

WALLS CAN TALK

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Memoir Class
Campbell Adult Center
Ann Thompson

INTRODUCTION

This is the story of the memories of a house built in the 1920s and is still lovingly preserved and occupied today. It is the story of its families, its remodeling and modernization, its service as a hub for community activities, and a history that in many respects mirrors that of Santa Clara County itself.

Although the sights, sounds, and smells have all changed around this house and although its history has encompassed two world wars, the Depression, and the movement from the agrarian economy of The Valley of Hearts Delight to Silicon Valley companies, the various occupants have been consistently adaptable, resourceful, warm and community minded.

I know this story to be true as I helped save this house and have lived in it for thirty years. In this story the walls do talk.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Beth Wyman

Beth helped gather historic material that was published for the National Register application. Unfortunately all that information wasn't used, as the Office of Historic Preservation for the State of California just wanted the house's architectural features, but now I'm able to use it all.

Ann Thompson

Ann opened my eyes to the fact that I can write if I want to. Her memoir students appreciate her coaching and understanding.

William A. Wulf

Bill is a notable local historian. He has let me use information from his private collection of pictures and documents as my attachments.

Rudolf Herz

Rudi has been by my side since we bought the property, moved and restored the house that wanted to be saved. None of this would have happened without him.

Tuesday Memoir Writing Class in Campbell

The help and encouragement from my class members have helped make this story possible.

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WALLS CAN TALK

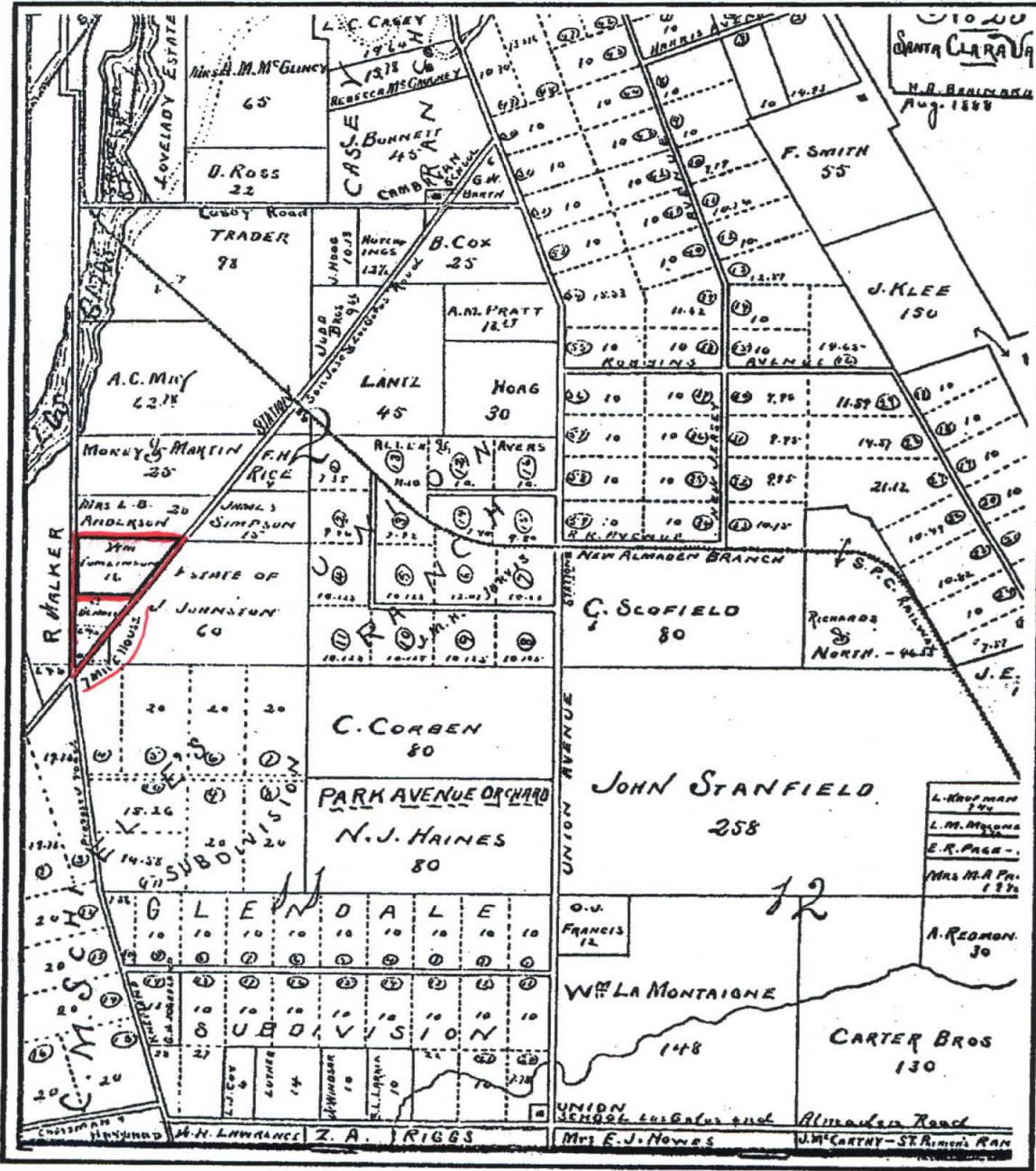
This is a story about me – a house, and why I was built in Santa Clara Valley. Actually it's not just about me, but also about the people who made me and lived within my walls.

Worth mentioning, there were two other houses related to me on the property the Young's called their ranch. One was a Victorian beauty on Bascom Avenue and the other, was a collection from different periods in time on White Oaks Road. Then there were numerous chicken houses, barns, and even an art studio. They have all passed away under the wrecking ball. There's just me left to tell the story. *(Footnote #1)*

One day some Santa Clara County people came by and looked me over. They took photos and checked my pedigree. Next thing I knew I was in a book called Heritage Resource Inventory. The Santa Clara County Board of Supervisors and the Historical Heritage Commission published that book in 1979. I had made the big time.

