Rolling Hills

The Early Years

February 1930 through December 7, 1941

by

A. E. HANSON

Photos by "DICK" WHITTINGTON, FRED DAPPRICH, and the author.

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with love
to
FRANCES McVAY HANSON
my wife and partner
since 1920.

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Prologue

In 1913 Frank A. Vanderlip, then President of the National City Bank, New York, one of the largest and most influential financial institutions in the world, and a group of his close business associates, acquired 16,000 acres of the Palos Verdes Hills. All these men were of very large financial stature, with townhouses in New York, and estates along the Hudson River. Mr. Vanderlip had a large and elaborate establishment at Scarsborough.

The Vanderlip Syndicate engaged Olmstead Bros. in 1914, to make preliminary plans for the subdivision of the property in Palos Verdes into luxurious estates — they probably had a mental picture of estates along the Hudson River. The First World War interfered with these plans, and the land was not developed.

Mr. Vanderlip however built a winter home at Portuguese Bend in 1916. It was a simple structure — shake exterior — really a California bungalow. In 1922, E. G. Lewis contracted to purchase the entire 16,000 acres. He was unable to consummate that sale, but a new sale was made under the name Palos Verdes Project, whereby Lewis acquired 250 acres on the San Pedro side of the hills, now known as Miraleste, and 3000 acres which is now the city of Palos Verdes Estates. After a few months as General Manager of the Project, he resigned. The Palos Verdes Project subdivided 3,250 acres into 5,000 plus lots. They, in turn, in 1931 met with financial difficulties and went into bankruptcy.

The Los Angeles area had experienced a long history of boom and bust periods. The real estate promoters had become experts at high pressure salesmanship. There was a time when you could buy a railroad ticket from the Midwest to Los Angeles for less than $5.00.

March 1, 1932 I became General Manager of the Palos Verdes Corporation. I was charged with the development and sale of the corporation real estate.

May 14, 1936 was the day Rolling Hills was born. On that date Declaration No. 150 was entered in book 14065, page 345 of the official records of Los Angeles County, stating that,

> "The real property known as Rolling Hills, Rancho Palos Verdes, is hereby put under general basic restriction,"

described in 75 typewritten pages and signed for the Palos Verdes Corporation by A. E. Hanson, General Manager, and George Martinson, Assistant Secretary. Behind that document were six years of study, research, and planning.

About The Book

My first meeting with A. E. Hanson was in 1966, about two years after I became Manager of the City of Rolling Hills and of the Rolling Hills Community Association.

We talked about Rolling Hills for several hours that first day and how it had evolved as a community since he had first envisioned it. I soon realized that A. E. loved Rolling Hills as only a person can who sees a dream come true.

We became close friends over the years, sharing the bond of having worked with and for the people of a unique and beautiful community. Many times I suggested that he write down the history of the area's development. I finally convinced him that although Rolling Hills started not quite a half a century ago, most of the detail of those early years would be lost forever if it did not come from his records and his memory.

I was honored that A. E. wanted me to include my thoughts in his picture history of Rolling Hills. I shall forever feel that one of the most fascinating things about it all was A. E. Hanson himself.

TEENA CLIFTON

A. E. Hanson

I was born December 20, 1893, in Chino, a suburb of Ontario, California. My father came to Ontario from Canada in 1885. He engaged in the land development business, specializing in the planting of orange groves for sale in five to ten-acre parcels. The majority of the buyers were prosperous retirees from the middle west, who came to Southern California in the 1880s. The skies were always blue, the air was always pure, and Southern California was a paradise where people had never heard the words pollution or smog. He also had a nursery of ornamental plants in Ontario.

In 1889, my maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Parker (he was a retired manufacturer of buggies and surreys) came to Ontario from Cincinnati, Ohio, with their two daughters, who were then in their early 20s. The older was Charlotte Parker, who had attended an art institute in Cincinnati, and had become proficient in the painting of miniature portraits on ivory.

The Parker family bought a 10-acre orange grove from my father, and he and Charlotte Parker were married a couple of years later.

My earliest recollection is following behind the Mexican ranch hand as he irrigated the young orchard where I lived. How good the warm earth felt to my bare feet. I was fascinated with the slow flow of the water down the irrigation ditch. How pleasant life was in those days; how wonderful the view of snow-capped Mt. Baldy; how blue the sky, how fresh the air — what fun it was to be alive.

My next memory is my first day at kindergarten in the Seventeenth Street School, Los Angeles. On my graduation from grammar school, I attended old Los Angeles High on Hill Street. The location is now the intersection of Hill and the Santa Ana Freeway.

I went to high school for two years. The second year I took, amongst other things, Geometry, Zoology, and Botany. The Math teacher, Mrs. Smith, I'll never forget. She told us not to try to store a lot of information in our head, but to know where to find that information. That advice I've never forgotten. Zoology was fascinating, and I learned about Mendel's theory of evolution and Darwin's thesis on the survival of the fittest. The Botany teacher had us rake the eucalyptus leaves off the front lawn of the school. I didn't learn very much about Botany. At the end of two years of high school it was necessary for me to go to work. That was the end of my formal education.

For some time after leaving school I did odd jobs; swept out stores, ran errands for the merchants, became a door-to-door salesman for the *Saturday Evening Post* magazine.

My father was generally away from home promoting subdivisions, town sites, and various types of land development, which he continued to do all his life. Because of his occupation, my mother had the sole burden of raising my older brother and my younger sister, and myself. An opportunity then arose for employment in a corporation that developed apple orchards in British Columbia. That's where I first started to learn land planning and landscape architecture.

The corporation bought large blocks of raw forest land, cleared it, developed it into young apple orchards and established a small town. When winter

came, all development work stopped, and I then had an opportunity to travel with two trappers on their trap lines to the Canadian North Country. It was an unbelievable life for a city-bred boy.

In the early fall of 1914, Kaiser Wilhelm decided that he wanted to be the emperor of the world, and started to twist the British lion's tail. World War I started, and the corporation shut down all operations. I sailed for home on a tramp coastal steamer. I arrived at the Ferry Building in San Francisco with several hundred gold dollars in my money belt. The next day I arrived in Los Angeles, where my mother, brother, and sister were delighted to see me.

