

Tualatin's Old Bachelors

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You will forgive me, dear reader, if I write too much about my own perception of Tualatin history. But Jonathan wants a story every month, and so sometimes I just dig into the recesses of my brain and come up with some old memories that give me pleasure.

I knew three old guys, all bachelors, when I was a kid in Tualatin, that are very dear to my childhood. The first one was my great uncle Bill Jurgens. He was born in the Jurgens house on Shasta Drive where the driveway runs through a barn. The Jurgens property ran from the golf course west to Jurgens Road, and north to Jurgens Lane along the Tualatin river.

When the hay was in, the berries picked and work on the farm slacked off, my dad would take us kids down to the river to swim on Sunday afternoons. We walked across the bottom land and always stopped in to visit Uncle Bill in the little house he built after the big house was sold. He had a well close to his house and he would lower a bucket down by a rope and pull up some water which he let us drink from a metal cup. He was rather casual in his housekeeping, but I remember that he covered his dishes with a cloth so the flies wouldn't get into the food.

Uncle Bill loved horses, and I've heard he would get some wild horses from an Indian reservation in Eastern Oregon, break them to ride or work, and sell them. One time I was riding my black horse Billy, and I saw Uncle Bill walking along Tualatin Road. He had been up to Jurgens Park on the highway and had a loaf of bread under the bib of his striped overalls. Oh boy, I thought, I'll show him I can ride. I was riding bareback, so I lay down on Billy's neck, kicked him in the ribs and galloped down to the road where I pulled up proudly. "You need to sit up strait when you ride a horse," he said, deflating my pride.

My mom would invite him to Sunday dinner once in a while. She was a great cook, and he always accepted the invitation. Mom's uncle Coley Chapman had a mink ranch in Stafford and butchered old horses to feed them. (Yes, I know that sounds bad, but that's the way things were done back then.) It was during the war and meat was rationed. So Uncle Coley gave dad a horse meat roast, and although mom was not pleased, she cooked it and we invited Uncle Bill to dinner. Of course, mom and dad didn't tell anyone it was horse meat, but my little sister Rochelle overheard them talking. So just as

the platter was passed around, Chelle said "that's hoss meat." We kids shrieked, Uncle Bill turned up his nose and would not touch the meat, or even the gravy. He ate boiled potatoes and vegetables. None of the rest of us would eat it either, so dad sat there and filled his plate, saying something like "@#\$\$%^&* I try to take care of my family."

Then there was Mark Hoggatt. He lived in a log cabin on Tualatin Road west of our place. He was a jovial fellow and always seemed to have a big smile. He farmed with a team of horses and I can remember him driving his horses along the road when we five sisters were walking. "Hello boys," he would say. "We're not boys!" we retorted, stamping our feet. You could hear him haw, haw, haw as he walked on, flicking the reins across the horse's rumps.

Art Dunstan had a little farm on Sagert Road where Stone Ridge development lies. Art was a gentle fellow, with a sly and shy sense of humor. He came here with his family from the Isle of Guernsey, and had been a court reporter for the Railroad. I knew shorthand and he liked to talk to me about that. He had no electricity on his place, because of some misunderstanding about a utility bill, so he hand pumped water from a well. Larry Lee was baling hay for Art when the canvas draper on his old New Holland baler caught fire. He hollered at Art to bring some water. "It takes 173 strokes to prime the pump and takes about half an hour to get the water flowing." Art yelled with his clipped British accent. Larry shifted the tractor into high gear and pulled the flaming baler to his Borland Road farm and put out the fire without too much damage to the equipment.

Art had a few Guernsey cows and he only cleaned the manure out of his barn when the cows got pretty close to the roof. He was such a kindly dear person and he sometimes worked as a hired man for my grandpa Julius who lived down the road. Of course he would enjoy my grandma Nettie's cooking. Grandma was Uncle Bill's sister. I have no picture of Art or his farm, but in my mind I can clearly remember his shy smiling face, and the cap he wore.

All three of these bachelors are buried in Winona Cemetery. There is no stone marking either Art or Mark's grave, and we hope to remedy that situation. Every Memorial Day I put a bouquet of Sweet Williams on my great Uncle Bill's grave.



Mark Hoggatt lived in this log house on the south side of Tualatin Road. Glen and Betty Allen purchased the place when Mark died. They tore down the log house and built a small ranch style home in the early 1950s.



Uncle Bill Jurgens' draft horse colt. He built the house about 1920. The bluff (Apache Bluff) is beyond the house and the trees in the background border the Tualatin River. I remember helping pick black cherries from the trees planted around his house. They had grown very large by the 1940s.