

# CABINLAND

Vol. 2

Published Monthly by the  
REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

No. 7

JULY, 1928

## California Redwoods

California, California,

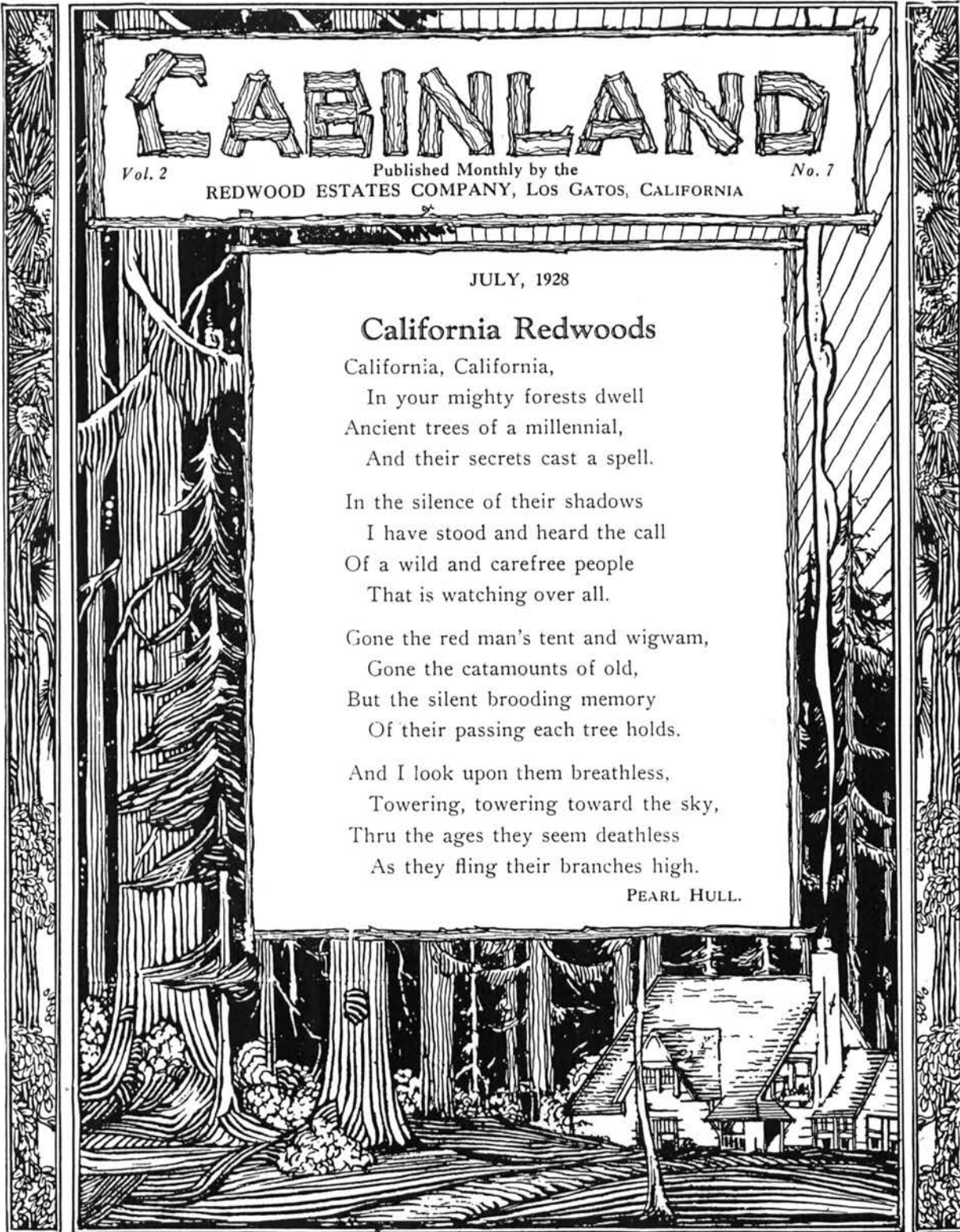
In your mighty forests dwell  
Ancient trees of a millennial,  
And their secrets cast a spell.

In the silence of their shadows  
I have stood and heard the call  
Of a wild and carefree people  
That is watching over all.

Gone the red man's tent and wigwam,  
Gone the catamounts of old,  
But the silent brooding memory  
Of their passing each tree holds.

And I look upon them breathless,  
Towering, towering toward the sky,  
Thru the ages they seem deathless  
As they fling their branches high.

PEARL HULL.



# 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

VOLUME 2

JULY, 1928

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## Around the Campfire

By "Doc" Wells

Look! What is that shaft of flame that cleaves the surrounding darkness, and shoots like a fiery dart skyward? What are those shadowy forms that circle the quickly brightening and expanding mound of fire? Why, folks, like George Washington, I cannot tell a lie—that's our first big bonfire of the season which, due to the late coming of darkness, has been changed from Saturday nights to Sunday night and last Sunday night a large crowd gathered "Around the Camp - fire," and like the "good old times" of last year, enjoyed a "good old-fashioned" commu-



ABOVE—Los Gatos Creek, in the canyon below you, rushes on its way to San Francisco Bay, as you travel along the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz highway (right) toward REDWOOD ESTATES and Monterey Bay.

This comparatively short stretch of highway (about twenty-eight miles) is said to hold more natural beauty for the traveler than any similar highway situated so close to large centers of population. It is a military road connecting the Presidio of San Francisco with the Presidio of Monterey. Much publicity has been given its

nity entertainment. Ever so many of the "old gang" were there—which pleased me greatly—and I am hoping to have the pleasure of seeing a hundred more new faces around the circle each and every Sunday. Thanks to Mr. Ricci (the Caruso of Redwood Estates), Mrs. Annie Sherman and others, the family were greatly entertained with solo, reading and recitation numbers.

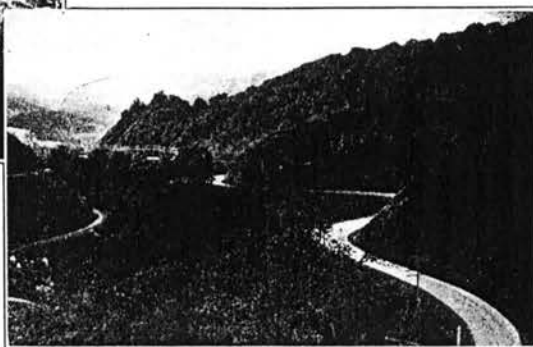
The day being "Father's Day," Mrs. Odium, our beloved librarian, read a poem of her own composition entitled "To Father," which was well received and heartily applauded.

Now then, folks, let's all get together and make our weekly bon-fires still a greater success than last year. Bring your friends—your musical instruments—your voices, and, last and of most importance—bring your "PEP"—don't come without it—if you do you are going to

feel out of place, 'cause this family sure has "it" when it is necessary to "pep" things up, and we need you and your talent.

Au revoir!

—Doc.



beauties in California advertising.

As many as 26,000 cars pass thru Los Gatos on an average Sunday or holiday to travel this road, and the new Skyline Boulevard, when opened, is expected to increase this number considerably. REDWOOD ESTATES lies between and fronts on these two great highways.



## CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF REDWOOD ESTATES

### Social Life - Landmarks - The Wood Teams

By C. A. Phleger  
CHAPTER 7.

REDWOOD ESTATES was for many years the country home of Gustave Heuter, the California pioneer, and during his time was the center of much of the social life of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The estate during this period was called "The Mountain Spring Ranch."

Bespeaking his great popularity, over five hundred of his friends from Los Gatos, San Jose and the surrounding country serenaded him on July 10th, 1890. A brass band of fifteen pieces played in the redwood grove which had been fitted up with a dance platform. Wreaths of ivy mingled with red and white roses festooned the grove, and from the branches hung bird cages. Ever and anon the shrill notes of the golden warblers blended in complete harmony with the soul-stirring strains from the band on the platform. This was only one of numerous such occasions when the people of the countryside showed their appreciation of Mr. Heuter's open-handed hospitality.

It was a common occurrence to have ten or fifteen friends drop in on a Sunday to spend the day in the redwood grove or walk the trails. Light refreshments with a glass of wine or beer set off the occasion. Edison wax cylinder records, or a hand organ with perforated rolls, supplied an accompaniment for popular songs of the day. The violin lent its sweet strains to the ensemble.

The woodland trails were always a source of inspiration to the visitor because in addition to the wild beauty of the mountains, there were numerous interesting places to explore within easy strolling distance. Chief among them was the great sandstone cave which had been occupied many many years before by a deserter from the United States Navy at Monterey. The inscription, "A MAIN, 1854," could easily be de-

ciphered on the walls. Its narrow entrance hid a large vaulted chamber which had undoubtedly been fashioned by the action of the sea in some prehistoric age when the ocean covered all of what is now the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Also of interest were the "Siamese Twins," redwood trees which had been discovered by Mr. Heuter as he walked through the forest. By some freak of nature these two large trees had grown together some distance above the

ground and then separated again into two leafy spires. These unique trees were offered to the Midwinter Fair, which was held in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, in 1894. The offer was much appreciated but due to the almost unsurmountable difficulty in transporting them, it could not be accepted.

Another landmark was the Eagle's Nest, built high in a great redwood tree and visible

for a great distance. If it so happened that the visitor was walking the trails in autumn he would see myriads of wild pigeons which came each year to eat the red berries of the madrone tree.

The redwood stump near the highway mounted with the bear and umbrella was dedicated to the Order of Native Sons in honor of the four Heuter boys, all born in California. This monument was shot at by two intoxicated butchers from Santa Cruz and these men were later arrested and found guilty at a trial in San Jose. The penalty was fifty dollars a shot, or a total fine of one hundred and fifty dollars. The grand officers of the Native Sons assisted in the arrest and conviction of these vandals.

Mr. Heuter installed watering troughs and drinking fountains along the road for the public use, and these were regular stopping places for the great wood teams which were common sights during this period.



## "Among Ourselves"

Here is something we want every man, woman and child at REDWOOD ESTATES to know—two pages in Cabinland each month just for the owners themselves. Many poems, articles and photographs are sent us and we have decided to devote the center section to their publication each month.

This will interest you, we know—more so if each of YOU will send in comments and photographs of general interest to all. Photographs of your cabins, yourselves and your activities at REDWOOD ESTATES are particularly interesting.

An appropriate beginning for "Among Ourselves" we feel is the poem on Page 5 expressing the sentiment of one of our owners. "California Redwoods," on the front cover, is also a contribution by one of "our own." Have YOU a poem or a story?

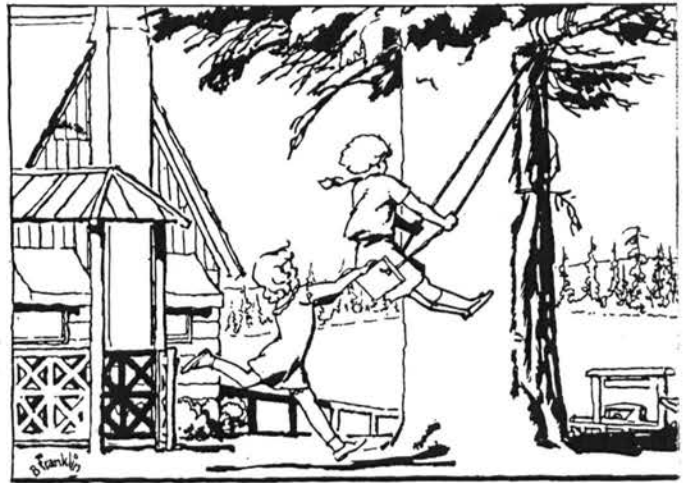
Annie Lauri Lutzi, who was Secretary of the Company at San Francisco from the time it started, has accepted a position with Nevada Hills Mining Company, San Francisco, Stock Transfer Department, having become interested in that line of work. Her many friends among our owners, as well as the Company, will miss her cheerful and efficient presence; but all wish her success in the new work she has undertaken.

Mrs. Martin Joyce of San Francisco, with her three children and three of their friends, are spending their vacation at REDWOOD ESTATES.

Miss Blanche Erwin, formerly Secretary to Mr. R. M. Hardin, realtor of San Francisco, has accepted a like position at our Head Office, Los Gatos.

One hundred fifty students from the San Jose State Teachers College enjoyed a picnic, swimming, dancing and various sports at REDWOOD ESTATES recently. A number of the faculty accompanied the students.

A fine letter of thanks was received from San Jose Assembly No. 5, Order of the Rainbow for Girls, for the use of REDWOOD ESTATES facilities for a picnic recently. The Rainbow Girls were accompanied by the De Molay Boys and expressed the hope that they might be allowed to visit REDWOOD ESTATES again—and they will be.



"REDWOOD ESTATES"—Healthful Recreation for the whole family.

On account of the increase in business at the head office and the need of an experienced person to take care of it, we found it necessary to bring Mrs. Margaret C. Wilkens from the San Jose Office to the Head Office to handle this work.

For the convenience of our owners we have printed on the back page an excerpt from a recent timetable of Peerless Stages, Inc., whose stages now stop regularly at REDWOOD ESTATES.



LEFT — A frequent and delightful visitor at REDWOOD ESTATES, Miss Zella Thais O'Rourke — and an owner, too!

BELOW—Cozy mountain cabin of Anna Belle K. Willson, San Jose, on Redwood Drive.





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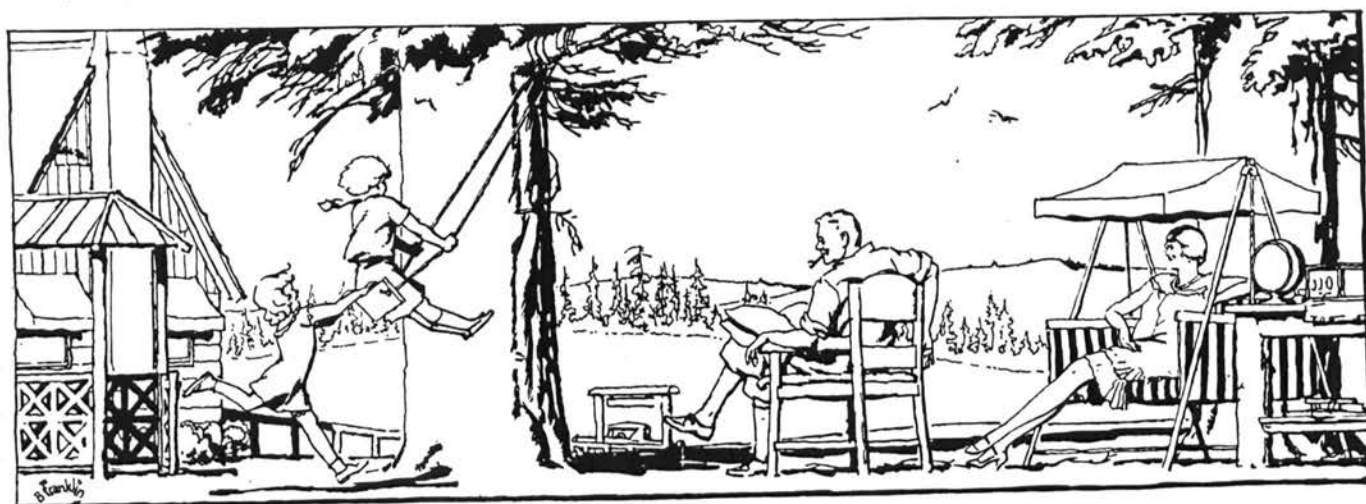
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## Redwood Estates

We are happy out in the mountains,  
We are happy by the sea;  
But Redwood Estates ever charming,  
We're happier far in thee.

Gaily we camp out in the mountains,  
We sojourn down by the sea;  
But Redwood Estates, most enticing,  
A cabin we own in thee.

We love our camp out in the mountains,  
Our cottage down by the sea;  
But Redwood Estates thy cabinette,  
Is best loved of the three.



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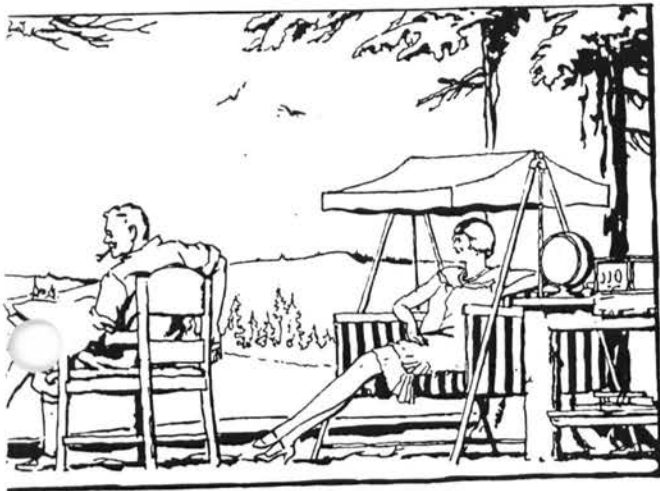


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We are hunters out in the mountains,  
We are anglers by the sea;  
But Redwood Estates ever tranquil,  
We're content to rest in thee.