The war had put an end to my father's small income, temporarily, and it was absolutely imperative that my brother and I support the family. I had very little training and limited schooling. I loved the outdoors; I hated the indoors.

I heard of Theodore Payne, a seed collector and grower of native California flora. I called on Mr. Payne at his seed store and told him I had just come down from British Columbia. I told him what I had been doing there, and that I would very much like to work for him and learn about collecting native California wildflower seeds and the raising of native plants. He gave me a job in his nursery.

At the end of twelve months work I had a two-week vacation coming, and two neighborhood friends of mine and I decided to visit the World's Fair in San Francisco for a week. The cheapest way to get there was by steamer. The fare included our supper and breakfast the next day. As we sailed from San Pedro Harbor, around Point Fermin, I was enchanted with the Palos Verdes Hills, and little did I realize as we steamed past the Portuguese Bend area that 15 years later I was going to become the developer of those hills, and that on the ocean, just to the west of Portuguese Bend, I was going to build a beach club-house for the residents of Rancho Palos Verdes and call the spot Abalone Cove, and that later it would become a county park.

Early the next morning the three of us had breakfast. The sea was calm, the meal was free, and we were hungry. One-half hour later, when we entered the rough waters of the Golden Gate, we deeply regretted that meal. We were three very seasick boys.

The fair was thrilling. I can remember the first glimpse of the Palace of Fine Arts — how wonderful it was; how superb the architecture, the lagoon with its ducks and swans.

We took the train home — no more boats. I had another week of vacation coming, and went alone to the San Diego Fair at Balboa Park. How beautiful the approach was, with the fine Cabrillo bridge, which still exists. As I walked across the bridge and saw, on one side the replica of a Spanish-colonial cathedral, and on the other side replicas of the municipal buildings in a Central American town, I realized a little of what architecture was all about. The buildings were done by Bertram Goodhue, and to this day are considered examples of fine architecture. I went through all the beautiful gardens of Balboa Park and knew then that I wanted to become a landscape architect.

I returned home and immediately contacted Paul J. Howard, the most prestigious man in the landscape business at that time in Southern California. He had the "carriage trade." I told him that I had worked a year for Theodore Payne, but I wanted to become a landscape architect. I wanted

to work for him because, in my mind, he was better than anyone else. He hired me and I did all the jobs that no one else wanted to do. Every minute that I could I spent in the drafting room, leaning over the shoulder of Mr. Zimmerman, a finely-trained European landscape architect. I watched him make the plans; I asked him questions. And then Mr. Howard found out that I was a salesman, and put me out contacting the architects and the people building new homes, to tell them about Paul Howard and try to get the landscape jobs for Paul Howard. But I wasn't learning landscape architecture.

If I could get jobs for Paul Howard, I could get jobs for A. E. Hanson. So, I went in business for myself and I got the jobs. They were very small — very inexpensive — but I learned a lot about costs and meeting payrolls. And then Woodrow Wilson got us into the war — to make the world safe for democracy.

I arrived in France in July, 1918, and was sent as one of the replacements to Battery F of the 77th Field Artillery, Regular Army. When the Armistice was declared, November 11, 1918, the 77th Field Artillery became part of the Army of Occupation in Germany. We were stationed in the vicinity of Koblenz, a town on the Rhine River.

Easter Sunday, 1919, I was in Paris because I had a two-week pass to visit France and England. That day I visited Notre Dame Cathedral and Napoleon's Tomb, and then went to London. I saw the Kew Gardens Conservatory. I saw a young girl dusting a plant with a camel's hair brush. I asked her why, and she said, "That is a rare shrub." And I said, "Where I I came from, California, that *Fremontia* shrub that you're dusting is just part of our chapparal."

After I was discharged from the Army in 1919 I returned to Los Angeles and resumed my landscape architecture business. One of my clients was Harold Lloyd, who spent about a million and a half dollars on his garden. That was 1929 gold dollars.

The end of that way of life came in October, 1929, with the stock market crash. All landscaping for affluent clients came to an end. But some months earlier I had made up my mind that I also wanted to be, as my father had been, a land developer, which I feel is a form of landscape architecture. I wanted to develop communities, and eventually own the land that I was going to develop.

And then Mr. Frank Vanderlip came along, and I developed the community of Rolling Hills. And then I developed Hidden Hills in the west end of the San Fernando Valley. I was the majority owner of Hidden Hills.

And so . . .

Adios,
Amigos!

A Spence aerial view in 1932. It shows, dramatically, that the Palos Verdes Hills is a peninsula. The view from Rolling Hills on a clear, wintry day with snow on the coast range was spectacular.

The Story of Rolling Hills

The story begins in 1930, at which time 12,000 acres of the Palos Verdes Peninsula was owned by the Palos Verdes Corporation of which Frank A. Vanderlip, a New York banker, was President and majority stockholder. This ranch had ten miles of shoreline starting just south of Lunada Bay.