Let's start my history with my funny property lines. The property originally looked like a pie wedge. Today the southern point of the pie wedge is the corner of South Bascom Avenue and White Oaks Road. Bascom was a road running from San Jose to Los Gatos. At that intersection White Oaks Road met the road from Santa Clara to Santa Cruz, and extended all the way to El Camino Real, which connected the missions. This meant the property fronted two important roads. *(As shown on August 1888 map Attachment #1)*

Map 4. William Tomlinson Property, 1888



H. A. Brainard Map
"No. 25. Santa Clara Valley."

Courtesy, William A. Wulf Collection

At that junction nestled among large oak trees was the Seven Mile House. It was called that because it was seven miles from San Jose to that stop. Men would water the horses at those “mile houses” along their route. Those men were called teamsters and they could get a drink, whereas Campbell was a dry town with no alcohol. (Footnote #2)

As noted on the Cambrian Community Council website:

“White Oaks Road – Between October 16, 1858 and May 1, 1880, weary passengers of the Pioneer Stage Coach Company and other travelers refreshed themselves at the Seven Mile House, which stood on what is presently White Oaks Road and Bascom Avenue. The road is named for the immense stand of trees that welcomed and shaded them.” (Footnote #3 & Attachment #2)

OUR COUNTY LIQUOR LAW.

Some say: "It is good enough." Let us see if it is. In applying for a liquor license the law only requires "the certificate of seven freeholders residing near the proposed place of business consenting thereto." This is our law, because we made it or sanction it. This law makes a class distinction between the freeholders and voters.

In starting a saloon it asks the consent of freeholders but not of voters. The voter may have greater interests at stake than the freeholder, but has no voice in the matter.

The freeholder may protect his property, but the voter cannot protect his family. Voters, do you think this law is "good enough?"

Again, our law favors minority rule. Seven persons are given power to bring in the saloon. Why delegate so much authority to seven?

Is this in keeping with the American principle of majority rule.

In the forty-five precincts under this law there are seventy-five legalized saloons. Each saloon began at the request of "seven freeholders," and sometimes under the protest of twelve times as many citizens residing in the same vicinity. This is said to be true of the "Seven Mile House" on the San Jose and Los Gatos Road. Voters, do you think such a law is "good enough?"

There is now an opportunity to amend the law at the November election. You may change the word "freeholder" to "voter" and the word "seven" to "a majority."

The amended law would avoid class distinction and minority rule.

In any given precinct outside of incorporated cities majorities for or against the legalized saloon could have their way and the minority would submit.

This would respect honest difference of opinion and secure the greatest possible fairness to all parties.

J. C. LYNN,

Secretary of Anti-Saloon League of Santa Clara County,

71 North Ninth Street, SAN JOSE, CAL

Courtesy, William A. Wulf Collection

Attachment #2

The Brothers: Bertram & Earl Young

Let's progress to WWI when the Young family purchased six acres of land and the buildings close to that corner.

Earl Young was a healthy American and ardent baseball player. His aspiration was to join the San Francisco Seals but Uncle Sam sent him a letter and he found himself in the 81st Infantry Division, eventually headed to France. A whiff or two of gas put an end to his baseball aspirations. He came home with tuberculosis and was hospitalized for months. The doctors told the family he needed to be in fresh, dry air to regain his strength.

Earl's older brother, a ship builder named Bertram Young, bought this land in 1920 in the Valley of Hearts Delight for his brother to regain his health. Earl moved into the Victorian house facing Bascom Avenue. The Young family started making weekend trips from Alameda to what they called the ranch, and Earl's health started returning.

In the early 1920s the bottom fell out of the ship building business. Bertram started thinking about what other kinds of work he could do. When his oldest son graduated from Alameda High School in 1924, the family moved down to the ranch. Bertram moved his family into the main house, the Victorian.

By then Earl's health was much better, even though he would always have weak lungs from tuberculosis. He moved into the old combined brooder, migrant workers' house. Earl then started adding onto it in all directions to make a larger home. Earl married a girl named Virginia and they started a family of their own.

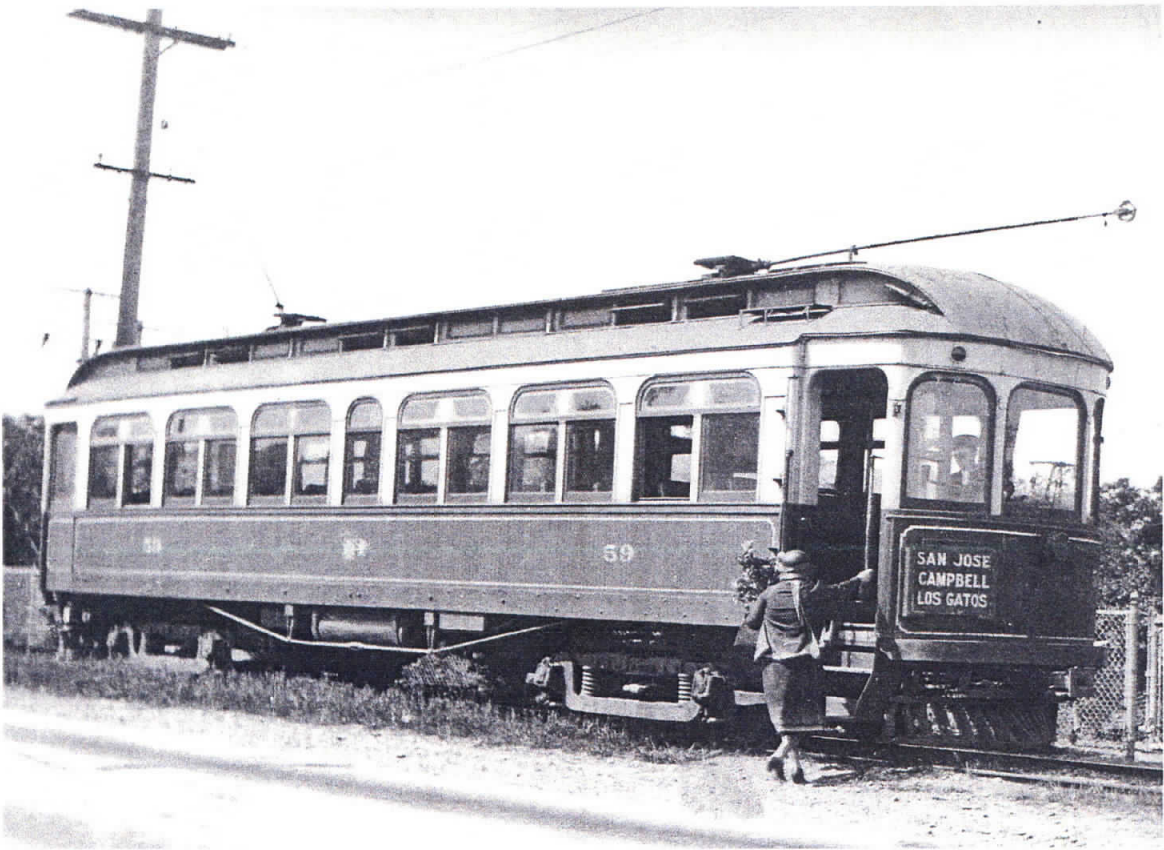
First came a son in 1924, named Robert and three year later a daughter in 1927, Barbara.

