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JEAN (MRS. JOHN) BARNARD

An Interview Conducted By

Carl Mosher

Mrs. John Barnard (née Jean Symmes)

Born October 30, 1918 in Mt. Vernon, New York.

Summer visitor in Mill Valley from 1919 to 1930.
Permanent resident since 1946.

Interviewed January 1979 in the Mill Valley
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JEAN BARNARD

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JEAN SYMMES BARNARD

Carl Mosher

This is January 24, 1979. I'm Carl Mosher, talking to Jean Symmes Barnard, an old-time resident of Mill Valley and a member of two of Mill Valley's more respected and prominent families. Over and above that, Jean has been one of the most active persons in Mill Valley, socially, politically, and otherwise, during the last twenty-five or thirty years, ending rather logically with her being mayor of Mill Valley.

Jean, let's start at the beginning. Tell us when and where you were born. You're not squeamish about that, are you?

Jean Barnard

Oh, no! When I ran for office I even put my age on the ballot. I was born in New York October 30, 1918. I can never escape the fact that I'm not a native daughter. I am, however, a fourth-generation Californian, because my mother's grandfather came around the horn, bringing my mother's mother. As a matter of fact, my mother's grandfather, Caleb T. Fay, ran for governor of California. I can't find a record of this, so he evidently didn't get very far in his run, but he was interested in the political situation in California to that extent.

I have a permanent battle with my husband because his mother came from Iowa and his father came from Kansas, but due to the fact that he was born in California he is a native son. He loves to point out that he is a native and I am not. Incidentally, the first witticism he ever said to me was when we first met and I said, "Where were you born?" He said, "Paso Robles," and I said, "How come?" He said, "Well, my mother was there, and I wanted to be with her at the time." This was the beginning of a very humorous and delightful thirty-eight years of marriage, I might add.

As I say, on the Boericke side, Caleb T. Fay, my

maternal great-grandfather, came around the horn, bringing my maternal grandmother, Kate Fay. She married Dr. William Boericke, a homeopathic physician who was very well known. In those days homeopathy was the accepted medicine. In fact he was, if I may say so, sort of the society doctor of San Francisco. I don't think anyone even wondered whether he was homeopathic or allopathic. My grandmother and grandfather had seven children--five boys and twin girls, my mother and my aunt Ruth. They were born in San Francisco in 1888.

The Mill Valley connection began because Dr. Boericke wanted a summer place for his family. He was very interested in his church, the Swedenborgian Church in San Francisco at Lyon and Washington Streets. It's a famous little piece of architecture designed, I think, by Willis Polk. There are a lot of Keith paintings there, and it's very popular for weddings. So, in 1904, Dr. Boericke sent the minister of the Swedenborgian Church, Dr. Joseph Worcester, over to Mill Valley to select a nice piece of property for him. He believed so much in his minister that he did this unique thing.

As you may guess, the minister selected a piece of property with a rock on it and quoted the Bible, which speaks of "wind and rain, and the house did not fall because of the rock." The Bible does not mention fire, and that house was burned to the ground in the 1929 fire. There was nothing left but the chimney. My brother lives there now, at 309 Tamalpais. Just the other day, the rains this January having been torrential, we were remarking what a good selection Dr. Worcester had made.

I can't resist saying that my grandmother in those days used to speak of Mill Valley as a "Sleepy Hollow" place. As we see the burgeoning traffic and population, we often think she would no longer feel like that. My grandfather died in 1929, so the last census he saw was the one in 1920. He loved the fact that the population of Mill Valley grew by one person between the 1910 census and the 1920 census. One might say, "Those were the days."

Mr. Mosher

His sentiments were quite avant-garde. In those days you were supposed to be a booster. He saw beyond that.

Mrs. Barnard

He saw beyond that, and he was very pleased that Mill Valley's population wasn't growing.

That's the Boericke side; that's how the Boerickes became Mill Valleyans.

Our connection with the White family is that my mother's twin sister, Ruth Boericke, married Ralston White. Ralston's father, Lovell White, came to California in 1859. He and his wife, Laura Lyon White, went to work in 1864 for the Bank of California, which was founded by William Chapman Ralston. William Ralston is known as one of the men who built San Francisco, one of the Silver Kings. He built the Palace Hotel, as you know. Ralston's death occurred on August 27, 1875. He had been in some difficulties; his bank had had to close its doors, and so forth. Lovell White was a close friend of Ralston and had faith in him. When his son was born, my uncle, he named him Ralston Lovell White.

I feel I should explain the tremendous age span between the birth of William Ralston in 1826, of Lovell White in 1827, and my birth in 1918. That's ninety-one years, which usually has more generations in it, but we're just two generations from William C. Ralston. Lovell White was fifty years old when Ralston was born, and Ralston White, my uncle, was forty-one when I was born. So that explains it.

About a year ago I went down to see the William Ralston place at Belmont, and I want to read you what it said there. I think it's helpful in the controversy as to what caused his death:

"In the afternoon of the day he resigned as president of the Bank of California, Ralston went swimming in the bay, off Aquatic Park, as was his custom. It was a very hot August day, and he had been under tremendous strain. Whether he suffered a heart attack or whether he intended suicide as many detractors say, he died in the bay. The coroner's report showed no water in the lungs, however, so the probable cause was a heart attack induced by the combination of emotional strain, heat, and the cold waters of the bay. He was forty-nine years old. After his death an examination of his correspondence revealed the extent of his philanthropies and his extraordinary help to the

needy of the city he loved. An estimated 50,000 people attended his funeral."

I was glad to read that, because of the fact that his name is in our family. We just adored our uncle, Ralston White, and Jack and I named our first-born son Ralston White Barnard. Interestingly enough, when he had his first son he named him Christopher Lovell Barnard. He's ten years old now, and when he comes to Mill Valley he'll feel right at home because of the two streets, Ralston and Lovell. They're very important streets, too.

I can't resist pointing out, as perhaps an early example of male chauvinism, that Mrs. Lovell White, whose name was Laura Lyon, has a little street named for her that's the smallest street you can imagine. It's Lyon Place, off Corte Madera, and it has about two houses on it. Period. After all the wonderful things she did for Mill Valley! She was the founder of the Outdoor Art Club. There are several ladies whose names are listed on the plaque as founding members, but Mrs. Lovell White was the one who called them together at her home in 1902 and said, "We must do something to save the beauty of Mill Valley." They named it the Outdoor Art Club, a very unique and aesthetic name. It's just about the oldest environmental club in the state of California.

Laura Lyon White lived at 95 Magee at that time. The home was called "The Arches." It is still standing and is listed as one of Mill Valley's historic buildings. Her portrait hangs in the Outdoor Art Club's library. My Aunt Ruth gave it to the club several years ago, and I'm awfully glad it's there. Mrs. White also founded the California Club in San Francisco. She was a very active clubwoman. She also was very instrumental in saving the Calaveras Grove of big trees.

The Lovell Whites came to Mill Valley in 1890, and Ralston White met and married Ruth Boericke, my mother's twin sister, in 1910. They lived in the Arches at the beginning of their married life. Actually, the very beginning was in a hotel in San Francisco, which in those days was the way one started. This was after their remarkable honeymoon when they rode horseback all the way from Paso Robles to San Francisco. This is mentioned in the oral history tape that was done by my aunt. I'm trying not to repeat what is on her tape.

After they lived in the Arches they then lived in a small cottage on the property where their home, the Garden of Allah, was being constructed. I must tell you that I once met a man who worked as a day-laborer in building the Garden of Allah. He lived down by the high school, and he walked the four miles to work on the Garden of Allah every day, worked all day, and then walked four miles home. That's the way people used to do things.

Mr. Mosher

Did you say how Ralston acquired that land--and when?

Mrs. Barnard

No, I didn't say that. My Aunt Ruth's tape tells about how he was helping his father open up roads around Mill Valley in those days. He was reading the book by Robert Hichens called "The Garden of Allah." Ralston had a very romantic turn of mind, and when he saw this knoll he said to himself, "This is my Garden of Allah." When he met Aunt Ruth he was a confirmed bachelor of thirty-three. In fact she said he paced the floor all night after he met her, because he didn't want to shed his bachelor status, but he finally found he couldn't resist. The first thing he did was to take Aunt Ruth up there to the knoll and say, "Would you like a house here?"

The house was designed by Willis Polk, and it's now known as the Ralston White Memorial Retreat. My husband and I had this idea of how Aunt Ruth might memorialize her husband, since they unfortunately never had children. They didn't think they should adopt. My aunt worshiped her father's opinion, and Dr. Boericke felt that any adoption should be totally secret and never known to a living human being. They thought this was too difficult to accomplish, so they never did adopt.