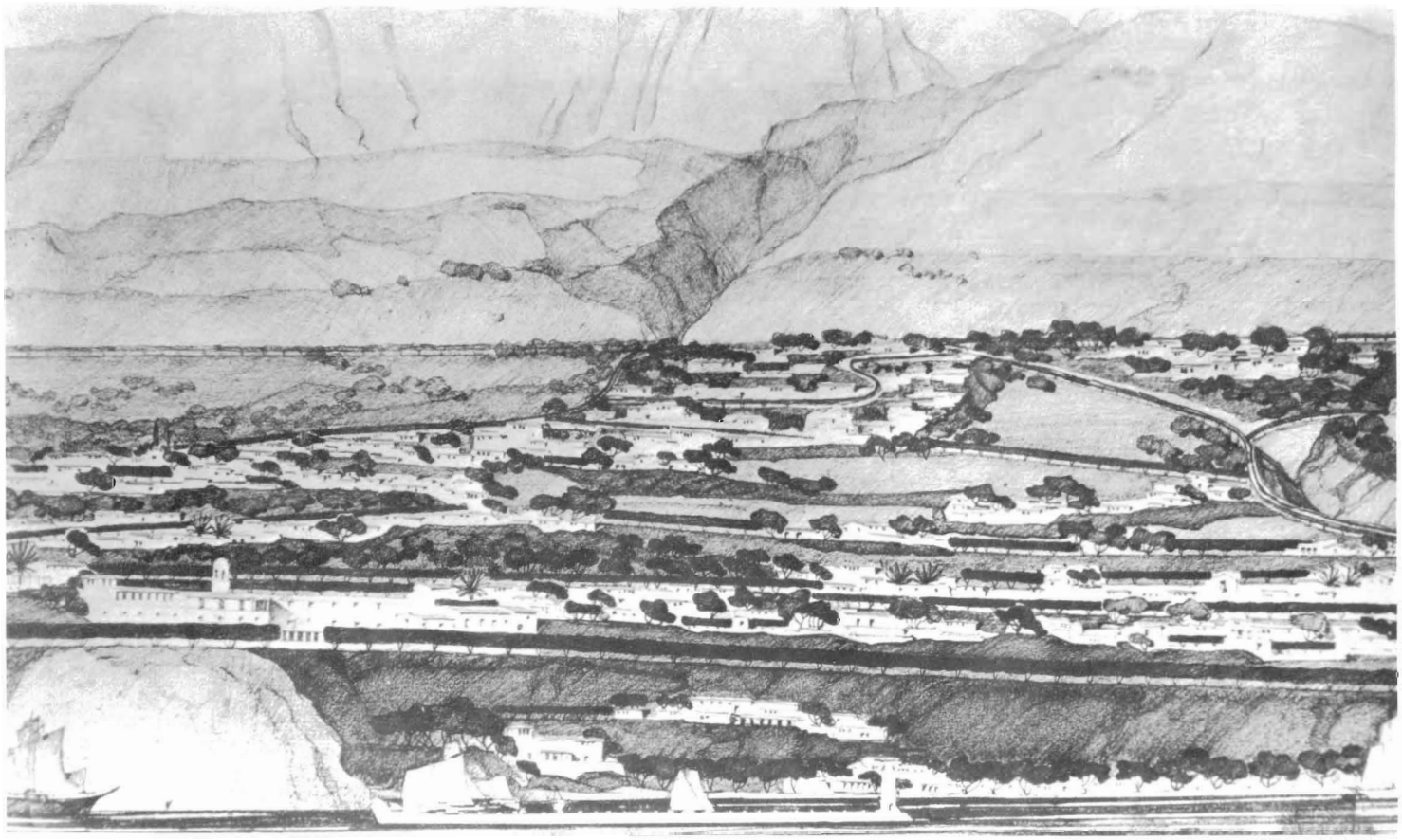
In January, 1930, at his request, I showed Mr. Vanderlip through the 16-acre gardens which I had just completed after five years' work as the landscape architect for Harold Lloyd, the motion picture actor. Then, early in February, I received a phone call from Mr. Vanderlip asking me to come to his estate, adjacent to Portuguese Bend, to discuss some of his landscaping problems. The result of this visit was the construction of a small formal garden at the gatehouse, and the planting of several hundred trees along the main roadway, and several thousand shrubs on the hillside. At the end of that spring, as he was leaving for New York, he asked me to take charge of his estate of several hundred acres in his absence. Upon his return to California in December 1930, he retained me as his landscape architect.

For a number of years, Mr. Vanderlip had been intrigued with the idea of developing Portuguese Bend which was owned by the Corporation. In years past he had made many trips to Europe and was always impressed with the beauty of the Mediterranean shoreline, with the magnificent Italian villas, the lovely hill and seaside villages.

He knew of the success of Montecito and Hope Ranch at Santa Barbara, Rancho Santa Fe near San Diego, and other ocean frontage developments in Southern California. He believed that ten-acre or more estates on four hundred acres of Portuguese Bend would find a ready market, and he was willing to spend his own money to have me make some preliminary sketches and plans.

In July, 1931, I went to Italy and Spain at my own expense in order to familiarize myself with what Mr. Vanderlip had in mind, and to pick up ideas.

Upon my return, I employed the engineer who had built the groins at the Bel-Air Club at Santa Monica, to build an experimental groin near the eastern end of Portuguese Bend. This groin proved that we could change a pebbly, rocky beach into a sandy beach. I checked the current real estate sales on estate-type properties in Southern California and found that they were practically nil. Also, many real estate bonds and trust deeds were in default. In 1931, we were approaching the bottom of one of the country's worst depressions. Mr. Vanderlip's idea for the development of Portuguese Bend was excellent. The plan was right — the time was wrong.



Proposed Portuguese Bend development. Upon my return from visiting the hilltowns of Italy and Spain I had my staff make a rendering of what I would like to see developed at Portuguese Bend. The line of clipped trees on the first bench is similar to the street trees that are very prevalent in Barcelona, Spain. The open spaces were for a proposed golf course and in the lower left-hand corner is an apartment house and shopping complex. All the other dwellings were for single families, with most of them being attached. It was proposed that all of them would be white stucco with red tile roofs. There would be a breakwater built from Inspiration Point to make shelter for small sailing craft.

Palos Verdes Corporation

When Mr. Vanderlip returned to California in the Fall of 1931, I gave him a detailed report which was negative in its outlook. As a result of that report, he had the Board of Directors of the Palos Verdes Corporation employ me as General Manager. Just before he returned to the East in March, 1932, during his last talk with me, he said, "Run the Corporation, but don't look to me for money. I am tired of bearing the other stockholders' burdens."

The sole asset of the Palos Verdes Corporation was the ownership of the 12,000 acres in the Palos Verdes Hills, unencumbered by any trust deeds. It had ten miles of shoreline and a road completely around the ocean frontage of the ranch. Near the present Los Angeles boundary, this road (now known as Palos Verdes Drive East) turned inland and continued northerly until it intercepted the Pacific Coast Highway. The Palos Verdes Corporation, in 1931, began the construction of Crest Road (a private road) starting at Point Vicente and running along the crest of the hills until it intersected Palos Verdes Drive East. The eleven-mile road cost $200,000.00.

I drove over the ranch time and time again, until I was familiar with every inch of it. At the same time that I was becoming familiar with the land and its uses, I was also learning about the financial aspects of the Corporation. There were three sources of income. First, the leasing for cash of the plowable land on the ocean benches. The lessees were Japanese, who grew out-of-season vegetables for shipment East. Second, leasing the inland property to Caucasian ranchers for one-fourth of the crop — they raised barley, barley hay, and garbanzo beans. The success of the crops and the amount of return to the Corporation from farming depended upon the annual rainfall. The third source of revenue was a lease for strip-mining diatomaceous earth along the north boundary of the ranch and west of the present Rolling Hills Road. The combined income from these three sources had never been sufficient to pay the County taxes and the overhead. The stockholders had never received any interest from their investment.

