

TUALATIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
TRANSCRIPT #26
Letter from Toni Martinazzi to Jack Broome
August 7, 2000

Hi Jack,

It was nice talking with you on the phone and since that time you have confirmed that you have received the items described below which I have donated to the Historical Society. Included here is a bit of history about the items. I am also including with this mailing some negatives for photos of old Tualatin residents (Emma Ladd, Teresa Barngrover, Julius Martinazzi, Irene Martinazzi {his daughter}, and his niece Julia Traverso Bartlett, who was the daughter of his sister – Teresa Martinazzi Traverso) and a prayer book that was my dad's from May of 1912 when he and his sisters were baptized and confirmed into St. Anthony's Catholic Church in Tigard.

In your letter you indicated that my grandfather was John Martinazzi but it was Julius. Before you replace the broken glass on the map of his farm drawn by Julius C. Martinazzi, please, somehow identify the sketch on the front with words "Sketch drawn by Julius C. Martinazzi of his early Tualatin farm". Thanks so much. I was going to do it before I had it framed, but just didn't get to it.

Large Milk Can with Lid #1782

This milk can was owned by my dad, Art Martinazzi. When it was new, it was shiny bright. The number 1782 was Dad's customer number with the dairy and we always got our own clean empty cans back from the driver when he picked up the filled cans. When I was in grade school, 1942-1950, we used these cans to ship milk to Dairygold/Mayflower dairy. My sisters and I helped our dad hand milk the cows and after milking a cow, we would pour the milk through a strainer that was placed on top of the can. The strainer had a stopper in the bottom that we put a white filter in. In addition we also used a white cloth that was held to the top with wooden spring clothes pins. This filtered any cattle hair or barn debris out of the milk. Our dad was meticulous about keeping the barn and milk clean. He washed everything out with bleach when the chores were done.

When the can was full, Dad took the strainer off and pushed the lid down tight. He then wet down burlap sacks and wrapped them around the cans to keep them cool until the "milk man" came. It seems that they didn't come every day to pick it up but I remember Loyce and I would lug them out to the edge of Jurgens Road beside the barn. I think when we had the old barn, which was further north from the new one, the milk truck drove right up to the barn to pick up the cans.

That old barn was made with hand hewn logs and hand split cedar shakes on the roof. Everything inside was hand made, even the square nails. It was built by Burlington Ladd sometime in the '20's. The stanchions had 2 rails along the top and bottom. Then vertical boards like 2x4's were placed beside where the cow would stand. On the right side of the cow as she stood with her head in the stanchion, we had another 2x4 that was only attached on the bottom. The cow stood in place and we pushed this board over and held it in place with a smaller piece that blocked it at the top so she couldn't pull her head out. When we turned the cows out again, we walked up to each one individually and pulled up that little top board and moved the other vertical board over so she could get out. I can plainly see them in my mind's eye, but not describe it very well. The old barn did not have metal stanchions. The milking parlor had a raised wooden floor

where the cows stood, then a wooden gutter behind them. It had dirt floors and I remember that often when it had rained a lot or was still raining, that the cows sunk in to their knees as they slogged and slogged and labored to get through the mud to get inside.

The old barn was shaped like an "L" and on the side nearest Jurgens Road, there was a section with horse stalls and a little pig pen at one end. Behind the horse stalls were big metal barrels that held the cow feed. I remember that I liked to get the rolled oats out of there and eat it raw and Mom would get really mad at me if one of my sisters "squealed" on me. She said, "That stuff is filthy, the men spit in the fields!"

Then about 1950 or so, Dad built a new barn up nearer to the house and shortly thereafter, a pumice block milk house. He then had a steel bulk tank installed and we didn't use these milk cans anymore. Loyce got married and left home in June of 1952 and then Dad, Chelle and I milked 25 cows by hand ourselves. Then in October of 1954, a DeLaval salesman paid Pop a call and he finally bought two milking machines and that ended the hand milking. I remember him saying to the salesman when I walked into the kitchen, "It's because of HER that I have to buy these things!" I got married November 6, 1954!