What this did for my sister and brother and me was to provide us with two sets of parents. We used to come west every alternate summer--sometimes with my mother but sometimes alone, each of us three. I had a full year here; my brother had two years at Old Mill School, and my sister had a summer. We had, as you say in German, zwillingemutter--twin mothers.

Because the estate was really everything to Uncle Ralston, my aunt wanted it to be preserved and not cut up, as it inevitably would have been. It's a house and forty-three acres that she gave away. Obviously it would

have had forty-three houses on it, because that's permitted up there, one house to an acre.

I should mention a surprising thing, and that is that my husband's parents were closely affiliated with Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White in those days. The Garden of Allah was supposed to be finished in early 1915 so it could be the setting of Jack's parents' wedding. They were married June 1, 1915, but the furniture wasn't all in the Garden of Allah, so it couldn't be used. The connection is that Jack's mother's sister married my mother's brother. That's how the two families knew each other. We're no blood relatives at all, but we have a mutual aunt and uncle. Isn't that unusual?

My first trip to Mill Valley was in 1919, when I was seven months old. Thereafter we crossed the continent on the Overland Limited just about alternate summers--1921, '23, '25, '27, '29--until the crash. The crash of '29 really altered our entire lives. My Uncle Ralston always was more sentimental than hard-headed, and he had not been too interested in increasing his fortune. He also had bought on the margin, particularly Goldman-Sachs, so with the crash he lost everything. But he was a magnificent person, and instead of doing something drastic he just paced the floor every night, my aunt said, until he worked out a solution. This was that he would divert all of his remaining resources. This happened to be a trust fund that Mrs. Lovell White had set up. It had seemed unfortunate at the time that he didn't have the use of the corpus but only the income, but the way it turned out it was helpful because the trust fund was bulletproof. So he was able to work out a system whereby he and Aunt Ruth would live in Europe for seven years. In those days the American dollar was worth a lot of European money. They left in January of 1932 for their long seven-year time in Europe. It was an interesting time for them. They bicycled all over and really had a wonderful experience out of it, as my aunt mentions in her tape. They rented the Garden of Allah at a ridiculous rental to Carl and Nan Priest. They very much trusted Carl and his wife, and they didn't have any children or any dogs, which was worth a great deal to my aunt and uncle. They knew the Garden of Allah was in good hands.

I can't tell you how wonderful those trips were across the continent on the Overland Limited. In those

days before air conditioning the windows had to be open in order to have fresh air. At night you'd be lying in your berth, and the train would stop way out in the middle of nowhere. There'd be not a sound, and then you'd hear the porter quietly speaking to the brakeman--perhaps going and getting some ice and bringing it to the train. It was so quiet and so romantic.

When we were crossing the Rockies we'd get very excited because we were getting nearer California. The porter would always say, "Cold tonight. You have to have an extra blanket when crossing the Rockies."

Mr. Mosher

Did you come by Union Pacific?

Mrs. Barnard

We always went by the New York Central to Chicago. There we had to cross the city by Parmalee bus to another station where you took another train for Omaha. You went from Omaha to Ogden, and then Ogden to San Francisco, although you never changed trains again.

I forget the name of the big station in Chicago that you went to to catch the train for Omaha. Chicago always frightened me because my mother was so casual about the fact that we had to cross the city by bus. She never worried, but I was a very nervous traveler and I always thought we'd miss the train to Omaha. On one trip she did rather lose track of the time and we really flew to the train. It was a very exciting and terrifying moment for me, but we made it.

As we crossed the continent, all three of us youngsters went out on the observation platform at the back of the train. You could sit and watch the tracks going endlessly clickety-clack, clickety-clack. Of course I always got a cinder in my eye from the smoke of the train, and then I'd be in tears for hours. But they were exciting trips. The excitement would start when my mother started packing our big trunks. (One only traveled with big leather trunks.) We always took a stateroom, and I had a nanny. The whole family would be together--except my father, who remained in New York. He was on Wall Street and wasn't able to spare that much time. He'd usually spend about two weeks at the Garden of Allah,

but the rest of us would spend the full three months, and we just loved it.

Mr. Mosher

The Pullman sleepers and the dining cars often stick in peoples' memories.

Mrs. Bernard

Oh, so much! I'll never forget that "First call" and "Second call." I remember in the early thirties when the train called the Challenger advertised that you could travel on the Challenger for some infinitesimally low sum-- something like a dollar a day would cover all your food, three meals.

Mr. Mosher

This would have been about 1930?

Mrs. Barnard

Yes, that would have been 1930. As I say, in 1929 we came for the summer. That was the summer of the fire. It will be fifty years this July 2 and is one of my most vivid memories.

Before I get to that, let me say that I remained that year. I was ahead of myself in school and a very small person. I'm not very tall now, but I was just Jeanie-weenie in school. I was two years ahead of my class, and my mother and father thought that wasn't good for me socially, to be babied. So they left me in California to have a delightful year of riding horseback, taking piano lessons and dancing lessons and having the whole year. At Christmastime Aunt Ruth and Uncle Rally and I went back East for Christmas and then in January 1930 came West again. Those were the days of this dollar-a-day for food.

Mr. Mosher

A minute ago you spoke of three children. I know of your brother, Larry....

¹Laurence M. Symmes, Jr.

Mrs. Barnard

My sister Kathryn was Mrs. Guernsey Sackett Buck. She died in 1966 of cancer, most unfortunately. She never was as much identified with Mill Valley because she married an easterner and lived in Scarsdale. My brother deliberately made the choice to live in the West. He never liked the climate in the East, and he just wouldn't remain there. It was too bad, because his interests have been very similar to my father's, and my father surely would have liked his son to follow him in the business.

My father was in a partnership on Wall Street which had the distinction of being under the same management the longest time of any of the Wall Street firms. It was a small firm, P. W. Brooks and Co. My father was there from 1908 to 1968, when Bache and Co. took it over. My father died at 83, but he never stopped working. He kept some of his old clients, and he'd never stopped working. He was at our house when he died. He was due to fly to New York to get back to the office. His plane was scheduled to leave at 9 A. M., and he died at midnight. So he certainly lived right up to the end, which is wonderful.

I do want to mention the 1929 fire.

Mr. Mosher

You were here, I take it.

Mrs. Barnard

I sure was here. We all were, and also a friend from the East. His name was Charlie Seiler. I'll never forget what he stepped into, coming just at that time; it was unbelievable.

The beginning of the fire was an afternoon, July 2. I think it was a Wednesday. Suddenly we saw the gardener, Alphonse Haapa, and his helper, Ambrose, who was there that day.

Mr. Mosher

You were staying at the Garden of Allah?

Mrs. Barnard

Yes, we always stayed there.

Mr. Mosher

You had a ringside seat.

Mrs. Barnard

Oh, yes. Ambrose and Alphonse came walking fast down from the barn. I can remember their shirts open and their chests gleaming. They said, "There's a fire on the mountain. We have to bury the dynamite." They kept a certain amount of dynamite for work like blowing out stumps. So the first thing they did was bury the dynamite.

My mother went to the telephone, and I can still hear her calling up the volunteer fire department. We didn't have anything but a volunteer fire department. She told the operator, "There's a fire up here." The operator seemed to be a little bit slow on the uptake, and my mother said, "There's a fire, there's a fire! Get some people up here." Pretty soon the volunteers started arriving. Each volunteer had a touring car; the number of cars was really rather remarkable. They were big in those days--great big touring cars, big wheels, long chassis. The foot of the heart-shaped lawn at the Garden of Allah had so many cars you could hardly move, each car with just one individual in it.

Mr. Mosher

There was a paid fire chief, was there not?

Mrs. Barnard

I believe there was a fire chief. Other than that it was a volunteer fire department. You know what impresses me most about the 1929 fire? The wonderful town clock we have. I think it's one of Mill Valley's nicest features. If you look at the face of the clock it says, "Presented to Mill Valley by the Volunteer Firemen in memory of the great fire." I have always thought Mill Valley should have thanked them! I think it is a unique thing that after they did the work of saving us, they gave us a clock.

I was personally terrified by the fire. I was ten

years old, and it was the first time in my life I ever wanted to leave Mill Valley and go back to New York. I kept saying, "I want to go back to New York." Nora Evans was living at 400 Ralston Avenue, and I was sent over there. I learned gin rummy sitting on her deck. Then it began to appear that her house wasn't going to be there much longer. Another couple, an old lady and her very punctilious husband, took me away in their car. He was a major, and she said to me, "Be quiet, be quiet. The major is driving." This has been a family joke with us ever since, and it's been lots of fun over the years. My husband will say to me, "Be quiet. The major is driving."

