

# CABINLAND

Vol. 1

Published Monthly by the

No. 1

REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Marshall Square Bldg., 1182 Market St., San Francisco

JANUARY, 1927

## Emerson Hough on Week-End Outings

*Those who live in California know the beauty of week-end outings in mid-winter, for here in the Golden State there are places where sunny springtime dwells the year around. The famous author of "The Covered Wagon," in his simple, charming style, has this to say about California outings:*

"To me it seems an easy guess that an outing will be best if it affords an absolute change of scene. And one will get more good out of a vacation not passed in a crowd. Your family will rest better if you have a little cottage all your own. And the mountains are as abundant and large as they ever were, as restful and logical and consoling and rejuvenating. It is hard to beat the mountains for an outing.

"The best man's country that ever lay out of doors still lies there . . . take the foothills and mountains of California, and you have the cream of all the world for the outdoor man. The angling is better than ever, and the mountains are there, the sky is there, the water is there, and the breeze and the trees. Life in this upland country is, in the belief of the most experienced, about the summit of human happiness."

(Emerson Hough's "Out of Doors")



CABINLAND

*The Officials of the*

# REDWOOD ESTATES

join in wishing all of you

*A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year*



WM. K. GRASSLE  
Sales manager, San Jose Office



GEO. T. COLLINS  
General Sales Manager



MRS. EFFIE WALTON  
Sales Manager Los Gatos Office



T. D. WALKER  
Sales Manager  
Oakland Office

## A Christmas Wish

*The hills and trees, where Nature's  
beauties lurk,  
A sunny nook far off from noise  
and work,  
Where balmy air the appetite increases  
Where sleep is deep and every worry  
ceases—  
A cosy cabin 'neath the forest trees  
Will give you every one of these.*



N. J. WAIS  
Sales Manager  
San Francisco Office

# Cabinland

THE REDWOOD ESTATES' MAGAZINE

Published by the Redwood Estates Company, 1182 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

HARRY W. GRASSLE, *Editor*

Vol. 1

JANUARY, 1927

No. 1

## INTRODUCING CABINLAND

By HARRY W. GRASSLE, *Manager Redwood Estates*

We want to assure the fortunate lot-owners in the Redwood Estates that our interest in them does not cease with their purchase of this property—that it is our purpose to keep our Redwood Estates family just as closely connected as possible into one big community. To this end, interesting community activities will be arranged from time to time. One such event was the memorable turkey-chase of November 20th. Other events will follow. Now comes this monthly publication—*your* magazine—"Cabinland."

The purpose of "Cabinland" is to make us better acquainted with one another—with our mutual



plans, purposes, and desires. And "Cabinland" is to be our way of accomplishing this by enabling us to meet with you and talk to each of you personally.

In return we want you to write in to us and tell us how we can make Redwood Estates better, how we can make improvements—in fact, any suggestions that you may have of any kind.

Thus, "Cabinland" is the open forum where we can meet and discuss affairs together. With the co-operation of our readers, we assure them that this publication will be of such interest that it will find a welcome in their homes each month.

## For Those Who Have Not Yet Seen the Redwood Estates

This beautiful land of cabins is on the Santa Cruz highway six miles out of Los Gatos—look for the Dutch Windmill on the right. You are welcome at all times to drive out and view the Estates. And we are more than glad to take

you out in bonded cars with careful, courteous drivers, without charge and without obligation. All you need to do is to drop a postal card or call us on the telephone at the office nearest to you.

### REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY,

San Francisco Office . . . . .	1182 Market Street . . . . .	Phone Hemlock 7303
Oakland Office . . . . .	1723 Webster Street . . . . .	Phone Oakland 1282
San Jose Office . . . . .	Auzerais Building . . . . .	Phone San Jose 8287
Los Gatos Office . . . . .	48 Santa Cruz Avenue . . . . .	Phone Los Gatos 439



# The "Why" of the Redwood Estates

By HARRY W. GRASSLE—Owner and Developer

Every worth-while accomplishment may be summarized by the words "vision put into action". That, in brief, tells the story of the Redwood Estates.

During the past twenty years or more, thinking men and women in every walk of life have more keenly than ever realized the strenuous pace of our modern civilization—the nervous and physical wear and tear due to the artificiality of city life.

Rest, relaxation, recreation, pure air, pure water, open-air sports, the healing rays of sunlight, the refreshing and reinvigorating contact with nature—these are the things we need!

Every one of us ought to get away from the routine of life once in a while—get away and recuperate, "rest up", shed the worries of the daily grind and become boys and girls for a while—breathe deep lung-fuls of pine-scented mountain air, hike through mysterious, inviting forest trails, watch the purple glow of the sunset over tree-clad ranges, sleep beneath the quiet stars, lulled to slumber by the whispered music of the soft wind among the giant redwoods—then wake up with the keen appetite of children, clear-eyed and clear-brained, renewed in strength, eager to begin the battle of life again!

But how shall the hard-working man and his family enjoy the bounties of nature? How can he find the time? Where can he go? How can he afford it?

These are no easy questions.

But the answer has been found!

And it is an answer that once and for all puts within the reach of every man, every woman, every family, their hearts' desire for health, enjoyment, freedom, relaxation, happiness, *life worth while!*

Let me show, to those who do not already know, how, when I located in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains the beautifully wooded

Heuter Estates (re-named Redwood Estates in honor of the redwoods that tower so majestically among the oaks and madrones) I found the answer to the heart's desire of countless thousands.

Those who have already purchased their cabin sites need no one to tell them of the wonderfully exhilarating mountain air—climate always balmy and summery—never foggy, never too warm nor too chilly. The pure spring water, piped free to each cabin from covered reservoirs. The well-graded auto roads that reach every lot. The facilities for tennis, archery, children's playground, and for every outdoor sport. The Redwood Estates' own dancing pavilion. And the trails so ideally laid out for rejuvenating hikes among nature's marvels of forests, meadows and mountain slopes.

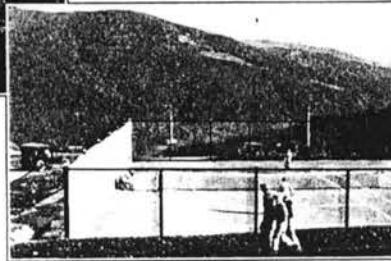
Also, the fortunate owner of one of these lots in nature's wonderland already knows that the cost is ridiculously low—lower, in fact, than the expenditures for sickness paid out by an average family through a single winter. The Redwood Estates *health insurance bill*—the cost of your lot—may be spread over two full years, in small payments that are so easily met as to be almost unnoticeable—as low as \$5.00 a month!

Just to own one of these lots, just to drive out and camp—with or without a tent—for a week-end, for holidays, or merely to drive out and spend a Sunday afternoon—means renewed

ambition and enthusiasm for work and business, means a new hold on *life!*

And the cost of building has been reduced to such a minimum that every lot-owner can speedily become a cabin owner also—the proud possessor of a forest cottage such as Emerson Hough describes—a rustic week-end and vacation resting place with all the comforts and conveniences of home—right in the midst of God's paradise.

Happy are those who have invested in Redwood Estates! For all others—right now is the time to act!





## That Memorable Turkey-Chase at Redwood Estates

Saturday afternoon, November 20th, some 600 of the Redwood Estates family assembled for a rollicking, old-fashioned turkey chase amid the ideal surroundings of the Estates. The balmy air was doubly sweet because of the gentle showers of the day previous, and all afternoon the sun played hide and seek with the fleecy white clouds that flecked the blue sky.



Long before the hour set for the chase, the crowds began to arrive from all points

of the compass. Then, at 2:30 P. M.—but let's hear the story from a San Franciscan who signs himself "One Who Didn't Catch a Turkey!"

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For sheer jolly fun—for spectators and participants alike—nothing better could be imagined. And the chase was ten-fold more interesting because of the equalized chances for everyone in that there were not only the "free-for-all" chases, but those for "women only", "girls under sixteen", "boys under fifteen", "women over twenty-five", etc., etc.

May we have many more such community frolics on the Redwood Estates!

(There will be more.—Editor)

Sincerely yours,

*S. L. Brevit,*

"One Who Didn't Catch a Turkey"

This account gives some idea of the possibilities of enjoyable outings on the Es-

tates. With a cabin in the Redwood Estates, you can offer your friends any type of entertainment desired. A luxurious, quiet week-end of rest amid the beauties of mountains, forests, and glorious sunsets. Or jolly parties and picnics in the freedom of na-

ture's domains. The coupon below is appended for the convenience of those who have not as yet viewed the Estates.

Redwood Estates Company,  
Marshall Square Bldg., Hemlock 7303,  
1182 Market St., San Francisco.

Please inform me how I can inspect Redwood Estates without any obligation on my part.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
Phone Number.....

4274-C 23rd Street,  
Redwood Estates Co., San Francisco, Calif.  
1182 Market St., S. F. November 21, 1926.  
Dear Mr. Grassle:

Just a note of appreciation for the grand "turkey-trot" we enjoyed on the Redwood Estates yesterday. It was surely worth the two hour drive there and back, even though I and those with me were among the "also rans" who didn't happen to run into any of the turkeys!

The weather, the "chase" itself, and all the details of the program were certainly "all-wool-and-a-yard-wide"! The opening talk in the pavilion by your Mr. Collins was a wonder—so straight-forward, direct, and informative as to the Redwood Estates and its aims and advantages. Couldn't we have a verbatim report of this talk?

(Our next issue will contain it.—Editor)

And I was especially impressed by the fact that Mr. Hennessy of the S. P. C. A. was there at the invitation of the Redwoods Estates to supervise the turkey chase.



## Build Your Cabin—Now!



Some 55 cabins are already under way or have been completed on Redwood Estates. At no time have materials and fixtures been more economical than right now, and the wise lot-own-

er who has not already done so will commence building operations at once.

The Redwood Estates Company offers every assistance for the economical and speedy construction of these neat cabins. The astonishingly sunny, springtime climate of the winter season in these sheltered mountain dells make Redwood Estates a winter resort without peer. Don't miss the wonderful week-ends and holidays spent in your own snug cabin up in this marvel-land!

And—remember!—every one who begins the construction of a cabin before January 1st is granted a flat 5 per cent discount from the price of the lot! January will soon be here, and with the last day of December goes the chance of securing this 5 per cent reduction. Build your cabin—*NOW!*

### Exhaustless Springs

The covered water-reservoir of the Redwood Estates, filled entirely by a natural mountain spring, has a capacity of 125,000 gallons. And so exhaustless is this spring that during midsummer, under test, the reservoir was rapidly filled in a few hours' time.

### Electricity!

The Redwood Estates tract-office, on the state highway, is already connected with the electric light and power lines; and within a few weeks electricity will be available for every cabin in the Estates.

### Dutch Windmill

A new Dutch Windmill now adds interest to the entrance of the Redwood Estates on the paved Santa Cruz Highway. Tourists and passers-by even make a practice of stopping to take snapshots of this unique mountain windmill.

### Meet the Landscape Artist!

To still more enhance the loveliness of the Redwood Estates, Fred H. Suydam, one of the noted landscape artists of the United States, has been retained by the Redwood Estates Company.

### "Oil's Well"

Although this is a purely speculative feature, it is nevertheless a fact that within a few hundred feet of the Redwood Estates there is a producing oil well—one of the three paraffine-base oil wells in California. And another well is being drilled at the present time from which the owners expect big results.

### Redwood Estates Will Conduct a Country-Wide Investigation

Just as we go to press, arrangements have been completed for a first-hand investigation of real estate developments throughout the United States in order to secure ideas for the improvement of Redwood Estates. Our General Sales Manager, Mr. Geo. T. Collins, will conduct the investigation in person. He leaves on the *S. S. Manchuria* on December 18th, will reach Havana, Cuba, on January 1st, and from thence will survey conditions on the eastern coast from Florida northward. The most important inland projects will be covered on his way west. He plans to arrive home some time in February.



## LET Redwood Estates PAY Part of Your Christmas Bills

We know our lot-owners are interested with us in the development of Redwood Estates, being acquainted, as they are, with the beauties and advantages of our beloved cabin-land.

You no doubt know of friends who would like to have a cabin site near yours. We would be glad to invite such to inspect Redwood Estates. Should any of them eventually purchase a cabin site, a liberal check for each lot sold will be sent to you.

All you need to do is to write in the spaces below the names and addresses of those you believe will be interested in cabin sites; then tear out this page and mail it to us. And be sure to fill in your own name and address at the bottom of the page so that we may know to whom to send the checks as the lots are sold.

Redwood Estates Company,  
1182 Market Street,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I believe the following would be interested in purchasing a cabin site in Redwood Estates:

Name.....	Address.....
Name.....	Address.....
Name.....	Address.....
Name.....	Address.....
Name.....	Address.....
Name.....	Address.....
Name.....	Address.....

Yours truly,

(Your own name).....

Address.....



**TRY US**  
*Hardware*  
*Household Goods*  
*Paints - Stoves*  
*Electrical Goods*



**CURTIS HARDWARE CO.**

*Telephone 35*

110 W. MAIN ST.

LOS GATOS, CALIF.





# CABINLAND

Vol. 1

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No. 2

REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Marshall Square Bldg., 1182 Market St., San Francisco

FEBRUARY, 1927



*If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will  
keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul  
from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears!*



From "Sunrise on the Hills", by Longfellow



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HARRY W. GRASSLE, *Editor*

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 2

## Improvement by Co-Operation

By HARRY W. GRASSLE, *Mgr. Redwood Estates*

Many have been the words of commendation received since the first issue of *Cabinland*—commendations upon the speedy development of the Redwood Estates—the mountain-playground of Superior California.

The Redwood Estates Company appreciates the rapidly increasing interest in this wonderland of cabins—because this interest proves that lot-owners and visitors also heartily approve our constant efforts to make these Estates a better-than-ever haven of rest and recreation.

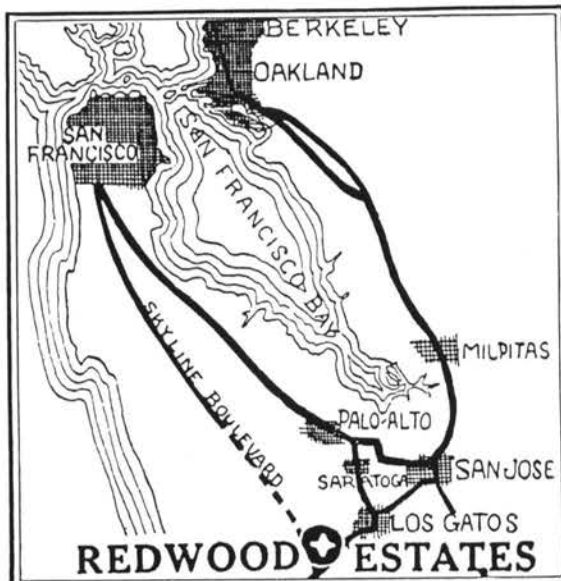
Therefore, since all of us have the one object in view—to make the Redwood Estates the best place of all for an enjoyable week-end outing or for a vacation—I believe I have the hearty support of all readers when I make the following recommendations:

### DRIVE QUIETLY

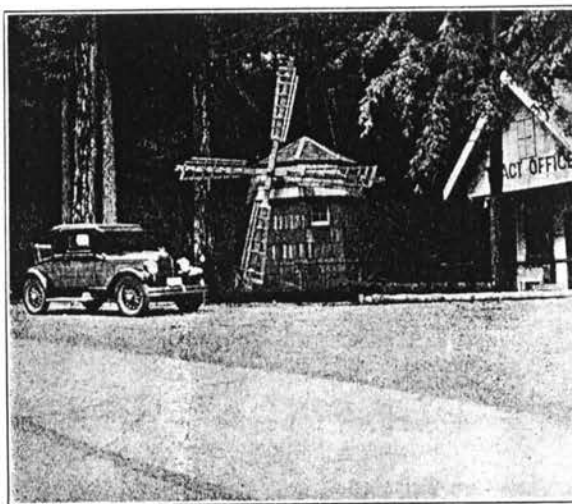
When driving a car through the Estates—drive quietly—*kindly keep your cut-out closed*. You will enjoy *your* day better by so doing, and you will help others enjoy *their* day better.

