

CABINLAND

Vol. 2

Published Monthly by the

No. 1

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

JANUARY, 1928

The Redwoods

By Robert Elliott Brown, D. D.

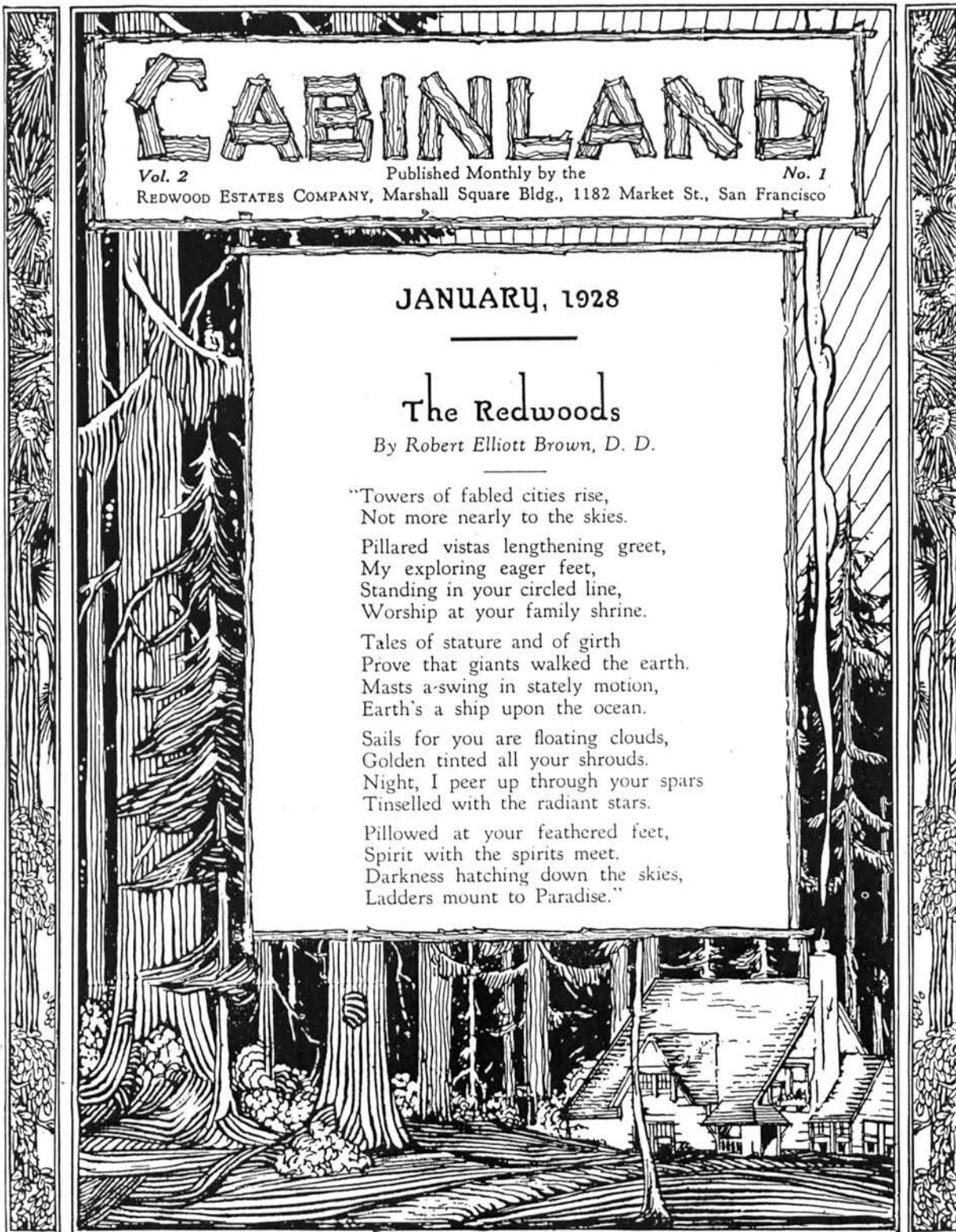
"Towers of fabled cities rise,
Not more nearly to the skies.

Pillared vistas lengthening greet,
My exploring eager feet,
Standing in your circled line,
Worship at your family shrine.

Tales of stature and of girth
Prove that giants walked the earth.
Masts a-swing in stately motion,
Earth's a ship upon the ocean.

Sails for you are floating clouds,
Golden tinted all your shrouds.
Night, I peer up through your spars
Tinselled with the radiant stars.

Pillowed at your feathered feet,
Spirit with the spirits meet.
Darkness hatching down the skies,
Ladders mount to Paradise."



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Chronological History of Redwood Estates

The Olhones - Customs - Tribal Life - Traditions of the Springs

By C. A. Phleger

Prior to the coming of the Spaniards to California and the founding of the missions at Santa Clara, A. D. 1777, and Santa Cruz, A. D. 1791, the territory which is now occupied by the Redwood Estates was roamed over by the OLHONES INDIANS, who were worshippers of the Sun, and who believed in an evil spirit. When a member died they decorated the corpse with feathers, flowers and beads, along with bow and arrows, the body being extended on a pile and cremated, amid shouts and propitiatory exclamations.

The OLHONES, a fierce, war-like tribe, had migrated from the territory now known as the upper Sacramento Valley, and by successive stages had reached the western slope of the Summit of the Santa Cruz Mountains.

It had long been the custom of the Indians from the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys to make pilgrimages to the hill on which the NEW ALMADEN mines were later opened and worked. Here they obtained cinnabar which was of reddish hue and when moistened and rubbed produced a rich red pigment highly esteemed by the savages in the arrangement of their toilet.

There is a tradition that in one of these pilgrimages warriors and medicine men from the OLHONES tribe came to the section known to later inhabitants of the Santa Cruz Mountains as the Health, or warm belt, and thereafter the OLHONES took up their permanent abode there. This section was undoubtedly the actual vicinity of the Redwood Estates, because the explanation of this singular feature undoubtedly consists of this—The warm air of the interior valleys, moving at night along the mountain sides, meets the currents floating in over the mountains from the sea, and is formed into an eddy which hugs the land and wards off the colder temperature.

This phenomena is well known to all persons familiar with the Redwood Estates, in fact, it is so definitely defined that when riding up from the foothills, in the night time, when the air is still, one can tell within a short distance when they enter the warmer currents.

This undoubtedly too is the explanation for the wonderful results obtained in orchard and vineyard cultivation in later years for the quality and flavor

of the fruit is unexcelled in the State. Here, also, flourishes the green "Bay Tree," its pungent perfume, glossy and green foliage, and a symmetrical form, being among its many virtues.

There is also a tradition that the wonderful springs on the Estates were the medicine waters for the OLHONES and other tribes, for many relics in the shape of mortars, beads, arrow heads, and the like, have been turned up in all directions in the vicinity of the springs.

And now a word about the customs of the OLHONES, the first residents of the Redwood Estates.

Dress had little to do with style or morality, as those words are now understood, but depended more especially on climate. In summer the men wore a loin cloth. The women wore an apron, or skirt reaching from the waist to the knees, usually woven of grass. Skins of animals gave additional warmth in winter. Style entered in to some extent. Ornaments of bone, shell or wood were worn in the ears or hair and around the neck and wrists. Women beautified themselves by tattooing their faces, necks and breasts, and the men were not free from this bit of vanity. The latter painted their bodies grotesquely to scare away evil spirits.

Houses were simple in the extreme. The typical wigwams, made in conical shape of poles, covered with skins, and banked with earth, with an opening at the top for smoke to go out and air to come in, and with a slit in the side for an entrance, were most commonly used.

They ate little meat, because they lacked domestic animals—however, they were far from being vegetarians. On the contrary, they ate nearly everything that teeth could bite that came their way—bear, deer, coyotes, crows, frogs and snails. Grass hoppers were something of a delicacy. They were eaten in various forms—dried, mashed and roasted. These rough delicacies, however, were not the principal food. They lived chiefly on foods that grew wild. Of these acorns were the most important item. They were ground and used to make flour.

In the next issue Mr. Phleger will tell about
THE COMING OF THE SPANIARDS
RIVIERA'S EXPEDITION
THE RAISING OF THE CROSS.



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. 2

JANUARY, 1928

No. 1

1927 Was Year of Accomplishment For Us

By Harry W. Grassle

The dawn of a new year always leads one to pause and cast back in retrospect at what he or she has accomplished during the year that has just closed. Likewise, a corporation or company reacts to the new year's approach in the same way.

We of the Redwood Estates feel that 1927 has been an overwhelmingly successful one. Much has been accomplished, and 1928 augurs well for us. When we say "Us" we mean not only ourselves, that is, the officials and salesmen, but YOU, because you are an integral part of Redwood Estates. Your support during the past year has made the tract the marvelous district that it is today. We are grateful for your support, and assure you that we will continue to strive to retain your good will during 1928.

Two years ago, as the new year was rolling around, we promised you lot owners many improvements. We believe that we have made good. First, we said there would be a social hall and today anybody visiting the tract can enjoy this splendid building that has been the source of so much genuine pleasure since its construction.

And the children's playground! We're truly proud of this achievement. We told you that when we reached the point of installing playground equipment for the kiddies it would be the finest equipment that money could buy. We believe we have kept our word.

Then, the matter of the tennis courts. We promised them to you, and today they are yours—to enjoy for years to come. They are courts that have been modelled by experts, and are the finest courts to be found in any tract such as Redwood Estates in the entire nation.

Of course, the prime achievement during the year just past was the construction of the swimming pool. And what a swimming pool it is! If you've had the pleasure of using it since it was opened to the owners of lots you'll realize that it is one of the finest swimming pools that could possibly have been built. Because the pool was for YOUR

pleasure no expense was spared to obtain the finest materials and the most ingenious workmanship. You have been good enough to tell us, this pool, will form a lasting monument to our efforts to advance Redwood Estates.

But the social hall, the playground, the tennis courts and the swimming pool, while important in themselves, form but a small part of the progressive moves that we contemplate not only for 1928 but for succeeding years.

Redwood Estates is today a little city in itself—possessing every convenience that one can find in a metropolis. It has everything, only on a smaller scale.

If you have vision you can look ahead a few years and see what the future holds in store for this delightful spot. New improvements will come as time progresses. These improvements, naturally, will enhance the value of your property.

Every day some new project is suggested that has a tendency to bring Redwood Estates closer to San Francisco. There is constant talk of San Francisco consolidating the peninsula. If this is done—and it surely will within a year or two—it will bring greater San Francisco several miles nearer the Santa Cruz Mountains. What is now considered a distant point from San Francisco will become a suburb.

A gentleman who has lived in Los Angeles for 20 years came into my office the other day and asked me why I didn't increase the price of lots at Redwood Estates 250 per cent. I told him that I had no intention of doing so. But, he argued, Redwood Estates today is in exactly the same position as a town like Wilmington was to Los Angeles twenty years ago. People then regarded the distance from the heart of Los Angeles to Wilmington exactly as they regard the distance between San Francisco and Los Gatos today.

While I have no intention of raising the price of the lots remaining at Redwood, I am passing along what this gentleman told me, so that you can see for yourself just what possibilities Redwood Estates holds for you in the future.



Around the Campfire

By "Doc" Wells

Look out! Here they come! STILL MORE OF THEM — all anxious to join the CIRCLE around our CAMPFIRE—First it was the REDWOOD MOUNTAIN RANGERS, then came the REDWOOD ESTATES SOCIAL CLUB, and now—bless 'em—here we have the newly organized REDWOOD MOUNTAIN GIRLS to swell the ranks of our big happy mountain family. WELCOME! WELCOME! (With oceans of applause.) We know that your presence amongst us—your pretty faces and silvery laughter—will stimulate our FAMILY to do BIG THINGS in the way of entertainments. We needed just YOU GIRLS to make our happiness complete. Now let's tell the rest of the FAMILY just what THE GIRLS did on the 23rd — what say? Alright, gimme th' air! You will be happy, I am sure, to hear that on Friday evening, December the twenty-third, at seven-thirty, the REDWOOD MOUNTAIN GIRLS held their initial entertainment—a Christmas party and dance. The affair was a real party and a great

success. Those of you who were not present missed a good time—why folks, those little ladies put on the snappiest show you would ever care to see—nothing was overlooked—not even the eats. There was lots of cakes, sandwiches and coffee for the hungry guests. And I'll say the beauty of the little actresses made the food taste — OH! — so much better. Yes, indeed!

You gave us a wonderful time, girls. So please invite us again, and make it soon.

Now, little folks, seein' as I don't like talking through the "Mike" for the very reason that I am unable to see your smiling faces—or to hear your gurgling laughter—I want you all to send me a post card telling me you will let me have the pleasure of seeing you in person at the Pavilion sometime real soon.

STATION R E, SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS—signing off!

G-o-o-o-d night, folks!

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.....



Redwood Mountain Rangers' Club Forms

By Robert F. Smith

An organization that will probably in time rival in importance and point of numbers, the Boy Scouts, has been founded at Redwood Estates by "Doc" Wells. The name of the new organization is the Redwood Mountain Rangers' Club. It is a semi-military academy, and uses the Redwood Estates tract facilities as a camp ground.

At present Wells has troops scattered throughout Northern California. The organization is modelled along the lines of the famous Texas Rangers, and is the type of organization to which boys love to belong.

The Redwood Mountain Rangers' Club is like—and yet isn't like, the Boy Scouts. In a word, it is a he-boy club. Mollycoddilism in any sense of the word forms no part of the Redwood Mountain Rangers' Club. The boys who belong to it are red-blooded, and under Wells' training will grow into sterling citizens.

The club will be trained in every line of athletic pursuit. "Doc" Wells himself is a trained athlete and is proficient in every line of sport, and has the rare faculty of being able to transmit his knowledge of sports to boys.

The Redwood Estates Company has lent the use of its tract to Wells in training his troops. Each year the various troops will hold an encampment in



the hills surrounding the area, and Doc says that by next June he will be able to have drill exhibitions that will startle the onlookers.

In another column of Cabinland, Doc Wells begins his war experiences. A casual reading will show you what type of individual has charge of

this work for boys. There are few such men in America today with the indomitable qualities of Wells.

I was discussing his project with Wells recently and he said to me:

"I don't think there are any scout masters who smoke. At least I know of none. I, however, smoke. But I have my own way to prevent the boys smoking. If I detect one of them smoking I don't start lambasting them with thoughts that the habit is sinful. Nothing like that, at all. I merely appeal to the boy's common sense. That's the only thing to appeal to in any boy.

"I take the youngster on a long hike. Naturally, I'm going to peter out on that hike faster than a clean-limbed youngster with a tremendous amount of fresh, young strength. And when I begin to falter on the way I'll sound my moral. I'll say: 'Now, Ranger, you'll notice that I've become winded already. Do you know why? Well, I'll tell you; it's because I've ruined my wind by tobacco. If I hadn't learned to smoke when I was your age my wind would be in perfect condition today. I'd be able to hike twice as far as this without difficulty. Now you don't want to lose your wind, but you will if you keep on smoking. I'm not kicking at you smoking because I think it's immoral. It isn't. A lot of fine men smoke today, but they'd be even finer men if they didn't. They'd be able to enjoy sports that are barred to them because they use tobacco. Now if you want to smoke, after what I've said, nobody will suffer but yourself.'

"That's what I say to my boys, and not one of them ever wants to smoke again. Boys like to be talked to in an intelligent manner, and in every case they'll have more respect for the elder who addresses them in that manner.

"I have always maintained that you can interest any lad in athletics. Boys are naturally lovers of athletics, but the trouble is that the weaker boy isn't given much opportunity in competition against the boy more adept at sports than he. I have solved this problem with the Redwood Mountain Rangers' Club by adapting the types of athletics practiced to the boys — that is, I consider their age and strength."

Thousands of people in California are watching "Doc" Wells' club with considerable interest. Personally, we predict that it will develop into a tremendous thing.



A Suggestion for the Good of All

Danger of loss from fire is always the most serious menace in a timbered country, where there is no particular equipment for fighting fire. Most of this danger comes from the inflammability of dead brush, leaves and small branches, which may easily be ignited from a carelessly dropped cigarette, cigar or match. They may be down, but not necessarily out. With this brush and undergrowth cleaned out, there is little danger of a fire getting started and out of control.

In 1926, when the first work was started at Redwood Estates on Tract No. 1, the time was so limited, and there was so much to do with all of our building and general construction work, that it was impossible to burn the brush and dead wood.

We are now cleaning out the dead wood and brush and burning it on the lots we own, and, if you will do the same on your lot, when next summer comes, the fire hazard will be practically eliminated. This is the time of the year to do the cleaning and burning. The law provides that brush may not be burned after May first, and many years it is too dry to burn it as late as that date. Now is the time to do your cleaning and burning, and following is the way it should be done.

On your lot you probably have dead trees, limbs and brush, a portion of which is large enough for stove wood, and which you will want to save. (There is an abundance of wood now at Redwood Estates, but, in a few years, it will not be so plentiful.) So, just trim the twigs and small limbs, putting them into a small pile, which you will light and add more brush to as the fire goes down. Al-

ways keep the fire small, so that you can handle it in case a sharp wind should come up suddenly. If the wind is blowing hard, save your burning for another day. Do not build your fire close to a tree or log, and, if you are working on a steep hillside, start at the bottom, so that, should a branch or log get away from you, it will not roll down the hill and start another fire, one that possibly you would not be aware of. Keep your fire small, and, when you have finished, be sure it is out by either pouring water on it or covering it with dirt, not leaves or leaf mould.

We are organizing a Lot Cleaning Contest, continuing through January, February and March, and are offering prizes; first, second and third, \$25.00, \$15.00 and \$10.00, to those who enter this contest by communicating to us their desire so to do, and competent judges have been selected to judge the results of lots entered in this contest. There is no time limit for entering, but the judging will be done on Saturday, March 31st, 1928.

We can already sense a "Civic Pride" among Redwood Estates cabinsite owners, and decided on this Lot Cleaning Contest as an additional incentive. The Redwood Estates Company is always working to improve and beautify Redwood Estates and with its natural beauty and each owner doing his bit, we are convinced all will profit and Redwood Estates will become known as a beauty spot of California.

We solicit your hearty cooperation in the above outlined program.

Young Miss Pays Tribute to Beauty of Redwood Estates

Nobody living at Redwood Estates can help bursting into poetic prose at the sheer beauty of the area. Each day brings some letter of praise from the lot owners. We herewith reproduce a tribute from Miss Z. T. O'Rourke, 16 years old, one of the young girls whose parents own a cabin. It is so typical of the letters that we receive.—Editor.

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS FOR ME!

Every place in this world has a beauty spot—so, too, has our dear California! The beauty-spot of California is the Santa Cruz Mountains!

