sun (Winter) 12 - 3

Printed Quarterly



April 2006

32627 Railroad Ave, PO Box 232, Black Diamond, WA 98010 360-886-2142 For special tours: 253-852-6763
museum@blackdiamondmuseum.org Visit our web site! blackdiamondmuseum.org

PICTURES OF THE PAST



From the Archive files of *Black Diamond: Mining The Memories*, Page 170

THE BLACK DIAMOND HISTORICAL SOCIETY PRESENTS HISTORY OF THE PAST

**GUEST SPEAKERS:
DR. CARVER
GAYTON AND
ESTHER HALL
MUMFORD**

(See page 6 for details)

This image is of the 1936 Black Diamond School Band, that appears on Page 170 of the Society's book; *Black Diamond: Mining The Memories*. We didn't have the names of the individuals available at the time the book was published, and recently they became available. See the accompanying story in this issue on **page 9** about the band and those who helped identify this fine looking group of musicians.

Left to Right, **Front row:** Zerald Lauraine, Steve Sepotz, Walter Clark, Bob Curtis, Bill Davis, Jim Woods, Dick Allen, Helen Hammond, Glen Fredericksen and Alan Bahr. **Second row:** Frank Carroll, Band Director, Dick Martin, Ivor Merryfield, Leasha Tyerman, Frank Grgurich, Clyde Johnson, Tom Zumek, Harry Hammond, Henry Tyerman, Fred Wood and Henry Babb, Coordinator. **Third row:** Bill Bryant, Anne Remske, Harold Lloyd, Ior Davies, Norman Hope, Bill Wieltschnig and Bob Davidson. **Back row:** Myron Davidson, Walter Gibson, Dorothy Clark, Bob Fredericksen, Jim Evans, unknown, and Bill McLoughry.

We welcome your stories about this special school band, and photographs of the events the band participated in. THANK YOU!

The mission of the Black Diamond Historical Society shall be the discovery, preservation, and dissemination of the history of Black Diamond and environs, as it relates to King County and the State of Washington.

The Black Diamond Historical Society Newsletter is published by and for the members of the Black Diamond Historical Society, a non-profit 501(c)(3), Washington Corp.

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Society Officers

President: Don Malgarini
Vice President: Darryl Buss
Secretary: Dee Israel
Treasurer: Clayton Mead

Board of Directors

Don Botts, Howard Botts, Jackie Cedarholm, Steve Israel, Don Mason, JoAnne Matsumura, Anna Morris

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WANTED

Have you seen this man?



This mystery photo was taken in 1954 by Evan Morris Sr. Can you identify him? Can you tell us his whereabouts today?
Contact us and let us know.

EDITOR'S REPORT
Steve Israel



We have received more letters from Members, and I would like to share some of what they had to say. From MarciaLee Berg regarding the January 2006 issue. The portion dealing with the Newsletter, she writes, "Incredible newsletter! The newsletter is not only timely with Bill Kombol's contribution, but all the information gleaned from so many sources is awesome to use a too common word these days. This edition is truly a labor of love. Congratulations to all concerned with putting together such an outstanding publication." She also wrote, "The photo on the cover is very interesting to me because it brings to mind a photo I saw of Elmer and George MacDonald shoveling lots of snow from a two story window access to the roof of a house the family was living in when "Papa" mined in the Roslyn area at about that time. What a snow year that was in 1927. My dad, Donald would have been seven that very day the photo was taken." (Elmer and George MacDonald were BD residents in the very early days)

Larry Sullivan writes: "I greatly enjoyed the last issue of the newsletter since it had a couple of pages on the 1894 disaster....."

"The January 2006 edition of the Newsletter had some nice articles on the Franklin mine disaster that occurred on August 24, 1894. Page 17 mentioned two of the victims, John E. John(s) and Evan John(s). As John E. John was my great great grandfather, I thought that I might be able to clear up a few points.

It was noted that John E. John did not appear on the map showing the locations of the bodies. Page one of the August 25th issue of "Seattle Post Intelligencer" explains where he was:

Of the rescuing party from the south sixth level was John E. John, a gas tester, who is now numbered among the dead. Evan John, is also dead. The bodies of father and son were found lying side by side, showing that the father had remained in the gangway until he had found his son, but it was then too late and both died. Evan John, who was 18 years old, will be remembered as an ex-

Seattle newsboy. He also sold peanuts in the Standard theater about three and a half years ago. He was commonly known as "Peg," having but one leg and a wooden peg serving as the other. At the mines he was recognized as a bright young fellow, and was boss driver of the sixth level north."

I will print more as space is available. I want to thank MarciaLee and Larry, without interested folks like you, we wouldn't have much reason to stay around here, now would we?

I also want to thank our regular contributors to the newsletter like JoAnne, Frank, Dee, Bill, Doc, Coke; and the rest of the not-so-regulars who have helped to make this newsletter more interesting, and my job a little easier.

Keep those cards and letters coming!

Thank you, **Steve**

CALENDAR DATES TO REMEMBER

APRIL

- 2nd - Daylight Savings Time Begins
- 9th - Palm Sunday. The Museum will be open.
- 9th - General Membership Meeting with guest speakers**
- 16th - Easter Sunday. The Museum will be open.
- 28th - Arbor Day

MAY

- 1st - May Day. The Museum will be open.
- 13th (tentative) - 30 years Anniversary of The Black Diamond Historical Society**
- 14th - Mothers Day. The Museum will be open.
- 20th - Armed Forces Day
- 21st - Board Meeting**
- 29th - Memorial Day

JUNE

- 3rd - Welsh Heritage Day**
- 14th - Flag Day
- 18th - Fathers Day. The Museum will be open.
- 18th scheduled (subject to change) - Board Meeting**

SECRETARY'S REPORT

By Dee Israel



FACILITIES & GROUNDS:

During our closure between Christmas and New Years, Don Malgarini, Clayton Mead & Steve Israel got the basements cement block wall and floor painted. JoAnne Matsumura, with the help of Peter, Jake & Sam Logar and Joan Malgarini moved out all archives and showcases that were in the way for this job, and after the paint dried, replaced them.

The hot water tank is leaking, so a committee of Don Malgarini, Don Mason, Clayton Mead and Steve Israel have been put together to make arrangements to take care of getting it replaced and to also get the rest of the plumbing upgraded.