### DRIVE CAREFULLY

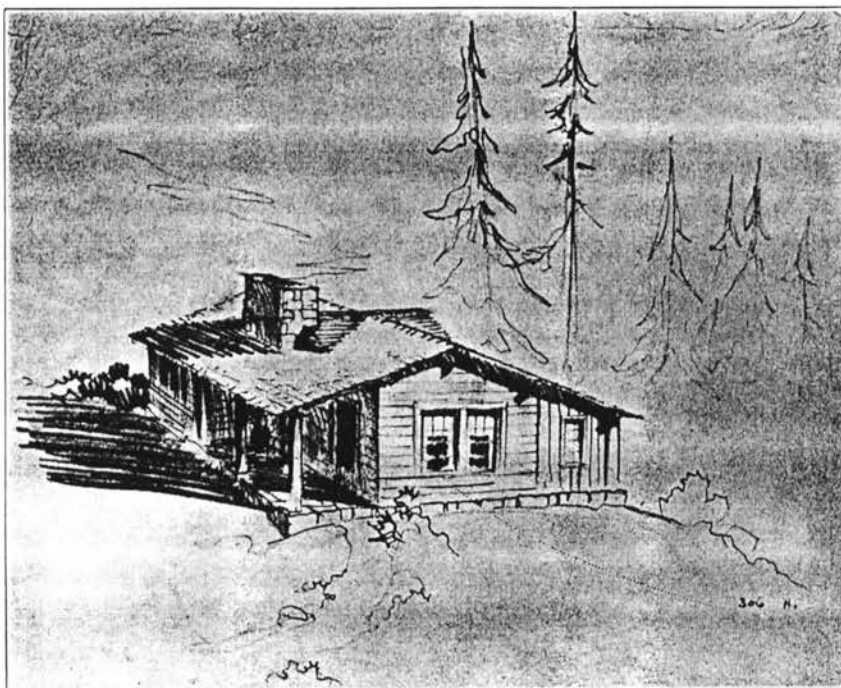
And please do not speed. The avenues of the Estates have been laid out so as to make every lot readily accessible—which means, of course, that the roads curve and wind through the hills. This adds much to their scenic beauty. But—for *your* safety and the safety of *others* either on foot or in cars—*please do not speed*.



As the map above indicates, the Redwood Estates are on the paved State Highway, six miles out of Los Gatos. When driving to the Estates, watch for the Dutch Windmill that marks the entrance.



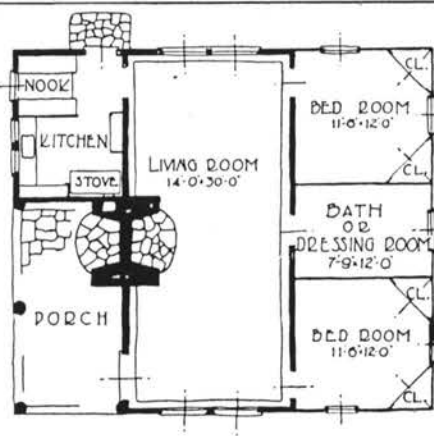
## No. 1 OF A SERIES OF CABIN PLANS



We are glad to announce that, beginning with this issue, a series of helpful cabin designs will appear in *Cabinland*. These designs will be of interest to our readers—especially to the cabin site owners who are planning on building.

Needless to say, the entire series will be worth keeping for ready reference.

It is readily seen, of course, that each plan may easily be altered and adapted to conform to the individual taste and pocketbook.



This series of cabin designs is presented through the courtesy of the California Redwood Association, 24 California St., San Francisco.

We—in our turn—are pleased to make mention of the fact that complete blue prints and specifications for these cabins may be secured from the California Redwood Association for the sum of \$5.00 for each design—a sum very much less than an architect's charges for similar work.

Mr. C. A. Phleger, Representative, Redwood Estates Co.,  
Marshall Square Building, San Francisco.

My dear Mr. Phleger:

Was in your office a few days ago and left with your secretary the quotation from Longfellow's "Sunrise on the Hills", which the view from your "woods and hills" recalled to my mind so vividly.

I want to thank you again for the beautiful trip to the Estates. The doctor and I had hesitated about going, but I would not have missed that trip for anything. All the rest of this life I shall "vibrate with pleasure" in remembering that wonderful place of yours.

You folks certainly have the "top-cream" of California's scenery and ozone.

With a simple little cabin on one of those lots how easy it would be to feel that—

"God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world."

Sincerely,

Marguerite A. Lehner

# Redwood Estates—Your Cabin Land!

By GEO. T. COLLINS, General Sales Manager

(Our camera man caught Mr. and Mrs. Collins as they were leaving on the S. S. Manchuria, accompanied by the farewell bouquets of their many friends. As heretofore announced, our Sales Manager will conduct a country-wide investigation of real estate developments—principally on the Atlantic Coast from Havana northward—to secure ideas for the continued improvement of Redwood Estates. Mr. Collins' article below, dealing with the Redwood Estates, is therefore of deep interest.)

These acres were for many years a millionaire's estate, owned by Mr. Heuter of the well-known Bass-Heuter Paint Company, and maintained by him as a gentleman's country home.

The Redwood Estates Company, in looking about for a tract of land to subdivide into cabin sites to meet the growing popular demand, looked this property over, measured it by the company's standards, and found it most ideal.

Wide experience has taught us that there are four factors which enter into the making of an ideal cabin site—and they are of importance in the order named:—First, the property itself—then its accessibility—then a source of pure water for domestic use—and last, but by no means least, the feasibility of constructing roads to the different lots in order to make it convenient to get to them the year 'round.

We will now analyze this property and see how it measures up to our yard-stick.

## First, the property itself

—not only in great natural scenic beauty is this tract specially favored but in the matter of climate as well. The *London Lancet*, leading medical magazine of Europe, has stated that the most equable, temperate climate in the world is found in two places—Assouan, Egypt, and Los Gatos, California. It means that there is a smaller range of the thermometer at Los Gatos than any other place in the world except one, and that is in Egypt.

The Redwood Estates, located about four miles by air-line from Los Gatos, of course has a similar climate, and in addition has a little elevation. Medical men tell us that we who live

near sea-level all of the time should get up occasionally to a little higher elevation. It stimulates the heart—exercises it, as it were. All of us have at one time or another experienced the invigorating influence of rarified atmosphere at moderate altitudes in the mountains. The elevation at the pavilion—the center of the Estates—is 1500 feet; at the tract office—the entrance of the Estates—the altitude is 1300 feet; a rise of 200 feet in a little over one-half mile, indicating gently rolling land.

## From the standpoint of accessibility

this property is in a class by itself. It is on a paved state highway and to get there you have no ferries to cross. It is immediately accessible from either side of the bay. On the San Francisco side, the highways are being rapidly improved and developed. The "bottle necks" are

being opened up. The Bay Shore road, 125 feet wide, is now assured. The Skyline Boulevard, now complete as far as Redwood City, will cut this property on the south and west. In a very short time there will be three main trunk highways running from San Francisco to this property. The State Highway Commission is going to double the width of the road from Los Gatos to Santa Cruz. So we are assured of a four-track highway passing our gates. Surely from the standpoint of accessibility, there remains little to be desired!

## In the matter of water supply

we are particularly fortunate. This property was known at one time as the "Mountain Spring Ranch". It is one of the few large properties in the Santa Cruz mountains that has an ample supply of pure water. We are developing the springs,





sealing them up and piping them directly to reservoirs. We have completed one reservoir with a capacity of 125,000 gallons and as the tract is further developed, we will construct two additional reservoirs and they will have a total capacity of 500,000 gallons. Water will be piped to every lot in the tract without exception, just as it is to your home in town, with this difference—here the water is not metered and costs you nothing. We have had this water tested by Curtis & Tompkins, leading analytical chemists of the West, and in addition to its exceptional purity, we find that it contains an unusual amount of iron oxide—the very important mineral for which we are urged to eat vegetables and fruits.

### Now, road building is one of the things

that we do especially well. We own our own caterpillars, scrapers, Fresno's, drags, and other road-building equipment. Our labor is all-day labor. None of the work is contracted. We build our own roads in order to know that they shall be well built. A serviceable automobile road will be constructed to every lot in the tract without exception, so that not only can you drive your car to the property but when you arrive you can drive your car to your own lot.



### Our community or recreation center

comprises about five or six acres, and is dedicated to the community. It is set apart in the map filed with the county and can never be sold. As time goes on, we will add to the buildings, playground equipment, etc., and will maintain them for the pleasure and convenience of you who own lots in this tract. The pavilion already built can be used for dancing and parties, the double tennis court is completed, and we are about to construct a swimming pool near the willows, where there is a live spring of sufficient flow for the purpose. This swimming pool will be of the latest type of construction. It will be of generous proportions, and will be graduated

in depth from two to over nine feet, making it feasible for both children and grown-ups. It will be equipped with spring boards, rings, and all the latest type of apparatus.

### A word or two about price,

for after all that is the meat of the nut. No matter how beautiful our lots nor how substantial our improvements, if the price is not right you will not care to buy. We know that as well as you do. In fact, it is our business to know it. I am divulging no secret when I say to you that the first units of any tract, whether it be in the city or in the mountains, are always sold at a lower price than the later units. That is simply good business sense. You can readily understand that in opening up a new tract, it is necessary to get some people here, sell some lots, build some cabins, and have some signs of life and activity. In other words—get some momentum. And nothing will stimulate momentum like low price—if the quality is there to begin with. As later units are opened up the lots will sell much more rapidly at higher prices than the first units because the roads will all have been completed, the water system all in, the playground finished, the swimming pool in operation, many cabins will have been built and many people will be enjoying the week ends. These first units are now being sold at barely the cost of the improvements.

### In conclusion

I want to say that there are no mortgages, liens, or encumbrances against this property. The company does not owe a dollar that is due. There is merit enough in our property to sell it without having to resort to misrepresentation. Ours is a dignified, sincere selling effort, offering merchandise of merit, strictly on its merits, to those who wish to buy, at prices and terms that anyone can afford to pay.

You can drive out and look over the Estates any day—just take the paved highway toward Santa Cruz and, six miles out of Los Gatos, look for the Dutch Windmill that marks the entrance of Redwood Estates. Or, simply get in touch by postal-card or phone-call with one of our offices—the one nearest to you—and we will be more than glad to take you out in bonded cars with careful, courteous drivers—without charge, without obligation. Below are the five offices of the Redwood Estates Company:

#### REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY

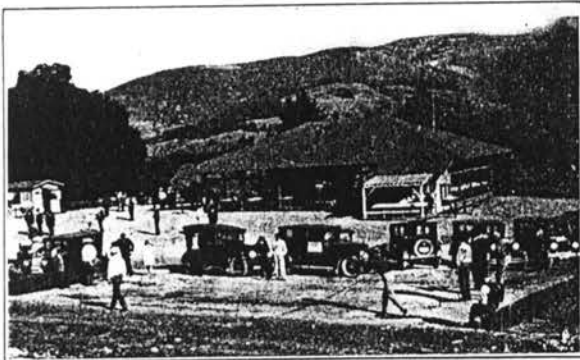
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Auzerais Building, San Jose . . .	San Jose 8287
48 Santa Cruz Ave., Los Gatos . . .	Los Gatos 439
556 Emerson Street, Palo Alto . . .	Palo Alto 388



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You can drive out and look over the Estates any day—just take the paved highway toward Santa Cruz and, six miles out of Los Gatos, look for the Dutch Windmill that marks the entrance of Redwood Estates. Or, simply get in touch by postal-card or phone-call with one of our offices—the one nearest to you—and we will be more than glad to take you out in bonded cars with careful, courteous drivers—without charge, without obligation. Below are the five offices of the Redwood Estates Company:

#### REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY

1182 Market Street, San Francisco,	Hemlock 7303
1723 Webster Street, Oakland . . .	Oakland 1282
Auzerais Building, San Jose . . .	San Jose 8287
48 Santa Cruz Ave., Los Gatos . . .	Los Gatos 439
556 Emerson Street, Palo Alto . . .	Palo Alto 388



# A Visit to One of Earth's Happiest Places

By S. B. LEWIS, of Los Angeles

Two distinctive features of the Bay Cities and vicinity strike me very forcibly—



The surprisingly low prices at which real estate is being sold here—considering the actual property values *NOW* and the tremendous increase in prices that is bound to come in the very near future.

Also the very conservative statements and claims of realtors—and everybody else—in connection with property.

These two features were nowhere more marked than at the Redwood Estates. I feel like saying a great deal about my own impressions during my visit to this land of cabins but I was most impressed by the very evident happiness of the cabin-dwellers themselves—those who are enjoying their holidays and week-ends in these mountain cottages—and to write of my little talks with these will best describe my trip.

I first met Mrs. L. L. Schwartz, cheery and motherly, who is so delighted with the Estates that since last July she has made her cabin her all-the-time home! "Mine is not such a fancy-looking bungalow on the outside," she modestly remarked, (I disagreed—I think it's very home-like) "but it's surely comfortable inside. I've enjoyed every day of my stay up here. It's going to be hard to go back home down in the valley—I'll have to go back this February—but I'll be coming back often to this cozy hiding-place away from life's worries."

Next I knocked at the door of "Lita's Cottage". Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ingersoll gladly showed me all through their delightfully furnished cabin—a jewel of a mountain residence. "Our home is in Oakland," Mr. Ingersoll explained. "For months now, Lita and I have been enjoying our Saturday afternoons and

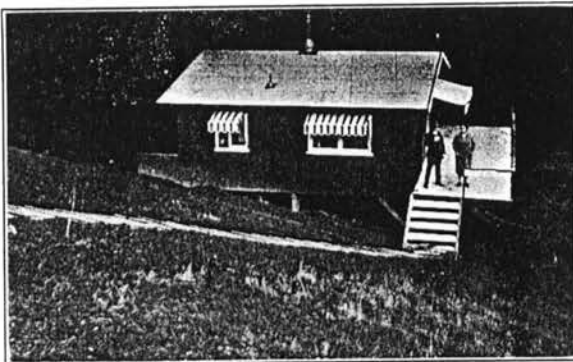
Sundays up here in this Eden of America—in our paradise-cottage. We rest, we hike around, and pay visits to the other cabins among the hills. Both Lita and I certainly appreciate our investment." And both of them certainly look the tip-top of health and happiness.

On around the scenic, winding roadways I went, past several other cottages—some completed, some in the making. One of these, I learned, belongs to Mrs. Bessie Chandler. And one to A. W. Crawford of San Francisco.

Mr. Crawford is also erecting a business building—an addition to the conveniences of the community center of the Redwood Estates. In all, Mr. Crawford is the proud owner of five lots.

After a pleasant visit at the cottage of J. McMichael and family with its beautiful view, I reached the admirable log cabin belonging to Mrs. E. Heiser of San Jose. This, I was told, is the first log-cabin built on the Estates. It is delightfully situated in a luxuriant growth of redwoods and madrones. Taking a photograph of the happy family at this true forest-chateau, I mused upon the statement by John Muir, the beloved naturalist, to the effect that the redwoods are always young—they never stop growing but never grow old—so to live among them means to stay young!

My time permitted only one more visit—and that I devoted to the really luxurious holiday-abode of R. J. Montgomery, of Oakland, who has the distinction of being the first real estate operator in the East Bay District.



After a very delightful few minutes' inspection of his commodious cabin I bade au revoir. I am fully determined to return—and to own a cabin!

# Making Dreams Come True

By MRS. EFFIE WALTON, *Manager Los Gatos Office*

Every owner of a lot in Redwood Estates realizes the beauty of this wonder-spot in the mountains and has cause to be most grateful to the owner and developer, Harry W. Grassle, for his untiring efforts in making the Estates "a little bit o' heaven" here on earth.

But few realize the extent of Mr. Grassle's efforts as does the writer of this article—one who has been with the organization from its inception. Mr. Grassle has burnt the candle at both ends clear to the middle just about every night since he conceived the idea of giving you and me and hundreds of others the opportunity of having a little place-to-play place in the lovely Santa Cruz mountains—where the air is the purest and the scenic beauty a continuous delight.

In fact, Redwood Estates as a whole—and each and every cabin within it—is a "dream come

true". One of the earliest and most attractive small cabins was built by Lawrence G. Case, who early saw the possibilities of the Redwood Estates Subdivision and purchased several lots.

This cabin was later sold to Mr. and Mrs. Fred North of Los Gatos and it reminds me of a snug little squirrel-house hanging in a tree—so steep is the hillside on which it is built. The porch is surrounded by tall redwood trees and is fifty feet or so from the road below.

Tea for two on this porch is most enjoyable. The living room, kitchenette, shower, and various other modern conveniences keep one from feeling gypsy-like and add much to the comfort of this week-end home. Mrs. North is very genial and affable and will be glad to let you peek into "Adjidaumo Lodge".

## Will you - for your friends?

You who have been so fortunate as to purchase a cabin-site in the Redwood Estates know the value of your investment—both as an investment and as a happy spot for much needed recuperation and rest. Will you assist your friends to enjoy the same privileges? You need but to send us their names and addresses, we do the rest. And, to make it worth your while to send in the names, we will send you a liberal check for each lot sold to the persons you name. It will take but a few moments of your time to fill in, cut out, and mail the coupon below. It may mean a great deal to you and others. Will you—for your friends—NOW?

Redwood Estates Company,  
1182 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I believe the following would be interested in purchasing a cabin site in Redwood Estates:

Name..... Address.....

Name..... Address.....

Name..... Address.....

Name..... Address.....

(Your own name).....

Address.....





The New "MAE STORE"  
will open on or about March 1st  
at Redwood Estates.

*This store is for YOU*

We carry a complete line of—

Groceries

Home-made delicatessen goods

Hot Stew

Spanish Beans

Macaroni

Baked Ham

—and the best pies on earth!

You are coming to the Redwood Estates  
for recreation — why cook when  
you can buy home-cooked food  
at the new "Mae Store?"

*Mae*

*Boss of the "Mae Store"*



# CABINLAND

Vol. 1

Published Monthly by the

No. 3

REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Marshall Square Bldg., 1182 Market St., San Francisco

MARCH, 1927

## *The California Redwood*

Thou towering, majestic, most kingly of trees,  
That graces the hills of the broad Western seas;  
In a land that is Eden as near as can be;  
My true admiration I tender to thee.