Anyway, we went over to Grandma Boericke's house, which was called El Nido, The Nest. It was at 309 Tamalpais. We thought maybe that would be all right. But the fire was jumping all over. It was a very peculiar fire. Fire goes uphill, as you know, and it didn't appear to be anywhere near my grandma's house. But very shortly after I got there we had to move on. This time they decided to take me to Sausalito. Shortly afterward the fire roared up to Tamalpais Avenue. I frankly don't remember what happened to my brother and sister. I think it was only I who was so upset.

Mr. Mosher

Were they older than you?

Mrs. Barnard

Yes, I was the youngest.

Mr. Mosher

Maybe that had something to do with it.

Mrs. Barnard

It probably did. There were some amusing things on that day, things that have become family jokes. When the major was at my grandmother's house just before it burned he spilled the ink that was on grandma's desk--and took off his shirt to mop it up! No one could quite realize that the house was going to be gone so quickly.

The Garden of Allah did not sustain any damage. It

was Class C fireproof, which means the exterior was totally fireproof. The only way it could have been burned would have been for the fire to get inside, which it didn't. Nothing burned, not even the old garage. It would have been kind of nice if it had gone because it was unsightly. It never was replaced.

Mr. Mosher

In view of that, I'm surprised they didn't decide to stay in the house.

Mrs. Barnard

In retrospect, we should have. Leaving was the wrong thing to do. But the fire was starting right in back of the Garden of Allah, and we thought we'd better leave.

I was taken to Sausalito to the home of a Mrs. Partridge. I remember in the middle of the night, standing up on the bed and looking out the window and seeing the most extraordinary sight. The sky was totally red, and the mountain was silhouetted in black.

Years later, when my aunt and mother both lived at the Tamalpais Retirement Center in Greenbrae, my aunt said, "Jean, I want you to meet our old friend Vesta Partridge, who lives here at the Tamalpais." I've always had a good memory for names, and I said, "I stayed with a Mrs. Partridge on July 2, 1929, during the Mill Valley fire." She said, "I've always wondered who that little girl was." I find in life that if you put something in the back of your head and wonder about it, lots of times you get an answer. She lived at the Tamalpais two or three more years, and then she died. But I always felt that at least I had cleared up that mystery for her.

About two weeks after the fire (it seems to me it was two weeks; maybe it was only ten days) my father and my sister and brother and I went over to see what we could find at my grandmother's house. I have never seen such ruins. Bedsteads bent like this {gestures} and hairpins in melted glass. I've never again seen the result of that kind of very great heat. I was very impressed because the library, which was also the music room, a separate little building, had a great many books, and the books had sustained the least damage. I discovered that books

are hard to burn. The pages were still there, and this was a revelation to me.

I stayed in California that winter, 1929-30, because, as I say, I was ahead of my class and. . . .

Mr. Mosher

Before we get away from the subject of the fire, I'd like to hear your comment on how the fire started. As you know, there have been a lot of different views about many aspects of the fire, the efficiency of the fire fighters, and so on. You have so many connections and memories, I'd like to hear you talk about that for a minute.

Mrs. Barnard

I just always have believed that it was started by some passenger on the mountain railroad. How else could it have been started? The location seemed to be just right, the thin curl of smoke below the railroad track.

As far as the efficiency of the fire department was concerned (and this is on other tapes), the main problem was that when San Francisco sent its fire department over, the hoses didn't fit. There was a very interesting fire chief over there in those days, Chief Bolen. He was a friend of our family and remained friends afterward. He never made any comments. I never heard any adverse comments.

Maybe if I had been older I would have realized that the fire was getting away from them. No one seems to have been able to explain that, and that wouldn't be anybody's fault.

Mr. Mosher

Wind and hillside will do amazing things with fire.

Mrs. Barnard

As I understand it, the wind changed when the fire was approaching the heart of Mill Valley. I do recall that, rather than its being to the credit of any human.

Mr. Mosher

You have no other direct memories?

Mrs. Barnard

No. The next memory I have is in the fall of 1929, which was about three months after the fire. Every night I would wake up at the Garden of Allah and smell the burned area and would cry and fuss. I was a nervous little girl, there's no question of it! I would go in to my aunt and uncle, who basically were a childless couple except when we visited them.

It wasn't until years later that I realized that it was during these very months that my uncle was having such a dreadful problem because of the stock market crash. I can remember just once when he lost his temper with me and said, "Now, you shouldn't worry." He was always very constructive, and what he did was take me out to the hillside opposite the Garden of Allah, at the foot of the lawn. He took some fresh growth (there were already some little sprigs of green), and he laid it down and tried to burn it. It would not burn, and he said, "See, Jeannie, it's safe. It's all been burned. It can't burn any more, so don't wake up any more at night." I was very impressed with that, and I did stop worrying.

Another thing about the fire that interests me is that I know the trees there at the foot of the lawn are fifty years old, no more, no less. They started fifty years ago. This has always been of great significance to me.

I'm going to digress for a moment to say that all the years I was on the City Council I strongly opposed (and I will always oppose) any tree-cutting ordinance. I feel that trees are growing too fast in this part of Mill Valley. Naturally, out in eastern Mill Valley, on Shelter Ridge and so forth, they need trees. But in the heart of old Mill Valley we are losing our views because of too many trees. It is interesting to know what my mother and my aunt said about this. My mother said, "It's deplorable how dark the canyons are getting." My aunt came over to a party at the Leppos, I think it was about 1972. After the party I asked her how it was, and she said, "Oh, it was lovely, but Mill Valley has changed so much." I thought

she meant there was too much traffic, too many hippies. "No," she said, "Too many trees."

Mr. Mosher

I must have misunderstood you. I thought you said you had always vigorously opposed cutting trees.

Mrs. Barnard

No, I oppose a tree-cutting ordinance--an ordinance forbidding the cutting of trees. I believe every homeowner should have the right and privilege of cutting his own trees. I would rather see a view-protecting ordinance which would enable one homeowner to arrange with another homeowner on a friendly basis to top some trees. I think the loss of view and the increasing loss of sunshine is not attractive. Sometimes I think we may be getting like La Honda in the Santa Cruz Mountains, which has never seemed to me a cheerful town, a little lugubrious. It's incredible how the trees are coming up, even under our view. We are on a piece of the Garden of Allah land, which we were fortunate enough to have my aunt give us in 1948. We built our house with our own hands, and we look out to San Francisco. We've been there almost thirty years (the house was completed in 1951), and the tops of the redwoods are beginning to come up into our view. I said to Jack jokingly, "They'll have to put higher and higher buildings in San Francisco to keep on top of these redwoods."

Mr. Mosher

Apparently they're doing just that.

Mrs. Barnard

I remember one case when I was on the City Council when a man wanted to make his house three stories and have it right next to the road so he wouldn't have to cut any trees on the lot. I went to look at them, and they were not native trees at all. This is important to me. The natives are redwoods, madrones, and bay trees. Certainly we don't care about acacias. Latterly I think people are becoming more conscious of the difference between natives and exotics; they're certainly concerned about the spread of Scotch broom and so forth. We must realize that redwood trees grow so fast. When you see a fifty-year-old redwood,

it is enormous.

Another instance on the City Council was a case where one neighbor was complaining about another neighbor's cutting his own trees. He said, "He's taken down a thousand-year-old redwood." You can imagine that I told him different. I also pointed out that in Muir Woods there is a bicentennial tree which anyone can go and see. I telephoned to corroborate what I surmised: that tree started its life in 1776, so it's 203 years old this year. You can see how enormous it is, and it makes you realize that the redwoods in Mill Valley are all second growth. They are not virgin. Now none of what I am saying applies to virgin redwoods on the north coast of California. They are magnificent. But I think we must be sensible about the second-growth ones here in Mill Valley.

Mr. Mosher

I never realized the truth of what you're saying until we planted redwoods in the center of Lytton Square in downtown Mill Valley about 1953. They were little things you could carry with one hand, and look at them now--towering trees!

Mrs. Barnard

Absolutely. We have a new neighbor who has done a beautiful job of landscaping, but he's put in twenty-five redwood trees in a space that's not more than about fifty feet by fifty feet. I ventured to tell him what a mistake he had made. He was open to the suggestion. My husband and I do cut regularly, so as to keep ahead of the growth. A redwood tree can quickly grow so large you have to hire it cut down. Sunlight is something we should treasure here in Mill Valley. If you see pictures of Mill Valley in the old days, you'll see how open it was.