Farming Operations

VEGETABLE FARMING

The land along the ocean frontage, up to an elevation of about 700 feet, had a marvelous Mediterranean climate; never too hot, never too cold. This was the land farmed by Japanese tenants. There were approximately 25 Japanese families farming this seacoast land. The amount of acreage in each lease varied from 25 to 200 acres.

The owners of the Palos Verdes Corporation had always had in mind the development of the land for residential purposes. For that reason it was against the policy of the Corporation to lease the land for a term longer than one year at a time. This was bad for the Japanese tenants as they could make no long range plans, nor was it conducive to them to put in any kind of substantial improvements.

For that reason, their houses were a very simple structure of board-and-batten, and while they were hard workers they were not scientific farmers, or conservers of the soil.

The Japanese leases called for a cash rental of so much per acre and in 1932, some of them were behind in their rent. I made an inventory of the amount of land being farmed by each Japanese tenant, and in every case they were

farming more land than they held under lease. The next year, they signed new leases for the correct amount of land tilled by them. This increased their land rental bill — a landlord who collects is never popular.

Financial conditions in 1933 were very, very bad. It was difficult for some of our Japanese tenants to arrange sufficient financing to cover their payrolls. In one case, the Palos Verdes Corporation decided to advance funds to one tenant, so that the tenant could continue to farm. The going wage at that time was 15¢ per hour for laborers. All of the laborers on the Japanese farms were Mexican. The payroll had to be paid in cash, and it had to be paid weekly. My assistant and I would go to the California Bank in Beverly Hills on a Saturday morning and draw the payroll in currency. The total amount was quite sizeable during the picking season. Our insurance company advised us to each take a different route to the ranch, and if we were held up we were not to put up any resistance, but were simply to hand the money over and be done with it.

We would go to Palos Verdes by different routes, meet at the Japanese tenant's headquarters and set up a card table to pay out the cash, having each laborer sign the payroll sheet.

RANCHING OPERATIONS BY CAUCASIANS

All the land other than that leased to the Japanese was leased to five Caucasian tenants. The land ran from the seacoast acreage of the Japanese tenants over to the Palos Verdes Corporation's north line. The land was used for the growing of barley grain, barley hay, and garbanzo beans. All of these ranchers kept a few head of cattle. These leases, again, were only for one year at a time and again, this did not lead to scientific farming.

These hay ranchers paid a rental of one-fourth of the crop. This was not a good rental, but the soil was not conducive to abundant crops. On more level land and better soil, the crop rental would have been one-third. Again, these ranchers did not construct very substantial buildings because they had no way of knowing how long they would be farming the land.

Roy McCarrell, Sr., and his two sons, farmed the largest part. Roy McCarrell, Sr.'s ranch headquarters was near the present-day Seventh Day Adventist Church. Ray McCarrell's was close by and Roy McCarrell, Jr.'s was on Crest Road in the vicinity of the present Union Oil station, just west of Crenshaw. These men were top-notch operators and over a period of years I became well acquainted with Roy McCarrell, Jr.

Near where the City of Rolling Hills Estates' City Hall is now located was the Thorsen Ranch. Haslin's Ranch headquarters was at the northeast corner of Portuguese Bend and Crest Road. Haslin did not live there, as he had a number of other large farming operations in other areas. He leased about 800 acres from the Palos Verdes Corporation. His foreman lived in the house, and the property had a good early California barn, which is still standing, has been renovated, and which is in top-notch shape.

This house and barn, and about 25 acres was sold to Irving Moore in 1937.

There were two other ranch complexes — one, the Phillips' old ranch headquarters where the Empty Saddle Club is now located. The other was the future Rancho Elastico.

Palos Verdes Drive North

In the Spring of 1932, I became acquainted with the County Supervisor of our district, John R. Quinn. Mr. Quinn had been a Captain of Horsedrawn Artillery in the Army of Occupation in Germany, World War I. I had been a Sergeant in the 77th Field Artillery, Horsedrawn, in the Army of Occupation in Germany in World War I. I asked him to have lunch with me at the Palos Verdes Golf Club. We sat at a window from which we could view the magnificent curve of the Santa Monica Bay and the mountains in the background.

I told him about the drive I had taken the previous year around the cliffs from Amalfi to Sorrento, and around the Bay of Naples, and what a tourist asset that was to Italy. I suggested to him that the government relief funds then being disbursed by President Hoover for makework jobs could be put to use in improving and building roads around the Palos Verdes Hills. This could be done with pick and shovel and wheelbarrow, which would provide work for several hundred men.

After lunch I took him for a drive along the ocean frontage to show him what I had in mind. From Malaga Cove, Palos Verdes Estates, we drove on a four-lane highway with a planted median strip to the south end of Lunada Bay, and then on a narrow road through the ranch lands of the Palos Verdes Corporation.

My idea for this road was that the Palos Verdes Corporation would deed to the County a road easement two hundred feet wide so that at some future date the double-barreled road could be continued.

The previous year while I was in Europe, I found that the roads in some of the most spectacular scenery were too narrow and too busy to permit a tourist to stop to enjoy the scenery. If we now deeded a good, wide width to Los Angeles County, the County could, at some future date, make the road wide enough, and provide enough parking areas so that a viewing problem would no longer exist.

I drove Mr. Quinn along the ocean to Palos Verdes Drive East, then inland to the Crest Road intersection. Across from Crest Road there was a five-acre flat area where we parked (now the location of the Marymount College).

It was a perfect day. We could see Catalina, and a thousand feet below us San Pedro, Long Beach Harbor and its shipping, and then the huge arc of the coastline to beyond Laguna.

As I was rhapsodizing over the view and the scenic possibilities of the road we had just driven over as a potential tourist asset, I had one of those good breaks that come once, or so, in a lifetime. A car with Ohio license plates drove up beside us. The occupants were a middle-aged couple, just the type that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the All Year Club were wooing through their extensive advertising.