For the outdoor lover, give him the beautiful mountains.

At Redwood Estates one can find every modern convenience available. Such as a wonderful Community House for the enjoyment of the property owners.

Just lately, there has been a beautiful, modern swimming pool erected for the use of the property owners only. There is a very nice playground for the kiddies—surely we won't feel lonesome when we go there! There are several games that are played there which are very amusing.

Young or old—you are all invited to the healthy Santa Cruz Mountains!

Miss Z. T. O'Rourke



Hero Continues Story of World War

By Sergeant Fred F "Doc" Wells

The author of these war experiences was a member of the first Canadian Expeditionary Force. He was the first man in Canada to enlist for overseas service. He fought at the famous battle of Ypres, where the Germans used gas for the first time. In command of 160 men covering the retirement of his battalion, Sergeant Wells suffered the loss of his left arm due to the machine gun bullets. Only 6 of the 160 men survived the engagement. Sergeant Wells will continue a narrative of his war experiences in subsequent issues of Cabinland. The "Doc" is head of the Public Relations Department of the Redwood Estates Co.

Chapter II.

I told you briefly in my last chapter of how I came West and located in New Westminster, British Columbia. I now want to give you somewhat of an inkling of the feelings I had when England entered the war and how this particular son of hers in far away Canada was on fire to go. During those first days when word came that Canada was to send a contingent over, my thoughts went back to picturesque Quebec during the time when war was declared against the Boars. I remembered members of my family leaving, how keen I was to go, how I slipped on board the troopship and lay in hiding until discovered by a husky sailor who, to my bitter disappointment, saw to it that I was promptly put ashore. Then my thoughts went to the time when those same boys returned from their Big Adventure. Bands played, flags waved, people cheered until hoarse. You can imagine the emotions of a boy who had been wild to go on that Adventure—how he found himself wishing that it might have been he who had lost an arm so that the plaudits of the crowd might have been for him. It was then that I made a vow that if ever the opportunity presented itself, I would go to a war—I would so acquit myself that the multitudes would acclaim me a hero. My readers, this may all seem to you the wild and vain-glorious dreaming of youth, but I want you to know that while the glories of war had fired my imagination, they had left an impression that did not dim with time. So when the wire from Ottawa came saying that Canada would send men overseas, I decided that was my opportunity and straightaway hunted up Colonel Taylor to put in my application for overseas duty. He laughed at my youthful exuberance and said he had received no instructions regarding taking such applications, but my persistence must have persuaded him of the seriousness of my intentions so that he took my name and promised to do his best. After leaving him, I met one of my pals and he too was carried away by my enthusiasm. So I brought him to the Colonel who took his application also, and that is how Harry Pearson and I came to be known as the first men to enlist for overseas service from

British Columbia.

Three days later our regiment was mobilized and New Westminster began in earnest to train her first volunteers to battle for the cause of Democracy. Out of 600 volunteers, 138 were chosen. And were that 138 ready to go? Well, I should say they were! Oh yes, we were "kidded" a lot. Hundreds of people laughed at us and called us fools for leaving good positions and joining the army for what they all thought would be a month or two's work. They even discouraged us by saying that we would not get even as far as England. But we got there all the same—all of us. And we got back again—some of us. Out of 138, only 18 are living, but those 18 are all glad that they had the opportunity, like their forefathers, of having the "Great Adventure."

The first day we were mobilized we were quartered in the Armory of the 104th Regiment on Sixth Street, and owing to the usual army "red tape" we were fed "Bully Beef" and "Hard Tack." It was amusing to most of us and there was little "crabbing"—which is quite usual when a number of soldiers get together. What a variety of human beings were gathered together there—lawyers, doctors, ministers, ex-army and navy officers, bank managers (and perhaps bank robbers), hobos and bums—but what a wonderful fighting combination indeed—all volunteers!

Next day we were given our uniforms, not khaki, but our old dress parade uniform, a scarlet coat and blue trousers—we were nicknamed the "Potato Bugs." Then we paraded and marched up to our new quarters, the ice skating rink in Queen's Park, where in the galleries each man was allotted his "bed"—a space of three hard boards on the floor, two blankets, with a pair of army boots for his pillow.

Harry Lauder sings a song, "Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to stay in your bed." But it wasn't that way with us, and the man who dared to sing that song was promptly "sat on."

(Continued on page 8)



We were up every morning at five A. M. for a heart-breaking two or three mile run around the park, and an hour's drill before breakfast. Yes it did take out the stiffness caused by those hard boards, but it put more stiffness in. All day long we drilled and drilled but we liked it, because we knew we needed it to get fit for what we felt was going to be a "tough scrap" eventually.

Finally the big day came when we received orders to pack kit and entrain for Valcartier, Quebec. New Westminster turned out in force to see us off, and proudly we swung down Columbia Street in column of fours headed by a Bugle Band, looking quite neat in our coats of red. The serious feeling of war had, thank God, not yet reached Canada so that we only saw smiling faces and heard the cheers. That helped us a great deal, you may be sure. The boys themselves felt the seriousness of their venture more than the crowd did, because although they carried a smile on their faces, I knew by casual remarks made from one to another that the leave-taking of their loved one hurt inside a bit.

I know my own feelings, but find it impossible to express them at this time. I only know I stood there, with a feeling of envy for those who had a mother or sister or loved one to kiss good-bye. I had none, but a dear old Scotch lady, whom I used to call mother (she has since passed away), came to me and put her arms around me and said, "Dear lad, let me give you a mother's kiss, and may God bless you and bring you safely back home again." I—well I didn't envy the other fellows so much after that. We traveled by electric car to Vancouver where we passed through a vast crowd in single file, cheered to the echo. The crowd seemed to have gone mad. But that's the kind of a send-off I like. I hate tears, don't you?

OUR FOUR OFFICES

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1555 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland
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246 S. First Street, San Jose
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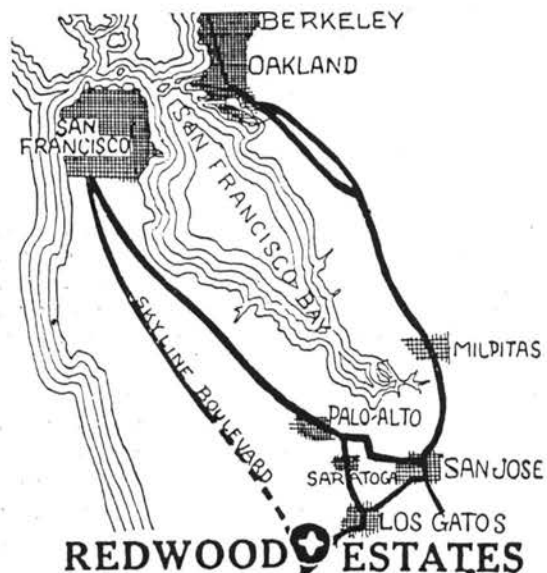
521 Emerson Street, Palo Alto

REDWOOD ESTATES CO.
Harry W. Grassle and Associates
Realtors

owners and developers of the
REDWOOD ESTATES
in the Santa Cruz Mountains



How the children love Redwood Estates! A few week-ends and they are happy and healthy; rosy cheeked; sturdy and strong. There are so many wonderful places to play; so many marvelous out-of-door games to enjoy! Shouldn't your youngster have the benefits of a cabin home at Redwood Estates?



CABINLAND

Vol. 2

Published Monthly by the

No. 2

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

FEBRUARY, 1928

The Strength of the Hills

Come rest on the porch while the twilight
Envelops the quiet hills,
And the strength that is theirs for our healing
Our fever and restlessness stills.

They were blue in the sunset's last glory,
They were brown when the noontide was high,
And now they are shadowed and dusky,
Their pines standing black on the sky.

There's quietness there, and a beauty,
That steal all our hurry away,
And a strength for the tired and lonely
Who rest at the close of the day.

The strength of the hills is ours also,
As well as the cross and the thorn
And the burdens we lay down at nightfall
To shoulder again with the morn.

So rest here a space in the twilight
And drink in the strength of the hills
Till your spirit grows mighty to venture
Whatever the Infinite wills.

—JULIAN N. BURLONG.



IMPORTANT NOTICE ON PAGE FIVE!

Chronological History of REDWOOD ESTATES

The Coming of the Spaniards - Riviera's Expedition - The Raising of the Cross.

By C. A. Phleger

CHAPTER 2

Many, many years elapse and we find the OLHONES, their warlike spirit softened measurably by the tranquility of their mountain home, arrived at a rather advanced stage of domestic life—in fact a number of the members of the tribe had become neophytes and converts at the Mission Santa Clara. Here they related such wonderful tales of the climate and waters to be found in the vicinity of their tribal home, that the Padres, desirous of seeing such a favored spot, decided to send an expedition to the place.

Accordingly Don Miguel Riviera, a Spanish military leader with Padre Pico and several soldiers, set out to explore the region and report on the feasibility of establishing an outpost there.

For some time they crossed over the level floor of the valley, then following the canyon of a large creek (afterwards called by them Los Gatos, the Cats), they gradually ascended the mountains. As they proceeded, their admiration was constantly divided between the exquisite symmetry of the Redwoods, the rugged magnificence of the Spruces, and the rich red gleam of the Madrones.

In late afternoon the travelers arrived at a spot from whence they looked back over what is now the Santa Clara Valley, lying in the sunlight in the embrace of the hills, a scene that no man seeing ever can forget. Passing years have lessened in no degree its beauty as attested by many visitors to REDWOOD ESTATES who have stood virtually in the same spot looking out over the valley enthralled by the gorgeous view.

Here the party stood awhile and rested as the soft twilight began to filter through the closely interlocked branches of the giant Redwood trees. Glancing upward into the natural dome created by the arching foliage, their imagination seemed to glimpse some wonderful old world cathedral, even as their ear of fancy caught the hush of music.

From the next rise they looked out toward the Coast upon what is now a familiar sight to those who know the REDWOOD ESTATES,—a deep

seaward canyon up which the fog was creeping from the ocean. Its waves were just rosied by the evening sun, and timbered shoulders of mountain stood up, darkly purple through the fleecy sea.

Here Riviera halted and believing that he was standing where no white man had ever stood before, determined to mark the place with a cross. Stout rounded timbers were fashioned into a cross and at the following sunrise, bells were swung over a bending branch and rung in the presence of the gathered savages, who showed no fear of the white man and apparently no terror at the thundering of the guns fired at the elevation of the cross. It seemed as though perhaps the true significance of the holy emblem was somehow known to the primitive folk, as the sign of the cross goes back to a very remote period and from the earliest time it has had a symbolic religious meaning—all evil spirits from the dawn of the world being afraid of the sign.

Riviera now presented to the Chieftain of the OLHONES certain gifts that had been brought along for the purpose and after visiting the springs and refreshing themselves from the sparkling clear waters as they cascaded down the mountain side, the party made ready for the return journey to the Mission.

For many years afterwards the padres from Mission Santa Clara made frequent pilgrimages to Riviera's cross and were at all times hospitably received by the Indians.

Some years later Riviera continued to the Coast and selected the site where the Santa Cruz Mission was later founded. The Mission never prospered greatly, its greatest population being 523 in A. D. 1796. In A. D. 1835 it had almost disappeared entirely.

In the next issue Mr. Phleger will tell about—
THE FORT—

GENERALS FREMONT AND CASTRO—

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.



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HARRY W. GRASSLE, Editor

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REDWOOD ESTATES and the P. G. & E.

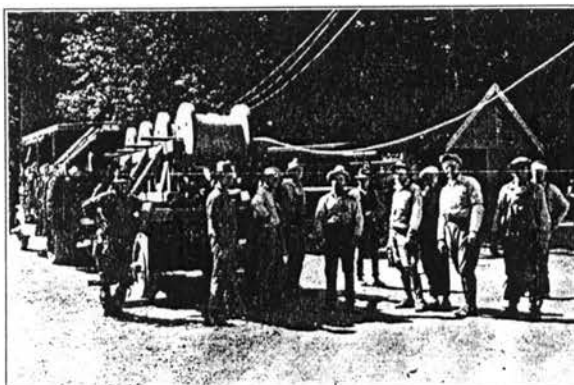
By Harry W. Grassle

THE service of the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. is of more importance to REDWOOD ESTATES than the average cabin site owner realizes, I believe. They do not make mistakes of judgment in investments. Their phenomenal success in California proves that. They have made an investment in REDWOOD ESTATES of many thousands of dollars. This should more than justify you in your investment.

When they decided to string poles and wires three miles up through the mountains, it was only after careful investigation and consideration of many things. True, we did not expect their service before next year, but the unprecedented building activity on the part of cabin site owners and the Redwood Estates Company, together with other things I shall enumerate, made it possible for us to have enjoyed all of the comforts and conveniences of electricity for the past year. Contrast these conveniences with the situation without them. We arrive at the tract in the afternoon or late evening, wanting some coffee and a bite to eat. We might like cutting wood, but most of us go to the ESTATES for rest and rebuilding of our shattered nerves, and rustling around for some dry wood isn't nearly so pleasant as turning on a switch and in a few minutes everything is ready. Then, there are lights and hot water. Who wants to clean and fill oil lamps any more, and carry out ashes, scrub blackened pots and bother with the dust and dirt of a wood stove? A generation ago we wouldn't have minded so much, but we're so used to the ease and comfort

with which housekeeping is done now days it would be difficult to be satisfied with what seemed to our grandmothers to be luxuries. We all agree, I think, aside from the reasons enumerated, that the added value of our property as a result of the P. G. & E. investment is gratifying.

Unlike many subdivisions that are able to offer you P. G. & E. service during the early stages of development, we did not subsidize this extension. The reasons for their tremendous investment is the substantialness of the development, and the fact that the entire property is free of any incumbrance whatever. The owners are financially able to carry out their plans and promises and have shown a willingness to do so, even to the point of being called extravagant.



Pacific Gas & Electric Company Linemen at
REDWOOD ESTATES

Cabins are being constructed right along, and from all indications the number, about one hundred and fifty at this time, will be increased several hundred this year. By mid-summer we will truly have a Paradise City in the mountains of real proportions. This building activity will result in the further extension of pole lines by the Pacific Gas & Electric Company — eventually throughout the entire property.

Pole lines of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company are available to the Los Gatos Telephone Company for the extension of their service throughout REDWOOD ESTATES. The Telephone Company is anxious to serve us and their service is of unusually high quality. It is only necessary to make your desire for service known to them to be put in conversational touch with the entire United States.



Around the Campfire

By "Doc" Wells

Hello folks! KLAHOWYA! (—Chinook for Greetings.) Being the first chance I've had, let me wish you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year! —and HEAVY on the HAPPY, because I'm strong for HAPPINESS, which explains my now being a REAL RESIDENT of REDWOOD ESTATES —yes Sir!—I'm REAL HAPPY at last! I've ARRIVED—in fact I'm ESTABLISHED—AND EVERYTHING ELSE, that goes toward explaining an extremely SATISFIED feeling. I've got a Dandy little Cabin, from which the view of the early morning Sunrise, is as intoxicating as a drink of aged wine —"LINGERLONGER"—that's the name of my Cabin—(I wish it were my VERY own) —and BELIEVE me I'm going to LINGER just as long as I possibly can.

AND NOW for lots of FUN and GOOD TIMES! —are you with me? All right let's go! First of all I'm going to "map out" a schedule of

week-end entertainments and dances to take place inside the Pavilion—we've got a regular stage now you know—FOOTLIGHTS and everything—so if you want to realize that oldtime ambition of yours, to "BECOME AN ACTOR ON THE STAGE"—just see me—I'll see that you get a "CENTER STAGE" place "BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS"—and darn it all, folks, I NEED talent—have you got it?

Soon—Oh! very soon—we'll be right back sitting around that BIG BONFIRE—Remember? —Boy! those were the days! and they're coming back again, only on a LARGER SCALE.

Honest Family, you just can't imagine how very happy I am to be right here amongst you—day after day, night after night, hearing your cheery voices—seeing your smiling faces—being just ONE OF YOU!—Do try and get along with me, HUH! S'Long!

The Skyline Boulevard

\$47,000,000 IN SIGHT FOR HIGHWAY WORK

EXAMINER BUREAU, SACRAMENTO, Jan. 9.—California's new highway construction budget for the present biennium, involving expenditures of approximately \$15,100,000 in gasoline tax revenues specifically designated for primary road building, is to be worked out by the State highway commission and Bert B. Meek, director of public works, at a meeting here Thursday, January 12.

The commission, it was announced today, will apportion to the various routes and sections of the state all income expected from the one cent gasoline tax voted by the last legislature to finance new construction.

San Francisco's bay shore highway and the Skyline boulevard are among the routes expected to receive substantial recognition in the budget.

Skyline Boulevard—La Honda road to Saratoga Gap, \$300,000 for resurfacing. If \$1,000,000 additional funds from federal government are given California, \$350,000 more will be allocated to the Skyline boulevard.

These newspaper clippings indicate progress being made toward completion of this important scenic Highway along the ridge of the mountains following the Coast linking San Francisco with the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz Highway.

Both of these Highways lead to REDWOOD ESTATES—the Skyline Boulevard passing directly through the ESTATES and the other bordering for a considerable distance. When the Skyline Boulevard is completed it will link REDWOOD ESTATES and San Francisco direct with one of the most beautiful and commodious Highways in the State.



Important Announcement

TO CABINSITE OWNERS Head Office to be Located at Los Gatos

AFTER due consideration it has been decided to move the Head Office, or Executive Office of REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY from San Francisco to Los Gatos, where it will be located at No. 120 North Santa Cruz Avenue; Telephone Los Gatos 680.

The advantages of having this office nearer to REDWOOD ESTATES, and the greater coordination of the various departments, Development, Sales and Accounting, obtainable through such an office in Los Gatos, have prompted the move.

REDWOOD ESTATES has developed to such an extent with its many cabinsite owners, homes and residents, its miles of roads and water system, its Community Center, Swimming Pool, Recreation facilities, Postoffice, Stores and Service Station, to say nothing of the continued development along these lines, that a close bond between it and the Executive Office must be maintained. This office at Los Gatos furnishes a closer link, too, between it and the various sales offices elsewhere, and is more centrally located.

Branch, or Sales Offices, will be maintained at the old address, Marshall Square Building, 1182 Market Street, San Francisco, in charge of Mr. C. A. Phleger as Manager; and Burrell Building, 246 South First Street, San Jose, in charge of Mr. W. K. Grassle as Manager. We hope soon to reopen our Sales Office in Oakland, and possibly others elsewhere.

The move to Los Gatos will be made February first, 1928, at which time the new office is expected to be ready for occupancy. On and after that date all communications should be sent to Los Gatos, and all payments made direct to this office, where the books and records of the Company will be kept.

