

# Our House on the Hill

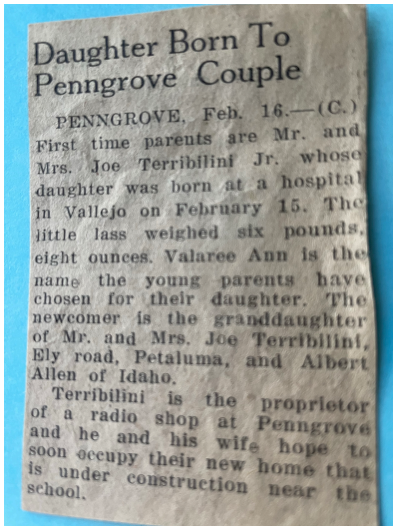
225 Adobe Road, Penngrove, CA

CREATED BY VALAREE ANN TERRIBILINI BROUGH, WITH VALUABLE INSIGHTS AND LOTS OF ASSISTANCE FROM SIBLINGS, DAVID JOSEPH TERRIBILINI, PHILIP ALLEN TERRIBILINI, PATRICIA KAY TERRIBILINI BERG, AND TAMRA MARIE TERRIBILINI PETT



# Introduction

For the first time in nearly 75 years, our house on the hill no longer has a member of the Terribilini family living in it. Dad and Mom brought me as a newborn baby to this house in 1949. I was the last to live there, leaving on March 21, 2023. The house itself is a mere shell of its former glory. But rather than mourn the passing of its occupants by moving away or graduating to eternal life, we rejoice in the glory that was Our House on the Hill.



The story of our home is really the story of our lives together. This house is our heritage, our legacy, our protection from the world. Our wise parents built it on the foundation of love, hard work, frugality, and hope. How did they dream up all of this? What was their thinking as they walked the perimeter of the land and started to create the house on the hill? Could they have imagined its impact on generations to come?



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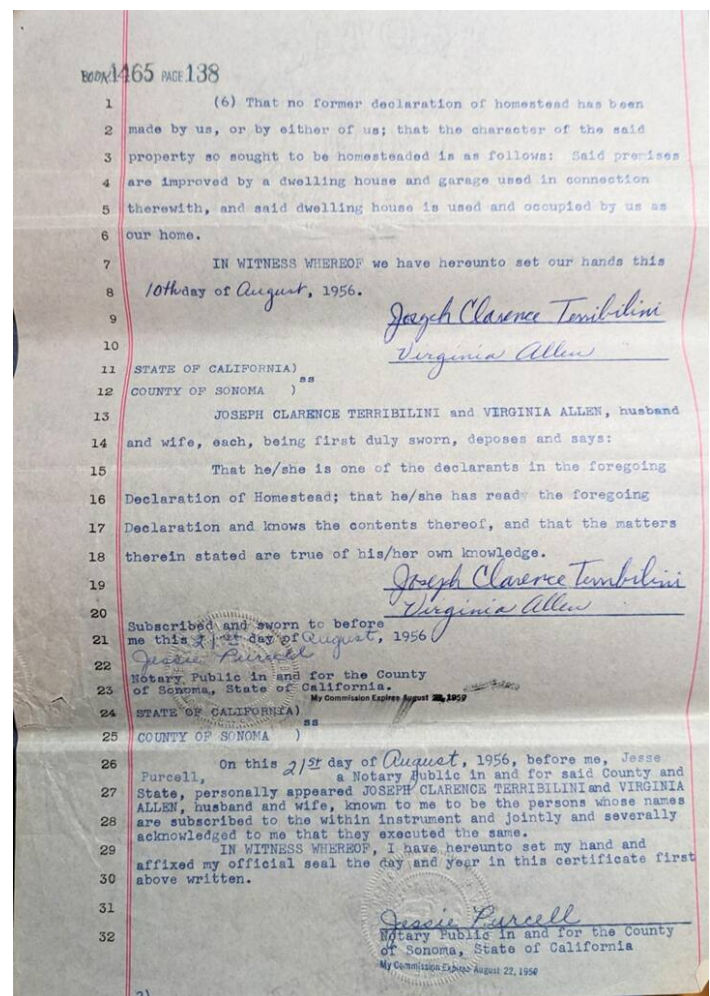
# The World in 1948 and the Beginnings of Penngrove Radio & TV

After World War II, Dad was discharged from the Army Signal Corps. He worked for Paul Zastrow at Petaluma Radio. This business was located on Kentucky Street, the same street where Mom was working for JJ King Agency. Our parents met, courted, married, and started their lives together.

From the *Penngrove News*, we learn: "Joe Terribilini, who has been managing the Penngrove Radio store for several months, has now purchased the business from Paul Zastrow. Terribilini, who is a competent radio service man, has been in the employ of Zastrow for several years, will continue to operate the business as usual, and will handle well-known makes of radios and home appliances. The people of Penngrove and vicinity wish the popular young Petaluman every possible success in this business venture." The business was located on the west side of Main Street in Penngrove, CA.

One day, Dad fortuitously happened to be in Herb Newbegin's barbershop next door to his shop. He overheard brothers George and Fred Maass talking about their property on Petaluma Hill Road. They were wondering if anyone was interested in buying about 5 acres, extending from Petaluma Hill Road, along Penngrove Avenue (as it was then called). The brothers each owned  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the property, but they did not want to be bothered with it. Dad jumped at the chance! He paid \$2,500 for the parcel. And so, the story of Our House on the Hill begins!

A little insight into Penngrove history: Per Jack Withington: Rhoda Newbegin was the wife of town barber, Herb Newbegin (Penngrove did not need a newspaper, they had Herb) . . . Mrs. Maass lived on the Petaluma Hill Road two doors north of the school--at one time the family owned the property all the





way to Formschlag Lane; Mrs. William Kelly's husband Bill was at one time the Pennngrove Postmaster. (From <https://www.thecommunityvoice.com>)

The times were lean during the Great Depression of the 1930's. "The Great Depression was an economic shock that affected most countries across the world. It was a period of economic depression that became evident after a major fall in stock market prices in the United States. The economic contagion began around September 1929 and led to the Wall Street stock market crash of Oct. 24. It was the longest, deepest, and most widespread depression of the 20<sup>th</sup> century." (Wikipedia)

In post-World War II economy, society was on the upswing. New housing flourished and businesses were booming. Electronics, like the radio, brought the world into homes.

"Radio broadcasting was the cheapest form of entertainment, and it provided the public with far better entertainment than most people were accustomed to. As a result, its popularity grew rapidly in the late 1920s and early 1930s, and by 1934, 60 percent of the nation's households had radios." (Internet search)

When Dad and Mom married on April 17, 1948, they set up housekeeping in the back of "the shop," as they called it. They shared the bathroom with the barbershop and bar in their building. They cooked their meals on a hot plate. They would go to Joe's parents' ranch [Giuseppe (Joseph) and Madeline Terribilini] at 1546 Ely Road South, in Petaluma, for their Saturday night baths, and most likely one of Grandma Madeline's delicious home-cooked meals!