John Quinn, being the astute public servant that he was, got out, went over and introduced himself, and said, "Well, folks, what do you think of our view." They said, "Why don't more people know about this road? Its views are as fine as anything we've seen in Spain or Italy. It's simply great!"

I couldn't have staged it better if I'd planned it. I sat in the car looking straight ahead, and kept my mouth shut — with difficulty. That was early May, 1932.

A few days later I phoned Mr. Quinn for an appointment, and told him that because of his encouragement of the preceding week I had a brainstorm that I thought he would like. He was gracious enough to give me an immediate appointment at his office in Los Angeles. At that meeting he had Alfred Jones, acting County Surveyor.

I wanted the County to build a road from the intersection of Anaheim and Gaffey across the entire northern side of Rancho Palos Verdes, to connect with the double-barreled road near the Palos Verdes Golf Club. Alfred Jones brought out a large map of the area, and one could see at a glance what a striking peninsula the Palos Verdes area was.

Photograph of the start of Palos Verdes Drive North at Gaffey. At the middle of the right-hand edge was the location of the Sepulveda adobe.

We discussed the tourist asset of the Seventeen-Mile Drive in Monterey. A quick measurement showed that with the new road link we would have a twenty-three mile drive on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, and our drive would have a great purpose because it would be a scenic drive at the front door of the third largest metropolitan area in the United States.

Mr. Quinn didn't think it would be too much of a problem to get federal funds, because we would be able to build the new seven miles of road from Anaheim and Gaffey to Malaga Cove with hand labor — that is, picks and shovels and wheelbarrows. But to get the money for the Fourth Supervisorial District, he would need strong moral support from his constituents. Obtaining that support was my next job.

When I first became involved in the Palos Verdes area in 1930, I renewed my acquaintance with Charles H. Cheney, a nationally known city planner, who had worked on the Palos Verdes Estates development since 1923. Under the deed restrictions of the Palos Verdes Estates, all land became subject to the Palos Verdes Homes Association, of which Mr. Cheney was a member of the five-man board of directors.

The following are excerpts from the Palos Verdes Bulletin, which was the official bulletin and newspaper of the Palos Verdes Homes Association. This bulletin had been discontinued in October 1931, and then had come under new management in October 1932. The first excerpt gives the information on that change:

"Since the last issue of the Palos Verdes Bulletin in October, 1931, this community has been without a news medium of its own. Dr. Otto J. Stein and a committee of public spirited residents have for some time been endeavoring to remedy this situation and have now sufficient backing to embark upon the present publication. They have invited us* to edit and manage the paper and we shall endeavor to maintain it in the spirit of the community.

"In March the thirteen-thousand acre Palos Verdes Ranch** came under the vigorous and active management of A. E. Hanson, of Beverly Hills. Mr. Hanson has developed a number of plans for improvement, including a high class village for Portuguese Bend which is expected to be opened sometime next year. He has interested himself in better approach roads and signs for the whole district, and recently entertained County Supervisor John Quinn at lunch at the Golf Club for a discussion of these matters. His suggestion of the title "Palos Verdes Peninsula," to describe the whole area included in the Estates and the Ranch, is meeting with general favor. This area comprises approximately the twenty-four square miles now in Palos Verdes School and Library Districts."

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*Charles H. Cheney

There are additional excerpts from the bulletins of November 1932; February 1933; March 1933; and April 1933. These excerpts are taken from issues which carried articles discussing the necessity for and the benefit of having the new Palos Verdes Drive. From reading these issues of the bulletin, it is clear that the whole community was completely behind the building of the new road.

The following excerpt, from the November 1932 issue of the bulletin, covers the development of Palos Verdes Drive North, and gives a good picture of what was taking place:

IMPORTANT NEW ROAD

"Surveys were started by the County on October 17th for the important new road continuing Granvia Valmonte from where it now ends east of the Golf Club easterly through Palos Verdes Ranch to Western Avenue and down the Panhandle of the Ranch to the end of Vermont Ave. at Anaheim St. (Wilmington Road). Supervisor John Quinn has agreed to build the road out of funds assigned to his supervisorial district, using the unemployed, as far as possible, in its construction. Palos Verdes Corporation will donate the right-of-way.

"This road is of much more than local significance. Civic organizations of Los Angeles County have long been urging a loop boulevard completely around the Palos Verdes hills, to display the grandeur of this coast region. By finishing this gap from Valmonte to Western Ave. a twenty-three mile drive will be formed, around the ocean shore and overlooking Los Angeles harbor, which in time is expected to be as famous as the Seventeen-Mile Drive at Monterey."

The February 1933 issue contained further news on the progress of the road:

NEW ROAD PROGRESSING

"With surveys of the new road from Valmonte to the end of Vermont Ave. at Anaheim St., now practically completed, a strong delegation from the Estates waited upon Supervisor John R. Quinn at the County Court House, and were assured that a reasonable amount of work on the road could be anticipated this year. It was agreed that no more than ordinary road width for traffic roads should be undertaken in the first construction, and that this is all that would be necessary, probably, for several years. However, the County would take now a full boulevard right-of-way so that additional improvements could be made when conditions warranted.

"J. C. Low, President of the Homes Association, headed the delegation, which included Fulton Lane, Boyd Comstock, G. B. Snelgrove and C. H. Cheney. A statement was filed which pointed out that the Association was a non-profit organization of over 1800 paid members, all of whom are property owners and taxpayers in this district and called attention to the following facts:

"Palos Verdes Peninsula, which includes approximately twenty-four square miles of the Estates and the Ranch in the Palos Verdes School District, has a total assessed value, for 1932-33, of $6,563,485.

"The Fourth Supervisorial District has a total assessed value for 1932-33, amounting to $90,245,085.

"Construction of this road is very important to the taxpayers and property owners of the whole Palos Verdes Peninsula, as it gives a shorter and more

direct route to Long Beach and to Los Angeles via Vermont Avenue which was opened and paved at large cost by the County last year. It puts no additional burden on the taxpayers of the County. It is a part of the adopted regional plan of county highways. Any delay in its construction, therefore, would work a great injustice upon the taxpayers of this District."

Actual commencement of the road building was announced in the March 1933 issue of the bulletin:

NEW ROAD STARTED

"At last the two long separated sections of Palos Verdes, the Valmonte district and Miraleste district near San Pedro, are being connected by a direct road.