We love the sunrise in the mountains,  
And the sunset o'er the sea;  
But Redwood Estates, most enchanting,  
We love them the more in thee.

Wondrous is the moonshine on the mountains,  
And the starlight on the sea;  
But, O! Redwood Estates, bewitching,  
Both more wondrous are in thee.

There's magic out in the mountains,  
There's allurements by the sea;  
But Redwood Estates, so amazing,  
They're both enhanced in thee.

We love the grandeur of the mountains,  
The majestic, foaming sea;  
But, dear Redwood Estates so peaceful,  
Our hearts are content in thee.

So we leave the inspiring mountains,  
Turn our backs upon the sea;  
And with joy speed home our footsteps,  
Our Own Redwood Estates to thee.

—M. E. D.

RIGHT — Sample cabin built by I. G. Hasbrouck, builder, at REDWOOD ESTATES, for the contract price of \$465.00

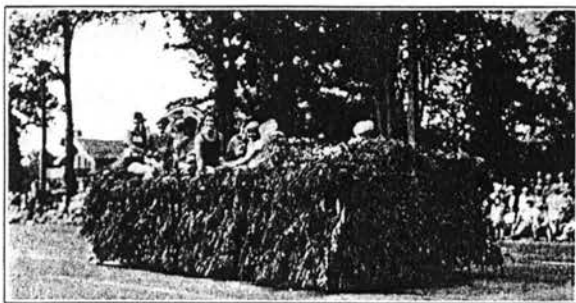
BELOW—Attractive cabin being completed on Madrone Drive by Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Pickle of San Jose.



## Fiesta De Las Rosas - San Jose The Los Gatos Annual Pageant

**R**EDWOOD ESTATES is day by day becoming better and more favorably known, which is due in a measure to the enthusiasm with which its organization enters into the spirit of community festivals and celebrations.

Below is a photograph of the float entered in the Fiesta de las Rosas Parade at San Jose recently. This photograph does not do the float justice as it is impossible to bring out the wonderful coloring. The float was made up of Redwood boughs with the words "REDWOOD ESTATES" in bright orange marigolds grown at REDWOOD ESTATES on either side, and the word "Cabinland" across the front and rear in American Beauty roses. Seated in the float were beautiful ladies and girls from REDWOOD ESTATES dressed in costumes symbolizing the outdoor sports at REDWOOD ESTATES. Needless to say, the float "took" immensely with the crowds lining the streets of San Jose.

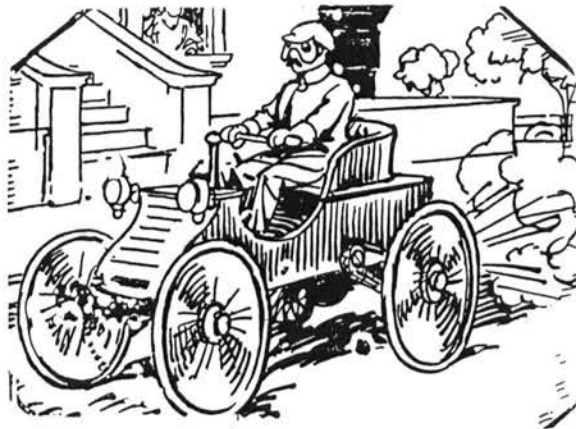


Visitors at Los Gatos during the week of June 17th-23rd, observed this little City of the Foot-hills profusely decorated in honor of the Tenth Annual Los Gatos Pageant "Tahsilda," which took place June 22nd and 23rd. This colorful pageant, written and produced by Los Gatos people, dealing with a legend of India, was exceedingly well attended and marks another triumph in pageants which have made Los Gatos famous.

The Los Gatos Office of REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY displayed its quota of decorations and many members of our organization took active part in pageant work as well as the play itself.



## Redwood Estates and



## Your Old Car

**W**HAT has the old car to do with REDWOOD ESTATES—and this old car? Just this: If the old car pictured above were the only car you had today, you could still enjoy an easy and delightful journey to REDWOOD ESTATES.

Los Gatos—everyone knows Los Gatos and where it is—is where all roads converge to enter the Los Gatos canyon and thus over the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz State Highway to REDWOOD ESTATES and the Coast.

A drive anywhere in the vicinity of Los Gatos will repay you in beautiful scenery and happy miles over wonderful roads. Such a trip would not be complete, however, unless you included historical, winding, Los Gatos canyon, and a picnic among the redwoods at REDWOOD ESTATES.

See for yourself. Take the family your first free day and drive leisurely through the famous Santa Clara Valley to Los Gatos, thence up the canyon to REDWOOD ESTATES for lunch. Enjoy REDWOOD ESTATES recreational facilities, the trees, the invigorating air, inspiring vistas and pure sparkling cold spring water—we wager you'll like it and want more of it as hundreds of others have and will. Try this for a carefree, healthful day, and STOP AT THE WINDMILL just six miles above picturesque LOS GATOS.

## The Story of the World War - by Sergeant "Doc" Wells

### CHAPTER VII

You will remember that in a previous chapter I told you that we Canadians had been learning the gentle art of trench warfare under the supervision of the English soldiers. We now received word that the Canadians were to take over a line of trenches by themselves as a division. This met with the approval of every man, because we felt that we were by this time sufficiently versed in the art of fighting to hold our own against the enemy's best troops. So we got busy cleaning rifles, packing kits, and every inhabited farmhouse for miles around (and they were few in number) was visited and all the bread and eggs obtainable were purchased by our men. Little bundles of wood were tied together for fires in the trenches. Then we were ready to take over our new position in the front line.

Once more we moved off. Our orders were to cross the Belgian border into France. We arrived at a small town, but it was necessary to lie low there because the enemy was directing heavy shell fire on the main roads out of this town. After a few hours we were able to proceed and arrived late at night after a seven-hour march. Here we received orders to go into the trenches the following night.

We found these trenches in very poor condition. They were half full of water and with only a mud parapet. We at once set to work to make them more comfortable by building dugouts, pumping out water, and sandbagging the parapet, which was not at all an easy task. It was a case of work all night and sleep, if you could, in the daytime, but as this was considered a quiet part of the line we managed to fare pretty well as far as sleep was concerned.

During our stay here the enemy, with a few exceptions, paid little attention to our front line, confining his operations to our reserves and the building in the rear. Only a narrow strip of ground known as the "cabbage patch" separated our trench from theirs. In fact, the enemy was too close to give us any feeling of comfort, so we kept a sharp lookout all the time.

Each platoon furnished two men for "Listening Post." These men at dusk would crawl over

the top and about forty yards out in No Man's Land beyond our barbed wire and lie in a shell hole from two to four hours at a time, after which they would be relieved by two other men. Their duty was to keep a sharp lookout and listen for any movement on the enemy's part. A cord attached to one of the men led back to the trench, where a special sentry was detailed to hold it, so that a signal might be given by a jerk of the cord. One jerk meant that the enemy was showing signs of activity; two, they

were lining their parapet; three, that the Listening Post was coming in. As a "non-com" it was my duty to take these men out to the post position, also to visit them three or four times during the night. This was a job that I did not relish, because bullets were constantly flying in all directions out there, and many a narrow escape I had from time to time.

By bailing and pumping constantly we managed to keep our trench fairly dry. We were given knee-high rubber boots, but as the water often was higher than our knees, the boots were of little benefit to us. In fact, after spending three or four days in the trenches, the men on getting back to the billets, often found it necessary to

cut the rubber boots off their feet with a knife, their feet having swollen so badly and become like sponges. Following this it took several days before they could comfortably wear their regular boots. From time to time we were issued tins of grease with which we were supposed to rub our feet to prevent what was at that time known as "trench feet."

The third night we were relieved by another battalion and were glad indeed to get out for a rest. Three days in the trenches left you soft and flabby, your pack seemed to weigh a ton, and the billet only a mile away, seemed a hundred miles. But as each man passed around the end of a big wall known as the "convent wall," all that remained of a one-time beautiful French convent, he sighed with relief. He had done another trick in and was coming out alive. We always thought of that and wondered if the next relief would find us passing that wall, or if we would be lying beyond it. (To be Continued)



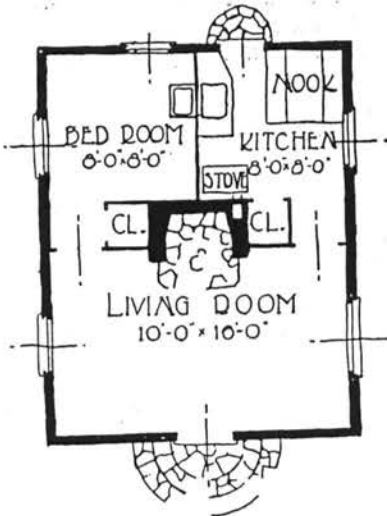
*Others have  
found the secret  
of joyful living*

**REDWOOD  
ESTATES**

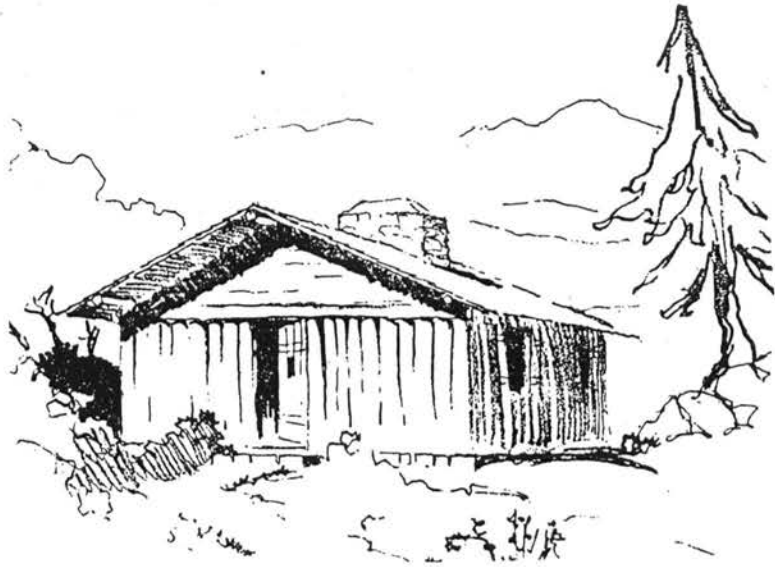
*In the Santa Cruz Mountains*







Clifford A. Truesdell,  
Architect



## A Real Mountain Cabin

IN SHARP contrast to the "Mountain Chateau" pictured on this page last month, we have shown a little mountain cabin, for which REDWOOD ESTATES provides an ideal setting, as a suggestion for your consideration this month.

Intentionally built roughly, this little cabin boasts a large living room, fireplace, bedroom, two closets, kitchen and nook, at an architect's cost estimate of only \$450. Unfortunately, the bath has been omitted from this design, but we have been advised that this needed feature could be added at slight cost back of the bedroom. By grading and flagging a small area just in front of the cabin, a delightful alternative for a porch could be provided.

These cabin suggestions are provided by California Redwood Association, San Francisco, from whom complete sets of plans may be obtained at very low cost.

E. P. BURMAN

*Builder*



Alterations and repairs.

Plans furnished to meet your requirements and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office on Madrone Drive, REDWOOD ESTATES, near the Pavilion. See me and save money.

### PEERLESS STAGES, Inc.

Effective June 6, 1928  
Read Down

#### TIME SCHEDULE

Subject to Change Without Notice  
Read Up

4.40	1.20	10.00	7.20	6.00	Lv.	Oakland	Ar.	11.50	3.10	5.50	9.05	10.40
6.45	3.15	11.55	9.30	8.15	Lv.	San Jose	Ar.	9.40	1.10	3.55	7.10	8.40
7.15	3.45	12.25	10.00	8.45	Lv.	Los Gatos	Lv.	9.10	12.40	3.25	6.40	8.10
7.33	4.03	12.43	10.18	9.03	Lv.	REDWOOD ESTATES	Lv.	8.51	12.21	3.06	6.21	7.51



# CABINLAND

Vol. 2

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REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

No. 8

AUGUST, 1928



"Where the Quiet End of Evening Smiles"

A spirited horse, a winding road, the declining sun, air like wine, and every way you turn a vista of enchanting loveliness.  
—Lawton photo.



## A "Wow" of a Picnic Suggestion

HARRY W. GRASSLE

The suggestion of a picnic in the woods always is a popular suggestion. It is a form of frolicking that is enjoyed by all members of the family, and it is an outdoor sport that never loses its "kick."

What to bring to eat never is a problem. The main concern being to pack enough for the long-shoreman type of appetite that a picnic develops. But WHERE to picnic is a question that is apt to precipitate a discussion.

One place that is suggested involves too long a trip. Another suggestion is panned because it doesn't afford the privacy that folks want when they fare forth to act in the open, just as they do at home. Many a picnic project has been smashed up right there.

So here we come along with one of those nifty suggestions that makes you say: "I wonder why I never thought of that?" The suggestion is this — that you hold your next picnic at REDWOOD ESTATES!

For picnicking, as in so many other ways, Redwood Estates "has everything." It is just exactly remote enough from San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose to afford that long ways from home sensation that adds zest to going off for a picnic, and yet "close in" enough to allow a nice big slice of the day for frolicking and relaxing. The woodiness of our tract supplies just the setting that a picnic calls for, and we can pack away a hundred picnics without any group being aware that anybody else had the same idea for that day.

As you know, we have a magnificently equipped barbecue, and with the swimming pool and the dance pavilion, well, along about here you surely must be ejaculating, "Why, it's just perfect for picnicking!"

Then you have the important factor that at Redwood Estates everything is clean and sanitary. The water is absolutely pure and everything is kept in such spick and span state that you are not confronted by the ghosts of those who picnicked before you. The ghosts being the litter of papers, broken bottles and left-over food that so commonly desecrates picnicking spots.

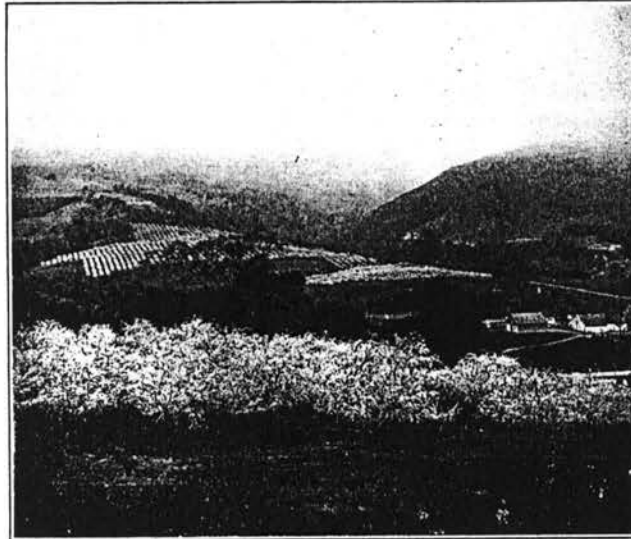
Redwood Estates shouldn't be regarded as an acquisition that you are going to enjoy SOME

DAY, when you are ready to build. It is yours to enjoy now, and we want cabinsite owners to take possession of the tract in every way that will contribute to the feeling that buying in REDWOOD ESTATES was a wonderful investment.

Suggest REDWOOD ESTATES the next time the subject of where to picnic comes up. It affords all of the allurements of picnicking on a baronial estate, and it is a suggestion that will

win unanimous approval. You may be sure that we will welcome any opportunity afforded us to make the occasion a complete success.

\* We were moved to make this suggestion to picnic in Redwood Estates by the recital of the experience of a Redwood Estates Cabin-site Owner, who ruefully told us about a picnicking experience in a public picnic ground, where one of his tires picked up a slice of a pop-bottle so that it cost him a blow-out and the pleasure-spoiling labor of changing a tire.



"The Foothills in Springtime"

### "REDWOOD ESTATES"

*"The mountain cabin site  
subdivision  
near Los Gatos"*



# Cabinland

The Magazine of REDWOOD ESTATES, the Mountain Subdivision near Los Gatos  
Published by the Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos, California

HARRY W. GRASSLE, EDITOR

VOLUME 2

AUGUST, 1928

NUMBER 8

## All Profit and No Worry

By HARRY W. GRASSLE

"I want two of those section No. 3 lots and I'm going to pay you cash for them. I got out of the stock market with a whole skin, but with badly shattered nerves, and hereafter I'll make mine in Real Estate, that goes up without any of those sleep-jolting spells of going down that stocks have."

That was the all-in-one-breath greeting of a Cabin-site Owner who took a good profit some time ago on a section one lot investment, and who is in line for an equally substantial profit on a section two lot that he holds.

He told further of having the experience that so many stock investors have had in having wonderful paper profits that finally simmered down to less than he would have made on an equal investment in Redwood Estates.

It calls to our mind the statement of a big Wall Street man, made some years ago, to the effect that while one might realize a sixty or six-hundred percent profit on some of one's speculative holdings, it usually worked out that the speculator if not wiped out, made about six percent net on his money in the end.

Good real estate isn't a spectacular investment, but it is our firm conviction that over a period of years the real estate investor will average a much higher percentage of return on his investment than the man who invests in stocks.