You reign as a monarch on Nature's own throne.  
To the long march of ages bear witness alone.  
You could tell of the secrets long buried by years;  
Of primitive man with his struggles and fears.

Of the growth of the mountains rough chiseled by time;  
That stand in their grandeur, serene and sublime.  
You sway and you swing to the whispering breeze,  
That comes from afar o'er the billowy seas.

Then live mighty redwoods, that men yet unborn  
May read from your records of days that are gone;  
And learn the mute lessons you set forth at length,  
Of dignity, patience, endurance and strength.

[ Copyrighted 1921 by F. A. Nattinger ]  
Published by author's consent



The  
very  
next  
thing  
to do  
after  
you  
become  
the  
happy  
owner  
of  
a  
Cabinsite—

# HARDWARE



Let us  
assist  
you in  
planning  
the  
inside  
equipment  
for  
your  
cabin!  
See  
the  
list  
below.

Come to **TEMPLEMAN'S** Los Gatos

WE CARRY FULLER'S PAINTS— You will need paint. It brightens up things and preserves the wood.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE— You will want hinges, locks, nails, screen and garden tools.

LET US SHOW YOU OUR DISPLAY—You will need a Perfection Oil Heater or cook stove—or a Wedgewood Air-tight Stove.

WE ARE "THERE A MILLION"— As for household "knick-knacks"—lamps—electric supplies — crockery, etc.— you'll be surprised at our stock!

And our prices are RIGHT—our service good. Come in and get acquainted—we are your neighbors!

## A. W. TEMPLEMAN

22 Santa Cruz Avenue

Los Gatos, California



# Cabinland

THE REDWOOD ESTATES' MAGAZINE

Published by the Redwood Estates Company, 1182 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

HARRY W. GRASSLE, *Editor*

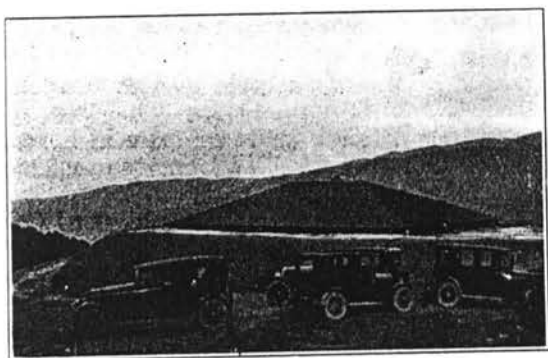
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MARCH, 1927

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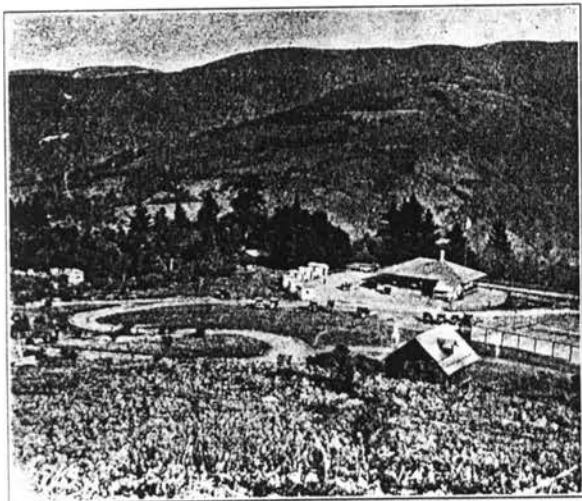
## Home Comforts Amid Nature's Beauties—How?

By HARRY W. GRASSLE, *Manager Redwood Estates*



Above, a photograph of Reservoir No. 1 on the Redwood Estates. The ever-flowing mountain springs on the Estates keep this reservoir constantly full to its capacity of 125,000 gallons. Two other reservoirs, totaling 500,000 gallons capacity, will soon be completed.

Below, a view from Reservoir No. 1, showing the cleared Community Center of the property. This photograph of the central playground also shows how the Redwood Estates are sheltered by surrounding mountain ranges—which accounts for the marvelously mild and equable climate of the Estates.



To build just a cabin on a hillside presents no great problem. But to have access to every home-comfort in that cabin is a problem.

Here is the immense advantage of owning a cabin-site in the Redwood Estates. The Redwood Estates Company has already solved the problem of home-comforts for its lot-owners—has, in fact, spared neither effort nor expense to provide, for those who build the cabin of their dreams amid the restful and exhilarating beauties of this wonderland, every facility and every home-convenience.

Who does not know that most important among these comforts is running water in the cabin—water that is *pure*?

For this, the Redwood Estates are already noted. Not only are there springs of the purest mountain water on the Estates, but we have safeguarded these springs against every possibility of contamination by sealing them up and piping them directly to large reservoirs—thus insuring for all time a bountiful, unpolluted water supply.

And this water is piped *free* to every cabin on the Estates!

Add to this the well-graded automobile roads that reach every lot — electricity — convenient stores — playgrounds — tennis court — dancing pavilion — swimming pool — and everything that makes for the full enjoyment of the incomparable outings in these beautiful Estates—and you have home-comforts indeed!

There is no time better than the present for a visit to the Redwood Estates. A mere two-hour's drive from San Francisco or the East Bay Cities —along the paved highway toward Santa Cruz— and when six miles out of Los Gatos look for the Dutch Windmill at the entrance of the Estates. Or, easier still, get in touch with our nearest office and, without any obligation on your part, we shall be glad to take you out to the Estates free of charge.





## A Newspaper Report of Our Treasure Hunt

(A portion of the article by Austin E. McNeill in the San Francisco Examiner of January 29th)

Redwood Estates, the vast cabin-site tract in the Santa Cruz mountains, revealed itself last Sunday as the picnic spot de luxe. Under the auspices of Brother Bob of radio station KTAB, more than 5,000 happy children and parents gathered at the tract, and enjoyed a Treasure Hunt



"More than 1,200 automobiles"

and Picnic, the like of which has never been seen on a real estate tract in many moons. More than 1,200 automobiles were counted on the Estates.

Harry W. Grassle, owner and developer of the tract, who cooperated with Brother Bob to make the affair a riot of enjoyment, said yesterday that last Sunday's gathering established an "attendance record" at the tract.

The kiddies frolicked from early morn until sunset amid the giant trees which dot the acreage, and the crowd was a unit in declaring that no spot in California, in their minds, offers such delightful features for an enjoyable outing. The success of the day was of particular interest to Grassle, because he has long declared that no tract in the state contains such natural beauty and advantages as this for a frolic outdoors.

The throng of youngsters, when not devouring "hot dogs" or candy, enjoyed the many recreational diversissements offered by Redwood Estates to its cabin-site owners. The archery field was used constantly, and the pavilion, in the center of the tract, was the scene of dancing. Three orchestras supplied the melody, and the young folks had a never-to-be-forgotten time.

So great was the crowd of children that swings were at a premium ten minutes after the advance guard of tots arrived at the playgrounds. The parents enjoyed strolls through the beautifully forested lanes of the tract, and Redwood Estates representatives showed the visitors the interiors of the cabins that have been constructed

there—of course, the visitors were taken inside only at the invitation of the cabin-owners.

Many of the parents of the youngsters declared that Redwood Estates made such a splendid impression on them that they contemplate purchasing a cabin-site, thus making "Brother Bob's" one-day picnic a regular week-end event for their families.

### A VISITOR FROM FLORIDA

(says a few words)

Heard at the Treasure Hunt on the Redwood Estates:

"If this property were in Florida it would command prices so staggeringly high that Californians would be astounded.

"And the Florida lands compare in no way with this—for either scenic advantage or climate, or any other natural attraction.

"Were it possible for every resident of California to visit Florida, study prices of lands, and then inspect these Redwood Estates, I can say confidently and honestly that every lot in these Estates would be disposed of in twenty-four hours. This statement may seem rash, but anybody who has seen Florida land, and compared it with these cabin-sites, will bear me out in every detail."



A glimpse of the crowds at the Treasure Hunt.

Note: To see the Redwood Estates freely and without obligation, simply get in touch with any one of our offices.

### REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY

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## Why I Bought a Lot in Redwood Estates

(An unsolicited contribution from a landholder.)

Some of my friends said, "Why in the world did you buy a lot away up there? How are you going to get to it? You haven't a car!"

"You'd be surprised!" was my usual provoking retort. I fancied they'd laugh at me if I told them I had longed for years for a place to play—a place of utter freedom where I could refresh my body and mind, and renew my faith in beauty.

The truth is, I had for a long time felt myself growing as hard as the bricks and mortar and concrete of the city which enchained me with a job. I had been forgetting for a month at a time to look up at the stars and the moon. The dear glowing intimacy that once existed between myself and God's beautiful universe had faded into indifference, and no longer did my feet know the magnetism of good old Mother Earth. I had a big future ahead of me—if I kept my health and my sanity—but the "good future" wasn't putting much ready money in my pocket—not to speak of a vacation place! But there was nothing to stop me from dreaming about a vacation spot of my own!

It must have seclusion—this place of mine—I decided. And great open spaces, stands of splendid trees, and totally different atmospheric conditions than are to be found around the Bay. The Bay region, it is true, has a splendid "pep-



ping" climate, for work-days; but vacation days demand sunny warmth enough for relaxation in the minimum amount of clothing. In mind I built my cabin—a tiny one-room affair with a fireplace. Back of the fireplace was to be an arched alcove for kitchen and dining nook, bath and dressing room.

And then someone invited me to Redwood Estates!

It was all that I had dreamed, plus scenery that makes folks want to see California first. It was the feel of freedom in the air that I enjoyed the most. Sweet zephyrs, silk-cool in the shade, breath-warm in the sun, seemed to lift me into



a new dimension — a Happy-land dimension, where my spirit expanded, winged itself with delight. I laughed as deep as my toes; I played with the abandon of kid-days. And then I went home without buying a lot!

I had been assured and shown that I could afford to buy one—at Redwood Estates prices and terms—but there was still a fly in the ointment. On the way home I confided to the driver of the car my reason for not buying. I had no automobile!

Then he told me of all the splendid transportation facilities afforded the Estates—and of the bus line connecting the whole transbay section with the Estates. That settled it. Again I took the glorious scenic drive and this time wrote my name firmly upon the dotted line.

My place is a-top a hill, and there I am going to create a little kingdom of happiness and beauty. It won't be hard to do. Then—my own one-room cabin! And from the wide veranda, reaching as far as the eye can retain vision, the rich beauty of distant hills and water; closer up, the graceful madrones and inspiring redwoods, tangles of ferns and wild roses. And the balmy peace-impelling atmosphere.

(NOTE: The author of this very interesting letter writes us: "You are at liberty to mention my name if anyone should inquire about the authorship, but I would appreciate it if you wouldn't use more than my initials with the article." Of course we respect her wishes—and we hope to hear from her again. The initials, by the way, are B. L.)



## Let's Take a Trip to Panama

(By means of these letters from our Sales Manager, Geo. T. Collins, our readers may accompany him on his tour to the Atlantic Coast—via the Panama Canal. This month we proceed with him as far as the interesting Canal Zone.)

After the wonderful "send-off" the folks staged on the dock at San Francisco, we had some lazy days of relaxation on board the *S. S. Manchuria*. The Pacific behaved nicely, as a well brought up ocean should. The moon shimmered across the water in a manner that was quite fatal to some of the younger couples on the passenger list—and the sunsets on the water, especially as we neared the equator, were quite wonderful to behold.

One young married couple on the boat were going to Cristobal (the eastern entrance to the Canal) to make their future home, and the youthful matron was rather in doubt as to whether she would like it there or not. She made many inquiries among the passengers who had lived in the Canal Zone for several years—and she was considerably cheered up!!!

One told her of the terrific heat—another informed her that it rained sometimes some of the time and sometimes all of the time and everything was damp, musty, and moldy—still another recounted killing a ten-foot snake in the chicken yard and a two-foot lizard in the flower garden—and one more assured her that her house would be overrun with ants who thrive on ant poison and the only way they could be kept in check at all would be by keeping two or three pet spiders, about the size of one's hand, in the house all of the time!!!

When the boat docked at Balboa (the western entrance to the Canal) about 4 p. m. one day, we were greeted with a tropical downpour that proved to us that we do not know anything at all about rain in this country. Instead of the gentle inch-in-an-hour rains that we are accustomed to, the water hit the pavement with a succession of thuds, each of which seemed sufficient to knock a man down! And they told us that this was their dry season!

Balboa is a U. S. Army Post with 12,000 soldiers and full equipment. It is quite beautiful, and they say that one gets to like it—after the first forty years!

Panama City, adjoining, is very interesting—

with its narrow one-way streets, its shops and bazaars. They have an original way of naming their streets after the days and months of the year. For instance, one big private club is located on the corner of 4th-of-July Avenue and August-21st Street! We were directed to one place "on November-22nd Street between September-7th and September-8th Avenues!" It is not so bad at that—an address is easy to find although one might have to go through a whole year to get to it!

Vehicle traffic passes on the left, and the first time our driver passed a car on the left we were sure he was full of China Rum (very potent) and we were ready to jump! The speed limit is twenty kilometers (about 12 miles) an hour. Many of the streets are so narrow that the wheels rub at the curbs on both sides—and the sidewalks are often just wide enough for one person at a time.

And speaking of heat!!!! I'll have to tell you about it, although it is something I am trying to forget!

The daytime is just a time to get by with, some way. The population here does not begin to live until the sun goes down and night comes—then everyone, dogs and cats included, begin to move around. Life begins at dark and lasts until dawn, then dies out completely for another day! I took one step out into the sun in the early afternoon, without a hat on, by mistake—just one step—and that was plenty! I thought someone had hit me with a night-stick! (I know how a night-stick feels—I was hit with one once—also by mistake!)

Even at midnight it was so hot that, although I had discarded all of my clothing the native policeman said was permissible, the perspiration was running off my bald head and down my back something like the Yosemite Falls just after a spring freshet! I thought at times it was raining again!

And now we're on the way to Havana. I'm wondering what we'll find *there*!

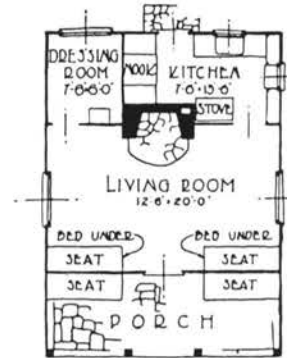
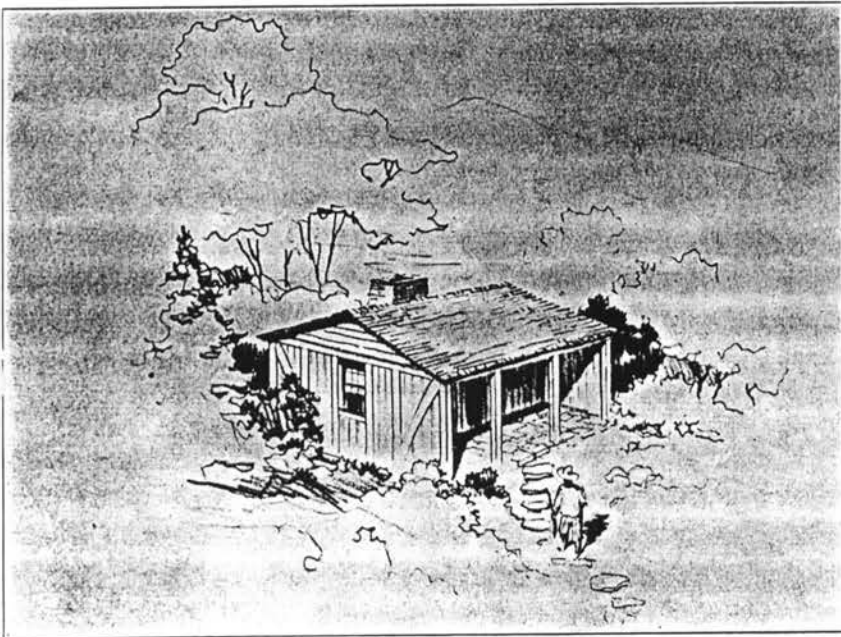
(To be continued)



## Cabin Plan No. 2—little, but “comfy”

As announced in our February issue, for the benefit of lot-owners in the Redwood Estates we shall present each month a new and different cabin plan. The design chosen for this issue is an unpretentious one, but the interior diagram reveals a very comfortable arrangement for an ideal week-end and vacation home.

It is suggested that our readers preserve this entire series of plans for their own handy reference—and also to assist anyone of their friends who may wish to secure ideas for a cabin.



We reiterate with pleasure that complete blue prints and specifications may be secured for any one of these cabin plans for the sum of \$5.00 by writing to the California Redwood Association, 24 California St., San Francisco. It is through the courtesy of this organization that these plans are being published in *Cabinland*.

## Learning the Secret of Prosperity Early!

The title above most assuredly applies to the Hollister brothers of Gilroy (10 and 14 years of age), who have each purchased a lot in Redwood Estates. They are both newsboys and, like all good business men, consulted their banker who approved and OK'd their investment. It isn't possible to go far wrong following such a procedure.

Dale Forrest of San Jose is another proud newsboy owner of a lot in Redwood Estates.

E. A. Levine (not the “Kid”) of San Francisco was the first newsboy to own a lot in Redwood Estates and he has paid for it in full. It was an excellent investment, as he will tell you.