Their motto was "pay as you go." They built their house as they could pay for it, doing a lot of the work themselves. Ed Mathieson, a carpenter, helped them frame up the house. He was the next-door neighbor to friends Ernie and Dorothy Soares on Adobe Road. Dad, Mom, their fathers (Grandpa Joseph Terribilini and Grandpa Albert Allen) helped with the construction. Not sure if they even had a formal blueprint? Perhaps brothers-in-law Uncle Frank Inglin and Uncle Francis Lutz also assisted as time permitted.

Thankfully, Dad and Mom documented the many phases and changes of our house and property over the years! This is their story. Enjoy this





journey down memory lane through their words and photos.

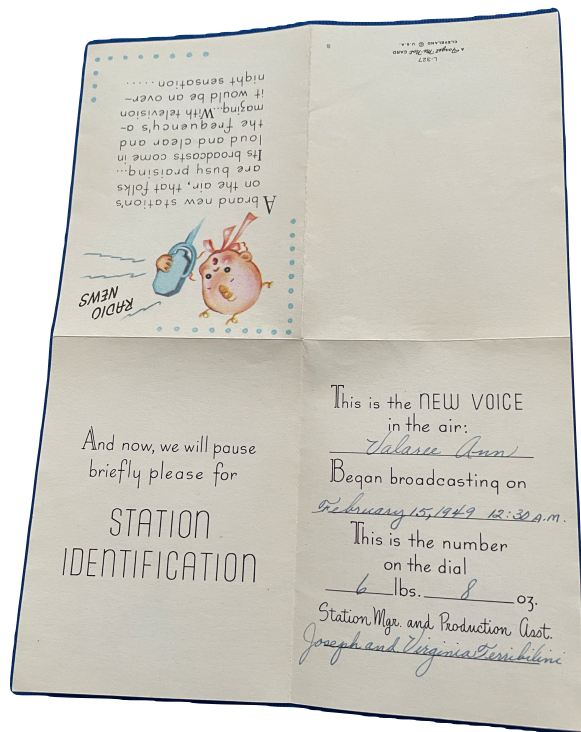




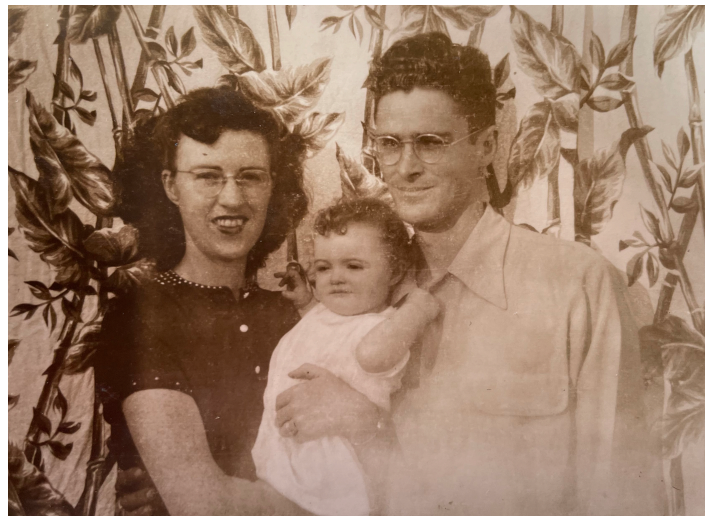
## Our House on the Hill

The original house was built with redwood panels on the outside. Later, it was painted the green that we know today (with a fresh new coat, notably by Eric Berg in 2000, while Dad supervised).

Valaree was born on February 15, 1949. Dad and Mom brought Valaree from Kaiser hospital in



Vallejo to this home. It was not completely finished, but it was functional: 2 bedrooms, a living room with fireplace, a



“corridor” kitchen, with the sink under the window facing east toward Mae and Elton Stoker’s home, a bathroom at the end of the hall. The only heater was in the narrow wall between the kitchen and living room, next to the door between them.

At first, there was no driveway up to the house.





Dad would park at Mae and Elton's next door and hop over the fence to get home. They started to carve the original driveway, facing south, half-way between the east and west property lines, but it was too steep. It became known as the "open

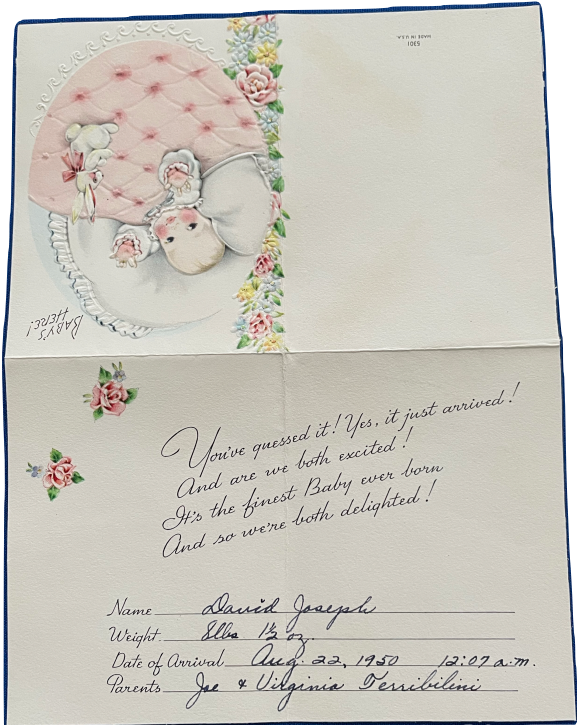
fence," for our shortcut walk to and from Penngrove School. The driveway was then created, starting at the railroad tracks and meandering up the side of the hill.

Years later, in 1997, the driveway had to be altered, to allow for increased traffic on Matsons Lane. Dad was digging and grading with his backhoe. He discovered a gigantic, petrified log. He scooped it out of the dirt. Uncle Bud sprayed it off, and Dad brought it up to the yard, placed it under the willow tree among the geraniums.

Dad once asked his father how he could make more money, to support and provide for his growing family.

1997  
Grading down the corner - found some petrified wood - brought it up in the tractor. Bud washed it off,

Placed it under the willow tree amidst the geraniums.



Grandpa Giuseppe T's advice was to invest in real estate. By the time Grandpa T. passed away in 1954, there were four children in the family!

David was born in August 22, 1950, eighteen months after Valaree.

Philip came along on October 3, 1951, fourteen months after David.

Patricia was born on October 5, 1953, two years and two days after Philip.



Four children in just over 4 ½ years created quite a handful. The adjustable highchair was a constant fixture in our kitchen!

For a long time, all four of us children shared the 2<sup>nd</sup> bedroom (which in later years became the library). Bunk beds (wood painted red), a crib, and perhaps a twin-size

bed fit snugly in this room. Did anyone ever fall off the top bunk?