After the new barn was built, neat Art decided to get rid of the old one. He didn't tell his daughters, though, and one night Loyce and I had gone with our neighbors, George and Helen Hansen and their kids, Ruth Ann and Stephen, to the Grange Hall in Tualatin. When we came back it was dark and as we rounded the corner down by Winona Cemetery, we saw flames leaping into the night sky and knew from the direction that it was at "our" place. When we got home we discovered the Tualatin Fire Department there burning down our beloved old barn. (Can you imagine this! Here I am about 50 years later, in the year 2000, sitting at my computer writing this and I feel great sobs of grief well up in me!).

Anyway, Daddy had decided that Loyce and I just "might" get upset about it, so he didn't tell us that he had arranged with the fire department to burn the barn as a training exercise. He conveniently waited until we would not be home to give him fits about it. He had had a bit of a preview of our righteous indignation earlier when he tried to change something we loved about that farm.

For example, there used to be an old worm fence – some folks call them zigzag fences – that ran north and south along the original property line. It was that kind of fence built of stacked rails. It was very old and was overgrown with blackberry vines and other brush. It was probably built by Dad's maternal grampa, William Jurgens and his sons. As I have said, Dad was very neat and wanted the farm perfect in every way. He abhorred weeds of any kind and took a personal vendetta against any he found. So it is not unlike him that he wanted those G---D--- blackberries off of his property! So when we were really quite small, I'll bet I wasn't even 5, about 1938 or '39, he decided to get rid of the old fence by burning it down. I can still remember to this day how mad I was at him. He didn't ask ME if it was okay! I LIKED THAT OLD FENCE! I remember the sparks going up through the pine trees and being sure he was going to burn the whole beautiful woods down!

Loyce and I always had a wondrous love for that farm and its workings, because we spent all of our non-school hours on it. When we weren't working for other farmers weeding onions, stringing up bean vines, picking berries or thinning lettuce, we were helping Dad on our farm. We knew everything that went on, even if we weren't supposed to know. It was OUR farm. It belonged to all of us, not just Dad and Mom. So, naturally, they should have consulted us before making any drastic changes!

Old Copper Boiler with Lid

This old boiler was a real workhorse for my mother. I can remember it on the old Monarch black wood kitchen stove. She filled it with water and boiled our clothes when I was very small. I can remember sitting on the potty chair behind that old stove. The stove stood out away from the kitchen wall several feet and in the winter it was a nice cozy warm place to sit.

I also remember that one summer Dad took some lathes and made a rack for Mom to use in the bottom of the boiler so she could "can" fruits and vegetables in it. This old boiler has held thousands upon thousands of glass jars of food that she squirreled away from produce they grew on that farm. The old house had a dirt floor basement and they had built shelves down there and they were always filled with peaches, pears, cherries, prunes, jams, pickles, carrots, beans, peas, corn and more. Our parents were incredibly hard workers. We had no air conditioning and for all of my grade school years of my childhood no mechanized equipment of any kind other than an old car and an old pickup. They even had a push lawn mower. It used to be my job to cut the large yard when I was a kid.

I remember once, when Dad was working on an addition to the new barn (I would have been about 15 or so, I asked my dad, "Pop, if you had all of the money you wanted and could buy anything you wanted to, what would you buy?" And his simple answer was, "Oh, a tractor, I guess." But he didn't complain about what he did not have. When I was in high school, Mom got a pressure cooker and a round granite canner that would fit on the electric stove burners and the old copper boiler just sat in the laundry room in a corner until I shipped it from there in Tualatin to Michigan and then on to Florida this year. Now it is back home.

Old Brown Crockery Jug

(See page 206 of my book [From Pavia to Portland, the Enrico Martinazzi Story](#) for more about Grampa's farm and the day I found this jug. Grampa gave it to me that day, too.)