GRANT #11999004 (BD Cemetery Records):

Chair Steve Israel advises it is still being worked on. Bids have been called for to have the approximately 2,500 photos developed.

GRANT # 105365H (Facilities):

4 Culture of King County has advised us that a Grant has been issued to us to install a security system. Our application was to not only install a security system, but to upgrade our existing plumbing and add air circulating fans, so of course we didn't get the approval for as many dollars as we had asked for either. Thank you 4 Culture.

MEMBERSHIP:

Chair Dee Israel announced we now have 282 memberships. Dee has sent out surveys to all members and although she has got many back, she would appreciate it if members that haven't sent theirs in, would do so.

NEWSLETTER/WEBSITE:

Chair Steve Israel advised that "Dream Weaver" software has been donated to the Museum to maintain our website. He and our Webmaster, Chris Lennick are working on learning how to use the new program.

PROGRAMS:

Chair Howard Botts advised that for our General Membership meeting on April 9, 2006 at 1:30, we have Dr. Carver Gayton and Mrs. Esther

Mumford as guest speakers. The subject will be about Afro-Americans in Black Diamond's past.

PUBLIC RELATIONS:

JoAnne Matsumura advises that every business on Railroad Ave. is now helping sell our book "*Black Diamond: Mining the Memories*". During 2005 we sold 94 copies of the 4th printing of this book.

TOURS: Chair Don Mason advised there were 25 people on the January 14th, 2005 Franklin tour, and it seemed to be enjoyed by everyone. He thanked Clayton Mead for helping with the tour. He has scheduled another Franklin tour for Saturday, April 1st, 2006.

VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR: Chair Don Botts advised we have a good crew at this time, but will always accept additional volunteers and docents.

FRANKLIN TOUR

APRIL 1, 2006

1:00 AT THE MUSEUM

**Rain or shine, bring your umbrella
and sun glasses!**

Everyone is welcome!

Bring a friend!

MEMORIAL DONATIONS

Memorial Donations were made:

IN MEMORY of **Leonard Flothe**, by Paul Mlachnik.

IN MEMORY of **Florence Garrett**, by Hans & Carol Dirksen, Ann Steiert, Carol Franklin and Jerry Steiert.

IN MEMORY of **Robert Mann**, by Hernan & Sharon Norambuena, Lenore & Sybil Stranz and Beth VanBuskirk.

IN MEMORY of **Karen Roehrick**, by Charles & Ethel Johnson.

ADDITIONAL MONETARY DONATIONS

To the general fund

Courtney Ashcraft with matching donation from Microsoft

Esther Birch

Discovery Tours

Mr. & Mrs. Fosnacht

Edward Foss

Archive Fund:

Anthony & Marsha Mott

These donations are greatly appreciated. The Black Diamond Historical Society is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. All donations are tax-deductible to the fullest extent of the Law.



GUESTS

By: Don Botts

In **2006** during the months of **January, February and March** we had **548** visitors to the Museum. There were visitors from **6** States: California, Idaho, Oregon, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and here in Washington. There were also people visiting from other places, such as Germany and Wales.

REMARKS MADE BY OUR GUESTS

Here are a few of the nice comments that were in our guest book this quarter:
Excellent, Wonderful as always, Best place ever, Great, This is good candy, What a cool museum, So interesting, Lovely, Very impressive, Very interesting & informative, Cool stuff, Well done, Real nice, I wish every town had as much history & character as Black Diamond, I love the telephone box, Well done, Great mementoes, It was nice to show my son some of the things from old, Very informative and Interesting.

SALUTING OUR VOLUNTEERS

By Don Botts, Volunteer Coordinator

We welcome new and returning volunteers.
We salute each of you

- ◆ Patrick Walsh
- ◆ Carole Watkins
- ◆ Keith Watson
- ◆ Joe Zumek



THE BLACK DIAMOND HISTORICAL SOCIETY PRESENTS

HISTORY OF THE PAST

**WITH GUEST SPEAKERS:
DR. CARVER GAYTON AND ESTHER HALL MUMFORD**

SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 2006 AT 1:30 PM

**BLACK DIAMOND HISTORICAL MUSEUM
32627 Railroad Ave, Black Diamond WA 98010
360-886-2142 ♦ www.blackdiamondmuseum.org**

CARVER GAYTON, PhD

Dr. Carver Gayton is Director of the Northwest African American Museum in Seattle. He is also a development/education consultant and teaches at the Evans School of Public Affairs, University of Washington. His career included teaching History and English at his alma mater, Garfield High School in Seattle.

Dr. Gayton's father worked in Black Diamond, and Dr. Gayton has many memories and special stories to share.

ESTHER HALL MUMFORD

Ms. Mumford has researched, authored and lectured about African Americans in Washington State's coal mining communities and of their contributions, for many years. She contributed to the Society's publication, *Black Diamond: Mining The Memories*. Some of Ms. Mumford's published work is, *Seattle's Black Victorians: 1852-1901*, *The Man Who Founded A Town*, *Calabash: A Guide to the History, Culture and Art of African Americans in Seattle and King County, Washington*, *African Americans in Washington State*, *The Story of Coffee*, and editor of *Seven Stars and Orion: Reflections of the Past*.

Ms. Mumford is a Washington Living Treasure and received recognition of her significant contributions to the state's ethnic and cultural heritage in 1989.

HISTORY OF THE PAST—IT'S A FREE EVENT—COME JOIN US!

Refreshments will be served

Donations are gratefully accepted.

