



Highline Historical Society News

Volume 61

January 2012

The Mission of the Highline Historical Society is to collect, preserve, and tell the stories of the Highline region and its people.

Highline Historical Society 2010 Trustees

Terry Anderson
Scott Andrews
Mauricio Ayon
Michael Emerson
Lloyd Herman
Lynda Isernio
Richard Jordan
Gary Long
Kitty Milne
Fran Reid
Jerry Robinson
Cyndi Upthegrove

Museum Building Committee

Gary Long, Chair
Terry Anderson
Richard Beckerman
Hal Duncanson
Kent Matheson
Pat Patterson
Cyndi Upthegrove



Changing the Guard! Incoming Board of Trustees President Mike Emerson presents Terry Anderson with a gift of a green vase in recognition of her years as President. of the Board. The transition occurred at the Society's annual Salute to Pioneers.

IN THIS ISSUE

From the President	2	Bobbette McIntyre Oral History	4
Comcast Neighborhoods	2	Donations and Memorials	7
Upcoming Programs, Exhibits, Events	3	Become a Charter Museum Member!	7

From the President

Greetings from the new president - and best wishes to all of you. The new year of 2012 promises some exciting challenges for the Highline Historical Society/Museum. First of all, we have all the traditional operations to execute: membership drive; annual fund drive; collection, preservation and cataloging of new historical artifacts and documents; plus, those delightful community exhibits and events we make available each year.

Second, we have a new intermediate campaign we call the "Builder's Club", aimed at successfully expanding our operations and exhibit capability to ultimately coincide with the dedication of a new Highline Historical Museum.

Finally, we have the ultimate challenge of building a new museum dedicated to the history of Highline, for which we already have the property (located on the SW corner of Ambaum and SW 152nd St. in Burien) and architectural design, nearly 20 per cent of the ultimate capital financial goal. The Highline Historical Society Board of Trustees will be committing most of its attention to these second and third challenges in 2012.

All of which brings me to the ultimate challenge, a request for more participation from our membership. HHS is a community organization comprised of excellent volunteers, just not enough of them to successfully complete all these challenges. I believe we can find an additional level of participation for every member that will be both rewarding to the individual and useful to the Society, and I'm not talking just about financial contribution. In my own case, I had the opportunity to review and scan pioneer photos from the HHS archives, both learning a new technical skill and enjoying the study of the photos while contributing to the digital protection of the Society's physical assets.

Thanks for listening; and best wishes to all of us for 2012.

Mike Emerson



Comcast's 'Neighborhoods' Show Features Burien

A Comcast film crew was in Burien on Dec. 6 shooting scenes and conducting interviews for a show called "Neighborhoods" that spotlights different Northwest communities. Society member Beth Williams was featured in this show discussing growing up in Seahurst. The 10-15 minute show started airing the first week of January and will continue through March 31 on Comcast On Demand. Comcast customers will find it by starting at channel 1, then go to On Demand, then folders "Get Local," "Around the Sound," "Neighborhoods." At a later date Comcast will put the show on its Western Washington website under the show's name.

Society Receives Grant

The City of Burien Arts Commission has approved a grant of \$3000 to the Society for 2012 Sustained Support. This means that the money can be spent as we wish, without being restricted to programs or exhibits, etc. Unrestricted operating dollars are very precious to non-profits as they can be spent on salaries or rent, rather than a specified item.

Highline Historical Society News

is published by the
Highline Historical Society
P.O. Box 317
Seahurst, WA 98062

Comments or information
for publication may be sent
to Editor at the Society
address, or email at
editor@highlinehistory.org

Note: The Highline
Historical Society respects
our donors' and friends'
confidentiality. We do
not make our mailing
lists available to other
organizations.



The Society is a
proud member of
Discover Burien,
the Assn. of King County
Historical Societies,
the South King County
Cultural Coalition,
Washington Museums
Assn. and the
American Association of
State and Local History.



Programs, Events & Exhibits

**SeaTac Exhibit
A Woman's Life
1889 & 2012**

A Woman's Life, 1889 & 2012. SeaTac City Hall, 4800 S. 188th Street. Open 9 AM - 5 PM, Monday - Friday until April. The Society has an excellent women's collection. Building on these archives and artifacts, Curator of Collections Nancy Salguero McKay has produced our first exhibit utilizing these materials. Focusing on SeaTac pioneer Jane Fenton Kelly's diary, and this year's internet blogs, the exhibit speaks to the changed role of women in society. It also reflects many of the roles that have NOT changed.