The Development of REDWOOD ESTATES is in charge of Messrs. S. D. Balch and J. A. Case. Mr. H. W. Grassle is Manager of Sales, and the Los Gatos office will be under Mr. M. J. Vertin as Manager. All can be reached through this office.

We are sure the change will work to the ultimate advantage of our cabinsite owners and friends, as well as to that of the Company; and we look forward to personal calls from you on your way to or from REDWOOD ESTATES. We urge you to bring your questions and suggestions to our attention through this office, either personally or by letter, and assure you all such matters will have our prompt and earnest consideration. Our interests in REDWOOD ESTATES are mutual, and your success and enjoyment there will assure ours.

1928 WILL BE A BIG YEAR AT REDWOOD ESTATES!



The Cabin in the Redwoods

SPRINGTIME! Cabintime! Our thoughts turn longingly to the glorious mountains, their winding trails, their towering trees, and a cabin in the Redwoods—

A place to read or sleep or play
A little place to rest;
Sunshiny days and quiet nights,
Renewing life and zest—
A little place to entertain.

The friends we like the best.

Talk to a REDWOOD ESTATES Cabinsite owner. Note the tone of his conversation, how his face lights up when he speaks of his cabin, the cabin he is building, or the cabin he is planning to build. How animated he is when he recalls the exhilarating walks through the pungent woods; the quiet hours reading under the trees; the restful nights so close to nature; the happiness of his family and friends away for a day or week-end in the

mountains; the murmuring pines; the birds.

So many cabinsite owners are talking "cabin" now, although winter is just beginning to loose its hold, that we are including some cabin plans in this issue. There are so many plans available—large cabins, small ones, expensive cabins, cabins that can be built "for a song"—it is difficult to decide on just which to publish.

We have selected some plans particularly suited to REDWOOD ESTATES and will publish them from time to time for the assistance of prospective builders as we did last year. These plans are desirable for those who want to build their own cabins, as well as those who want to make a selection to turn over to a builder. Write us if we can give or obtain any information for you about mountain cabins. Submit your plans to us and we will help you to properly locate your cabin on the lot, and in any other way we can.

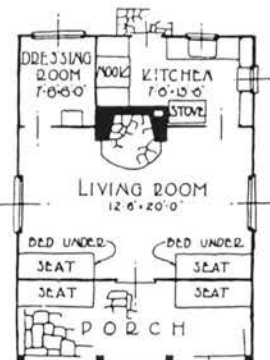
1928 will be a BIG Year at REDWOOD ESTATES



These plans are published through the courtesy of the California Redwood Association, 24 California Street, San Francisco, who will furnish complete blue prints and specifications for the small sum of \$5.00. This organization also has a great number of additional plans for cabins suitable for REDWOOD ESTATES, from which you may make a choice for your cabin.

This little week-end or vacation cabin has a remarkable interior arrangement for utility and comfort, as can be seen in the specifications below.

The large living room, with its cheery fireplace, can quickly be converted into commodious sleeping quarters, making for economy in space and cost.



Story of World War Continued

By Sergeant Fred F "Doc" Wells

The author of these war experiences was a member of the first Canadian Expeditionary Force. He was the first man in Canada to enlist for overseas service. He fought at the famous battle of Ypres, where the Germans used gas for the first time. In command of 160 men covering the retirement of his battalion, Sergeant Wells suffered the loss of his left arm due to the machine gun bullets. Only 6 of the 160 men survived the engagement. Sergeant Wells will continue to publish issues of Cabinland. The "Doc" is head of the Public Relations Department of the Redwood Estates Co.

Chapter III.

Following our send-off in Vancouver we boarded the train for the trip to Quebec. At a little place called Swift Current we had a big smash-up and every soldier was badly hurt,—at least his feelings were. Anything in the way of liquor was strictly forbidden on the troop train, but it was surprising how much of it found its way aboard and concealed itself in the soldiers' kit bags. This came to the attention of the commanding officer and it didn't take him long to stop the train and line the men up on parade while every kit bag was searched and the liquid contents placed in blankets and taken outside. Then it was that the big smash-up occurred and it surely would have brought joy to the hearts of prohibitionists!

During that long trip across the Canadian continent there was hardly a dull moment. At every station where the train stopped, no matter what hour of the night or morning, rain or shine, thousands of people were there to welcome and cheer us on our way. Concerts were given in various cars and at one of them I remember an officer announcing word had come that in two or three weeks we would be crossing the Atlantic. What cheers met this announcement! Every last one of those men was ready and anxious for the fray.

Finally we arrived at Quebec, my old home town, and in the early morning got to the big mobilization camp at Valcartier. What a wonderful sight presented itself to us there — thousands of tents! We were told by those who had arrived before us that it had sprung up like a fairy city over night. Here it was that Canada's first army of 23,000 was trained for the titanic struggle.

Our scarlet coats and white kit-bags were a sorry looking sight due to the rain and the grime of travel. Soon, however, we received our issue of khaki and our training commenced in earnest. Brigades were formed and battalions numbered. I was given 17079 as my regimental number. This I wore around my neck printed in ink on a little round

fibre tag. Our training consisted principally of shooting on the ranges and sham battles.

Finally after a little more than a month's training, orders came for us to embark for England. My regiment went aboard the S. S. Virginian. As non-commissioned officers Sergeant Jake O'Reilly and I were allotted a second-class cabin, where we were very comfortable indeed. Two mornings later, guarded by battleships and cruisers, the fleet of transports left the big Gaspi Basin for the trip across the Atlantic. The convoy and escort made an imposing sight as we steamed out to sea — a sight I shall never forget.

Our thoughts of course now turned to submarines and we wondered if we would meet any. But, much to our relief, none came our way. The daily routine aboard ship consisted of physical drill, roll call, and kit inspection. We also had our sport days, which included tug-o-wars, boxing and wrestling, etc., so that the boys had no time to go stale. Not a light was allowed on any ship after dark. Outside of one man falling overboard, the trip was uneventful, and we were indeed glad when at last we sighted the Irish Coast and finally steamed up to the dock at Plymouth. Thousands of people lined the shores and bands played "The Maple Leaf Forever," while cheer after cheer went up. Such was our welcome to the Motherland.

In the next issue "Doc" Wells will tell about his

TRAINING IN ENGLAND AT
SALSBURY PLAINS

and

CROSSING THE CHANNEL TO FRANCE



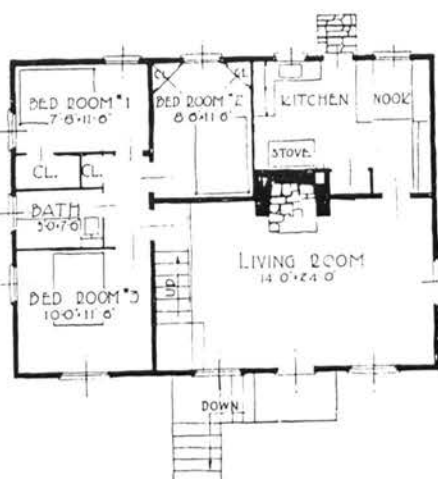
The Hillside Cabin - An Interesting Study

THE planning of a cabin for a hillside lot is extremely interesting and such a lot furnishes wonderful possibilities in the handling.

The cabin pictured below shows one architect's conception of a delightful hillside home, compact and comfortable, and one that is suitable for year 'round use.

The planting of native shrubs and trees, and the utilization of those already on the ground, lends a natural beauty and charm not obtainable elsewhere, and makes a pleasant study for the nature and garden lover.

The interior arrangement of this cabin is subject to change to suit the locality and desires of the owner.



Interior arrangement. A rustic finish adds to the interior beauty of a mountain cabin.



The fireplace is the center of activity at home in a Mountain Cabin at REDWOOD ESTATES

Somewhere in ages past a log cabin was home. It is natural to love it as to love the fire which it shelters. The rich brown shadows of the walls give peace to jangled nerves. Its simplicity casts off care.

You owe this healthfulness and pleasure to your family and yourself—the cost is small and payments made easy at REDWOOD ESTATES.



CABINLAND

Vol 2

Published Monthly by the
REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Los Gatos, California

No. 3

MARCH, 1928

Quoting from an article written by
ARTHUR BRISBANE

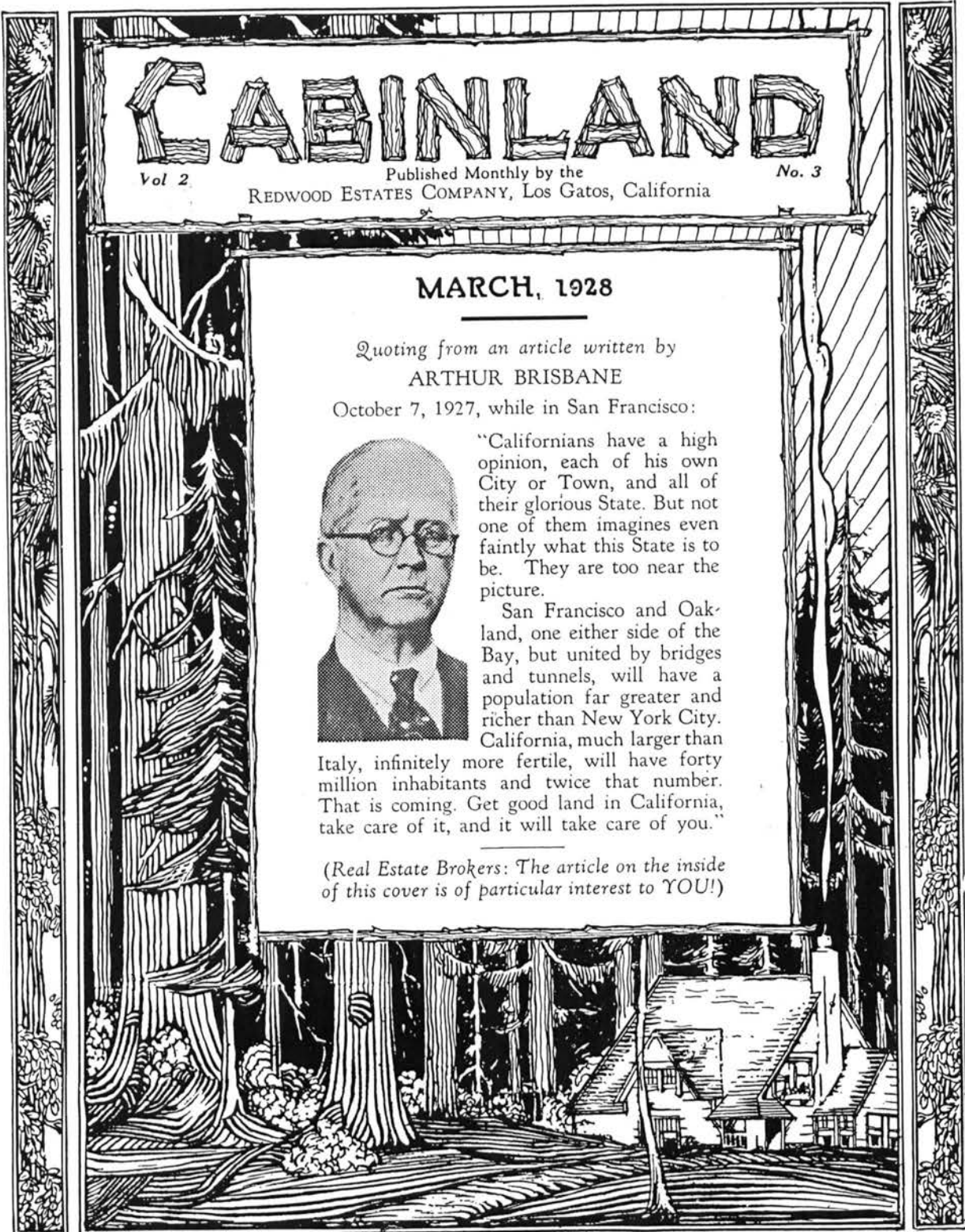
October 7, 1927, while in San Francisco:



"Californians have a high opinion, each of his own City or Town, and all of their glorious State. But not one of them imagines even faintly what this State is to be. They are too near the picture.

San Francisco and Oakland, one either side of the Bay, but united by bridges and tunnels, will have a population far greater and richer than New York City. California, much larger than Italy, infinitely more fertile, will have forty million inhabitants and twice that number. That is coming. Get good land in California, take care of it, and it will take care of you."

(Real Estate Brokers: The article on the inside of this cover is of particular interest to YOU!)



A Message to California Real Estate Brokers

Nearly every well conducted general real estate office would like, as a matter of course, to be able to submit to their clients a high class, completely developed, well conducted mountain retreat, where a site for lodge or cabin is within the reach of almost any purse.

As if by magic, such a place has been created in the Santa Cruz Mountains, six miles from Los Gatos,



reached by that incomparable Los Gatos-Santa Cruz state highway; the Skyline Boulevard right-of-way passes through tract. The lots vary in size from 25 feet to an acre, range in price from \$100 to \$1,000—cash or terms—term contracts contain an unusual suspended payment and death clause.

All improvements are completely installed and everything entirely paid for. Well graded, crushed rock, oiled automobile road to every lot; absolutely pure, cool mountain water already piped free to each lot, supplied from concrete, covered reservoirs; electricity for lighting and cooking; also telephone service available to all. The tract is well wooded, principally redwoods, oaks and madrones.

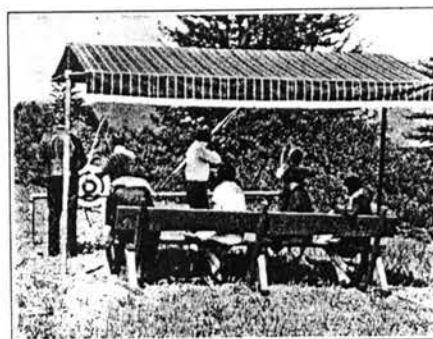
There is a ten acre pleasure center, consisting of well appointed pavilion, swimming pool, bath house with showers and dressing rooms, equipped children's playground, wading pool, tennis courts, shuffle board courts, archery range, games of quoit, concrete checker board, etc.

A United States post office, general store, restaurant, gas and oil service station now established

in the zoned business center. There are over 150 cabins and cottages built, ranging in prices from \$150 to \$5,000; more than 30 families, totaling nearly 100 people, live on the tract the year round at present. The school bus takes some 20 children to the graded schools of Los Gatos each school day. The California Transit Company's San Francisco to Santa Cruz buses pass entrance of REDWOOD ESTATES every hour.

The interesting details of these advantages are told within the pages of this issue of "Cabinland," and established licensed real estate brokers are given an opportunity to help in filling a long felt want among prospective buyers everywhere, especially friends and clients of their offices.

Brokers may participate in the marketing of these holdings, with decided advantage to their office, friends and clients generally, and be assured of receiving unusually thorough, business-like co-operation from the REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY.



Additional information regarding very convincing and complete working equipment, also plans of our newly created Broker's Department, will be furnished by addressing W. M. Smith, Manager Broker's Department, Redwood Estates Company, 1182 Market Street, San Francisco, or telephone Hemlock 7300.

San Jose Office Change

Our San Jose office has been moved to Suite 417 in the new Bank of Italy Building, corner First and Santa Clara streets, San Jose. Telephone Ballard 8287. Mr. W. K. Grassle, manager.



Cabinland

The Magazine of the REDWOOD ESTATES in the Santa Cruz Mountains

Published by the Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos California

HARRY W. GRASSLE, Editor

Vol. 2

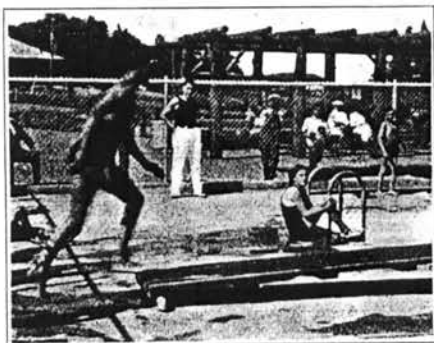
MARCH, 1928

No. 3

Seventeen Cents a Day

By H. W. Grassle

Seventeen cents a day doesn't seem much these days of high living costs, does it? It covers the cost of a package of cigarettes, an ice cream soda, or some candy for the children. No it really doesn't



seem very much, and yet it only costs that amount to own a cozy mountain cabin at REDWOOD ESTATES. Never thought of it just in that way before did you? Possibly it doesn't seem reasonable to you at first glance so let's figure it out. Commodore Vanderbilt, one of New York City's first millionaires, once said, "Lord bless the man who first invented interest." Just as man works in the field, forest, factory, or office, just so does his money work. Money is only worth what it will earn and generally speaking, it will earn safely just about six per cent per annum. Now \$1000 will earn for its owner around sixty dollars each year. That means five dollars per month or seventeen cents a day. \$1000 will buy a choice cabin site and build a beautiful cabin in REDWOOD ESTATES. Yes, that includes the big homey fire-place and everything else that is needed to make your cabin as comfortable as your house in town.

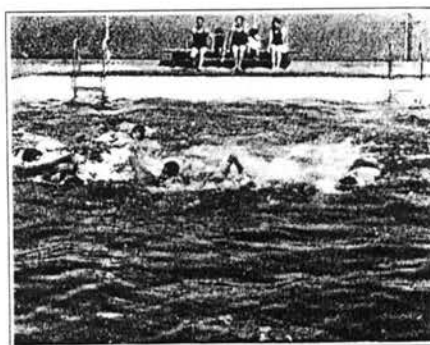
But don't get the impression that only folks with \$1000 in hand can enjoy the privileges offered a cabin owner in the REDWOOD ESTATES. Our budget plan of selling takes care of that. Old Ben-

jamin Franklin said "Save the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." In this case, save just a part of the dimes that cross your palm and the monthly payments to REDWOOD ESTATES will take care of themselves. A relatively small down payment, which just anyone can afford, starts you, and the rest is easy. Sounds easy and it IS easy. Hundreds are doing it, and, while doing it, are enjoying all the privileges that belong to the REDWOOD ESTATES lot owner.

What are the things that your seventeen cents a day will bring you in REDWOOD ESTATES? Space will only permit of my enumerating a few here:

PURE AIR: Uncontaminated by the conditions prevailing in cities. Pure fresh mountain air rarified by an elevation of approximately 1500 feet.

SUNSHINE: Not through a haze of dust or smoke or fog as in cities, and more full days of it than you will find in any other spot in California.



SPRING WATER: Sparkling, soft and pure. Curtis and Tompkins, the well known analytical chemists, attest that it contains iron and other mineral salts highly beneficial to the human system. The water is FREE and piped directly to every lot in REDWOOD ESTATES. Big re-inforced concrete

Turn to page six



What do you like in "Cabinland?"