Meanwhile Bertram and Earl started building chicken houses hoping chickens would help them earn money. Bertram's son John helped them. All around them were blossoming fruit trees with wild mustard growing waist high. The air was so clear that from the roof they could see the domes of the observatory buildings on Mt. Hamilton twenty miles away, as well as the top of the First National Bank building in San Jose half that distance away. There were birds singing everywhere, nesting in the trees and shrubs. When the chickens arrived even more birds were drawn by the abundance of chicken feed offered around that area.

The Bertram and Earl Young families sold apricots, peaches and other fruits by the side of the road, then eggs after the chickens began to produce.

In the fall of 1924 John V. Young was ready to attend the brand new Los Gatos High School. Getting to school was easy because right outside his front door the Peninsular Railway interurban electric railroad known as the "Short Line" roared from San Jose to Los Gatos. It wasn't supposed to stop right there, but did when John flagged it down for school. *(Footnote #4 & Attachment #3)*

Peninsular Railway
San Jose Campbell Los Gatos
Short Line on Bascom Avenue



Attachment #3

I imagine during that time Earl and Virginia started thinking about their dream house and what it might look like. He probably remembered the country houses he had seen during his wartime years in Europe. During the 1920s architects in California started designing houses with the English, French and German countryside in mind. *(Attachment #4)*

In fact, right down the street on Bascom Avenue, J. C. Ainsley started building his dream home in 1925. It was an English country house like Ann Hathaway's in England. His new house made a statement in this area. He could afford such a luxury because the Ainsley family and the Hyde family had the largest canning factories in Campbell. Growing and canning the valley's fruit was important to everyone living around here.

THE BASIC IDEA behind these American suburbs was that the health, morals, and future prospects of the lower classes could be vastly improved in a new community away from the crowding, filth, and exploitation of the city. The little English-style house with its sunny garden suggested the appropriate "Home Spirit" necessary to foster social improvement--while turning a modest profit.

AFTER WORLD WAR ONE, the English Revival achieved outright popularity. The style took on political significance, becoming an affirmation of victorious English-speaking nations. A physical expression of a common English heritage, the Tudor style became the symbol of world peace and prosperity. Advertisements of the period used a backdrop of multi-gabled houses as they hawked automobiles and household goods provided by a democratic society based on English common law and free mercantilism.

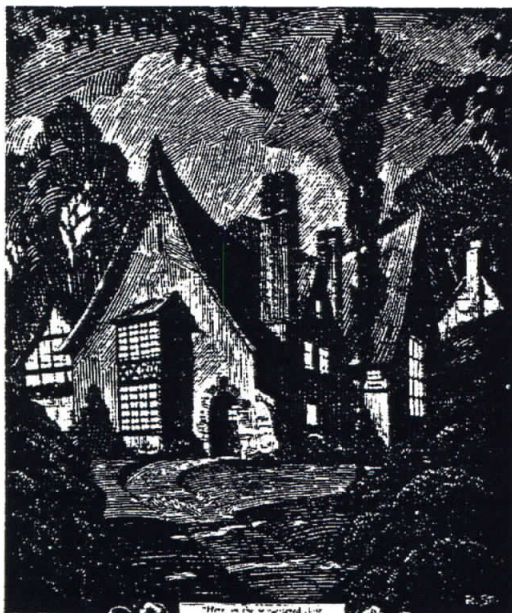
WITH ALL THESE cumulative associations, the English Revival enjoyed immense success. Design of the small house became the international architectural preoccupation of the day. European and American architectural journals

highlighted the work of English architects M.H. Baillie Scott and C.F.A. Voysey for their smaller artistic houses, addressing the complex issues of suburban housing. American architects such as Philip Small, Ernest Mayo, and Charles Schneider were often of British ancestry or education. Their work expressed their own professional bias as well as the consensus of clients possessed by Anglomania.

IT SEEMED ALMOST PRE-DESTINED that English Revival houses should appear in villages near America's five great cities of the 1920s--New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Cleveland. After all, what greater dream could these eclectic architects envision than a city of gleaming towers surrounded by sylvan English-style suburbs?

BRUCE E. LYNCH, an architect and architectural historian by training, recently became Executive Director of Wisconsin Heritages, Inc., a state-wide preservation group that operates the Pabst Mansion in Milwaukee. Formerly with Historic Landmarks of Indiana, and most recently with Building Conservation, he has an intense interest in early 20th-century suburbs and their architecture.

All photographs by Bruce Lynch.



"Here, in the sequestered close / Bloom the hyacinth and rose; / Here beside the modest stock / Flaunts the flaring hollyhock."

Advertisements for English Revival homes in Shaker Heights featured woodcuts that displayed the romantic character of the style and the "fairy tale" charms of the houses. The one at right illustrates a lofty vision of the Van Sweringen brothers, the developers of Shaker Heights: a modern metropolis where rapid transit lines emanate from the city center to outlying suburbs graced with



"Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping city pavements (Ah, the springy sod upon an upland moor!)."

wonderful houses in the Norman, Colonial, and English Revival styles. The captions for these 1927 illustrations are as romantic as the woodcuts. Left: "Here, in the sequestered close / Bloom the hyacinth and rose; / Here beside the modest stock / Flaunts the flaring hollyhock." Right: "Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping city pavements (Ah, the springy sod upon an upland moor!)."

My Story

Now we get to the part of the story where I come in. Earl and Virginia had a local contractor, Benjamin Painter, build their home in 1928. I was to face Bascom Avenue and have a long horseshoe driveway leading towards the middle of the property. My family wanted more privacy from the main road. Bertram then deeded this land to Earl's family for \$10.00. *(Footnote #5)*

It was my turn to shine. I would be around twenty five hundred square feet, with one and a half stories, a cross gable, stucco-clad Tudor Revival. I also was going to have a whimsical storybook look about me. My facade was going to be dominated by one of five steeply pitched gable roofs, all the roofs made of shingles that were shaped to look like an English thatched roof. Large stones were brought from a Santa Rosa quarry to go around my turret to accent the recessed entry arch to my front door. The stone corners would appear to emerge from beneath heavy stucco. A chimney pot would emerge from my massive fireplace to further enhance the skyline of the roof. I was going to be the best ranch house around the area.

