



NEWSLETTER of the Carpinteria Valley Historical Society

www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org

Editor/Publisher/Design: David W. Griggs November/December 2015 Associate Editor: Roxie Grant Lapidus

CALENDAR

November 26 - Thursday
HAPPY THANKSGIVING!
Museum Closed



November 28 - Saturday
**35th Annual Holiday Arts
& Crafts Faire**
10 a.m. - 3 p.m.



December 7- Monday
MUSEUM DECORATION
9:00 a.m. - Noon



December 12- Saturday
HOLIDAY OPEN HOUSE
1 p.m. - 3 p.m.



December 25 - Friday
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
Museum closed
December 20 - January 4



January 1 - Friday
Happy New Year!



VALLEY HISTORY

Bailard Family Memories

By David W. Griggs

It was a beautiful crisp Halloween day in 1965 as Carey Bailard Phelps sat at her writing desk in her comfortable ranch home among the lemon groves of the Santa Clara Valley, nestled in the foothills above Santa Paula near the mountain road to Ojai. Despite the beauty of the autumn weather, Carrie was somewhat despondent—a little sadness coupled with twinges of wistful nostalgia as she contemplated missing out on the Bailard family picnic which was being held that day at the old Andrew and Martha Bailard home in Carpinteria. It was a home for which she held cherished childhood memories, especially of her grandmother, Martha. (The home, built in the 1860s, survives in an avocado orchard behind the condominiums at Bailard Avenue.) “I’m heartsick not to be at the barbecue today, and have been suffering from a bad case of nostalgia ever since it was planned,” she wrote as she began a missive of recollections of her life growing up in our Eden-by-the-sea. As she wrote, the memories flowed forth faster and faster while she raced to put pen to paper to capture them all before they disappeared back into her memory’s recesses. As memories often do, one triggered another which played upon another, producing a somewhat chaotic but very personal story of what one member of the vast Bailard clan recalled of her childhood and family life here in Carpinteria.

But before sharing these nostalgic glimpses back to the first half of the 20th century, we will travel back further to the mid-19th century to understand a little more of Bailard family history. Andrew Bailard was born in 1827 in Baden-Baden, Germany to Maurice (or Mauritz) & Theresia Wilhelm Boehlert. The Bailard family name has had many various spellings. According to current family patriarch Lawrence “Lawry” Bailard in a paper written in 2008 and shared with other family members, based on research conducted by his daughter and son-in-law, Paul & Mary Bailard Foley, “First it seems that the family name

was spelled Boehlert; and in other records as Boelert, Behlert, Behlet, Baylard, Baylord, Bellot, and Belard.” No wonder family genealogists have such a difficult time!

Wagon Trains Ho!

Andrew Bailard’s family came to America in 1830 and settled near Perryville, Missouri, a later starting point for wagons heading west. By 1852 or ’53, a young and adventurous Andrew joined a wagon train heading for California. He traveled with, and possibly was employed by, Alexander and Margaret Bailey and their four nieces and nephews, Margaret’s late sister’s children, the Shoults. One of the children, Martha Catherine (b.1839) rode a horse nearly the entire way, except for the five days she spent secreted in one of the wagons while the family was doggedly pursued by an “Indian chief who thought her most attractive and wanted to make a trade with her family and have her for himself,” according to an article penned by Martha’s granddaughter Virginia Bailard.



Andrew Bailard

Martha would later marry Andrew in 1857 after the families had settled in Half Moon Bay near San Francisco, growing produce for city markets. Andrew and Martha’s son, Charles Edwards “Ed” Bailard (Virginia’s father), picks up the story of their crossing the plains in an interview with Sadie Hales Johnson published in the *Carpinteria Herald* October 13, 1960: “There were 200 covered wagons in the train, and Mother rode her own horse all the way across. Oh, I suppose that when it rained she probably gave up the saddle and rode awhile in the wagon.” Sadie wrote, “Ed remembers his father telling him that when the train was passing through dangerous Indian country the wagons would form a huge circle at night to make a reasonably secure fort against Indian raids. Two huge wheels were removed from each wagon, the tongues pointed in toward the center of the circle. The horses and cattle were then corralled in the center and some of the men stood guard while the others slept. ‘When they were passing through the buffalo country, they lived high,’ Ed added.”

