

Bayside-Indianola-Walker's Point

Suburbs Between Two Cities Enjoy Woodland Setting

BY CHET SCHWARZKOPF
 PHOTOS BY DICK RYAN

Bayside, Indianola, and Walker's Point lie along the old Arcata road, and together they comprise one of the pleasantest suburban residential districts in the Eureka-Arcata area.

As you proceed toward Arcata on the old road, you come first to Walker's Point, known in earlier days as Dutch Flat. Its present name came from George Walker, a pioneer rancher. It is located in the wooded valley traversed by the Ole Hanson road, a mile or more north of Freshwater corners. A number of fine homes and ranches are in this section, including the Nelson Bowles' purebred Jersey farm, and the new residences of Edward Gross, Thomas Babcock, and Archie Giacomini.

Due to its sheltered location, Walker's Point enjoys a warm and comparatively fog-free climate, which attracted older residents like the Hansons, Walkers, and others. In recent times, with new growth forging into Humboldt, this section is proving ever more attractive.

Leaving Walker's point, you proceed through the cut past the Taylor ranch and enter Indianola. Here is a district dotted with dozens of newer and older homes, set on a gentle wooded slope overlooking Humboldt Bay. The redwood hills, which make Humboldt one of the beauty spots, form its background, and there is many a pleasant residence in secluded dells you cannot see from the road.

INDIANOLA'S HISTORY

In the horse and buggy days, In-

dianola was almost a town by itself. The automobile age has brought it within minutes of downtown Eureka and Arcata, and its postoffice and stores have given way to the larger centers. But Indianola remains definitely itself, even as its name, and the visitor is impressed at once by the evidence of new growth, as well as its desirable residential setting.

How did Indianola get its name? The settlement is an old one, dating back to the first comers in the 1850's. History books were of no avail to settle the question, and "most everyone though it 'just grew.'" Apparently, however, the name came to it early in Humboldt's development because of an Indian rancharia that had been there as far back as legends could trace. Gone now are the Indians and old settlers who could have named the day and date the place was first named. But it took the United States government, once upon a time, to settle the issue.

Back in the last century, a man named Marble had a blacksmith shop in Indianola. At that time, the place was also referred to as Dutch Flat. So Marble decided to settle the matter once and for all, and applied for a postoffice for the little community. He asked that it be called "Marbleville." Postoffice inspectors, however, decided the name Indianola had precedence, and informed him that henceforth the name was permanent. And that settled it.

The years have slipped by. Indianola's postoffice has been absorbed by the present Star Route. The younger generation have to be told that a blacksmith shop was an early form of garage, where they kept horses "in repair." But Indianola's wooded slopes have their place in the sun as an ever-increasing new population finds it a restful and pleasant place to live and build homes in.

BAYSIDE TO THE FORE
 Leaving Indianola on the old Arcata road—a road of romance in horse and buggy days—you pass by the Jack Williamson ranch with its airpalne conveniently moored in the back yard, and enter Bayside. Slow your car down and look, for again you are in a pastoral setting—a Sherwoodland—that makes Humboldt a place loved by its older residents and newcomers alike. No wonder people want to escape from the nerve-tension, the drabness and rush of the world's big cities, when the Creator gave us places like this to live in. Jacoby creek wanders down from wooded hills to pass by a series of homes, each in its own setting.