"Nearly a hundred unemployed men were put to work by the county early in February, on the right-of-way which was deeded by Palos Verdes Ranch, to connect Valmonte with the end of Vermont Ave. at Anaheim St. At the present rate it will probably take a year to complete the road.

"The County Road Department says that it could use more men if there were more wheelbarrows to be had. The fact is that every city has commandeered all the existing equipment of this kind to provide hand labor, but shipments are expected from outside points shortly."

And the April, 1933 issue of the bulletin carried the following article:

NEW ROAD PROGRESSING

"With from 300 to 400 men working on the new Palos Verdes Drive which extends from Valmonte eastward for four and a half miles to meet the end of Vermont Avenue at Anaheim Street, the County Road Department reports a very considerable progress during the past month. Working both ways from the center, over a third of a mile has been graded by the unemployed, using picks and shovels only. Culverts have been installed in the deeper arroyos and the fills are rapidly being brought up to grade. A forty-foot roadway is being completed now with a twelve-foot sidewalk space along the north or downhill side, so that the permanent trees on this side can be planted next fall. Future widening to the ultimate roadway width of 56 feet can be made in the future on the south side without disturbing the planting and banks on the north side."

End of Excerpts from PALOS VERDES BULLETIN

The important thing was that the new road would connect Miraleste and Palos Verdes Estates proper. These two areas were more than six miles apart, but they were in the same library and school district. Also, the land belonging to the Palos Verdes Corporation, which was between these areas, was in the same library and school district.

Another very important point to Supervisor Quinn was that the Palos Verdes Homes Association had 1,800 dues-paying members. To be a member you had to own property in either Miraleste or the Palos Verdes Estates. These members were very substantial citizens, and many of them were his constituents.

The net of all this newspaper publicity, and the work on the part of the Palos Verdes Homes Association, was that on February 10, 1933, a contract

was made between the County of Los Angeles and the State of California so that the State would supply sufficient funds to the County to build Palos Verdes Drive North. These funds came from the State Emergency Relief Fund, and that fund, in turn, came from the Federal Government.

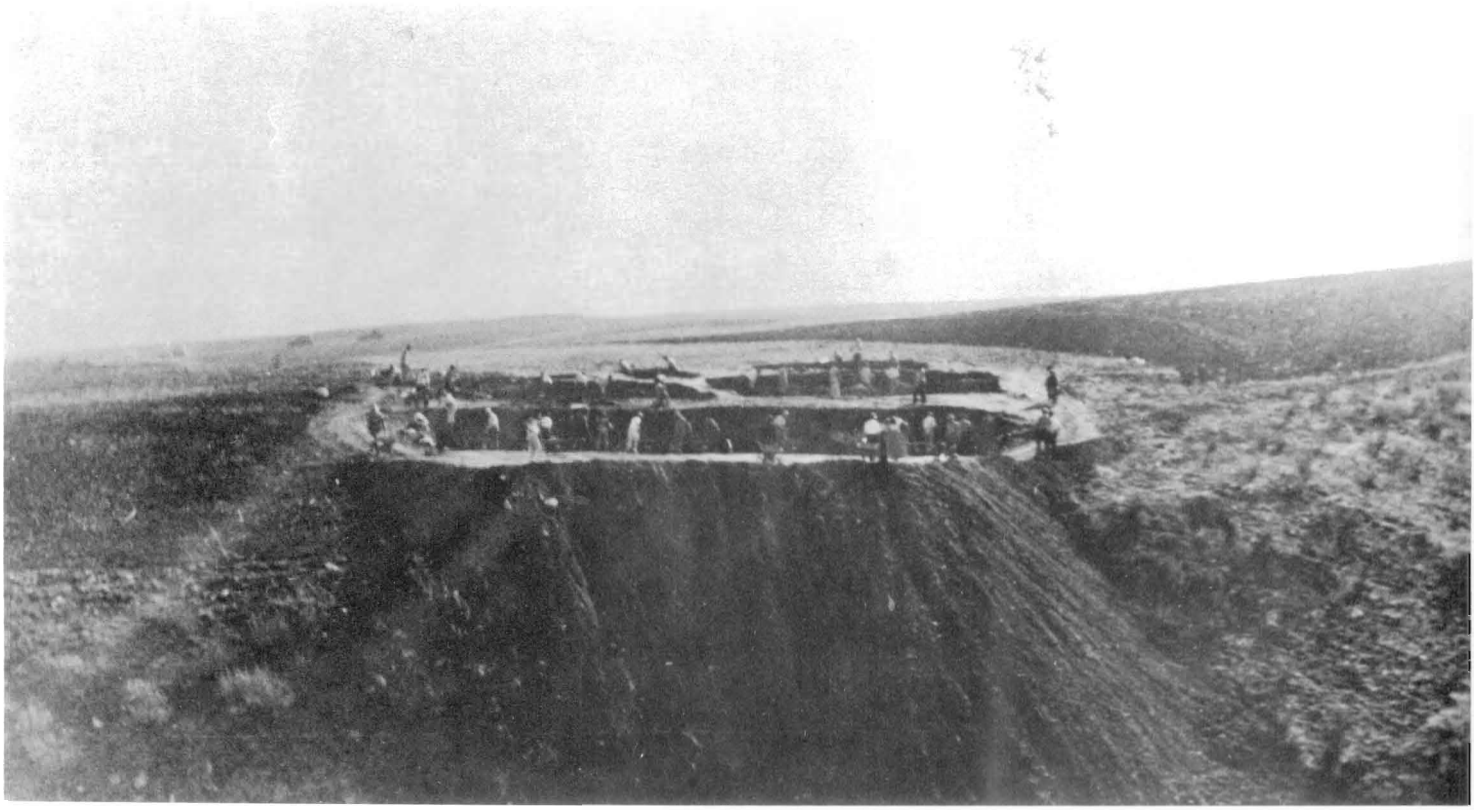
The contract between the State of California and the County of Los Angeles was number 1A-B1-31, and the work order number was 6144. The building of the road with these funds made it unnecessary to use any of the money allocated to John Quinn's district for county roads.