It wasn’t until Andrew arrived in California that the family name’s spelling changed from Boehlert to Bailard. Lawry Bailard speculates that perhaps Andrew was not that literate and when asked for his last name’s spelling, copied that of a similar sounding name, that of the Baileys with whom he had traveled west and, as Martha’s guardians, were basically now his in-laws. Later, when Andrew’s brother came west, he was Lawrence Boehlert in Missouri and Lawrence Bailard in California.

On To Carpinteria

Andrew and Martha remained in Half Moon Bay until moving down the coast to Carpinteria in 1868. Henry Lewis, a former resident of Half Moon



Martha Shoults Bailard

Bay, had come south to Carpinteria and later persuaded the young couple to follow suit, with tales of a salubrious climate and well-watered rich, fertile land, no doubt. Henry Lewis would later become known as one of the early developers of the lima bean as a commercial crop here—the first in North America.

Andrew had heard of 400 acres of land available (another 100-plus acres were added later), a part of the old *Rancho El Rincon* Mexican land grant belonging to Teodoro Arellanes, which consisted of one square league of land (an archaic Spanish measurement which equals 4,428 acres) from Carpinteria Creek and proceeding east across Rincon and into what is now Ventura County (then Santa Barbara County). Arellanes didn’t feel the land was worth the trouble of trying to validate the title under the new American and California state legal systems, a system by which many old Spanish and Mexican land grant holders lost their properties. But, Arellanes’ son-in-law, Dr. Biggs, disagreed, and had the title validated after many years’ effort. He then decided to return to his native Chile and left the sale of his lands to Dr. Charles B. Bates. Andrew paid a mere \$13 dollars an acre for this unimproved land.

According to Ed Bailard’s son, Donald “Dude” Bailard, “when the family moved from Half Moon Bay to Carpinteria, they, of course, moved overland, driving horses and mules and leading some of their milk stock, maybe some hogs and crates in some of

the wagons, chickens and a little bit of everything to start a new ranch. They arrived in Santa Barbara late one afternoon and drove into a livery stable on lower State Street and the proprietor happened to be out across the street having a cold beer, so Grandfather just headed the procession right into the barn and corrals, had the horses unhitched and the stock put in the stalls and was pretty well lined up when the proprietor returned. He was very much put out because they had moved in on him like that, so to get a little bit even, he named a pretty heavy price for the overnight stay. Grandfather, who was inclined to have a little gambling streak in him, said, 'O.K., how about double or nothing?' The guy said, 'Alright,' and Grandfather beat him and bedded down his whole shootin' match for the night for nothing!"

Dude continued, "When they arrived in Carpinteria, to begin with they cleared the upland, what we call the poor land. They cleared that first because it was all sagebrush, no timber. They ran hogs down in the oaks in the brush (where they fed on acorns and roots), until they were old enough to have enough frame on them to fatten and then they'd finish them up in the barley fields. They'd plant oats and barley; they made hay out of the oats and grain out of the barley." Ed Bailard in his interview with Sadie Johnson had recalled that "the whole 500 acres was fenced with 5-board fence, a post every 8 feet, which Dad called 'horse-high, sheep-tight, and pig strong.'"

After fattening in the spring, the hogs would be sold live. They had to be herded down to the Smith Bothers' wharf at Serena, a distance of about four miles, to be shipped to markets in Los Angeles and San Francisco. This had to be done on a very cool day or by moonlight as a fat hog can't travel any distance on a warm day. Once, some hog buyers bought the semi-annual crop of hogs and proceeded to drive them to catch the boat against Martha's admonitions against doing so on such a hot day. Well, they almost made it, but when crossing a creek on the Thomas ranch, the sudden cold water shocked

them and they all died! The buyers were frantic, but went into the village and hired half a dozen Mexican men to come and butcher them all, presumably to be smoked and cured or pickled in brine. The hogs usually sold for three cents a pound and the Bailards sometimes had as many as 1000 to sell.