"CABINLAND" is published each month to make it possible to maintain a closer bond between cabinsite owners and REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, their interests being mutual; to promote a friendly, "family" feeling between owners and the Company; to serve as a medium of authentic information for owners; and to convey helpful suggestions and important announcements to owners and others interested.

In addition to the above, interesting narratives such as "Chronological History of REDWOOD ESTATES"; appropriate poetry (almost entirely submitted by cabinsite owners); interesting sidelights on the development of REDWOOD ESTATES; and other timely articles and occasional advertisements of interest are published.

"CABINLAND" is now in its second year and we are wondering how YOU like the little magazine and what YOU like to read in it and would like to see published. Write us your suggestions—we will appreciate them as we feel "CABINLAND" is YOUR magazine as well as ours.

Around the Campfire

By "Doc" Wells

Was Oakland there? I'll say they were!—and I don't mean MAYBE, when I say they are SOME "Gang"—they brought a million dollars worth of "Pep" with them, and spread it all over the REDWOOD ESTATES—so much so, that we of the ESTATES, I mean those of us who are lucky enough to be living up here PERMANENTLY, are still all "Pepped" up—and Oh! boy—"Oakland" Eddie Hughes, the gang leader, sure did dispense some nifty jazz music on his ol' saxophone. EVERYBODY liked EDDIE from the start—and unanimously agreed that he had "IT"—Come again Eddie and bring the whole dog-gone gang with you.

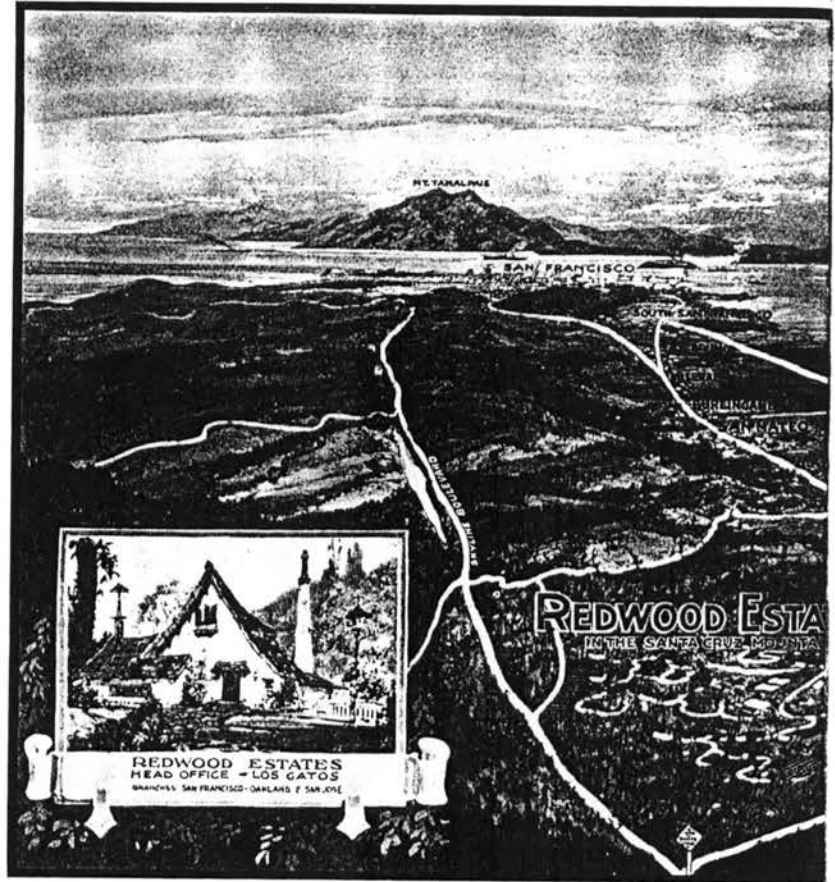
Head Office—Los Gatos

Just a line to again call your attention to the fact that all remittances and communications should now be addressed to REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Los Gatos, California. Thank you!



Where is REDWOOD

Below is a photograph of an oil painting recently showing the location of REDWOOD ESTATES in relation to the San Francisco Bay area, as visualized by the artist. Our Mr. Grassle made the photograph. The artist used the data thus obtained in con-



Wherever shown, this painting, which is three by four feet, is the most comprehensive thing of its kind yet attempted of REDWOOD ESTATES from the standpoint of location and conclusion for a Mountain Lodge.

REDWOOD ESTATES is the natural vacation area and the San Joaquin Valley. Its desirable elevation and cool nights have made REDWOOD ESTATES a change of climate.

OD ESTATES?

Completed for REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, in addition to landmarks, cities and towns in the San Francisco Bay Area, an aeroplane flight over the territory shown in this section with maps and photographs to complete his work.



Five feet in size, has created most favorable comment. It is used by the Company and indicates clearly the desirability of location and accessibility combined with the requisite se-

and weekend playground for residents of the entire Bay Area, freedom from fog and wind, and its bright sunny weather is widely known among those wishing or needing a

Our Friends Say—

"I selected my cabinsite 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 Santa Cruz Mountains is one of the most beautiful spots in California; (3) And its 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.

"I think one of the best things about owning one of these cabinsites 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, California.

"I think you have made a wise move in transferring your main office to Los Gatos as you will then be in closer touch with the crowd of lot owners. While I originally purchased this lot of mine without any plans to the future, I have now made up my mind to build and be one of you, for while I do not know any of the Heads except Mr. Case, I do know him to be a man of his word and will bank on him and his promises. I made my first trip to REDWOOD ESTATES since I had my lot cleaned off about a week ago, and this was six months ago, and believe me I was pleased with conditions and scarcely knew the place. Keep up the good work and you sure will be classed as a friend of the owners."

—S. R. S., San Jose.

"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?"

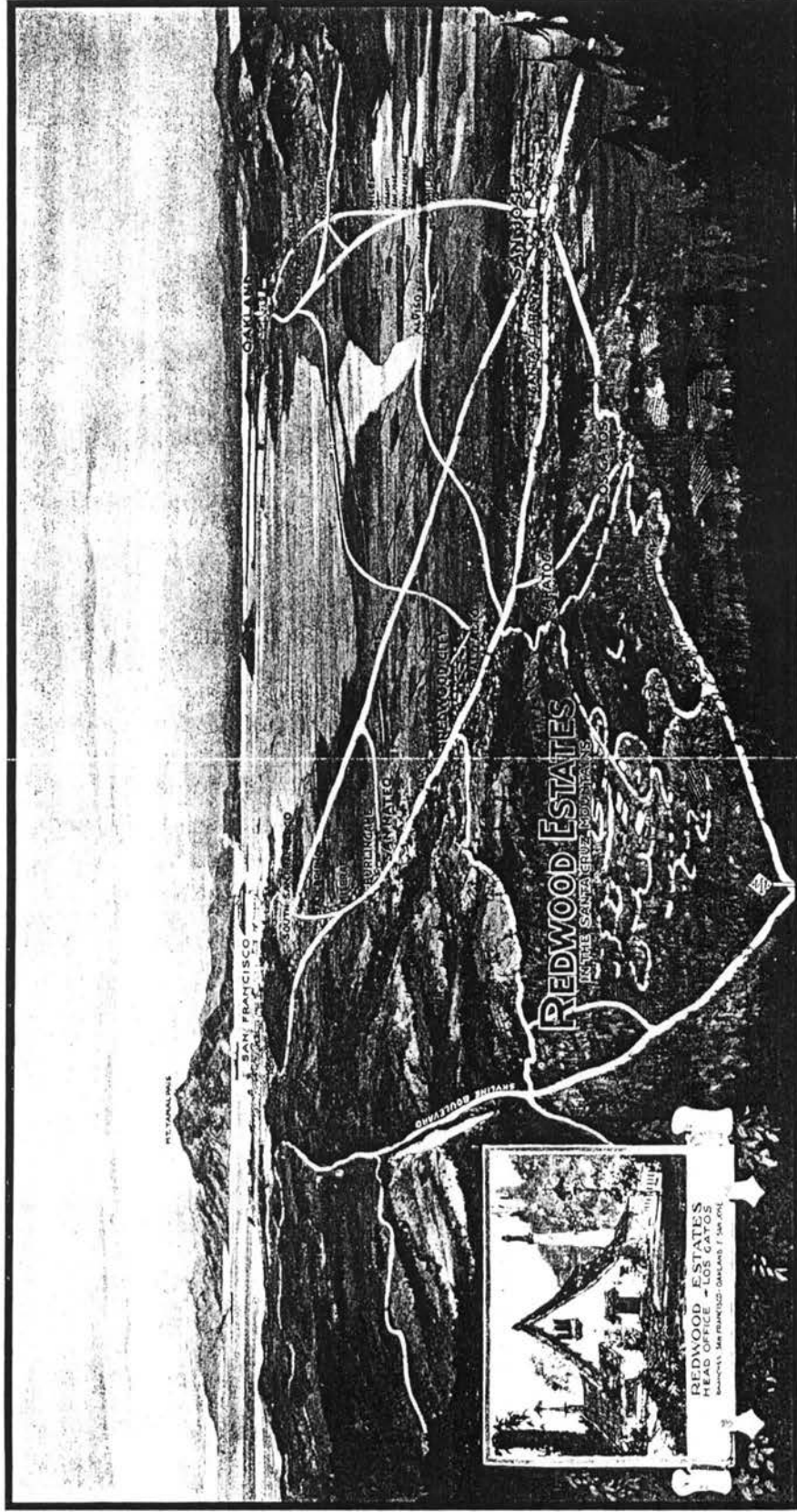
—C. F. G., San Jose.

"Now I own a cabinsite—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.



Where is REDWOOD ESTATES?

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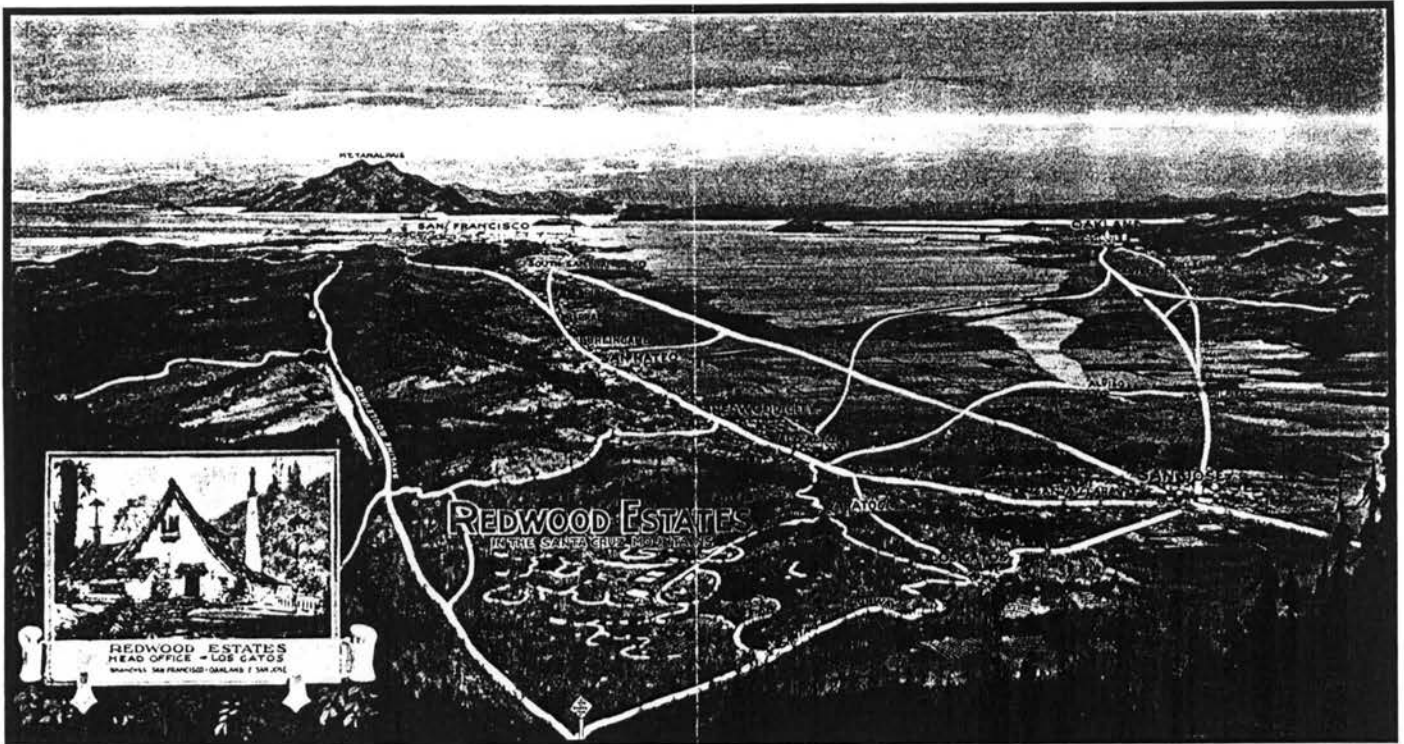


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REDWOOD ESTATES is the natural vacation and weekend playground for residents of the entire Bay area and the San Joaquin Valley. Its desirable elevation, freedom from fog and wind, and its bright sunny days and cool nights have made REDWOOD ESTATES widely known among those wishing or needing a change of climate.

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Seventeen Cents a Day—Continued

reservoirs, roofed and screened to protect the water, insure an abundant supply. WATER is the key to the mountains.

ROADS: Built to last with our own equipment and under the supervision of Mr. E. W. Taylor, well known road engineering expert for many years in the service of both city and county of Fresno. The roads are properly oiled and graveled and drained to insure safe use every day in the year. Every lot in REDWOOD ESTATES fronts on a serviceable automobile road with the exception of just a few very low priced lots which are served by trails intersecting wide roads. These wide roads insure ample parking space.

RESTRICTIONS: Proper racial restrictions of course. Exterior building plans are subject to the approval of the planning department of the REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY. Appearance is of more consideration than monetary value. A septic tank, as required by the State Board of Health, is required. Chickens, or objectionable animals are not permitted to be kept on the property.

PUBLIC UTILITIES: Pacific Gas & Electric service and Los Gatos telephone service. There is a well equipped and thriving grocery store, as well as a gasoline service station and restaurant. REDWOOD ESTATES has been appointed a United States Postoffice, and mail simply addressed to you

at REDWOOD ESTATES, California, will reach you daily.

SCHOOLS: School bus service to Los Gatos High and grade school, as well as the Summit School, a district grade school.

ACCESSIBILITY: REDWOOD ESTATES is on the Santa Cruz Paved State Highway, two hours easy driving from any of the Bay Cities, 30 minutes from San Jose, and 15 minutes from Los Gatos. Santa Cruz and the Beach is only 18 miles distant. The new Skyline Boulevard, now partially built and for which \$760,000.00 has been appropriated for further construction this summer, passes through the property and will materially lessen the time from San Francisco to the property when completed. Doctors who might be needed in an emergency can reach you at REDWOOD ESTATES as quickly from Los Gatos as aid could reach you at your home in the city, and Los Gatos has a general hospital.

CLIMATE: There is one point that I wish to stress particularly and that is that asthma sufferers find immediate relief at REDWOOD ESTATES. There has been so much said about it by people who suffer from asthma, that I am glad to pass the word along for the benefit of those who may seek relief and not know the facts as regards this location in

Turn to page eight

Mr. G. Ricci Wins 1927 Sales Contest



The 1927 REDWOOD ESTATES Sales Contest was won by Mr. G. Ricci of the San Francisco office, and he has been awarded the Silver Loving Cup with which he is shown in the accompanying photograph.

The Sales Contest was uncertain until practically the end of the year, San Francisco and San Jose offices fighting hard and close for the Cup, with Oakland third.

Mr. Ricci, and Mr. C. A. Phleger, Manager of the San Francisco office, are being congratulated upon their success. Mr. Ricci has proven his ability and the value of an everready smile and a willingness to work. He insists, however, he has done nothing out of the ordinary, and says—"I know of no secret for my success this past year. I believe in serving my client and employer alike always, and people who buy thru me can always come to me with their problems anytime—they are always my clients. Is there any secret in that?" There may not be, but Mr. Ricci's success speaks for itself and REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY is proud of his connection with the Sales Force.



Chronological History of REDWOOD ESTATES

The Fort—Generals Fremont and Castro—The Dawn of a New Era

By C. A. Phleger

Chapter 3

In 1776 A. D., California was a Province of Spain and was governed through the Viceroy of Mexico whose headquarters were established in the City of Mexico.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Mexico threw off the yoke of Old Spain and established the Republic. The independence of Mexico was acknowledged in 1821 A. D., and California became a Mexican province.

On the seventh day of July, 1846, Mexico and the United States being at war, Commodore Sloat raised the American flag at Monterey and took possession of the territory in the name of the United States, this action following a period of twenty-five days during which California was a Republic, the result of a Declaration of Independence and the raising of the famous Bear Flag on the plaza at Sonoma, June 14, 1846.

Events immediately preceding the raising of the Flag at Monterey are of special interest because the first open breach between the Mexicans and Americans in California occurred in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

John C. Fremont, a young United States Army officer, with about sixty followers, including a number of Delaware Indians, had been making explorations in the unsettled West and in due course arrived in Central California. Some of his men became separated from the main party and after visiting the district around Santa Clara in search of them, he proceeded to Monterey and asked permission of the Mexican Governor to remain in the territory. Verbal permission was given but it was soon apparent that the Mexicans had no desire to allow the Gringos to remain as they immediately trumped up charges of horse-stealing against Fremont's followers and demanded that he appear before the Alcalde for trial. Fremont knew that the only horses he had with him were those that he had brought from the East so he refused and proceeded to cross the Santa Cruz Mountains over the trails that had for many years been used by the Indians and Padres. Meantime messengers reached him from the Mexican Governor demanding that he leave the country immediately.

Fremont, firmly convinced that the Mexican authorities meant trouble, under cover of darkness built a small fort in the mountains above San Juan overlooking the Mission and the Mexican General Castro's Headquarters nearby. In the morning the

Mexicans noticed the Fort. Bugles sounded and in due course a troop of mounted soldiers left the Plaza in the direction of the Fort. They kept outside musket range and although their threatening shouts resounded in the vicinity not a shot was fired. Fremont wanted the Mexicans to fire first so that he could place the blame on them and unite all Americans in California against the Mexicans. Castro evidently figured the same way and did not order his men to fire. They returned to the Mission without a shot being fired. Three days later, convinced the Mexicans would not attack, Fremont abandoned the Fort and made his way by forced marches to Sutters Fort on the Sacramento.