The habit of thrift, learned at an early age, is the one reason why so many wide-awake newsboys develop into captains of industry in spite of the all-too-frequent handicap of lack of schooling. Check up the big men in business today and see! *More power to you newsboys!*





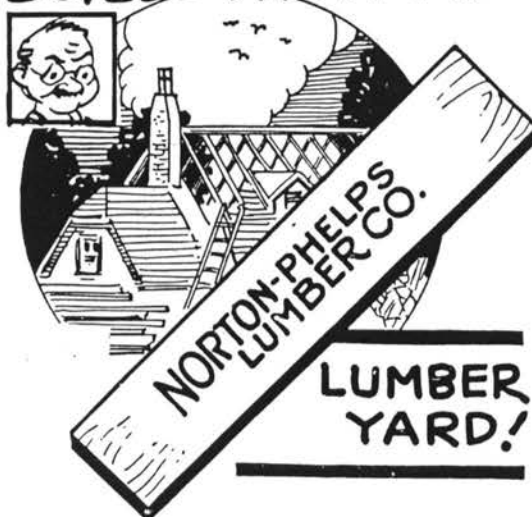
# "So the People May Know"

Buy materials HERE, the nearest point to Redwood Estates! Save money on delivery charge and get quick service! Our prices are absolutely RIGHT. Let us help you plan your cabin and show you how we can save you money.

A  
Dollar  
Saved  
is a  
Dollar  
Earned

—  
Telephone  
Los Gatos 100

**EVERYTHING TO  
BUILD WITH AT-**



Save  
\$5.00  
by using  
Coupon  
Below!

—  
Telephone  
Los Gatos 100

NORTON-PHELPS LUMBER CO.  
Los Gatos, Calif.

Please send me free copy of the California Redwood Association's booklet illustrating mountain cabins and week-end cottages. [See Plan No. 2 on page seven.] I understand this coupon gives me credit for \$5.00 on material for my cabin.

Your name .....

Your address .....





# CABINLAND

Vol. 1

Published Monthly by the

No. 4

REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Marshall Square Bldg., 1182 Market St., San Francisco

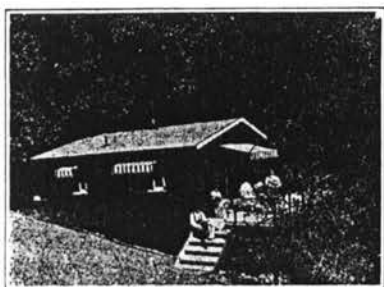
APRIL 1927

"Climb the mountains to  
get their good tidings —  
Nature's peace will flow  
into you as sunshine flows  
into trees. The winds will  
blow their own freshness  
into you and the storms  
their energy, while cares  
will drop off like autumn  
leaves."

—John Muir



## yours—a bit of paradise



*Yours*—a garden-spot midst sunny mountains—a cozy cabin—every comfort of home—and all about you, flowers and birds and winding trails through fragrant forests—vistas of beauty unsurpassed—and the rest, the vigor, the joy, the new hold on *life* it gives you! And it's *yours*!

A mere two hours' drive from Oakland or San Francisco—(much less, of course, from nearer points) and six miles out of Los Gatos—up in the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains—with the paved State highway all the way—you'll see the Dutch Windmill that marks the entrance of Redwood Estates. *Come in!*

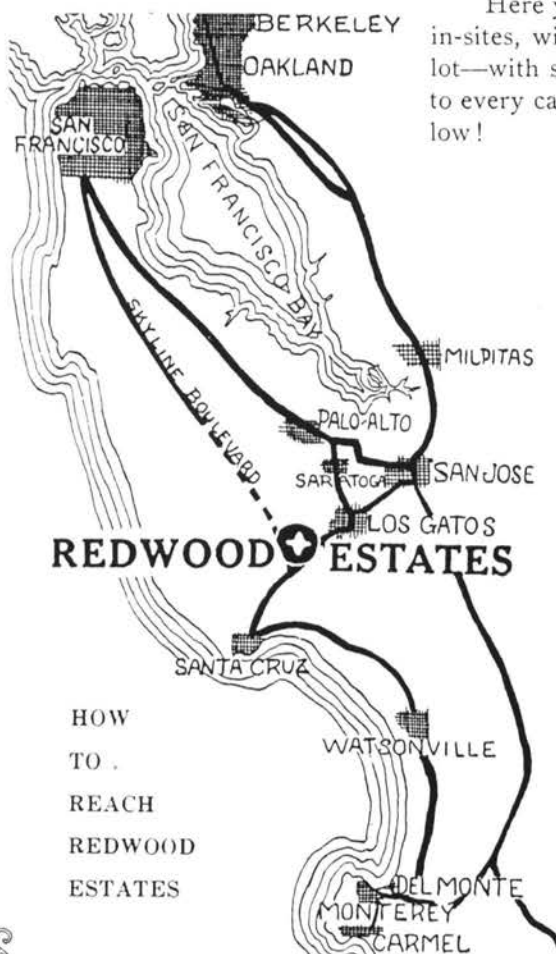
Here you'll find a cabin-paradise! Generous-sized cabin-sites, with always-accessible auto roads leading to every lot—with sparkling, pure, abundant spring-water piped free to every cabin—*yours* to choose from at prices astonishingly low!

Hundreds have invested in this mountain pleasure place for end-of-week outings and vacations—cabins are appearing everywhere—while there's time, select *your* piece of paradise!

Look this over—without obligation! Drive out—any day. There's adequate stage service from all points. Or just get in touch with any one of our offices—a phone or a postcard will do—and we'll take you to see the Estates—without cost, without obligation!

### REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY

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# Cabinland

THE REDWOOD ESTATES' MAGAZINE

Published by the Redwood Estates Company, 1182 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

HARRY W. GRASSLE, *Editor*

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1927

No. 4

## Appreciating Appreciation

By HARRY W. GRASSLE, *Manager Redwood Estates*

Few men see the full realization of their hopes and plans. But—while striving to reach the goal that we have set for ourselves—if we see some fruition—if we hear some appreciation, some assurance that what has been accomplished thus far has been of true benefit—it more than repays us for all the efforts made!

And this has been the fortunate portion of those identified with the development of the Red-

wood Estates. From the first it has been, not a task, but an inspiration to provide a recreation spot for the weary of mind and body. It has been an inspiration to show others how easily they can find relief from the nervous strain of constant business cares or social activities—how easy it is to fly, at every week's end, to a place of relaxation and keen enjoyment of all of Nature's beauty—then, renewed in vim and enthusiasm, to plunge with relish into the battle of life again with that cheery, confident attitude that invites speedy success.

Strange now, isn't it, that although tourists from all parts of the earth have heard of the loveliness of the Santa Cruz mountains—make special efforts to visit this wonderland—and call it one of the most beautiful spots in the world—yet there are Californians of many years' residence in the bay region who are astonished when informed that they are living within two hours' drive of all these natural splendors—with paved highways every inch of the way!

But how appreciative are those who have been led to discover these sunny upland valleys—so accessible—and yet so completely hidden away from the noisy worries of the cities!

Just to rest beneath these giant redwoods—so majestically serene—is to feel the absurd cares of life dropping away—is to feel the refreshing thrill of new vitality coursing through every quieted nerve—it's the world's best tonic!

And to own a little cabin underneath the redwoods, the oaks, the madrones—to speed to your own place of refuge as often as you please—means to really *live*!

No wonder, then, that the happy cabin-owners on the Redwood Estates are not tardy in expressing their appreciation on every possible occasion.

And we appreciate their appreciation — it makes our own labors a pleasure!



## A Shower of Bouquets for Redwood Estates

*These warm appreciations, without a single exception, are quotations from communications on file in our San Francisco office. Most of the writers have not indicated their willingness to have their names published. Hence, so as not to offend, we quote initials only. However, our files are open to anyone desiring to see the original communications.*

"Redwood Estates!—vistas of lofty trees, and peace, and quiet, and the soothing murmur of the breeze among the tree-tops! It isn't always possible to live away from the city. But for one day a week I can relax from the trials and troubles of the daily grind and find perfect peace with nature." (Mrs. W. H. L.)

"I think one of the best things about owning one of these cabin sites is its once-for-all solution of that yearly family quarrel—where shall we go for our vacation? Now we're independent of camps and hotels—we own our own cabin! And the investment has already brought in big returns of pleasure, large dividends in health for all the family." (A.G.B., Belmont, Calif.)

"It is the wise daddy who secures for the family one of these delightful cabin sites when the price is low and the choice varied." (T.A.P., Redwood City, Calif.)

"Once having visited your wonderful redwoods, now when I sing that favorite song of mine, 'I Love You—California', I thrill as never before when I sing the line 'I love your redwood forests'! Surely to own a cabin on your Estates would be a dream fulfilled!" (Mrs. W. L. P., Fresno, Calif.)

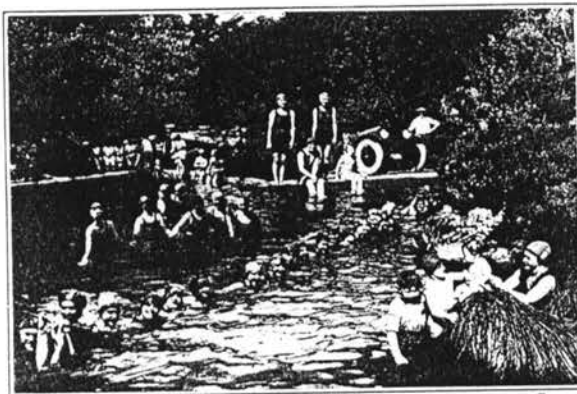
"I am more than delighted that I have a beautiful lot in the Redwood Estates. If people were more observing, your lots would all be sold in one day." (T.J.C., San Jose, Calif.)

"Your foresight in providing for a recreation center on the Redwood Estates is surely commendable. The younger set—of which I am one—appreciates that dandy dancing pavilion, the double tennis court, the archery equipment—and the playground for the still-younger set! I was

also delighted to hear that you would soon complete that swimming pool by the willows. I'd sure like to see what it's going to look like!"

(Miss B. L. T., San Francisco, Cal.)

[Editor—We aim to please in every possible way! So, on this page, we show as nearly as we can what the completed swimming pool will look like—that is, with all the younger and still-younger sets in it!]



"I selected a cabin site in Redwood Estates for three reasons—(1) Because in time the whole section from San Francisco to Santa Cruz will be the most populous part of the entire State; (2) Your location in the Santa Cruz mountains is one of the most beautiful spots in California; (3) And it's so close to Oakland, San Francisco, San Jose and Santa Cruz that it's ideal for a summer home." (Miss M.L.M., Bellingham, Wash.)

"The mountain air at the Estates is so soft and balmy that every time I go up there I feel like filling my lungs deeply enough to last for a week! And the water!—so pure, cool, and sparkling—right from its mountain source—I find it's more "bracing" than any man-made concoction can be! We've surely found the one beauty spot for all our outings and we certainly intend to keep it! I might add that we were not urged unduly to buy our lot—and I appreciate this—it's one of the finest things your company stands for—not even the semblance of coercion is permitted—the salesmen are all gentlemen and show every courtesy." (Mrs. W.W.B., Berkeley, Cal.)

"Now I own a cabin site—it's the place I've long been dreaming of. And it wasn't necessary to wait 'until my ship came in'! Your prices are very reasonable and your terms so convenient!" (E. J. E., Richmond, Calif.)

(These are but a few of the many hundreds of similar letters in our files)



## Come—let's be "just kids" again!

An eminent medical authority says: "The inadequacy of facilities for recuperative divertimento is rapidly metamorphosing us into a nation of neurasthenics"—which, translated into English, means that we all need to relax more!

And to do so — to really be able to throw aside the depressing worries and cares — nothing is so effective an aid as a complete change of scene — of surroundings — of atmosphere.

Even to plan for such a change of scene used to mean worry on worry! — packing of vacation outfits — deciding where to go — wearisome trip to a distant hotel — and the inevitable, unexpectedly heavy expenses for even the briefest kind of holiday outing.

Now all that is changed!

Any holiday — any week's end — any day in the week — "come, let's be 'just kids' again"—and away the whole family goes! A mere two hours' drive! Paved highway all the way! And, at the end of the trip — an expensive hotel?—or the tiring discomforts of "roughing it"? — No neither one nor the other!

Your *own* cabin-in-the-mountains! Neither uncomfortable nor formally dignified — but just that care-free, "comfy," happy cabin where troubles are forgotten in the freedom of beautiful hills and forests and the bracing mountain air. Your *own* mountain cabin to welcome you — nothing elaborate, it's true—but fitted out with handy odds and ends from the every-day home in the valley—yet so different from that every-day home—because it's a place to play to your heart's content!

And your cabin has all the comforts of home—and much more! The very atmosphere of perfect relaxation and freedom means a comfort to be found in no other spot than your very own play-cottage! And not the least of these com-

forts is that pure, exhilarating mountain spring-water supplied so freely and abundantly to every cabin on the Redwood Estates — Spring-water the equal of which cannot be found elsewhere!

Every member of the family finds on these Estates the ideal play-place. The kiddies disport themselves on the archery field and on the well-equipped children's playground. The dancing pavilion, the tennis courts, the inviting, winding forest trails — attract young and old alike.

Young and old? No such thing as "old"! Everybody's young — when once within the magic entrance of this mountain paradise!

Just for one of the many examples — see that happy, silvery-haired fellow up there on the hill — he's seventy years young—has several lots to his name —and is completing on

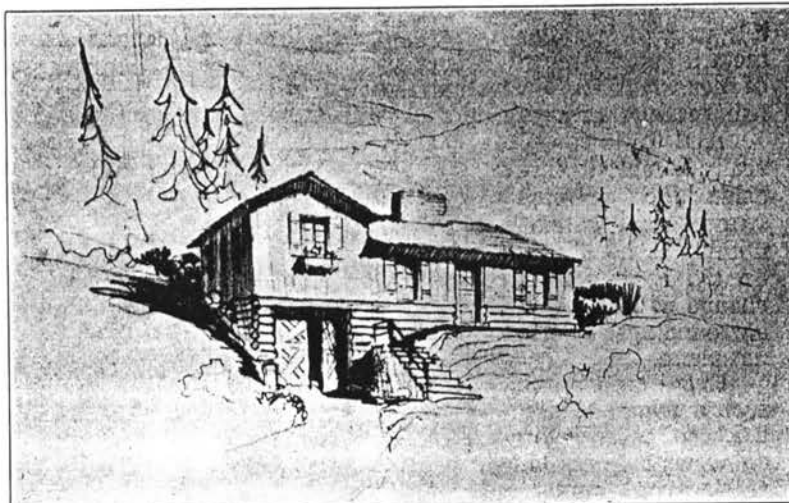
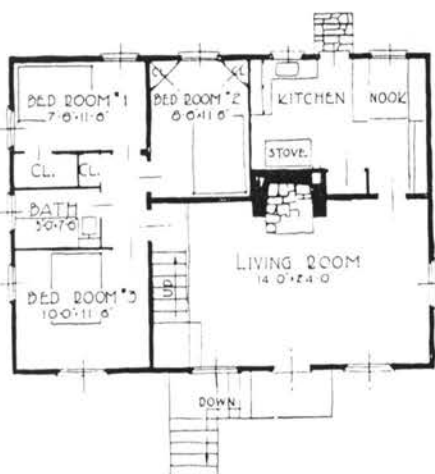
one lot a lovely cabin-home—all by himself.

Talk to him and see what he'll tell you! "Oh, we're going to live and play up here—I and my grandchildren. We aim to enjoy life where life's worth living!" 'Nuff said!

Radio reception is wonderful on the Redwood Estates—no interference from heavy power lines or noisy street cars. You'll be astonished at the clear reception of distant stations!



## Cabin Plan No. 3—"the third time is the charm!"



"The third time is the charm" surely describes this third cabin plan! It well illustrates the charming possibilities of a hillside lot—of which there are many hundreds on the Redwood Estates!

(Complete blue prints and specifications may be secured, for any of these cabin designs, by writing to the California Redwood Association, 24 California Street, San Francisco. Their charge of \$5.00 for each cabin plan is the lowest price that has ever come to our attention.)

## Redwood Estates Backed by Bankers

All who own lots in Redwood Estates will be interested to know that the project is backed by such men as S. D. Balch and James A. Case, who have been many years in the banking business in Los Gatos, and interested generally in the development of Santa Clara Valley. They are particularly optimistic about the future of Redwood Estates. It is a matter of great pride with us that we have associated with us such men as these.

Bankers are aware of the advantages offered by the districts around San Francisco bay—that in the very near future this entire territory will be thronged by millions of additional residents.

And lots on the Redwood Estates—the ideal family-mountain-resort—are now being sold at prices so low that the purchaser has every prospect of a large profit on his investment.

There are no mortgages, liens, or other encumbrances on the Redwood Estates holdings. The company does not owe a dollar that is due.

Such a financially sound project therefore receives the unqualified endorsement of even the most conservative.

There is no time like the present for investing in Redwood Estates! Springtime is here—and is swiftly passing. Summer and summer vacations will soon be upon us. Then how fortunate will those be who are *now* purchasing their cabin-sites, and building their cabins for summer enjoyment in the marvelously equable, mild climate of the Estates. In fact, so even-temperated are these mountain valleys that end-of-the-week outings are ideal all the year 'round.