The Bailard Brood

Andrew and Martha had six children born to them in Half Moon Bay: Mary M., John W., George W., Theresa E., Lawrence A., and Joseph H. There



Andrew & Martha's sons: Ben, John, Charles Edwards "Ed", Lawrence "Lawry," and George, from left. Courtesy of Bailard Family.

were four more born into the family in Carpinteria: Ben F., Katherine, Charles Edwards, and Myrtle, who was born after the death of Andrew in 1877. The boys all lived in their own bunkhouse out behind the main family home, much to the relief of their sisters, I'm sure. Many of these children married into other local pioneering families including the Cravens, Franklins, and Thurmonds. This is why it was always said that one should never speak disparagingly of anyone in the valley,

because you were probably talking to his or her cousin! (Still true!)

Many of this large brood remained in Carpinteria, farming and ranching the family land and raising their own families. To educate this progeny, a semi-private school operated in a small building in the yard of the Bailard home. According to Virginia Bailard, "In later years, during the first part of the 1900s, the children of the next generation attended the Rincon School (site of present day Lions Park). The story is still told of the quandary in the which the teacher, Miss Zoe Lewis, found herself when she began her first term as teacher. For her records, she asked each pupil to give his or her name—nearly all the students were named either Bailard or Franklin. Getting more and more puzzled, she called roll: Carey Bailard, Helen Bailard, Catherine Bailard, Ellen Bailard, Beth Bailard, Jean Bailard, Willis Bailard, Neil Bailard; then there was a series of Franklins. Finally, she asked a small boy for his name—it was Bailard Franklin!"

The Recollections of Carey Bailard Phelps

That brings us back to the beginning of our story. Carey Bailard was in Rincon School that day that so frustrated a new teacher who, at first, was sure the pupils were pulling her leg. Carey was a granddaughter of Andrew and Martha Bailard; her father was Ben—Andrew and Martha's seventh child, born in Carpinteria in 1870. Carey was born here March 31, 1901, one of five children. It was said she more resembled her mother, Mary Thurmond's family, than the Bailards. She married Walter Phelps in 1927 and had two children: Robert and Ben. Carey is remembered as a warm and welcoming person, especially to new family members marrying into the Bailard clan. She was always extremely interested in family history. So years later, when Carey missed the family gathering in Carpinteria and sat contemplating her childhood in this valley, growing up in this large and colorful clan, she wrote down her kaleidoscopic memories, which live on to give us a picture of life in the valley in the early 20th century, from horse and buggy days to "Dad's 1909 Cadillac." Enjoy the ride!

What do I remember? The little two-room schoolhouse with Miss Lewis, Emma Wood, and Miss Annabelle as our teachers; the sliding door between rooms for joint singing—it must have been beautiful singing (!) but it was a looked-forward-to occasion just the same; the time a threatening tramp was held at bay by Miss Annabelle while Bev (Carey's brother) ran for Dad; the transcontinental road race we were allowed out of school to watch, about 1910; our lunches in 5-lb. lard cans, hanging in the ante-room, that Bob sneaked down to sample until the teacher finally said, 'Oh, let him come to school'; our flower gardens lined with daisies out along the fence by the road; swinging out over the creek hanging onto branches (the casualties going to our house for dry clothes); washing our hands with ceanothus soap; racing our horses at recess time;

playing Prisoner's Base and Hockey with a "shinny, one, two, three."

"I remember the time the wheel came off the buggy when Jean was driving Old Chapel home from school; the play under the school-yard oaks when Beth was Queen and Morris King, with Gurnsey and Bob as little pages; the track meet planned by Mr. Figg-Hoblyn, with Beth our fastest runner and Bev our best broad-jumper; tennis later with Helen and Jean our stars, playing in tournaments at Cate School.

"I remember our fun at Grandma's, all lining up for slices of hot bread, smothered with homemade butter and jam, visiting with her as she sat in her rocking chair by the window in the breakfast room; the big cypress tree we climbed behind the house; the excitement of Christmas, when she gave us each a 'fun' toy and a piece of flat silver; my little red purse when I was ten, with—inside it—a gold mesh purse to hold a nickel—I still have it; sometimes meeting Aunt Kit half-way to exchange gifts, she driving Old



Martha Bailard, center, holding granddaughter, Bernice, and daughters Theresa (Tese), Mary, Myrtle and Katherine (Aunts Myrt & Kit), from left. Photo courtesy Bailard Family.