Shortly afterward, Thomas Fallon raised a company of 22 men in Santa Cruz for the purpose of joining the Bear Flag revolt. Crossing the Santa Cruz Mountains, he arrived within about three miles of San Jose where he learned that Castro was holding both San Jose and Santa Clara with a force of about 300 men. Thinking it inadvisable to risk his small company in an engagement with such a superior force, he fell back into the mountains and erected fortifications on the small plateau of what is today the REDWOOD ESTATES. This spot was selected on account of its natural protection, an abundance of water, and a commanding view in all directions. Within a week Fallon received additions to his forces from Santa Cruz and returned to the valley where Castro fled before him. Captain Fallon announced his victory to Commodore Sloat who sent him an American flag which was the first standard of the United States to fly in the balmy breezes of the Santa Clara Valley.

The Big Trees in the Santa Cruz Mountains were first brought to public attention by General Fremont who measured them in 1846 and gave publicity to their existence. The size seemed incredible and the report was not generally, in the East, relied upon. The larger trees in the Redwood Forest range in age from 1200 to 1800 years. They are the Sequoia Sempervirens, the true Redwoods, and many beautiful specimens are to be found today on the REDWOOD ESTATES, one of the most notable being "THE PADRE", over 12 feet in diameter at the base.

In the next issue Mr. Phleger will tell about THE GOLD RUSH—"MOUNTAIN CHARLEY"—EARLY TRAVEL.



Seventeen Cents a Day—Continued

relation to that dreadfully annoying disease, asthma. Quoting the London "Lancet", the leading medical journal of Europe—"The most equable, temperate climate in the world is to be found in two places, Assouan, Egypt, and Los Gatos, California." REDWOOD ESTATES has the same climate as Los Gatos (4 miles air line), with the advantage of a little more elevation.

The trees have real value. Redwoods, Oaks, Pines and Madrones abound in profusion. At this time when about the only Redwoods left in California are in the Parks, isn't it worth a great deal to really own some yourself, many of them ten and twelve feet through, many of them more than a thousand years old.

RECREATIONAL FACILITIES: REDWOOD ESTATES has a \$12,000 swimming pool, the finest on any recreational development in the State. It is graduated in depth from 3 to 8 feet and fully equipped with dressing rooms, showers, etc. A continuous filtering of the water together with a chlorine apparatus makes this one of the most modern and complete plants installed on the Coast.

There is a children's wading pool beneath the weeping willows, with cement floor and continually changing water.

Two double regulation Tennis Courts, said by tennis enthusiasts to be among the best available in California.

Completely equipped children's playground, with slides, swings, merry-go-round, etc., protected from the encroachment of automobiles.

Archery, that new old sport—a range with targets and equipment available to owners.

Shuffle Board, the game famous aboard ship, which has proved to be the most popular game for the enjoyment of week-enders at REDWOOD

ESTATES. Complete equipment furnished for two cement courts.

Barnyard golf, so popular with men of all ages. The horseshoe pitchers are always busy.

The Saturday Night Bonfire, under the direction of "Doc" Wells, with some worth-while entertainment, is an institution at REDWOOD ESTATES. Following the bonfire, a dance in the Pavilion with good music is much enjoyed by everyone. You really haven't enjoyed life unless you have attended one of "Doc's" Saturday night parties. "Doc" lives on the property and is there for the specific purpose of organizing sporting contests and games as well as other entertainment. He has well under way a boys' organization called the Redwood Mountain Rangers, with troops in Los Gatos, San Jose, San Francisco and Berkeley, with plans for troops in many other towns, and they are a snappy lot of boys. It is a privilege for any boy to join the Rangers and there are no costs of any kind.

This magazine of ours—"Cabinland"—published in the interest of REDWOOD ESTATES owners, is mailed every month to our big family and enjoyed by them all.

Of great importance is the title to the property. There is no encumbrance against it of any kind and a deed and certificate of title can be furnished upon the payment in full for all lots in REDWOOD ESTATES. All of the improvements are paid for, an unusual situation in the subdivision business.

What a privilege it is to entertain your friends in such a place or send them down to spend their week-end in your cabin. They will be indebted to you for ever.

Summing it up, what we offer you is a great deal for 17 cents a day, isn't it? Do you know where it will buy more?

Cabin Building

Mr. J. D. Ireland, builder, REDWOOD ESTATES, California, is now preparing plans for COMPLETE cabins to be built for fixed amounts at REDWOOD ESTATES. A cabinsite owner need merely select a cabinsite at the price he wants to pay and Mr. Ireland will contract to furnish the building complete, ready for occupancy. Plans and prices will be published in a later issue of Cabinland.

Presented by:



CABINLAND

Vol. 2

Published Monthly by the
REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Los Gatos, California

No. 4

APRIL, 1928

For Me and My Cat

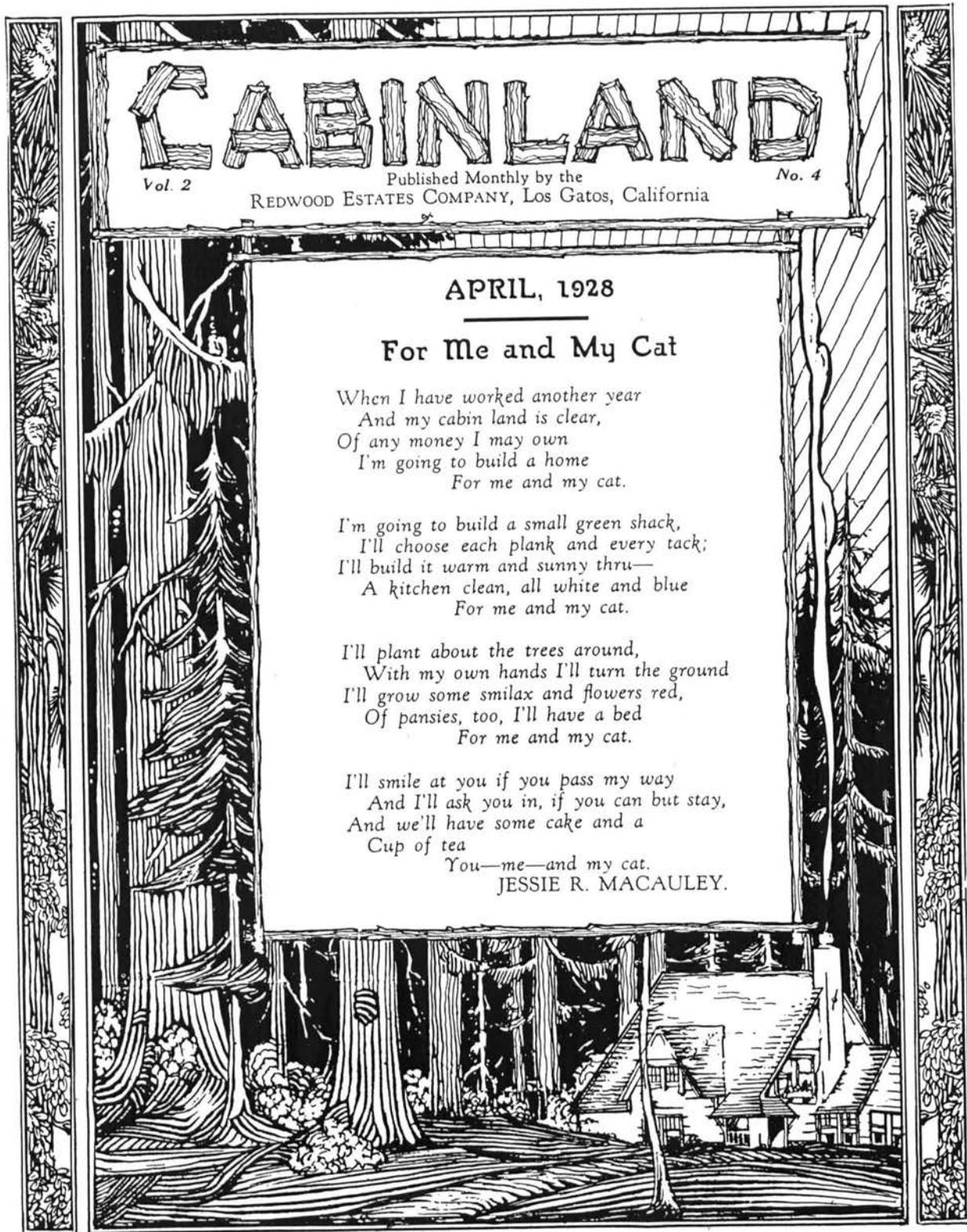
When I have worked another year
And my cabin land is clear,
Of any money I may own
I'm going to build a home
For me and my cat.

I'm going to build a small green shack,
I'll choose each plank and every tack;
I'll build it warm and sunny thru—
A kitchen clean, all white and blue
For me and my cat.

I'll plant about the trees around,
With my own hands I'll turn the ground
I'll grow some smilax and flowers red,
Of pansies, too, I'll have a bed
For me and my cat.

I'll smile at you if you pass my way
And I'll ask you in, if you can but stay,
And we'll have some cake and a
Cup of tea
You—me—and my cat.

JESSIE R. MACAULEY.



Our Week End Trip and Vacation Problem Solved

By AN ENTHUSIASTIC VISITOR

We live in the city and own an automobile that is, somehow, involved with most of the pleasures indulged in during any spare time at our disposal. We have traveled in all directions, near and far, seeking that ever elusive utopia of the family, looking for the almost necessary change from the humdrum and boisterous existence of the crowded communities. It was thought that every section worth while had been visited; nearly all of them proved to be delusions and snares, at least some important element would be missing.

Recently when the week end and holiday question came up for discussion, it was usually passed in despair, for everything suggested had its drawbacks. Among them, distance making the trip altogether too tiresome for the short stay allowed at destination; inadequate equipment or entire lack of facilities to enjoy what pleasure was placed at one's disposal; or the trip was too hot through an open, uninteresting country before reaching the attractive section; or desirable spots were barred from the public and campers; or the lack of dependable, pure water amid sanitary conditions; or the unrestricted crowd made for anything but comfort and satisfaction, and a hundred and one objections that resulted in the decision to forego an undertaking that had so often brought only disappointment.

This situation is entirely changed with us. A friend, facing the same predicament, noticed the REDWOOD ESTATES "ad" in a weekly neighborhood publication, together with a news item in the same issue, telling of what had been accomplished in the way of offering a complete change from city existence, with a lure that had all the earmarks of the usual "close to nature" inducements. Upon second inspection, however, it was noticed that this particular advertisement and news item stated that our local real estate broker vouched for every statement made, and invited anyone interested to call upon him for additional information. The story was told in such a straightforward way that we decided to give him a call, which resulted in receiving a guest card and directions just how to reach this wonderland.

Only a few days following, according to plan, we started out much relieved at the thought of no ferry inconvenience or expense, not even hampered with a prepared lunch of our own. Leaving our bay city home at exactly 8:45 a. m., we traveled over a smooth, hard highway, with no disagreeable dust or wind, passing through picturesque and interesting towns to Los Gatos, then six miles beyond over the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz highway, to the

Dutch Windmill revolving on the right side of road, which marks the entrance to REDWOOD ESTATES. It had taken precisely one hour and fifty-five minutes of comfortable travel, the entire trip carrying us among most pleasant surroundings, green fields reaching to the foothills on one side, and the bay on the other a great part of the distance, in many places entirely lined with shade trees, in others extensive orchards stretching as far as the eye could see, all preparing for that most wondrous drive from Los Gatos to the REDWOOD ESTATES' entrance, the equal in point of variety and picturesqueness of any like stretch of road in the world.

Our surprise may be imagined, when it was found that every word describing REDWOOD ESTATES property, both in the advertisement already mentioned and what our real estate broker told us, was absolutely true. Words must fail in telling of conditions such as we found. In the first place, nature had done its very best and man's improvements had only added to its attractiveness. Utility, poetry and art were truly combined.

The introduction card resulted in our being taken in charge by a courteous and competent representative, who saw to it that we were shown about the property in a way to know exactly what had been done. There was a recreation center, covering between ten and eleven acres, with nothing lacking as to completeness. All in charge of someone who certainly knows how such things should be handled. First, a pavilion easily and quickly thrown open or closed, as the weather demands, with a finished dance floor and every feature for various sorts of entertainment; tennis courts of the latest construction; shuffle board courts; archery range; concrete checker board; children's play ground fully protected and equipped; large cement lined wading pool surrounded by weeping willow trees; then the 30x60 foot swimming pool of the latest sanitary construction, the water constantly filtered, well appointed bath house with office, showers, lockers, etc.; drinking fountains, from which one may quench their thirst with cool, clear mountain water, at convenient places. Any exclusive club would be proud of a lodge or cabin site retreat of this kind as an auxiliary. It is easily seen that these improvements are made not to sell property adjacent to them alone, but are installed for all time. Better still, they are the property of lot owners and will eventually be administered by them. There is no incumbrance or indebtedness of any kind.

(Continued on Page Three)



Cabinland

The Magazine of the REDWOOD ESTATES in the Santa Cruz Mountains

Published by the Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos California

HARRY W. GRASSLE, Editor

Vol. 2

APRIL, 1928

No. 4

To Our Lot Owners

We are ever mindful of the fact that you are the only persons responsible for our success.

One of the great problems in the development of any subdivision is the matter of advertising—the contracting of buyers. It is practically impossible for a sub-divider to determine how to get the greatest value for each dollar spent in advertising, and advertising in this connection means every legitimate method that can be used to interest buyers in REDWOOD ESTATES.

Rapid sale of property with minimum advertising expense is of course the ideal situation. How to gain this result is of vital importance to us all—to you because such amounts as we are able to save

will be passed along to you in the shape of added extra improvements in REDWOOD ESTATES.

Under the circumstances may we not call you into a conference with us to discuss this subject. It will not be necessary for you to meet with us in our offices. The conference can be arranged without any inconvenience to you through the medium of the questionnaire which is enclosed in this issue of CABINLAND.

Kindly check the questionnaire and return it to us promptly in the addressed stamped envelope which we enclose for your convenience.

HARRY W. GRASSLE.

OUR WEEK-END TRIP AND VACATION PROBLEM SOLVED

(Continued from Page Two)

After inspecting the recreation center we were taken on a very interesting trip of inspection over winding, crushed rock, oiled roads, to see for ourselves the many cabins built, for there are something like 200 already erected, others in course of construction, and between 30 and 40 families live there the year round. A bus takes some 20 children every school day to Los Gatos from the Tract. Great variety exists among these cabin site improvements, ranging in price from \$150 to over \$5,000 and without exception artistic, as sensible restrictions govern in this respect: no huts or shacks are allowed. All dwellings must install a septic tank and attach to water already piped in front of every lot. Electricity and telephones are available also. There are four completed concrete, screened and covered reservoirs kept full from natural springs; all springs are sealed, insuring against contamination, and more reservoirs are in course of construction, so that there is bound to be an adequate supply of the finest, soft mountain water. A recent scientific analysis shows that this water contains just enough iron, so necessary for the human body. There are

several water tunnels, with a storage capacity of well over a million gallons, pumped into the reservoirs, thence gravity flow to all sections. The water situation is entirely controlled by REDWOOD ESTATES and after being connected, is free for all time, except maintenance costs.

A good serviceable automobile road reaches every lot and there is a selection for whatever taste. Some are heavily wooded, with a growth of redwoods, oaks or madrones, sun lots in open spaces, hillside lots sloping in every direction of the compass, and level lots. Then view lots that beggar description. In one direction we have a view of Monterey Bay, in another San Francisco Bay and Santa Clara valley stretched out before us, and the varying aspects of the Santa Cruz Mountains are seen in all directions.

There is established in the zoned business section, a United States Postoffice, general store, restaurant, gas and oil service station, also lumber yard, where city prices prevail. Plans, elevations and specifications, covering a wide range of prices, are available at the latter. Several builders are located on Tract.

By this time we were ready for the very inviting lunch that was served at the pavilion and it could not fail to be enjoyed by all: after which an interesting twenty minute lecture was given, presenting

(Continued on Page Seven)



Chronological History of REDWOOD ESTATES

The Gold Rush — "Mountain Charley" — Early Travel

By C. A. PHLEGER

CHAPTER 4

James W. Marshall immortalized himself as the discoverer of gold in California when he picked up a glittering bit of yellow metal in the tail-race of Sutter's Mill in the Sierras on Monday, January 24, 1848.

There was no telegraph in California or even a Pony Express, but it would seem that the word "gold" was carried on invisible waves and shouted into every ear. For a time the excitement was confined to California, then spread like wild fire to the East and to foreign countries. It is estimated that over eighty thousand immigrants arrived in California during 1849 and went directly to the mines. Among them, of course, were many sailors who deserted their ships and for months the Bay of San Francisco was crowded with craft marooned and waiting for the gold fever to subside.

Among the early arrivals was a hardy young Irishman who had served an apprenticeship in the British navy. His name—Charles Henry McKiernan (Mountain Charley), the first white settler in the range of mountains lying between Los Gatos and Santa Cruz. Following his arrival at the gold mines, he worked for a time as a miner until he had accumulated a sufficient stake to purchase animals for a pack train. For some time he freighted supplies from Sacramento to the mines in the Sierras, but suffering the loss of his animals twice through raids, he decided to abandon the enterprise and moved to San Jose.

Intending to establish a settlement in the Santa Cruz Mountains, he left San Jose in early March, 1850, for Santa Cruz over the old Indian trail. Arriving at the spot where many years before, Riviera, the Spanish leader, had preceded him, McKiernan realized that here at last was the real El Dorado of his dreams. He spent several days in the vicinity and there built his house of Redwoods, the first house in the Santa Cruz Mountains. This site was in the southeast corner of the present REDWOOD ESTATES. From this point the land gradually sloped to the West, on either side being heavily timbered with magnificent Redwood trees. In the hollow of one of these giants of the forest he made his home for several weeks, being meanwhile employed in getting out materials for a house. Realizing the value of the Redwood trees, he eventually purchased other tracts of land, at one time owning three thousand acres.

After the house came the corrals. There was feed in abundance for stock, but grizzly bears and California lions made stock raising extremely hazardous. A good steer was worth from \$6 to \$8 principally for hide and tallow. Deer meat brought ten cents per pound. McKiernan made two trips a week to Alviso with a pack train of deer meat to be shipped by boat to San Francisco. Until he started to hunt them, the deer had never been shot at and were day feeders. They grazed in herds and when one was shot the others simply stood and snorted. Muzzle loading rifles were the hunting pieces of the day.

Many present residents of the Santa Cruz Mountains remember "Mountain Charley." He was a man of sterling qualities and above all a lover of the natural beauty of the wooded mountains. It is indeed significant that with the whole range of the Santa Cruz Mountains before him, he should have chosen a site within the present limits of the REDWOOD ESTATES for his home.