☞ TREASURES AND TRINKETS

New Accessions and Acts of kindness

By JoAnne Matsumura, Archivist

- ◆ **Botts Family**-Linens & Garments ca. 1885 from the Estate of Maude Botts
- ◆ **Brock & Tamie Deady**-Movie Projector
- ◆ **Troy Deady**-Geology & Classification Map, 1912
- ◆ **Daryl Delaurenti**-History document of the Giuseppe & Teresa Guidetti Bonanni Family
- ◆ **Thelma Fisher**-Photographs of classes of BD school students
- ◆ **Food & Snacks**-for the Thursday Crew from, **BD Bakery, JoAnne Matsumura, Clayton Mead, Conrad Roberts, Patrick Walsh**
- ◆ **Steve Israel**-Flag poles
- ◆ **Issaquah Museum Framing**-Framing supplies
- ◆ **Dave & Jane Jones**-Decorative chain for decorative stained glass
- ◆ **Kathryn Kocha**-Chronology of the Kosha/Kocha Family
- ◆ **Bill Kombol**-List of miners & map of the 1894 Franklin mine disaster, red cinders
- ◆ **Don Malgarini**-1962 Civil Defense Ration Card, IOOF Lodge Pin 1904, UAOD Lodge Pin, Labor Day snapshots
- ◆ **JoAnne Matsumura**-"Aircraft Spotters' Guide #1" 1942, U.S.Flag 48 Star desk model
- ◆ **Clayton Mead**-Flag stands
- ◆ **Gino Picini**-Singer Sewing Machine Oil can 1 1/2 ounce
- ◆ **Jessie Malgarini Ponko**-Pastry blender, pre patent date
- ◆ **Conrad 'Coke' Roberts**-Photograph circa 1945, "On The Way Home"
- ◆ **Joel Schroeder**-Metal clothing and ribbon clips, doorknob, beer mug, bottles, glass and dish pieces, found in the earth.
- ◆ **Southeast Glass**-Special plexiglass for the outdoor Train Schedule Sign
- ◆ **Bob Thompson**-Photographs from the album of Henry & Verna Thompson
- ◆ **Jerry Thompson**-Historic Labor Day buttons
- ◆ **Peyton J. Urquhart**- Necklace found in old BD house



CHARTER MEMBERS CLUB

By JoAnne Matsumura

We have lost track of the Society's Charter Members listed below. If you have information to where they live

please let us know. Thank you!!

They are:

Mrs. Harold Almy
Joe Androsko
Sally Androsko
Clara Beers
Lillian Costi
Gerry Fisher
Charles & Patricia Holtz
Donald Peterson

EXCELLENCE

By Merilee Berry

"You can't buy it,
You can't rent it,
You can't lease it,
You can't borrow it,
You can't steal it,
You can't fake it.
You just do it!
What is it?
It's Excellence!
It's just being yourself
The best you can!"

Contributed by,
J.Matsumura

Thank you one and all!

IN MEMORIAM

✧ Gone but not forgotten ✧

✧ **Harriet Hanson Emry**-was born June 2, 1920 in Seattle, the daughter of Hans and Ingeborg Hanson. Harriet was a first generation American born, as her parents were Norwegian immigrants. Harriet passed away on December 30, 2005

Harriet was a lifetime member of the Society.

Attending Seattle schools, she graduated from Franklin High School and the University of Washington. She remained involved in education by being a librarian at the Seattle Public Library, and teaching high school English college preparatory classes. She taught women's Bible study for over 40 years, and served as the church wedding coordinator and floral Sunday floral designer for nearly 50 years.

She also assisted her husband Eugene 'Gene' Emry at their auto dealership and in the Emry BBQ Catering business.

Her passions in life were teaching, flowers, gardening and collecting butterflies.

Survivors are daughters, Vicki Corson, and Joy Johnson, and Son, Ray Emry. Her husband Eugene and grandson Kasey preceded her in death.

✧ **Robert Mann**-was born August 18, 1944 in Auburn, and was a community resident for 60 years. Robert passed away December 17, 2005, at age 61.

Mr. Mann was a recent member of the Society, and a frequent donor in recent past years. He enjoyed his visits to the Museum, staying a little longer with each visit. He is a member of the Black Diamond School Alumni.

Mr. Mann was self-employed.

Survivors include his wife, Marilyn Mann, son, James Mann; daughter, Lyndi Roper, brother, Tom Mann; sister, Virginia Lindstrom, and a grandchild.

✧ **Leonard Olen Flothe** was born June 30, 1923 in Tacoma to Oden and Lena Hemlie Flothe, and passed away on February 12, 2006 in Palm Springs, California at the age of 82.

He was educated in the Enumclaw schools and was a graduate of the class of 1943.

He retired in 1978 after 30 years with the Bonneville Power Administration. At the time of his retirement from Farmers Insurance Group in 1990, he was the most senior agent in Washington, serving the company for 40 years.

Leonard and his wife, Mary Lou Brown, became hometown celebrities with the birth of their twins Bruce Leonard and Jennifer Lynn.

Leonard is survived by his wife Mary Lou, of 60 years, daughters Llynda Peters, Marilyn Pederson, and Jennifer Goetz. A Son, Bruce Flothe, and brother Bill Pritchard.

Mr. Flothe has been a Society Member since 2003.

✧ **Alva A. "Bud" Simmons** was born January 12, 1917 in Butte, Montana and passed away on March 12, 2006 in Auburn.

"Bud" was a Black Diamond High School graduate of the class of 1936 and is a member of the Black Diamond High School Alumni.

Mr. Simmons worked at Palmer Coal Company as a superintendent of mines for 55 years. He also owned and operated the Twin Firs Group Home from 1972 to 2002.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Mary Ann Simmons in 1994. He is survived by his son, Daniel Simmons, and a sister, Leona M. Forler.



The Black Diamond Historical Society expresses condolences to the families of the passing of their loved ones.

✧ **THANKS FOR THE
MEMORIES** ✧

✧ Raymond L. Ahlquist
1923-2006
Life Member, Masons Lodge 83
Member Eagles Lodge 1490
Black Diamond, WA

✧ Aurora E. Dwyer
1910-2006
Aurora & Twin Sister Orié
Born in Krain, WA

✧ Jane Claire Gattavara
1927-2005
Descendant of the Gattavara
Family of Morganville, WA

✧ Alexander E. "Mac" McDougall
1945-2006
Selleck school educator

✧ Robert (Monk) Remitz
1929-2006
Brother of Frances Remitz Potochnik

✧ Luella Arko Sander
1931-2006
Raised in Krain

✧ Delores Seliger
Wife of Ernest Seliger
2006

✧ Patricia J. Smith
1930-2005
Owner/Operator BD Bakery 1968-1980

✧ Sara F. Timm
1926-2005
Wife of Keith Timm, Sr.

✧ Lillian F. Zaputil
1916-2006
Sister of Lois Wieltschnig

**THE 1936 BLACK DIAMOND SCHOOL
BAND**

By Leasha Tyerman Janet and Conrad 'Coke' Roberts

Spirit and pride have always been a part of the Black Diamond community. It was never stronger than in 1936 in the heart of the worst depression in United States history. Most of the mines in the Black Diamond area were closed or only working a few days a week. Ability to pay the rent and pay the bills at the company store was a major family problem.