**Golda Meir: From Pogrom to Prime Minister
Sunday, January 22, 2012, Burien Little Theater, 2 PM**

As a child, Golda Meir, knowing the fear of pogroms in Russia, dreamed of a homeland for her people in Palestine. Golda's continued commitment to her land and to her people was the paragon of human dedication. Her complete involvement, tempered with love, fired by fierce devotion, and a wonderful sense of humor, caused the world to know that she was a true mover of mountains. Joan Wolfberg, as Golda, takes you from the pogroms of Russia, to Milwaukee, to Denver, to Palestine...and finally to "life in state of our own"...Israel...as Prime Minister.



Chatauqua actress Joan Wolfberg stays in character, and answers questions posed to her about Golda and her life.

**Joan Wolfberg as
Golda Meir
Jan 22, 2012
Burien Little Theater
2 PM**

Genealogy Class

Genealogy Classes Beginning

Be sure to watch the local paper and the B-Town Blog for information about our upcoming genealogy class. We are planning to partner with the South King County Genealogical Society for a class beginning around the first of February.

**2012 Highline
Garden Tour**

**Save the Date!
Highline Garden Tour is June 9th. Plan to attend or volunteer!**

Now more than ever.

**PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR
NEWSLETTER SPONSOR!**

Burien Branch
224 SW 152nd Street
Burien, WA
206-243-6869





We are pleased to provide an oral history this month, conducted on October 8, 2003 by Oral Historian Gene Pugh with Bobette Keeler McIntyre and Fern Keeler McKenzie, longtime residents of the area. Mrs. McIntyre is a member of the Society, still living at home and gardening, into her 90's. - Ed.

Bobette: I was born in Seattle. My folks moved out here in the early 20's. I'm not sure what year it was that the folks bought the property. They may have purchased it a year before we moved out here. The doctor that delivered me, Dr. Grover, had a cabin at Seahurst at the end of the railroad tracks. And he wanted some plumbing done, so Dad came out to do the plumbing. The property was bought from an H.M. Nelson. Nelson had platted out a lot of the area in small lots, from Ambaum all the way down to First Ave. Originally I think they (our folks) had three lots, then they added the one over by the Dahls. I've never seen the deed. This was near First Ave on SW 152nd. There was a music store at the corner called Second Ave for many years. I think there were many large 3-story houses on the south side of 152nd beyond 8th Ave.

Burien started at Ambaum, started at the south end of Lake Burien and ran east to First Ave South. Generally what happened in the summertime was that families from Seattle shipped their servants and kids and wives to Burien. The men stayed in Seattle except during the fall when there were great hunting parties. I got that information from "Many Roads to Highline." I think Burien started when the railroad came in. We called them streetcars, not trolleys. I think it was a logging area and a summer camp for many people. There was a lot of logging. I can remember the tracks coming down Ambaum, crossing 152nd, and probably a block and a half beyond. That's as far as it went. There was a sawmill there at one time but it burned down. I think that was at 153rd. As long as I can remember Bunge Lumber was at the corner of 152nd and Ambaum. They had a lumberyard behind them. The next place was a marsh, real soupy. To get to a house, or a business, they had a raised sidewalk, up on piers. It looked like a train stop. I had toe-dancing lessons there for a while. I left my dancing shoes to my younger sisters.

We had 5 girls in the family, no boys. Boys were terrible. They threw rocks at me and my horse. I didn't like boys. The horse was mine. I took care of it and rode it. I got it because Daddy was working at Tobias's, at the west end of the lake. He had Seattle Tent and Awning in Seattle. They had a manservant, a Negro, who lived with them. Dad knew I wanted a horse. So Dad traded plumbing work for the horse. It was an old broken

down, wind-broken horse, wheezing. The horse was named Star. Tobias's had a daughter going to school in Seattle. When she and her friends came out they used to have two horses to ride, until I got Star.

I think for transportation a lot of people had old Tin Lizzies. People who lived along Ambaum often worked along Spokane and on the waterfront. They could have a place in the country where they could have a few chickens and some land, and raise their families. Everyone had a dog, so they could roam all over. There were more craftsmen here who could do things for themselves.

On the west side of Ambaum, across from the swamp, were buildings that to me were huge. Some of the buildings were not being used. There was a dry goods store, a grocery store. I think they had some kind of refrigeration back there, because I can remember I did not like the smell back there and I think it was something they used for making ice. The meat counter was 'way back a mile' to the back of the store. That was Wamsley who owned the store. Just west of that store there was an empty section and I remember, just one time, they had a moving picture. You saw one part of the movie and then they had to rewind and then you saw some more. It was a very steep seating arrangement on benches. I only went to one show. Then there was a fire that destroyed the building. South of the building was the Salisbury Drug Store. The railroad tracks took off and made a curve west just behind Salisbury's store. There was a cafeteria and years later a shoe shop in the same building.