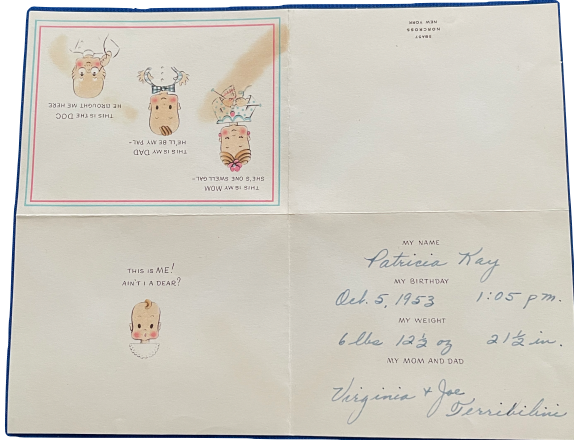
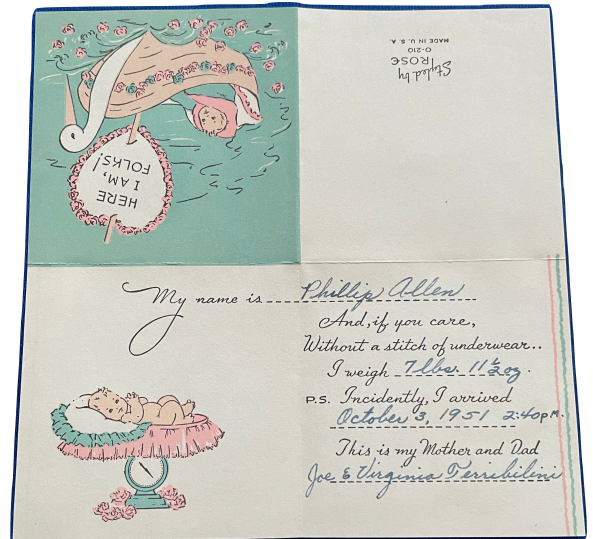
Valaree thinks that she rolled off once! Two small closets shared the adjoining walls between the two bedrooms.

Our parents were busy growing the business to include sales and service of televisions. The newly invented

television was becoming popular, even with its few channel offerings and limited hours of entertainment.

“Perhaps no phenomenon shaped American life in the 1950s more than television. At the end of World War II, the television was a toy for only a few thousand wealthy Americans. Just 10 years later, nearly two-thirds of American households had a television.” (Internet search)

They renamed their business Penngrove Radio & TV. Mom was the bookkeeper for the business. Her office was the red Formica table in our kitchen!



When we were young, Mom would gather us four kids by the red kitchen table and tell us stories about the children who lived in the house on the hill. We would sit in rapt attention to listen to their (our) adventures!



Candid photos of us in various stages of ages:





## The Kitchen Is the Heart of the Home

The kitchen evolved over time. The back door faced east onto a porch. The only way into the house was through the narrow kitchen corridor. Coming through from the back door, on the right was the stove, a small counter with cupboard above, and the fridge. On the east wall were cabinets and a double sink, all white porcelain/metal.

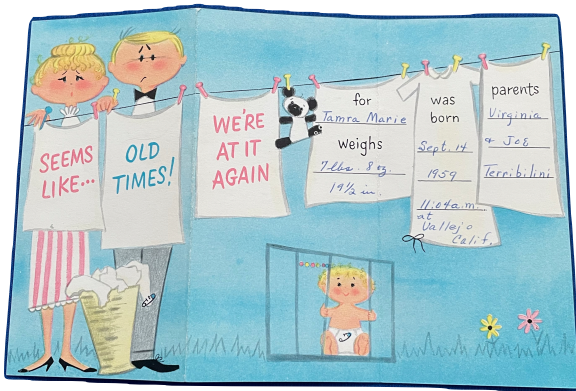
The cement carport was to the north of the kitchen. We roller skated and rode bikes in it when the car was not parked there. Pat was riding her bike when a fly flew into her mouth! Tami remembers riding her tricycle around in the carport. Later, that door led into the laundry room. The carport was framed in with walls and became Mom's office.



The black home phone had a long cord that attached to the wall by the kitchen counter. We could stretch it only so far. Its number was SW 54354. The SW stood for Swift. Petaluma's prefix was PO, standing for Porter. Inglin's number was PO 24901. Grandma Terribilini's phone number was PO 28065. Later, the numbers that corresponded to the prefixes came into use: 795-4354. We retired that phone number about a year before Mom passed.

## Bedroom Spaces and Sharing

To our great delight, Tami was born September 14, 1959! With the addition of another child, the house expanded to accommodate us. We shifted bedrooms around over the years.



Dad and Mom creatively used bookshelves, beds, dressers, and desks to define each child's portion of the rooms.

We three girls shared that one big room for some time. Then it was divided into two

rooms, with a pocket door separating them. Dad and Mom moved into that front bedroom, and Pat and Tami into the back room. The boys moved into the front bedroom by the kitchen. Somewhere along the way, I had the middle bedroom to myself.

In the large back room, before it was divided by a wall, Pat recalls being was in the middle section, between the boys. She felt like she had her own room, because Mom carefully positioned the shelves. When the back room was divided in half with a wall, she shared it with Tami.

Once Pat and Phil were home alone. She just "knew" that someone was under her bed. She begged Phil to check under it, which he did. To her relief, no one was there.

About that time, the wall heater between the kitchen and living room was removed. Central heating was installed, with a vent system under the house. Each of the rooms had a floor vent for the heating to come through.



## Bathroom(s)

With only one bathroom, we had the challenge of sharing it, while getting ready for school and church. Once Pat was sick to her stomach and made it to the bathroom, only to throw up in the sink. She recalls Dave hollering to her, “Throw up in the toilet, so you can flush it down!” She was too sick to recall who cleaned the sink.

That small bathroom had a small wall heater. It would glow bright red when it was on, to warm up the space. I always worried about moving too close and getting burned on it.

In the mid-1960's, a second bathroom/shower was added off the laundry area. This helped relieve the congestion, especially because the older kids were in junior high school!



## The “New” Living Room

1970 saw the addition of new living room, with a circular fireplace in the center of the southwest corner of the floor. In April 1971, Keith and Valaree opened their wedding gifts in this room, sitting on the floor, as there was no furniture yet!

The front door of our old porch became the opening to the new room. The entry to this room was on the



level with the old living room. Two steps led down to the new room.



A coat closet was created near the new front door on the west side of the house. It later became the Christmas and holiday closet for storing decorations, tree, home movies, screen, projector, and more.



## The Expanded Kitchen



Inside the new kitchen, many thoughtful innovations were included. Dad and Mom thought through these “extras” meticulously. They did most of the finish work, including staining the cupboards, grouting the tile, adding contact paper to electrical plates on the walls, having pull-out drawers by front of sink and of



In 1985, Dad and Mom dreamed up an expansion to the kitchen, pushing walls out to the east, adding an island with a stove in it, new cupboards all around, cutting boards in each area. The bearing wall had a beam which ran the length of the kitchen from north to south. Of course, the new addition needed a new roof, and family members were enlisted to assist.



stove. The wood stove from Grandma Madeline’s ranch was included in the décor, as a back-up heat source.

On October 5, 2015, new linoleum was installed in the kitchen and laundry. Dave painted the baseboards before they were installed.