And the fact that there are no such disastrous turns as fifty percent flops in value is one that should be balanced against the fact that the rise in realty values is a slower moving upward trend.

Of course, playing the stock market is a more thrilling game, but the money most of us have is too hard earned a commodity for us to get a sporting slant in seeing it bob up and down, and possibly down and out. And "paper profits" have a pernicious way of under-mining our thrift morale. Under the excitement of contemplating paper profits, a man just naturally lets down the spending bars. The "on paper" good luck is repeatedly celebrated in one way or another. Easy money in sight prompts the heedless spending of hard-earned cash on hand.

Investment implies money earning money without the owner's personal effort aid. But it really does not work out that way in playing the market. It involves the downright labor of keeping up on market reports and market gossip, and the worry of hour by hour quotation fluctuations.

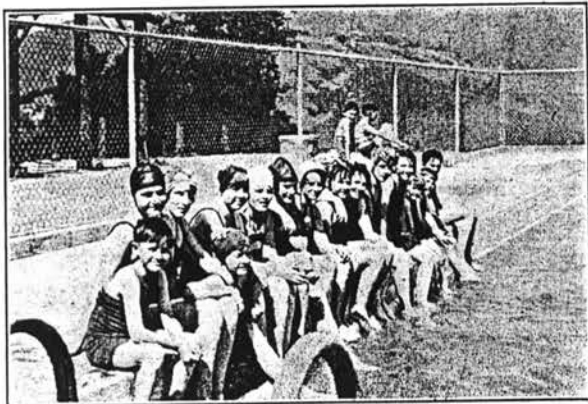
In fact it takes a fling at Wall Street to make a man appreciate what a delightfully nice financial time an investor has of it at Redwood Estates, where the trend of values always is up, and where the only element of speculation is sweet and peaceful cogitation as to whether the opening of the Skyline Boulevard will double or treble the value of your Cabinsite.

If you had the good fortune to get out of the market with a whole skin, hie yourself to Redwood Estates and make a tract-three lot investment before a hot tip precipitates you into taking another flier.





## "Among Ourselves"



Cool and Happy After a Hike

### CHEROKEE CAMPFIRE GIRLS

For three glorious days, June 18, 19 and 20, Redwood Estates was invaded by a dozen lovely girls—The Cherokee Campfire Girls from Campbell High School. They were the guests of Mrs. Gwendolen Brooks Penniman, teacher of expression, who is a lot owner at the Estates.

On Monday afternoon a truck load of laughing girls drove up to the Willow Pool Picnic Grounds, unloaded their blankets and camp equipment and pitched camp under the trees. They were chaperoned by Mrs. E. R. Jenkins and Miss Marian Jenkins, teacher of English and Senior Class Advisor at Campbell High School.

Soon the tennis courts were filled, as there were some splendid players in the crowd.

Tuesday morning the girls had breakfast at the pavilion and it was interesting to watch them each with her tiny frying pan cooking hot cakes over the blazing logs in the fireplace. Afterward they cleaned up, each one doing her part, and in fifteen minutes there was no evidence that there had ever been a meal there. Then they were all off for a hike up the mountains to the summit, to the site of the new Skyline Boulevard. They did the loop and came back by the highway, six miles in all, in time to prepare dinner under the willow trees. After that, of course, they had to refresh themselves by a plunge and a nice cool swim in the pool.

That evening they held an informal dance in the pavilion for some of their friends from Campbell. Mr. Harry W. Grassle entertained with some interesting stories of the early days of the Estates, of the Indians and pioneers.

Wednesday was a day full of fun with some impromptu swimming races and tennis matches. The only startling adventure of the whole outing was on the first night when one young lady had a combat with a gopher who tried to burrow his way under her pillow. She was the victor, of course, and he soon retired defeated. Nothing else happened to mar the trip as these girls



Mrs. Penniman's Tennis Champs

take everything as good fun. They are the sort we love to have here and we hope they will return soon. They went off Wednesday evening on their truck, laughing, as they came, and leaving us all happier for their visit.

Those in the party were: Miss Marian Jenkins, Miss Ethel Jenkins, Miss Evelyn Voge, Polly Maxon, Elizabeth Rapp, Emma May Rapp, Lois Rice, Clara Rice, Elsie Merrill, Wilhelmina LeGrand, and Helen Stray, with Mrs. E. R. Jenkins as chaperon.

At our dance Saturday the 14th Miss Carmelita Montgomery introduced her augmented orchestra for the first time. Needless to say, their fine music was much enjoyed by the large crowd in attendance.



## "Among Ourselves"

### AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

By "Doc" Wells

Well, here we are again, folks! And I'm here to tell you that if you are not attending the Sunday night Bon-fire, you are missing a real treat—not only is the "Community Singing" greatly enjoyed but also an excellent program, the material for which is gathered from talent around the "Campfire." Here are the artists who took part last Sunday and to whom I want to tender my thanks:

Mrs. Lore Louise Dormeyer, Berkeley..... Folk Songs  
Miss Katherine Hodges, Oakland.....Recitation  
Miss "Redwood" Willie, San Francisco.....  
..... Jazz Number



Mrs. Penniman's Girls Dive as Well as Dance

Mrs. Annie Sherman, San Jose..... Historical Events  
Miss M. Tree, San Jose.....Recitation  
Master Walter Garratt, Oakland.....

.....Uke and Cornet  
Deake and Bill (The Mystery Duo).....Comedy  
Mrs. Jessie Nichols, San Jose.....Reading  
Frank Walker (himself)....."Strumming Along"

Honestly, folks, it was a wonderful entertainment and we hope to duplicate it every Sunday night, so you'd better be there!

Have you got a little "entertainer" in your home? If you have, just bring "her" or "him" along to the Campfire and help me to make the "bunch" happy—and they are a dandy bunch—happy and very generous with their applause. So come and join our "circle around the Campfire" and be happy, too!

I would be happy to have you write in and tell me how you are enjoying the "circle." Any suggestions will be gladly received.

See you Sunday nite,

"DOC."

### PERSONALS

Mr. Fred Doerr, recently elected President, City Council, San Jose, is spending his vacation with his family at their spacious mountain home at REDWOOD ESTATES.

Mr. Walter Bachrodt, Supt. of Schools, San Jose, and family spent the week-end of July 15th at the Fred Doerr summer home.

Mrs. Lore L. Dormeyer of Burlingame entertained her daughter and guests at REDWOOD ESTATES on Sunday, July 15th; the occasion being in honor of Miss Dormeyer's birthday. Dinner was served by Mrs. Gorham in her new dining room, latest addition to the business center.

Mr. Henry Nier, General Manager, San Francisco Academy of Physical Culture, at the Women's City Club, with a score of his bathing beauties, enjoyed the pool, games and athletic contests on Sunday, the 15th. Mr. Nier was much impressed with the climate and advantages at REDWOOD ESTATES and plans another trip shortly. Moving pictures were taken by Duhem Motion Picture Mfg. Co., which will be shown in San Francisco theatres.



Jas. D. Ireland Family Lunches Under the Trees



### MISSOURI CLUB PICNIC

Missourians of Oakland held their picnic on the Fourth of July at REDWOOD ESTATES—a gala day.

One of the most enjoyed sports of the day was the eating of chicken dinners prepared as only Missourians can prepare them.

Everyone reported a delightful day and a desire to come again, and thanked our Oakland representative, Mr. Cyril G. Negley, who arranged the picnic.

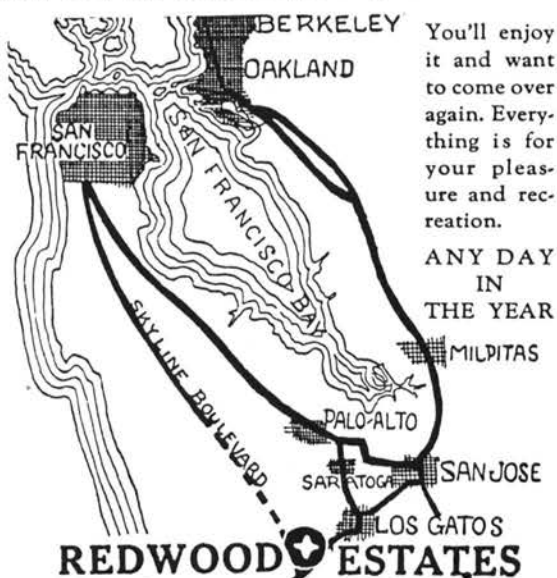


"The Chicken Eaters"

### STOP AT THE WINDMILL

Only 6 miles beyond Los Gatos.

A beautiful and interesting drive for your family and friends—a beautiful and interesting place to visit for a day, a week-end, or longer.



You'll enjoy it and want to come over again. Everything is for your pleasure and recreation.

ANY DAY  
IN  
THE YEAR

REDWOOD ESTATES

### AN OWNER WRITES FOR CABINLAND

We love our little cabin at REDWOOD ESTATES in the Santa Cruz Mountains, for it has been the one place in the world where we could get away from the hum-drum of city life with its business cares, social duties and the ever-present urge to carry on in the modern way of living. To come here is to find rest and relaxation and time to do the things we love by way of reading, studying, hiking, swimming, or basking in the warm sunshine, or seeking shade beneath a giant redwood.

The charm and outstanding feature of REDWOOD ESTATES is that it has been unspoiled by man and still remains the forest primeval with every modern convenience without the ostentation, making it an ideal cabinsite for summer or all year 'round retreat, and all within two hours' drive over wonderful highways to the metropolis of our State.

A little winding path leads to our hillside home, where we spend many hours in play with mental and physical relaxation, which reigns supreme. There is a table under the trees, with a barbecue pit nearby, where laborious cooking becomes a joy. Here one's appetite is whetted by the gentle breezes, mountain air and soft spring water, which is nature's own nectar. Bacon and eggs become a feast that even Lucullus would envy.

We love our cabin on the hillside at REDWOOD ESTATES because it gives us such great return for a modest investment. Incidentally, its intrinsic value is growing, for as people learn of this glorious mountain retreat, property values naturally increase. Personally, we would not take double our investment today and be deprived of our little sylvan home.

Mrs. GEORGE R. WEBB.



Mrs. Webb in Her Terraced Garden

## The Story of the World War - by Sergeant "Doc" Wells

### CHAPTER VIII

"Halt! What outfit is this?" a sentry asks.

"Fourteenth Platoon, No. 4 Company — the 7th."

"All right! Your billet is the first farmhouse on the right. Remember, no lights or smoking. Move on!"

Boy, oh boy, that old cow's straw bed in that old barn felt mighty good—nothing mattered; the odor, spiders, bats or rats, we just wanted sleep and we surely got it. Boots and all on, we slept the sleep of the just.

A voice shouting: "Show a leg, show a leg, you guys," awakened me, and stiffly I crawled to my feet and made my way out to the farm courtyard where the boys were beginning to line up for grub.

My officer met me and told me to have my men on parade directly after breakfast, so an hour later found us all lined up—a funny looking outfit indeed. Everybody had whiskers. Mud was very much en vogue as every uniform had mud all over it. The Major's original orders had been that every man was to have cleaned and shaved before going on parade, and I was greatly amused at his look of surprise when he first "spotted" us. He said a lot of things I won't repeat, and was surely "hot." He finally shouted at me—I wasn't a bit deaf, either—"Wells, take that heap of mud and have it laundered and bring it back for my inspection in an hour's time!"

At the end of that hour you should have seen the transformation. Clean, spick-and-span soldiers standing stiffly at attention. One would hardly recognize them as the same dirty, unshaven, trench-tired warriors who had stood there an hour previously. The Major was quite pleased and had his little joke by asking in a dry tone: "Sergeant, what draft did these men come up on?"

But a Fritzie "Humming Bird" spoiled that inspection, for just as "His Nibs" started down the line, an enemy flyer came over, no doubt also

on a tour of inspection, and French anti-aircraft guns started giving him a reception. Shells by hundreds exploded all around him, but quite calmly he flew around, evidently endeavoring to locate our artillery positions. Presently a French machine went up after him and then began the first air battle I had ever witnessed. Fritz was game and stood his ground. We could plainly hear the machine guns of each as they circled around one another—like two giant hawks—looking for an opening to dash in and destroy.

Both apparently ran out of ammunition and we noticed Frenchie had changed his tactics and was attempting to ram his opponent. This finally caused Hans to get the wind up and he turned tail and started home. The Frenchman, after a mile, gave up and came back, flying through a perfect cloud of German "Archies," but, to our pleasure, the brave little fellow landed safely.

During the shelling a large piece of aircraft shell came down, tearing a hole through the roof of the barn. It hit one of the men's packs, ripping it to pieces. Corporal Frost himself narrowly escaped being killed. He had been lying down with his head resting on the pack and just a matter of seconds before, had sat up, the piece of shell hitting behind him and directly where his head had been. The war furnished many such "incidents," almost miraculous, as you shall read in future chapters of this story.

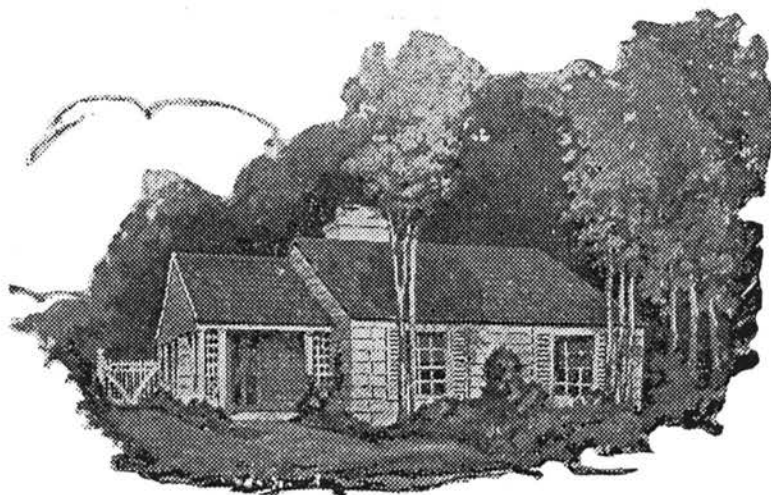


"Under the Willows"—S. F. Gyro Club Barbecue





*Your  
Credit  
is  
Good*



—WITH—

### THE B. B. BAILEY LUMBER CO.

*See Us Before Building At  
REDWOOD ESTATES*

Complete Line of Building Materials



*Quality and Prices Delivered at Redwood  
Estates Comparable With Any  
Yard Anywhere*



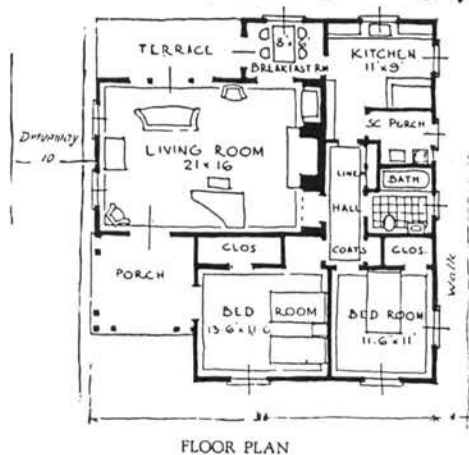
*Estimates Gladly Furnished*

### B. B. Bailey Lumber Co.

OPPOSITE S. P. STATION

LOS GATOS

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD ASSOCIATION  
S. F.



### Belmont

"A compelling example of pure architectural proportion, reminiscent of a garden pavilion on some hillside estate."

In a setting among the trees, always available at REDWOOD ESTATES, this attractive and comfortable cabin-home would be most desirable.