Just as a suggestion to those who have never yet seen the Redwood Estates—why not obey that impulse, turn to Page 2 of this issue, find which one of our offices is the nearest to you—and either drop us a line or 'phone! You've often wanted to see the Redwood Estates—you may do so, without any cost or obligation, by just letting us know.

## Tracing the Panama Hat to Its Lair

*This month our tour of investigation proceeds to Panama City. Our intrepid Sales Manager, Geo. T. Collins, describes how he captured two fine specimens of the genuine Panama Hat.*

While in Panama City we visited the Governor's palace which, of course, is one of the show places. It proved to be very interesting indeed. The entrance leads into a large patio in the center of which is a beautiful fountain—and near the fountain were three beautiful pure-white live egrets. Our guide told us that these birds acted as "watch dogs" and that one of them is always on guard. The action of the birds bore him out for, when we approached, one of them stood perfectly still as though chiseled out of white marble—while the other two set up a chattering that was almost deafening. They were quite tame but seemed to resent a stranger being in the patio, for they kept the noise up as long as we were there. The palace is well guarded with comic-opera soldiers, each of whom seems to be a general. There was enough gold lace on their uniforms to almost pay off the national debt.

The fire department in Panama City is at a high state of efficiency. It is a volunteer force and when the alarm is sounded the firemen first run home and put on clothing to suit the occasion, such as boots, weatherproof shirts, hats, etc., and then go to the fire. I say that they have attained a high state of efficiency because in the old days it was customary for the firemen to bargain with the owner of the property before they would attempt to put the fire out. The fact that the building was burning in the meantime only served to hurry the owner's decision to pay a good price for the firemen's service. Now that is all done away with and the firemen are paid by the city. No self-respecting Panamanian fireman, however, will fight any fire unless he is dressed in the manner the occasion demands. It is said that one of the chief outdoor sports for tourists is to ring a false alarm and watch the fun.

The Canal Zone is the cross-roads of the world. Here are gathered representatives of every nation on the globe and they all seem to be in business. Here one finds the natives from Colombia, Venezuela, Nicaragua, Yucatan, British Honduras, Mexico, Chili, Peru, Brazil, Argentina, Montevideo, etc., and from the West come the Orientals and Mongolian races and from the East Europeans and Asiatics. In the bazaars, one finds displayed handicraft from every corner of the globe. If one is a good

trader some articles can be bought very cheaply—such as Spanish shawls, hand embroidered or drawn work, linens, beads, perfumes, straw and wicker work. One has to be a good trader, however, as it takes half an hour or so of good lively bartering to buy a two-bit handkerchief. One of the popular articles to buy of course is a Panama hat—Panama hats, by the way, are made in Colombia and not in Panama at all. You have to "know your stuff" to buy a Panama hat. The quality of the hat is determined by the number of rings inside the crown. In the making of the hat the crown is made first—by weaving the straw into flat braids and then sewing the braids together circular fashion, beginning at the center. The coarse straws make wide braids and about three widths will make a crown. The finer straws make narrower braids and of course it requires more braids for each hat. By looking inside the hat one can count the rings made by the sewing of the braids together and can tell at a glance the quality of the hat. The more rings there are the finer the quality. An ordinary cheap Panama hat will have about three rings. The very fine ones, nine or ten rings. The merchants will start in with a price of about \$4.00 per ring—\$12.00 for a three-ring hat up to \$40.00 for a ten-ring hat—according to what he thinks he can get! Ten-ring hats are scarce and hard to get. After bartering with one of the great unwashed for about two hours we succeeded in getting two ten-ring hats for \$7.25 each. The first price we were quoted was \$40.00. The hats of course are in the rough, not finished with sweat bands, not even blocked. In Miami, Florida, I saw a nine-ring hat priced at \$65.00 and in New Orleans a ten-ring hat priced at \$100.00.

In Panama City all the shops close between eleven and two in the day time as the heat is quite unbearable, as you can imagine when you realize that Panama is only a few degrees North of the Equator.

We're already thinking how great it'll be to get back home to California and the sunny-coolness of the Redwood Estates—always cheerfully sunny—and always cool enough to be "peppy"—a temperature that neither roasts nor freezes.

But we must be on our way again!

(To be continued)



# CASEBILT

*"Call for Mr. Case!" "Call for Mr. Case!"*

The old megaphone was kept in tune  
and busy all last summer  
and so was

*Mr. L. G. Case*

Sunday is his busy day answering calls and questions about his

## *Casebilt Bungalettes*

T  
W  
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L  
V  
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Twelve Casebilt Bungalettes  
: at Redwood Estates :  
Visit them — Ask  
the happy owners  
to show you thru  
them — Ask  
C A S E  
to build  
yours!

T  
W  
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# CASEBILT

109 Pennsylvania Avenue, Los Gatos : : : : Telephone 211 R





# CABINLAND

Vol. 1

Published Monthly by the

No. 5

REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Marshall Square Bldg., 1182 Market St., San Francisco

MAY, 1927

## I'LL BUILD ME A HOUSE

I'll build me a house—well, I don't know what,  
For it isn't much money, the money I've got.  
But I'll build me a house, if its roof is of thatch,  
With a rock for a doorstep, a thong for a latch.  
Yes, I'll build me a house, build a house of my  
own,  
And of logs, or of lumber, of brick, or of stone,  
For I want me a house, be it plaster or pine,  
And it doesn't much matter, as long as it's  
mine.

I'll build me a house—well, perhaps on a hill,  
Or below in a hollow, if heaven so will,  
But I'll build me a house, on the highlands or  
low,  
For the wife and the kids and a chicken or so.  
Oh, I'll build me a house, for a man's not a man  
Who some sort of way can not figure or plan  
To build him a house, be it mighty or small,  
For the size of the house doesn't matter, at all.

I'll build me a house, I'm determined on that,  
I'm tired of tenements, sick of this flat.  
I'll build me a house, and it mayn't be grand,  
But I'll own the gateway and I'll own the land.  
I'll build me a house, for a bird builds a nest,  
And a dog has a place he can hide from the rest,  
There is some sort of hole that is home for a  
mouse,  
And I may be as poor—but I'll build me a house.



# CELOTEX

INSULATING LUMBER

*"There is a use for Celotex in every building"*

Before you build your cabin  
INVESTIGATE THE ADVANTAGES OF USING CELOTEX

Makes cabins and houses snug and warm in cool weather and  
comfortably cool on warm days.

*Saves 1/3 of your fuel over ordinary construction.*

Is light in weight, weighing  $\frac{1}{4}$  that of lumber—  
making it economic to haul from nearby lumber yards.

Can be used both outside and inside.

*Takes any decoration.*

You can obtain CELOTEX from any lumber dealer in Los Gatos and  
Saratoga or your local dealer.

## Valley Building Material Co.

San Jose, Calif.

Phone San Jose 1822

*(See our advertisement next month!)*



# Cabinland

The Magazine of the REDWOOD ESTATES in the Santa Cruz Mountains  
Published by the Redwood Estates Company, 1182 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.  
HARRY W. GRASSLE, Editor

Vol. 1

MAY, 1927

No. 5

## Why Methuselah Wouldn't Build a House

An article by John J. Sippy, M. D., President League of California Municipalities  
(Quoted, by permission, from the March 12, 1927, issue of the Weekly Bulletin of the State Board of Health.)

There is a story told by Franklin that "an angel visited Methuselah, then at the age of five hundred years, and informed him that he was to live five hundred years more and he should build him a home." Methuselah replied, "If I am to live but five hundred years more it is not worth while for me to build a house; I will live as I have done in the open air."

It was fortunate, perhaps, that the patriarch lived in an equable climate. At any rate, climatic conditions and later fashions decreed that his descendants should build houses, and so our great-uncle still holds the world's unbeatable record for longevity.

"Fifty years ago," says Professor Sedgwick, "the slogan for health was 'a sound mind makes a sound body.' Nowadays we know only too well that the sound mind and the sound body are unavailing for the conduct of normal living unless the environment with which they have to deal consists of fairly good air, fairly pure water, fairly good food and is fairly free from communicable diseases, unfavorable temperature, defective ventilation, dirt, noise and other prejudicial sanitary conditions." To secure this environment is the problem of modern public health.

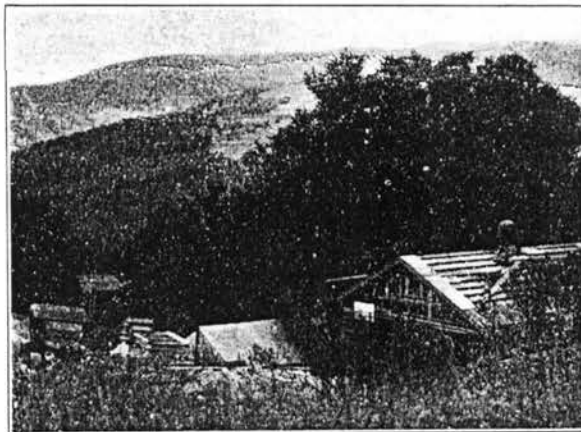
That much of our reduction in disease and death rates is due to discoveries and activities in preventive medicines is true, but the public health man must not forget the aid which has been extended by the sociologist, the economist, the industrialist, the owners of real property who foresaw the results of public education and prepared to meet them.

Now, we like that! Who wouldn't? And we especially appreciate the last 17 words of the quotation from the doctor's article!

It is *because* the public demands good environment, demands "good air, pure water, freedom from unfavorable temperatures, freedom from defective ventilation, freedom from noise" and from every annoyance and danger of city life, that the Redwood Estates—the marvelous land of cabins up in the Santa Cruz mountains—have been thrown open to the public.

And the fact that hundreds upon hundreds have already purchased cabin-sites and are build-

ing their happy cabins on the Estates proves beyond all doubt that the public appreciates our efforts to make the Redwood Estates the ideal play-place for the people—the best-of-all-places for refuge and escape from the unavoidably "unfavorable conditions" elsewhere.



"Building happy cabins on the Redwood Estates"

True, Dr. Sippy's article was entitled "Relation of the City Plan to Public Health"—but we contend that, since California leads the world in the number of automobiles in ratio to population, and since the paved State highways put the Redwood Estates only two hours away from the densely-populated cities of the San Francisco Bay district, these Estates really SOLVE the "problem of modern health" mentioned by the doctor.

And, looking at the near future, Mr. Seymour's able article on page 9 of this issue, shows how speedily these Estates may become a city suburb!

(Continued on next page)



## Why Methuselah Wouldn't

(Continued from preceding page)

"To secure the ideal environment is the problem of modern public health" says, in effect, Dr. Sippy. He enumerates the qualities that comprise this ideal environment. And the Redwood Estates, having ALL the qualities that are mentioned, and being so entirely accessible, are therefore the answer to his problem!

"Good air"—It's good air *everywhere* at the 1500-foot elevation of the Estates—with the zesty, balmy breezes that are wafted, ozone-laden, from the pure bosom of the mighty Pacific—without fogs, for the fogs are all stripped away by the mountain ranges that lie between the Redwood Estates and the ocean—so that when this purest of pure air reaches the Redwood Estates it is not only entirely fog-free, but it's scented with the entrancing, exhilarating fragrance of mountain pines and mountain blossoms—It's air worth breathing!

"Pure water"—The oldest name of what is now the Redwood Estates was "Mountain Spring Ranch"—because of the abundance of springs of the pure, crystal-clear, sparkling mountain waters. Today, on the Estates, aside from the 125,000-gallon sealed reservoir that is already complete and full to the brim, work has been begun on two more reservoirs totaling 500,000 gallons additional. And expert chemical analysis demonstrates that the Redwood Estates springs contain that energizing mineral that is so highly beneficial to health—iron in assimilable form! This wonderful spring water is piped free and supplied free to every lot, every cabin on the Estates!

"Freedom from unfavorable temperatures"—In a State the very name of which has come to mean "good climate," the Redwood Estates are in the climate-zone which the *London Lancet*—one of the leading medical journals of the world—describes as "the most equable, temperate climate in the world." Summer or Winter, Fall or Spring, the Redwood Estates have the invigorating, "just-right" temperature and the natural beauty that has won for this cabinland the title "Eden of America."

It is within the reach of every man, every family—no matter how limited the means—to own a generous-sized cabin-site—to build a cozy little cabin—to enjoy every holiday, every weekend, every vacation among the unsurpassed love-

(Concluded on page 9)

## Why Irvin S. Cobb Would

(Quoted from the April Cosmopolitan)

"Approaching middle age, most of us are fond of describing how differently we would live our lives could we but relive them. So perhaps I only am reciting tiresome old stuff when I say that if I could start in all over again back at twenty or twenty-five, I should choose for my earthly abiding place some spot in a hundred-mile radius of San Francisco.

"On second thought, I beg leave slightly to amend that plan. Half the year I should like to spend in the city itself; the other half on a roving commission somewhere—no, anywhere—within that magic hundred-mile circuit.

"What a range of changing scene I might have! Now I might tarry a spell in one of the incomparable fruit valleys, which always are gorgeous but which in blossom-time become visions of such incredible beauty that the very clods of the earth and the birds of the air get drunk on the glory.

"Or I could find spots, plenty of them, among the rounded, full-breasted mountains of the Coast Range.

"It is a natural gaiety, too, that this town has, not the artificial made-to-order sort. They know how to play in San Francisco—know just how to haul off and play, naturally and spontaneously and without taking aim beforehand. And this is a rare trick and one practically extinct in some parts.

"Nowhere else in this country in the same given area and space of time will you find so many individuals engaged at every chance in getting their fun out of the out-of-doors.

"There are splendid highroads for them to tool over, and somewhere \* \* \* there is a ferny canyon and a knoll where the redwoods will shade the tents."

Our hats off to Irvin S. Cobb and the *Cosmopolitan*! "Here's Where I'd Go If I Were 25" is the title of this article by the famous writer. All we would add to his warm praise is this—that within this magic "hundred-mile radius of San Francisco" there are no age limits when it comes to enjoying the out-of-doors! Whether 25 or 125, the residents of this entire circle—whether living in San Francisco, or Oakland, or Berkeley, or San Jose, or Los Gatos, or Palo Alto, or in the other thriving communities—all are learning of the beauties among the "rounded, full-breasted mountains," and the "ferny canyons and the knolls where the redwoods" extend their year-round welcome to campers out to "get their fun out of the out-of-doors!"



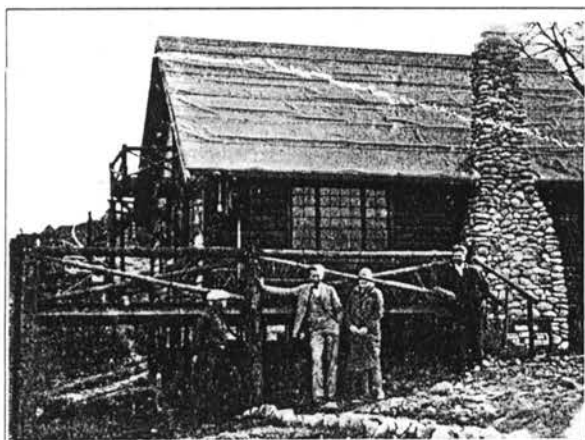


# GROWING!

"CABINLAND," the Magazine of the Redwood Estates, though but five months old, has not only had a splendid reception, is not only growing in popularity with astonishing speed, but is already growing in size. It comes to you this month with four additional pages—in all, twelve pages full of interest!

And the new color—the "sepia tone" that harmonizes so aptly with the subject of this magazine, the *Redwood Estates*—how do you like it?

Thank you; that makes it unanimous. And it proves, by the way, that people sort of like a brunette, too—a statement no one has dared to make since they turned Anita Loos!



One of the newest cabins on the Redwood Estates

We're growing in many ways. Our San Jose and Oakland offices have been transferred to new and larger quarters, the better to serve the many inquirers.

And on the Redwood Estates themselves things are growing thick and fast! No, we don't mean the forest trees—they *always* grow thick and fast! But now cabins are popping up faster and faster among the beautiful redwoods and madrones, along the lovely winding roads.

In fact, so rapidly are appreciative visitors snatching up the cabin-sites that a new section of the Estates has been opened!

And at the Community Center!—but let's let others do the telling—here's a recently-published news item from a San Francisco paper:

Unit No. 3 of Redwood Estates, the delightful cabin site area in the Santa Cruz Mountains, owned and being developed by Harry W. Grassle, president of Harry W. Grassle and Associates, will be opened tomorrow, it was announced yesterday by Grassle.

The new unit contains some of the choicest lots in the entire area and will make it possible for those who have held off purchasing their cabin site to obtain just as good a piece of land as has been obtained by those who bought sites during the past several months.

A large crew of men are busily building roads through the new unit, and the work is being rushed to completion. An era of development has set in at Redwood Estates, bids being asked on the swimming pool and bathhouse, work upon which will start immediately after the bids have been delivered.

Two reservoirs will be constructed soon, Grassle said, and by the middle of spring Redwood Estates will be the equal of any similar area in the United States in the matter of improvements.

Grassle also announced that his company has opened branch offices at 410 Fifteenth street, Oakland, and in the Burrell building, San Jose.

Concerning his project, Grassle said:

"All who own lots in Redwood Estates will be interested to know that the project is backed by such men as S. D. Balch and James A. Case, who have been many years in the banking business in Los Gatos and interested generally in the development of Santa Clara Valley.