Dad built a deck along the outside wall of the newly remodeled kitchen. It had benches with backs on them. Much later, Dave and Phil and their kids took down the old deck, and put in Trex all along the east



of the house.



## The Garage and Apartment Upstairs

The garage and apartment over it seemed always to have been there, though we know that Dad and Mom must have had it built. Photos of us as young children show the stairs leading up to it. When we were in elementary school, we played games on those stairs, such as “Mother, May I ... move down two steps,” etc.

We recall parking the cars in the two-car garage at various times. I remember the Kaiser car being parked in the right side. Pat remembers the yellow station wagon with wood panels being parked there. Her story is that she was getting out while holding a glass bottle of Triaminic. She accidentally dropped it, the glass shattering, and orange medication spilling on the cement floor. Mom did not yell or get mad at her but helped her clean up the contents.

Dave parked his Camaro in the left side of the garage for his wedding night getaway, to be sure it was not decorated during the reception.





## Back Yard Adventures



Our back yard was big and grassy. We loved playing in the wading pool, swim caps to keep our hair dry! We would swing so high on the swing set, that the legs came off the ground! Doing somersaults on the grass was another fun



pastime. Val never could do a cartwheel. Pat got her first bee sting in the yard, because she went barefoot on the grass.

In later years, Dad and Mom wanted a hot tub in the back yard. They poured a cement foundation, and had the hot tub brought in. Many relaxing times in it for all!



## Rentals for Extra Income

In the early 1950's, Dad and Mom purchased post-World War II surplus housing from Mare Island. They floated the four 2-bedroom, 1 bath homes up the Petaluma River, and transported them to cement foundations that Dad had poured in the field below our house.

Dad eventually added a duplex to the existing four houses in the lower field. These became #5 and #6 apartments. Later, Dad bought a warehouse and converted it into 2 more apartments, creating #7 and #8, located near the garage/workshop area. Dad saw the possibilities in every fixer-upper!



The houses rented for \$50/month. We referred to the houses by who first rented them:

#1 Floyd Vondrak's

#2 Rex Marsh's, Stan & son Paul Wilson's

#3 Bill Clarey's

#4 Bill and Betty Johnson's

#5 Boyd Lemon's, then Lee and Sheila Soares

#6 Rex Marsh's at one time

The apartment over the garage for many years had an open front porch area. It had 2 bedrooms, a bathroom, and combined living room/kitchen. Notable renters who occupied it included the Rex Marsh family, educator Mr. Roland Esposito, and the missionaries for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Pat remembers watching through the house window, as the Marsh family move in on a rainy day. She noticed that the girl, Kathy, had pedal pushers the exact same style (black checkered





design, with zippers on sides of legs), only Pat's were red, and Kathy's were blue.

A woman who kept the curtains drawn rented it. Her son saw where the folks kept the house key (inside the storeroom door under the stairs). He probably stole Tami's bike, broke into our house, and stole Grandma T's mantle clock, and who knows what other valuable items. Tami heard him leaving the house by the front door, when she was entering through the back door one day. Mom was troubled when the lady spied on them in the hot tub. She said that Dad liked to skinny dip. They finally asked her to move out.



## The Field

A big septic tank/cesspool was created in the field. Later, the sewer came through, and the cesspool was no longer needed. Dad repurposed it into a pond for the resident ducks and geese. It fills up, according to the amount of rain each winter. Sometimes it is refreshed by water from the well. Mom referred to it as “a vernal pool.”



The field housed our gray travel trailer. We pulled it behind whatever family car or van we had at the time: copper-colored Kaiser, Dad’s red work van, green and white Chevy, yellow station wagon with wood siding, blue Ford station wagon.

We spent our summer vacations staying in it in various trailer parks, as we traveled to Disneyland in 1957; to Allen Family Reunion in Boise, Idaho; to visit Grandpa Albert and Grandma Laura Allen in Montana and Washington.

When we were not traveling, we would play in the trailer, pretending that we were ordering from PDQ or Foster Freeze through the screened door with a sliding divider: “Hamburger, fries, and a strawberry shake, please!”

The field itself became a “catch all” for anyone needing a place to park their old cars, worn-out tires, pipes, trailers, a chicken shed, water trough, gizmos and gadgets for any possible project. Tami and her friends would get into the old Penngrove Radio & TV panel trucks parked there and enjoy great traveling adventures together.

Later, Uncle Bud Allen parked his 5th wheeler in the field and stayed with Dad and Mom. He did lots of carpentry jobs for Mom and Dad. He remodeled the upstairs apartment, putting the two bedrooms at the back (north), a bigger bathroom, an expanded kitchen, and the living room in the space where the open porch had been.

Much roomier for all the family and friends who came to stay over the years.





# The Orchard

Dad and Mom planted various fruit trees and grape vines in the orchard over the years. The pear tree and Gravenstein apple tree are still bearing! The lemon tree was planted later near the patio.



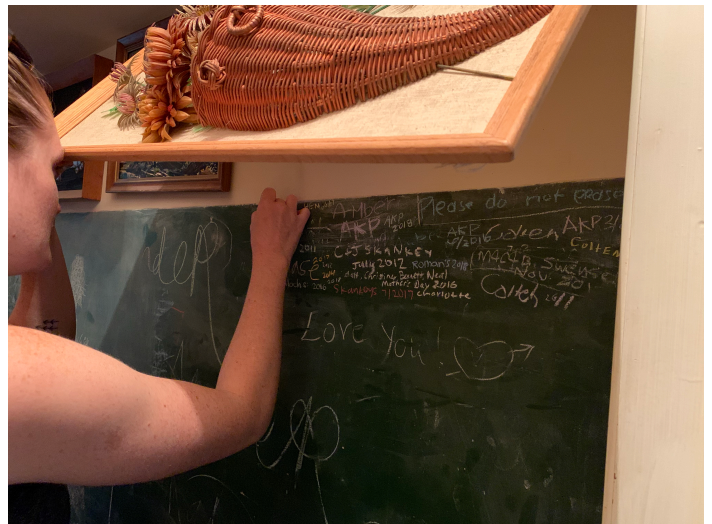
visits (under the ½ cornucopia with artificial flowers in it, that Mom had created in Relief Society).

Shelves were eventually added for games and toys. I believe that Uncle Bud may have built the cupboards above the chalkboard.

When we were kids, a branch broke off the main tree in back yard. Mom doctored it, tying it back up with rags or ropes. The branch healed itself back to the tree and the tree is still growing!