Behind the tracks was where Ivan Phillips kept his fire engine and he did a lot of auto repair work. He had a brother who had learned to fly during the first World War. He had an airplane so every once in a while we'd see this crazy guy up there doing things. I can remember when that dirigible came over, about '30 or '31.

Our house wasn't much of a house when my folks got it. It was a little three-room house made out of green lumber, probably put together in the spring, and covered with tar paper. After a hot summer the tar paper split and you could see between the shiplap. I don't know how we got through the winter. We liked

to get around the wood and coal stove that we had. There was no furnace in the house. It wasn't long before Dad started building, and he had a brother who came out and helped him. That brother, Charlie, and my dad worked at the shipyard as steamfitters before Dad got into the plumbing business. I always thought it was funny that Charlie had a pair of pants that he would wear when he worked. And he could stand them up by themselves because they were made of some heavy material.

There were not many trees on our lot, they had cleared the lot before. About an inch below the soil there were tree trunks that they had sheared off right down close. Dad was forever trying to dig out those stumps. He used to have a team of horses that came out to help him. This man had a team of horses behind Wansley's store. They looked like the big logging horses. They might have belonged to Blackie. But as far as I know Blackie didn't have horses. He lived right down below where the hospital is. He had a little spring down there. He had a little house, one of those where they board it up about three feet and then they have a tent on the top of it. That's what he lived in. He was very nice, didn't mind if we stopped there to get a drink of water.

There was a little stream that came from Lake Burien. We stopped by there when we were blackberry picking. The blackberry picking spot was where the hospital now stands on the upside of the street. It had been logged off so that the blackberries started. Dad would take us down there on his way to work and dump us off. And then when we got our buckets full we would walk home. We never saw a bear or a deer.. On the down-side of Sylvester it was damp. You can still find the skid roads down there. They used to take the logs along Sylvester Road all the way around to Three Tree Point (where the rich people lived), and ship them out on boats.

People lived at Three Tree Point only in the summer. Even the little store there was closed in the winter.

We had chickens for our own use but we didn't have a chicken farm. We did have some rabbits in hutches that were built by the people who were there before us. We didn't have many rabbits because Dad did not like to kill them. He could chop off the heads of the chickens but killing a rabbit was a little different. We did not have a cow, not many people had cows. We did have a goat once. Sometimes the Sunnydale goat farm gave us a goat after they had been neutered. We had a lot of fun with them. One day my goat disappeared. I went into the garage and I saw something sticking out. My Dad had had the goat killed, so we had "lamb" for dinner that night. We used to have to chase that goat all over the place. He ate al Mama's raspberries. He would eat anything. They make good pets. You can't teach them anything, but you can pet them.

We went to Sunnydale School. The kids who lived west of 4th Ave went to Lake Burien School. I think Sunnydale was established before Lake Burien. I heard that they were one of the first schools in the state to have hot lunches for the kids. We had no buses. We walked. There was a Mr. Dimmit. Mr. Gilbert became principal when I was in the seventh grade. That was about the time that Esther Gilbert got polio. My first grade teacher was Miss Keller, she was right out of college. We were in a building right up the steps from the school and they had the lunchroom there. Mr. Morris and his family lived in the back part of that building. Cynthia and Gwen were the daughters and Mr. Morris was the custodian.

I saw George Love the other day. I hadn't seen him for so long. They lived in back of where the gravel pit was, between Fourth and Sixth. There was a lane going down the east side of the gravel pit, where the trucks used to come in. They didn't have much of anything. He was a veteran, had been gassed during the war. I palled around with one of the daughters. There was Yvette and Claire, Florence, Jeanie and George. He must have been on a pension because I don't think he ever worked.

Probably Florence Love was my best friend. We walked to school together every day. Another friend was Gertie who lived right across from the high school. They had two or three long houses of chickens. Her mother would curl her hair every morning like Shirley Temple's hair, made with rag curls.



Sunnydale School, 1904.