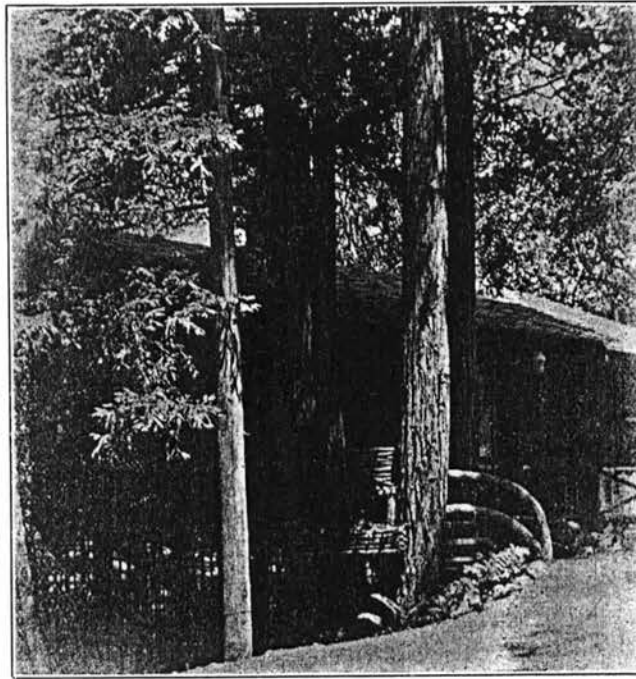
# CABINLAND

Vol. 2

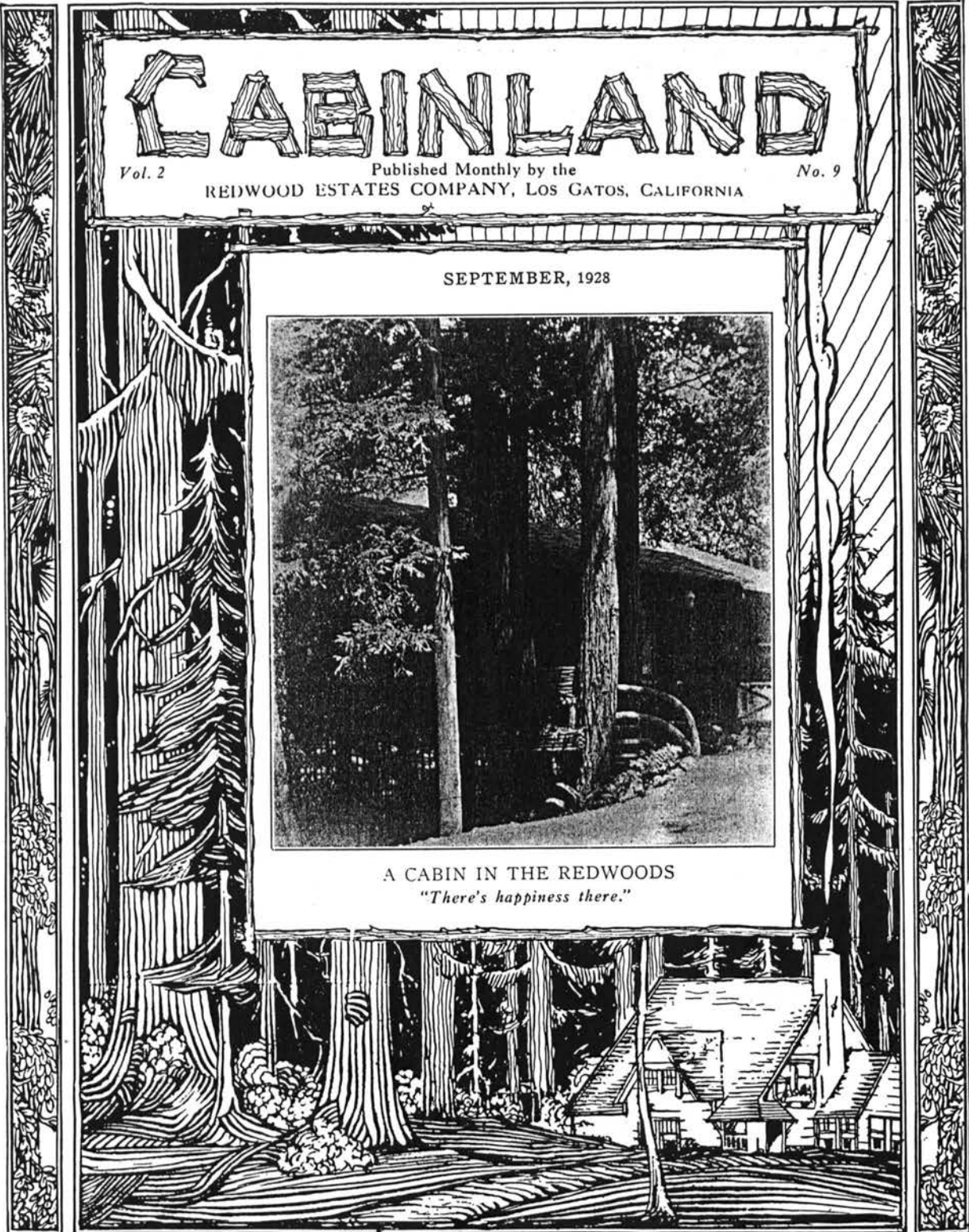
Published Monthly by the  
REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

No. 9

SEPTEMBER, 1928



A CABIN IN THE REDWOODS  
*"There's happiness there."*



## School for Our Redwood Estates Children

The question of where REDWOOD ESTATES children would go to school, and how they would get there, did not present itself last fall until about the time school began; but with the usual fine spirit of co-operation between lot owners and REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, we got together and worked out an arrangement, which, if not perfect, at least got the kiddies to school and back all safe and sound.

This year we started in June to work out the arrangement for school and school bus, and while it has been slow going, as are most public matters where there are certain legal requirements with which to comply, we feel that something really worth while has been accomplished.

Nearly all of Tract Number One is in the Lexington School District, which has its school house at Alma. The remainder of REDWOOD ESTATES is in Summit School District, where our children went to school last year. We first discussed with the Trustees of Summit District the possibility of getting a bus to carry all of our children to Summit School. After counting noses it seemed that we would have too many pupils for one teacher to look after satisfactorily, and not enough for two teachers.

Next, we met with our County Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Joseph Hancock, and Messers George Osmer Jr., John Beatty and George Weltz, and after a thorough discussion of the situation reached the conclusion that by sending all our REDWOOD ESTATES children whether they live in the Lexington or Summit School Districts, to the Lexington District School at Alma, there would be enough pupils to entitle that school to a School Bus, and two teachers, and thus give each child plenty of time and attention.

Unfortunately, there was only one room in the school house at Alma, but a special election was called to vote funds for another room, and with

that good old spirit that the mountain people always show on important matters of this kind, the special tax was carried UNANIMOUSLY. The Trustees then advertised for bids. They have let the contract for the work, and hope to have the new room ready about the time school opens this fall.

Mrs. McDonald, who has taught in this school for the past several years, has been engaged again this year, and will have with her a new teacher from the San Jose State Teachers College.

The bus will start running September 17th, and will call at REDWOOD ESTATES for all of the kiddies who are to attend grade school; so parents, it is up to you to have them ready that day.

The above applies to children going to grammar school only. For those going to high school the Los Gatos Union High School District will allow transportation costs, based on the mileage they travel, but not to exceed \$5.00 per month, whether they drive their own machine or travel in another. For further details, they should consult Mr. J. Warren Ayer at the Los Gatos High School.



Happy, healthy, children enjoy "The Pool".



# Cabinland

The Magazine of REDWOOD ESTATES, the Mountain Subdivision near Los Gatos  
Published by the Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos, California

HARRY W. GRASSLE, EDITOR

VOLUME 2

SEPTEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 9

## Your Telling is the Most Valuable form of Advertising

By HARRY W. GRASSLE

There is much discussion in business circles regarding the relative value of the different forms of advertising, such as newspaper and magazine advertising, bill-board advertising, radio broadcasting, and circular advertising.

But, without a question or doubt, the most valuable form of advertising of all usually isn't thought of as advertising. We refer to the favorable publicity that personal recommendation gives a commodity or project.

Ordinarily it is not particularly to your interest to further the sales welfare of anything you have purchased. But even so, you frequently mention such an item because of your enthusiasm for it, or because you think it will render a friend or acquaintance the same valuable service that you get from it.

However, in the case of your purchase of property in Redwood Estates, you have a very real personal-interest reason for giving it what publicity you can because the building up of your equity is very much a matter of the pace at which Redwood Estates is built up as a Cabin community.

We have spent a lot of money in advertising Redwood Estates in newspapers, and through bill-board and direct-by-mail advertising. We believe that we can rightly claim that we have been doing our part in this respect, and we propose to aggressively continue on this job of advertising Redwood Estates and the advantages it offers.

But we want that most-valuable-of-all form of advertising. The advertising that our Cabin Site Owners, through the simple procedure of enthusiastically

mentally mentioning Redwood Estates, can give it.

What we say in our regular forms of advertising may be discounted, and even discredited, by those who read it. What you say is given full credence. The very fact that you have bought, if mentioned, is an endorsement that hardly needs to be followed up by further comment.

You want Redwood Estates to be built up as speedily as possible, and you want as neighbors there, the kind of people you select for friends.

The two things that have increased values at Redwood Estates are, first: the sale of lots to many different owners and, second: the spending of approximately half a million dollars by those owners and the Redwood Estates Company. The passing of time without improvements and added population does not enhance the value of any property. It has taken about two years to accomplish what has been done at Redwood Estates to date. It will probably take two years more to complete the sale and development without your full co-operation. With it, I think the same result might be accomplished in a very much shorter period of time. It means to you, with the whole deal completed, your property will double or treble in value, and this reasonably soon, as against two or three years.

The rapid increase in value of your property as a result of the completion of the sale and development within a short space of time is the most important reason why you should make a real effort to assist in accomplishing this result—by your telling and possible sale to acquaintances and others.





## "Among Ourselves"

### "The Redwood"

What does the Redwood say, when the wind  
sings to it so?

Sings back in the same sweet voice - soft  
and low, soft and low.

As one answers love with love, answers kiss  
with kiss

Nestling in devoted arms, breathing only  
bliss.

What does the Redwood say, when the rain  
beats on it so?

Takes it finely, nobly, saintly, as with  
heart aglow;

Singing of the ardent sunshine that is sure to  
come again

Dripping more with lovely music than  
with drenching rain.

What does the Redwood say, when the storm  
sweeps on it so?

Takes it like a good old sport, answering  
blow with blow;

And I've seen it win the battle, drive the storm  
away,

Hold its ground, and shout in triumph,  
"I'm here to stay!"

—Maud Lauenders.

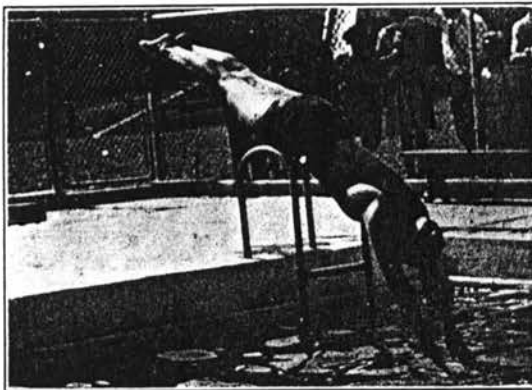


Mrs. Viola Rice, of Salinas, has a wonderful view from her lot in Block S looking out over Los Gatos Canyon and the Santa Clara Valley. Mrs. Rice is County Tax Collector, Monterey County, and purchased at REDWOOD ESTATES only after investigating and viewing many subdivisions. She is very pleased with her purchase, and expects to build soon.

California Pacific Title Insurance and Trust Co. employees from the San Jose and Santa Cruz offices, held a picnic and dance at REDWOOD ESTATES on Wednesday, August 22nd. Mr. Abbott, Manager, was Master of Ceremonies. The party enjoyed tennis, swimming, a sumptuous picnic dinner under the willows, and dancing in the Pavilion. Mr. Purdy of the San Jose office is a REDWOOD ESTATES owner.

A new addition to our branch of the County Library has been built, improving its convenience and usefulness. More books could be used and any books given will remain the property of REDWOOD ESTATES LIBRARY, and not go to the County.

Mrs. Eva Todd Mapes of San Jose has been spending her vacation at REDWOOD ESTATES.



Expert swimmers like "The Pool"



## "Among Ourselves"



Mr. "Rudy" Dettwyler and Miss Grace Estabrook, owners of the Rodeo Lunch at Salinas, who recently joined REDWOOD ESTATES happy family.

On Tuesday, August 28th, Past President J. A. Case of the Los Gatos Rotary Club was host to the Club at Luncheon at the REDWOOD ESTATES Pavilion. The Club held its regular weekly meeting, the principal speaker being J. P. Cuenin, noted Rod and Gun Editor of the Examiner. In addition to the Los Gatos Rotarians, a number from San Jose and surrounding cities also attended; and the goodfellowship and novelty of the meeting, together with the excellent lunch served by Mr. John A. Huber of San Jose, made it a very happy event. After the meeting, Rotarians made a tour of inspection over the property.

### AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

By "Doc" Wells

From "Hail! Hail; the gangs all here" to "Farewell to thee" it was a jolly old Campfire—two whole hours of solid enjoyment and good entertainment sent everybody back to their cabins happy—that's what happens every Sunday night at REDWOOD ESTATES.

Say folks! did you hear that "gang" from Los Angeles sing? I'll say they could sing—and how! and that's just HOW I want "our gang" to sing every night around the "Campfire". So get busy and "tune up your Pipes."

If you heard that program you know I am telling the truth when I say it was "some musical

menu". I'm sure getting real proud of my REDWOOD ESTATES talent—real "chesty" like!

Look! Here's who entertained us—Misses Angie, Ungdeen and Florine Ellis, Recitations; Mr. F. Hohn, Opera Selections; Mr. F. Luetgens, "Why Worry;" Miss Frechette, Radio Artist, Popular Songs; The Bleeker Boys, Songs of Texas; Ireland and Hiatt, Musical Selections; Miss Marie Brown, Song; Mr. Hunwick, "Parodies;" Miss Julia Lundi, Radio Artist, Vocal Selections; "Redwood" Frank Walker, "Just Strummin Along."

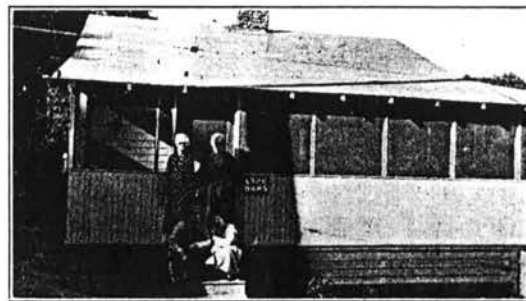
And say bunch! have you noticed how popular our Saturday night dances are getting? Gosh! but that Montgomery orchestra sure do "pep" up the crowd with their Music—Yes Siree! a-gettin' so as I kin step a bit m'self, by crikey! But don't rush me Ladies—don't rush me!

C'mon to the Dance—C'mon to the Bonfire.  
Yours for a good time.—"Doc"

Mr. and Mrs. William Curtin on Madrone Drive enjoyed a visit from their son and family of Portland, Oregon, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves from Whittier are at REDWOOD ESTATES for a week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Elliott, San Francisco, are occupying one of the Guldager cabins during their vacation. Later they expect to build on their own property on Lee Drive.



Mr. George J. Meagher, of San Francisco, seated, was one of the first to build at REDWOOD ESTATES. "Live Oaks" on Oak Drive is a spacious, homelike cabin, and the scenes of many happy week-ends.



# Judge Gary's Health Rules

## Rules That Can Be Most Perfectly Followed At Redwood Estates

Judge Gary, who lived a very active professional and business life, and who died at the creditable age of seventy-nine, left some health rules that are worth noting.

Please note particularly, with the aid of our parenthetical comments, how many of these rules can be followed best at Redwood Estates.

Exercise in the OPEN AIR, but do it moderately. (The fine mountain and sea freshened air of Redwood Estates is the most perfect that can be found for tonic purposes.)

Breathe deeply of pure air as much as possible. ("As much as possible" implies sleeping where you can breathe good air, as well as getting it in daytime outings.)

Drink pure water. (You are absolutely assured of having this vital essential to good health at Redwood Estates.)

Follow regular habits. (Regular habits imply an environment that suggests relaxation, and the early to bed early to rise regime that a summer at Redwood Estates would encourage.)

Get plenty of sleep. (Getting plenty of sleep is very largely a matter of reposing under conditions that are conducive to sleep, and the good air and soothing quietness of Redwood Estates certainly are ideal for that.)

Work hard, mentally and physically, but not too long. (The "physical" of this admonition is most important, and the hiking, swimming, tennis and opportunities for work around your cabin at Redwood Estates offer a fine variety of physical work-outs.)

(Keeping an even temper and avoiding excitement are largely a matter of living under conditions that are conducive to harmonious living—conditions such as we have at Redwood Estates.)

Never get angry or indulge in controversy. (There isn't a chance of such a thing with living conditions so ideal as they are at Redwood Estates.)

The best health rule of all is to live under conditions that make the following of all other health rules natural and easy, which is just another way of saying, live or week-end at Redwood Estates.



"Sunshine and Shadow"

## PICNIC AT REDWOOD ESTATES BIG SUCCESS

The community picnic held here Wednesday was a success as was evidenced by the crowd that attended. The swimming pool and wading pond near by added much to the pleasure of the young people's pleasure. The lunch was spread under the large willow trees that completely shades the grounds. A table of articles made by a class of boys living here was the center of attraction and Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. Florence Cassell and Mr. Jerry acted as the judges and the following prizes were awarded: First prize Grant Ewald; second, Donald Dormeyer; third, Vernon Miller; fourth, Royal Osborn. Races followed and the ones winning were: Large girls, Mary Wilson. Ten year size, Lore Dormeyer. Eight year size, Rhodella Osborn. Large boys, Donald Dormeyer. Ten year size, Bobbie Holmes. Eight year size, Bert Shattuck. Six year size, Buster Keeler. Boys hop race, Walter Bernhart.

Ladies' race, free for all, won by Miss A. Wilson and Mrs. Holmes. Mr. Sherman Miller, Frank Johnson and S. L. Odum acting as manager of the sports for the day.



## The Story of the World War - by Sergeant "Doc" Wells

## CHAPTER VIII

We were enjoying our rest period, and during the afternoon were permitted to take a walk into the city of Fleurbaix, and what a treat it was! We found quite a few of the inhabitants still in their homes, although the city was constantly under fire. Here we could go into an "Estaminet" and enjoy a hearty meal of eggs and fried potatoes. You would ask in French for "Pommes de terre frites, avec des oeufs." Well, you didn't really have to be an expert at speaking French, because I heard an English Tommie ask for "Pommes and tears de hoofs" and he got what he wanted.