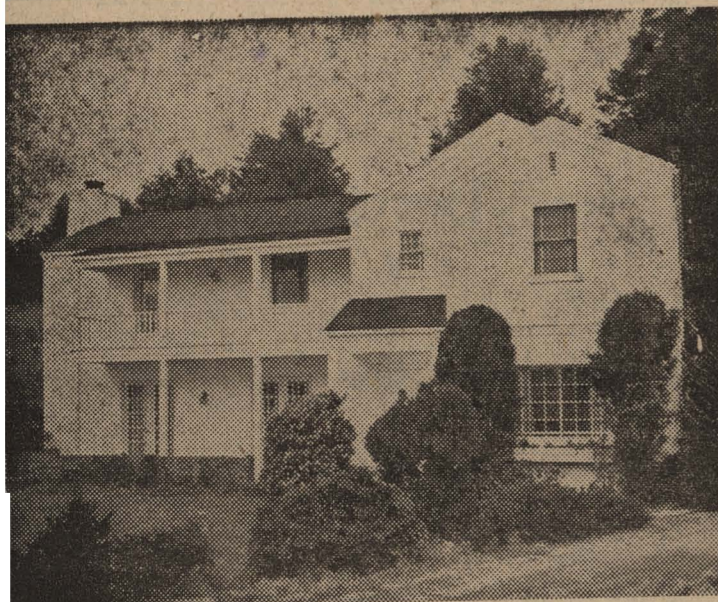
Turn off the Arcata road and drive up the road that borders Jacoby creek—past the historic Sam McFarland home, atop its knoll, the Graham homes beyond the bend, and a dozen others, some new, some dating back to early days. Look across the little valley at other Bayside homes, and you cannot avoid the impression that here is a place where people have lived, and are living, in happiness and fulfillment. And nobody is crowded for room.

AN EARLY DAY TOWN
 Bayside got its start in the 1850's, according to some of the older residents. Of the three communities along the old Arcata road, it is quite the larger, and has its own postoffice, school, grange hall, and church. Next to it is Arcata, and it regards itself as an adjunct to that city. In recent days, the gap between the two places has all but filled in with new homes.

Originally, Bayside was a company town, and several of the old Bayside Lumber company's cabins stand across from the store and postoffice. A logging railroad, whose right-of-way still can be traced, ran from the Jacoby creek watershed in back of town, down to Humboldt Bay and the Arcata long wharf. At one time, a mighty stand of redwood timber covered most of the area, but the company long ago ceased operations, and the railroad and wharf are gone.



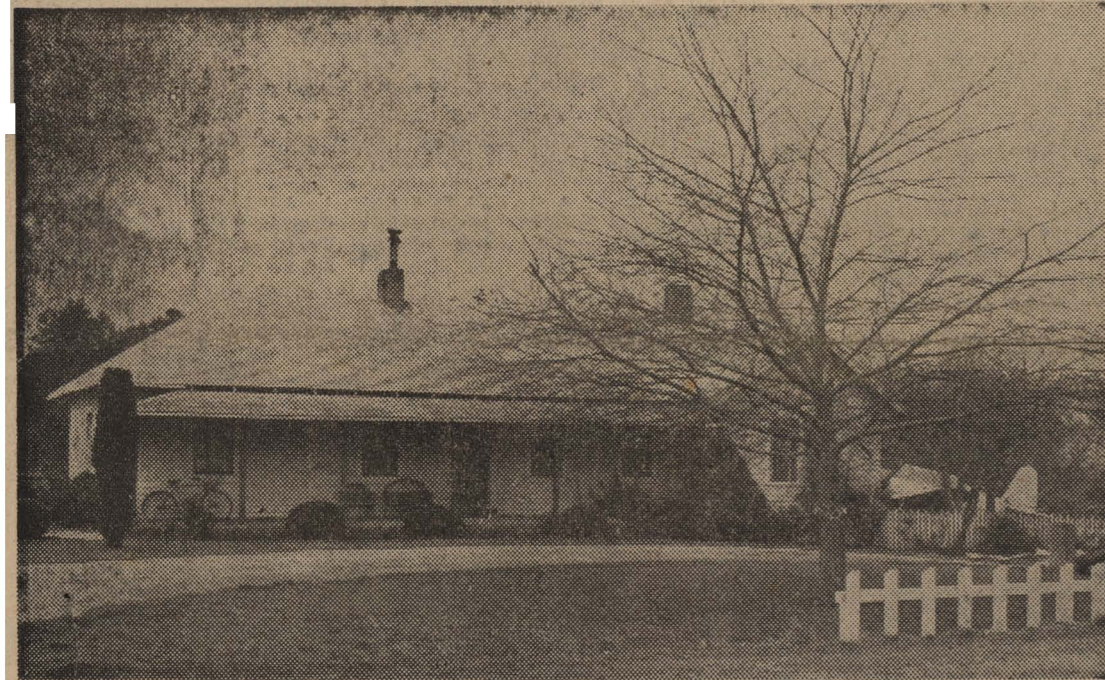
Bayside center presents pastoral view from hillside on way to golf course.