Anyone walking inside the massive front door would see walls heavily textured with plaster and then bull nosing to give the appearance of a house made out of stone. Earl would look up at my cathedral ceiling and at the handcrafted terracotta-tile fireplace with a keystone bas-relief of the house. All of my tiles were made in San Jose. The floors were made of oak with wide-planks and pegged. Virginia would look through my windows, tall, narrow, in multiple groups with multi-pane glazing to draw in the Santa Clara Valley sun. In my

basement was housed the latest gas heater with the capability of also burning wood. Each room had a heater vent and the heat just rose up by convection through them to keep me warm. (Footnote #6)

Now what did I see when looking around? In spring there were nothing but fruit tree blossoms everywhere, all shades of blossoms from white to dark pink for miles, their perfume sweet in the air. The sound of birds and bees surrounded me. Other smells weren't so nice like burning chicken feathers when brooding hens turned into stewing hens, so many feathers when those chickens went to market. The smell of burning sulfur wasn't pleasant, either, when apricots had to go into the sulfur houses to kill bacteria and germs.

In my kitchen the ladies would can the fruits and vegetables they grew on the property. When the summer canning was done they put the filled jars on shelves in neat rows in my basement.

More Young Family Members

Around 1930, during the hard times of the Depression, two more members of the Young family came to live on the property, Bertram and Earl's sister, Mary (Young) Hobart and her husband, Clark Hobart. Both were artists. In the 1920s Mary was head of the art department at Mission High School in San Francisco. Her works included monotypes and oils of landscapes, still lifes and portraits, and would later be held by Mills College in Oakland. (Footnote #7)

In 1915, Clark Hobart won the silver medal in the Panama Pacific Exposition for his monotype prints. He received praise from art critics for the

development of color monotype prints. Hobart was known for his impressionist portraits and landscapes and was often compared to Cezanne. Hobart's works are held in such places as the De Young Museum, Monterey Peninsula Museum of Art, and Oakland Museum among others. *(Footnote #8)*

The two of them moved into the expanding combined brooder, migrant workers' house which was formerly occupied by the Earl Young family and added onto it again. They also built an art studio to continue their artwork. They collaborated on projects and exhibited together.

Now there were three houses on the Young family land at this little pie wedge: Bertram Young's family, Earl Young's family and Mary and Clark Hobart. Artists congregated with the Hobarts in their art studio. It became known as "Youngville" with all the activities that were happening at the corner. *(Footnote #9)*

Depression Years

By 1930, the bottom had fallen out of the chicken business and sales from fruit would scarcely pay the tax bill. Bertram resigned his position as a director of the California Poultry Producers Association, a large marketing co-op he helped organize. As director he had many contacts with other ranchers in the Santa Clara Valley, which became of great value to the Young brothers in their new venture.

At that time it was very difficult and expensive for anyone to buy fire insurance on homes and buildings in rural areas. This was especially true for chicken ranches, so Bertram and Earl decided to become insurance salesmen.

They helped organize the Santa Clara Valley Fire Insurance Company. Later it was taken over by the national Farmers Insurance Exchange, which was spreading its wings in the valley. Both brothers became agents for Farmers Insurance and did very well for themselves.

Earl also became a salesman for the California Prune & Apricot Association. He rose rapidly and became sales manager. Both the insurance and fruit business worked well together for him. *(Footnote #10)*

John V. Young

In 1931 Bertram's son, John, at the age of twenty-two, applied for a job with the San Jose Mercury Herald. The paper needed somebody living in the Campbell – Los Gatos – Saratoga area that could serve as a roaming correspondent. John had won a college essay contest when a Mr. Broenshire from the Mercury Herald had been one of the judges. Mr. Brokenshire remembered John's writing and wanted to give him a chance. John became a country reporter with little experience and no supervision. He felt the job was tailor-made for him, and it was. The job paid \$25.00 a week, plus another \$25.00 for travel expenses. It kept the Young family afloat until the insurance business got rolling. *(Footnote #11)*

John began to interview old-timers from the rural Santa Cruz Mountains and realized he had uncovered a world that had almost disappeared. The stories and photographs were published as the Sunday feature series "Ghost Towns of the Santa Cruz Mountains."

In 1979 he published a compilation of those articles in a book by the same name. For years it was used as a reference book at San Jose State University. In 1980 John also published his "Hot Type and Pony Wire," filled with anecdotes from his journalism years.