During the afternoon my chum and I entered a house across the street from a church which for some time had been a target for the German big guns. Each day 15 shells or more found their way into the church. I remember visiting it and viewing with regret the damage done. I further remember a French soldier reverently caressing a large image of the Virgin Mary, which, after a shell had exploded in the church, had fallen from the altar, and, although the walls, roof and inside were a mass of wreckage, yet, strange to say, the image was intact. Hardly a scratch showed on it, and even though I was not of that religion, I experienced a strange feeling, and slowly, almost reverently, I removed my cap, and with mingled feelings, passed slowly out into the street.

In this house, we found a motherly old grey-haired Belgian woman who treated us so kindly. She at once prepared a meal, which we greatly enjoyed. The sum she asked was ridiculously small, and she was very profuse in her thanks when we gave her 4 francs. I noticed that in several places shells had passed thru the roof, so I said to her, "Madame, why do you stay here where it is so dangerous? Someday you may be killed—you should move away, go back farther."

She replied, "Ah, Monsieur, I am ver' old, and it is no matter if I get killed. I lose my bonhomme, my garçon, everybody to me I love is get killed. Already m'sieur, I have been wounded three times by the shrapnel of de Boche. Ah,

yes, m'sieur, I am ver' old. When de Bon Dieu say come, I will go, but now I like to stay here because to you brave garçons who fight for me I want to be the mother. I can cook and wash clothes, and give a leetle comfart."

Then this sweet old mother took us to the door, and between her tears, told us (pointing to the spot) how her aged husband attempted to cross the street in front of a troop of German cavalry, was knocked down by an officer's sword; and the son seeing his aged father under the horses' hoofs, ran out to assist him. In attempting to do this, he was cruelly sabered by one of the horsemen. After hearing her story, we could only swallow hard and walk away. Yes, I was gradually learning the game of war.

On my arrival back at the billet I found that we had been ordered to "go in" that night, so once more I packed up my kit and awaited orders. Shortly after dusk we started out by platoons, on our way to the same trench we had, it seemed, only just left.

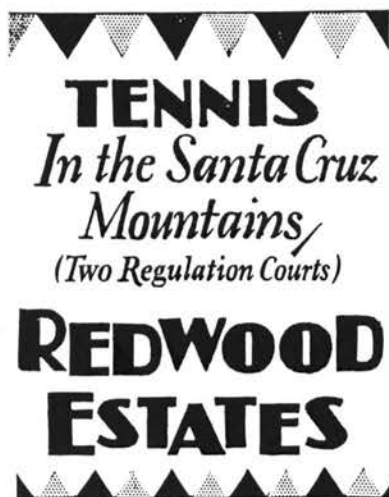
As we near the convent wall a shadowy form looms out on the road in front of us. It is the directing sentry. "Halt! Who goes there?" It is not a loud chal-

lenge, it's more of a hoarse whisper. I reply: "14 Platoon, the 7th, going in."

"All right, advance!" Better keep well down boys—when a flare goes up hit the cobblestones hard. Our little Pal, Fritz, seems to be quite peevish tonight. He's been playing on his little "typewriter" all evening, and I reckon he's just aching to write his name over us. G'night boys, and good luck!"

"G'night, Buddie! Same to you old scout!"

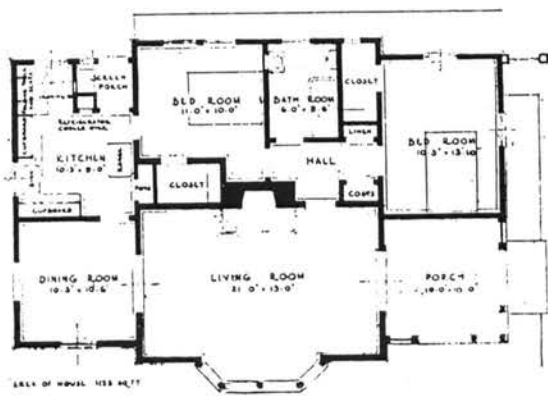
"Pass the word—single file and no talking! Look out! There goes a flare." Sharply the order to "get down" is given and we flop just in time as a shower of bullets hit the road. Quiet for a time, then "Forward, men!" We have had our "reception," soon we will be in the thick of it once more. What do the hours hold for us? (To be continued)







Grove



FLOOR PLAN

Inexpensive, informal, adequate. A big bay window opposite the fireplace gives the living room an airy openness so desirable when a house or cabin is small and shaded.

Plans thru the courtesy of California Redwood Association, San Francisco. Many other attractive designs, big and little, available.



*Ask the man  
who owns one—*

If you want to know  
the many advantages  
of a cabinsite in beau-  
tiful Redwood Estates

*Ask the man  
who owns one—*



*Redwood Estates Company*  
LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

# CABINLAND

Vol. 2

Published Monthly by the  
REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

No. 10

OCTOBER, 1928



"Redwood Estates — Happy Healthy Children"



# Santa Clara County Taxes

Information Fiscal Year 1928-1929

"All Personal Property Tax and one-half of realty tax become due on the 3rd Monday in October each year.

"10 per cent penalty is added thereto if unpaid on the first Monday in December, and 5 per cent additional will be added if unpaid on the last Monday in April.

"The remaining one-half of this realty tax is due on the second Monday in January; 5 per cent is added if unpaid on the last Monday in April, also costs will be added to each item of delinquent tax."

The foregoing is taken from a bulletin compiled by Mr. Thomas Bodley, Santa Clara County Tax Collector, San Jose, Calif. Following is an outline of the procedure Redwood Estates Company expects to follow in handling 1928-1929 taxes, the first installment of which will be due October 15th:

1. **Owners having deeds dated before March 1, 1928:** A statement direct from the Tax Collector's office will be mailed on or about October 15th, if he has their address. If not, these statements will be obtained by Redwood Estates Company and forwarded to the owners, who must pay taxes direct to the Tax Collector.

2. **Owners having deeds dated after March 1, 1928:** Statements for taxes covering these will be obtained by Redwood Estates Company and mailed to owners, who must also pay taxes direct to the Tax Collector.

3. **Owners buying under contract, who have not as yet received deeds:** Taxes will not be assessed in their names, and Redwood Estates Company will obtain statements and notify such owners of the amount due. These taxes must be paid to Redwood Estates Company and NOT to the Tax Collector.

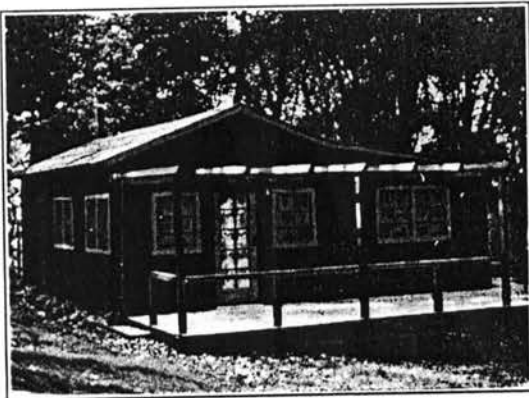
Redwood Estates Company is glad to assist owners whenever possible, and will do so in this matter of taxes. Owners are entitled to write direct to the Collector for a statement of taxes and to pay taxes direct. If this is done, kindly advise Redwood Estates Company, to save duplication. All statements handled by Redwood Estates Company will be mailed out to owners as rapidly as possible, thus giving each owner ample time to pay taxes before they become delinquent.

Advise Redwood Estates Company promptly in the event of an error or should any question arise. Do not allow your taxes to go delinquent!

## "Doc" Wells

"Doc" Fred F. Wells, war hero and, for the past year, Director of Recreation at REDWOOD ESTATES, is leaving for other fields. Those who have had the pleasure of attending and participating in "Doc's" Campfire and Dances, picnics, barbecues and parties, will miss him greatly, his cheerful presence and his ever-ready wit and laughter. "Doc," who was severely wounded in the World War, and lost an arm, finds it necessary to spend time in the hospital regularly to keep "patched up" as he calls it; and this, together with other activities, has caused him to resign.

Sergeant Wells has been active in various Veterans' organizations, many of which he either organized or assisted with. While at REDWOOD ESTATES he organized and conducted the Redwood Mountain Rangers for boys, which organization he hopes to nationalize along the line of the Boy Scouts. Doc, don't forget us—drop in whenever you can, and welcome!



# Cabinland

The Magazine of REDWOOD ESTATES, the Mountain Subdivision near Los Gatos  
Published by the Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos, California

HARRY W. GRASSLE, EDITOR

VOLUME 2

OCTOBER, 1928

NUMBER 10

## An Advertising Experiment That May Interest You

HARRY W. GRASSLE

What advertisement caused you to become interested in REDWOOD ESTATES? Redwood Estates Company uses many forms of advertising, and one day our advertising man was asked: "Why don't you pick out the type of advertising that best tells REDWOOD ESTATES story and is best liked by our prospective buyers?" "All forms of advertising have their place," he said, "but, I'll do this—I'll ask each REDWOOD ESTATES owner WHY and HOW he came to buy a cabinsite at REDWOOD ESTATES."

True to his word, he had the following questionnaire prepared and mailed to each owner with a stamped, addressed, return envelope. After each question is placed the percentage figure showing just how our owners felt about it.

1. Newspapers advertisement .....	3.5%
2. Cabinland Magazine .....	2.7%
3. RECOMMENDED BY A FRIEND.....	53.9%
4. Personal call by representative of Company .....	27.6%
5. Telephone call from representative of Company .....	2.6%
6. Solicitor in Booth.....	2.9%
7. Literature, pamphlets from other sources .....	2.1%
8. Highway Billboards .....	2.6%
9. All other .....	2.1%

Reasons for buying were given as follows:

1. Because of the view and beauty.....	15.3%
2. Because of the improvements and real value .....	15.4%
3. Because I wanted a week-end retreat in the mountains.....	17.3%
4. Because I wanted to solve the yearly vacation problem .....	5.9%
5. Because of the climate.....	7.8%
6. Because of the water.....	5.3%
7. Because of the investment value.....	9.7%
8. Because the children need such a place.....	6.7%
9. Because I wanted to be with friends who already owned property at Redwood Estates .....	2.8%
10. Because of the Skyline Boulevard development .....	2.8%
11. Because of the recreational facilities.....	3.9%
12. Because I want to retire and live there .....	6.2%
13. All other .....	0.9%

(Undoubtedly all the above reasons contributed somewhat as a great number of owners so indicated when making their response to the questionnaire.)

These results were very interesting and gratifying to us. We think they will interest you. Advertising is used to tell people about something they are not familiar with. People who hear about, and see, REDWOOD ESTATES become loyal friends and owners.





## You Owe It To Yourself To See For Yourself

We know that REDWOOD ESTATES Cabin-site Owners are enthusiastic readers of Cabinland, and that they appreciate the monthly report of how things are going in REDWOOD ESTATES, which this little publication supplies.

But we sometimes wonder if we do not bring REDWOOD ESTATES activities and progress to you each month a little too fully and completely; whether it is our bringing the property to you each month so graphically that makes some Cabinsite Owners feel that they do not have to "see for themselves."

Cabinland is issued to keep you informed on REDWOOD ESTATES development and progress, but we rather bank on your getting curious about the improvements that we and Cabinsite Owners keep making and on your driving in for a look around to satisfy that curiosity.

Make it a point to pay your property a visit this very week. We know that you'll have occasion to comment on what a difference a few months make at REDWOOD ESTATES, and we will appreciate hearing your comments.

### Children Like Redwood Estates

The management of REDWOOD ESTATES Service Station and Lunch Room has been taken over by Mrs. Ada Osborne. Mrs. Irene Gorham, former manager and owner, is recovering rapidly from her recent illness.

## There Are No Mortgages On Redwood Estates

Newspapers recently carried headlines to this effect: "HUNDREDS OF REALTY BUYERS FACE LOSS. SUBDIVISION PROPERTY MORTGAGED — BUYERS CANNOT GET TITLE!"

There are no mortgages on REDWOOD ESTATES! In fact, there are no encumbrances whatever. Land and improvements of every kind have been fully paid for IN CASH. Every just bill is paid MONTHLY.

A REDWOOD ESTATES owner need never worry about getting his deed with CLEAR TITLE when he has completed the terms of his contract. A deed is always issued just as soon as the necessary information for issuing it can be obtained and deed can be ordered.

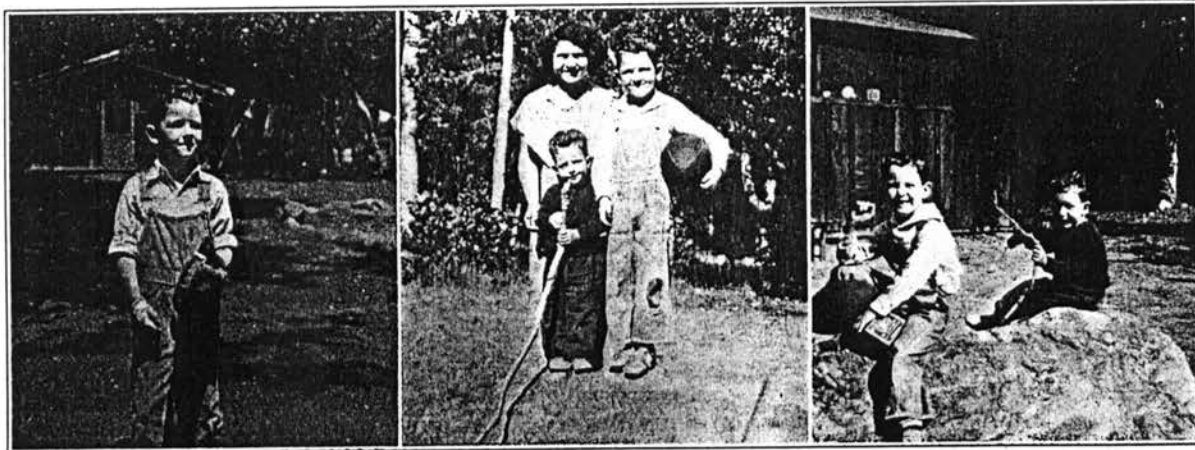
When you sign a contract for a lot at REDWOOD ESTATES you KNOW your contract is GOOD and that you will receive your deed when the time comes—there are no mortgages on REDWOOD ESTATES!

### Children Are Happy and Healthy at Redwood Estates

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Charlton have taken the Hoskin cabin for the winter. Mr. Charlton is a member of the sales force of Redwood Estates Company, located on the tract.

### Children Need a Change from the City

We are glad to announce that Miss Beta Ewald, who broke her arm at school, is getting along nicely.



REDWOOD ESTATES KIDDIES AT PLAY



## DO YOU KNOW THAT . .

- Redwood Estates Company has spread 40,000 gallons of road oil on the roads of REDWOOD ESTATES since January, 1928, in addition to the thousands of gallons spread last year?
- Redwood Estates Company has spread thousands of yards of gravel, 1,000 yards THIS year, on REDWOOD ESTATES roads in preparation for the oiling?
- The big Caterpillar Tractor, its grader and crew, have been working two and one-half years making these mountain roads as fine as can be found anywhere and better than most?
- There are almost fifteen miles of these roads at REDWOOD ESTATES?
- These roads are all sign-posted by the California State Automobile Association and Redwood Estates Company?
- These roads link up directly with the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz State Highway and the Summit Road, and have been laid out under the supervision of the State Highway Commission to properly connect with the new Skyline Boulevard from San Francisco when completed?
- When completed, of the \$250,000.00 invested by Redwood Estate Company in the project, these roads will represent over \$70,000.00, all of which is for the benefit of REDWOOD ESTATES lot owners?
- The value of the property has increased greatly on this account?

## Say, "REDWOOD ESTATES"

Advertisers, through reiteration, seem to be able to get the public to say "Paris Garters" instead of just garters, and to ask for Ghiradelli's chocolate instead of just chocolate, and with such good precedents to encourage us we are asking you to say "REDWOOD ESTATES" instead of just subdivision.

Of course, we do not expect you to interrupt a bridge game or a political discussion to say it, but we do want to prompt you to say it when a friend speaks of thinking of getting a little place in the country, or of making an investment in real estate. That is the time to say "REDWOOD ESTATES."

Again, a mother will mention that next year she wants to get the children away to a good healthy place where they will have a long outdoors summer. That, too, should be a cue to a Cabin Site Owner to say "REDWOOD ESTATES."

Or, a wife or husband will express concern about the other's health and the need of arranging for having more recreation and rest. That should prompt thought and mention of "REDWOOD ESTATES."

Also, you frequently hear of somebody being beguiled into what you know to be a foolish investment of money. You know all about REDWOOD ESTATES, so don't just advise that friend to invest in something more safe, sound and sure; be specific, mention "REDWOOD ESTATES."



REDWOOD ESTATES KIDDIES OFF TO SCHOOL



## The Story of the World War - by Sergeant "Doc" Wells

### CHAPTER IX

Soon we are in the trench and pass along, being careful to keep our feet on the plank that serves as a sidewalk to prevent going up to your knees in mud. The "5th" is still "standing to," with packs on, waiting for orders to "go out."