The men, and especially the women in the community decided that a band along with athletic teams would be just the means to uplift the spirit and pride in the school students and community. Mrs. Henry Tyerman and Mrs. Effie Clark led the drive to raise money that would be needed to acquire band uniforms and instruments. Along with the assistance of Henry Babb, a member of the school board, and donations from the miners' union, the Pacific Coast Coal Company and all the other local merchants, the band became reality.

Mrs. Tyerman and Mrs. Clark came to Black Diamond from Ladysmith, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada. They arranged for the bandmaster, Mr. Carroll to come from Ladysmith to lead the band. Students from the Black Diamond High School and grade school were recruited to join this band. Each band student family paid dues to pay for Mr. Carroll's salary.

The 1936 band had 33 members. They practiced in the basement of the high school and marched in all the local parades in the neighboring communities. One of the highlights was participating in the evening Armistice Day Parade in Seattle as featured in the Seattle PI newspaper. "One of the most striking of the units is from the mountain town of Black Diamond, with miners lamps on their caps, are shown swinging along to the music of their band." The mothers of the band members made the uniform capes and tam caps. One of the capes was recently donated to the Black Diamond Historical Society.

We would like to thank former band members Leasha Tyerman, Ivor Merryfield, Walter Clark, and Society Members Donald 'Doc' Botts, Tom Wieltschnig and Joe Zumeck for helping us with the names for the *Pictures of the Past* photograph.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

To Society Members

By Dee Israel & JoAnne Matsumura

- ◆ Beth Barber-June 1st
- ◆ Ted Barber-May 1st
- ◆ Esther Pennacchi Birch-May 27th
- ◆ Dorothy Botts-April 12th
- ◆ Gertrude Botts-May 11th
- ◆ Bob Burke-June 2nd
- ◆ Roy Callero Jr.-April 23rd
- ◆ Jack 'John' Cartwright-May 2nd
- ◆ Marilyn Covey-June 24th
- ◆ Joe Darby- June 29th
- ◆ Mary Darby-June 1st
- ◆ Ralph E. Dockham-June 28th
- ◆ Louis Draghi-April 1st
- ◆ Lois Thomas Estby-June 23rd
- ◆ Frank Fosnacht-June 11th
- ◆ Glen Fredericksen-April 12th
- ◆ Steve Israel-June 30th
- ◆ Leasha Tyerman Janet-April 16th
- ◆ Dawn Johnston-June 23rd
- ◆ Steve Kitz-May 22nd
- ◆ Pauline Herbel Lane-June 15th
- ◆ Junette Larson-June 1st
- ◆ Betty Malgarini Manieri-April 6th
- ◆ Mama Passarelli's-June 2004
- ◆ Julianne Dal Santo McNeeley-June 5th
- ◆ Ivor Merryfield-April 14th
- ◆ Ruellene Morganti-April 24th
- ◆ Marsha Mott-April 12th
- ◆ Margaret Franz Pearce-June 17th
- ◆ Gino Picini-May 3rd
- ◆ Audrey Petchnick Sellman-June 3rd
- ◆ Mrs. Robert Sherwood-May 17th
- ◆ Tom Taff-June 19th
- ◆ Jerry Thompson-May 5th
- ◆ Joan Malgarini Traylor-April 2nd
- ◆ Ralph Uhrig-April 16th
- ◆ Patrick J. Walsh-June 24th
- ◆ Keith Watson-June 27th
- ◆ Lois Wieltschnig-May 4th
- ◆ Mark Witman-April 20th

BIRTHDAY CENTENARIANS

You've come a long way baby!

- ◆ Concelia Vernarelli Picini-June 11

BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS NONAGENARIANS

Society Members of the 90 plus young club, and still going strong!

- ◆ Inez Costi Aden-April 7th
- ◆ Ruth Ayers Hofto-May 13th
- ◆ Mary P. Saviche Keehner-June 27th
- ◆ Jeanne Norman-May 27th

Have you sent us your date of birth?

We love sending you greetings!

HISTORICAL FACTS OF PICTURES OF THE PAST

By JoAnne Matsumura

In our January 2006 Newsletter, we featured a 1927 photograph of the A. Guthrie & Co., Camp at Mill Creek Shaft. We asked for additional information and member David Sprau responded.

The Great Northern Railway in 1926-1929 was building their new 7.75-mile Cascade Tunnel 12 miles east of Skykomish, WA. The Mill Creek shaft was about four miles beyond the west end of this tunnel on Stevens Pass. They drilled downward toward the main tunnel, which gave access for two separate tunnel faces, speeding up the completion date.

Experienced hardrock (and other) miners and muckers were used in large numbers for this railroad tunnel project.

David Sprau says "Hello to all my old Black Diamond friends."

SNIPPETS, AROUND TOWN

By JoAnne Matsumura

◆ **Inez Costi Aden** has moved to Eastern WA to live with her son. A big party was held in her honor at the BD Community Center on March 16th. We send our Best Wishes with her.

◆ **Arbor Day** as early as 1914, was a day when all elementary school students participated in. Does anyone have some photographs to share? We would love to feature your photograph in a future Pictures of the Past. Arbor Day this year is April 28th.

◆ **Carolyn Christopher** is the daughter of Dorothy Haag Johnson who recently contacted us again about her lineage and a very special doll purchased by her ancestor Francis Bussey, who died in a BD Mine accident on December 22, 1920.

◆ **Food & Clothing Bank** now available at Chapel Wood Baptist Church in BD.

◆ **Ethel Estby Johnson** is making her new home in Renton, WA.

◆ **Scott Jones**-Newly hired Black Diamond City Planner. WELCOME!

◆ **Ruth Mills Kerkes** has moved to El Segundo, CA.

◆ **Marian Langston** has moved to Portland, OR.

◆ **Webmaster Chris Lenneck & family** gave us the pleasure of a visit. Watch our website for new creations and links. www.blackdiamondmuseum.org

◆ **May Day, circa 1940s** was a big event in BD. We wrote to 21 of the 80 students who participated in this event in hopes of obtaining a photograph and written memoirs. Not one of the 21 people contacted has found a photograph. If anyone has a photograph that we could borrow for the Society's newsletter, we sure would appreciate it.