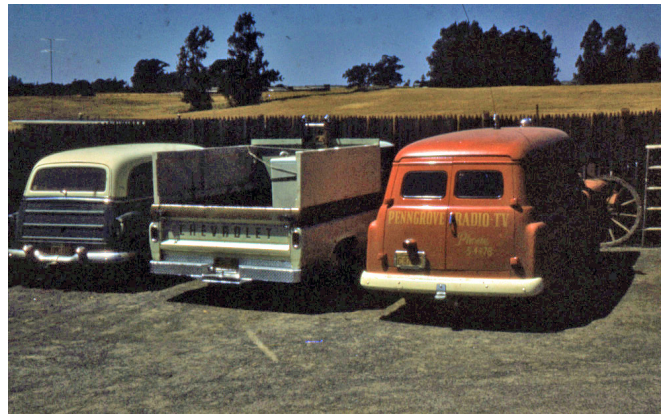
In the early days, we had a fenced back yard on the north side of the house, before the folks added on the back wing. I can barely remember it. A door hole was cut, and a hallway was created in part of the 2<sup>nd</sup> bedroom, where we slept. I recall feeling cold air and hearing loud noises one morning. Perhaps the long room was already being built, and then the access from the existing house was created.

Mom applied chalkboard paint onto the wall of the newly created hallway. This became a favorite space for visitors to gather. The grandchildren even had a secret place where they left notes and dates of their



# Parking and Fuel for the Fleet of Business Trucks and Family Cars

For years, the fleet of vehicles parked along the north fence of the driveway area. In 2006, a 5-stall carport was created. Posterity re-roofed it in later years.



The driveway was gravel for many years. We had some scraped knees from falling off our bikes on that gravel. Much later, it was paved with blacktop.

We had a large circular metal gas tank, painted white, near the fence to the field. Dave remembers that Dad would open the “cap” on top of the tank and use a long stick, to see how full the tank was, to see when they needed to order more. They would have to turn a crank handle to pump the gas out.

Stan Greenhagen (“Stan the Man”) would come with his large fuel truck and fill the gas tank when needed. It was used to fuel the fleet of business trucks that Dad had. Stan would give us suckers if we were out there when he came. I think we watched for him, just to get the suckers. He always had a smile on his face!

## Our Lives in Our House on the Hill

In all these changes, additions, and improvements, Dad and Mom paid their tithing first, paid cash as they went along, and never went into debt. Our House on the Hill served us well, provided shelter from the storms, encouraged family and friends to gather.

The wise man and woman, our Dad and Mom, built their house upon the rock of Christ. Our House on the Hill stood firm.

Matthew 7:

24 ¶ Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

Helaman 5:

12 And now, my sons, remember, remember that it is upon the rock of our Redeemer, who is Christ, the Son of God, that ye must build your foundation; that when the devil shall send forth his mighty winds, yea, his shafts in the whirlwind, yea, when all his hail and his mighty storm shall beat upon you, it shall have no power over you to drag you down to the gulf of misery and endless wo, because of the rock upon which ye are built, which is a sure foundation, a foundation whereon if men build they cannot fall.

Back to where we started this story, a Terribilini no longer lives in the house on the hill. These photos capture the emptiness in my heart when I left that cold day in March. It has since been sold to a developer.







But hope springs eternal, and memories live on, as these little purple pansies attest. They survived a Penn Grove winter, to bloom in March 2023, in Mom's honor once again.





# Siblings' Thoughts on Our House

## Front Window in Old Living Room

Pat liked to dance in front of big picture window, to see her reflection in it. At Christmas time, she was dancing to “O Holy Night.” When the song says, “fall on your knees,” she fell on her knees. Mom laughed so hard when she did that!

We always watched out the window for Mom or Dad to come home.

We often ran to the big window to watch the train go by. Once we were all running. I slipped, hit the corner of my eye bone on the edge of Mom’s sewing machine; and down I went! Mom laid me down on the red kitchen table and put a cool washcloth on my forehead over my eye. No stitches needed, thank goodness! I still have the scar by my right eye.

One New Year's Eve, Pat was looking out the window when a drunk driver went into the creek past our driveway. She told Mom, who went into action, calling the fire department at SW5-4411! The driver’s daughter was in Pat’s school class, she thinks.

Pat: The old living room seemed so big when we were little! It never felt cramped, even when the pool table was centered in that room.

Val: Dad had won/earned the pool table with points for selling TVs. The invoice says 1970. That is when it was positioned in the “old” living room. Was there room for anything else in there?

## Old Kitchen and House

Phil: I was excited when Dad’s “fleet” of TV vehicles got CB radios, and there was a unit at the house and at the shop. “KFC 1982 Unit 2 to Base!” “10-4! Over and out!”

Val: We loved hearing Dad’s voice checking in

51043

TEBCO Brunswick arctic blizzard MacGregor

CONSUMER DIVISION BRUNSWICK CORPORATION

SOLD TO: MARITZ INC  
1355 N HIGHWAY DRIVE  
FENTON ST LOUIS COUNTY MO

SHIP TO: JOE TERRILLINI  
PENNGROVE RADIO-TV  
10010 PETALUMA HILL  
PENNGROVE, CA 94951

CUSTOMER NO: 48098  
INVOICE NUMBER: 14725  
DATE: 8/31/70  
SHIP TO: ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA  
SHIP FROM: ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA  
SHIP VIA: 00523  
SHIP WITH ORDER NO: 243101801  
QUANTITY ORDERED: 1  
QUANTITY SHIPPED: 1  
DESCRIPTION: EA TABLE YORKTOWN  
SHIP PREPAID ADD CHARGES TO SHIPPER

NO. OF CARTONS: 1  
TOTAL WEIGHT: 280-67-080  
DATE SHIPPED: 8/31/70

PACKING LIST

with us. Seems like the unit was set in the laundry room shelf by door facing Hebert's. We would all run to hear Dad's voice.

Phil: I remember the gray floral vinyl of the living room, before carpet and remodeling. It was fun to scoot around in slippers when I was more flexible.

Val: I think the kitchen vinyl was green squares of linoleum.



Phil: I remember Mom giving us haircuts on the highchair, dubbed "the hair cut chair." It was a stool with 2 steps that could either be folded under the chair or flipped out to climb up onto the chair.

## Dangers

Pat reached up and put her hand in the drawer above the games cupboard, and a mouse trap caught her fingers!



While on the bed in Dad and Mom's front bedroom, Pat stuck a hairpin in the light socket. I was on the bed, too, and saw the flash of light that burned her fingers.

Pat worried about Dad coming home safely. She wouldn't sleep until she heard his truck. I think we all worried about that too. Why were we such worry warts?

When someone called that the shop had been broken into on the day before Easter, we all got into one bed and huddled together, frightened.

Phil: Then there was the time when we heard someone driving into the yard, and it was a tow truck pulling Dad's VW Bus. He had been rear-ended up on Old Redwood Highway. I guess they didn't see his little turn signal.

Val: As he was turning left onto Highland Avenue, he was hit from behind into oncoming traffic. His glasses were thrown off his face into the back of the truck. He was fortunate and blessed to not be injured worse than he was.

Val: Dad preferred to wear his old clothes to work in the garage and on the tractors. One day, he came into the house, dazed, shaken (literally), and rather shell-shocked and in tatters. He had been working on the tractor and left it running while he tinkered with the motor. A moving part





caught his old pants and flipped him over (how many times I do not know). But he finally got himself free from it. His pants were torn through. Thank goodness he was not wearing the new pants that Mom had bought him, or he may not have survived.