"5th stand down—7th stand to!" This order is passed from mouth to mouth down the trench, and we take up our firing positions while the 5th files quietly out and back to its billets in the rear for three days' rest.

"Odd numbers stand down!" Each man now relieves himself of his pack and is detailed for various fatigue work: filling sand bags, mending barbed wire etc., until daybreak, when every man must "stand to" for an hour—the same at dusk, because these are the most likely times to fear an attack. "Stand to" over, two men, the only two who are allowed to sleep at night, are detailed as "day sentries," and it is their duty to constantly watch the enemy's trench through an iron pipe "loophole" aided by a periscope.

The platoon is now issued the day's rations, consisting (sometimes) of a small "rasher" of bacon, one tin of "bully beef," one small piece of cheese, three or four hard biscuits, one piece of fresh meat (covered with mud and nothing to wash it excepting your canteen water; but at that it tastes mighty good), one loaf of bread between each four men, one tin of jam between four or five men, and sometimes, if we are lucky, a quarter-pound of butter between fourteen men. After breakfast the men quickly make for their dugouts and go to sleep—regardless of gun-fire.

That afternoon word came along that one of our fellows had been hit by a "sniper's" bullet, so I walked down the trench to where he was being given first aid for a broken wrist. He couldn't tell how it happened, except that he was sitting on a mudbag in the trench when the bullet hit him. He showed me where he had been sitting and I knew some Fritz had found a new sniping position because it was impossible for a bullet fired from the German trench to have hit him. I made a close observation of their trench with my field glasses and the only place

I could see where a sniper might hide was an old brick chimney directly in the rear of the trench. I watched closely for over an hour and was finally rewarded by seeing a flash of light through the side of the chimney. A brick had been removed and quickly replaced. After a while I saw the light again, then a rifle barrel protruded, moved slowly around, hesitated a moment, then a shot. Almost immediately the rifle was withdrawn and the brick replaced—and so I discovered Mr. Hans' "sniping rest."

I at once ran down the trench and out the "sap" leading to the convent wall where our artillery observer was located. Finding him in his dugout, I told him about the sniping position and asked him to put a few shells into it. He said, "All right, sergeant; we'll shell it at 5 o'clock." So a few minutes of 5 found me behind a loophole waiting. Promptly at 5 two shells passed with a roar directly overhead and landed squarely at the base of that chimney. It seemed to raise up into the air intact, only to come down a mass of flying bricks. I rather imagine the next day the Berlin newspapers reported as missing a certain "Hans Somebody."

My next "sniper" experience was behind our own lines (about which I will tell next month).

Business has taken Mr. and Mrs. Odum to San Jose, and although they expect to return soon, their absence will be keenly felt. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Matson are occupying their cabin.

Watch Your Children "Brighten Up" at  
Redwood Estates.

Children Thrive on Pure Mountain Air

Redwood Estates Company has just completed re-roofing of the Pavilion—no raindrops for the merry-makers there!

Best for Your Children's Health

Mrs. Ireland has returned from Mountain View, where she has been for the past six weeks caring for her father.

It's a  
beautiful  
drive  
to  
Redwood  
Estates



# Redwood Estates

About two years ago, a mountain ranch.

TODAY—A mountain subdivision of over 2,000 wonderful cabinsites, with

1. 15 miles of oiled and graveled macadam roads.
2. Pure mountain water.  
4 completed concrete water reservoirs, 125,000-gallon capacity each—more projected.  
Auxiliary Redwood tanks, 50,000 gallons capacity.  
Electrically operated equipment.
3. 500,000-gallon underground water storage in specially constructed tunnels.
4. Water piped to every lot—15 miles of pipe already laid.
5. A United States Postoffice—"REDWOOD ESTATES." Daily mail service.
6. Complete Pacific Gas & Electric Co. electric service installed.
7. Telephone service operated by Los Gatos Telephone Company.
8. \$12,000.00 swimming pool built of reinforced concrete, commodious bathhouse and complete equipment, including modern filtration plant electrically operated.
9. 10 acres, landscaped, comprising the Community Recreation Center, with dance Pavilion, double tennis courts, children's playground and equipment, shuffleboard, horseshoe courts, archery range, children's pool, barbecue pits, etc.
10. School bus to Lexington school. Transportation to Los Gatos Union High school. School site set aside at REDWOOD ESTATES.
11. General store, gas and oil service station, lunch counter and tea room.
12. Branch Santa Clara County Free Library.
13. Deputy Santa Clara County Sheriff.
14. 180 dwellings valued at over \$200,000.00. Others under construction.
15. Over 125 permanent year-round residents.

16. Over 1200 persons owning property in REDWOOD ESTATES.

17. Climate unexcelled all the year.

18. Insurance.

In case of death of buyer before lot has been entirely paid for, instalments having been properly paid, his heirs will receive a deed to the property without further payment.

Located six miles beyond the charming City of Los Gatos, in the beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains, bordering on the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz Highway, the new Skyline Boulevard and the Summit Road, in Santa Clara County. Situated on the northeasterly slope of the mountains, REDWOOD ESTATES is sheltered from fog and wind, yet only nineteen miles from the beach at Santa Cruz. An interesting two-hour drive from the Bay Cities—a half-hour from San Jose. A scenic one hour's drive from San Francisco upon completion of the new Skyline Boulevard.

Everything mentioned above, which cost the property owner nothing beyond the original price of the lot, has combined to increase the value of holdings so that several re-sales have been made at a profit ranging from 30 per cent to 90 per cent in this short time.

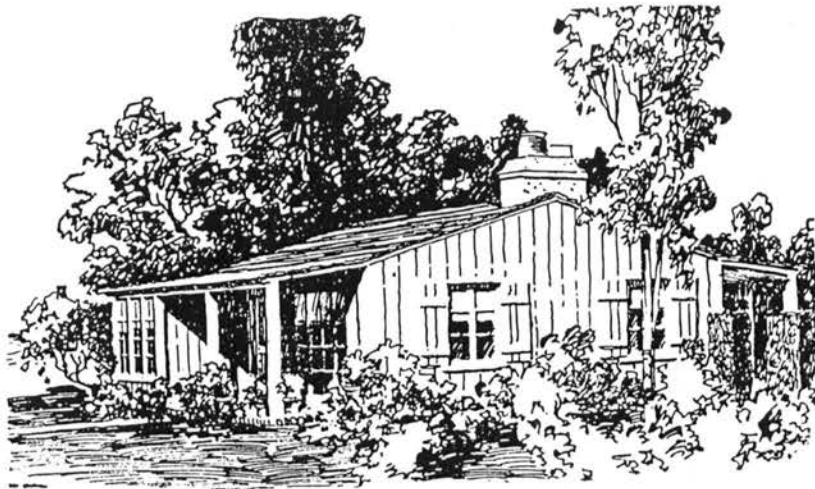
Third unit now open, selling at prices as low as units 1 and 2 in 1926.

## Turn Right at the Windmill

Elton Green, Manager of the Swimming Pool, was in charge for the last time this year on Sunday, September 30th. Elton is going back to his studies at the State Teachers College at San Jose, where, in addition to being one of the honor students, he is very prominent in football. The Pool will be open only on week-ends during October, and then only when the weather permits. Harold Easterbrook, who opened the season this year, will be in charge for the remainder of the season.





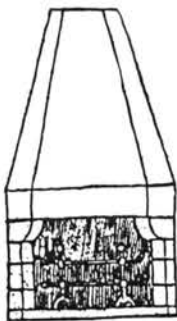


California Redwood Association, San Francisco

## Pioneer

SNUG AND  
SECLUDED

reminiscent of our  
days of '49.



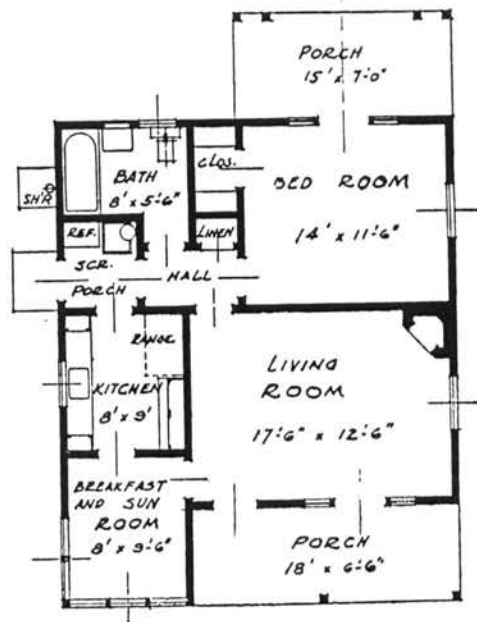
• FIREPLACE •

Interior suitable  
for rough finish

or the finest. An ideal mountain  
cabin - one that everyone would  
enjoy to the utmost,  
particularly in the mountain cabin-  
site subdivision MAGNIFICENT.

## Redwood Estates

NEAR LOS GATOS



ROADS  
PURE WATER  
BEAUTIFUL REDWOODS  
SUNLIT WOODLAND TRAILS  
COMMUNITY RECREATION CENTER  
SWIMMING - TENNIS - GAMES  
ENEXCELLED CLIMATE  
POPULAR PRICES  
TERMS



# CABINLAND

Vol. 2

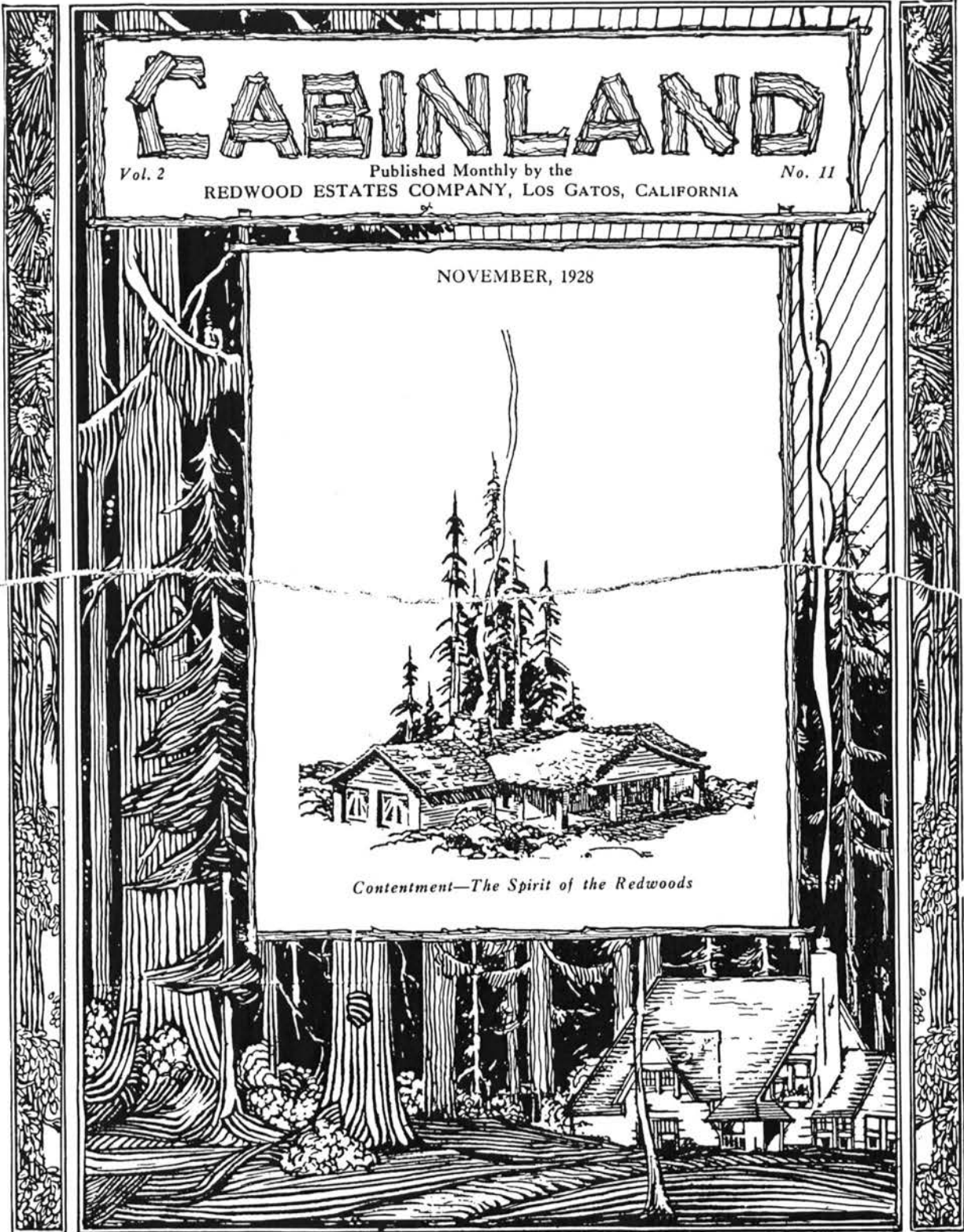
Published Monthly by the  
REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1928



*Contentment—The Spirit of the Redwoods*



## The Great Outdoors



Troop 2, Los Gatos, B. S. A., Scoutmasters and Camp "Chef"

Much as "Scouting" means to the youth of our country—possibly to your own boy—think of the difference if it were not for the "Great Outdoors."

This great organization for boys has as its very basis the beauties and wonders of nature; and its tremendous success and progress since its inception speak in no uncertain terms of the judgment of its founders and the value of nature in the good work.

Our boys and girls thrive on the romance of the out-doors; they grow strong in mind and body through close association with the woods, the mountain trails, the streams and wild life.

Today boys' and girls' organizations are greater and broader in scope than in the past, but gone are the days of freedom to roam the countryside close to home. It has been neces-

sary to provide camps and parks for their use, which has been widely and generously done.

To the boy or girl outside these organizations, however, there remains only a limited choice of suitable spots near home—they must travel ever farther away to gain the advantages of wilderness and seclusion. Too, there are times during the year when the Camps are more or less closed through necessity.

It is to the parents of this region that REDWOOD ESTATES particularly appeals, providing as it does for our boys and girls a place for healthful recreation, close to home with all the advantages of the "Great Outdoors" plus the advantages it offers to the parents themselves. Investigate REDWOOD ESTATES for the welfare of yourself and family. The returns will be manifold.



# Cabinland

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HARRY W. GRASSLE, EDITOR

VOLUME 2

NOVEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 11

## Summer Week-End Homes for City-Bound People

HARRY W. GRASSLE

Although in all other respects it is women and children first, in the matter of where the family resides it is Dad, and the fact that he works long hours and can't be expected to commute, that gets first and foremost consideration.

Possibly it is the fact that it offers so perfect a compromise on the question of whether the family shall live in the city or the country that has made REDWOOD ESTATES such a popular summer or week-end home choice among city folks. Usually one thinks in terms of all city or all suburban living. Both have their advantages and their disadvantages, and the idea of living both in the city and in the country naturally have proved popular when summer homes are made available at the reasonable cost at which they may be purchased at REDWOOD ESTATES.

A summer or week-end home always has been regarded as a rich man's privilege, but REDWOOD ESTATES enables the family of moderate circumstances to live in the city and have such a home at so small a cost that it has been taken out of the luxury class for residents of the Bay Districts, Santa Clara and surrounding valleys.

The fact that Dad has to be near his place of business should not cheat the youngsters of the health-building recreation that only months of daily frolicking in good country air and sunshine can supply.

In our contacts with cabinsite owners, we continually meet enthusiastic assurances that having a country or summer home at REDWOOD ESTATES is a perfect solution of the city life

problem.

And, having a country home of your own is as different from renting a cottage as day is from night. The fact that it is your OWN home gives living in it the zest that only those things have which are ours to make what we want them to be.

If, after a makeshift summer of sojourning at a cottage for a month, camping here and there uncomfortably many week-ends, and paying high hotel rates for other little vacation accommodations, the idea of having a summer place of your own, at probably less cost than the summer trips you take each year in your weekly sorties to get out into the country, intrigues you, ask us about our low-cost cabinsite building service. If you are not a cabinsite owner we can indicate the low cost of REDWOOD ESTATES sites by stating that they sell for as low as one hundred dollars, and may be acquired on a small down payment and easy terms arrangement.





## "A Word About Cabinland"

We want to get over a point and a distinction to the many non-cabinsite owners who receive Cabinland each month.

This little publication is not the monthly advertisement of a real estate development TO BE. It is the monthly magazine or newspaper of a development THAT IS.

Have you stopped to think that the very fact of our publishing it each month is a symbol of investment integrity? Too often one hears nothing further about one's investment after one invests. Improvements do not any too regularly and commonly keep pace with sales promises. A monthly magazine would be a source of embarrassment to a project under those conditions.

But at REDWOOD ESTATES, improvements and sales have moved along faster than we promised in our selling pledges. We publish a monthly "newspaper" of REDWOOD ESTATES doings because it is a place where development news is in the making every month.