◆ **Richard McAninch** descendant of the Pollari Family has moved to Leawood, Kansas.

◆ **Mama Passarelli's Ginger Senecal-Passarelli** is known as the 'Soup Lady', will again take the 'Soup Ladies' to Mississippi to cook up 'post-Katrina feasts'.

◆ **Doug Pearson** grandson of Henry & Anna Habenicht Bainton, gave us the pleasure of looking at his family photograph collection, and the Civil War document of Jonah Bainton.

◆ **Rain gain** 34 days, 13 inches with Mud Mountain & Howard Hanson Dams "in good shape."

◆ **Conrad 'Coke' Roberts** can bring Black Diamond history presentations and more to area retirement centers and senior centers. Call the

Museum for scheduling, 360-886-2142. He is also helping us identify people in photographs held in our Archive photograph collection.

◆ **Keith Watkins**, son of BD High School Principal Mr. Watkins, is a welcome new volunteer on the Thursday Crew. Drop by and say Hi.

◆ **Welcome To Burnett** by Cindy Colton has just been released.

Got news? ↩ Send it so we can share it!

THE COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER

By Caroline Lorene Davis

Submitted by Gino Picini

"My ancestors came from the British Isles
All but one, but I'll tell you about him later

My father's folk were the Davis's
Welsh coal miners were there
Hundreds of years ago the Scots Warriors came
And the Davis's had a proud new look
A few English yeomen married in
Or so the stories say

My mother's people were the Cox's
They too in Wales mined the coal
And the men from Ireland came to visit
And to this day they are lass's born with a bit of the sight
And then there was that Dutchman, yes him
My mama blamed him all her life long for her being so short

The mines in Wales were running out of coal
The people all were starving
The mine owners from America they came
And said "I'll pay your way if you'll work for me"
And so the families went thinking that they would be free
And found they owed their souls to the company store

Henry Davis was deep in the mine with his partner
Lillian Cox came down the path with food for here daddy
And to clean up the cabin, two guys batchen you know
Pretty little Lilly looked up and saw Henry that day
And the Davis's and the Cox's all met at the wedding
So if anyone can be called a coal miner's daughter, it's me
Caroline Lorene Davis, cara the gypsy"

A Story of Two Friends – A Window to the Past Part, 2 of 2

By Frank Hammock

(CORRECTION STATEMENT

To all our readers of the January 2006 Newsletter, where the first half of this article appeared, the following changes and one addition has been provided by Dr. John Ulman with whom a portion of the article “A Story of Two Friends - A Window to the Past” was written about. Please forgive any errors by the author pertaining to the details of this story.

Change 1: Dr. John Ulman’s father’s mother (Grandmother) was named “Fox” and she was from Ohio. They came out to Sacramento, CA and lived in the town of Elk Grove.

Change 2: When Dr. John Ulman’s father completed his residency at the county hospital in Portland, OR, he married Dr. John Ulman’s mother.

Change 3: Dr. John Ulman’s sister’s name is spelled “Elinor” (not Eleanore). This was a misspelling.

Change 4: Dr. John Ulman was stationed at “Fort Lawton” (not Fort Lott), the present day site of Seattle’s Discovery Park (in operation from 1900 to 1970), during the Korean War.

Change 5: The town of Vain (in Washington) does not exist, near Cumberland, Palmer, etc. But, Bayne does. This was a misprint.

Addition: Dr. John Ulman stated: “My father and mother and brother moved to Enumclaw in 1910. I was born in Enumclaw. My father practiced medicine in Enumclaw until he died in 1942.”

.....

I discovered that both men had a favorite swimming hole in their youth.

Interviewer: “Did you have a favorite swimming hole?”

George: “Yeah, sure did. We had Boise creek down here, where we had a dam in the creek.”

John: “Called black stump.” [Dr. Ulman later added Deep Lake as another swimming hole.]

George: “...yeah, that caused the old black hole they called it.”

John: “Black stump.”

George: “Yeah, black hole.”

John: “Cows up the creek poopin’ in the water...it came floating down once in a while.”

[Laughter]

George: “You know where Boise creek comes down – it comes through the golf course – well that’s the creek. Just beyond the Ford garage about a couple of miles the kids built a big dam in

there until they kicked us out of there. I was workin’ for fryin company at that time and during the summertime I’d run down there and take a swim...”

John: “about noon.”

George: “...then go back to work to deliver meat, cause I worked full time.”

John: “naked”

We switched the topic to Black Diamond’s history.

Interviewer: “Do you remember anything about the first Bakery building being burned down or any other historical things of Black Diamond?”

George: “No, but I know the only historical thing I know was that they had a big hotel there right near the Bakery, right on that same street, where a tavern is now. They tore that down and my uncle, who came with my dad from the old country, got all the lumber out of that and built a house out of it in Black Diamond. I remember helpin’ tear it and had to take all the nails and tear ‘em down, pull all the nails out when I was a kid.”

Interviewer: “Yeah, that would be down on Railroad Avenue.”

George: “Yeah, I was born just about a block from the center of that town there, not even a block, that is where I was born.”

Interviewer: “Do you remember where exactly?”

George: “Where the railroad runs there ya know, when it goes out of town, out that way. The road crosses and goes to Morgansville. It’s right down that street.”

John: “Down Morgansville road.”

George: “Well we lived in two different houses in Black Diamond, I know that. I knew a guy by the name of George Fulford [spelling], he’s an old timer there, and I knew the meat market man who had the meat market there in Black Diamond. One time when I was a kid there I can remember a lot of things when I was seven and eight years old, it’s amazing. A lot of kids can’t remember. Anyhow, they took me down to the valley to buy turkeys for Thanksgiving ya know; went down to some farmer. I thought I went to California. I came home and told my folks that I went to California.”

[Laughter]

George: “Yeah, just right where the Bakery is now. You know where the Bakery is? Well, that’s where the Meat Market was at that time. We use to go up there and get...well, they pumped water out of that mine, ya know, because it filled up with water, and there was a stream of water comin’ there all year round out of that mine and there use to be crawdads in there – you know crawfish – and we’d go up to the meat market and get a little piece of fat and we’d tie it on string and put it in the creek and these crawdads would get on ‘em and we’d pull them up and we built a fire and had a can

and put them in there and cooked them, and eat the meat out of the lake from the crawfish.”