Which brings me to something else which I remember vividly during the 1920s, and that is the mountain railroad winding up the mountain. Because there was such openness, fewer trees, my brother was delegated to count the passengers. My uncle was very interested in the railroad. He had no intention of giving up his stock (it had been something that his father had, and this was so important to my uncle), but it was losing money. There's no question about it--the mountain railroad really only made money in 1915, as I understand it, when there was the big exposition.

There's been a difference of opinion as to why the mountain railroad finally quit. Usually it's said that it was burned in 1929 and therefore went out of business, but as I understand it, it just lost and lost and lost. I remember my aunt always explaining, "This is an era of wheels, not rails." When Ridgecrest Boulevard opened up, the road to the top of the mountain, people's interests changed; they just didn't ride the train anymore. My uncle would ask my brother every night, "How many passengers did you see on the train?" And my brother, who had eagle eyes in those days, would tell him. He counted them as the train went by. We could see them from our tennis court, which was way across the canyon, but the trees did not cut off the view in those days.

But to get back to the winter of 1929-30, I spent a great deal of my time riding horseback. In order to make me a rider, my aunt rented a horse for a couple of months, and the two of us rode everywhere together so I could get completely used to it. I rode an old gelding of hers named Billy. He was about twelve when I started riding him, and he had been very sedentary. During the 1929 fire he did what no horse is supposed to be smart enough to do: he stood in an open spot and just shook the sparks off his back. Most horses gallop into the fire. He was rewarded by still being alive in the fall, so Aunt Ruth and I rode everywhere. It had a remarkable effect on Billy; he had a second childhood. He shed his fat, he became lively again, and I had a wonderful year of riding. He was a horse that Aunt Ruth had kept. He was actually the only saddle horse on the place during the twenties.

On February 9, 1927, a date that we always remember, there was such a severe flood that Aunt Ruth couldn't get downtown at all by automobile and had to ride her horse. One of my recollections about the Arroyo Corte Madera del Presidio, which is the creek that flows through Blithedale Canyon, is how much nearer it was to the road in the days when we were riding. I think the road in 1929 must be just where it is now, but so much erosion has taken place through the years that the creekbed has dropped. Aunt Ruth and I always, as we came home from our long, hot rides, would go right into the creek. The horses could put their feet right in; it was almost on the level with the road. They'd have a few nice, cold drinks. Anyone who knows horses knows that it's perfectly all right for a hot horse to drink, as long as he continues, and we were still about three-quarters of a mile from home. The thing

you should never do, of course, is bring a hot horse in and let it drink and then stand. That's called "foundering," and we never did that. The only other horse on the place that winter was a great big Morgan called Steve. I remember so well all the excitement when he broke his leg and had to be shot. He was of no further use.

Another one of my memories from those days on the place is that the gardener, Alphonse Haapa, was using some dynamite one day to blast out a stump to make a new road up to the barn. Just as he set the dynamite and gave the proper notice and stepped back, he saw that my cat, Thomas, was sitting on the stump. Well, the stump blew, and the cat blew to kingdom come, but in a few days he was back. It was incredible.

Mr. Mosher

A classic example of the old saying.

Mrs. Barnard

It was unbelievable. I want to tell you the rides we took in this winter of 1929-30, because it brings back so vividly what the area was like. My favorite ride (and I would do this alone because it was just a little ride) was to go down Miller Avenue and across Camino Alto and back up Blithedale. Miller Avenue in those days had the train tracks in the middle of it. There was a fence, but it had dirt on the sides of the fence, and there was a wide enough place so you could ride your horse. Miller was on only one side of the tracks. The left-hand side, as you went out, was virtually unused, so there was plenty of room to enjoy that.

Another ride was down Miller to Montford, where the 2 A.M. Club is now. I'd turn up Montford, which was dirt, let the horse out, and have a glorious gallop up Montford. Another favorite ride was around Homestead Valley. You could go deep into the valley to Stolte Grove and out the other side. That was very nice.

Mr. Mosher

Do you recall what was on the corner of Miller and Montford, where the 2 A.M. Club is now?

Mrs. Barnard

No, I don't. It's a busy intersection now. Aunt Ruth and I used to ride down to Waldo Valley, which is Marin City now. It was a beautiful area, with just one farmhouse on it. We would ride all around in there. We also rode out Tennessee Valley, which happily is still the way it was, and to Muir Beach, which we called the Big Lagoon. It's so great to think that this is all in the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. There was a time (I think it was around 1950, when Mary Summers was on the County Planning Commission) when she unveiled a plan which showed a big shopping center and other development in Frank Valley. Those were scary days from the standpoint of the environment.

Another thing I used to do, because I wasn't in school and my friends were, was to ride down to the Old Mill School at lunchtime and ride around the block. It wasn't fenced in those days. But I decided that was kind of mean, because they were in school and I wasn't, so I didn't do that too often.

Another one of my memories was the beautiful, arched redwood sign at the intersection of East Blithedale and Camino Alto. It said "Mill Valley" in logs. My aunt got a new horse, an ex-racer named Chunquina, a wonderful horse. She bought it from a stable in San Francisco, and the owner rode it over to Mill Valley. I was allowed to ride down East Blithedale to meet him at that redwood sign and show him the way up to the Garden of Allah. That was an important day in my life. I also remember riding out to where Alto is now and watching the construction of Highway 101--the steam shovels and all the work done by hand. Of course we used old, curvy Camino Alto to get to San Rafael.

Mr. Mosher

This was the early thirties?

Mrs. Barnard

This is still the winter of 1929-30. That was the year they were building Highway 101. Margaret Marsh, Mrs. Lucien Marsh, used to ride with us on our longer rides. She and Lucien lived in the house that now be-

longs to the Brewsters.¹ She kept her horse down on what is now called Marsh Road in Blithedale Park. It was the old G. T. Marsh Japanese garden. It had a beautiful wisteria vine which is still there, kind of an unusual ropey-looking vine. I always wonder how long it will be before the kids break it down, swinging on it. That's about all that's left of the beautiful landscaped area that G. T. Marsh built there. He was a fancier of Oriental things. One of the remaining buildings was usable as a barn, and Margaret Marsh kept her beautiful palomino horse there. One of the big rides that she made with us was all the way up to Point San Quentin. We went out on Highway 101, and I remember in my childish mind's eye the absolutely enormously wide dirt roads that were being carved out around that peninsula.

The roads above the Mill Valley Tennis Club were carved out in the twenties, before 1929, and stood without a house on them till after the Second World War. That was a wonderful place to ride, along Marlin and Manor. The houses on that hillside are now being obscured by trees, and in this case it's good. They used to stick out quite badly and were rather unsightly when you were on the low side looking up. Now they are looking much better.

Our own road, West Blithedale to Ralston, remained a dirt road until 1941. One of my memories is the way the branches of the trees would be completely bowed down by dust by the end of the summer, from passing automobiles. They would be hanging down as if they had heavy loads of snow. They were loaded with three or four months of solid dust. It was the most delightful thing, with the first rain--the refreshment of seeing those branches come up and the trees stand fresh and tall again. In 1929, on top of the bad fire, we had a very dry fall. Again, my worrisome nature had me worrying, worrying, worrying about the lack of rain. I remember my aunt showing me the headline in the San Francisco Chronicle that said, "Parched San Francisco Gets Rain."

I might say that I've always had a tremendous interest in rainfall. When we built our house in 1951, the very first house-warming present we received was a rain gauge, and since that moment we have recorded every drop of rain that has fallen on our property. Last year I

¹14 Manzanita Place.

gave that record to the Mill Valley Library, and they now phone us periodically to keep it up to date. It seems to be the longest unbroken record of rainfall in Mill Valley. Interestingly enough, the many little different pockets in Mill Valley will get more rain or less rain than a neighbor who's only a short ways away. But if you know where our rain gauge is, five hundred feet up the mountain, I think it's a very valid record. Certainly it reveals the most extraordinary swings, from seventy-six inches down to twenty-two inches.

Mr. Mosher

Did you say seventy-six? What year was that?

Mrs. Barnard

That was 1958-59. It was an incredible year. Another year more recently we had seventy-five inches. The average is supposed to be forty-eight inches. It always interests me that the average is the same as in Scarsdale, New York, where I spent so much of my childhood, but it's spread out over the year in the East. Here in the West you have this marvelous feeling; it's almost like money in the bank. You have from the first of July to June 30 of the next year to see how much is going to happen within the rainy season.

Mr. Mosher

When you get mountains in juxtaposition to the sea you get terrific variations. In Hawaii they have spots where the rainfall may be five inches, and a few miles away, on the other side of the mountain, it may be 105 in the same year.