So we are hoping that non-cabinsite owners who receive Cabinland each month will feel that they too would like to invest in a development that has enough good news of accomplishment and progress to warrant "going to press" every month.

### LET'S GO!

Let's go to the cabin for a week-end rest,  
In order to meet the day at our best.

Better still, come for your yearly abode,  
The children go to school daily by the bus load.

We have the library and cultural training,  
In fact, every service to encourage remaining.

The children can tennis, or slide, or dive,  
While the parents can rest from the time they arrive.

There is calm and strength in the gentle breeze,  
Lost the feeling of rush as you rest in ease.

Through the towering trees you are bathed with  
the sun,

And a freedom from fear is readily won.

The very stars seem larger and brighter  
With the close of the day the heart is lighter.

With the break of day, the air is laden with song  
From the call of one bird, they number a  
throng.

The water is soft, and delicious, and cool



## The Maccabees

San Francisco, Calif.,  
October 3, 1928.

Mr. Harry W. Grassle  
Redwood Estates Company  
Los Gatos, Calif.  
Dear Mr. Grassle:

Our picnic last Sunday in that beautiful mountain spot, REDWOOD ESTATES, was a success in every way.

We wish it were possible you could have attended our committee meeting on Tuesday night—the enthusiasm was great relative to the real American way in which your people helped our committee.

We wish we could acquaint all of our members with your beautiful mountains. They will want to know more about them after the committee reports back to the various tents and hives.

In conclusion, all of us on the committee take this method of thanking you for the wonderful support and kindly help.

Very truly yours,

WM. V. JOYCE,  
Secretary.

From its mountainous trail to many a pool.

From the well-kept roads through hill and ravine

On the right and left friendly lights may be seen.

Come, join the Estate's family at the nightly campfire,

And be one more to say, "This is my heart's desire."

—Cabin Owner.



Tree-sheltered Cabin of Mr. Walter M. Pitz, San Francisco

## Personals

Mr. James McMichael of San Francisco has spent every week-end in the past year and a half at his fine cabin on Lee Drive. Another record?

The F. H. DeLancey's of Berkeley expect to enjoy their Thanksgiving Dinner at their new cabin on Santa Ana Road. They have just completed a beautiful cobblestone fireplace, adding greatly to the attractiveness of their cabin. Many of their friends are interested in REDWOOD ESTATES and all enjoy frequent good times together.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Pickle of San Jose have recently returned from a trip up North. They enjoyed the trip very much but express themselves as being glad to return to REDWOOD ESTATES for the natural beauty they went far to find.

The Howard G. Beadle's of Piedmont have started a fine garage and expect to begin construction on their cabin soon.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Webb of Berkeley spent a short vacation at REDWOOD ESTATES recently. They spend a few days at their cabin, "Linger Longer," whenever the opportunity offers to get away from the City—liking nothing better.

Antone Zarevich of Cupertino has completed his cabin home on Redwood Drive and is making it his permanent residence.

Mrs. Rose Klein entertained Saturday evening, October 27th, with a popcorn party at her cabin on Idylyn Drive. Mr. Klein came down from San Francisco, where they have their home, bringing with him his sister-in-law, Miss Elsie Kalik.

The H. B. Ellis family of San Francisco spent the week at their cabin, "The Blue Heaven," on Madrone Drive.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hasbrouck of "Verdi Vesta," Idylyn Drive, at the San Jose Hospital, Monday, October 29th.

The new cabin being erected by Mrs. Dora Bean of San Jose is nearing completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Robbins of San Jose spent the week-end at their cabin on Virginia Drive.

Mrs. Lillian Scott of Berkeley and her son Forrest of the University of California are spending a few months at REDWOOD ESTATES. Forrest suffered a slight breakdown from overwork at his studies and will stay until he recuperates.

## Do you see the Fairies?

If you go a-picnicking and throw your scraps about,  
You'll never see the little folks go running in and out,  
And if you leave your orange peel all littered on the  
grass,  
You'll never go to Fairyland or see the fairies pass:

For empty tins and tangled strings  
And paper bags are not the things  
To scatter where the linnet sings.

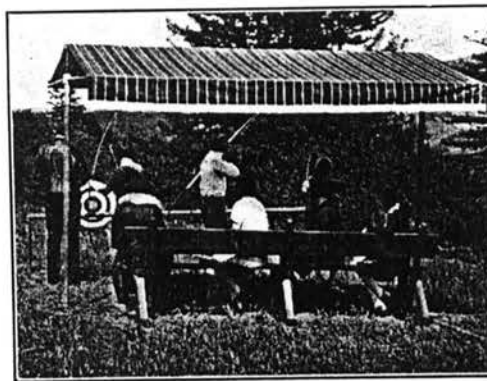
So if you go a-picnicking, remember you're a guest  
Of all the tiny people, and you'll really find it best  
To leave their ball-room tidy and to clear away the  
mess,  
And perhaps you'll see a fairy in her newest dancing  
dress.

But paper bags and broken combs  
Will really wreck the pixie homes,  
And frighten all the tiny gnomes.

But if you go a-picnicking and you are elfin wise,  
You'll maybe hear with fairy ears and see with goblin  
eyes;  
The little folk will welcome you, and they will open  
wide  
The hidden doors of Fairyland, and you will pass  
inside.

And, maybe, see a baby jay,  
White-cradled in a cherry spray,  
Although it's a "Bank" holiday.

—Among Ourselves.



Archery Range, Redwood Estates



## The Story of the World War - by Sergeant "Doc" Wells

### CHAPTER X

My next experience with a sniper was behind our own lines. Often a German sniper found his way back and in the guise of a French or Belgian farmer would "pick off" our fellows. One night the ration party, returning to the trench, reported a sniper working behind our lines. As life in the trench was a bit monotonous, I asked the Captain for permission to take two men and go sniper hunting. He gave his consent and I chose fearless Private Pearson and Private MacKenzie, a crack shot.

On our arrival back at the Ration Depot we were directed by an A.S.C. man to the supposed position of the sniper when he last shot. I quickly formed my plans, telling Pearson that he was to be a decoy and walk up and down the road for a few hundred yards, making a noise, so as to attract the Sniper's fire, thus enabling MacKenzie and me to locate him by the flash of his shot. Pearson started up the road and Mac and I to crawl across a field on hands and knees. We hadn't gone far when a rifle barked and a bullet whizzed overhead. We missed the flash that time, so lay still and waited. We could hear Harry walking along the road, his heavy studded boots making quite a noise on the hard cobblestones. Another shot, and then we caught a slight flash.

Mac now called my attention to the corner of a hedge where he thought he had heard a movement, so we agreed to rush it with the bayonet. Getting to our feet we started on the run but of a sudden down we went. We had tripped over some old wire. Stumbling to our feet again we charged forward into the hedge only to find—nothing! So ended the sniper hunt, but the next morning we had the satisfaction of hearing that an officer had shot a German sniper who he found in almost the identical spot taking "pot shots" at one of our working parties.

Next morning found us back at our old billet, and for the next three days we rested up, doing a little drill to keep in trim, and, oh yes!—I almost forgot, we had a bath! the first real bath since leaving England—also a change of un-

derwear, a welcome change to say the least.

That afternoon there was considerable excitement caused by the arrest of the owner of the farm on which we were staying. A very sullen individual he was, never speaking a word to any of us, and, unlike other farmers, refusing to sell us eggs or milk. He had previously been arrested but had been released for lack of proof. This time they had him however, and he was sent away for trial on the charge of communicating with the enemy.

Various methods were used by spies to supply the enemy with information.

For instance, a woman was detected giving information by hanging washing of various colors on a line. One fellow was caught signalling the enemy by the smoke of his chimney. There is no doubt but that when the German army retired they left a large number of spies and sympathizers behind to keep them posted on the movements of our troops, because every move we made in those days was counteracted by the enemy.

Truly at this time the gigantic German war machine loomed grim and terrible, and our "horizon of hope" was dimmed by many a dark cloud. Yet, with the thots in our minds of the inevitable fate should Germany conquer, and seeing the ruin of the country in which we were fighting, we became all the more determined not to give way to despair, but to fight, if necessary, to the last man—and undoubtedly it was this determination in the individual minds of the first army, and later inculcated into the hearts of the men composing the later armies, that was responsible for the final victory.

Our next turn "in" was rather eventful, as during that time the famous Battle of Neuve Chapelle was fought, the Canadians taking a minor part in the operations by holding the left of the line. If I am not mistaken, my battalion was the last but one on the left, so that we saw little fighting. However, it might be interesting to hear just what we did and the preparations that were made, as we fully expected that we would have to "go over." Next month I will tell about these.

Picnic  
at  
**REDWOOD  
ESTATES**  
next  
Sunday  
You'll enjoy it!



# Redwood Estates

About 2 years ago, a mountain ranch.  
TODAY-- A mountain subdivision of  
over 2,000 wonderful cabinsites, with--

1. 15 miles of oiled and graveled macadam roads.
2. Pure mountain water.  
4 completed concrete water reservoirs, 125,000-gallon capacity each—more projected.  
Auxiliary Redwood tanks, 50,000 gallons capacity.  
Electrically operated equipment.
3. 500,000-gallon underground water storage in specially constructed tunnels.
4. Water piped to every lot—15 miles of pipe already laid.
5. A United States Postoffice—"REDWOOD ESTATES." Daily mail service.
6. Complete Pacific Gas & Electric Co. electric service installed.
7. Telephone service operated by Los Gatos Telephone Company.
8. \$12,000.00 swimming pool built of reinforced concrete, commodious bathhouse and complete equipment, including modern filtration plant electrically operated.
9. 10 acres, landscaped, comprising the Community Recreation Center, with dance Pavilion, double tennis courts, children's playground and equipment, shuffleboard, horseshoe courts, archery range, children's pool, barbecue pits, etc.
10. School bus to Lexington school. Transportation to Los Gatos Union High school. School site set aside at REDWOOD ESTATES.
11. General store, gas and oil service station, lunch counter and tea room.
12. Branch Santa Clara County Free Library.

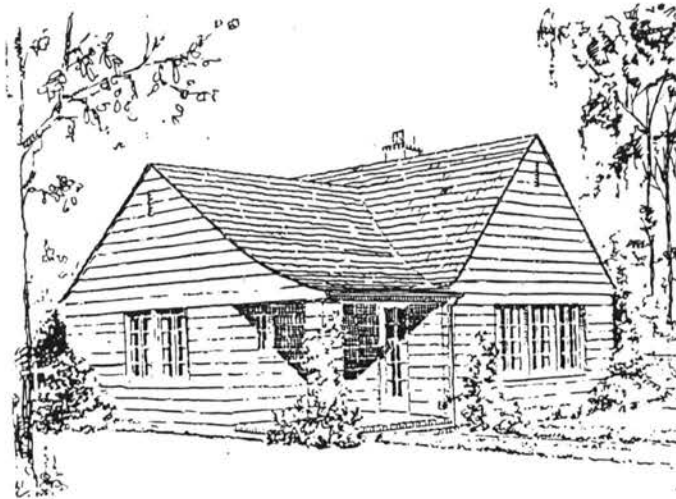
13. Deputy Santa Clara County Sheriff.
14. 180 dwellings valued at over \$200,000.00. Others under construction.
15. Over 125 permanent year-round residents.
16. Over 1200 persons owning property in REDWOOD ESTATES.
17. Climate unexcelled all the year.
18. Insurance.  
In case of death of buyer before lot has been entirely paid for, instalments having been properly paid, his heirs will receive a deed to the property without further payment.

Located six miles beyond the charming City of Los Gatos, in the beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains, bordering on the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz Highway, the new Skyline Boulevard and the Summit Road, in Santa Clara County. Situated on the northeasterly slope of the mountains, REDWOOD ESTATES is sheltered from fog and wind, yet only nineteen miles from the beach at Santa Cruz. An interesting two-hour drive from the Bay Cities—a half-hour from San Jose. A scenic one hour's drive from San Francisco upon completion of the new Skyline Boulevard.

Everything mentioned above, which cost the property owner nothing beyond the original price of the lot, has combined to increase the value of holdings so that several re-sales have been made at a profit ranging from 30 per cent to 90 per cent in this short time. Third unit now open, selling at prices as low as units 1 and 2 in 1926.



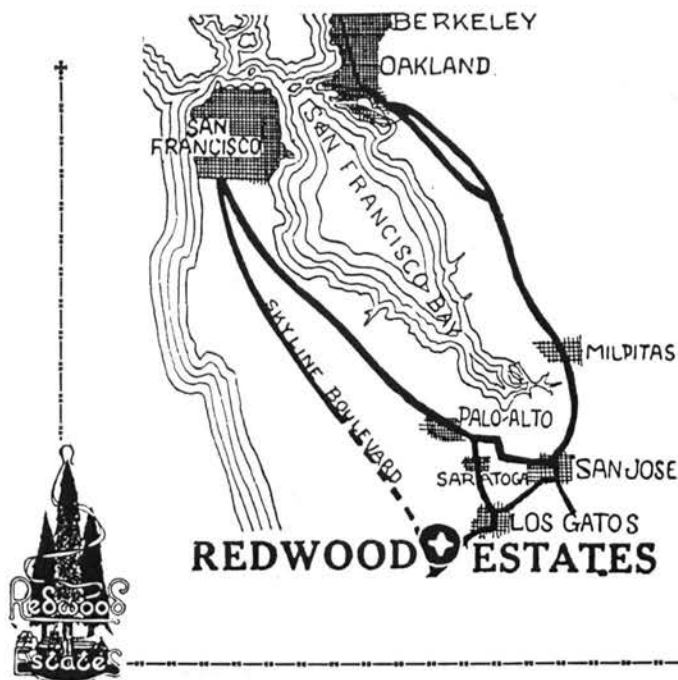




### ∴Cottage∴

More formal than a mountain cabin ordinarily,  
but beautiful in its simplicity;  
comfortable and spaciouly arranged.

This cabin-home illustrates the diversity of  
architecture that can be applied to  
**REDWOOD ESTATES CONSTRUCTION.**



ROADS  
PURE WATER  
BEAUTIFUL REDWOODS  
SUNLIT WOODLAND TRAILS  
COMMUNITY RECREATION CENTER  
SWIMMING - TENNIS - GAMES  
UNEXCELLED CLIMATE  
POPULAR PRICES  
TERMS

**REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY**  
NEAR LOS GATOS

# CABINLAND

Vol. 2

Published Monthly by the  
REDWOOD ESTATES COMPANY, LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

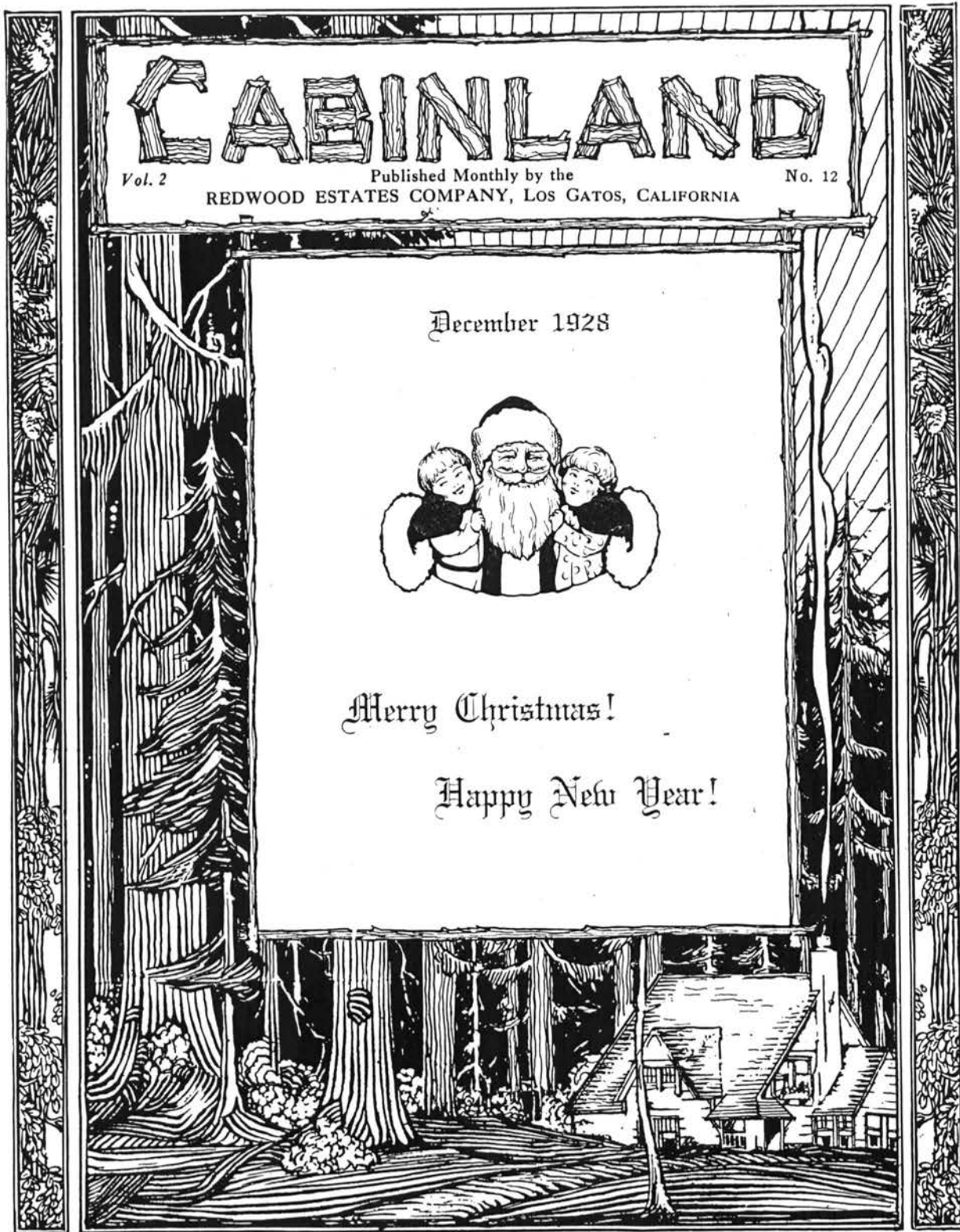
No. 12

December 1928



Merry Christmas!