The road was completed July 14, 1935, at a total cost of $220,085. $110,000 was spent on manual labor — that is, pick and shovel — and $110,085 was spent on trucks, culverts, oil for surfacing the road, etc. The Palos Verdes Corporation, at its expense, planted trees on both sides of the entire length of the road.

All of Palos Verdes Drive North was lined with five-gallon size pepper trees at the expense of the Palos Verdes Corporation. The photograph shows a tree being planted near the gatehouse.

President Herbert Hoover, under whose administration Palos Verdes Drive North first started, was a Quaker. He did not believe in the dole, or in having men on relief. He believed that every able-bodied man should be given the opportunity to earn a decent living. This was before Franklin Roosevelt's administration, and before we had the WPA. At the height of the building of Palos Verdes Drive North, there were more than 400 men employed, and the photographs show the start of the work, and also show the big fill near the ROLLING HILLS City Hall.

The County would pick up the men in the morning at various rendezvous points, take them in trucks to the job, and when the day was over would take them in trucks back to the dispersal points. It was not hard work; it was fairly easy digging. The men thoroughly enjoyed it. They had pride in what they were doing, and I know that because I visited the project almost every day from February 10, 1933, until it was completed in May of 1935.



The big cut and fill at Palos Verdes Drive North, adjacent to the Rolling Hills City Hall. You can see the method of constructing the road; you can identify the wheelbarrows, and almost see the picks. This photograph was taken in March, 1933, with a small camera. It is looking easterly and northerly along the alignment of Palos Verdes Drive North.

This photo, taken in the Spring of 1933, shows the very first day of the work starting on Palos Verdes Drive North. The first Rolling Hills gatehouse was located immediately to the right of the two automobiles. The men on the right are, literally, taking the first pick and shovel strokes on Palos Verdes Drive North construction. The two automobiles on the right are facing what was to be Portuguese Bend Road. The white tent is the road superintendent's office. This is really the start of the road (the very first day) which made Rolling Hills possible.

A Spence aerial photograph taken in the Fall of 1935, after the completion of Palos Verdes Drive North. In the middle left-hand edge is the Bixby Slough and the intersection of Vermont, Gaffey, Anaheim, and Palos Verdes Drive North. At the intersection was the adobe homestead of Juan Sepulveda. Catalina Island is seen in the background.

On December 7, 1935, the Palos Verdes Corporation and the Palos Verdes Homes Association gave a joint barbecue honoring John R. Quinn. Some 500 men attended. After a lapse of 40 years, I am sorry that more people do not know the part that John Quinn played in having Palos Verdes Drive North built.

Following is a brief description and a map of the road, compiled by Charles H. Cheney, May, 1935.