This jug used to belong to my grampa and grandma, Julius and Nettie Martinazzi. Grandma Nettie died in the spring of 1959 and shortly thereafter Grampa Julius held an auction to get rid of his personal belongings before he sold the farm. He hired an auctioneer and enlisted the help of the ladies of the Methodist Church to serve refreshments in the clean empty barn. People swarmed all over the house and barn looking for treasures. It was a really sad day for my father. He had lived on that farm until he was about 32 and it was the only home he had ever known his parents to have.

Anyway, someone had brought an old wooden kitchen chair out to the barn for the ladies to sit on while they sold and served coffee and baked goods to the crowd. Oh, how I loved those old chairs! They were all beat up. They had carving on the back and spindles. The stain was all worn off the legs where years and years of farm boots and shoes had rested. The one in the barn had a piece of plywood screwed on over the square hole that was left when the original leather seat had been torn out years before. But I loved it. I was about 24 years old at the time. If the dear lady who had been using the chair is still alive (I don't remember who it was) may she please forgive me. But leave she did, probably to take a bathroom break, and I saw that the old lonely chair was empty and promptly picked it up and rushed out and stowed it in my car. Yes, I must admit, I stole it. I told Grampa later and he just smiled.

To the indignation of my sisters, I, as a young housewife, later painted the chair with black enamel. I lived in the Parkrose section of Portland, then moved the chair to Scappoose, then to Durham, then to Portland again, and then to my Dad's basement where it was stored until I retrieved it. When I moved away from Oregon for good in 1981, I took the chair apart and carried it with me in a shopping bag on the airplane. After I got settled in an apartment in Chicago, I took it to an antique furniture restorer and paid him \$150 to take off the black enamel, sand and refinish the chair and then add a replica of the original tooled leather seat. He applied the replacement seat with studded nails of the type that would have been on the original chair. It was beautiful! To my surprise, the refinisher told me that the chair would have cost about \$1.50 when it was new in the 1890's. I don't care, it is one of my favorite family treasures.

When I moved from Illinois I brought that chair to Florida with me and it now graces my study. I am not yet ready to part with this heirloom. But I digress. Back to Grampa Julius' farm and the day of the auction.

There was a lean-to woodshed off the kitchen. You had to step down and the shed had a dirt floor. I was poking about in the woodshed after the auction was over, to see if there was anything left and I spied a bit of rounded rich brown crockery in the corner in the dank and dark earth. I dug around it and out came this perfectly formed crockery jug! I thought it was just beautiful! It had obviously been there for many years and dust had just eventually covered it up in the darkened corner. I showed it to Grampa and asked him if I could have it and he grinned and said, "Yes, that would be fine." I don't remember him giving me any history about it and if he had I think I would have remembered it. Grampa then took me through the house and there were some things still there. He had noted that if I had wanted the old beat up kitchen chair, maybe I would appreciate something a little nicer. He asked me if I wanted their old bedroom set. Now in the year 2000 I just can't imagine that a treasure like this set would not have been snapped up, but it didn't sell. In 1960, everyone wanted shiny new furniture. Grampa told me that the set had been purchased used at an auction in Portland, but I don't remember if he bought it or his father Henry did.

The beautiful old set was made of oak and the old bed had a carved six foot high headboard. The footboard was higher than standard now, too, and the bed was a bit short. My father and his five siblings had been born in this bed! There was also a commode cabinet, and an armoire and a dresser with matching mirror. When I lived in Oregon I gave the dresser, commode and bed to my sister Vicci, because I didn't have room for them. The father of my children took the armoire (it was a bit worn and rotten on one side, and tore it up and used it for calf pen dividers in the barn of our Scappoose, Oregon farm. Did I mention that he is an EX-HUSBAND?) I took the mirror with me and it was on a wall in a Chicago apartment where I lived for several years and then it moved to my vacation home by Lake Michigan, in the state of Michigan. When I left the Midwest and moved to Florida in 1998, my two sons, Michael and Max Leber brought it to me when they moved me. It is now gracing the wall of my little study in Beverly Hills, Florida. I am not ready to part with this treasure, either!