"Bankers are aware of the advantages offered by the districts around San Francisco bay—that in the very near future this entire territory will be thronged by millions of additional residents."

## REDWOOD ESTATES CO.

Harry W. Grassle and Associates

owners and developers of the

## REDWOOD ESTATES

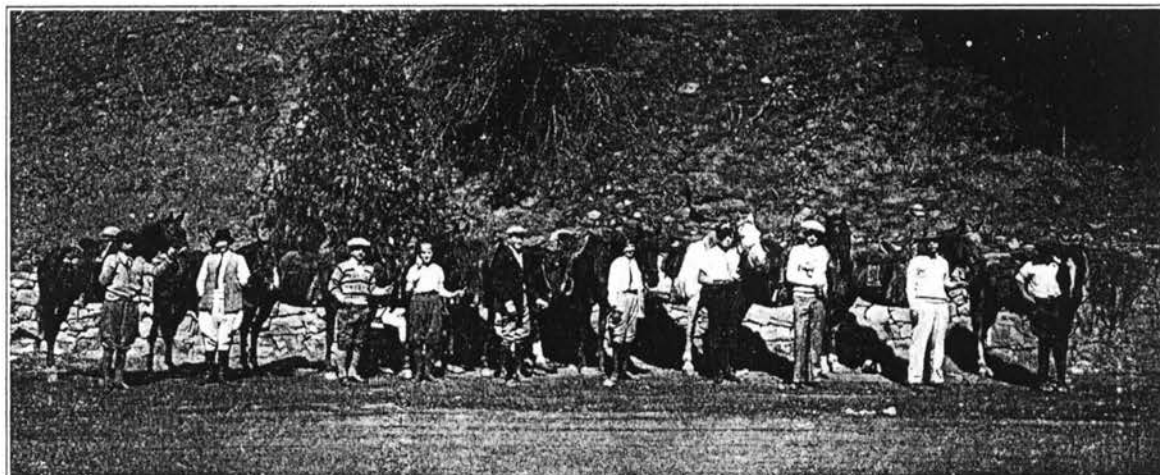
in the Santa Cruz Mountains

## OUR FIVE OFFICES

1182 Market Street, San Francisco	Hemlock 7303
410 Fifteenth Street, Oakland	Glencourt 6823
Burrell Building, San Jose	San Jose 8287
48 Santa Cruz Ave., Los Gatos	Los Gatos 439
556 Emerson Street, Palo Alto	Palo Alto 388



## Good News to Lovers of Horseback Riding



Do you ride horseback? Then here's good news for you! The Speedway Riding Academy of San Jose is bringing to the Redwood Estates some twelve of its best saddle stock—to be rented to the members of the Redwood Estates family at very reasonable rates.

The mounts will be available at the Community Center of the Estates—at a special hitching rack. There will be an obliging attendant in charge.

And it will be well to add that the horses will be stabled entirely away from the Redwood Estates, so there will be no fly-nuisance or any such thing.

What a pleasure it will be to canter up and around the lovely winding roads and trails of the property, mounted on these well-trained steeds! More than ever, the Redwood Estates will be the ideal recreation spot for everyone.

## “There’s a Reason”—Several of Them!

One of the highest-paid executives of the country recently uttered in a few pointed words one of the best arguments we have ever heard in favor of “telling the world”—when you have something to tell!

“It doesn’t pay to take an old adage too seriously. I am sure no end of harm has been done by the time-honored theory that if you build a better mouse-trap than anyone else you can bury yourself in the woods and rest assured that the world will beat a path to your door and demand your superior product.

“This is a very busy world we are living in—even excellence must fight for attention. Unless you ‘tell the world,’ the world is sure to be waylaid by others long before it reaches your cabin in the woods. The regrettable truth is that you dare not do good work and let it go at that. Miracles do not happen even for the right. You *must* ‘tell the world!’”

To those who have given even the briefest consideration to the subject, it is very clear that “there’s a reason”—several times over—why a cabin-site on the Redwood Estates is far superior to any other location, both from the standpoint of a spot for a cabin and an investment.

Perhaps, however, the owners and developers of the Redwood Estates have been more or less expecting the world to reach these “cabins in the woods” by the sheer excellence and advantages of these mountain Estates.

It would seem that the time has come to be more specific, and to point out more directly than ever just why this cabin-playground is superior.

On the Redwood Estates, you are *sure* that your cabin is *accessible*—with a well-graded auto road leading to *your* lot. Although the Estates are richly blessed with lovely growths of redwoods, oaks, madrones and other shapely forest trees, you are not offered a piece of inaccessible wilderness. (Continued on page 9.)



## Our Choice

2448 Anza Street, San Francisco.

Dear Mr. Grassle:

May two more of your happy satisfied family add their Hymn of Praise to the beauties of Redwood Estates?

We are ever ready to voice our enthusiasm and eulogize the beauties and advantages of Redwood Estates.

With kindest regards to you and all your family, and the hope that all your purchasers are as happy and contented as we are with the cabin sites, we remain

Yours very truly,

A. W. and M. E. Duggin

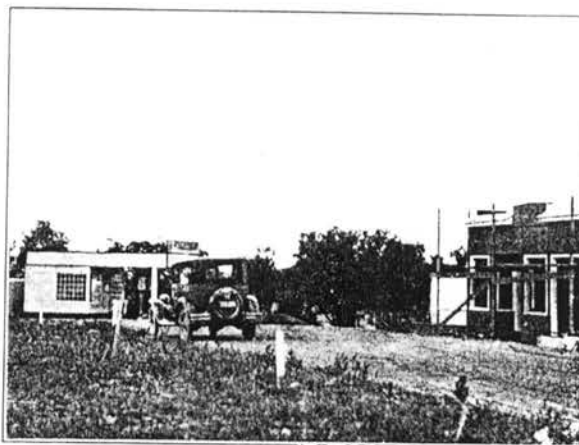
### OUR CHOICE

We've traveled California o'er,  
From mountain peak to ocean shore.  
We've basked in regal Shasta's clime,  
And crossed Diego's strand sublime.  
We've rung the bells in Gabriel's towers.  
We've strolled the Southland orange bowers.  
We've sailed pellucid Tahoe's breast,  
And skimmed her silver, azure crest.  
We've answered vast Sierra's call  
To watch Yosemite's waters fall,  
We've felt the Big Trees' magic lure—  
Through centuries lapse, they still endure  
As fresh as when from grassy sod,  
They verdant sprang at touch of God.  
We've cleft the Trails of "Forty-Nine",  
O'er time-strewn paths, through groves of pine.  
Through all our journeys ran one behest,  
As strayed we north, south, east and west,  
In all our flitting, one thought did roam,  
To choose some spot and call it Home  
So when Life's twilight misting grey,  
Bade tiring steps to pause and stay,  
Content at last, we'd snuggle down,  
Afar from noisy mart and town;  
Yet near enough so we'd derive,  
Their benefits by an easy drive;  
Where highways paved and good broad road  
Would link the world to our abode.  
Content we'd pause in playtime's hour  
To rest 'mid moss, and fern, and flower.  
In sylvan nook or woodland dell,  
Where time might weave its mystic spell,  
And beauty would once more renew,  
The joys of travel, that once we knew.  
Where mounts and lovely vistas wide  
Would greet the eye on every side.  
Where madrone, oak and redwoods vie  
To shade from summer's ardent sky.  
And mating birds in dream songs deep  
Do gently woo from drowsy sleep.  
Where Nature does Her best unfold,  
That man can ask, or earth can hold.  
One spot we found—It ends our quest—  
And there we'll build our longed for nest.  
Like Sir Launfal, home, we rest our lance  
Nor follow more Fate's fitful dance.  
"Joy, joy for e'er my task is done."  
The goal we've sought, we've surely won;  
So sang the Peri at Heaven's Gates;  
So sing we now at Redwood Estates.

## Gas at 3 Cents Less

AND ONE FILLING OF 5 GALLONS — FREE

The Redwood Estates Economy Club, with offices at 1182 Market Street, San Francisco, is proving to be a great favorite with everyone who uses the State highway through the Santa Cruz mountains. Also, this club is proving to be a very effective agency in acquainting people with the beauties of the Redwood Estates.



### TWO NEW FILLING STATIONS

at the Community Center of the Estates

Left—New gas station.

Right—New Mae store.

It costs nothing to join the Economy Club. As announced in the newspapers, by merely sending in your name and address you receive a signed membership card, good until July 1, 1927. By presenting this card at the new filling station on the Redwood Estates, your tank is filled with gasoline at 3 cents less per gallon than the prevailing market price.

And, for extra good measure, the Economy Club gives you one filling of five gallons entirely free!

This filling station is one of the latest improvements at the Community Center of the Redwood Estates.

Other structures are rapidly being erected. The new Mae Store will be another very popular filling station—but a filling station of another variety! The Mae Store will carry a very filling array of pies, groceries, hot stew, Spanish beans, macaroni, baked ham, and every variety of delicious and inviting home-made delicatessen goods.

With these two new filling stations, those who come to enjoy the day or the week-end at the Redwood Estates will have no worries as to either gasoline-supply or food-supply!



## Impressions of an Easterner on the Redwood Estates

By George F. Seymour

*(The author of this article is one of the most successful real estate operators in America. He works quietly, which is said to be the secret of his success. He was prevailed upon to write this article by the owners of Redwood Estates. We are proud of this article, and doubly proud of the opportunity of passing it on to you, exactly as it has been written by Mr. Seymour.—EDITOR)*

It has often been said that one learns from the past. Experiences, once had, act as a guide for future actions. And the truth of this theory is in nowise better exemplified than in real estate values.

For several years I lived in New York City. That was twenty years ago. On Sundays I used to travel to districts in Long Island that were known as the "sticks." Nobody ever lived out there but folks who had enough money to live a life of ease, and to whom the element of time meant next to nothing.

Land could be purchased in those districts for a song. Being "flush" one day I purchased three lots in Garden City. I decided to pay my taxes each year and then forget the lots insofar as quick profits were concerned. And each year I saw the population of New York City flow toward my lots. I saw cities being consolidated. I saw Greater New York become a reality. And I saw—what is most important in relation to this article—my three lots skyrocket in value. I still own them, and don't plan to sell them for several years. At the present time I possess a small fortune in profit from the income of the property.

About a year ago the lure of California gripped me. I had heard of the profits made by everybody in Los Angeles real estate, and decided to get in on some of this money. But I soon found that the "cream" had been skimmed from the profit-taking incident to real estate turnover in Los Angeles county.

My attention was diverted to San Francisco. Here was a field—a virgin field—for the operator in real estate. I determined to investigate the "distant" suburbs of San Francisco—as I had in Long Island in relation to New York City, twenty years ago.

And I visited Redwood Estates about six months ago. I knew, at one glance at the property, that here was opportunity, with a capital "O". Did you ever get an inside tip on a stock? Has anybody, on the inside, ever told you to buy a security with the promise of its rise in value, within a few days? If you have you probably regarded everybody else on the street—not on the "in"—with a kind of pity. Well, that's exactly how I regarded every other person in San Francisco, after I had seen Redwood Estates. I wanted

to buttonhole them and tell them of their opportunity—an opportunity that I knew they were overlooking.

I wanted to advertise what I knew. But what if I had? Nobody would have taken my advice. I said to myself: "Well, it's every man for himself; if others can't see what I've seen it's their misfortune; not mine. The owners and developers of Redwood Estates are advertising the property in the newspapers. If the average person can't realize the real value of the lots let them be the losers."

And so I said nothing. But I bought just as many lots as I could. I put into Redwood Estates just as much money as I could spare, and I'm just as certain that I'm going to cash in big, within a few years, as I am that the sun will rise tomorrow.

I don't want the person who happens to be reading this article to think that I'm writing it to advertise Redwood Estates. I'm not. I'm not a skilled writer; in fact, I write as I talk—which explains the crudeness of my effort. Mr. Grassle who owns Redwood Estates, is familiar with what I accomplished in New York real estate and he requested me to write an article for readers of *Cabinland*. I agreed to do so, on condition that he'd run it just as I wrote it. He said he'd do so gladly. In the course of our conversation he asked me if I'd include in my articles, the points I outlined to him personally in a talk as to why I bought in Redwood Estates.

I said I would, so here goes:

In my own private survey of San Francisco I determined that population will flow down the peninsula in an ever-increasing wave. My reasons for thinking this are sound. First, San Francisco is built up. The Richmond district is built solid. What were sand dunes in the Park-Presidio, or Sunset district, are now filled with beautiful homes. Burlingame, San Mateo and other peninsula cities are seeing the settlement of scores of new families each month. This is a literal statement—*scores of new families each month*.

We go still farther down the peninsula to Los Gatos, and what do we find? That the amount of acreage is being dotted with homes. And what does this mean to Redwood Estates, situated as it is, a few miles from Los Gatos? It means that

(Continued on next page)





### WHY METHUSELAH WOULDN'T (Conclusion)

liness and freedom of the Santa Cruz mountains—all the comforts of home amidst one of Nature's most entrancing beauty-spots!

Now, Methuselah can hardly be blamed for refusing to build himself one of those unventilated mud-houses that went by the name of homes in the days of old. But we rather suspect that, with the prospect of a sunny, airy, "comfy," care-free, up-to-date cabin up in the very heart of Nature's realm of beauty, even old Methuselah would have rubbed his eyes, awaked from his sleepy life of five hundred years, and built himself a house!

### "THERE'S A REASON" (Continued from page 6)

We warn everyone that all too often, in projects where mountain land is sold, the purchaser finds he has bought a "lot" miles away from a road or even a trail—in such a tangled mass of wildwood that even a mountain goat would have a "lot" of trouble to reach it!

On the Redwood Estates, the roads are built as the units are opened for sale—and each investor buys a cabin-site that is a cabin site—a beauty-spot among the forests that is within convenient, ready, year-round access!

And when we tell you that your cabin will be supplied, as soon as it's built, with the purest of mountain spring water—entirely free—and that this spring water will not only be piped to your cabin free of charge but you will have the comfort and pleasure of running water in your cabin,—always handy, always abundant, always free—we mean it—because we have one sealed reservoir of 125,000 gallons already installed and full and have begun work on two more.

Here then, are the touchstones by which you may instantly know the true value of a cabin-site—anywhere.

Because without accessibility, and without the comforts of running water a cabin would become a mockery—would be a place of toil and worry instead of a place of joyous rest and recuperation.

So, when approached with an offer of a mountain cabin-site, make it your business not only to ask, but to *find out*, first, whether the lot you are offered has a well-graded auto road leading to it NOW and, second, whether there is running water available in abundance and free of charge. NOW. These two advantages are yours on the Redwood Estates!

Also, the Estates themselves are so situated on the State highway that they are ideally accessible from all sides. The Redwood Estates comprise the superior playground of "Superior California."

### IMPRESSIONS OF AN EASTERNER (Continued from preceding page)

within a few years Redwood Estates will become a suburb of San Francisco, and what are now summer cabin sites will become sites for San Francisco business men's homes. The distance from Redwood Estates to San Francisco is no farther than points in New York's suburbs to New York.

Highways leading to Redwood Estates are being widened. New highways will be opened within three years. Before a decade the population of the peninsula will have become so dense that a tube or elevated road will be constructed to carry the millions to their peninsula homes.

Do you think I am exaggerating? Do you think I am trying to create an imaginative picture of something that cannot possibly take place for a hundred years? Not a bit of it.

A comparatively few years ago Jules Verne wrote an imaginative tale: "Around the World in Eighty Days." When written, his readers thought the globe could not be circumnavigated with such speed for 250 years. Today, airmen go around the globe in less than half that time!

Five years ago you didn't think you'd hear music broadcast from a New York hotel. Today, it's not even discussed any more. And in a year you'll be picking up London on your sets with as much ease.

If I could suddenly push the clock ahead five years, and let development as I have predicted come true, Redwood Estates would be sold out completely in five hours. And the purchasers of lots would pay fifty times the amount now asked and still get bargains for their money.

They say that to make money in real estate you must possess one cardinal virtue: foresight. This is what made me buy in New York's suburbs twenty years ago—that is what has made me buy in Redwood Estates today.

That's my message. If I have given you my viewpoint you'll follow my advice and buy these lots immediately while they're asking you to. If I haven't succeeded in transplanting my ideas into your minds you'll be TRYING to buy Redwood Estates lots when they WON'T sell them to you unless you give them a profit FIFTY TIMES what they're making today.

That's my story, folks: take it or leave it.

### HMMM! HERE'S A PROSPECT FOR A MAMMOTH CABIN-SITE!

Wife—I went to the mammoth sale today.

Hub—And—and did you do any buying?

Wife—I'll say I did!

Hub—Great Caesar! Where are we going to keep the darned thing?



## Did You Ever Havana?

*Through the Panama Canal and on to Havana goes our tour of investigation. And our straightforward Sales Manager, Geo. T. Collins, describes Havana conditions just as he finds them—all wet!*

We just did make the boat that left Balboa for the trip through the Canal at 7 a. m. An American isn't really proud of his country until he has been through the Panama Canal and begins to realize what a tremendous undertaking that was. While we—inbound—were being lifted to higher levels in each of the three locks, other boats—outbound—were being lowered at the same time. We were held up several hours at Gatun Lake, which is about half way across, waiting for the heavy west-bound (bound for California) traffic to clear the locks while a tropical sun that knows no favorites beat down upon us. Gatun Dam is one-half mile thick and about 100 feet high—and a game of golf was being played on top of it! On the other shore a dozen crocodiles were basking in the sun and mud.