## Yard

Pat: Stan “the Man” Greenhagen would drive his large gas truck up our driveway, to fill the round cement gas tank for Dad’s fleet of service trucks. Stan always had flat, colorful oval suckers for us kids. The boys remember Dad opening the cap on top, and inserting a large stick down in it, to see how much gas was left.

Canvas trampoline with thick rubber strips holding it to its frame. We used to have it in the back bedroom, but we couldn’t jump very high, or we would hit our heads on the ceiling. Later we had it outside. We came home from vacation, and it was trashed, either by elements or someone too big playing on it...

Wading pool and sprinkler for water fun on grass in back yard.

Phil: I remember Dave going out after dinner and running/falling into the wading pool, and making a big splash, nearly emptying the pool.

Val: Our first wading pool was only 2 blown-up rings high!

Tami liked to ride her tricycle around the cement carport where the office eventually was built.

Val: I liked to roller skate there too!

Phil: A few times Dad hired a man to come and plow around the fruit orchard. That was really cool, to play in the fresh dirt with trucks or play army and throw dirt clods.



Phil: I remember shirtless George Hebert roto-tilling next door. Also, looking that way at the school when I stayed home sick from school and another sick feeling thinking about returning to school.



Phil: I remember cleaning out the shed and it looked so nice. Then putting everything back in, since we were not allowed to throw anything away.

Phil: I don’t remember Dad ever doing yard work. It was all Mom. And weeds had to be pulled, not sprayed. I think it was \$2 an hour we received when we turned in our “time cards” periodically.

Phil: I remember burning household garbage in the incinerator behind the grape stake fence. I also remember that whole area being full of appliances ready for the dumps and the “warehouse” rooms and

porch full of old TVs waiting for a trip to the dumps. Then, when going to the dumps, Dave and I rolled the TVs off the back of the pickup into the big pit. Great fun hearing and seeing the tumbling and glass breaking! That's when the dumps didn't cost anything.

Phil: I dreaded Dad asking me to go to the garage and get him a (he would say the name of the tool). First, I had to know what the tool looked like, but since it was not part of my daily vocabulary and I didn't want to act stupid, sometimes I went anyway then came back and reported that I didn't find it. But if I knew what it was, then finding it in our garage — are you kidding me?

## Animals

Dave would put rubber bands on the sheep's long tails to make tails fall off eventually. Mom and Dave called it "de-tailing." Sheep shearer would tackle the sheep, tie their legs, and shear off their wool.

Pat's family visited Mom early on after Dad died. Mom was not home when they arrived. The kids wanted to feed the sheep, but they wouldn't come to us. When Mom came home, they heard her voice and became calm, coming to her. The sheep knew their shepherdess's voice!

When twin sheep were born, one was often not accepted.

Bobby, our collie dog. Dad tells the story that he went on a service call. The man asked about his family. After that, Bobby showed up on our driveway. Later, the man told Dad that Bobby was groomed as a show dog but had some deformity (maybe a limp or a crooked snout?), so he did not meet the show dog criteria. He thought that our family would be perfect to take care of Bobby. One day, we couldn't find Bobby. He had gone to the railroad tracks, so we wouldn't be with him when he died.



Honey, another dog we had, disappeared while we were on vacation. Not sure if we had asked someone to tend him, providing water and food, but he was gone when we returned.

Cindy, black poodle, we gave to Lil and George, because Mom was allergic to her fur.

Tami and Cheryl (who visited next door occasionally) liked to dress up her cats in doll clothes.

We raised a calf, Freddy, for meat to feed the family. We would joke that we were eating Freddy. Phil remembers the smell of the "milk" mixture that we fed the calf, and the jerking of the nipple on the bucket as he was drinking.

## Life Lessons

Mr. Sovel, Pat's Driver's Ed teacher, passed her in class, but said that she must learn to parallel park. Dad put posts in driveway, for her to practice.

Stacey remembers that Dick Lambert told Dad that if he could have subdivided Grandma T's property on Ely Road, way back then, we could probably have gotten \$10,000 per acre (instead of \$1,000 per acre).

Val: Mom had ears and eyes that could hear/see around corners! I liked to sneak Campfire Marshmallows from the blue tin atop the refrigerator (where Grandma's wood stove used to be). I would reach and loosen the top enough to grab a few marshmallows, and quietly replace the lid. Mom would holler from wherever she was, "Get out of the marshmallows!"

Dad was working on his tractor, with the motor running. Suddenly he was being flipped around, as the spinning wheel caught his work pants! He was finally able to get his pants loose from the motor. He walked into the house with shredded pants! Had he been wearing the new pants that Mom bought him, he may not have made it!

Phil: I remember Mom teaching us the Lord's Prayer which was our nightly prayer when we were very young. Then I remember the phrase "And help Daddy come home in peace and safety real soon." One of Dad's phrases was asking for a blessing on the "sick and afflicted and those who have cause to mourn" and being "thankful "for our bodies sound and whole." But at the time I wasn't sure what the "sound and hole" was about but never asked.

Tami: I remember mom encouraging the development of talents. I couldn't just go buy clothes, but she would buy fabric so I could sew clothes. She was also fine with me trying new recipes and cooking dinner. She also encouraged piano lessons, which I did for a few years.

## Holidays

Dave: I remember the smell of a freshly cut tree on which were hung strings of multi-colored lights—with the big bulbs—not the mini-lights of today. The sound of Christmas carols played over and over on vinyl records on the family record player. Bing Crosby and Perry Como were our favorites.

Dave to Mom: Be sure the red candles are lighted in the window so I can see them; and have the Christmas music playing! It has to be Perry or Bing! (These are red cellophane wreaths with a red candle in the middle, lit by a red electric bulb. They are vintage 1950s décor.)

As we children were growing up, the red candles were always lighted in Aunt Helen's windows, when we went to her house on Christmas Day. After she died, her daughters gave them to Mom. They were always lighted in our window. Now Valaree has inherited them.



Dave: It meant the building anticipation of Christmas morning, as we waited by the closed swinging door between the kitchen and living room, until Dad had an F in the FP (fire in the fireplace) and his movie camera attached to the bar of spotlights for our grand entrance. We couldn't wait to see the presents under the tree!



Christmas Eve at Grandma Madeline Terribilini's house on Ely Road, being there with cousins and the taste of delicious treats she prepared, along with hot cocoa or Ovaltine.

Val: The drive to Grandma T's house was often on a foggy Christmas Eve. I wondered if we would see Rudolph leading Santa's sleigh through the night!

Phil: Christmas Day I remember at Aunt Helen's and Easter at Aunt Mabel's. I loved Mabel's personalized assigned-seating name cards, so we knew where to sit.

Phil: Fun reenacting "The Night Before Christmas" as Perry Como read it. The Christmas we got new bikes was the best. My bike had 3 speeds and a headlight that got power generated by the little motor on the front wheel.

Pat: The Christmas we got bikes, I remember thinking, why did Santa give me such a big bike, he must not know me very well or maybe I had been a bad girl. But as I recall it didn't take me long to grow into it, and I think I rode it forever and it was one of my favorites.

