

original in A.R. Martin file #260
pp#276

14971 - Lark St

San Leandro, Calif

July 14, 1980

North Central Nev. Hist. Society
Winnemucca, Nevada.

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen:

Enclosed are the pictures of the original Martin Bar & Restaurant and hotel that I said I would send you when I came by in June.

In the larger pictures are Mr Pasquale, who was the owner of the property; myself, age five, one of our dogs, Marco and my father and mother, Elisee Henri Martin and Augustine A. Martin. They were thirty six at the time.

The smaller pictures show my brother, Alexis J. Martin (deceased) and myself alongside the hotel building which is now the Martin Hotel.

The other picture of myself is in a Buster Brown collar and our great dog, Marco was taken in front of the bar and restaurant. Note the Family

Entrance. Ladies, in those days did not go through a bar to reach the restaurant which was in the back of the bar area.

my father must have come to Winnemucca in the summer of 1913 or 1914. He had operated the Butcher's Home, a boarding house and bar, in Reno Nevada. He took care of the bar, my mother took care of the hotel and both of them were involved in the restaurant.

Mother and father were both French. He from the Alpine area of France and she from South. He had come to San Francisco to visit his older brother and ended up staying in the country. my mother came to stay with her Uncle and Aunt after her parents had died.

They met and married in San Francisco, survived the 1906 Earthquake and Fire but lost all their possessions, saved enough money to lease a hotel in San Francisco, later moved to Reno to operate a French restaurant; went broke on a sheep deal when all the sheep were killed in a cloud burst up in

the Sierras; took over the Butcher's Home, made enough money to then start the Martin Hotel.

The opening of the hotel and bar was quite a social event for Winnemucca. As the story goes, and the little parts I remember, the opening was in the late afternoon. The store alongside the bar-restaurant was vacant at the time, so my parents took it over, installed tables and chairs and set up a huge buffet table plus a bar and invited all the prominent and good citizens of Winnemucca to eat and drink on the house. The Mayor, the judges, the police chief, the sheriff and sundry officials plus good friends and neighbors ~~and~~ showed up for the affair and they have a real good time.

Then around ten o'clock or so the crowd moved into the bar-restaurant next door and the place was officially opened for business with the Mayor buying the first drink. My parents

said by the time they finally closed down the bar in the early morning hours that they had made their expenses for the lavish outlay of free food and drink prior to the official opening.

My remembrance of the affair is running around with other children and squirting each other with soda water from the big glass seltzer water bottles and eating all the goodies.

The Hotel Marten was quite successful. My parents catered to the sheep and cattle men. Although they were not Basque, the sheepherders and other stock people made it their home when in town. It was not unusual for a sheepherder to come in from his long stay with the sheep; be paid off in full for his work and turn this entire sum over to my father. He would then stay at the hotel, eat in the restaurant and play cards, chat with friends and drink in the bar. Father, keeping the account ^{would} advance him pocket money

when asked for. If he was drunk or wanted large sums of money for which he couldn't explain the reason why he wanted the money, father wouldn't give him the money. They would get mad at the time but the next day they would thank him. When their money started to run out, father would tell him so and help line up a new job. Then off the sheep herder would go for another long stint with the sheep.