In 1850 there was nothing that could be called a road west of the Alameda in San Jose, nor was there a fence. The old Indian trail over the mountains commenced in the easterly part of the present town of Los Gatos and crossed to the west side of the Los Gatos creek near the present little hamlet of Lexington, thence along and up on the west side of the canyon to the north ridge of what is now called Moody Gulch and up that ridge to the summit, then followed the Summit ridge to a point southwest of the present Glenwood railroad station to Santa Cruz. The creek flowing in Moody Gulch was called "Oil Creek." Another trail ran from Los Gatos Creek up through the present REDWOOD ESTATES to the Indian trail near "Mountain Charley's" home.

The "Mountain Charley" Road was built by a joint stock company to carry United States mail and Wells Fargo Express. Passenger fare from San Jose to Santa Cruz was five dollars.

In the next issue Mr. Phleger will tell about

FORBES MILL

THE CAPITOL AT SAN JOSE

THE FIRST RAILROAD



Around the Campfire

By "Doc" WELLS



Our campfire family is growing folks! Last Saturday night we welcomed Dr. and Mrs. Philips of San Jose into our midst. Regular folks, and permanent residents. Although the "Doc" hasn't mentioned it yet, I've a hunch that he is going to invite us all up to his "Cabin" for Tea sometime soon, and wouldn't that be "nize"? A wonderful time was had by all at the Doctor's reception—thanks to Madame Jean Jorgensen who sang several num-

bers, as only Madame Jorgensen can; also to the "Doc" himself who is a talented musician and succumbed to the many requests for a "personal appearance" at the piano. Oh, yes! and the genial Glenn Polk, his wife and son were also present.

Listen, Folks! I am now organizing the following sport and athletic branches at the REDWOOD ESTATES: The R. E. Archery Club, R. E. Alpine Club, R. E. Horseshoe Club, R. E. Shuffle Board Club, R. E. Tennis Club, and I want to get started right now! So please let me have your names right now! There are going to be a lot of prizes to win, a lot of outside teams to play, so we had better get started at our practice games. See you later.

What Do You Buy At REDWOOD ESTATES?

A plot of ground? Some trees? Yes, these and many more things not mentioned in your deed.

A vacation home among old and inspiring — venerable trees to love and give tender care—wild flowers to learn to know by name, shy little animals to be your friends, birds to thrill you with their song, gorgeous sunsets, quiet starry nights. A place to "loaf and invite your soul."

Lots, roads, water system—all have their value. But what value

can you place on healthfulness, happiness, carefree days and restful nights, away from work and worry—complete forgetfulness of the strife of daily existence—walks over sunlit woodland trails with family or friends—evenings in happy reverie before your cheerful fireplace—a place to entertain your friends most royally, entertainment which they will never cease to enjoy, invigorating, inexpensive, and in endless variety.

All these and more are yours when you have "A Cabin in the Redwoods."

Real Estate comprises in excess of sixty per cent of the wealth of this entire country.



Child Play in Country Urged

Amusements of Rural Life Build Brains, Claim

Taken From the San Francisco Chronicle, Oct. 5, 1927.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 4. A.P.—Need for giving city children an outlet for their pent-up longing for life in the open was emphasized by Dr. William G. Vinal of the State College of Forestry, Syracuse, N. Y., in addressing the National Congress of the Playground and Recreation Association of America today.

"The chances in the city of liberating the instincts

of tree climbing, cave hiding, stone throwing and brook wading—the great muscle and brain developers of the country youth—are reduced to a minimum," he said.

"These nature play activities are far more satisfactory to the boy and girl than calisthenics. If adults are to have a love for the outdoors, they must have some nature play in their youth."



Our Friends Say

Note: The following letter, received just in time to publish in this issue of CABINLAND, is so timely and to the point, that it was decided to publish it.

Exeter, Calif., March 6, 1928.

REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY

LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

GENTLEMEN:

So you have moved to Los Gatos. Most wonderful place in the world, with one exception, and that is, of course you know, REDWOOD ESTATES.

I notice your clean-up campaign. A very fine move this. I have wanted to write you ever since last summer about the close connection between clean-up and that snake-life stuff, poison oak. Son did some work on our lot, and before he could get back again he had plenty of poison oak. People who are located just across the way, and who are elderly, really had a serious time from the effects of poison oak. So don't you think it would be a good idea to mention precautions and cures through your delightful little CABINLAND. Everybody knows this stuff grows in the mountains, so it is no reflection on REDWOOD ESTATES.

Another thing, I do not know as persons still practice putting brush on other owner's lots. I believe it has been done possibly unknowingly, but you might hint about that too, in your own good way.

You ask "What do you like in CABINLAND?"

I like the promotion of the friendly "family" spirit; it is a medium of authentic information for owners—its helpful suggestions and important announcements. But what I like most about CABINLAND is REDWOOD ESTATES!

Just one more thought, as I may not get a chance to write again for some time. Why, when you have such an attractive entrance, as far as the mill and its immediate surroundings are concerned, don't you plant ferns or something on the side hills which border the entrance road? Just after leaving the Dutch Mill, as I remember it, the banks are not ornamental at all, and it did seem to me it could be different with very little trouble, and the same amount of expense. You have so many attractive places as a result of your efforts, I know you never hesitate to beautify any place that you deem wise to undertake.

I hope we shall really get our lot cleaned this summer.

I thank you for sending me CABINLAND and any other literature you include. Best wishes to you and the "family".

Very truly yours, MRS. M. E. P.

COMMENT

Poison oak grows in abundance in all mountainous localities, particularly in sunny spots. It is being eradicated at REDWOOD ESTATES as rapidly as possible but it is a very thrifty, vine-like bush. There are a number of "cures," but they do hardly more than ease the affliction. The best preventative is to familiarize oneself with the plant, which is easy to recognize. Also, if after having come in contact with it, or upon returning home after working or hiking in the brush, one will wash face and arms thoroughly with plenty of soap without rubbing, or just clear water, ordinarily it will have no chance to enter the pores of the skin. Stay out of smoke from fires which might contain poison oak brush. The writer has had much experience with this pest, disastrous at first, but has found that one soon becomes immune to its effects and is no longer affected. However, a little precaution will save much unpleasantness.

No comment is necessary on, and there is no excuse for, piling brush and waste upon lots belonging to others. REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY is doing everything possible to make and keep REDWOOD ESTATES beautiful and appreciates the help and cooperation of owners toward making REDWOOD ESTATES an ideal spot.

Planting of flowers, shrubs and lawns is progressing as rapidly as possible and when one realizes that REDWOOD ESTATES is scarcely two years "old", the development to date must be marveled at. The actual fact of the matter is that every cent received by the Company and many thousands more have gone back into new improvements and the development of REDWOOD ESTATES.

REDWOOD ESTATES OFFICES

There seems to be some question regarding location of our offices, some thinking the San Francisco office has been discontinued. This is not the case, and it will be found at the same location.

Head Office, Los Gatos, 120 North Santa Cruz Avenue; telephone, Los Gatos 680.

San Francisco Office, Mr. C. A. Phleger, manager, Marshall Square Building, 1182 Market Street; telephones, Hemlock 7300 and 7301.

San Jose Office, Mr. W. K. Grassle, manager, 417 Bank of Italy Building; telephone, Ballard 8287.

Tract Office, REDWOOD ESTATES, Mr. Paul Grassle, manager; telephone, Los Gatos 15 F 11.



Story of World War

By SERGEANT FRED F. "DOC" WELLS
CHAPTER IV.

When we arrived at Salisbury Plains, we saw a sight that was inspiring. Here was a vast plain turned into a huge city. The Plains simply swarmed with soldiers. It was a beautiful sight at first, but rains came soon and mud was everywhere—on our clothes and our blankets, in our eyes, ears, nose and mouth. For about four months we trained hard here—target practice, drilling, bayonet fighting, trench digging and sham battles, in further preparation for the Big Adventure.

Our week-end leaves to London were welcome affairs. I remember well my first visit to the great British metropolis and all the strange sights we saw. We overheard two cockneys discussing us and they were not at all sure we were Canadians, in spite of the insignia on our caps. They thought all Canadians were Indians! We enjoyed our trips to London immensely and learned to know and admire the English people.

At last, after numerous false reports, we got orders to pack kit for France. I will always remember that memorable night. The air was full of excitement; men spoke in whispers. We fell in line in the dark outside our huts at 12:30 a. m., and after a long wait got the order to march off. There were many heart-rending scenes as men bade farewell to families and loved ones. When we reached the trains we were packed in those funny little coaches, eight in each compartment, with all our bags. It was anything but comfortable but there was no grumbling now. Each man was too engrossed with his thoughts. We were gradually getting nearer our destination, and all wondered what Fate held in store for us.

Unlike our trip across the Atlantic, instead of having cabins and beds, we were all crowded down in the hold of the ship—bunked in cattle pens or any spot we could find big enough in which to lie down. On account of submarines, we had to make a long detour by way of the Bay of Biscay, and landed three days later at the port of St. Nazaire. Here we boarded cattle trucks, forty-two men to each car. We were so tightly packed that only one-half of the men could lie down to sleep at one time while the others awaited their turn. For two days and two nights we traveled in this manner, getting only "Bully beef" and hard bread to eat, with occasionally a little cold tea which was quite tasteless.

An hour before daybreak we arrived at our destination, a place called Hazebrouke, Belgium. The

air was very chilly when we got off the train and lined up by platoons to await orders. In the distance we could hear the boom of cannon and see the flash of the shells as they exploded. At last we were on the firing line, or so we thought. In fact, I expected a German to jump out from behind a hedge almost any minute. But our Captain came along and told us we were fully twenty-five miles from the front line. He also told us we would be in the trenches in a few days. I am telling the truth when I say that this news actually cheered us up, so keen were we for experience and excitement, because by this time we were all heartily sick of drilling and traveling. Of course we had no idea as to what the trenches were like. Perhaps if we had known more, we might not have been so eager.

At daybreak we marched on to Straziell and were billeted in an old barn which had been occupied by Germans only a short while before. As I was the only one in my platoon that spoke French, I had a busy time of it asking the farmer and his family all sorts of questions for the boys, who wanted to know everything.

In the next issue "Doc" Wells will relate his experiences in the front line trenches.

OUR WEEK-END TRIP AND VACATION PROBLEM SOLVED (Continued from Page Three)

facts only, in regard to what the REDWOOD ESTATES had to offer, an important feature of which stated cabin sites could be bought upon an extremely easy budget plan, with an unusual insurance feature, that includes suspended payments in case of sickness, and a clear deed to his or her estate, should buyer die before all payments upon contract are made.

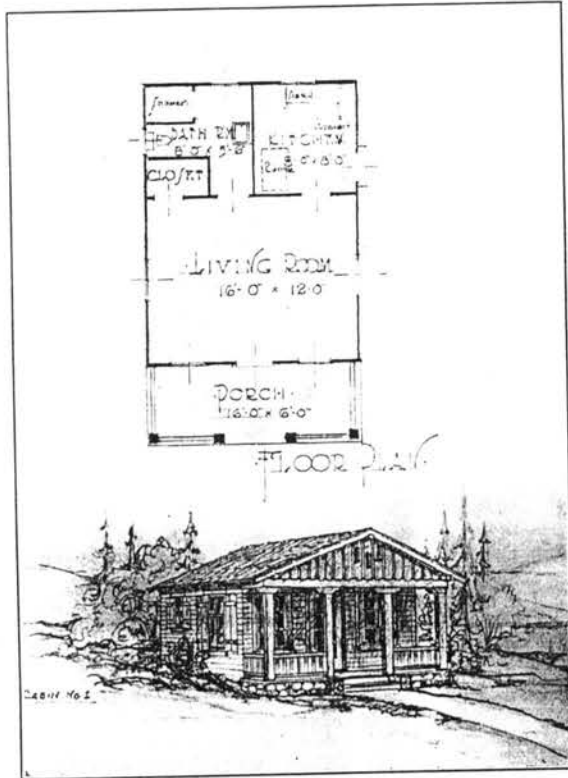
When leaving we had the satisfying thought of now having acquired a definite place where friends could be entertained amidst healthful and cheerful surroundings, with protected privileges for children's enjoyment, and our own WEEK END-HOLIDAY TRIP AND VACATION PROBLEM SOLVED.

LIBRARY NOW AT REDWOOD ESTATES

A branch of the Santa Clara County Free Library is now established at REDWOOD ESTATES under the able management of Mrs. Mary E. Odum, who has taken up her residence there with Mr. Odum. As the popularity of this library increases, as it undoubtedly will, Mrs. Odum will add to it. Mrs. Odum is to be congratulated on her enterprise and her work is greatly appreciated by all.



CABINLAND



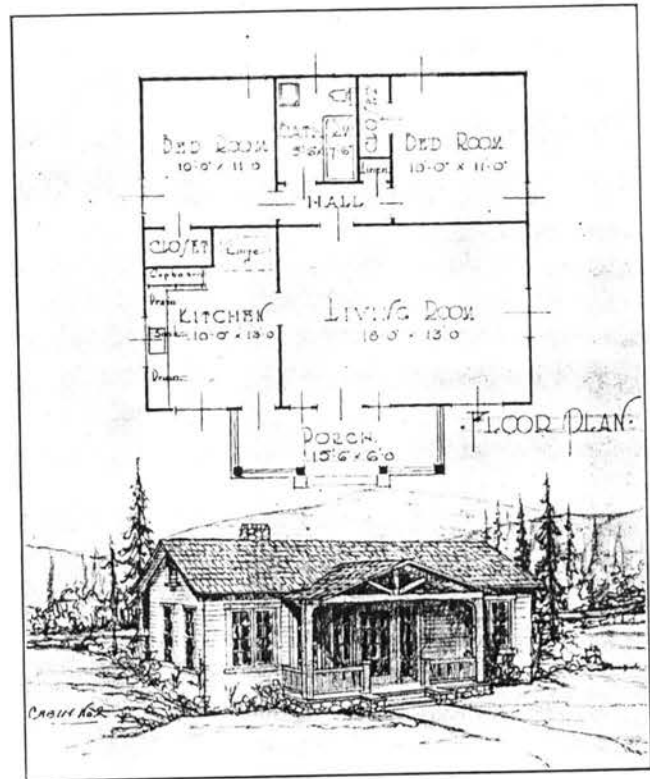
CABIN No. 1

CABIN No. 1

Sink, Toilet, Shower Bath, Concrete Septic Tank.
Wired for electricity — one light in each room.

Price Complete

\$472.00



CABIN No. 2

CABIN No. 2

Sink, Toilet, Wash Bowl, Bath Tub, Concrete Septic Tank, Boiler, arranged for hot and cold water. One terra cotta flue. Shelves in closets. Wired for electricity—one light in each room, and one light outside entrance.

Price Complete

\$1,146.00

JAS. D. IRELAND

"The Reliable Builder"

At REDWOOD ESTATES

Telephone: Los Gatos 15F21



CABINLAND

Vol. 2

Published Monthly by the
REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, Los Gatos, California

No. 5

MAY, 1928

Trees

By JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.



Your Children

WHERE do they spend their week-ends and vacations?

WE are told the problem of today is MORE HOME LIFE for the younger generation. Judges, Ministers and welfare workers generally point to lack of home life as the source of much juvenile crime.

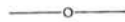
YOU provide a good home for your children but you cannot keep them home—they need other diversion. Youthful energy *must* be spent.

EVERY youngster, in fact almost everyone, enjoys the great outdoors—its beauties, healthfulness, carefree pleasures and romance.

FOR your children's sake, and for your own, investigate

REDWOOD ESTATES

in the beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains



REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY
LOS GATOS

SAN FRANCISCO
1182 Market St.

OAKLAND
331 17th Street

SAN JOSE
417 Bank of Italy Bldg.



Cabinland

The Magazine of the REDWOOD ESTATES in the Santa Cruz Mountains

Published by the Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos, California

HARRY W. GRASSLE, Editor

Vol. 2

MAY, 1928

No. 5

Redwood Estates Swimming Pool Opens

By HARRY W. GRASSLE

You are all going to be interested in the opening of the Swimming Pool and that event takes place May Day. Judging from the many inquiries from our owners the pool will be a very popular unit of our recreational department this year.

We are now building a Solar Heating System (the same type having proven very satisfactory in heating other pools) and I am sure this addition to our pool will be appreciated by many.

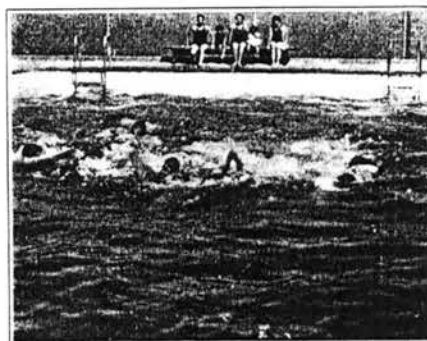
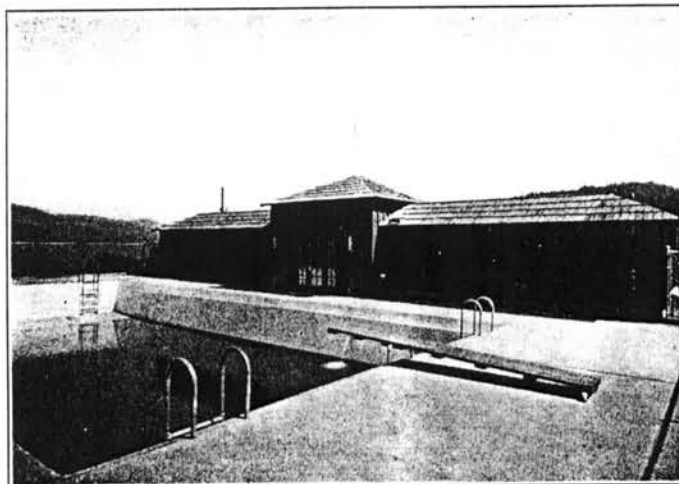
The 1928 Owner's Card, which will be sent to all owners, will admit bearer and party to the Pool without cost. You, of course, will bring your own suit and towels. We have purchased a few suits and towels for emergency



use by those who may forget their own and will make a charge of fifty cents for the use of them. This will enable us to keep them laundered and make replacements as needed. There will be a life guard and attendant on duty when the pool is available for your use, and we have decided that until school is out Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays will be the only days the pool will be open.

During the school vacation the pool will be open every day except Mondays. Please remember it is unlawful to use the pool unless there is a life guard in attendance.

We have made a Children's Wading Pool under the willows. The entire pool has been cemented and will be clean and warm and will meet a popular demand of children too small to use our swimming pool. We ask your cooperation in keeping the entire recreation center as clean and orderly as possible and wish you a very happy time at Redwood Estates this year.