Interviewer: “What do you remember about – I am trying to find out more information about Henry’s Switch.”

George: “Henry’s Switch – that’s an old whore house. I know all about it.”

Interviewer: “Do ya?” The interviewer was jokingly puzzled.

George: “Well yes, what do you want to know about it?”

Interviewer: “Anything you can tell me.”

George: “Well of course when I was a kid that’s what it was at that time. I can tell ya a story about it. There was a guy named Matt Starwich.”

Interviewer: “The Sheriff?”

George: “Yeah. Well I gotta tell ya a story about him. He was quite a guy. He was a little guy about my size, Matt Starwich, probably a little thicker than I was. But he was quite a Sheriff that guy was. He was a noted man. He came out – there was a big robbery or something and these guys were his nationality is – what they were. He found out about that ya know. And uh, he went up the line there and came to Henry’s Switch on that main line that was going over east of the mountains and those guys were in there see, the two guys that did some robbing or something or killed somebody or something. And he dressed up like a bum and went in there and got acquainted with those two guys and arrested them.”

The Green River Gorge became the topic of conversation with Mr. Kranc, and this location was quite a place around the Franklin area especially.

George: “Oh I know that I worked in the Green River Gorge there in 1929 when I was a kid. That was a popular place. A real, beautiful place. And, I’ll tell ya who bought that place at that time. He was a hockey player from Chicago. His name was Strehaway [spelling]. And he wasn’t any taller than I am but Jesus he was just that thick ya know what I mean. See those kinda guys, he was one of the best there was – came from Chicago, him and his wife – and they bought that Green River Gorge. That was a show place, every Sunday there was probably five, six, seven or eight hundred, maybe a thousand people came there and they had steps that went down to the river ya know....”

John: “A trail down there.”

George: “Yeah, and they charged 25 cents to go down so I was workin’ the meat market here in Enumclaw and they bought all their chickens there. She ran the kitchen and he ran the outside, like where the concession was for the ice cream – and that is what I sold there was ice cream and pop – that’s all we had was ice cream and pop, we didn’t have any candy. And the reason I went out there he came in where I worked in the meat market there and he asked Belander who was boss, if I was a good kid and of course he told them I was so he asked me if I wanted to come out and work for him from one o’clock till seven o’clock. And I got four dollars for doing that, from one o’clock to seven. Now did you ever dish ice cream out of a container, one of those

three-gallon containers? That’s work. Right? Well, I use to sell two of those every Sunday and about three hundred bottles of pop and that place was just alive with people in there and I never seen the same person come there twice.”

Ever wonder how the kids got into the show without paying back in them days to see the likes of Charlie Chaplin and Tom Mix? Well, Mr. Kranc spilled the secret to this activity that took place at Liberty Theater.

George: “Yeah, we use to get into the show here. Nobody had any money, and we’d scrape up enough in pennies to get one kid – it costs 10 cents to get into a show and nobody even had a dime. And, we’d get enough money for one kid to go in and he got inside and went down where the exit was so oh about 15 or 20 minutes, and he’d open the exit and go out and all the kids would crawl up inside...another way we came in, old Grosbeck run the show and a lot of times he run it himself and as soon as he seen that he’d come runnin’ down there but it was dark then. You know everything was dark in the showhall. Another place they had in the alley where they threw the coal in there and they had one of those things, oh about that big (gesturing a hole big enough to put a kid through), and that’s how we went into the show there. It went right into the building from the alley and they had a furnace in there to use the coal and that’s how we got into the showhall.”

[Laughter]

When it comes to the sharing of wisdom, Dr. Ulman had this to say. Mr. Kranc followed suit with some laughter to brighten up the moment.

Interviewer: “If you could share any kind of wisdom with today’s world – what would it be? (pause) If there was something you could tell the world today...?”

John: “I’m thinking.”

Interviewer: “Oh, my apologies.”

John: “Don’t have so many kids. Cut down on the population – control. That’s the biggest thing. Uh – I don’t know. Be kind, love one another – (pause, thinking) – you don’t have to love a child molester or rapist – I’d shoot ‘em. There is too many people who do murders are getting away with it without being punished – in the old days you’d just string ‘em up. Also, another pet peeve of mine are people getting out of murder and nasty deeds by pleading insanity. We don’t need those people.”

George: “When John’s done I gotta tell ya a story to break up the monotony here. There was a colored guy got called into court on a count of rape. So the judge says ‘what do you plead, guilty or not plead guilty?’ Oh, he says ‘Judge,

I don't plead guilty and I don't plead not guilty' and the Judge says 'well you gotta plead something.' Well he says 'I'll tell ya Judge, I plead insanity, I am crazy about that stuff.'"

[laughter]

Finally, Mr. Kranc added this wonderful analogy of their lives summarized in story book fashion.

George: *"I am gonna tell ya – this is a great story with me. My wife, I wish she was here, she could tell ya some real stories but anyhow these two kids went to school. One's name was John and the other was George. Well John he was the brilliant one ya know, and George he was a dummy, he couldn't learn anything. And they were buddy-buddies all their lives and all through school. John helped him — helped George get through school to get a test, why John would help him out and he got by. So, anyhow, they both graduated from High School and parted on their way, and this one kid went on to college and got an education and they hadn't seen each other for about 40 years and John always worried about George cause he was - he just - how in the hell could he ever make a livin.' He just wasn't smart enough to make a livin' ya know. So anyhow, they met in the big city this one day and John says to George, 'let's go out and have dinner tonight', and George said "yeah let's go". So they did. They went out to dinner and when the check come why John he grabs it right away and he says 'I got a good job and I can afford to pay for this'. George grabs it out of his hand and says 'no, I am gonna pay for it ya know I got so much money I don't know how much money I got.' So, John says to George, 'how did you make all that money?' Well I'll tell ya what I did. I bought a little business and I bought this article for a dollar and sold it for 3 dollars and had 3% and that made me all that money.'"*

[Laughter]

The Best of Friends

Our time together came to a sad but joyous ending and I thanked both men for their time and their stories. Mr. Kranc and Dr. Ulman retired to the living room to watch a ball game as I left for the afternoon, feeling somber and filled like a child who just listened to a grandfather tell a good story. They shared with me some moments that few would probably hear and as our lives roll on, how else can we spare them the dignity of their lives but by the thoughtful gesture of listening as they remember through the windows of their past.