Patchin, a horse NO woman should have driven—but, she had courage, for, later, hearing a noise at the barn one night after dark, she fired a blast with her shotgun out the bedroom window, only to find that it was the gasoline delivery man.

"I remember Aunt Kit's playing and singing. She probably couldn't have sung at The Met, but in our books, she could have. If there was any lack of talent, she made up for it in volume and the joy of singing; the candle holders that folded against the piano, and on the piano the most beautiful vase in the world, with pansies painted on it; the embroidered sofa cushions, one with a stately procession of geese; a picture I loved of a white Spitz dog with his paws crossed.

"I remember the day our grandmother died. I was walking home from school in Carpinteria, the one year I went there, when Dad passed us in the old 1909 Cadillac, going full speed, and when he didn't stop for us, I knew something serious had happened.

"I remember staying all night with all you cousins, riding home on the handlebars of Bailard's bike to the delicious meals of Aunt Tees and Bernice; making stilts there, with tin cans nailed to the sticks; Betty's collection of little grey ceramic cats (I wonder if she still has them?); the music box, with steel disks that plunked.

"I remember playing Talakahassee, Neil always the leader there jumping from one branch and one tree to another, sliding down their hill on slick Carrizo grass, boiling apples in a tin pail over an open fire; the anxious time when Jean had her tonsils out, and nearly died, Uncle Johnnie sitting beside her bed as the Doctor tried to stop the bleeding (I wonder why I was there?); our mother's home remedies, not having faith in Dr. Downey; soaking our feet with carbolic acid the many times we stepped on rusty nails; rubbing them with tallow when they were chapped, as we wore shoes only for very special occasions; the time all the cousins had the measles, until there was practically no one left in school; the time Bev swung off a barn roof on a rotten rope and broke both arms, and mother's and dad's patience in feeding and dressing him.

"I remember picnics at Aunts K & M (Kit & Myrtle), when the table groaned with good food, our mothers such superb cooks; the potato salad and mocha cake Aunts K & M always made; Aunt Kit of such fun and wit, saying 'Myrt, do this' and 'Myrt, do that'; the walk in the garden to admire the new roses.

"I remember the beach when we had it almost to ourselves, some of our mothers and Aunts K & M in long-sleeved black suits with bloomers and long black cotton stockings, with gourds in pillow-sacks for floating. Aunt Mary, swimming in a long white nightgown, when we camped over on the Santa Ynez. Jolly Uncle Ed, who passed his wit on to his sons—how strict their mother was with them, but with such fine results; the joy in that wonderful family when Virginia was born, and Dude's love and care for her, Uncle George, whom we all loved, though, if we had a 'black sheep' in the family, perhaps it was he. How we loved it when he came home for a visit!

"I remember our fruit orchards, the ground so covered with fruit it squashed between our toes, and an occasional yellow-jacket, with disastrous results;

the picking of big, black figs with a sharp tin can nailed to a long stick—perhaps the forerunner of the avocado picker?

"Our love of animals, and all the pets we had; the tame trout which would swim into our hands when we would lower them into the horse trough; the time Bob killed the pet gopher I liked to carry in my pocket, and the next day, a lot of little turkeys. The motto in our house was 'A spanking a day doesn't do one bit of good'—the time when he was less than three, when he climbed to the ledge above the tank house (not more than a foot wide) and mother had to hold him up there until Dad came in from the fields for lunch.

"I remember throwing rocks at old Dutch Henry's house, Neil and Bill usually our ringleaders here, and flopping into the bean rows lest he would find us as he came roaring out; the huge bay tree by his house, whose leaves we loved to crush and smell; the German toys he used to give us; the wild blackberries we picked in the creek for pies; the time we were playing in the creek and Ellen said to me 'Shut your eyes and open your mouth,' and then popped a frog into it; the time Jean stayed all night and we poured one tea-kettle of hot water into the fountain and all four went for a

freezing swim in the moonlight.