Chronological History of REDWOOD ESTATES

Forbes Mill — The Capital at San Jose — The First Railroad

By C. A. PHLEGER

CHAPTER 5

In the year 1850, James Alexander Forbes, a Scotchman and a pioneer resident of the hamlet at Santa Clara conceived the idea of building a mill to supply flour to the inhabitants of the then sparsely settled Santa Clara Valley. After a survey of the various sites that might be suitable, he finally selected a location on the banks of the Los Gatos creek and thus it happened that the first commercial industry in the Santa Cruz Mountain district came into being on the site of the present town of Los Gatos. It was a quaint mill with a gigantic wheel splashing its awkward round. It may be well to mention that in later years from the tail race of the Los Gatos mill originally came all the water supplied to the city of San Jose, the immense volume thus required being conveyed through pipes into reservoirs, until distributed through the city. Forbes brought the first carriage and plow into the Santa Clara Valley and the first cook stove that was brought into California. In 1856, fruit trees and grape vines were planted in the immediate vicinity of the present Redwood Estates. This was the first planting in the mountains.

For three years after the war between the United States and Mexico, California remained under the control of the United States Army, but the necessity for a civil government manifested itself and General Riley, the United States Commander, issued a proclamation calling a convention which met at Monterey in September, 1849, with delegates present from all parts of California. The session lasted six weeks. The Seal of State was adopted with the motto "Eureka"—Peter H. Burnett was elected governor—and San Jose was selected as the first capital. In December of the same year, the first session of the California State legislature was held in San Jose. An Act of Removal was passed the next year and the Capital was moved to Vallejo, then to Sacramento, again to Vallejo, then to Benicia, and finally to Sacramento, in 1854, where it has since remained.

Under Mexican rule, roads in California were hardly worth the name. A narrow trail was entirely adequate for the horseback travel of the early residents of the Santa Cruz Moun-

tains. There were practically no roads. Where the ox carts ran, the tracks were a little wider, but they had no legal existence as roads. There being no fences, and the land used principally for grazing cattle, it was the custom in going from one place to another to go as nearly on a straight line as possible.

With the Americans came a different system. About the first order made by the country government in Santa Clara after its organization was in reference to public roads. This order established a road,—commencing at the city of San Jose, at Santa Clara street, and running near the location of the present highway to Santa Cruz, through the town of Los Gatos. This Santa Cruz road from Los Gatos over the mountains was a toll road under a franchise from the state up to 1878, when it was declared a public highway, by the Board of Supervisors. The Company resisted the action of the board and attempted to maintain its gates. This caused considerable excitement and threatened serious trouble. The teamsters went in a body and tore the gates down. The Company fought the matter in the courts and lost, after years of bitter litigation.

The first railroad through the Santa Cruz Mountains ran from San Jose to Santa Cruz and was called the "South Pacific Coast Railroad." The road was narrow gauge and was completed after much time and labor spent in tunneling the mountains. It was completed in 1878. In 1887, it was sold out to the Southern Pacific Company, who afterwards re-built the road with the standard broad gauge.

Although this rail route was long regarded as one of the most beautiful scenic journeys in the State, the real charm of the Santa Cruz Mountains is not readily revealed to one who simply dashes through in an hour or two by train. It is necessary to spend several days at places to appreciate the varied beauty of the woods. Everywhere is the charm that comes of the wildness of nature.

In the next issue Mr. Phleger will tell about Oil Wells, Lumberjacks, and Early Social Life.



Around the Campfire

By "DOC" WELLS

Well folks, it looks like we are going to have a wonderful lot of entertainment this summer—not mentioning the "community sing" around the bonfire—just glance over our proposed program for the coming months—LOOK—Camp fire girls to entertain us—Mrs. Penniman's class of talented pupils with their clever shows and dances, swimming meet with the Y.M.C.A. boys, blue birds, (Junior camp fire girls) picnic and entertainment, band concert from Burlingame, children's play for May Day, or other holiday, Redwood Mountain Rangers day with sports and entertainment, followed by a dance at the pavilion, big musical program—now then, just what do you think about that? Please do not fail me. I'll need your help—in what way? Just be there when it takes place, that's all. Were you there last Saturday? Well, that's just too bad! You missed a dandy time, old timer. Why say, we had a real orchestra 'n everything, and Everybody danced—EVERYBODY! You'd better get your dancing pumps dusted off and oiled up because you're sure going to need 'em this summer.

Have you put in your name for your favorite sport yet? C'mon get busy folks, we need every one of you. Well! be good—see you at the Pavilion, Saturday night.

~[*Buy Real Estate Now*]~



Personals

By "CHARLEY"

Mr. John B. Duryea, Manager Western Division, Penn. Mutual Life Insurance Company, San Francisco, and family, spent the week end at their newly finished cabin which I think is one of the beauty spots of Redwood Estates.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and family of San Francisco were at their lovely cabin among the trees for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke were also down from San Francisco and, incidently, after a hike up to the top of Redwood Estates and viewing the surroundings couldn't resist buying another lot up there.

Saturday, April 21st, was Redwood Mountain Rangers Day. "Doc" Wells and his family of boys certainly do have a BIG time at their Redwood Estates Headquarters. "Doc" is never too busy when his boys call on him.

You will all be curious and happy to know that a "regular" dance orchestra holds forth every Saturday night now at the Pavilion.

Mrs. Gorham's home cooked food is fast becoming very popular with owners and visitors. I want to recommend her home made pie with coffee, to say nothing of other delicious food.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker, the new proprietors of the May Store, have installed a Frigidaire ice cream cabinet and ice machine. They are serving milk shakes and other delicacies in addition to their grocery line and all wish them success.



Program May Fifth

Residents, visitors and owners down for the week-end at Redwood Estates, on Saturday, May 5th will be pleased to hear of the Program to be given at the Pavilion, at three o'clock by the pupils of Gwendolin Brooks Penniman, one of our enthusiastic owners. All are invited to enjoy the afternoon with these talented young people.



"Bob White"—Recitation
Frances Abernathy
Jerry's Temperance Society—Recitation
Lois Lack
A Splendid Record—Recitation
Bernita Chilton

THE MOON
FOR A PRINCE

One Act Play

The King.... Frances Kelly
The Prince..... Geraldine Jurras
The Magician..... Clothilde de Lindeman
The Moon..... Frank Pimontel
Pages— Beatrice Penniman, Bernita Chilton,
Patricia Chilton.

MUSIC

Blossom Time—Recitation Ellen Bowman
Gabrielle's Story—Recitation ... Dorothy Mott
"Love's Joy" By Fritz Kreisler—Danced as a
duet by Frances Kelly and Clothilde de Lindeman.

"It can't be done." They did it. "You can't do it *again*." They did it again. "You can't keep on doing it." They hit him with an axe.

A Bird House Contest

With a String to It

Build a Bird House and give our feathered friends a "Cabin in the Redwoods"—and, incidentally, win a prize!

Redwood Estates Company, believing that artistic Bird Houses will add to the happiness of residents at Redwood Estates by bringing birds there to nest and live, as well as increasing its natural charm and beauty, has decided to offer suitable prizes for the best Bird Houses built by owners or their families PROVIDING a sufficient number would be interested.

If YOU, boy or girl, man or woman, are interested, drop a line to "The Bird House Man, Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos, California" and in the June number of "Cabinland" prizes and rules governing the contest, will be announced IF a sufficient number have written in to "The Bird House Man" to warrant his giving his time to this work.

Who wants to join in this enjoyable and interesting work for our Birds? Write today!



In this fire-eyed age of intolerance, every man should have the courage of his convulsions.

To the American, the sweetest music comes out of his own megaphone.



State Opens Skyline Bids

Sacramento, April 11—The State Department of Public Works today opened bids on the Skyline boulevard and announced that a contract calling for immediate work on the important project will probably be awarded within the next fortnight.



Story of World War

By SERGEANT FRED F. "DOC" WELLS

CHAPTER V.

The day after our arrival at Straziell, we were inspected by Field Marshal General Sir John French. The next day we marched off in brigades and after an all-day hike reached a place called Ploegstrete and my company was billeted in a brewery. The liquid contents had already been removed, so it was quite "dry." We were awakened at daybreak by German shells. One of them went through the roof of our loft right over my head and believe me it was anything but a pleasant sensation.

We found that we were only a mile behind the trenches, that we were in reserve and could expect to "go in" almost any time. All that day was spent in hearing talks from experienced officers, receiving instructions as to what to do if a German plane came over us, etc. We were all cautioned to take cover and whatever we did, not to look up as the white face of a man can be easily seen from a plane. Of course when the first plane came over, we were all curiosity to see what it looked like, but after a bomb from it exploded a few yards away, it wasn't necessary to tell any of those chaps to take cover.

All the next day we were put to work making hurdles for trench building. We got our first taste of shell fire in those fields. The Germans seemed to know we were there for they certainly worked overtime trying to locate us.

I think what most of us felt in our first experience of being under fire was not fear. It was rather a combination of wonderment and thrill. Indeed I rather liked watching the shells explode and throw up a big geyser of mud. Then an English officer came over to our officer and suggested that he order the men to take cover behind a brick house, as the Germans were beginning to throw shrapnel and that was a bad sign. Our officers gave us the order to take cover, which the men did, but I remained to finish a hurdle. My officer said to me, "You had better get over there, too, Wells." I replied that I thought it would be all right and would be finished in a moment. Just then I heard a shell coming. The sound fascinated me because it seemed to be coming straight at me. There was a terrible screeching noise, a roar and a flash, and then I seemed to float into

space. A million stars seemed to twinkle all around me. Then as though on wings, I was floating earthward again and heard a voice say, "Is he hit badly?" Another voice, seemingly closer, said "Not a scratch, sir. Pretty lucky I should say." Then I felt hands being passed over my legs and arms, which seemed to have become petrified. All the while I wanted to talk but my tongue refused to work. A voice quite near me said, "Come on, Wells. Stand up. You're all right."

They stood me on my feet, but my legs refused to bear me, and I sank to the ground. I suddenly regained my voice and yelled, "Let me alone. Every bone in my body is broken." But I was soon convinced that outside of a bad shaking up, I was all right. After that little episode, I learned to obey an order more quickly, and what's more, I never could quite get to like the sound of those shells again.

At 7:30 the following night my platoon was detailed for a fatigue party to work just in the rear of the front-line trench. We had to build up a sort of a screen to enable the men to get in and out of the trenches in daytime obscured from the view of the enemy. It was a hot little corner. We came under rifle and machine gun fire for the first time. Standing up to our knees in mud, the bullets were passing our heads thick and fast, making a peculiar whining noise. I don't mind saying here that the first bullet that passed my head made every hair stand on end. But rifle fire, like everything else, is something you get accustomed to, and it wasn't long before we paid no more attention to it than if it were a barrage of so many golf balls.

I witnessed my first war tragedy that night. A young lieutenant, a splendid and efficient officer, was standing near me. I heard the whir of a bullet followed by a dull thud. I turned just in time to see him slide quietly to the ground, killed instantly. Without a murmur or a word, he had "gone West." In that moment the realization of the grimness of war and its ghastly price came over me, and I stood for a moment turned to stone. The next moment, hot tears were coursing down my cheeks. I clenched my hands and gritted my teeth as I felt an overpowering desire come over me to seize my bayonet, jump over that trench, and yell my hatred and defiance at the enemy. It was a quiet and heavy-hearted group of men that wended their way back to the billet that

(Continued to Page 8)



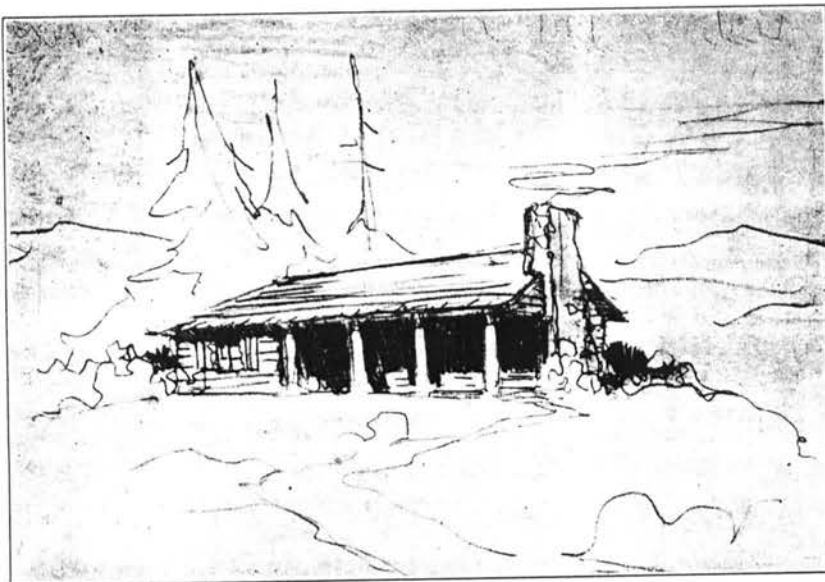
Lot Cleaning Contest

The Judges, after viewing each lot entered in the Lot Cleaning Contest, and giving due consideration to all the various phases of the Contest, have awarded the following prizes:

1ST PRIZE—Mr. W. W. West, 1821 Oak St.,
\$25.00 San Francisco. Lot 24, Block G,
Idalyn Drive.

TATES is spoken of as one of the few ideal subdivisions and daily more and more visitors are driving in to see the property.

What they see is what impresses them—the beauty, the trees, the cozy cabins, the roads, the view, the recreation center and improvements generally; and these are what establish the value of REDWOOD ESTATES.



2ND PRIZE—Mr. Frank X. Bodin, 645 Romana
\$15.00 St., Palo Alto. Lot 272, Block S,
Laverne Drive.

3RD PRIZE—Mr. G. L. Fancher, 1160 Cherry
\$10.00 Ave., San Jose. Lot 212, Block
K, Mary Alice Way.

Many other lots entered in the Contest were nicely cleaned and beautified, and reflect the thoughtfulness and efforts of the owners. It is regretted that prizes could not be given to all but we know these will be repaid many times over in price of ownership and the personal satisfaction and happiness that comes from having accomplished something toward enhancing the beauty of the home and this wonderland of Nature.

Redwood Estates Company is bending every effort toward improving and beautifying REDWOOD ESTATES and appreciates the cooperation of all lot owners. REDWOOD ES-

Let's continue the good work!! Results will repay the effort!! Checks for prizes are being mailed direct to each of the prize winners. We congratulate them!!

—o—

Story of World War (continued)

night. Silently they dismissed and passed into the barn, but by the expression on each face as they passed the solitary candle, I could read their thoughts. Each man in his heart vowed to avenge that officer's death. Those great big boys who started out with no hatred in their hearts, not even for the enemy,—men who would have preferred boxing gloves with which to fight, rather than sword and gun,—now for the first time tasted bitter hatred, and that hatred was for the enemy.

In the next issue "Doc" Wells will tell of his further experiences in the trenches.



CABINLAND

Vol. 2

Published Monthly by the
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No. 6

JUNE, 1928

My Riches

By NANCY BUCKLEY

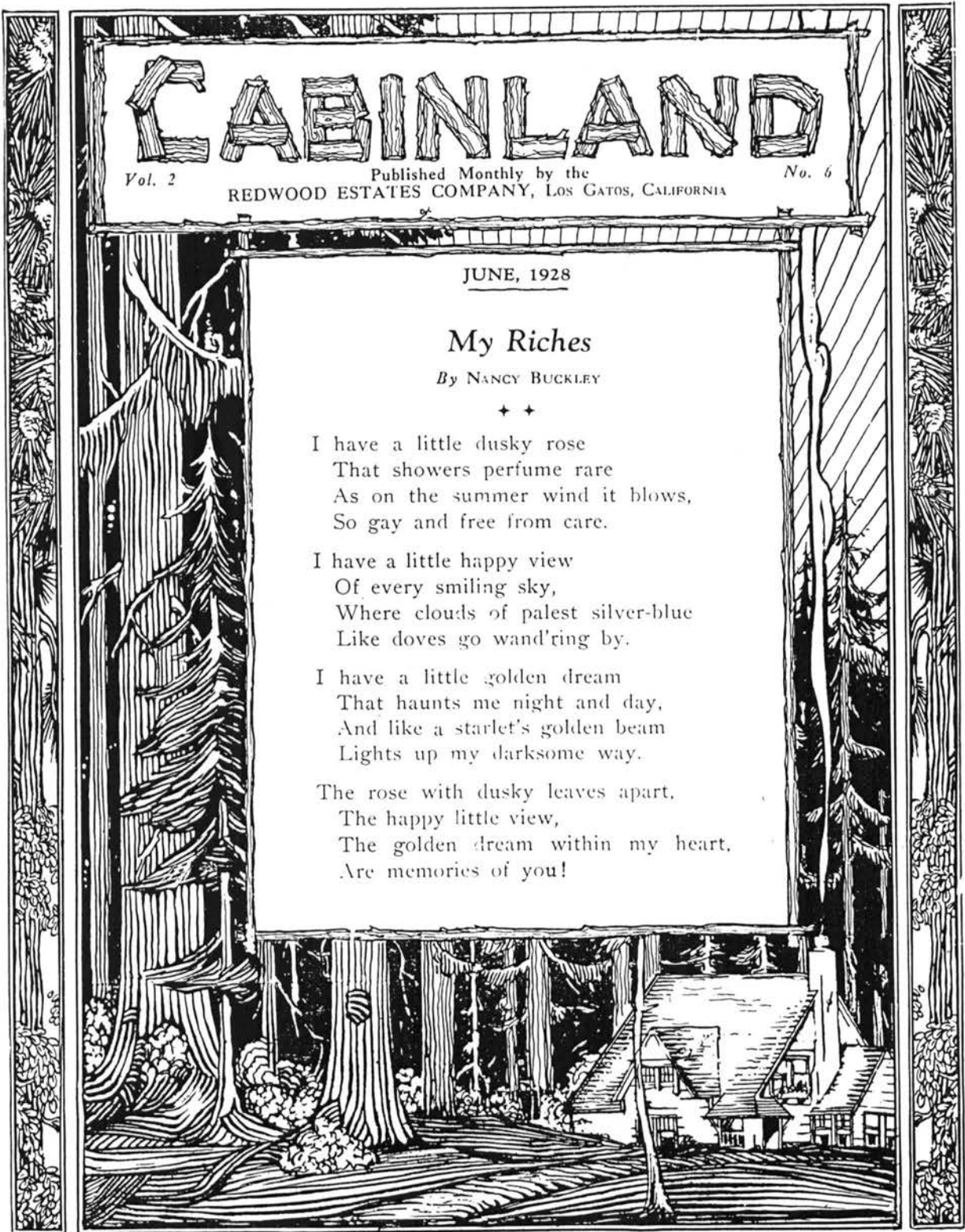
♦ ♦

I have a little dusky rose
That showers perfume rare
As on the summer wind it blows,
So gay and free from care.