Mrs. Barnard

It's one of the fascinations of living here. We rush out to get the rain gauge the morning after every rain and just bank it--see how we are and compare it to previous years. It's actually rather soothing. Many times you say to yourself, "This is the driest it's ever been," and then you look back in your records and find this isn't true--and you lived through it! In 1959, when we got seventy-six inches of rain, the interesting thing is that fifty of those inches fell after January. That was extraordinary. I just expect whatever comes; it can be anything.

In those days there were always wide fire trails on the mountain. They don't have those any more. As we looked out of the dining room window at the Garden of Allah we could watch hikers going up the fire trail. I'm sure there would be a public outcry now if they slashed the mountain the way they used to. They apparently don't feel they need it--maybe with aerial bombing of fires, and so forth--but there used to be wide swaths cut on the mountain.

It was typical of Uncle Ralston to give an unusual name to things. There was a little local train that ran up to Lee Street. The mountain railroad provided that service in West Blithedale Canyon every morning. My uncle called it the local anzeiger. That happens to be a German newspaper that he had run across in his travels, but all my young life I thought that a small commuter train was an anzeiger. He'd catch that train when he was going to the City. He'd take out his hunter's watch, the gold watch with a cover on it, and lay it down on the breakfast table in front of him. He'd allow himself so many minutes to eat, and then he'd rush down the trail in back of the Garden of Allah property. It cut the distance to where West Blithedale and Ralston come together. With just a little more walking or running (I'd say about a quarter of a mile) he could catch the local anzeiger.

He maintained his interest in real estate, although essentially he was a retired person. He was amused when he was asked to join the Rotary Club. They have a rule, you know, that you can have just one of everything--one realtor, one doctor, and so forth. There wasn't any space open for another real estate person, so he had to list himself as a capitalist. That always amused him. But I guess that's what you would call him, because he really just dabbled in real estate. He had some remaining land of the Tamalpais Land and Water Company. He was president of the Tamalpais Land and Water Company. All the maps of this area are still Tamalpais Land and Water Company maps. My Aunt Ruth, up until the end of her life, remained as president of the company, although my brother took over all the business affairs toward the end. There would occasionally be people who wanted to buy a lane or an alley or something, and they always had to contact my brother or my aunt about it.

Unc's office was where the Fidelity Savings is, on Throckmorton. There was a white building in front of it,

and his office was in back. It was redwood. I would tie my horse to a tree out in front and walk on the little trail back to what is now the parking lot of Fidelity. He had a dark redwood cabin with a hanging lamp and a round table and a fireplace--just one of those nice, old redwood cabins. I'd stop and see him there. My blacksmith also was just in back, only you approached from Lovell Avenue. That's one of my memories, watching him shoe the horses.

Getting back to automobiles in those days, one of my vivid memories is of Aunt Ruth dashing to the Sausalito Ferry. We never seemed to allow ourselves quite enough time, and we would just barely make it. We would sit and read the mail and have a very pleasant time as we crossed to San Francisco. The ferry carried sixty cars every twenty minutes.

In 1932, as I say, my aunt and uncle went to Europe, so there was no chance of any of us being in Mill Valley from 1930 (that was our last trip) until 1939. Of course we were hit by the depression in the East too, and weren't making trips across the country.

I might mention that in 1934 my uncle conducted by mail the sale of the eleven-acre property at the head of Blithedale Canyon which now belongs to the Maytags and Al Klyce. It was then known as the Bibb property. He sold the eleven acres for \$4,000 and was glad enough to get it in those days.

Aunt Ruth and Unc (as we called him) returned in May of 1939. My sister Kathryn and I came West by train in June of '39, and on July 1, 1939 I met Jack. As I told you, he knew my aunt because she was also his aunt by marriage. I met him on the steps of the Garden of Allah. It was love at first sight on both sides, and we soon became engaged. I, of course, had to go back to New York to finish Vassar. In those days people didn't change their minds; if you were scheduled to go to college for four years and graduate, you went to college and graduated. It didn't occur to me not to--although I was very alarmed by the fact that the very day after Jack gave me my ring, war broke out. He loved to point out that we got engaged and the next day war broke out! But it did, in fact, and I thought I wouldn't be seeing him except on his way to France.

Mr. Mosher

What class were you in?

Mrs. Barnard

I graduated in 1940.

Mr. Mosher

What was your major?

Mrs. Barnard

Music and political science. Political science was my first choice, because I've always been primarily interested in it, but Vassar had an excellent music department, and I was asked to accompany the choir and glee club, and I was sort of drawn into music. I've always been glad. Music is an art (and a science to some extent), but the knowledge of it doesn't change. Think how political science changes! I always figured, and correctly so, that you could pick up your political science, your sociology, your psychology as you went through life. But I have always been so glad that I have the background and the skills for music. I taught piano for more than twenty-two years here in Mill Valley, and I used the knowledge I got at Vassar more than the knowledge I got from my private teacher.

Contrary to my expectations, Jack was never drafted into the service during the entire span of the war because he was in pineapple canning. Who would have thought that pineapples were so necessary to the army? I guess the proof of it was that shortly after the war I had a returned soldier to lunch and served him pineapple and cottage cheese salad. He couldn't touch it! That was proof that it had been a big item on the army menu.

We were married September 15, 1940, at the Garden of Allah. We afterwards learned that this was the date of the Battle of Britain. On that day one Spitfire remained on the ground in Great Britain. It was the day that prompted Winston Churchill to say, "Never was so much owed by so many to so few." With my worrisome nature, I'm sure that had I known what a dreadful situation was going on in England at the time I would have had a hard time concentrating, even on my own wedding.

Mr. Mosher

What was the date again?

Mrs. Barnard

September 15, 1940. Television speaks of it periodically. Again, the very next day, September 16, 1940, this time it wasn't war that broke out but registration for the draft. We were fortunate in that regard, inasmuch as we remained a couple throughout the war years. We lived in Berkeley all through the war, and we had two sons. One was born in 1942 and one in 1944. The minute Jack had suggested that we get married, I had said, "Can we name our first son Ralston White Barnard?" He said, "That sounds a little premature," and I said, "Unc and Aunt Ruth never had children, and it's got to be Ralston White Barnard." So we agreed, and that's what happened in 1942. In 1944 we had Geoffrey Symmes Barnard. We never had any other children because I had always been an environmentalist and was concerned about overpopulation of the world--long before anyone else was. I can recall reading, in 1934, the demographic projections. Of course demographers have a great way of projecting into the future what's already happening. Sure enough, in 1934 they were projecting a low population curve. They said, "The year 1970 will mark the high-water mark of United States population, and from then on it will decline." I've always remembered that prediction. It helps me take a more placid view of some of the predictions that I read today.

I might say that I was a very political little person. One of my first memories is of the death of President Harding in 1923 when I was only four and a half. I can remember that our nannie was making my bed when my mother came in and said, "The President has died." Our old nurse (she seemed very old to me at the time) slapped her hand to her forehead and said, "Oh, my God!" and sank back on the bed. I remember that clearly, and it marks, for me, the beginning of the fact that I was alert to world affairs from that early age. I used to read the paper when other kids were doing something else, I'm sure. An interesting thing is that all during the 1920s the rotogravure section of the Sunday paper carried news of the explorations of the King Tut tomb. Howard Carter divulged his discoveries piecemeal and sequentially, and I can remember reading them. The rotogravure was a deep sepia-brown section of the paper that had the pictures in it.

I can remember the London Economic Conference of 1933. This was an idea that Roosevelt had, and the United States pulled out of it. I remember a cartoon of the United States rowing a boat back across the Atlantic Ocean, leaving London. Very few people seem to have given very much thought to it, but I had this really Cassandra-like personality in those days. Cassandra, in mythology, was the one who constantly predicted disaster, and nobody believed her. That was my turn of mind, a sort of anxiety that I had. Instead of taking the form of something that was perhaps not as worthwhile, it took the form of my watching world news very closely. Fortunately, as I've gotten older I've become more serene, and even though the world is probably in far greater danger now than it was then, I'm much more optimistic.

We lived in Berkeley until 1946, and then we sold our house on Ashby Avenue. Ashby is the big arterial off the Bay Bridge. During the war years it was just as quiet as could be. There was gas rationing, and we all walked around Berkeley, pushing our perambulators and putting our groceries on wheels. But the day after the war ended, perhaps everyone recalls, there was a lot of gas in the pipelines that they didn't know what to do with. They said to everyone, "Get out and use it." So everybody started driving. We found our house really untenable, after a very pleasant and quiet four years, so we sold it. We had bought it for \$6,600, and we sold it for \$9,500, which we thought was tremendous in those days. It really wasn't, compared to what was going on. We came to Mill Valley and moved in with my Aunt Ruth. She had become a widow, and the Garden of Allah was a big place for her to keep alone. We lived with her from 1946 until 1951. In 1948 she gave us the property on which our house is built, and in 1950 we broke ground.