I (Fern) was born in 1915 and Bobette was born in 1919. We fought with one another. We walked to school with a whole group from there, so they were considered your friends. I met a person the other day who said, "Oh, I remember you Keeler girls. You used to throw rocks at us when we were going to school." I can

Continued next page

Continued from previous page

remember one time when somehow or other (for Show and Tell or something) Anabel came to school with me. And sometime during the day somebody said they were going to beat up on us when we were going home. I think it was Art Kleitsch, who was a little bully who had big brothers to back him up. So I thought, "What am I going to do?" I probably didn't do a bit of work that day. I finally decided that I'm not going to walk home the way I usually do. I went down DM Way to 160th, walked to Five Corners, then north on First Ave South to a little trail that came into our yard. They weren't going to beat me up!

To go to school we usually walked down 152nd to Des Moines Way, right past Tommy Hulse's place and by that big tree, a weeping willow. He also had a quince tree. I remember going down and asking if we could pick some quince. We used to cook the quince and then use it to set your hair. We used to be able to buy the seeds at Salisbury's, and then you'd cook them up and make a gel for stiffening your hair.

We went to Sunnydale until the eighth grade, and then to Highline High School. I was scared to death of one of the teachers at Sunnydale. She was probably a very sweet person, but she started the school year by threatening everyone. She was in the second grade. The first grade was in the other building. The second and third grades were combined. The other half of the third grade was combined with the fourth grade. If you were doing well they put you in the combined class, thought some of it would rub off I guess. Stillwell was one of the teachers in grade school. Gibson was one of the high school teachers. And of course Cyrus Gilbert, a great guy. We always liked him. I had some trouble out on the playground one time and it had upset me. I think it was with Mary McDonald. Joe liked me, but Joe liked Mary better than he liked me, and I was mad when I went to class and I was crying. Mr. Gilbert asked me what was the matter and I said, "None of your damn business." So he said, "Do you want to go stand in the corner until you quiet down." So I did. But he was nice. I remember that at noontime we had ukeleles. Florence Love had one and I had one. We had a much longer lunch. We'd meet with Mr. Gilbert, who played the banjo. And we all had music together. It was really fun. He came up to Highline later, while I was up there.

I got into trouble a lot by myself.

At Sunnydale there used to be an outhouse, quite a way back. Later they put in some inside toilets. There was a huge building and in half of it they put up modern facilities. But they would freeze up in the winter because there was no heat or insulation in the building. The other end of the building held huge stacks of wood for the furnace that heated the school. All winter they would be hauling it out to the furnace. There were four rooms in the school and the heat came up through a vent to those rooms.

I don't think the heat was adjustable. We always had a sweater on in the school.

They had a fire escape on the outside of the school. But I never have found out why they turned that building around. They re-did the thing, or maybe they just moved the doors. The fire escape was just like any other stairway with wood steps all the way up, on the outside of the building.

Sunnydale had a lot of playground equipment. There were swings and bars that you could play on. I don't think kids got hurt on them much. But somebody got hurt and they got sued, so they took them all down.

At Highline High School there used to be a school store on the first floor. It was called the bookroom because that's where they kept the extra books. That was one of my problem spots. They gave me the chore of minding the store. I think they paid me 50 cents a month or something. You could buy pencils and paper there. Some boy came along and wanted to match pennies. As far as I was concerned I would match pennies. They called me to the office because I had been gambling. I was so embarrassed. I was not gambling, just matching pennies.

Later there was a lunchroom in the basement. During lunch hour you walked along the hallways with your boyfriend. I went with a boyfriend who was a letterman, so I wore his letterman jacket. It was very smart. I should donate that jacket to the museum. In high school, besides studying we were interested in...mostly boys. I kind of liked school. I was so lucky that I had a boyfriend who helped me with geometry. We had algebra too and I didn't care what "x" meant. He was interested in sailing so he needed to learn geometry. So I nearly failed both of them but he helped me.

We lost a lot of things when our house burned down. We moved down south of the airport to another little shack, somewhat similar to the place on 152nd.

I had Mr. Wiggins, who was also the coach, taught botany and a general science. I can't remember who the French teacher was. I took German from a teacher that had come out from the UW and he called everybody "Miss" or "Mr." I got in trouble with him because there was a boy sitting in front of me who had curly hair, little tight curls, and I kept playing with the curls. I got called on it one time. That was Gummie Huhn. He and Tom Hulse were good buddies.

To continue Bobbettes history, visit our website at www.highlinehistory.org and learn about local bootleggers.

Recent Donations

The following items were recently donated to the Society. Special thanks to these far-sighted individuals for helping HHS preserve authentic artifacts and archival materials of the recent and not-so-recent past, as well as for both restricted and unrestricted cash donations.. For more information about donating items to HHS, please call 206-246-6354 or send an email to editor@highlinehistory.org. You are helping to tell our stories.