Changes

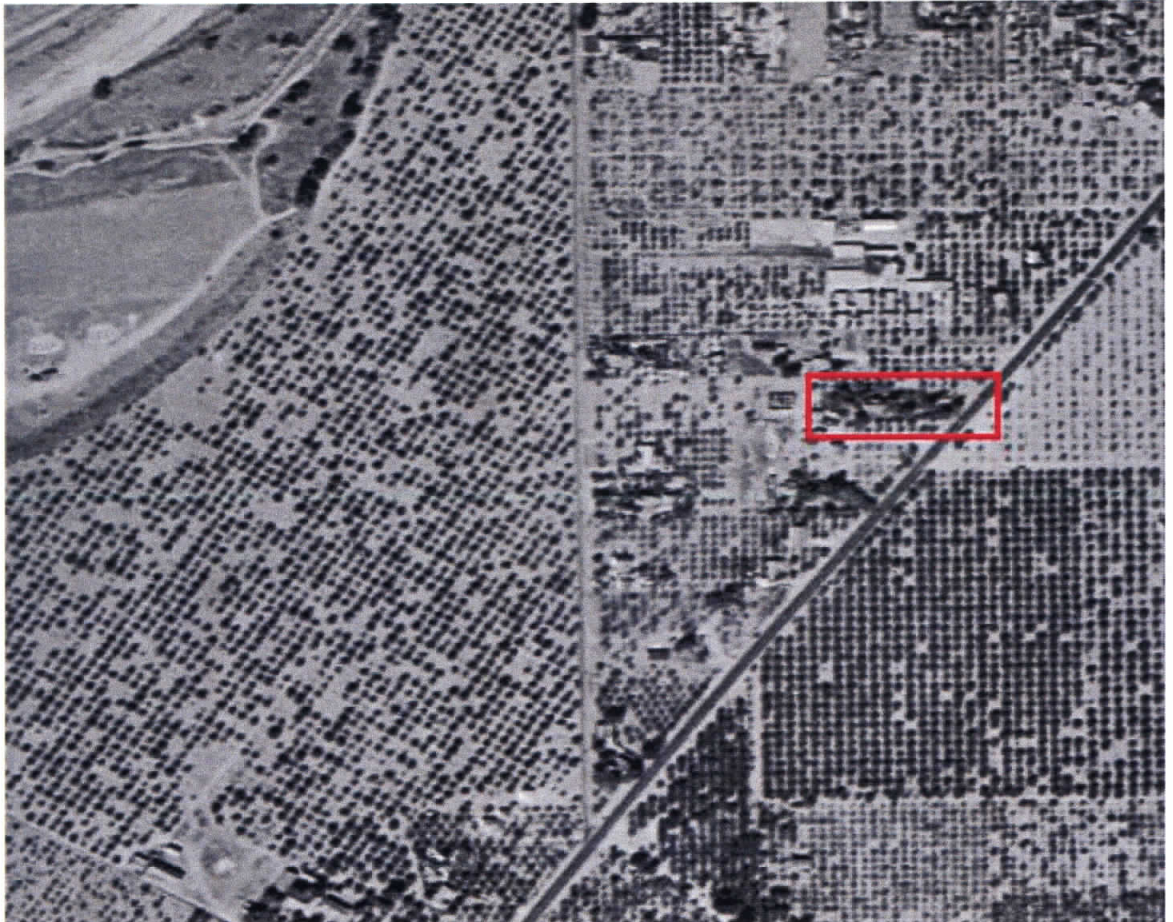
In the mid 1930s the "Youngville" corner saw even more activities. Not only did artists congregate with the Hobarts in their art studio, but ranchers would come to talk about insurance, their crops and always the weather with the Young brothers. The worst of the depression seemed to be coming to an end. All was looking up at this little corner of the world.

Earl's family was happy inside my walls. Even though times had been hard he was now vice president in charge of sales for the California Prune and Apricot Association. Robert was now thirteen and Barbara was ten years old. In 1937 Earl took on a trip to Calgary, Canada promoting our valley's fruit, but there his war-weakened lungs caught up with him and he became ill. After being notified of her husband's sudden illness, Virginia scheduled a departure by train for Calgary that Monday. His illness developed into pneumonia and he died late on Tuesday at the age of forty. Sadly the train was delayed by snow and didn't arrive until Saturday. The family didn't get to see Earl again until Virginia brought his body home for burial.

(Footnote #12 & Attachments #5 & #6)

1948 Arial photo for the corner of Bascom Avenue and
White Oaks Road

The Earl Young house marked in red on
Bascom Avenue



Attachment #5

White Oaks Road with Girl 1954



Attachments #6

Sartorette Family

In the early 1940s the next family to live between my walls was the Sartorettes, Charles and Colette, plus Colette's son, Robert Eldridge. Even though Charlie, as he was called, didn't have any children, he loved children and was loved by all who knew him.

He was a selfless man who just wanted people to be happy. Charlie loved many sports and animals. As a young man, he was a semi-professional baseball player. He raised show horses on the property and won many trophies as a rider in parades and shows. He and Colette were very active in the Santa Clara County Horsemen's Association. In fact Charlie was Riding Union Captain for several terms.

Charlie was also a professional electrician with many talents. He accepted the position of head of the Electrical Operations of Santa Clara Valley, a position he held for some twenty years. He was responsible for the maintenance of the "Iron Lungs" that saved the lives of many children and adults at the County Hospital during the polio epidemic by creating an emergency system that kept people alive when electricity shut down due to power failure during storms. Many owed their lives to Charlie Sartorette.

Among other places he used his talents was as Chief Electrician for the Santa Clara County Fair where he was a member of the board.

Charlie was elected to the Cambrian Elementary School Board of the Cambrian School District and served on the school board from 1944 until 1971,

twenty-seven years. He was a powerful leader in the building of ten new schools. One school, Sartorette School, was named in his honor.

The parents knew whom to call on when they needed an electrician and he always responded. Charlie also used his home, me, for many functions of the Cambrian Men's Club, which raised funds for the children attending the Cambrian Schools. He provided and helped plant trees around several of the Schools.

During those years Santa Clara Valley and I went through another great change with the end of WWII. In the early 1950s many young Americans dreamed of owning their homes. Where better a place to live than in Santa Clara Valley? Out went the fruit trees, down went new cement foundations. Soon smog was floating toward me. The beautiful trees behind me on the other side of White Oaks Road became tract houses.

Charlie, too, followed the trends. He bought a big, long American car which was too long for my garage. No problem. He just cut a hole in the back wall that extended into his workshop. The car's big nose poked right between his tools. Charlie also put his bathroom out there. On the wall he had a picture of Colette on her horse along with WWII pinup girls. (Footnote #13)

Herz Family

In the late seventies the remaining chicken ranches and farms along Bascom Avenue were being demolished. The land was now being redeveloped for townhouses and condominiums. My fate was held in the hands of Santa Clara County. I was a blight on the property for developers.

In 1979 I saw a lady looking up between the cedar trees at my steep gable peaks and thatched shingle roof. I was lovely there nestled among the many trees and she thought I looked like a fairytale house. Upon closer inspection, she noticed bright orange and red vines climbing up the walls. Some of these vines were actually growing through a window into the second floor of the house. This Creeping Virginia Vine was choking me. When I saw her caring look, I called out to her, "Please help me". As she left I thought that this was the end of my life.

Then in 1980 a car came down the long driveway between trees and suddenly there I was again, by now a sad old house. Everyone inside the house had left and taken everything of value out. I stood there all alone. Then that lady with her husband came inside. I heard her say, "We can do this. Let's see if we can get the house and move it."

Move it! How were they going to move me?

I found out that couple was named Joanna and Rudi Herz. Rezoning developers had decided the best thing to do would be to get rid of me after they discovered a letter the city of Campbell had received.