This time we were burdened by the Korean War! My husband drew the plans of the house himself, even though his only training was a mechanical drawing class in high school. He's a very nifty guy, able to do everything he puts his hand to. He kept sitting there quietly drawing, and I kept saying, "We ought to get started. Prices are going up," and so on. Lumber was \$98 a hundred--which of course is nothing now. Anyway, he drew the plans, and we broke ground in August of 1950. We had three Japanese gardeners; one of them was Tashiro, who was well known in Mill Valley. We paid them \$15 a day, and they closed in the house. We finished it ourselves, except for the sheetrock. Jack realized it would be too heavy for me to hold up sheetrock, so we had the gardeners come back and do that. Otherwise everything was our own work. One of the things I remember was spending six weeks on the

drainage, but has it paid off! There's never been a drop of water in that house, just through thorough drainage and careful laying of the tile, and so forth.

Living in Mill Valley from 1946 on, certain events stand out in my mind--although I was primarily a little mother, so to speak. I devoted myself to rearing Rally and Geoff. I did join the Outdoor Art Club in 1946, and I pursued my music quite a bit. But considering the pace at which I've done things later, it often seems to me I could have done more then. I guess that's the way with a lot of us. Actually, my generation was a little bit ahead of the time when women did so many things.

I got my feet wet in politics when J. Walter Blair was elected to the Board of Supervisors, much to the surprise of everyone. We all thought Vera Schultz would be elected again; she was going for her third term. Peter Behr, who had his eye on the Board of Supervisors, didn't want to challenge Vera and didn't run. What happened was we got J. Walter Blair! Six months had to pass before a recall could be started, and then we immediately started recalling Blair, and Peter Behr announced his candidacy. It could all be done in one election in those days. I remember so well being telephoned about getting started. It was the day after my birthday, October 31, 1961, and I said to myself and to my family and everyone else, "I am going to put this ahead of everything else on earth."

Mr. Mosher

What caused you to feel so strongly?

Mrs. Barnard

There was a feeling that George Hall, who was the County Clerk at the time, was working up a little power base consisting of Fusselman, Ludy, and Blair. The rhythm of it is magnificent: Fusselman, Ludy, and Blair!

Mr. Mosher

It would make a good legal firm.

Mrs. Barnard

You just wondered what those three horsemen of the apocalypse were going to do next. George Hall did try to throw us off base when the recall election took place on December 6, 1961. Unfortunately for him, he did exactly the

wrong thing. What he did was reassign all the precinct numbers, which he thought would mix up the population. What it did was mix up the people who didn't care very much. Those of us who were working tooth and nail to vote yes on the recall found our place to vote, all right.

I can remember hearing a talk on November 1, 1961. I can't remember the fellow's name right now, but I went to hear him. He said, "There's the beginnings of a political machine arising here in Marin County, and we've got to stop it." So that was it, that's what I felt, the fear of a machine.

Mr. Mosher

You feel this was your introduction to active politics?

Mrs. Barnard

Totally. I learned what it was like to run a campaign. I remember one of the low points (which turned out fortunately to be a high point) when we discovered that Blair seemed to have Marin City pretty well in his camp. I thought, "Who do I know in Marin City?" I could think of only one person, and I went racing down there. You realize I was a piano teacher and had to give lessons between two o'clock and 5:15 or so, which was really the shank of the day for contacting people. But I met with this one black lady that I knew, and she got some friends together, and somehow we spread the word in Marin City. We carried by about 117 votes there. It was without any doubt one of the most exciting events that ever happened. It was my first experience of sitting listening to returns when they really meant something personally--wondering whether one was going to be rewarded or repudiated. It was very exciting--and that was the beginning.

What I started to say is that it didn't occur to me in those days to run myself. After that experience, the next thing I did was to help other people get elected, my interest being primarily environmental. At one point there were two supervisors (Behr and Leydecker) and three councilmen (Al White, Dean Meyer, and Rod Robinson) who owed their election in greater or lesser degree to me. That was five people. A couple of them disappointed me. There was a time when I'd walk around the streets of Mill Valley and people would say, "Jean, this fellow that you advocated so highly, he's pretty arrogant down there in City Hall." I could only say, "Yes, I'm just as disappointed as you are."

Obviously the next step was for me to run myself. I

knew that whether I was good or bad I was not going to become arrogant; that was easy enough to guarantee! So in 1970 I ran. But, you see, I was fifty-one. Looking back, I surely would like to have gotten started around thirty-five. There's a difference of fifteen years or more. But that's the way it was. What I came up against, with eight years on the Mill Valley City Council, was my husband's retirement. He is now retired from Del Monte Corporation after forty-one years, and it seems to be a propitious time for me not to be involved in such a heavy commitment any more. I always say, however, that if things look as if Mill Valley really needs me, I might reconsider.

Mr. Mosher

You have a long record of rising to the occasion when there's something really significant coming up.

Let's think of some more cases where you felt it was important to involve your energies and time.

Mrs. Barnard

I started in Mill Valley's city government by being appointed by Mayor Wornum to the Parks and Recreation Commission. During the time I was on it, the problem of replacing the land on which this library stands came up. I hope this doesn't shock the users of the library, because we all love the library now, but I was opposed to using a portion of public land in any way other than as open space. There still is a problem, if one stops to think of it, in case the question of parking should ever arise. The city, by putting a structure here with no parking provided, abrogated its own requirements. I've always said I would lie down in front of the bulldozer if anyone suggested taking any of Old Mill Park and turning it into a parking lot, which I'm sure will never happen.

I love this building now, but I certainly promised myself and the public and everyone else that we would replace the lost land. So when the Water District offered us twelve acres up on Edgewood Avenue where that enormous tank is, I surely voted yes. They said they would have to retain the tank and the immediate environs, but we could have the remainder for a park. That must have been about 1967 or '68, and all these years later we're still trying to get the park whipped into shape. But it's there, and someday it will. . . . It's one of the few flat areas for youngsters who live up in that hilly vicinity to use.

I was living with Aunt Ruth at the Garden of Allah at the time she was working with Mayor Miriam Cummings and Mayor Harrison Leppo on the question of the property behind the bus depot. That property had been granted by the Tamalpais Land and Water Company for railroad purposes only. When the railroad almost quit running (it sent in a train only about once a week), the question arose about releasing the property for the use of the citizens of Mill Valley.

Mr. Mosher

You're talking about Northwestern Pacific rather than the mountain railway.

Mrs. Barnard

That's right, the Northwestern Pacific Railroad. The track came right into town and crossed the foot of Sunnyside Avenue. Sunnyside ended there. In fact, it was a popular place for commuters to park their cars, because it was a totally dead-ended street. When my uncle died in 1943 he left instructions with Aunt Ruth that she was to see that the City of Mill Valley was given the land so Sunnyside could be cut through to Miller Avenue. He did not want any money to come to his estate for the land upon which the railroad crossed Sunnyside. The first step that had to be taken was to get the railroad to back out so that they no longer crossed Sunnyside. That required a lawsuit, which Aunt Ruth engaged in. Northwestern Pacific was owned by Southern Pacific, and it's very hard to have a lawsuit in the state of California that involves Southern Pacific as the defendant. It was finally worked out, and Sunnyside Avenue was cut through, and that was Uncle Ralston's gift to the city. As far as the land in back of the depot is concerned, the area that is now the huge parking lot, Mayor Leppo and Aunt Ruth talked a great deal about that. Aunt Ruth sold it to the city for \$20,000, which was really not much for such an essential piece of land. In return there's a plaque in the redwood grove there, and it's called the Ralston L. White Memorial Grove, that little circular grove where Sunnyside comes into Miller. There's a public seat there.

I'm trying to think what else I can recall. One of the things that I'm proud of, although some people I suppose still don't think it's beautiful, is the Public Safety Building. If it hadn't been for me I'm sure the bond issue which made it possible for us to have the building would not have passed. That was one of the things I worked hardest for, because I realized the tremendous need for it. It required giving lots of coffees! Chief Walsh took me down to the City of

Campbell to look at the fire station there. Fortunately someone down there said, "I hope you're giving coffees." Do you know, I hadn't thought about giving coffees! I came back here--there was just about five weeks to the election--and I started giving coffees. I was getting people all over town to give coffees, getting policemen to go and talk, and it made all the difference. The bond passed, and we got the police and fire building.