I have a little happy view
Of every smiling sky,
Where clouds of palest silver-blue
Like doves go wand'ring by.

I have a little golden dream
That haunts me night and day,
And like a starlet's golden beam
Lights up my darksome way.

The rose with dusky leaves apart,
The happy little view,
The golden dream within my heart,
Are memories of you!





Ten Years Ago



TEN YEARS AGO, if you will recall, people thought real estate prices way "out of sight".

Consider prices of that same real estate today—look around and see the men who have made fortunes out of it, paying the "high prices" ten years ago.

THINK! What will this same real estate be selling for ten years hence? Isn't it a fact that people from the cities are going to the country for week-ends and vacations in ever greater numbers each year? Also, haven't you noticed hundreds of signs "Private — Keep Off?"

What does it mean? Won't the demand send prices of all such real estate skyward? Why not select a mountain cabin site for your own now on easy terms, enjoy it, and have the satisfaction of watching your investment increase in value year by year? Drop us a line.

REDWOOD ESTATES

LOS GATOS



Cabinland

The Magazine of the REDWOOD ESTATES in the Santa Cruz Mountains
Published by the Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos, California

HARRY W. GRASSLE, Editor

Vol. 2

JUNE, 1928

No. 6

Service

By HARRY W. GRASSLE

Our success as well as the success of any organization is based on SERVICE.

We feel a tremendous responsibility to all of our owners at Redwood Estates. To give you an idea of how far we go to see you get the service we want you to get, I'm going to quote at random from some of our bulletins to our sales representatives.

"Are you making the most of the effort which you have expended in securing a prospect and selling him? When you have sold your prospect and have pocketed the commission, are you letting that end your relations with this client? If you are, then you are losing at least 50% of the results that you should obtain from a given amount of labor and time.

"In the first place, you have sold our property very badly, if you have not gained your client's perfect confidence, and make him feel that he can rely upon you to give him sound advice at any time; so that he will come to you for information regarding any real estate investment that is presented him for consideration. Every prospect that you sell, will, if he is properly sold, buy again before Redwood Estates is sold out; but the greatest value that your client has for you is in his friends, and his recommendation to them of the property which you are selling.

"A salesman who is a faithful worker and who is honest can make money in the real estate business, and in a rapidly growing city

can make it faster perhaps, than in any other business.

"There is but one way to actually **earn** money, and that is to **render service**. Whoever can wisely advise purchasers of Real Estate where or when to buy, or whoever can induce people to make wise purchases of realty, is capable of rendering genuine service. **Such work is not only profitable service, it is honorable service; it is necessary service.**

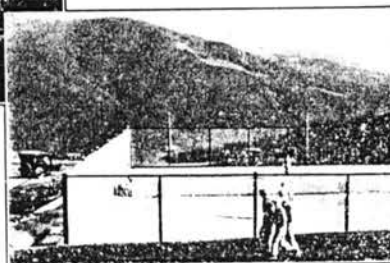
"Never make the mistake of neglecting a customer after a deal has been closed. If you do you will probably learn that he has bought more property from some one else. You can often sell the same customer over and over. You will be most likely to do this if you have always told him the **absolute truth** about the property and given him service in the matter of reliable information, notification of taxes due, and other things that show you have an interest in him, and desire to be of service regardless of commissions.

"A live real estate salesman is always learning new facts that have a bearing on property values. Go back occasionally to your old customers, and keep them informed of new developments that affect

their purchases.

"Make a friend of every customer by rendering him **disinterested service.**"

We are discriminating in selecting people to represent us and being human we have made some mistakes and have let men go here and there when we found they did not measure up. You will find that all of our force is anxious to serve you. You may feel free to call on them for the service you are entitled to.



Chronological History of REDWOOD ESTATES

Discovery of Oil — The Redwoods

By C. A. PHLEGER

CHAPTER 6

A quarter mile before the motorist reaches the Dutch Windmill marking the entrance to REDWOOD ESTATES, the highway from Los Gatos crosses a narrow ravine crouching between the great hills which rear themselves abruptly on either side. This ravine is called "Moody Gulch" and from early Spanish times the creek flowing in this mountain gorge has been called "Oil Creek". Few realize that in excess of 250,000 barrels of high grade paraffine base oil have been taken out of wells drilled in this ravine.

The first well was drilled in 1878 by Robert C. McPherson, an experienced oil man from Pennsylvania, who came to California in 1873. The records show that it brought in a substantial production of high grade oil.

The second well drilled in October, 1879, to a depth of 800 feet was called "Moody" No. 2. It pumped thirty barrels per day, and produced high grade oil during over forty-five years of uninterrupted flow.

Perhaps the most important among the number of wells drilled was "Moody" No. 4, sunk in August and September 1880. At a depth of 1085 feet this well flowed over one hundred barrels per day. During the first ten days of production, over one thousand and twenty-five barrels were produced.

From its inception the crude oil produced in Moody Gulch has been of unusually high grade. The average depth of the wells is between 800 and 1000 feet.

Within recent months a new well has been brought in which pumps thirty barrels of paraffine base oil daily. The derrick is close to the northern boundry line of the REDWOOD ESTATES, in fact many persons believe that the oil dome is on the REDWOOD ESTATES and that the production in Moody Gulch is from seepage.

The Spaniards were the first to log the Redwood forests of the Santa Cruz Mountains but their cuttings were very small. Sometime about the year 1851 A. D. small mills were started up, and as soon as the growth of San Francisco developed a market, more companies and better methods came

in. Most of the Redwoods cut were between 400 and 800 years old. The trees were not cut down with an axe but sawed through and sometimes a tree remained standing after the trunk had been severed from the stump and had to be wedged over.

Most of the giant Redwoods in the Santa Cruz Mountains, with the exception of those in the REDWOOD ESTATES have been included in the Government Parks.

The foliage of the Redwood has an aromatic odor that brings suggestions of the Spice Islands of the Indies. Redwood possesses qualities which fit it for many uses. In color it shades from light cherry to dark mahogany. Its grain is unusually straight, fine and even. It is easily worked, takes a beautiful polish, and is the most desirable of the coniferous woods of California. It resists decay so well that trees which have laid 500 years in the forest have been sent to the mill and cut into lumber.

Some years ago, the late Professor Dudley of Stanford university wrote a "Life History of a Redwood Tree". The tree in question was about fifteen feet in diameter five feet above the ground, a little larger than the famous "Padre" on the REDWOOD ESTATES. The tree was 270 feet in height and over 2000 years old. The count of rings on a redwood tree felled in another part of the forest showed that the tree began life at least five hundred years before the birth of Christ when wild roving tribes inhabited the lands now known as Germany, France and England.

Among the relics of the cave man that have been found in Europe are pieces of redwood trees and the Petrified Forests of Arizona are supposed to be the remains of Sequoia Forests which went down to the "Primeval Sea", were covered with sandstone and rose again.

Some idea of the great age and size of the Redwoods in the Santa Cruz Mountains may be gained by a comparison with trees in other parts of the world. It is said that in

(Continued on Page 6) •



AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

By "Doc" WELLS

In the last issue of "Cabinland" I urged you to get your name in for your favorite sport, and so far the response has been somewhat disappointing to me, only 14 names have been turned in, and folks, I simply want more names! and that's that. So please get busy and arrange for your favorite summer sport before the season starts, and no kidding, it's right here.

Now, as far as my advice regarding "getting you dancing pumps dusted off" why that went over BIG, because our Saturday night crowds have been increasing very rapidly indeed, and why shouldn't they? Simply because we have been having **real orchestra music** (remember! I promised it!) for the past five weeks, and oh! how the bunch have been enjoying themselves! Well, if you missed it, its only yourself that's to blame. However, don't get discouraged; that same good time is going to continue, so all you have to do is to come next Saturday night and get in the "Swim".

Did I say "Swim"? I guess the reason for my using that word is because the big mountain swimming pool is now open and I am getting a "great kick" out of the fun and enjoyment daily indulged in by our big family. Say, listen, boys and girls! Haven't you enjoyed the beneficial stimulus of a **plunge** in our big **pure, soft, spring-mountain-water-filled** bathing pool yet? If not you have missed something, and I don't mean maybe! **Remember**, I want some good swimmers to make up the **Redwood Estates Swimming Club**. Are you it? Or have you got IT? Well, I'll look you over if you will



PERSONALS

By "CHARLIE"

DeMolay of San Jose, 150 strong, enjoyed swimming, a picnic lunch and dance at **Redwood Estates** last Friday, May 25th.

Mrs. Annie H. T. Sherman of San Jose has now taken up permanent residence at **Redwood Estates**.

Mr. Mooney and family of Calistoga are spending the summer at **Redwood Estates**.

Rev. Benjamin Ewald of Sunnyvale has retired from active service and has established a permanent home among us.

Miss Colton of San Jose is spending her vacation as a guest of Mrs. Odium.

The Gyro Club of San Francisco held its fine annual picnic at **Redwood Estates** on Wednesday, May 30th. Club members and their families, about 125 in all, enjoyed the facilities for recreation at **Redwood Estates** and engaged Mr. John Huber of San Jose, one of our Cabinsite owners, to do the catering which included a big outdoor barbecue.

The **Redwood Estates** and **Burrell** Sunday School also enjoyed an all-day outing at **Redwood Estates** on Memorial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of Los Angeles have rented a "Casebuilt" cabin from Mr. Lawrence Case, the builder, for the summer.

Among those who will vacation at **Redwood Estates** during the summer are the Duffy Players from the President Theatre, S. F.

Miss Gertrude French of the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, is spending her vacation at **Redwood Estates**.

only "Get in the swim".

Well, au revoir 'till next issue.



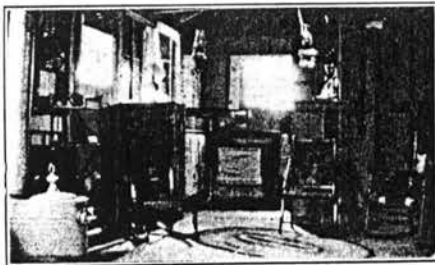
IMPORTANT !

WATER CONNECTIONS, SEPTIC TANKS

All plumbers doing work at REDWOOD ESTATES have been advised of the following regulations governing plumbing at REDWOOD ESTATES, and we take this opportunity to advise our owners. Please call our attention to any inferior workmanship as the plumbing at REDWOOD ESTATES is just as important to the health of yourself and others as it is in your own home.

1. No connections are to be made without permit from the Tract Superintendent.
2. No Septic Tanks are to be installed without a similar permit.
3. A simple gate valve with handle attached must be placed just off the road, same to be enclosed by a box made of 2 inch redwood and readily accessible. We suggest that this valve be shut off if cabin is left unoccupied for any length of time.
4. Cuts in roads must be immediately refilled, wet and thoroughly tamped; and such cuts must be no larger than necessary.
5. Septic Tanks must conform with regulations of the State Board of Health—concrete preferred.
6. Any leaks that may develop must be promptly repaired, and no faucets are to be left running, or water will be shut off. Faucets with detachable keys are suggested to prevent tampering.

Your cooperation in maintaining a high standard of sanitation at REDWOOD ESTATES will be appreciated and reciprocated. Take up any question with the Tract Superintendent, Mr. E. W. Taylor, or advise the Head Office.



Delightful Interior
REDWOOD ESTATES CABIN
of DR. FRANC LUCILE HARD

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS AT REDWOOD ESTATES



We have just received a very nice letter from Mr. Harry Palludan, sending us the photograph which appears on this page; and decided to mention it in "Cabinland".

Mr. Palludan visited Los Gatos and the Santa Cruz Mountains seeking health, having been ill for a long time, and finally located at Redwood Estates. He has now completed a bungalow-cabin and taken up his permanent residence at REDWOOD ESTATES, where he spends his time in "plenty of sunshine and fresh air, in the beautiful mountains".

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF REDWOOD ESTATESS

(Continued from Page 4)

Europe there is no tree that can be proved to be more than 800 years old. Some of the tallest trees in Great Britain are the "Queen Beech" at Askridge Park, 135 feet high and the silver firs at Luss, Loch Lomond, 121 feet high. The average maximum height of the larger redwoods in the Santa Cruz Mountains is from 225 feet on the slopes to 350 feet on the flats.

In the next issue, Mr. Phleger will tell about the Early Social Life in the Santa Cruz Mountains.



STORY OF WORLD WAR

By SERGEANT FRED F. "Doc" WELLS

CHAPTER VI.

Our turn soon came to take a position in the front line trench. Our hearts beat fast and our breath came short and quick as we followed our guide. Stray bullets shrieked wickedly past and in the distance, star shells, like rockets on the Fourth of July, illuminated the road and trenches. Everybody would lie down quickly while the bullets whizzed over us. Then when the flare lights died down we got up and went on. Our station was beside some English soldiers and from them we learned the ins and outs of this kind of warfare.

We were up to our knees in water and mud and it was so dark and quiet that it was decidedly spooky. After my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I could see shadowy forms standing like statues on the parapet, straining their eyes and ears across No Man's Land to make out what the enemy was doing. When I tried to talk, I couldn't raise my voice above a whisper, and when a bullet sang over the trench, I found myself wishing I could duck down lower.

Presently I was instructed to go with an officer and learn how to put up barbed wire. We came to a ladder placed against the parapet. The officer went up without any hesitation. However, a number of bullets were whizzing overhead so I paused for a moment and looked around. Some English "Tommies" were watching me, wondering no doubt just what I would do. So I drew in a big, deep breath, like you would when getting ready for a dive, and started up that ladder. I stood on top of the parapet with my eyes shut. When I got courage to open them, I looked all around. All I could see was a dark void in front of me. I followed the officer out into No Man's Land about forty or fifty yards, which was practically half way between our

lines and those of the enemy. At this point the trenches were only a little over a hundred yards apart. We hadn't been out there long before a flare light went up and broke into a bright ball of fire, which illuminated No Man's Land almost as brightly as day. The enemy must have seen us, for immediately a machine gun started to bark and several bullets passed over our heads. The officer had had previous experience of being under fire and so he flopped into a shell hole. All I could do was to stand rooted to the spot. After the light had died out, the officer remarked to me, "Sergeant, you were remarkably cool for the first time under fire." And I said, "I don't mind telling you the

truth, sir. I was too doggone scared to move. That's why!" The remainder of our tour of inspection of the wire was without incident. We had three working parties out that night, and we could also hear the Germans working out in front of their trenches. I was surprised that there was not more shooting, but the officer told me that the Saxons were in front of us, and that they rarely fired on working parties. But when the Prussians were in, it was a case of keep under cover all the time.

At about midnight, the Germans shouted across, "Hello, Canadians." At that time it was a mystery to us how they ever found out we were there. But later, a number of telephones with underground wires

were discovered in old barns behind our lines, operated by supposedly Belgian farmers, but who were in reality spies left behind by the Germans during their retreat, and this no doubt solved the mystery of their knowledge of our presence there.

Next month "Doc" will tell some more of his experiences.

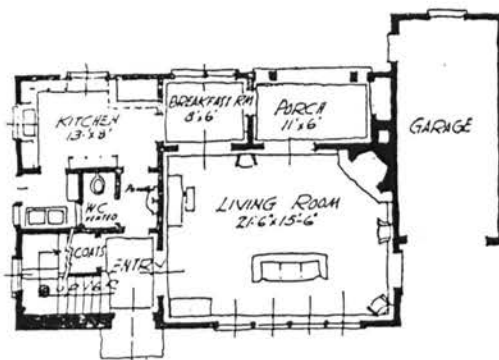
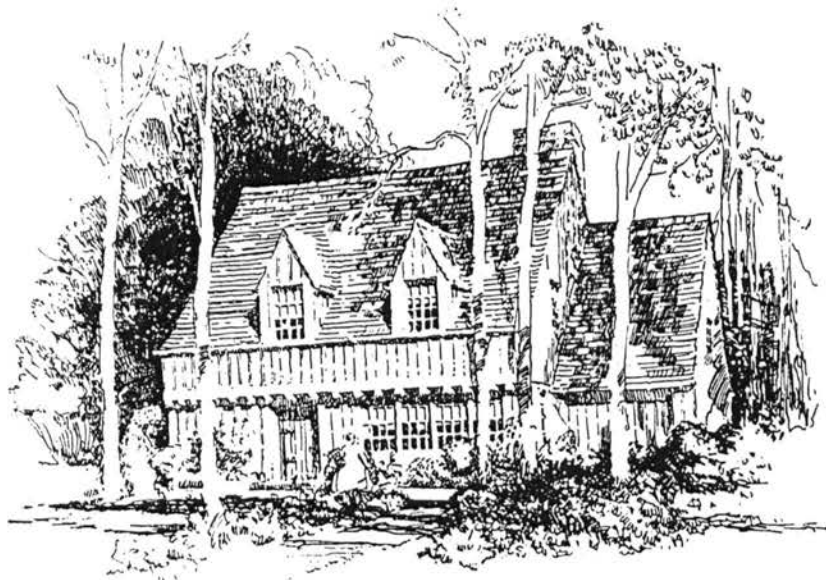
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*A
paradise for
the Kiddies*
**REDWOOD
ESTATES**
In the Santa Cruz Mountains

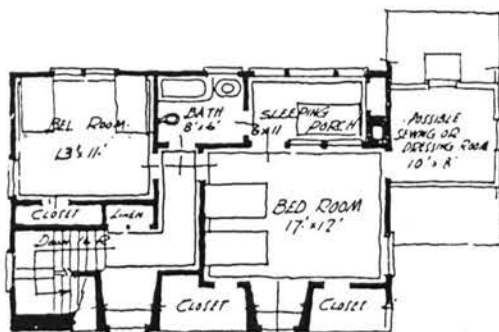


Mountain Chateau

10001



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

THE smaller cabins enjoy greater popularity at REDWOOD ESTATES, but in response to numerous requests we are publishing plans for something larger this month in the "Chateau" pictured on this page.

Many REDWOOD ESTATES owners spend the entire Summer vacation there as well as numerous week ends during the year. For families so doing, and for those who entertain house guests extensively, the "Chateau" becomes ideal.

The drawing and floor plan pictured on this page are thru the courtesy of the California Redwood Association, San Francisco. Many delightful plans are available from this source to those interested.

Ideally suited to Redwood. Roof and walls are well proportioned to effect spaciousness, emphasized by the second story overhang with the corbels and the generous sweep of the roof.

Surpassing color possibilities—walls in natural color and roof of irregularly laid and colored sawn Redwood shakes with slate green predominating; sash in white.