Arthur Ogilvie, Santa Clara County to the City of Campbell:

“It has come to my attention that this house and existing landscaping may be endangered. Should a proposal for an apartment or multihousing project be under consideration or be initiated with Campbell, it should be borne in mind that it would be in a form of rezoning for the purposes of annexation by Campbell from an unincorporated area of Santa Clara County.

Due to the architectural and historic sensitivity of the subject property, an Environmental Impact Report must be required so that there would be the type of adequate reporting and public hearings on the proposal, project alternatives and mitigation measures as mandated by the California Environmental Quality Act.”

(Attachment #7)

memorandum



TO	Santa Clara County Local Agency Formation Commission	FROM	<i>at L.R.</i> Arthur L. Ogilvie
SUBJECT	Historic Earl Young House 1420 South Bascom Avenue (Post Office Campbell, California) (See page 30, Item 6, Santa Clara County Heritage Resource Inventory)	DATE	September 23, 1980

This very well constructed (and well maintained) English cottage-style house was built in 1928 by architect/builder H. B. Painter for local orchardist Earl Young. (The flooring is very fine oak and the fireplaces are very good examples of craftsmanship of the time).

It has come to my attention that this house and the existing landscaping may be endangered. Should a proposal for an apartment or multihousing project be under consideration or be initiated with Campbell, it should be borne in mind that it would be in the form of a rezoning for the purposes of annexation by Campbell from an unincorporated area of Santa Clara County.

Due to the architectural and historic sensitivity of the subject property, an Environmental Impact Report must be required so that there would be the type of adequate reporting and public hearings on the proposal, project alternatives and mitigation measures as mandated by the California Environmental Quality Act.

J1

cc: City of Campbell, Civic Improvement Commission
City of Campbell, Planning Department ✓
Kim Vogl, Staff Advisor to the Local Agency
Formation Commission

Demolition Permit.

*Structure worth: (not land \$100,000 - 125,000
\$20,000 Rehab work
Lot & house \$225,000 point*

L.A.F. to hearing.

Attachment #7

I would be free but the person would have to move me and buy one of the two lots that were just for residential use on White Oaks Road. That was where the Herzs stepped it. Rudi was a mechanical engineer that had always wanted to build a house with a big workshop. Joanna loved old historical things. She was always fixing such treasures and looked for a place to use them. I was the perfect place for them.

First Rudi pulled out all the vines that were growing inside, then on the outside walls. Next he started knocking off all the stucco around my foundation. Was this going to save me or destroy me? I sat patiently waiting still planted firmly to the ground.

At the same time Joanna was filling up old fruit picking buckets with all kinds of plants that were growing around me. Soon there were around thirty buckets and five half wine barrels full of plants.

Along came some men with big trucks and things really got bad. First thing I knew huge boards were being shoved under me. Next they were putting moving jacks under these boards. Now I was no longer planted firmly to the ground. I was slowly moving high up into the air. Then I started worrying about my safety.

One dark night a truck came down my long drive. Men got out and started loading all the plants up that had been so carefully saved. The wine barrels were too heavy for them, but they took the birdbath and other decorative items. They went into the house and stole many of Rudi's tools. Oh, were Rudi and Joanna angry!

(Attachments #7a, #7b & #8)

1980 House on Bascom Avenue



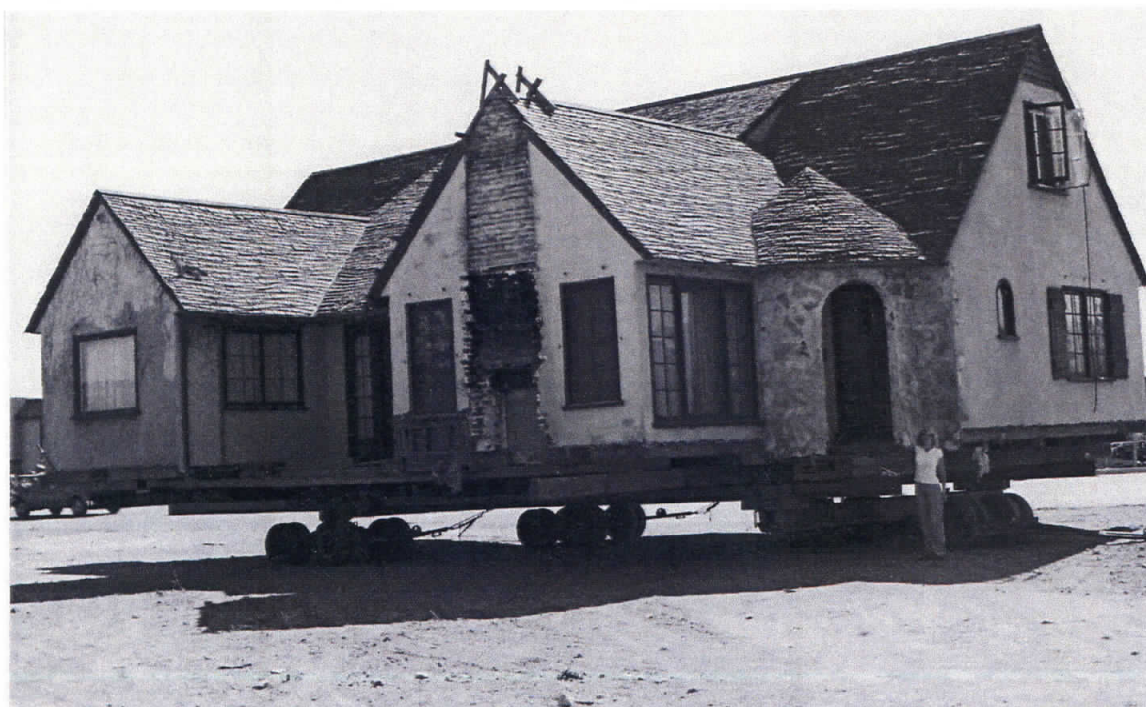
Attachment #8a

1980 House on Bascom Avenue



Attachment #8b

House Moving to White Oaks Road
Joanna Herz Standing by House



Attachment #9

While I was up on blocks with no power or water connected to me, Rudi slept upstairs with a gun and a telephone since the wires were still connected. No more robberies took place.