Well, thank you for listening to these sketches in time. I hope you enjoyed them as much as I did. If you would like an entire transcript from the interview, please feel

free to email me at hammockfmn@netos.com and I will be happy to send it along. And, as a reminder, the next time you find yourself with an elderly citizen, please give them a small heartfelt moment to just listen as they share some memories in time that one day will be gone forever. But, in that sharing and listening, you will have afforded them a small sense of eternity.



The Best of Friends

Franklin – An Educational Experience From the Past

By Frank Hammock © 2006

Nestled in silence along a hillside 3 miles southeast of Black Diamond, Washington the forgotten remnants of an historical town once stood that was busy and teemed with life. Few people know of its existence and even fewer know of its significance to Washington's history. In fact, driving by the area one would never even know that a town of over 1000 people once existed there because its current location is severely obscured by trees and underbrush, and there are no signs that betray its hidden presence. Only a well worn trail will lead the curious from the main paved road through a gate and into the wilderness beyond.

Stories fit for a campfire abound of men and families that lived in this small locale at the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. How much do we know about the forgotten town of Franklin? Where did it go and why? What was unique about it?

On the afternoon of January 14th, 2006, I had the joyful opportunity to learn more when I attended a tour of the old town site led by Mr. Don Mason of the Black Diamond Historical Society.

The Town

I walked into the area of where the old town of Franklin once stood and was somberly greeted by trees, underbrush, and birds. From the Green River and the "flatlands" below, where the Knights of Pythias Hall, a



saloon and a ball field once stood, the steady uphill trail leveled off and a silent empty coal car graced the entrance to the past like a sentinel guarding a hidden treasure beyond. Ahead, the 25 foot wide unused road meandered slightly to and fro in a north/south direction about three quarters of a mile through alder and Douglas fir trees, shrubs and blackberry briars, and passed the foundation ruins where the head works of two mines stood. My imagination wandered and I quietly imagined cables, coal cars, mules, white smiles beneath black coal dust, and round metal lunch buckets that clanged in the cool morning air as the miners made their way to work. I could almost hear the noises when a breeze ruffled the barren branches in the trees overhead that broke the silence of my imagination. In the flat grove of trees and grass to the east and just off the path, row houses and a hotel once stood proudly where the miners made their homes. This was known as "dogtown". The train once passed along the now muddy road that also kept a nearby company store, barber and butcher shop, storage, power house, and another saloon in full operation. A fan house sat on the west side that overlooked the now muddy road that kept the mines ventilated to avoid smoke and gas buildup. Farther to the north, yet another area of Franklin stood that was known as "badlands", that maintained the school and other row houses.



As I walked the road, I could almost feel a sense of the past and the life that coursed through the veins of everyday living here in Franklin so long ago. I could almost hear the voices of children and people talking, the laughter, the dogs barking and the train whistle that sounded as it moved along the narrow gauge track towards Black Diamond to the south and the coal docks

of Seattle some 35 miles towards the northwest and beyond. I could almost smell meals being baked and the wood or coal smoke from chimneys that infested the crisp air of this colorful timber-covered area.

Franklin was known as the “sister city” to Black Diamond,¹ and its humble beginnings started with hand-built log cabins and tents about 1881 after surveyors of the Northern Transcontinental Survey discovered the rich deposits of coal in the Green River Coal Fields at the Green River Gorge. Conditions were primitive back then. But, coal has a way of developing things and by 1884, the narrow gauge railroad was completed by Chinese workers earning 80 cents per day. By 1885, coal began to ship out to distant places like San Francisco under the watchful eye of the Henry Villard’s Oregon Improvement Company (OIC), a newly formed unit of the Northern Pacific [Coal Company] interested in achieving an economic extravaganza in the Pacific Northwest. Villard eventually went broke and the Pacific Coast Coal Company took over the mines and their operations.² The area of Franklin (including Black Diamond) had an edge – they both mined bituminous coal, which was a superior type whereas the area of Newcastle (east of Seattle), for example, mined lignite coal, an inferior type. Soon, the word got out and immigrants began to emerge from as far away as Great Britain, Belgium, Finland, Poland, Italy, Sweden, and more.

Mining operations had begun.

By 1891, labor disputes began to develop from a contract created by the OIC called a “yellow dog” contract, that promised higher coal production, changed workers rights and wage cuts. A strike ensued which prompted the OIC’s Superintendent of Mines to make a special trip back to the northern Midwest to recruit some 500 Black Americans to replace them. In St. Paul, Minnesota, Black Americans boarded the “Black Train”, which arrived in nearby Palmer, WA on May 17th, 1891 – making Franklin “the second major Black community in Washington; the first was the coal mining town of Roslyn.”³ Thiel guards and Sullivan detectives joined these “strikebreakers” who were given carbine rifles, possibly the Spencer type, and marched into Franklin like a regiment of soldiers. Meanwhile, in the wee hours of the morning, some eighty to one hundred strikebreakers were taken to Newcastle, WA to the north to assist with more labor issues.

Franklin was like a ghost town.

Many people had left out of fear or prejudice. Yet, violence wasn’t far off and when the train returned from Newcastle, local striking miners open fire on the cars. This resulted in the armed Black Americas to mount the hill overlooking Franklin and a volley of gunfire began. Details are obscured at this point as to what happened but it is reported that one white man was killed and many others were wounded as the blacks greatly outnumbered the whites. Elish Ferry, Governor of Washington, promptly sent the Washington State Militia to bring order back to the once quiet community. Their orders were successful and the Thiel guards and Sullivan detectives were asked to leave.

In the years that followed, accidents and problems plagued the Franklin mines. In August of 1894, a fire had started in the Franklin Mine down the 1,100 foot slope at the sixth level that resulted in 37 fatalities. The cause was believed to be arson with the intention of causing damage to the property of the OIC. A bad reputation developed and in 1913 the Franklin mines were closed entirely. Many believed it was due to a fall in the price of coal during that era and the changes in world economic status as coal was being replaced by oil as the primary fuel source. Later in that same year a devastating fire burned down much of Franklin and the cause again was believed to be arson. Tents were set up and people hung on until about 1919 when the town of Franklin was officially “disband” by the Pacific Coast Coal Company. Some mining did continue for a short time thereafter but the focus from that point on went to the sister city of nearby Black Diamond. People eventually left Franklin in search of work and a living elsewhere.