The Nelson Bowles' home, Walker's Point



Sign warns drivers at Bayside corners.



The Jack Williamson home, Indianola, complete with airplane.



Scenic Bayside setting by Jacoby Creek—the M. A. Graham home.



Master Jerry Brooks, with his mother and Mrs. Warren, Bayside store.

Logging, however, is still being practiced back in the headwaters, and the Sound Lumber company of Arcata recently has built a road into upper Jacoby creek over which it plans to haul logs later in the season.

ROCK QUARRY AT BAYSIDE

Not alone did the Bayside railroad haul logs, however, for there is a rock quarry in Jacoby creek canyon. This quarry, which is still in use, furnished much of the large rocks that went into the building of Humboldt Bay's jetty. Rocks at first were hauled from the canyon out onto the long wharf and transferred, cars and all, by lighter barges across the bay to the then-building jetty. Later they were hauled by rail through Arcata and out the Samoa peninsula.

To this day, there are rails on the jetty. Many are missing, and others are twisted by storms, but they bear mute evidence of a Herculean job against the elements, when mankind tamed one of the roughest bay entrances in American waters. So you salute what is left of the Bayside and Jetty railroad, as well as the memory of the long wharf, for they played their part in the building of Humboldt Bay's harbor and metropolitan area.

Bayside got its name, of course, from the founding lumber company. At one time, there was a railroad station named Bayside located at Brainard's cut, where highway 101 now passes through. Passenger trains between Arcata and Eureka stopped there on regular schedule, and the Brainard's cut business section got its start in those days. Gone long ago is the little depot, but for many years a sign titled "Bayside" stood beside the tracks to mark the place.

SCHOOL AND POPULATION

Bayside has its own school, to which come pupils from the north end of Indianola as well. Its attendance has increased sharply since 1940, and it now has three teachers and 80 pupils. In charge is principal Mrs. E. Anvick, while Mrs. C. McClelland teaches the intermediate grades, and Mrs. M. McLellan the primary. All eight grades are accommodated, and the school occupies a spacious campus close by the community's center.

