

I Got Spurs that Jingle, Jangle Jingle, As I Go Ridin' Merrily Along

BY LOYCE MARTINAZZI

After the Great Depression and the Second World War were over my dad decided we needed to build a new barn on our farm along Jurgens Road.



Our barn was built in 1945 with lumber cut from trees on our farm. After my dad passed away, the barn stood vacant for many years. We did not have a photo of the barn and the milk house when it was in use.



Gyppo logging operation in the 1940s. Al Christensen lived on Blake Street and planted Sierra Redwood trees around his farm. He also operated a "gyppo" or portable sawmill and Frank Skiles worked for him. Al was from Denmark and Frank used to say that when Al got mad he would rant and rave in Danish. Frank just sat down and waited till Al stopped, and then they would get back to work.

Dad had a grove of second growth fir trees along Hazelbrook Road and in 1945 he hired Jack Johnson, a gyppo logger from Norwood to bring his portable sawmill, cut some trees down and saw them into boards to build a

barn closer to the house. Gyppo loggers, as they were called, moved their equipment from one place to another, cutting and sawing logs for local farmers like us.

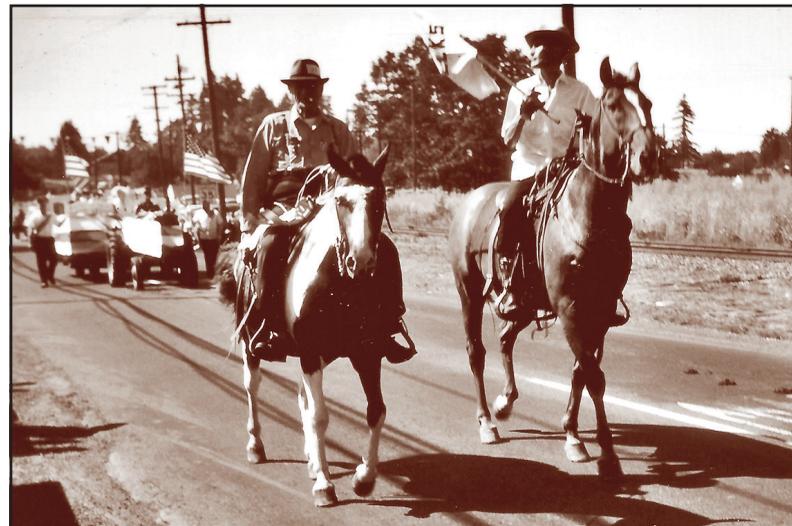
Dad said he was talking to Jack about buying one of his horses, a coming three-year-old gelding (if you don't know what that means, look it up).

Anyway, Jack wanted \$40 for the horse. My sister Toni and I were thrilled because we wanted a horse very badly. We each pulled out a ten-dollar bill from our meager savings and told dad we wanted to be part owners of the horse. So one Saturday morning we sisters rode in the back of dad's old green Dodge pick up and dad drove to Jack's place off Norwood Road, down 76th, left at the Norwood Bible Church on Norse

Hall Road. There was no freeway and the gravel roads meandered.

We stood up against the cab, something we were told never to do, and sang our guts out in happy anticipation of getting "the horse." "I Got Spurs That Jingle, Jangle, Jingle", and "Back in the Saddle Again." Dad slowed down and turned to go into the driveway, and I fell off, hitting my head on a rock. Dad was mad as all get out at me, and after assuring himself it was just a flesh wound, he made me sit in the truck while he and the sisters went in to talk to Jack. It seemed like forever before they returned, and I pelted them with questions, like what does he look like, what's his name, and when do we get him. His name was Billy, although dad always called him Bill, and he was black all over, I learned.

Jack Johnson rode Billy over to our place a few days later. Billy was not broke to ride, but when the big burly Swede straddled and steered him through Tualatin, past the golf course and the cemetery and up to our farm, he got the idea. I still remember riding the bus home from school and seeing through the window dad standing beside the horse. I jumped off the bus and ran over, so happy to see our Billy. Dad told me to go to the house and change my clothes. Dad had Billy bridled and saddled, and I was first to get on and ride him. Dad led Billy around and gave me tips on turning the reins, nudging him in the ribs and pulling back on the reins to stop. I was



Crawfish Festival about 1975: Art Martinazzi (in the white shirt) on El Capitan, a fine riding horse, given to him by Archie and Emma Hess. On the pinto is Bill Barngrover, fire chief, on his granddaughter's pinto Samantha. El Capitan, or "Cap" as dad used to call him, wears the same saddle I used on Billy. Dad's father gave him the saddle when he was a kid.

in heaven. After that I rode Billy every chance I got and I brushed him till he shone, and fed him apples and carrots. We would gallop along in a big field, oh gosh, that was the life.

Then one morning when we had finished the milking in the new barn and eaten breakfast, I looked out and saw my dad hanging something on Billy. I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was teaching Bill to work. He harnessed him up and taught him to pull the cultivator and harrow. My childish heart was broken. My Billy, my fine steed, was a workhorse. Only then did I notice the heavily feathered fetlocks and the thick neck and legs. I think I cried a bit, but kids are resilient, and my dad taught me how to cultivate our field of black caps, which was located just west of Shasta Trail, with the horse. I still love the smell of horse sweat and the creak of leather.



Loyce Martinazzi was born and raised in Tualatin and is passionate about Tualatin History. She is currently Lecturer of the Winona Grange, Co-Founder of the Tualatin Historical Society and Co-Author of *Tualatin...From the Beginning*.