After being lowered again through three locks we arrived at Cristobal, on the Atlantic side. There we bid goodbye to land again for three more days. The Caribbean Sea was quite rough and many of the passengers were missing from the dining saloon for a day or two!

The toll paid by our ship for a one-way passage through the canal was \$12,000—yet the canal, working at capacity, is barely paying expenses.

We arrived in Havana fourteen days after leaving California. It was quite cool in Havana—unusual, so they told us—and we were uncomfortably cool all of the time. All of their houses and buildings are constructed to withstand heat and to catch a breeze if there is one. High ceilings, high doors and windows, tile or cement floors, and no glass in the windows above the ground floor. All of the hallways open on to a *patio* and the doors are always open. A house that is constructed to be cool when it is hot is cold when it is cool! It seemed strange to go into a room on the fifth floor of a first-class hotel and find a bare tile floor.

The racing season was on at Havana and the prices at the hotels and in the restaurants had caught the spirit of the thing and had raced for the top, too—and they had won!

In a cafe in Havana it takes the proprietor, the maitre de hotel, the head waiter, two captains, four waiters and two bus-boys to serve a sandwich! As soon as you are seated it rains waiters! And when you get your check you wonder for a moment whether you are supposed to be buying

the place! Your best bet is the *plat du jour*—it will be good, and if it happens to be something that you like you are in luck. For my part, I hope I never see a table d'hote dinner again. I have waded through the heavy, endless courses from soup to nuts so many times that a plain dish of Dinty Moore's Corned Beef and Cabbage would seem like a banquet.

We went to see the races on Sunday. Apparently all of Havana was there and they all talked and cheered at the same time. It is their national sport now that bull fighting has been discontinued. It is also a fashion show, but the gentlemen who prefer blondes are out of luck—blondes do not grow here! The saying here is that brunettes prefer gentlemen! In the evening we went to see the Casino, the Monte Carlo of Havana. They put on a "lot of dog" in those Latin countries. One who isn't in evening clothes after 7 p. m. is a Peon, that's all. At the Casino every kind of a game of chance—and some, I think, in which there was no chance—was in operation from keno to craps.

One of the popular places in Havana is a bar called "Sloppy Joe's." It is known all over the southern part of the world, and every traveler you meet tells you to be sure and go there when you get to Havana. "Sloppy Joe," it seems, carries an enormous stock of choice liquors brought from every corner of the globe. The place gets its name from the policy of the house which is to fill every glass as it is served to overflowing.

There are some wonderful shops in that town. Spanish shawls, lace work, linens, porcelains, cut and spun glass, silver work jewelry, etc. It is a cheap jewelry shop indeed that does not display in its show windows at least a dozen diamonds from eight carats up! The tobacco business here is an important industry, and cigar factories abound. In most of them they employ professional readers and singers to entertain the workmen at their tasks.

Some of the old customs still prevail here. In the evening everyone parades on the *parado*, where a band is usually holding forth. The single men walk in one direction while the single girls walk in the other. Thus they meet face to face.

Which reminds me of the happy dancing pavilion on the Redwood Estates. After all, there's no place like home!

*(To be continued)*



## LET US OUTFIT YOUR CABIN

*Planning on your snug mountain cabin up in the Redwood Estates?  
Or are you building?  
Or have you already built?*

Whether planning, building, or built—just drop in to see us and let us astonish you by showing how very economically your mountain home can be fitted up with every need and convenience.

### HARDWARE - UTENSILS - STOVES HOUSEHOLD GOODS

To really enjoy your sojourns in your place of rest, you will need the essential household necessities and comforts. For restful nights — cozy, well-made cots or "comfy" beds and bed-springs. For cooking purposes—pots and pans and a handy wood stove. For the necessary plumbing—standard, durable equipment.

*All on hand at the Curtis Hardware Company at lowest prices*

### PAINTS

Of course you will give the cabin the painting it needs to give you the years of service and enjoyment to which you are entitled.

*Just the colors and varieties you want at Curtis Hardware*

### ELECTRICAL GOODS

With electricity on the Estates within a few weeks, every cabin owner will want to install electric lights and the other modern electrical conveniences—just like home!

*We have them all ready for you*

### TRY US FIRST!

The Curtis Hardware Company is your logical trading center—only fifteen minutes' drive from the Redwood Estates.

## CURTIS HARDWARE CO.

110 W. Main Street

Telephone 35

Los Gatos, California



# STERLING LUMBER CO.

"ALWAYS DELIVERS THE GOODS"

## WHY?

### Because

Our materials are the very best.

Our 16-yards buying power insures lowest prices.

Our persistent aim is to give Courteous and Personal Service.

WANT  
LUMBER  
QUICK?



PHONE  
LOS GATOS  
8 8

*Let us quote you complete costs on our cabins.  
Our materials delivered to your lot in Redwood Estates.  
Merely mail Coupon—There is no obligation.*

STERLING LUMBER CO.  
Los Gatos, California.

Without cost to me, please mail me your booklet illustrating mountain cabins and cottages.

Name.....

Address.....





# CABINLAND

Vol. 1

Published Monthly by the

No. 6

REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Marshall Square Bldg., 1182 Market St., San Francisco

JUNE, 1927

## THE SONG OF THE TREE

By James R. Devereux

"Come rest beside me,"  
Is the song of the tree.  
"I can give you the glorious sun;  
With its life-giving rays,  
On these mountainside ways  
Where rivulets ripple and run."

"I have gathered the sun,  
The breeze and the rain  
And the blossoms, and beautiful peace;  
To combine them as one  
For those who want none  
Of life's worries or cares or dis-ease."

"Come, feast here with me  
And you will be free—  
You'll LIVE as you never have done!  
Your days will be long,  
Full of laughter and song,  
In the land of the trees and the sun."



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# Cabinland

The Magazine of the REDWOOD ESTATES in the Santa Cruz Mountains  
Published by the Redwood Estates Company, 1182 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.  
HARRY W. GRASSLE, Editor

Vol. 1

JUNE, 1927

No. 6

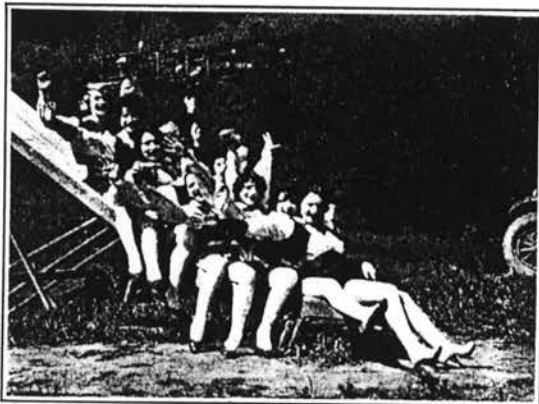
## Hollywood Discovers The Redwood Estates!

It all happened because of that lively little leading lady in the Christie Comedies — Gail Lloyd. Of course, everyone knows that Gail Lloyd is a native San Francisco girl and comes home on a visit once in a while when Hollywood lets her.

On her recent visit she and her happy party were all invited by some of her friends to spend Sundays and week-ends up on the beautiful Redwood Estates in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

As a result, things began to happen!

Elsewhere in this issue we publish an interview from Gail Lloyd herself — together with her very latest photograph, posed especially for Cabinland!



And, not to be outdone, the other girls who visited the Redwood Estates sent in a letter all their own—which we also publish in this issue—together with a few of *their* photographs, posed for us on the Estates.

Now you know why this number of Cabinland looks like a "Movie Special". However, it's only fair, because in former issues we've featured others who have visited the Redwood Estates—tourists, real estate men, business men, etc. And these actress folk do say things from refreshingly new and original viewpoints, im-

pressing more vividly than ever the true worth of our mountain playground and the opportunity it brings to every one to own a piece of paradise.

On the following page we also have several welcome announcements regarding improvements on the Estates — electricity and the telephones for the cabins, graveled and oiled roads, more reservoirs, etc.

At the Community Center, cabin owners are enjoying the conveniences offered by the new Mae Store and its tempting eatables; also the ever-ready Service Station for the feeding of the tin-lizzy.

Everyone who visits the Redwood Estates is enthusiastic over the combination of natural beauties and every modern convenience

—the freedom of the mountains without any of the drawbacks of life in the wilds.

Remember—YOU can visit these beautiful Estates—at any time—without cost or obligation—just by getting in touch with one of our offices. See the list of our offices on page 11 of this issue.

And—Oh! yes—once more the Editor begs the readers of Cabinland to overlook the somewhat HOLLYWOODY illustrations in this issue. It couldn't be helped this time—it won't happen again!



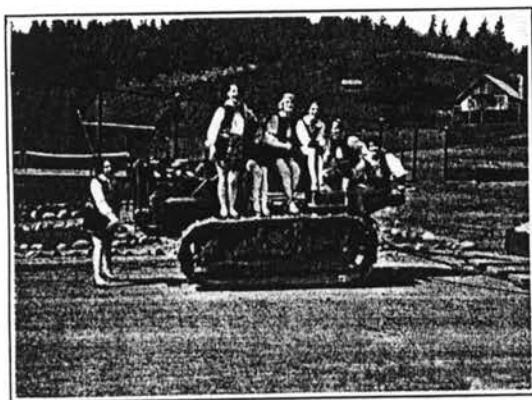
# Electricity - Graveled Roads - More Reservoirs Swimming Pool!

(As for the pictures on this page, and when and why and how they got that way—  
please see the preceding page!)

Every cabin on the Redwood Estates may now boast of electricity's comforts! Owners desiring electric service should have their cabins wired and then put in the usual application with the P. G. & E. at San Jose.

## EVERY MODERN IMPROVEMENT

The home-comforts of electricity comprise one more of the forward strides we have been contemplating. Our one consistent plan is to give



every modern convenience and comfort in the midst of this mountain wonderland, so that your days or weeks of rest and recuperation in your cabin will really *mean* rest and recuperation.

## A TELEPHONE IN YOUR CABIN!

At very reasonable rates, the Los Gatos Telephone Company will install a telephone in your cabin — you have but to make application at their Los Gatos office.

## ALL ROADS GRAVELED

In making every cabin accessible by auto all the year around, the final convenience of graveled and oiled roads is now also an accomplished work. All completed roads are now oiled, graveled, and ready for your constant use.

## TWO MORE RESERVOIRS

No other property has seen such rapid development. Not content with our first 125,000-gallon reservoir—full to the brim with the incomparably pure and healthful spring water of the Redwood Estates—the contract has been let for two more reservoirs and work is starting at

once. These additional reservoirs will be of the same type of construction as the one already completed and in use. In this way, every cabin on the entire Estates is assured of adequate and constant water-supply—piped free and supplied free to every cabin—always!

## SWIMMING POOL

The contract has also been let for the building of the swimming pool. It will be completed within 45 working days, and will be freely available for the enjoyment of those who own lots on the Redwood Estates.

## OWNER'S DAY

"Owner's Day", Sunday, May 1st, was a gratifying success—over 500 of the Redwood Estates family gathered on the property and spent the delightfully clear and sunny day in games and hikes.

## 1000 LOTS NOW SOLD

The thousandth lot has been sold! Impartial observers who visit the Redwood Estates—observers from Florida, New York, and all thru



the country—also from Los Angeles—are unanimous in their prediction that, with the marvelous scenic and climatic beauty united with modern conveniences, every lot on the Redwood Estates will be sold out *within the next few months!*

You who have been planning and promising yourself and the family one of these paradise garden-spots—now is the time to ACT!





## "I'll Show Hollywood!"

(An interview with Gail Lloyd, the little star of the Christie Comedies.)



(Here's what she said after enjoying a day of rest and photo-taking on the Redwood Estates up in the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains.)

"Down in Southern California they say that they have the ideal combination of climate plus lovely scenery on land and sea and mountains—and that's why most of the films are made there.

"Well, I'm going to show them a few things when I get back! Here, within two hours' drive of San Francisco and the bay district, is mountain scenery that is beautiful beyond all words—with all the wonders of redwood trees and entrancing mountain trails—and the most adorable little cottages and cabins.

"And this air! There's nothing like it anywhere else in the world! And the crystal-clear spring-water so cool and sparkling! And—just think!—it's supplied, abundantly and freely, to every cabin!

"Why, just to be here makes a person feel like a happy, frisky child of ten! This is the place to come for a vacation. This is the place to live!

"Believe me, I've already selected my own little cabin-spot up in these magic mountains. If folks around here only realized what treasures they have in these mountains! It won't be long now—it can't be long before every one of these fairyland lots have been snatched up by people who appreciate a good thing when they see it!

"And I've just thought of the most original idea for a gift to a June bride—the gift of a cabin-site up on the Redwood Estates!

"In all California there is no location more beautiful than the Redwood Estates."



## A Paradise in the Mountains

By Pen Dennis

"The most difficult problem of the Redwood Estates is the difficulty of writing about it," remarked a well known lady journalist the other day, after having spent several hours in viewing the property. "A new language is wanted," she continued, "in which to write and speak. It is a place of such beauty that one is reduced to silence. It is the silence of inability—the inability of words to describe—inability of the human brain to retain the multitude of expressions that crowd upon it."

This is undoubtedly a year of opportunity in the Santa Cruz Mountains. No wonder optimists and "peptomists" are shaking hands with each other in their desire to become associated with its remarkable prosperity and development. And it is always timely and a pleasure to write of the real work being done along the development lines by men whose names are identified with the growth of a promising community and vacation center such as the Redwood Estates.

At an elevation of 1500 feet here is to be found as charming a spot as the heart could desire. Thousands of dollars have been spent in beautifying the place, and the end is not yet in sight regarding additional recreational features. Easily reached over splendid highways, the visitor will be charmed with the outlook at the journey's end. Winding trails and fruitful orchards, a bracing atmosphere, away from the turmoil and bustle of city life, but with the telephone and daily mail delivery, with steam and electric trains easily reached, with automobiles and good roads, the world is at your door in a few minutes. There is no isolation at Redwood Estates.

The property just now is looking at its best. It is worth a journey of a thousand miles to see. The orchards are a riot of blossoms, wild flowers are springing up everywhere. Ferns are crowding the mountain sides in all their feathery beauty, and the trees of the forest are bursting into new life and the song of the birds are a delight to the ear. In truth it is a retreat where one can feel the renewing of youth, a place where one loves to sojourn, enjoying an atmosphere and environment that means health as well as relaxation.

I happened to be in the vicinity of the Pavilion a few days ago, and out of curiosity watched the many guests as they arrived from San Jose, Palo Alto and the Bay district. As they arrived

they were received by a member of the organization who, I understand, is dubbed the "official greeter." Whatever the name is, the idea is a mighty fine one and creates a good impression. As one lady remarked, "there is an atmosphere of friendliness all over the place."

Unfailing courtesy was demonstrated by everybody from the janitor to the General Manager. Evidently nothing is overlooked to insure the comfort and pleasure of guests. And doubtless this is one of several factors that has helped along the marvelous success of the Redwood Estates Company.

The Dutch Mill at the main entrance on the highway is one of the most attractive features on the property. The thousands of motorists who daily pass by carry away a mental picture, and in many instances slow down in order that the children especially may have a prolonged view. The tract office, I understand, is daily asked if photographs can be purchased, and kodak "snaps" are recorded by the hundred. At night it is brilliantly illuminated with many colored electric lamps, and with the two massive flood lights also in operation, a scene of brilliancy greets the passers by, and is one of the most effective advertising mediums in California.

And this reminds me of another sight worth seeing at the Redwood Estates. I stood on the hill by the reservoir a few days ago, talking to one of the enthusiastic salesmen connected with the organization, and he pointed out a magnificent panorama of the Santa Clara Valley. Away in the far distance, flashing in the sunlight, could be seen the waters of the Bay! At our feet, it seemed, the great valley spread itself out like a map, extending as far as the eye could reach. And I stood on the same hill when the darkness of night had fallen, and watched the lights of Los Gatos, and the equally brilliant illumination of San Jose, and it was a sight to be remembered.