In August 1981 a truck started pulling forward, then turned me around on the property heading towards the back. I started bumping through the field and something went wrong. My inside and outside walls started to crack as I rode through the property, plus they left behind my heater and all the shelves. In fact they left everything that was in the basement. Where were they going to put my heater and the canning jars? I looked ahead and there was no hole dug for my basement. I was sure this wasn't going to end well for me. I now faced White Oaks Road and something strange happened. There was a crowd of people there to welcome me. Neighbors and friends were happy I was being saved and wanted to help. I heard one neighbor say, "I'm in the heating business. I can help with a new heater."

Another one said, "I'm a brick layer and can help put the chimney back up for you."

Then the couple went inside and saw how badly my walls were cracked. Rudi said, "What have we done? How can we fix these walls?"

Someone said, "I know a retired Italian plasterer. He can fix anything."

Everyone sat around eating and drinking on that hot August day and celebrated the beginning of my new location, just about 800 feet from former location.

But even more was not going as the Herzs planned. Interest went to twenty percent or more and they couldn't sell the house they lived in. They had been counting on some of that money to fix me up. By December of 1981 they knew they had to rent their house and move into me just as I was. They had started out to save me and save me they would.

Oh, what a mess. Hard times had hit the valley again and the building trade suffered. Men would stop by and ask Rudi if they could work with him for a little extra money.

In late spring of 1982 a young roofer kept coming by trying to talk Rudi into letting him roof me. Finally the roofer said, "If you and your friends take all the old shingles off, I will work by the bundle and do this for you between other jobs." That began roofing parties all summer long.

These weren't just roofing parties but developed into help tearing down the barn and expanding the garage. In those bad economic times everyone chipped in to help. It was open house all the time.

In the new location my garage was next to me, but the old workshop and bathroom addition had been left behind. Now Rudi made a new addition to the garage out of material from the old barn since the siding was the same. By the time the barn was knocked down there wasn't much left.

Joanna and Rudi had never meant to do most of the work themselves; it just turned out that way.

Everyone appreciated me in my new location. When Joanna worked in my front yard people would stop and tell her how they loved me. They watched

the landscape change with the seasons. Children called me a fairy house and I received cards with compliments, too.

In 1987, Joanna decided she enjoyed preservation so much she joined the Campbell Historic Preservation Board where she served for twenty years. She also got involved with the county and was on the Santa Clara County Historical Heritage Commission for eight years.

Sadly in 1995 I watched as the wracking ball destroyed what remained of the chicken houses, the art studio and Mary (Young) and Clark Hobart's house. In their place stand eight houses.

There was a television show called "If Walls Could Talk", and in 2001 they came to do a show about me. Rudi showed some of the items he had found in my attic like an old rusty rifle, crystal radio with spare cats whiskers and Christmas ornaments from the twenties and thirties. Cameras rolled as they recorded my historical features. This would be my first time to be shown on television. I was so pleased with how I looked and how they talked about me. Next came a call to the Herzs from a descendent of the Young family. Their family had more information to share on the Youngs and wanted it added to my history.

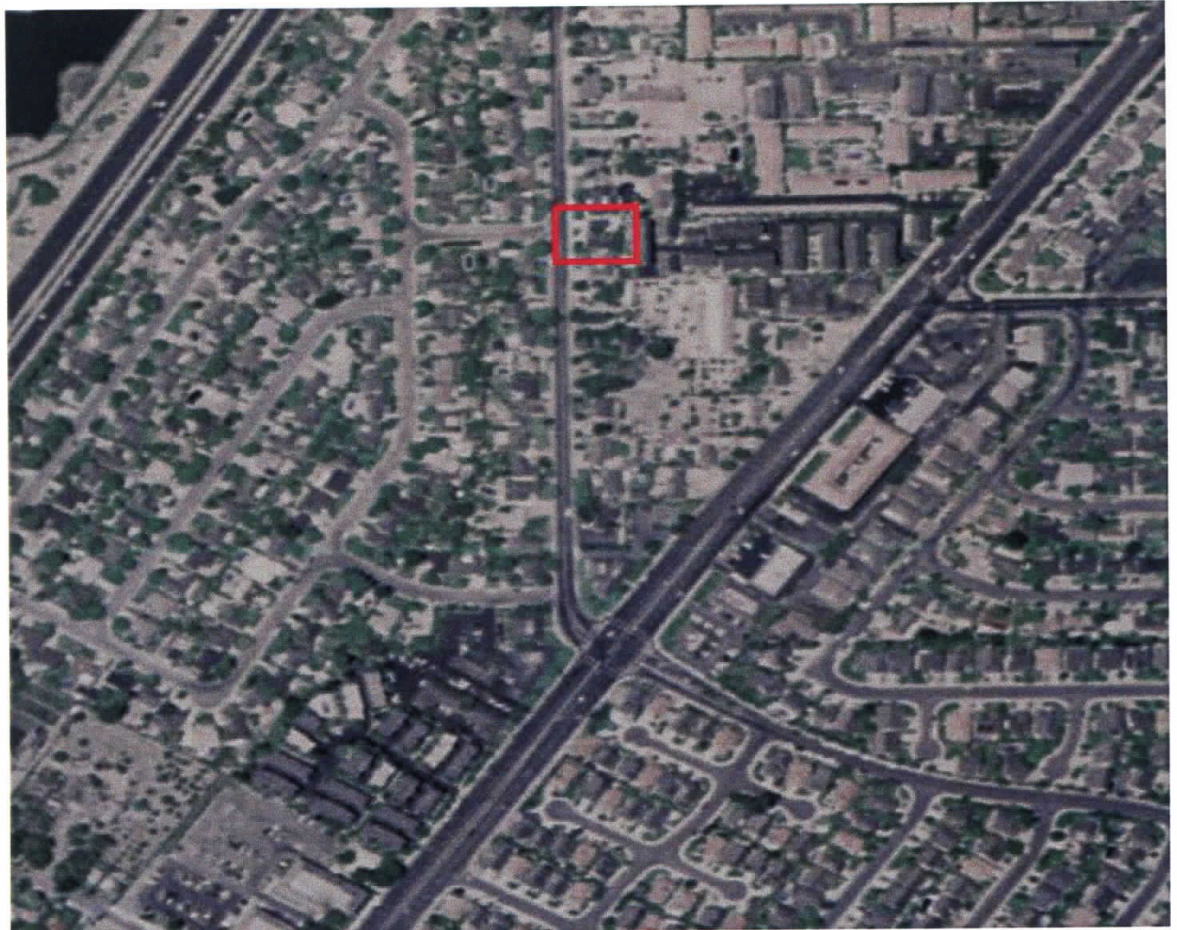
In January of 2009 a letter was received from the State Office of Historic Preservation announcing I had been placed on the National Register of Historic Places. Great excitement accompanied that announcement and a celebration was planned. The city of Campbell bought a National Register brass plaque to be placed on my front brick wall for all to see. In May of that year an open house

for the public was held followed by an outside evening dinner with many of the people that had been involved with my success.