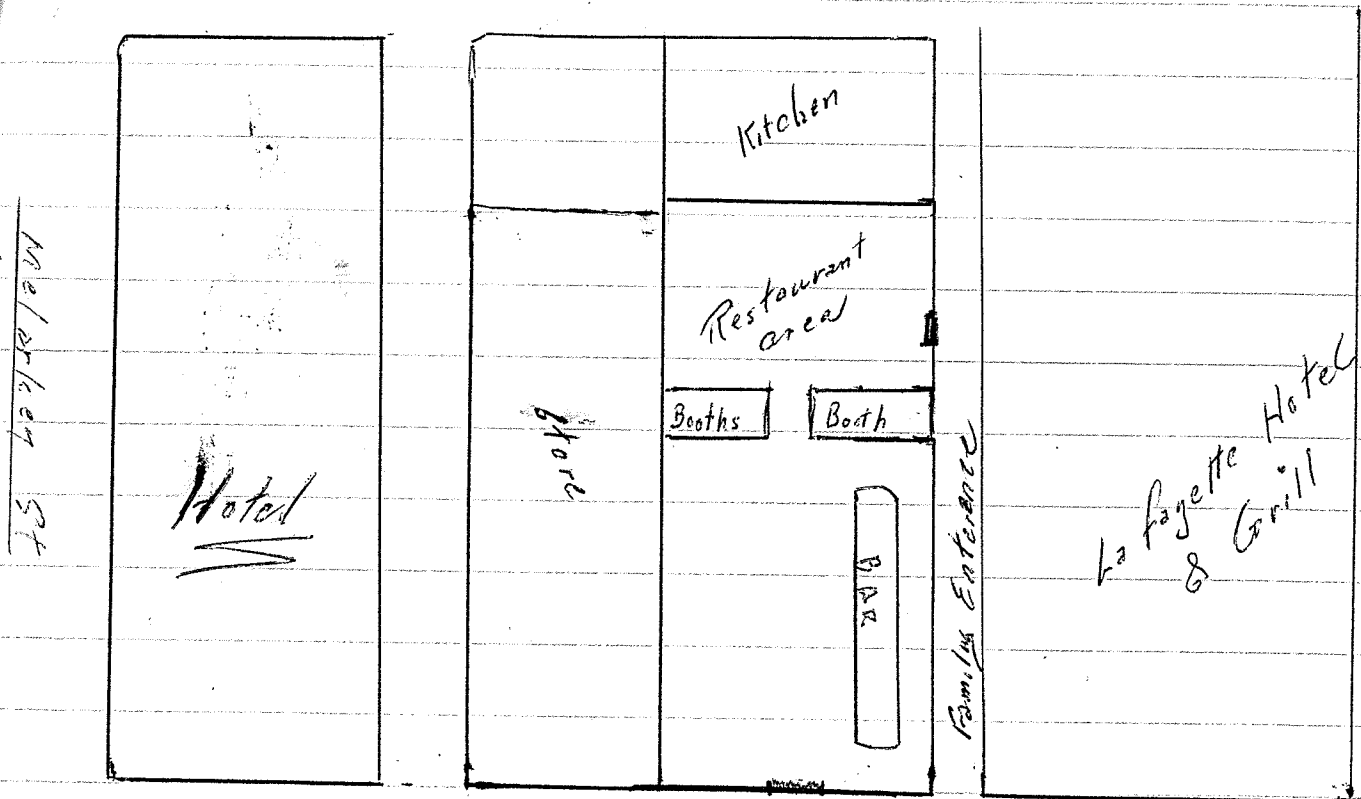
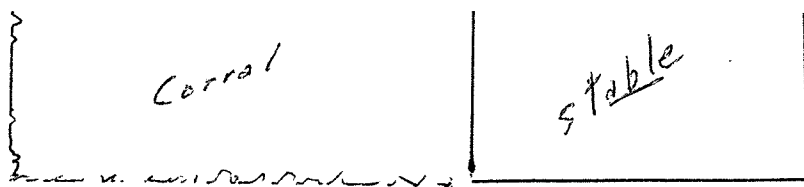
The business prospered but my father came down with Bright's disease and his health declined. Finally he had to sell out. He bought a Reo Speedwagon and with my brother, age 12, doing most of the driving we took off down the track, you couldn't call it a road, for Reno and a grand tour of California.

We ended up finally in San Francisco and went back into the hotel business. Father died in 1925 and mother continued in business until she was in eighties.

my parents were certainly hard working people. They were wiped out financially three times but were always able to come back, completely on their own with no help from anyone.

It is certainly a pleasure and a feeling of gratification to see the Hotel Martin still in existence and well known and enjoyed though out Nevada and parts of California after sixty seven years of existence

A. René Martin.



RAILROAD STREET

This is the way I remember the way the property was laid out. I understand quite a few year back the Lafayette Hotel and the Marton Bar and Restaurant all burned down.

A. René Marton

NOTE:

Your picture of Lafayette Hotel on page 14 of the Spring 1980 issue of the Humboldt Historian shows the end of the brick faced building and the alley way which was to become the Family entrance of the Martin Restaurant and Bar.