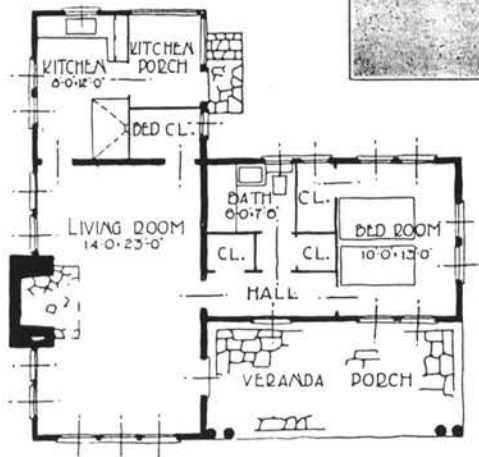
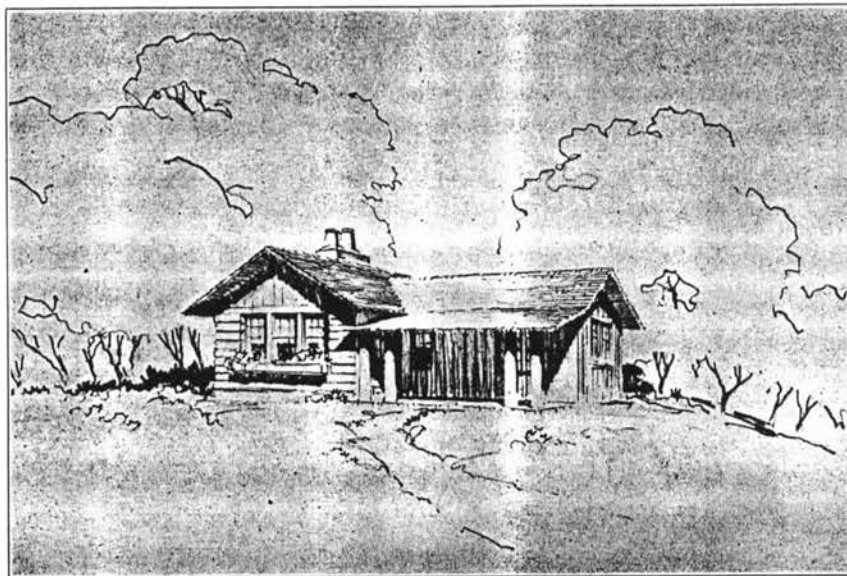
By the time this appears in print electricity will doubtless be in use over a considerable area of the tract, to the delight and comfort of the many families now permanently located on the Estate. The P. G. & E. have been speeding up matters lately, and with the poles all erected and the wiring well under way, "juice" should be available almost immediately. Telephones are being installed and the tract office is now available as a pay station.



## Plan No. 4—"Just a Real Good Cabin"

Many readers of "CABINLAND" have expressed appreciation of this series of Cabin Plans, and it is evident that some of these plans are being utilized to good advantage in the building of new cabins on the Redwood Estates.

Complete blue-prints and specifications may be secured for any of these cabin plans, for the sum of \$5.00 each, by writing to the California Redwood Association, 24 California St., San Francisco.



"That Little Cabin Home"

By Mrs. Frank Weston

The wealth of fragrant blossoms,  
the shady redwood trees,  
The hillside where the sunlight ever shone,  
The laughter of the children  
as it echoes on the breeze—  
Nature made the beauty 'round that little  
cabin home.

Here, among the hills and valleys,  
In keenest pleasure you may roam—  
And with pride you'll always treasure  
Your cozy little cabin home.

Down the shady lanes you wander  
When the daylight joys have flown  
And a light for you is shining  
In that little cabin home.

### THEY'RE SHOOTING IN FROM EVERY SIDE

Here we quote the briefest possible snatches from a few of the hundreds of appreciative letters that are coming in from all sides. In future issues of "CABINLAND", as our space permits we shall publish some of these interesting letters in full. We are always delighted to hear from cabin-owners, lot-owners, and visitors.

—"And I would like to tell every married man that his faithful wife needs and deserves frequent rests from the drudgery and monotony of her wearisome routine—and there's nothing else like a cabin in the beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains for the rest and recreation so necessary to health, happiness, and success for yourself and your loved ones."

E. H. H., San Francisco

—"Why deny our children this opportunity to play in the midst of the ennobling beauties and freedom of the everlasting hills, where both their minds and their bodily health can be built up to the highest standard?"

C. F. G., San Jose

—"Your easy payment plan made it possible for us to purchase the cabin-site we had long dreamed of. We surely needed this chance to rest up in your wonderland—now our wonderland! It's worth many, many times the money we're putting in, and we hardly notice the small monthly payments."

Mrs. W. R., Oakland



## "Now Listen!

*We Girls Would Like to Say—*

*(Here's an entirely unexpected communication from the party of girls who recently spent a day on the Redwood Estates.)*

Dear Mr. Grassle:—

We girls would like to say that we sure got a great kick out of our day on the Redwood Estates.



Even though we are just 'extras' and not stars like Gail Lloyd, we'd like to tell the world that we're not nearly as dumb as we look. Some of us are college graduates—dancing college.

So when we say we really appreciate the Redwood Estates, we're not dishing out apple sauce or banana oil.

We've seen a lot of this little old world and we ought to know what's what. We've been in a lot of places that have been ballyhooed and press-agented as "the only and original garden-spot of the world" so we know the genuine article when we see it. Why, we've even been in Los Angeles!

There's a kick to the Redwood Estates that's different from them all. It's something more than just scenery and climate. It's not alone the scenery that's naturally born beautiful and don't need any dolling up. It's not alone that peppy, jazzy air—or that zippy spring water that makes you feel like pre-(Chinese)war gin. It's all of these and a lot more.

Oh, we know we're not supposed to have opinions. The directors keep telling us we're only "atmosphere". Well, if that's the case, we ought to be pretty good judges of atmosphere, anyway!

Then give us Redwood Estates atmosphere!

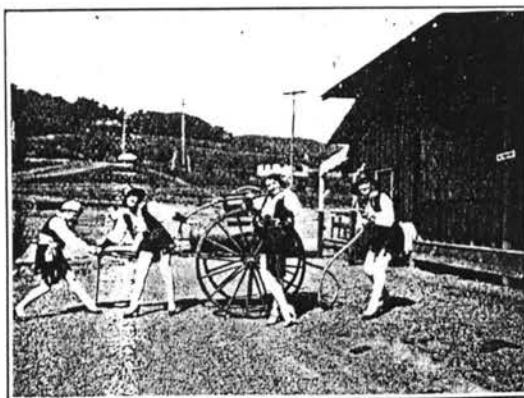


Most fond papas and mamas hope that their kiddies won't ever get to be chorus girls or "extras". And they're darn right, because it's a heluva life. But where parents pull their boner is in forgetting that growing kids absolutely need some kind of a kick—well! let's use a better word and say adventure, a chance to blow off steam.

If you want to keep your kids away from the dog's life of the movie lots, then for the luva-mike get them a cabin off in the mountains where they can be "wild injuns" every so often and blow off their steam in hiking around among the lovely hills or in playing games where there's adventure in the very air!

Now, would you ever expect "just extras" to dope out a letter like this? Someone ought to tell the director how brainy we are.

And we know another thing. Down in Southern California everyone who lives out in the mountains or in a cabin among the woods watches out for forest fires. And the way they watch out is by hanging up a fire extinguisher in the cabin—especially along about this time of the year.



Now that men smoke cigarettes, almost as much as the girls, it rather increases the chances that someone might park a burning stub just where a handy fire extinguisher can put out the blaze without any fuss.

(Continued on next page)



**"NOW LISTEN"**

(Continued from preceding page)

Gail Lloyd, being neither high-hatty nor up-stage, joins us "just extras" in saying "*Au Revoir.*"

Yours extra truly,  
**WE ATMOSPHERES**

(The Editor believes the readers of Cabinland will enjoy this very human and interesting letter. And we certainly concur in the suggestion made by the girls as to fire extinguishers. This is a very timely thought. Redwood Estates has a very efficient extinguisher on wheels, but each cabin-owner should have a hand extinguisher.—Editor.)

**LET'S LAUGH WITH THE CABINLANDERS**

*(Up on the joyous Redwood Estates, the very atmosphere of wide-as-the-world freedom from worries and cares makes the cabin-owners chummy and sociable—one simply can't be otherwise among the mountains!—and many are the Cabin-tales that are told by these Cabin-lads and Cabin-lasses. Here are two.)*

\* \* \*

**NO WONDER HE BOUGHT A LOT WHERE  
THE ROADS ARE WELL GRADED!**

One of the cabin-owners told us this old one: "Last year, while motoring in Arizona, we traveled for four days without food. On the fifth day we made soup out of the car."

Of course, we asked, "How?"

"Well, we hit a mud-hole and the car turned turtle!"

\* \* \*

**YES, SEVERAL ARMY BOYS OWN  
CABIN-SITES**

Sister's best sheik was taking tea with the family. Of course, little Johnny was doing his best to be sociable, too.

"You just ought to have seen Sergeant Marshall when he called upon Dolly the other night," he remarked. "I'll tell you he looked just fine, sitting there alongside her, with his arm—"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face the color of a boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny. "He had his arm—"

"John!" screamed his mother, frantically.

"Why," whined the boy, "all I was saying was that he—"

"John," said his father, sternly, "leave the room!"

And Johnny left, crying as he went: "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."

## The Redwood Estates

### "From the Inside"

(An article by H. T. Peters, one of the men who are doing the actual work of installing the improvements on the Estates.)

Advanced methods of employment-management now declare that driving the working man is obsolete—that leading him is difficult—and that to convince a man that he is not only working for his employer but at the same time working for himself is the one best way of dealing with the horny-handed son of toil.

The Redwood Estates Company, always up to the latest wrinkle in everything, of course adopted the aforementioned policy long ago. This Company either sells lots to the workers, or gives those who already own lots the preference of jobs available. This causes the men to be vitally interested in their work, makes them more painstaking; because they realize that the better-looking the finished job—the surer their invested dollars are going to double and treble.

In this way, that particular bit of road that leads to somebody's lot is going to be a good piece of road. Mr. Somebody is working on the road himself and he is going to see to it himself. The same with the pipelines—how carefully they are laid and the joints made tight! For the pure mountain spring water is the chief pride of the many prides of the Redwood Estates.

The construction work itself is in the immediate charge of E. A. Taylor—heavy set, but not fat—jovial, and blessed with the most abundant hair that ever graced the cranium of a male.

Not so long ago, while constructing a difficult piece of road which commands a most magnificent view of the Santa Clara Valley, Mr. Taylor noted that he was not getting the footage he had figured on—the road was not being built as speedily as he had expected. All the valley below was a mass of snowy blossoms—and the heretofore faithful crew were shamelessly leaning on mattock and shovel and gazing—just gazing! To quote the great Irvin Cobb: "Visions of such incredible beauty that the very clods of the earth get drunk on the glory." Small wonder that the work suffered.

The jovial superintendent was stumped, but for a moment only. He ran his hand through his abundant hair. Ah! An inspiration! The next day the work went on with its accustomed gusto. Each man was wearing a pair of dark-colored glasses!

Yes, that road is finished now and the lots on it are sold. In fact, before the grader went over it for the last time, the white "Sold" signs stood out like sentinels—a long row on each side—among the springing green of the grass and the trees.

And the Answer to Both Problems Is—

### REDWOOD ESTATES

The President of the League of California Municipalities, Dr. John J. Sippy, says: "The two great problems confronting Californians today are where to park and where to jump!"



## So this is Florida!

By Geo. T. Collins, General Sales Manager of Redwood Estates.

(Continued from the May issue of Cabinland.)

We left Havana on a United Fruit Steamer, which seemed very small in comparison with our first boat, the S. S. Manchuria. Leaving at 10:00 a. m., we arrived at Key West, Florida, about 4:30 p. m. the same day. From there we took the Dixie Flyer on the East Coast railway through to Daytona Beach, which is in the Northern part of Florida, to visit some friends and relatives.

Key West is a small island about 100 miles from the mainland, and between Key West and the mainland there are thousands of these small islands or keys as they are called. A causeway has been built from key to key from the mainland. Over this causeway the East Coast Railway travels. It is a very wonderful piece of engineering.

After a few days at Daytona Beach (which, by the way, has a beach 125 feet wide and 21 miles long when the tide is out, and is the place where most of the world's automobile records have been made) we hired a car and driver to cover Florida thoroughly and in a leisurely fashion. The prime object of the trip was to study methods used in Florida in the hope that we might get some ideas for the improvement of Redwood Estates both in the physical development of the property and the methods of selling.

We covered the East Coast of Florida from St. Augustine on the North to Miami on the South, visiting many towns and sub-divisions among which were the following:

Miami, Miami Beach, Coconut Grove, Coral Gables, Palm Beach, West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, Indio, Boca Raton, Hollywood, Hollywood by the Sea, Ormonde, Oriand, etc.

We were in Florida several days before we could realize what was wrong with the picture. Something was missing, but it was hard to determine just what it was until we suddenly realized that nothing was green. We in California are accustomed to green shrubbery, lawns, parks, etc., all the year round and somehow we had an idea that Florida having a semi-tropical climate the verdure would be luxuriant and very green, but we found that most of the tropical growth in Florida consists of palms of various varieties and types—such as Coconut, Palmetta, Umbrella, Date, Wire, Royal, etc. Now, the fact the matter is, a palm is not green. The trunk is either brown or grey and the foliage becomes quickly sunburned and is then anything but green. Florida is all sand and a particularly white sand, and when the wind blows—as it frequently does with some force—it scatters this sand in the form of dust all over everything!

They are unable to raise a good grass lawn anywhere in Florida for some reason or other. Most of the better homes try to maintain lawns by planting rye, which grows quite rapidly. But rye does not grow compactly and when it is cut it leaves thick stalks quite widely scattered. So these lawn-making efforts wind up in what Californians would describe as a complete failure. We surely missed the well kept lawns and shrubbery that we are accustomed to seeing nearly everywhere in California.

And at Miami we were somewhat surprised to find them selling drinking water at stands on the street at 2c a glass! We noticed that in hotels and restaurants water was being served with the distributor's name and the analysis of the water on a label on the bottle. It appears that Miami water is not fit to drink.

We were more or less disappointed in Miami. Somehow we had a mental picture of it as a large city. We pictured it in our minds as similar to San Francisco or Oakland but the fact of the matter is that it has a population of about 150 thousand—and that probably is based on the height of their season and, like everything else in Florida, greatly exaggerated.

The city is not particularly well laid out. Streets are quite narrow and most of them one-way streets, including Flagler, which is the main street. The principal sport all over Florida—particularly around Miami—is

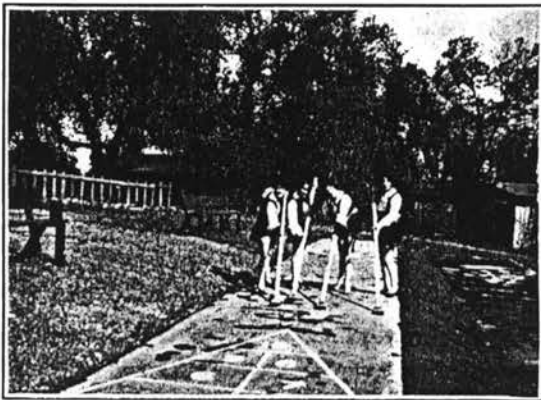
dog racing, and the newspapers carry head lines and long descriptions of the races similar to the way baseball is handled here. The weather in Miami when we were there in January was quite cold, running around 25 degrees at night and 50 in the day time.

There is plenty of evidence of the severity of the recent hurricane. We were told that every pane of glass on Flagler Street was broken and some parts of the city were without water or lights for over two weeks. Near the center of the city is a large park called Coconut Grove Park where a famous band plays afternoon and evening. All of the foliage had been stripped from the palm trees, practically ruining what must have been a beautiful park.

On the boat to Florida, and also in many parts of that State, we watched that most interesting game, Shuffle Board. I determined that it must be installed on the Redwood Estates for the enjoyment of everyone.

[Shuffle Board has been installed on the Estates!—Editor]

(To be continued)



"I determined that Shuffle Board must be installed on the Redwood Estates." It is!





Russell Aero Foto, S. F., Calif.

## The First Airplane View of the Redwood Estates

The winding, paved State Highway may be discerned in the foreground—and above it the Redwood Estates in all their billowy loveliness.

To reach this wonderland in the Santa Cruz Mountains, just drive along the State Highway towards Santa Cruz—and, six miles out of Los Gatos, turn in where the Dutch Mill marks the entrance of the Estates.

Or just drop a postcard—or 'phone in—to one of our offices and we'll take you in one of our bonded cars, with a careful, courteous driver—without cost, without obligating you in any way.

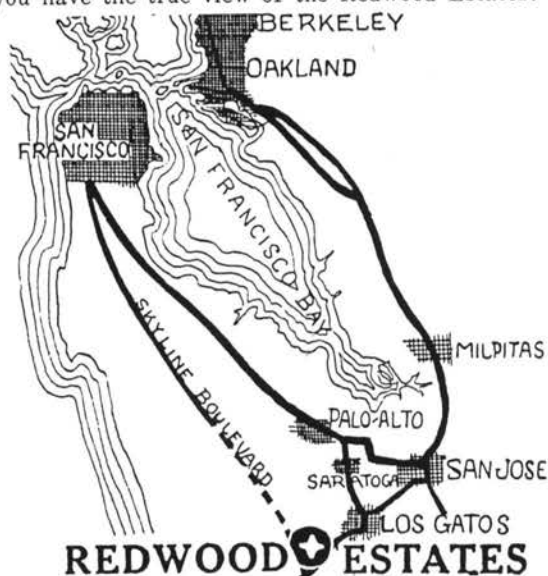
This is a trip worth taking!

**REDWOOD ESTATES CO.**  
Harry W. Grassle and Associates  
owners and developers of the  
**REDWOOD ESTATES**  
in the Santa Cruz Mountains

### OUR FIVE OFFICES

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410 Fifteenth Street, Oakland	Glencourt 6823
Burrell Building, San Jose	San Jose 8287
48 Santa Cruz Ave., Los Gatos	Los Gatos 439
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Think of all the comforts and conveniences of home in the midst of this mountain paradise—and you have the true view of the Redwood Estates!



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