Val: I got a bike when I was about 10. I asked how Santa got it down the chimney! Our parents said that they opened the front door for Santa to bring it in.

Tami: At Christmastime, I too remember the Christmas records playing as we were baking in the kitchen...always loved the smells of Christmas and of course, the lights!

Val: Mom remembers wrapping TVs as gifts from Dad's shop for customers. How does one wrap a TV?

Pat: One Easter at Aunt Mabel's, I remember passing the gravy dish to whoever was sitting next to me and not realizing the dish was 2 separate pieces & spilling gravy all over my pretty Easter dress, not to mention others not having gravy for their mashed potatoes because it was all on my lap.

Pat: Speaking of Easter I will always remember the Easter we were playing a little baseball before going to Occidental for dinner and being the back catcher and being too close to the batter & getting hit in the mouth with the bat...I saw stars and had a big puffy lip and didn't really enjoy my meal too much that Easter.

Why did we go out on Sunday?? In my memory Grandma T. was not feeling up to cooking and wanted to go there.

Val: I guess we went to Occidental because our Grandma T was no longer feeling like cooking Easter dinner for all of us! I recall your puffy lip, Pat, and you couldn't eat much. I felt so bad, because I should have protected you or warned you of possible danger!

## The City = San Francisco

We would sometimes go with Dad and Mom to The City, usually to pick up TVs. We would take turns tossing a quarter in "the hopper" as pay for going each way on the Golden Gate Bridge. Sometimes we would go to China Town. Once we ate at a restaurant where the food came around on a conveyer belt.

Phil: Dad let me take the copper out of old TV sets before they went to the dumps. I had a couple of cardboard boxes of bare copper wire when we went to the city and sold it to a dealer. The guy weighed

it and my heart sank when he got out his wallet to pay me and gave me a dollar bill. But he was just playing. He then placed in my hand my very first twenty-dollar bill. I was so excited. Dave was with us, and I could see he was not happy, so I gave him the dollar.

I remember going to the city with Dad to pick up new TV's. When they were unpacked at home we got to play with the boxes, cut out the doors and windows, and make forts.

Dad would make a game with us of trying to name the streets. Everyone could read the street signs before I could. It was then that they realized I could not see very well! So I went to Dr. Trayle and got fitted with glasses in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade. I hated wearing them but would slip them on just enough to read the blackboard in Mrs. Ritchie's class.

## Playtimes

The chicken coop in the field was Pat's playhouse. She would pick flowers to decorate it. It was the greatest thing; she thought it was a mansion!

We kids would come home from playing, when we heard Mom's unique whistle, which we can each still imitate!

Tami: I remember having a motor home, which came after you were all out of the house, I believe. My friends and I would play in there with our dolls, pretending our husbands were in the military and weren't around.

Pat: Played all summer long with Johnson's mainly, back & forth between houses, barefooted no less.

Tami: I believe this happened on New Year's Eve...cousins (Lutz & Inglin's) and Soares---not sure who was there but remember thinking I was so cool because I got to play with you big kids. I believe we played Pit. You all probably remember that better.

Tami: My friends I would play in the old TV trucks that were in the field and traveled to many places.

## Our Trailer

Phil: I loved to sleep in and play in the little travel trailer that was often parked in the front yard. The upper bunkbeds that Dad put in were fun and the screen door with the little "fast food" slider was a kick. Then there was the time Dad had the boys tighten the lug nuts on the trailer tires and Dad didn't check them. So, on our vacation on a cold, rainy night Dad looked in the rearview mirror and saw sparks flying. Oopsie. The tire had come off and was stuck up in the wheel well. The axle was dragging on the asphalt.

Pat: I remember a few of them especially the trailer out front, where we would play Fosters Freeze and order a shake & fries. I do remember the wheel coming off on a trip & being scared, it seemed it was in a bigger city with lots of traffic whizzing by.

Val: Yes, I was scared when trailer wheel came off. Seems like we were north by town of Cottonwood or nearing Redding? I had left my "Magic Loom" (on which I was weaving potholders) on the blankets in the car. As I got back into the car, I knelt on the metal spindles, giving myself a visible puncture wound! It did not bleed, but, boy, did it hurt like the dickens! (What Are the dickens?)



## Other Ways to Travel

Phil: I remember going to grandma's house riding in the back of the pickup—especially when we had a long piece of string and, say, a spark plug tied to the other end and watching it skip and jump on the asphalt as we rode along. There were a couple of creeks on Ely Road where the road humped and sent us into the air. Great fun.

Tami: I don't remember most of the memories, since I may not have been born. I do not remember the trailer. I do remember a tear drop trailer that mom and dad would sleep in and us kids would sleep in a tent. I remember the wooden camper shell and sitting back there as we traveled. I felt it had little ventilation and was hot. I always remember making "rabbit food" for our camping trips, which was a real treat as we rarely got candy.

## Dad's Red Convertible and Other Vehicles

Dad had a red 1967 Rambler convertible, made by American Motor Company. He loved driving it around Pennngrove, to Allan Henderson's, to the houses to deliver See's Candy at Christmas, and even to church!

The Berg boys loved going for rides in it. Pat doesn't think she ever rode in it. This was the car Dad was



driving home from church, when it broke down in the left turning lane from East Washington/Bodega Avenue onto Petaluma Boulevard North. Mom was coming along later (after serving in the church library). The traffic was backed up, and she wondered what was going on up ahead. To her great surprise, it was Dad in his red convertible, like an island in the middle of the road, with traffic pouring around him! Wonder how he got out of that jam? AAA perhaps?

Dad also had tractors and scoopers. The Berg boys loved sitting in the scoop of his tractor, and getting lifted up, going for rides, especially over a few bumps! Most of the grandchildren got a kick out of this treat!

## Friends

Tami: My friends were always welcome at our home so it would often be a gathering place. Many would comment what a good spirit they felt in our home. And I was thrilled when my children's friends would



say the same thing about my home. I have always tried to make everyone feel welcome and follow my parents' example. Dad and Mom were always so charitable to help someone in need and give service...two stand out in my mind.... Kay Hoy and Augie Westman. Not only would we give Kay a ride to church but on occasion she would be invited over for dinner.

Tami: I remember gathering eggs there and could not believe the smell inside her house and what appeared to be smeared dog poop on the floor. I felt so sorry for her and that she had no children. I think Augie did odd jobs for Dad. He was a hoarder on steroids. I remember me and one of my friends looking out my bedroom window at Augie sitting in his van, which was packed full of "stuff," and he was eating and having a full-blown conversation with himself.

Tami: I have always been grateful for the safety and security I felt in our home. Loved having Lil & George as neighbors. Playing with kids that lived down in the "houses." Loved the small town feel of Pennngrove. Remembering being proud of the Terribilini name. We had a walking field trip to downtown Pennngrove when I was in elementary school. Remembering being proud of Dad's Radio & TV shop.

Val: Just had the funniest memory! We remember when Inglin's and Lutz's came for dinner often. One of them said that they could lift us off the floor on a 2x4 board. They put a board on the floor by the back door in the old laundry room (when it faced Hebert's).