"I remember the sweet smell of hay in the barns, and jumping from the loft into stacks of it; the time we took all the little wooden weight markers off the bales in Uncle Ed's barn and caught You Know What! Gathering eggs and the fun of finding a stolen nest, then putting an old coat over the hen to protect her from the coyotes; the box by the wood stove, with a few little wobbly turks and chicks; the evenings Uncle Ed's family came to visit and we nine children played 'Beefsteak' in the hall, while our parents talked around the fire. What patience! Roasting walnuts in their shells, and the wonderful combination of nuts and pearmain apples around the fire.

"The many times we put fake packages in the road and hid in the pepper trees to hoot at the people who picked them up, and even the fake accidents we arranged—how scared I was. What a wonderful life we had, but how did we ever grow up to be adults?



Carey Bailard Phelps, c.1968.

"As I fly across the country I'll once again look down at the mountains and deserts and wide-open spaces, and marvel at the courage of our grandparents who made all this possible for us. Of the 21 of us, only Neil, Bob, and Gordon have had sons who will carry on the Bailard name. I hope that some of the Bailards will always be living in this lovely valley and that some of the original Bailard Ranch will always be in their hands. On July 15, 1868, our grandfather paid Dr. Biggs \$1,400 and then on November 20th, a remaining \$5,000 for the original 400 acres of the Bailard Ranch. I hope we can all meet three years from now on our 'One Hundredth Anniversary' to celebrate again. Nothing can keep me away! My love to all you wonderful cousins!" Carey



Andrew & Martha Bailard home in Carpinteria, c.1900.
Photo courtesy Bailard family.

And there you have it, a childhood of memories—a way of life many experienced elsewhere during that era, perhaps, but with far fewer playmates than the Bailard clan afforded, and certainly in a less spectacular a setting. Carey Bailard Phelps was able to attend the Bailard Family reunion held 3 years later in 1968, marking the 100th anniversary of their settling in the Carpinteria Valley. One hundred nineteen descendants of Andrew and Martha Shoults Bailard attended the barbecue picnic held at Lions Park, the site of their old Rincon School. Members of the family had traveled from all over California and as far away as Connecticut, Hawaii, and Europe. Many descendants of this Carpinteria pioneer family still reside on the family's and other ranch lands in the Valley. The old

Andrew Bailard home was generously loaned to our historical society during the 1960s and used for displays, collections storage, and Christmas parties and other gatherings until the museum was completed in 1969. The old home has been sold, but after restoration, it now houses another family who have set down roots in the Carpinteria Valley and will have created memories of their own to share one day. 🍷

*Editor's note: Jon Washington and Roxie Grant Lapidus are busy collecting **memories of working in the lemon packing houses** for an upcoming series of articles for this newsletter. To share your recollections, please e-mail them or me at jonwashington@hotmail.com or rlapidus@cox.net or, david@carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org. We also are collecting photos of workers there, and especially need exterior shots of the packing houses themselves. Thank you!!*

MUSEUM NEWS

HOLIDAY ARTS & CRAFTS FAIRE

The 35th Annual Holiday Faire will be held **Saturday, November 28 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.** at the museum. The Faire features 85 outstanding artisans from throughout central and southern California, providing an unequaled opportunity for all of your holiday gift shopping needs. We have many new artisans this year, so for that truly different and unique hand-crafted gift, you **must** visit the Holiday Faire! Also offered will be plenty of good food and baked goodies, live folk music, face-painting, and even a visit from Santa Claus for photos and free candy canes. Fun for the entire family and out-of-town guests too!

This all-important fund-raiser could use your help as well. Other than membership dues, we do not make any other direct appeals for support from our members. Please **remember, we are completely self-sufficient from any government funding**, and instead rely on fund-raising, grant-writing, investment earnings, and the contributions of the community and especially our membership. Local resident members will receive a call requesting **donations of home-baked goods**. Please drop them off at the museum on Friday the 27th, or even as late as Saturday morning before 10 a.m. (although it is tough to find parking then!).