From **John and Cyndi Upthegrove**, a donation in memory of long-time Trustee **Helen Kludt**.

From **Terry Anderson** for the archives, *The Rector Cookbook* by George Rector, 1928. Formerly belonged to her mother, **Arlene Jarvis**.

From **Warren Wing**, for the archives, three black and white 8x10” photos of old Trolleys.

From **Kaija Lietuvielis** for the collections, a selection of thank you tropies and awards from her time as a high school coach: 1978 ,“Thanks Coach Lietuvielis”; 1971 Miss “L” Tyee Swim Team;.

From **Cyndi & John Upthegrove** for the library as a complement to the **Gil Duffy** oral history and photo collections, *Raise Hell & Sell Newspapers, Alden J. Blethen & the Seattle Times* by Sharon Boswell & Lorraine McConaghy.

From **Jerry Robinson**, for the use of the Curator, the most recent edition of *Chenhall's Nomenclature*, a museum catalogue.

From **Jim Hughes** for the collections, a selection of artifacts, menus, carpets, signs and other memorabilia from Sal's Deli.

Charter Member Honor Roll
as of Jan 4, 2012

History Makers

Jean Bateman
Bill and Kitty Milne

Curator's Circle

Lloyd Herman
Gary Long
Dale and Fran Reid
John and Cyndi Upthegrove

Sustaining Members

Bob and Ruth Porter
Kathi Skarbo

Commercial Members

The Hi-Liners

Charter Patron Members

Chuck and Patti Burgess
Barbara Calvo
Lynn Castillo
Mike and Jane Emerson
Dick and Judy Franks
Doug and Donna Lynch
Doug Moreland
Jan and Roberta Noorda
Gene Pugh

Continued next page

Become a Charter Member Today!

YES! I want to become an annual Charter Member of the Highline Heritage Museum - a Community Gathering Place Celebrating the People of Highline

- \$30 Individual
- \$50 Family
- \$70 Business

Upper Level Charter Members

- \$150 Patron
- \$250 Sustaining
- \$500 Curator's Circle

History Makers

- \$1,000
- \$2,500
- \$5,000
- \$10,000

Contact Information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

Email _____

(necessary to receive Society E-News)

Make checks payable: *Highline Historical Society*, or charge your membership to:

_____ Visa _____ MasterCard

_____ Account Number

Expires: _____

Signature: _____

Please list my name as: _____

_____ I wish to be anonymous

Mail to: P.O. Box 317, Seahurst, WA 98062
This application is for **new members only**.
Renewing members will be notified by mail.

P. O. Box 317
Seahurst, WA 98062

Non Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Seahurst, WA 98062
Permit #93

TIME DATED MATERIALS

Changes?

Please make the corrections on your label.

Circle the appropriate spot below, and return to the Society. Thank you.

Name misspelled

Contact person changed

Address wrong

Duplicate mailing

Continued from previous page

Charter Family Members

Greg and Paula Anderson
Bob and Barbara Batdorf
Tom and Linda Beffa
Howard and Jackie Call
Ruth Phillips English
Mary Fairman
John and Nancy Feeny
Charlie Ganong and Linda McDaniel
Conn and Betsy McQuinn
Fred and Margaret Hazeltine
Jerry and Carol Heigh
Michael and Mary Heinisch
Carl and Helen Hove
Bob and Darlene King
James and Carlyn Larkin
Garth and Ginnie MacDonald
Tim and Margaret McComb
Fritzi Oxley
Frank and Betty Parente
Susan Plecko and Andy Vagi
Scott and Gina Randall
Fred and Denise Reinke
Loyal and Grace Reynolds
Jerry Robinson



Jenn Ramirez Robson
Fred and Pat Ronhaar
Donald and Margaret Schindler
Schroeter Surveying
Chuck and Leilani Schuh
Robert and Danna Siverts
Tom and Jean Spohn
Ralph and Gladys Wood
Ben and June Yormark

Charter Individual Members

Kim Taylor Ahlf
Brian Anderson
Betty Mae Berman
Blanche Black
Martha Brock

Duane Brown
Jerry Constantino
Deborah House
Ingrid Hansen
Margaret Jahnke
Julie Johnson
Robert Johnson
Susan Luthy
Martha Kemp
Roselyn Malinoski
bobbette McIntyre
Robert McLaughlin
Phyllis Mitchell
Sue Morris
Mae Pendergrass
Billie Putnam
Barbara Reame
Kathy Reedr
Judy Sanders
Christine Schofield
Asta Tada
Adele Thompson

Thank You for Your Support!