One of us stood on the board with our eyes closed, one uncle on one side to the left and probably Dad to the right. We reached our hands out onto their shoulders.

Slowly it felt like they lifted us up! I kept hollering that I was going to hit my head on the ceiling!

Turns out that they were gradually crouching down to the floor, so it felt like we were moving up! Good joke on us!

## Wise Words of Inspiration and Wisdom

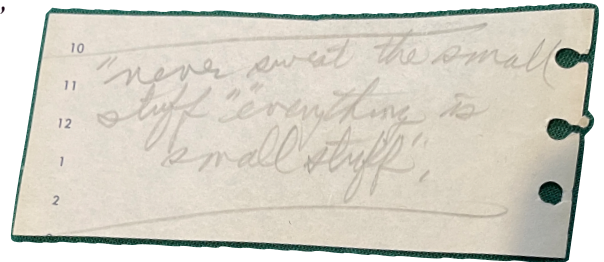
Dad: "Never sweat the small stuff; everything is small stuff."

Mom: "Worthwhile traditions are like an anchor to the past and a bridge to carry families into the future."

Tami: "Remember the importance of hard work, and a testimony of the Savior and His Atonement."

Dave: "Buy low, sell high."

Val: "Like branches on a tree, we may grow in different directions, yet our roots remain as one."

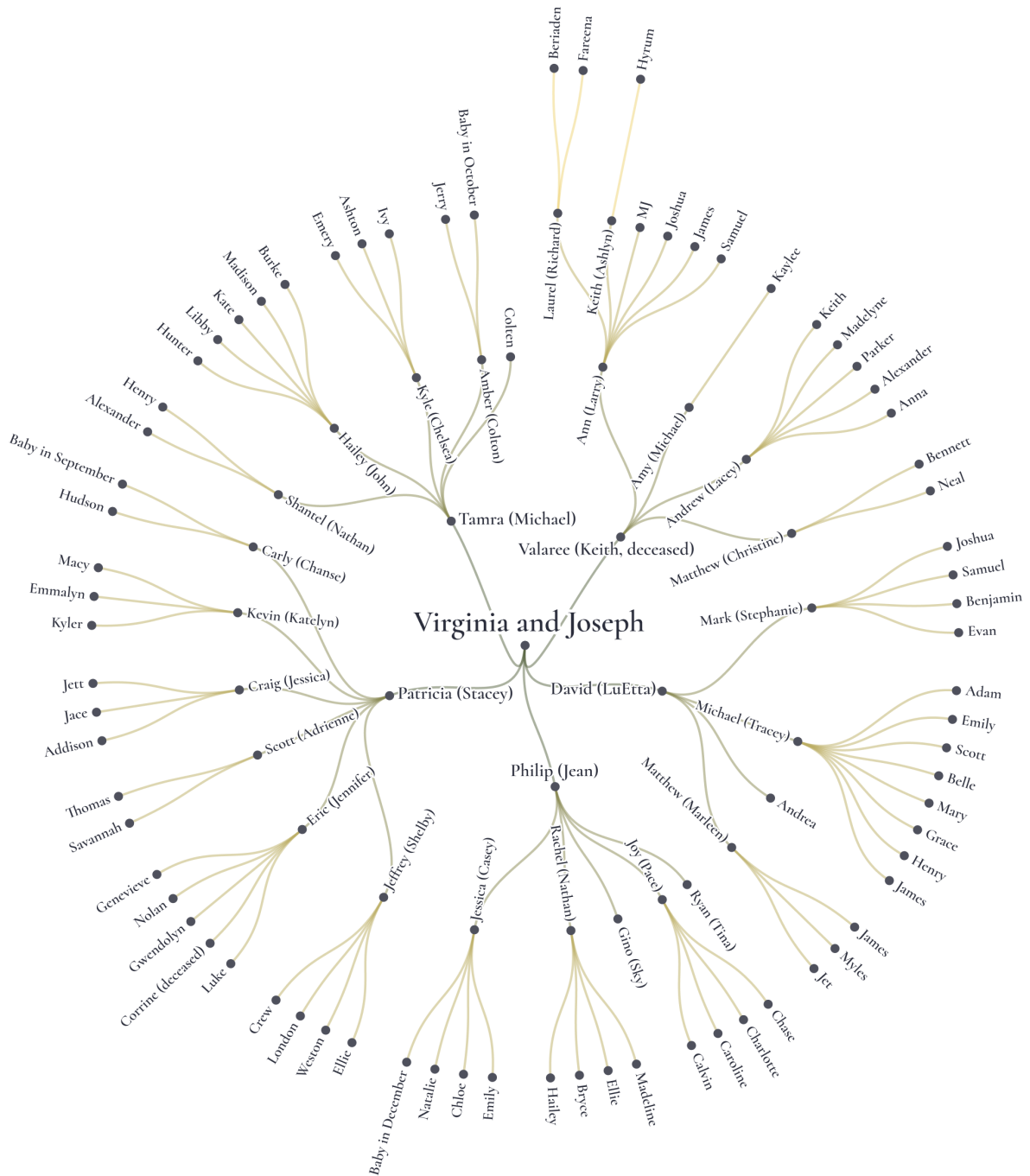


"FAMILIES ARE THE RICH SOIL FROM WHICH WE GROW  
AND TO WHICH WE RETURN  
FOR NOURISHMENT OF OUR ROOTS."

*(from a picture frame seen at Phil and Jean's house)*



# Our Family Tree



## Terribilini'isms (T'isms, or Our Family Language)

- Bitha
- Take a teasee pill (take it easy)
- Tet tet teranete (entering numbers on an old cash register)
- Dinda dinda puijsh (jumping off a diving board into the pool)
- Kalilimoku (when we couldn't remember someone's name)
- Chicka maka hiya
- Kaboli kaboli (jostling about while riding in a car, no seat belts in those days)
- Levarite (leave it right there!)
- Mangia (eat in Italian)
- Dinglearbrats (Dee and Gail are brats)
- Around the corner, two doors up, yellow house, can't miss it (what Eddie said to Beaver about where he lived)
- Gazendas
- EEK—tha dump, tha dump (when Dorothy Soares was driving us home from Mutual, she saw a cat, she squealed, and then we heard it being hit...)
- "Our Credit Manager is Helen Waite; if you want credit, go to Helen Waite!" (sign in back of Dad's TV shop)
- Round Tuit (do it when you get around to it)
- Oy, vay
- Tizzy fit
- "Under the Grandstand" by Seymour Butts



- “The Yellow River” by I. P. Freely
- One way or the tother
- F in the FP (fire in the fireplace)
- “Please pass the Nay’Sal.” = NaCl = Salt
- “Para what?” Dad T started it when he couldn’t understand what was being said.
- “Someone’s got to hold down the fort!” (why Dave and Phil took turns working, going on vacations at different times)
- “It’s a mell of a hess!”
- “Fart a stire” = Start a fire

## Olden Days in Penngrove, Before Our Time