All of this, and more, became an indelible part of Franklin’s colorful but rich past.

My thoughts came back to the present as I followed a fairly worn muddy and leaf-covered trail to the south as it rose above the old railroad right-of-way trench. I passed the 1,300 foot deep Franklin No. 2 mine shaft (now covered with grated metal rods for public safety), the foundation remains of another powerhouse, and a one and a half inch pipe trestle, and arrived at one of the oldest cemeteries in the State of Washington. Such names as Martin Johnson (b. Nov. 13, 1872; d. Mar. 7, 1902), Romulous



Monroe Gibson (d. Oct. 5, 1895), and James Gibson (d. Aug. 24, 1894)[several bodies were buried under this one grave site] are buried amongst an untidy hillside next to the trail surrounded by blackberry growth whose gravestones, now covered with age, had stood the test of time of an era now silent and gone. An eerie feeling came over me and I could not help but wonder if the ghosts of the past still walked these briar-covered slopes.

The Stories & Life

The details about life were plentiful in that era. Monday was washing day, Tuesday was ironing day, and Wednesdays were days usually set aside for cooking and baking for the week. Other days of the week had their specific chores as well that kept daily life routine and bound together in harmony. Picnics, swim days, Sundays and holidays brought people together for an all day affair that sparked up ball games at the ball field at the flatlands below, motorcycle hill climbs, as well as music and dancing to the often tough and challenging lives. School plays, traveling speakers such as politicians, depot watching and porch sitting also kept life at its best. People held on to such “community” in many ways such as ethnic cultural practices amongst the various nationalities that existed, and through church and lodge functions. *Tradition, work, and family* were words that had meaning to their lives like flowers at a funeral and growing up meant that they learned to help one another as part of one’s social commitment.

People were addressed by their title such as Mister, Mistress (Mrs.), Master, Miss, or Doctor, and the beliefs of that era were held bound in such clichés as *God helps those who help themselves, save for the future, waste not want not, and a lack of good stewardship leads to Hell.*

Table tops were adorned with daffodils, roses, lilacs, and dandelions. Ferns grew wild as well as holly, and free for the pickings were the edible blackberry and huckleberry. Elderberry was obtained for canning and making wine. In the summer, laundry dried and blew in the afternoon breezes which smelled fresh by evening when bedtime rolled around after evening scriptures or books were read by kerosene lantern. Children with missing teeth ran barefoot in the summer months, swam naked in nearby ponds, played in fields, under the houses, climbed trees, walked on rocks, boards and through briar patches with often scraped knees and happy faces. And citizens quenched their thirst from water that was pumped uphill to Franklin from the Green River below by a turbine pump through an eight inch water main wrapped in wire.

Occasional fights broke out at the two saloons from time to time, and folks used their firearms to target practice on old logs, bottles, and more.

The first telephone was installed in Franklin in 1906. The founder of the Virginia Mason Hospital, Dr. James Tate Mason, had a house on the west hill which overlooked the town of Franklin. It survived the fire of 1913.

Brands such as Fletchers Castoria, Scott’s Emulsion, Dr. Kilmir’s Swamp Root, Hood’s Sarsaparilla, Rainier and Claussen’s Tannhauser beer, Lea & Perrin’s, Heinz, Murray & Lanman’s Florida Water, F.F. Adams & Co. Peerless, Edison Mazda, Sears & Roebuck, Mason, Carter’s and Sanford’s ink, Hires, and Greenwood China adorned many a table, desk, or countertop in Franklin.

The social issues of that era were issues like child labor, people that wandered the United States in search of work, drug and alcohol problems, racial prejudice, hazardous and unhealthy working conditions, the diversification of the different cultures of immigrants, and a lack of a strong education and medical system.

Men walked from Black Diamond to work in the mines of Franklin, following a well worn trail that took an hour and a half to traverse one way. For 8 to 10 hours a day, six days a week, men worked come hell or high water for pay that ranged from \$1.50 to

as much as over \$3.00 a day, depending upon one's experience and job title. The women would sew, crochet, and knit – darned socks and clothes on a regular basis in order to keep them for as long as possible. Money was hard to come by and possessions were few. The women also cared for the children, kept the house in good order, canned, cooked and baked, cared for any animals such as chickens, and stuffed the house walls with newspaper to keep out the cold drafts.

Final Thoughts

My mind slowly returned to the present like a dream from the past of a town that now existed eternally somewhere in time. Its one hundred year old life continued to live forever stored in the written records, museums, as well as the memories of those few who are still around to share its life and stories. I stood near the site of the old Company Store, and imagined what I thought it must have been like to live in this new frontier. A gentle smile crept slowly upon my face.

Moments passed.



I turned, and as I began to head for home, my eye caught the glistening gleam of exposed glass. I walked a few yards southward to find half buried beneath the coal-covered dirt and mud, a fully intact one-quart milk bottle. I smiled in amazement of my treasure from the past. The stillness overwhelmed me when suddenly my cell phone, that had sat quietly and forgotten in my pocket, broke the 100 year old silence. The sun sat low in the clear western sky as I confirmed with my wife that I would be home soon. As I hung up, it occurred to me that I had just received an electronic message from miles away at the site of a

community that had prospered in the past where communications were done in person or carried by horse-drawn buggy or by train. I was amused at the realization of how far humanity had come from that bygone era. A temporal awareness had been broached in a most unusual way.

I sighed and with my new found treasure in hand, headed down the hill and through the flatlands to my truck parked on the paved highway below. An indescribable sense of peace had filled me by the silent ghosts of Franklin's past from the remnants of a now silent era. Yet strangely, I had received a deeper level of education today that linked my present life to the future which gave an even stronger sense of meaning to the present that I would not soon forget from the past.

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- a. Moore, Ernest (1982). *The Coal Miner Who Came West*. Northwest Advertising, Inc.
- b. Mr. Don Mason, Ms. JoAnne Matsumura, and the staff and resources of the Black Diamond Museum and Historical Society.



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IN THE MUSEUM

During the holiday closure the work crew painted the basement floor. Oh, the painting was easy. The hard part was moving all of the artifacts, cleaning the floor and putting everything back in place.

In fact, since the painting was the easy part, the crew decided to put on an extra coat while they were at it.

Hey, come on down and check it out!





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