I was never so proud. This was my crowning day and I shined for all.

(Attachment # 10 & #11)

**1987 Arial photo for the corner of Bascom Avenue
and White Oaks Road
Earl Young House marked in red on
White Oaks Road**



Attachment #10

**Mary (Young) and Clark Hobart House
Demolished in 1995**



Attachment #11

Looking Back Over Time

I've been in my new location for thirty years now and most people think I have always been here. The trees and landscaping have all matured but no vines have even grown up my walls again. When I look back I feel very lucky to have had these three families living between my walls. Each one was very different and yet they all loved me. They all made my walls open to the outside world and welcomed people to come inside. They were warm, outgoing people in their community.

During my life two World Wars have come and gone and still there is fighting. Depression and hard times have hit all three families but they persevered and led full lives. The sights, sounds and smells have all changed around me. I am glad I have seen all those changes and am well preserved so people are proud of me.

With a little bit of luck, I could last hundreds of years. I may even have three more families move in behind my walls. I wonder what changes they will bring and what I will see outside my windows.

(Attachment #12)

2011 House today on White Oaks Road



Attachment #12

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ATTACHMENTS

#1 H. A. Brainard Map #25 Santa Clara Valley August 1888
(*Courtesy, William A. Wulf*) – page 6

#2 Our County Liquor Law (*Courtesy, William A. Wulf*)
page 8

#3 Interurban Electric Railroad Short Line Photo
(*Courtesy, William A. Wulf*) page 11

#4 Old House Journal (*July 1983*) Article – page 13

#5 Arial Photo 1948 – page 19

#6 White Oaks Road with Girl 1954 Photo – page 20

#7 Santa Clara County Memo (*dated September 23, 1980*)
page 25

Two House Photos from Bascom Avenue 1980
#8a – page 27
#8b – page 28

#9 One Photo House move 1981 – page 29

#10 Arial Photo 1987 – page 34

#11 Two House Photos of Mary (Young) and Clark Hobart
House they remodeled in 1930s. Demolished in 1995
Page 35

#12 House today White Oaks Road in 2011 – page 37

FOOTNOTES

#1. Young, John V. (Memoir) *My Life and What of it*, page 8 - 55

#2. Ibid

#3. Website, <http://www.cambriancommunitycouncil.com>

#4. Young, John V. (Memoir) *My Life and What of it*, page 8 - 55

#5. Santa Clara County Historical Heritage Commission,
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#6. Ibid and Herz, Joanna, *author's observations*

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#8. Wyman, Beth, *Bibliography, National Register,*
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#9 Sartorette, Colette Eldridge *Everything on Bibliography*

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#13 Bagby, Delos M., *Everything on Bibliography*



OUR COUNTY LIQUOR LAW.

Some say: "It is good enough." Let us see if it is. In applying for a liquor license the law only requires "the certificate of seven freeholders residing near the proposed place of business consenting thereto." This is our law, because we made it or sanction it. This law makes a class distinction between the freeholders and voters.

In starting a saloon it asks the consent of freeholders but not of voters. The voter may have greater interests at stake than the freeholder, but has no voice in the matter.

The freeholder may protect his property, but the voter cannot protect his family. Voters, do you think this law is "good enough?"

Again, our law favors minority rule. Seven persons are given power to bring in the saloon. Why delegate so much authority to seven?

Is this in keeping with the American principle of majority rule.

In the forty-five precincts under this law there are seventy-five legalized saloons. Each saloon began at the request of "seven freeholders," and sometimes under the protest of twelve times as many citizens residing in the same vicinity. This is said to be true of the "Seven Mile House" on the San Jose and Los Gatos Road. Voters, do you think such a law is "good enough?"

There is now an opportunity to amend the law at the November election. You may change the word "freeholder" to "voter" and the word "seven" to "a majority."

The amended law would avoid class distinction and minority rule.

In any given precinct outside of incorporated cities majorities for or against the legalized saloon could have their way and the minority would submit.

This would respect honest difference of opinion and secure the greatest possible fairness to all parties.

J. C. LYNN,

Secretary of Anti-Saloon League of Santa Clara County,

71 North Ninth Street, SAN JOSE, CAL

To the Voters of Santa Clara County.

Under the County Government Act, approved by the Legislature in 1897, the Liquor License Laws of the County may be amended.

The Anti-Saloon League of Santa Clara County proposes an Amendment to be voted on at the coming November election.

There are forty-five precincts in the County, *outside of Incorporated Cities*, which come under the proposed amendment.

There are about seventy-five saloons in these precincts. Each of these has been opened at the solicitation of "SEVEN FREEHOLDERS," and frequently against the wish of a hundred or more people who live in the same vicinity.

The proposed Amendment will let a majority of the Voters in the Precinct decide for or against the opening of a Saloon in the Precinct.

Where a majority of the voters want a saloon they can have it; and where a majority do not want it, they can prevent it from being opened in the precinct where they live.

This is fair, because it provides for the rule of the majority.

This principle appeals to every patriotic American.

This movement is "omni-partisan," and raises only one question: "Do you favor majority rule on the Saloon question as on all others?"

In favoring this Amendment we do not declare *for or against* any political party in the County. This movement is not *political*, but *moral and legal*.

For this reason we appeal to every liberty-loving citizen for his help to secure this Amendment. The names of about 6000 voters must be secured on a petition, asking the Supervisors to put the Amendment on the Ticket for the election to be held next November.

WILL YOU BE ONE OF THESE PETITIONERS?

The effort to Amend the COUNTY LAW is one thing; the selection of COUNTY OFFICERS is quite another.

In helping the Amendment you still have full liberty to vote for any man whose name may be upon any ticket.

This movement will find friends among all who favor "majority rule." This statement is made to show the singleness of our purpose. It is a movement not to obtain office, but to crystalize the best sentiment into a law which will allow "majority rule" in precincts outside of incorporated cities.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. C. LYNN, Secretary,

71 North Ninth Street, SAN JOSE, CALIF.