Spooner

This molded glass dish is called a spooner and was meant to be used to hold spoons on a serving table. Our family used it for celery sticks or other foods on special occasions such as Christmas dinner. It was one of the items of my mother's household that I inherited when we divided up her things when Dad was cleaning out the house to make room for his new wife, Evelyn

Tozer. This lovely dish was used in my childhood home for as long as I can remember and I don't know how old it is or where my mother got it. It has a light purplish cast to the clear glass. Perhaps it had belonged to her own mother, Maggie Chapman. I do know that it was special to my mom, Ann Martinazzi.

Covered Olive Dish

This small covered dish belonged to my family as long as I can remember and there are special memories of it and the rare holiday treat of canned black olives that we always had for company dinners on our table. Before the age of worries about salt, my sisters and I, as children, would struggle with each other to get to drink the salty extra olive juice that would not fit into the little dish! We liked to drink the juice from a glass. As an adult I don't understand what the special treat was. If I remember correctly, we liked the juice as much or more than the olives. On the other hand, perhaps it was that we didn't have many olives and the juice tasted like them!

Book: Stations West

My father always loved trains and spoke fondly of the trains that used to go through Tualatin when he was young. He liked this book because there was so much history in it to which he could relate. He told us a story about himself as a child when they were working on the tracks in Tualatin and building the Brick Store. He told us that he was a boy and he sat up in the building as it was being built and carved his initials in the wood of one of the window frames. He got into trouble for it! The brick building was a hotel at one time to serve the laborers working on the railway, or so I have heard. Anyway, I gave this book to my dad one Father's Day and after he died I got it back. He always considered me as his "boy" and I played along with it as you can see from the inscription I wrote to him 25 years ago.

Framed Sketch of 88 ½ Acre Julius Martinazzi Property Tualatin, Oregon

My Dad gave me this sketch of his parents' old home place in Tualatin. Julius C. Martinazzi, my grandfather, drew this map of his land but there is no date on it. The original 40 acres that he inherited from his father is marked "Home and Barn" and is on the south side of the road. The road was later officially named "Sagert Road". He has indicated where the train station was with an "OE Depot" off the northwest corner of the property. Perhaps Julius drew this map after he acquired more property. See a notation on the eastern length of the property "Reamer land 1 rod wide and 78 long" and "Save 2 rods wide and 40 rods long." He has drawn in the canyon that transversed his land on the south end. "Davis land 10 acres" is indicated.

There are two indications of the roads to take to town and both are spelled the old way, "Tualitin" and not "Tualatin". I had this sketch framed.

Naturalization Paper

This is an exact size replica of the naturalization paper issued to Julius Martinazzi in May of 1900. Research has shown that Gobbi was an Italian wine merchant in Portland and probably a friend. In the 1920's Julius took a trip to Italy and had to present his naturalization paper to the

Department of State in Washington, D. C. in order for him to get a passport. Because the date and Department of State were stamped on the back of it, I was able to get a copy of his passport that included his photograph.

Crockery Ale Bottle

I bought this old bottle at an antique store in British Columbia in the early 60's. As you can see it did not have a screw top cap but looks as if it had been corked. I don't know how old it is but it is not new or a replica.

Jack, if you would like an e-mail of this list, I can send it to you. It is produced on a Mac using Clarisworks.

I want to donate these items because the younger generation does not seem to appreciate old things. Since all of these are items that were in service in Tualatin, Oregon, it warms my heart to think that now they won't all be separated and their significance lost. I know you will get some wonderful and interesting displays from them and I know my father and Grampa Julius would be happy to know they have all come back home.

Sincerely, Toni