Mr. Mosher

Did you have anything to do with selection of the site?

Mrs. Barnard

I wasn't on the committee, but I certainly, as mayor at the time, was watching every move that was made. There was no alternative; it had to be built on public land. One of the funny things about being a council member from 1970 to 1978--to digress a bit--was that the whole eight years was colored by people eternally saying, "What about the Purity?"¹ It didn't matter what was suggested--a fire station, an art center--the question always was, "What about the Purity?" So naturally everybody thought of the Purity for the Public Safety Building.

Mr. Mosher

It's so visible to everyone who lives here.

Mrs. Barnard

It's so visible, but it had a lot of drawbacks, the biggest being that to use the Purity would have required an enormous outlay to purchase it in the first place, so the bond issue specified that the site had to be on public land. We tried during the time Exxon (I think it was Exxon) owned that land to get them to give it to the city. It's always good for a try, but that didn't succeed.

Mr. Mosher

What do you think about the site? Is it going to work out?

Mrs. Barnard

Oh yes, I think it's going to be fine. In fact, Mill

¹An empty Purity market which stood at the corner of Camino Alto and East Blithedale.

Valley's spread to the east means that it's very beneficial.

Another thing I've always had in the back of my head is consolidation of all the special districts in Marin County. It's absolutely essential. Proposition 13, by cutting the property tax funding for all these districts, may bring about that worthwhile objective. There are five thousand special districts in the state of California, and they're all little empires, especially the sewer districts. The boards of directors of sewer districts are like little Caesars. They just love their jobs. I've always thought that with a large building like ours--big and in a good spot--perhaps this could lead to a Southern Marin Police Department or something like that. It would be most helpful. I have high hopes that it will prove its worth in years to come.

Mr. Mosher

Let's see, you were mayor from. . . .

Mrs. Barnard

From 1972 to 1974.

Mr. Mosher

Did you have anything to do with the expansion of the city limits of Mill Valley during that period?

Mrs. Barnard

No. It was prior even to my election to the council that people jokingly used to say, "Mill Valley to the sea." We had a city manager named Bert Balmer who drew the most extravagant plans for the expansion of Mill Valley, all the way through Tamalpais Valley. That was not our style. As a matter of fact, I've always liked the fact that Mill Valley is on only one side of the highway. I've never been fond of the idea of annexing Strawberry. I always thought that the sales tax revenue would somehow not meet the elaborate costs of servicing the area. When you analyze it, Mill Valley is the only town that is on one side of the highway. It's an extraordinary thing to realize. Belvedere and Tiburon are out on the peninsula, but all the towns that touch the highway are on both sides of the highway, with the exception of Mill Valley. I treasure our uniqueness.

I do think Alto should be inside the city limits. I

think that would neaten things up. Also Homestead Valley would be nice. I think there are such wonderful people in Homestead Valley, particularly environmentally conscious. It would be nice to have them as voters in the city limits of Mill Valley, but that's never happened.

Mr. Mosher

There's a movement now which may lead to the county becoming amalgamated in many respects. Of course that talk has been going on for a long time.

Mrs. Barnard

Yes, way back in the days of Vera Schultz. She was on a committee to study a county charter, which was totally defeated. But look how long ago that was. It was much too far-seeing for those days. Now it would have a better chance-- with the exception that political statistics now show that bigness does not always result, by any means, in savings. Certainly that's a deterrent.

One thing I did mention earlier and wanted to come back to was that my grandfather, Dr. William Boericke, was a homeopathic physician. Because there is so much interest in that now, I do want to get back to it for a moment. He wrote Materia Medica with Repertory. There are two or three of them, but he wrote the one which is very highly thought of. I have it right here. I'm so happy that now there is the Homeopathic Educational Services that gives a listing of the books available, including my grandfather's. Very little good can be said about hippies, but I must say one thing. During the 1960s the so-called hippies and people like that became disenchanting with the establishment and began to take a hard look at things we had taken for granted. I think it was in Berkeley in some paper like the Berkeley Barb that the word started circulating that these people were exploring homeopathic medicine and had discovered it was very effective.

In 1918, the year I was born, the raging influenza which decimated populations, as everyone remembers, was responsible for the fact that the American Medical Association became jealous of homeopathy, because homeopathy's results were so outstanding. They didn't lose anyone to speak of, hardly anyone. The allopaths (allopathy is what homeopaths call the other school of medicine) lost a great many people. I was born October 30, eleven days before the Armistice in

1918, and I got the flu almost instantly; I was something like a month and a half old. Our whole family was laid out, everyone in the house. My mother often described it to us. Someone from my father's office came over to help us out. I have always thought that that terrible case of flu so early in my life gave me a lifetime immunity, because truly I have never been subject to flu.

As I say, homeopathy is again of great interest to people, and there is an excellent new book on it which I'm going to review at the Outdoor Art Club this year. There's a school of homeopathic medicine in Athens, much activity in Berkeley and all around the Bay Area, and I feel it has been snatched from oblivion at the last minute. Another reason for its being less popular is that it uses such infinitesimal amounts of medicine that it doesn't make enough money for the big drug houses. That's been a disadvantage, of course.

Mr. Mosher

You were talking about hippies a minute ago, and that introduces another subject. Because of the nature of Marin County and particularly Mill Valley, we've had a lot of, shall we say, dissident young groups over the years. I associate the term hippie more or less with the sixties. You were defining your conception of the hippie; it might be nice to expand on that a second and see how you feel it has affected the history of the area.

Mrs. Barnard

My definition of a hippie is a person who is against the establishment, so to speak. I think the greatest impetus toward hippies was the Vietnam War. Even a person like myself, who has a sort of old-fashioned love of country--I became embarrassed by the incursion into Cambodia and the bombing of Vietnam. I was ashamed to be an American for a while; I wasn't fond of my country at all.

Mr. Mosher

As a matter of fact, it seems to me that most of your life you've had a foot in each camp. You've always been a dissident in a way, yet very conventional at the same time. You sort of understand them both.

Mrs. Barnard

Well, what I am a little proud of is the fact that I

sort of looked ahead. For instance, the whole world marveled at Roosevelt's speech in 1937, the one that said, "Quarantine the aggressor." He was credited with great vision because he saw there was trouble brewing in Europe. I never could see anything remarkable about that. I'd been worrying about trouble brewing in Europe ever since 1933! I've always had an interest in demography and a tremendous interest in the environment. When my father and mother and all of us would be driving around New England I'd say to dad, "Just think, this is the most thickly populated section of the United States, and yet there's quite a bit of open country." I was concerned even way back then. In that respect I've always been, as I say, Cassandra-like.

As far as hippies are concerned, that's a passe' term now, don't you think? It was the rebellion against the establishment.

Mr. Mosher

The particular term is, but the objection to the establishment, with all that this implies, certainly hasn't fallen by the wayside. It would lead us right into the seventies, which is the drug-culture period. Many of the elements we're speaking of are the same for each group, though they have different labels. The introduction of the drug aspect, of course, is very significant--particularly in Mill Valley, which for a number of years and in many quarters has been referred to as one of the drug distribution centers of the world.

Mrs. Barnard

I know. I certainly always hear that that's the case. I guess I don't like to think it.

Mr. Mosher

You were a town official during a lot of the seventies. I'd be interested to hear your comments on that whole scene.

Mrs. Barnard

I will say one thing about being a town official. I really laid my cards on the table in both of my campaigns, 1970 and 1974. I said, "I will be a responsible council member. Any time you call anything to my attention I will track it down and take care of it," which in fact I did. "But," I said, "I don't necessarily see everything that's wrong,

because I have rather an amiable outlook." That's one thing that's a great blessing to me, that I changed from an anxious child and became infinitely more optimistic when I became mature; the world looked good to me. I frankly told people, "You will not find me pointing out all the bad things in Mill Valley, but if you will tell me about them, I will be totally responsive." In my eight years, I know that my main contribution to the town was communication. I was always not only ready but eager to respond to anyone's questions. People would call me and say, "There's been a big camper parked in front of my house for three weeks, and I can't get any action from City Hall or the Police Department. Will you do something about it?" Fortunately, since I was on the City Council, one phone call from me seemed to make the difference. That's something I know I will miss, as the years go on. I really felt I was able to help, and that was my chief contribution.

I know the drug culture existed, because I talked it over with Police Chief Walsh, but I have no verification of it whatsoever. My niece once said to me, "Auntie Jean, can't you smell the marijuana around here?"--wherever we were. I'm just not trained to that; I really don't know anything about the drug culture.