Happy New Year!



# *The Shriek of the City*

## OR

### QUIET SUNLIT HILLS?

"The World's Plague of Noise" it is called by the Literary Digest in a recent issue. "The most malignant plague that civilization has ever confronted." Many countries, notably England, according to the Literary Digest, are waging active campaigns in an endeavor to improve the situation, which is a vital factor in our lives and health.

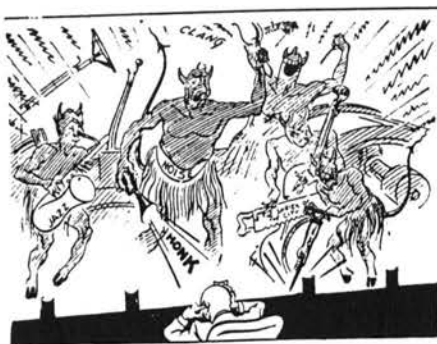
The Society of Medical Officers of Health in England, it is understood, has forwarded a suggestion to the Medical Research Council that, "the effect of extraneous noises on health" is a suitable subject for early investigation and research. It is also expected that an appeal will soon be made to the Medical Organization of the League of Nations "to consider the abatement of preventable noise in the cause of humanity."

Prof. Henry J. Spooner of the London Polytechnic School of Engineering says, "Doubtless future generations will look upon our age as barbaric and an age of folly vulgarized by an

absence of quietude and repose, and notorious for an uncontrolled devastating din that tortured the workers, invalids and thinkers." Prof. Spooner is working toward prevention, elimination or reduction of unnecessary noise through development of engineering skill along that line.

In our cities, noise—street noise, industrial noise—reach the heights of their diabolical glory. What can we do but endure it? It is a fact—years will pass before noise will decrease even though this important matter of life and health should be given immediate universal attention. We must follow out our life work regardless of the fact that it keeps us in the city—fortunate the man living or working in the country in this respect. Many of you who read this undoubtedly live as far from your work as possible—many who can do so have country homes for rest and quiet.

Which brings us to the point of this article and in the words of the famous advertisement, "You, too, can own one." And we mean anyone can own a week-end and vacation home at REDWOOD ESTATES. Quiet sunlit hills, majestic trees and skies, restful days; starry nights from which you awake refreshed and vigorous in mind and body. REDWOOD ESTATES invites you. Here you'll find your ideal of peace, a place for forgetfulness of every-day cares and worries, heaven for city-bound children; a haven for city-bound men and women.



# Cabinland

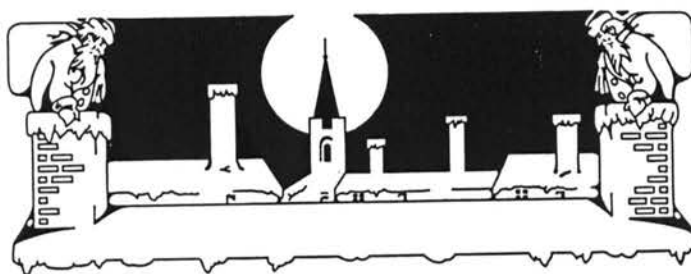
The Magazine of REDWOOD ESTATES, the Mountain Subdivision near Los Gatos  
Published by the Redwood Estates Company, Los Gatos, California

HARRY W. GRASSLE, EDITOR

VOLUME 2

DECEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 12



## CHRISTMAS

HARRY W. GRASSLE

Christmas again! The happiest time of the year for all of us and made so because it is the season of giving. True happiness in full quota is found only in service to others.

Rather than write a Christmas message to you myself, I've selected a few paragraphs from Dickens that are quite worth while reading again, and I'm sure you will enjoy them. A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL!

"And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggle of life, are then reunited, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first days of a future state of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, Christmas-time awakens!

"We write these words now, many miles dis-

tant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their luster in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstance connected with those happy meetings crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the traveler back to his own fireside and quiet home!"





## Among Ourselves

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Raymond of San Francisco entertained as Thanksgiving dinner guests at their mountain cabin on Madrone Drive, Mr. Johnson and Miss Smith, also of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Webb of Berkeley spent last week at REDWOOD ESTATES. They entertained Miss Frances Weber and her brother of Berkeley over the week-end. Miss Weber is a composer and concert pianist with her studio in the Claremont Hotel, Berkeley; also Supervisor of Music of Contra Costa County.

The Wilson Cabin on Madrone Drive was the scene of a happy party of friends over Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goodrich of Sunnyvale were visitors at the home of the Rev. Benj. Ewald, formerly of Sunnyvale. Beth Ewald spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Webster at Twin Lakes.

Mr. J. D. Tompkins and family have taken the Kelly cabin on Locust Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Grassle will spend the Christmas holidays in Detroit, Mich., with Mrs. Grassle's relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Crowson of El Paso, Texas, are visiting at the Matson home on Madrone Drive. The Crowson's drove by automobile some thirteen hundred miles, and report a constant stream of tourists pouring into California. They expect to locate here.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Black of San Francisco visited at the Chandler cabin on Virginia Drive. Mr. Black is with the Pacific Pipe Company.

Mrs. Rose Klein, Flora May and Betty June returned to San Francisco Saturday after Thanksgiving. They have spent the entire summer and fall at their cabin on Idyllyn Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Geiger of Sunnyvale spent the Thanksgiving holidays at their cabin.

Mr. J. J. Petty, connected with the Manual Training Department of the Oakland schools; Mrs. Petty and daughter Frances, spent last week-end at their cabin.

## THANK YOU!

TAX TIME is past and Redwood Estates Company wants to take this occasion to thank owners for their help and co-operation in handling this heavy task. Taxes are a burden for all of us at the best, and your cheerful assistance, evidenced by the small amount of confusion resulting from the hundreds of tax statements it was necessary to segregate and complete, was greatly appreciated. REDWOOD ESTATES has a record of no delinquent taxes and it now appears that this record will continue unbroken for another year.

Mrs. Bager of Los Angeles, niece of Mrs. Merrill, spent Thanksgiving at the Merrill cabin on Redwood Drive.

Mrs. Annie H. T. Sherman of San Jose is spending a few days at her cabin, which becomes the center of hospitality when she arrives.

The season's rainfall at REDWOOD ESTATES has been approximately five inches.

Mr. Arthur A. Whitaker, formerly of Los Gatos, now of Oakland, spent a few days at his cabin on Madrone Drive after his return from a trip to Europe.

Miss Esther B. Ellis of San Jose has moved into her new cabin on Opeida Court, where she is entertaining Miss Anne Covey of San Jose and Miss Helen Pae of San Martin.

The Farinas, who have just returned from a trip through British Columbia and Oregon, entertained friends at the Hill cabin on Virginia Drive over Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowd of San Francisco are enjoying the Burke cabin on La Salle Drive for a few weeks.

Mr. Clarence L. Stringfellow is contemplating building soon on his cabinsite on Naomi Court.

"Robbin's Roost" on Virginia Drive was the scene of a happy party recently when Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Robbins of San Jose entertained at a house party for friends from Oakland and San Francisco.

The McDowell Graves have returned to their home in Whittier after an enjoyable vacation at REDWOOD ESTATES.



## The Story of the World War - by Sergeant "Doc" Wells

CHAPTER XI

Back in the trench again. I had just come in from the "Listening Post" when word was passed that I was to report to Lieut. Hornby. I found him in his dugout quietly smoking his pipe with an official looking paper in his hand. He told me to crawl in, and after asking some questions about the patrols and working parties, he said, "Well, Wells, it looks like the real thing for us tomorrow." "We've just received word that a big attack is to take place tomorrow morning early on the right, and that we are to hold ourselves in readiness to 'go over' at any time during the day. We may not go over, still we must be prepared."

Then to my surprise he sat up quickly, his tone changed, an expression of eagerness spread over his face (this splendid officer was later killed in battle, and his death will ever be mourned by those of us alive because "Jeff" Hornby was loved by all) and he said, "Wells, I hope we do. I want my chance, and I want my boys to have theirs. It will be a 'smash up'—some of us won't come back, perhaps, but that's all in the game, and we are all here to 'play the game.' Will you stay by me, Wells?" A lump rose in my throat. All I could do was to grip his hand hard. After receiving his instructions regarding preparations, I slipped out into the trench and called all the men together, explaining the details concerning the work to be done in connection with the "show" to take place on the morrow.

Then followed an inspection of ammunition, boxes, rifles, bayonets, etc. Openings were made in our wire, extra ladders were made and placed against the parapet to make the "going over" easier. Section Commanders were instructed in leading their sections out; sharpshooters and wire cutters were detailed for advance work; so that in a little while every man had his position and understood clearly just what was expected of him.

Having completed my instructions, I slipped into my dugout for an hour's rest. I guess every man wrote a letter home that night. I wrote one to my mother. It sounds foolish to admit it now, but I fully expected that letter to be my

last.

The morning broke fine, calm and clear. "Pass the word, 'stand to!'" came the order, and each man sprang to his firing position. After I had inspected each position, I reported to Mr. Hornby, who told me to "stand by" and await orders.

There was no laughing or talking now; a tense feeling seemed to prevail. Every man gripped his rifle and waited expectantly. We hadn't long to wait when—"Boom, boom, boom, Br-a-up—Br-u-up—Br-r-up—" The "heavies"

had opened up! Those big shells were passing—but a few feet in the air—over our heads, with a terrible screeching noise, and landing directly into the German trench beyond, about one hundred and fifty yards away, where they exploded with a terrific crash, sending the mud and sandbags sky high. What a sight it was indeed!

By this time our fellows had lost their feeling of nervousness and were leaning over the parapet watching the "show." Fritz, to our direct front, opened up a half-hearted rifle and machine gun fire, but he must have had the "wind up" bad, because his bullets were passing away

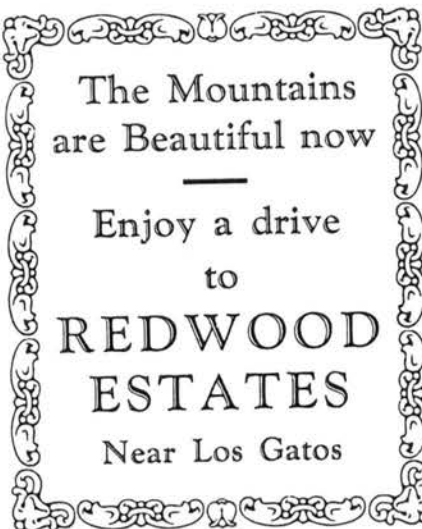
high over our trench.

"Pass the word 'Rapid fire' by platoons!" This order was whipped down the trench like lightning.

"Br-r-ap—Br-r-ap—Br-r-ap" go our rifles, as volley after volley is fired in quick succession into the enemy's trench. The boys started to cheer like mad. I jumped to the parapet to ascertain the cause, and found that the Germans were evacuating their trench. Hundreds could be seen beating it back like so many jackrabbits. Excitement getting the best of me, I grabbed a rifle and cut loose with the rest, but the fact that there were so many men shooting made it hard to judge whether it was your shot or some other fellow's shot that plugged the Fritz you had aimed at.

In the midst of the excitement, a tremendous cheer is sent up by the Kilties on our right, and they could be seen lining their parapet, as though preparing for a charge.

—Turn to next page.



## Story of World War

(Continued from Page 5)

Throwing caution to the winds, our fellows started to climb over the top also, but an officer dashed down the trench shouting, "Get back! Damn it, get back!" and the men reluctantly obeyed, grumbling over their disappointment at not being allowed to go on a souvenir hunt. What a change had come over those chaps. A half-hour previous they were crouching below the parapet, with grim, white, set faces, their nerves strained to the breaking point. Now they were showing every sign of animal men, and seemingly thirsting for the enemy's blood.

The artillery fire kept up for over two hours, at the end of which time the trenches in front of us were badly battered up. It would have been an easy matter for us to have gone over and taken them, but the fact that we were already in an advanced position would only have brought a heavy flanking fire on us, and severe casualties would undoubtedly have been the result; and as the attack on our right was made solely for the purpose of advancing and straightening the line, it would not have been practical for us to have advanced that day.

The object of our activities here was simply to keep him guessing, and to prevent him from moving his troops on our front up to reinforce and support his left wing.

About four o'clock in the afternoon news reached us to the effect that the attack had been a success, and that our troops had quickly gained their objective. This was a signal for an outburst of cheering in our trench—and cheer we did—in fact, we cheered so long and loud that poor old Fritzie evidently thought we were coming over, because he opened up on us with everything he had—machine guns, rifles and artillery—but he must have been very nervous (from the spanking we had just administered him, no doubt), because all the damage he did was to "plough up" No Man's Land with his "firecrackers," and fan the air with his little leaden knockout-drops.

### THE MOUNTAIN CABIN AND WEEK-END COTTAGE ARE GROWING IN POPULARITY

"Change is good for every man. If, occasionally, he will get away—see new scenes and new faces: wear old clothes and eat different food:

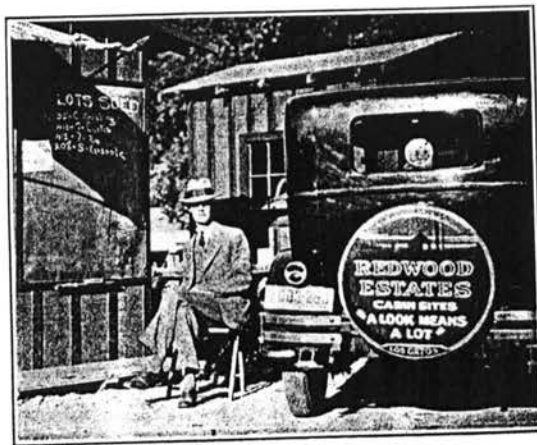
think new thoughts and lead a different life: swim, hike, play tennis, row, or lie on his back under the forest—then does he increase his chances for peace and prosperity, happiness and long life."—A Wise Old Owl.

More and more are people becoming conscious of the handicaps imposed by business opportunity and social contacts requiring homes in or near metropolitan centers, which unduly restrict healthy, happy out-door relaxation. In ever-increasing numbers people are considering a cottage or a cabin in the mountains less of a luxury and more of a necessity.

The modest summer cabin and the week-end cottage is coming into its own.

### SALESMEN DINE

REDWOOD ESTATES Sales Organization enjoys a "Sales Dinner" and meeting each week after spending the day "learning" REDWOOD ESTATES. Last week this dinner, held at the Pavilion at REDWOOD ESTATES, was a particularly enjoyable affair. Mr. Paul Curtis of Los Gatos, sportsman-salesman of the organization, furnished a wild duck for each of those present, and they were surely a treat, cranberry sauce and all. Sylvia McKeon of Oakland surprised the gathering with wonderful home-made pies. Mr. Harry W. Grassle, sales manager, addressed the gathering, after which Messrs. Ralph Condon and Paul Grassle staged a four-round boxing match—a humorous imitation of the real thing. Dancing in the open Pavilion completed the day.



Mr. Paul E. Curtis, Salesman, and his prize-winning tire-cover "ad"



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TODAY-- A mountain subdivision of  
over 2,000 wonderful cabinsites, with--

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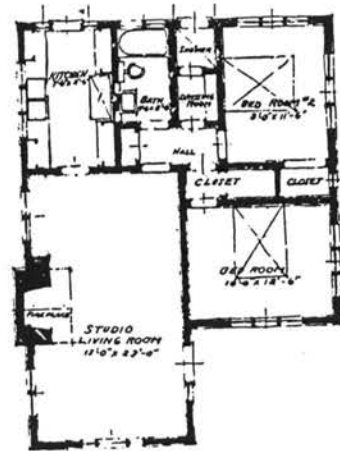
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## *The* STUDIO

**R**USTIC, Novel, Commodious.  
A Mountain Cabin of restful and practical design where the busiest man or woman could relax in comfort and peaceful enjoyment.

### TEMPLEMAN'S

For

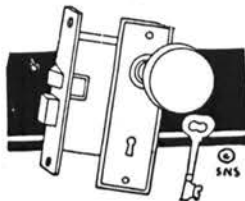
HARDWARE

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PHONE

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