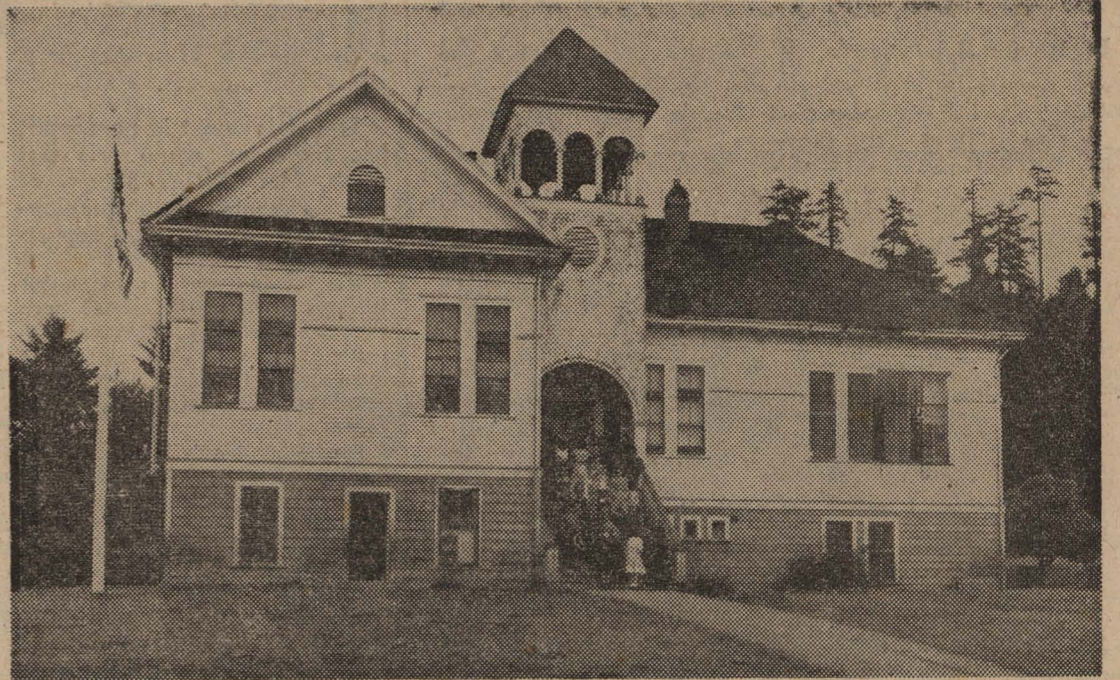
Population of Bayside center, according to an estimate of Mrs. N. E. Warren, postmaster, is some 250 people. The total area, however, probably comprises a population of some 1,000, if one is to judge from the ratio of school attendance.

Many pioneer Humboldt names are associated with Bayside. There was Sam McFarland, who was logging foreman for the Dolbeer-Carson Lumber company, who logged in the adjoining areas in later days. Then there were the Newells of Fortuna, Dan and George, who also logged part of Jacoby canyon's great stand. And the Getchells—Walter, Howard, and Mable—who were born in Bayside, and whose father, Frederick Getchell, came to Humboldt in 1868. And the Monroes, Nellists, and Monahans—just to mention a few—whose families are still in Bayside and Eureka, and whose names need no introduction to people familiar with Humboldt. And a bridge still stands across Jacoby creek, in back of the Howard Getchell home, whose timbers were hauled into place by oxen, long ago.

BAYSIDE GOLF CLUB

No account of Bayside could be complete without mention of its golf club. Again you are forced into superlatives as you drive up the hill in back of town, past many new and impressive homes, and enter into an exotic setting amid towering redwoods where Humboldters can enjoy their out-of-doors while batting a ball over the greens.

In charge are Mr. and Mrs. Mel Babica, well known and hospitable Humboldters, who take a just pride in their establishment. There



School's out! Bayside youngsters pause on steps for picture.



Golf Professional Mel Babica tees off at Bayside course while Lloyd Bridges (left) Frank Smith, and George Petersen look on.



Bill Pavo has charge of Bayside club's refreshment corner.

is a comfortable clubhouse in the center of the grounds, where you can keep your gear and meet for a 19th hole bull-session. And alongside is the Babica's pretty home, built to conform with the motif of the trees and grounds.

As you stand on the knoll by the clubhouse and watch groups of players scattered across the rolling greens, you realize more than ever how fortunate it is to be an American—and more particularly, to belong to Humboldt. For at Bayside's golf grounds, you meet

a cross-section of the Redwood Empire. And you meet democracy... It doesn't matter whether you are a millionaire, or a guy that has to work for wages—or a newspaperman after a story. What matters is the kind of good sport you are, and how you play your game and get along with your fellow man.

Nowhere else on earth but America can you meet relaxed and happy people kidding and ribbing one another's stance, matching to see who tees off,

and borrowing a smoke from someone they just met. And nowhere else but in California's Redwood Empire can you play beside trees that were old upon this earth when Columbus arrived in 1492... or look to the timbered hills about you and realize that life endures. You catch yourself wishing that some of these dictators and trouble-makers in less blessed parts of the world could join the bunch

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