One thing I want to mention, because it's been such a big part of our life here in Mill Valley, is the Community Church. I was the organist there for fourteen years. In fact, I stopped being organist when I became mayor. I didn't mind giving up Thursday night for choir practice, but I didn't think the choir director we had then was making people work hard enough to be a worthwhile night. It's rather amusing, but I said to him, "If you're not going to work us hard, I'm not going to continue to be organist." I did stop, and it was fortunate, because shortly afterward my husband and I were able to go down to South America on two trips. Our son, Geoffrey, and his wife were in the Peace Corps, and we had a wonderful trip to Peru in 1970. That was only about four months after I was elected to the City Council, but I dared to leave. I missed two meetings. I had failed to go to the Philippines in June of that year. Having just been elected in April I didn't have the nerve to be gone for a month. So I missed a wonderful trip to the Philippines that my husband had in connection with his business.

We did go to Peru in October, and that was most memorable. Then in 1972 we flew down to Rio de Janeiro and met

Geoff and his wife and I crossed South America by bus, which was very interesting. We had to fly over the Gran Chaco, which is in the center of South America--that's a great desert. We took the train from Santa Rosa to La Paz, and from La Paz we flew up to Quito. Those were fabulous things that I wouldn't have felt free to do if I'd still been involved in the Community Church--I mean if I'd still been organist. I correct that because we are deeply involved, but when you're organist it really is a commitment. There are very few people who can play the organ. It is hard to get a substitute. Nowadays if there are some Sundays when the present organist, Robaline Meacham, is unable to be there, and if I can't take her place (which I love to do), then a guitar or a piano or something is used, because of the informality of the times.

Speaking again of the rebellion of the 1960s, we are pleased to see that there is beginning to be a return of young people to church. The peak in membership in the Community Church was 1964. I should mention that the Community Church was built by the Tamalpais High School class, designed by the class, under E. E. Wood, who was the first principal down there. It was patterned after the Outdoor Art Club, which is a Bernard Maybeck building. It's almost identical in its structure. In 1951 or '52 we added the parish hall, but the original structure is virtually a copy of the main room of the Outdoor Art Club. In those days, 1964, we were bursting at the seams. We would have two full services every morning. That's 235 people twice every Sunday morning, and three services on Easter. We were debating whether to push out one wall of the sanctuary to gain room or whether to sell and move to the outskirts. At that time we bought the old Christian Science church; we bought that land. This puts us in a dilemma now because that is a tiny, substandard lot. Because we have bought it, we have now performed a consolidation, and by the ordinances of Mill Valley we can never part with it separately. If anything ever happens to that building, the land will have to become a parking lot. Fortunately we're growing again, so that's good news.

My husband and I, of course, analyze various reasons why church attendance fell off. We remember that 1964 was the year of Proposition 13, a controversial proposition which had to do with whether homeowners and landlords could reject potential renters. It was suspected that the basis was racial. Everyone professed to be "no" on 13, which was the liberal side, but when the votes came in they were heavily "yes." You never saw a "yes" bumper sticker; I think I saw one in the whole time. Everybody had "No on 13" on their

bumpers. It was quite a shock to me that there could be such a hidden constituency for "yes." My husband was chairman of the Christian Social Action Committee of the church that year, and he could see why the position of the church, which was for "no," lost some members then. It seemed to be a high-water mark. Of course it was a combination of reasons why people stopped going to church, but it coincided with the controversy that year and started a falling away. Now we're coming back, and there's really a great spirit there again. We're growing again.

Mr. Mosher

How big a part does theology play in the Community Church? More specifically, what are your feelings and beliefs in that area?

Mrs. Barnard

That's an interesting question, because my attitude toward church is that I love church! It's the fellowship, the feeling, the love and trust among all the people who are in the church. Actually, sometimes while I'm in church I say to myself, "Well, I'm not so sure about this or that." Our commitment, of course, says we come together from varied religious backgrounds to search for vital experience of God, and, starting with ourselves as we are, we work together to discover God's purpose for us and to follow the command of Jesus, "Follow me."

Theology doesn't seem to matter that much to me. However, I really know there is a God. Many's the time, as I was driving down to the City Hall for a difficult evening at City Council with a hard question ahead, I'd say two or three little prayers as I went down the hill. I do that; I pray. I think what I'm saying is that even if church were not theological I would love it because of something about the whole experience of church. I almost keep separate my belief in God, which I think of a great deal and always call on. I don't give a lot of thought to theology when I'm in church. I'm just enjoying everything about it. Maybe I'm unlike everyone else and think of it less in church. I just love the whole place, the whole spirit of it.

Mr. Mosher

You obviously subscribe to the Christian ethic. Your

life indicates that.

There's one other thing I'd like to hear your comments on. We hear a lot of talk now about trying to restrict growth in Mill Valley. In a sense it's easier here than in many places because of the terrain. I'd like to hear your feelings on that.

Mrs. Barnard

Naturally one wants to keep the town from growing so big that it's not attractive. That's where trees do us an enormous service, and I'm well aware of this. If we had as few trees as we had in the 1920s we would see an enormous number of houses from our living-room window. We can no longer see about five houses we used to see; even the most recently built one is almost obscured. So Mill Valley is fortunate in that way.

My concern is more for the downtown area. The thing I hate to see happening is what we used to call on the council, and still call, Sausalito-ization, which is the process by which rents are raised so enormously on stores that a low-profit-margin store can no longer be there, even if it's the most useful thing in the world, like the shoe repair man or the hardware store. When the O'Shaughnessy sisters go, I don't know what's going to happen to their building. Varney's Hardware is there, and Redhill Liquor, and the store in between which used to be the Mill Valley Furniture Shop. The O'Shaughnessy sisters have often told me they're going to give their land to the Catholic diocese in San Francisco. That will be an impersonal administration which will simply sell it. Another rather alarming statistic I've heard is that there is one ownership of something like fifty buildings in Mill Valley. As I understand it, it's Fred Baker, whose parents live on Buena Vista. He grew up in Mill Valley and should have a loving attitude toward the town.

If I ever find the time, there is something I want to do--but I probably won't be able to. It would be a good thing to have a group of Mill Valley people who would each put in maybe \$5,000 and buy a block of buildings or a central building so they could control the rent and we could continue to have our necessary services. If it weren't for the subsidiary business that Fred Peters does, his ten-cent store, wouldn't be making a big enough profit for him to keep it.¹ He has another business, a financial second-mortgage plan, which makes all the difference. He's able to keep the store

¹ Shortly after this interview was taped the rent on Mr. Peters' building was raised, forcing him (his official explanation) to sell Bennett's Variety Store.

almost as a hobby. It's virtually Mill Valley's only department store. We certainly don't have anything like Albert's any more.

When I was on the council I went over to Berkeley with a group to see Mr. Hink. He's an old, old man who has Hink's department store. We asked if he would be interested in moving into the Albert's Building, the Mayer Building. He said you have to have an enormous amount of floor space, that the amount of floor space in a building of that size is no longer of interest to a general department store. And, of course, there's no parking. So the downtown is really my concern as far as growth is concerned.

I somehow don't feel too badly about one more house here, there, or the other place. As far as Shelter Ridge is concerned, I think if you have to have a place for a lot of people to live, that's a good place for a lot of people to live. If you go up there, there's a beautiful view--but you're awfully glad you're behind glass because it's very windy. It would never have been a good place for picnicking! And there's a lot of highway noise drifting up. But I've been quite a defender of Shelter Ridge. One of my recipes for liking a new development is to ring doorbells. If you get to know the people you get a friendly feeling about it. And they have nice poetic street names up there!

Mr. Mosher

It's probably not realistic to think we can cut development off entirely, this close to a huge metropolitan area.

Mrs. Barnard

That's right, but we can and must keep the stores we need in Mill Valley.

Mr. Mosher

You're absolutely right. It's one area where a train¹ won't help us, won't save us, necessarily.

Mrs. Barnard

No, it won't, and the trees won't help us; it's the

¹The train (as it used to exist in Mill Valley) has often been thought of as a solution to most of the downtown dilemmas.

rental situation. Look at the Mill Valley Art Guild. I'm sure there was such a tremendous increase in rent that they had to move to Belvedere. We keep losing these charming little things in Mill Valley.

Mr. Mosher

Jean, this has been tremendously enlightening and interesting, and you've added much to our knowledge. This will be a bright spot in our collection.

Mrs. Barnard

Thank you, it has been a pleasure. I certainly am a real devotee of Mill Valley. I'm always so happy to say I'm from Mill Valley.

Mr. Mosher

I know you are, and it shows. Thanks again.

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