We will again have a museum-operated booth selling **hand-crafted items donated** by our members and friends. If you are a crafter, artist, seamstress, or otherwise creative soul who would like to donate some of your (new) work to this cause, **please call Dorothy Thielges at 684-5605**, or drop your item(s) off at the museum. **Thank you!**

If you don't bake, or live out-of-town, we also appreciate cash donations to help defray the cost of sponsoring the faire and support museum operations — **just fill out the coupon on the back of this newsletter and drop a check in the mail.** Your donation is 100% tax-deductible. This is our biggest fund-raiser of the year and **serves as our annual appeal to membership for extra support**, so however you can help out is truly appreciated — but one of the most important ways is by attending! Admission is free. *We hope to see you at the Faire!* 🍷

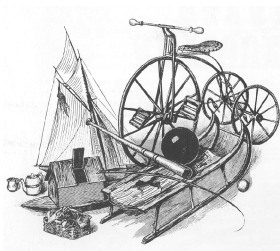
MUSEUM DECORATION DAY

On **Monday, December 7 at 9:00 a.m.** the museum will open to volunteers to hang garlands, put up holiday decorations and the dress the Victorian Christmas tree. If you no longer decorate your own home for the Holidays, you can still enjoy that excitement by helping to brighten up the museum. Come on down and lend a hand — there will be plenty of refreshments and lots of fun! 🍷

HOLIDAY OPEN HOUSE

The Board of Trustees invites all of you, your families and friends, to attend the Museum Holiday Open House on **Saturday, December 12 from 1:00 - 3:00 p.m.** The time is scheduled to allow you to then attend the downtown Christmas parade at 3 p.m. There will be hot wassail, hor d'oeuvres, sweet treats, happy company and beautiful music from a flutist and harpist duo. Please join us! This event is sponsored by the Trustees in appreciation of the support of the membership throughout the year and is free to all. Look for your invitation to arrive soon! 🍷

GIFT SHOP GOODIES!



Don't forget the Museum Gift Shop for your holiday gift-giving. We carry a line of old-fashioned die-cut three-dimensional Christmas cards, story books, and other Christmas theme items, as well as a variety of "old-fashioned" toys and games

including wind-up tin toys—robots, planes, trains, and autos, plus, iron mechanical banks, wooden pop-guns, dominoes sets, pick-up sticks, and harmonicas. Donated handicrafts add a nice homespun touch to the shop and museum volunteer Adrienne Kaplan has restocked a beautiful selection of her home-sewn items in the form of embroidered tea towels and festive pot-holders; From our

great selection of books on local history to *Carpinteria Then and Now* DVDs, and the latest Larry Nimmer DVD, *Carpinteria At 50*, which marks important events of the last 50 years of cityhood. A new shipment of T-shirts with the old Beach Auto Camp logo from the 1920s in a variety of colors and sizes is well-stocked. You're sure to find a great gift for the history lover on your list at the museum's gift shop!

For that person who already has everything, **consider a gift membership in the Historical Society.** We will send the recipient acknowledgment of your gift, a membership packet including a letter of welcome; the latest *Grapevine* newsletter, museum brochure, events schedule, Carpinteria note cards, and an annual report to help bring them up to speed on our work. (For an online membership form, please visit our website: www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org.)

The gift shop is open during regular museum visiting hours: Tues. - Sat. 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Also most mornings Monday through Friday from 9:00 am to noon — just knock on the front door or come around back! *Don't forget to ask for your 10% member discount!* 🍷

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

We wish to extend a warm welcome to our newest members:

*Mary Cota
JoAnne Goena
Teri Metcalf
Marcia Orland*

and a very special thanks to our new LIFE MEMBERS:

*Frank & Sandy Crowe
Alan & Carol Koch*

Just a reminder to send in your membership dues for the 2015-2016 membership year which began on October 1st. Your dues are critical in helping us to meet our operating expenses. Many thanks to those of you who have already renewed, with an extra special thanks to the *very* positive response of the membership to our appeal for an increased level of support. *Thank you!!* 🍷

MEMORIALS

JAYNE CALLAWAY: Sandy Evans

DEL KENT: Eleanor Jacobs.



CARPINTERIA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Holiday Faire Donation

I can not contribute baked goods to the Holiday Faire, but please accept this donation in the amount of \$_____ to support this important annual fund-raiser.

Name _____

Address _____

Please enclose your **100% tax deductible** donation with this form and send to:

Carpinteria Valley Historical Society,
956 Maple Avenue, Carpinteria CA 93013

...and Thank you!