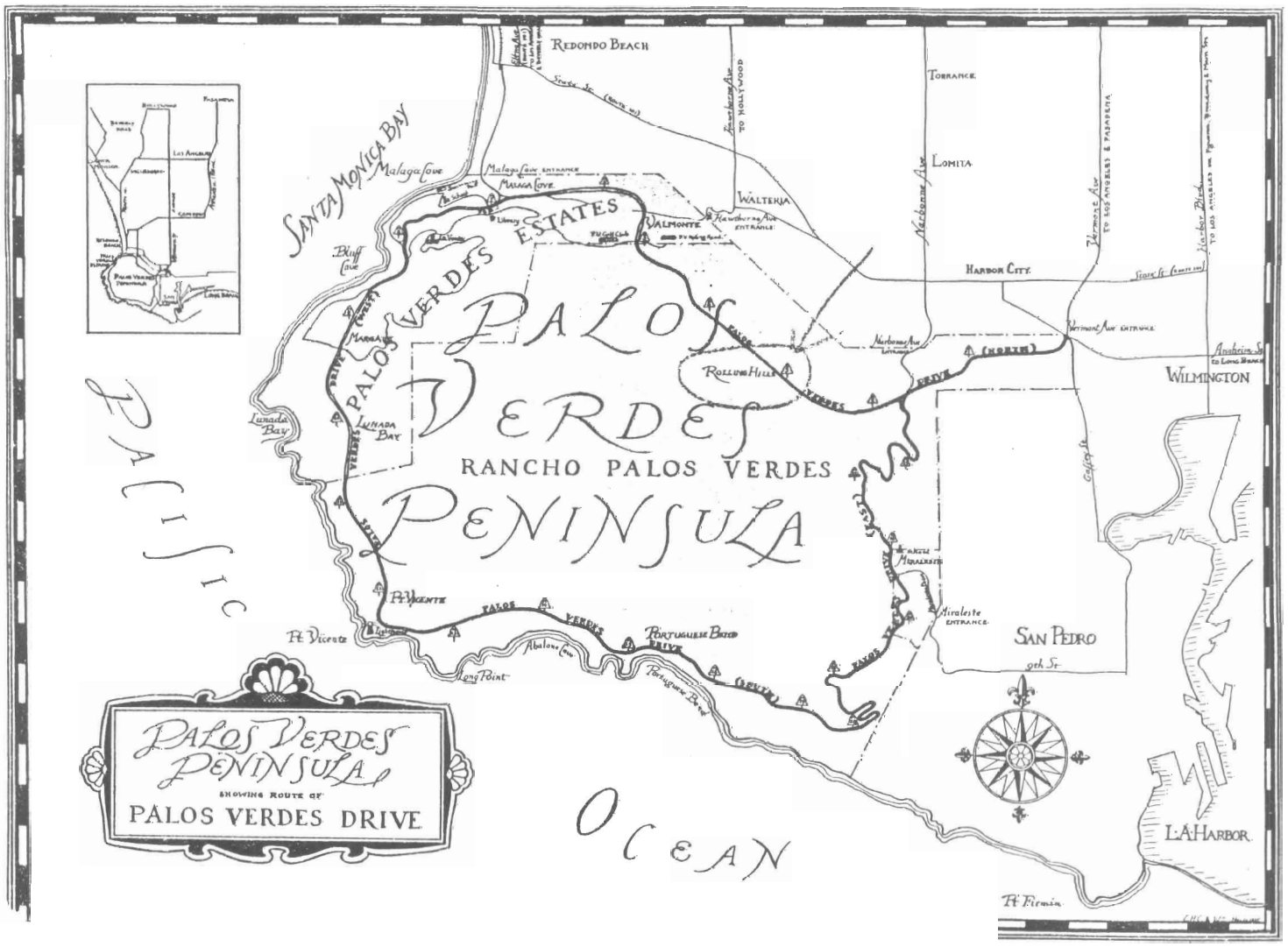
Palos Verdes Drive

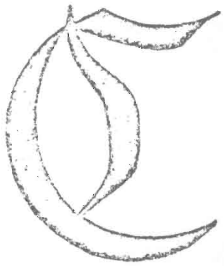
Twenty-three Miles of Unique Scenery

around Palos Verdes Peninsula

Los Angeles has a new 23-mile marine highway at the Southwest corner of the Metropolitan District. Here one really senses the spaciousness of the sea. Here are unsurpassed views of coast, Channel and Island, the ship lane for freighters, liners and the Navy, the whole great harbor of Los Angeles at one's feet, all seen from one encircling drive. And on shore one passes for 23 miles through interesting unspoiled country and one of the most attractive and best protected home neighborhoods to be found in the United States.

As with the famous marine drives of France and Italy along the Mediterranean, and the 17 Mile Drive of the Monterey Peninsula in Northern California, the glory of this one in Los Angeles is in the free expanse of ocean, the warm sunlight on blue bays, the unspoiled background of hills.





COMING IN BY THE VERMONT AVENUE Entrance to Palos Verdes Drive at Anaheim Street, the road rises out of the industrial plain to higher ground, with its purer air and clearer views. This is Palos Verdes Peninsula, part of a Grant by the Spanish King to the Sepulveda Family in 1827, confirmed by Governor Pio Pico in 1847. The Peninsula encompasses twenty-five square miles, divided into Rancho Palos Verdes of some twenty square miles, and Palos Verdes Estates with five. It stands well above the plain of Los Angeles. Gently moulded hills and deep arroyos rise to 1480 feet in San Pedro hill, the highest point, and form a peninsula projecting into the Pacific toward Catalina and the Channel Islands, with more than twelve miles of beautiful seacoast, bays and inlets.

The first five miles of the Drive is through Rancho Palos Verdes. It is conveniently marked with milestones. Nearing Mile 2 the road divides into Palos Verdes Drive-North and Palos Verdes Drive-East, which swing around to encircle the coast and the peninsula. The Narbonne Avenue Entrance from Torrance comes in here also. We continue on Palos Verdes Drive-North.

At Mile 3 is Rolling Hills, where five to ten acre "Dude Ranches" offer ideal outdoor life, seclusion, privacy, recreation, horseback riding, cultivation of fruits and vegetables and the enjoyment of a country atmosphere, all protected by good restrictions.

To the left, near Mile 4, millions of yards are being moved to uncover the precious white diatomaceous earth, used for filtering foods and chemicals. This is a temporary operation, as the supply will be exhausted in a few years. No drilling for oil or other obnoxious industry or business is permitted anywhere on the Peninsula.

We now enter Palos Verdes Estates, with its beautifully landscaped and well planted streets, gay with red tiled roofs and light plastered houses. It presents a restful harmony of home neighborhood, quite unusual in American cities, extending for the next five miles. Occupants of modest, as well as larger residences, enjoy ideal seacoast living, with much open space and recreational area—they own in common over 700 acres of parks, playgrounds, golf course, swimming pool, shore and other amenities.

At Mile 5, in Valmonte, a crossroad leads left, to Palos Verdes Golf Club, and right, to Palos Verdes Riding Academy. The Drive here becomes a double roadway, passing through Valmonte Plaza, and crossing Hawthorne Avenue, from which there is an entrance to the Peninsula one-half mile east. This brings people in directly, through Hawthorne and La Brea Avenue, from Western Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The handsomely planted double roadway of Palos Verdes Drive then continues westward with glimpses of the golf course, through a wood of Eucalyptus, and down a gently plunging slope into Malaga Cove. The major highway from the north comes in at this point from Route 101, the Santa Monica Bay Cities, San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles and Beverly Hills.

At Mile 7 is Malaga Cove Plaza with its Neptune Fountain (drugstore, lunch, gas, oil, garage, market, postoffice). One block left (south) lies Palos Verdes Public Library and Art Gallery, with its interesting monthly exhibits, open afternoons except Saturdays. From the Library Via del Monte winds up the hill to (one mile) the famous La Venta Inn (luncheon, dinner) and continues to the top of Montemalaga.

Westward on Palos Verdes Drive there is soon seen the bend of Santa Monica Bay, called Malaga Cove. In the foreground is the Grade School with its clock tower and seven-acre playfield. Directly north, at the foot of the cliff (not visible) lies the fine Palos Verdes Swimming Pool.

From Mile 8 Palos Verdes Drive swings south along the coast, first around Bluff Cove, where disport large numbers of surf-board riders, and then with a double roadway through the Margate and Lunada Bay Districts of the Estates. Beyond Mile 9 a crossroad leads up the hill to Montemalaga.

Approaching Mile 11 the Drive swings into a single roadway, again entering Rancho Palos Verdes. It follows along the coast to Point Vicente (Mile 12) with its Lighthouse and Coast Guard Wireless Station. Thence the Drive turns eastward. Coming over a little rise there appears a raking view of coast seldom equalled in any part of the world.

Near Mile 15 we pass interesting private villas, then around Portuguese Bend, where the old whaling station stood for fifty years, said to be an early landing place of the Spaniards and later of pirates. This south side of the Peninsula is particularly blessed, with a background of high hills. It faces the ship lane, and twenty miles away the blue Catalina Island, almost cut in two at its isthmus.

Beyond Mile 17 the Drive again turns northward, and climbing up and up, the outlook becomes grander and grander until, approaching Mile 19, it is climaxed by one of the finest views to be had of the Southern California coast line. Westward lie thousands of acres of cultivated fields, rugged barrancas and canyons, with lovely small bays along the shining shore line, Catalina on the left, and out past Point Vicente through the sunset haze occasionally will be seen a tiny speck far in the ocean which would be Santa Barbara Island.

Crossing a shoulder of San Pedro Hill, 950 feet above the ocean, near Mile 19, the Drive reaches Overlook Point, where there is an unequalled panorama of the vast port of Los Angeles and Long Beach. San Pedro lies in the foreground. No other comparable view of Los Angeles Harbor is to be had anywhere.

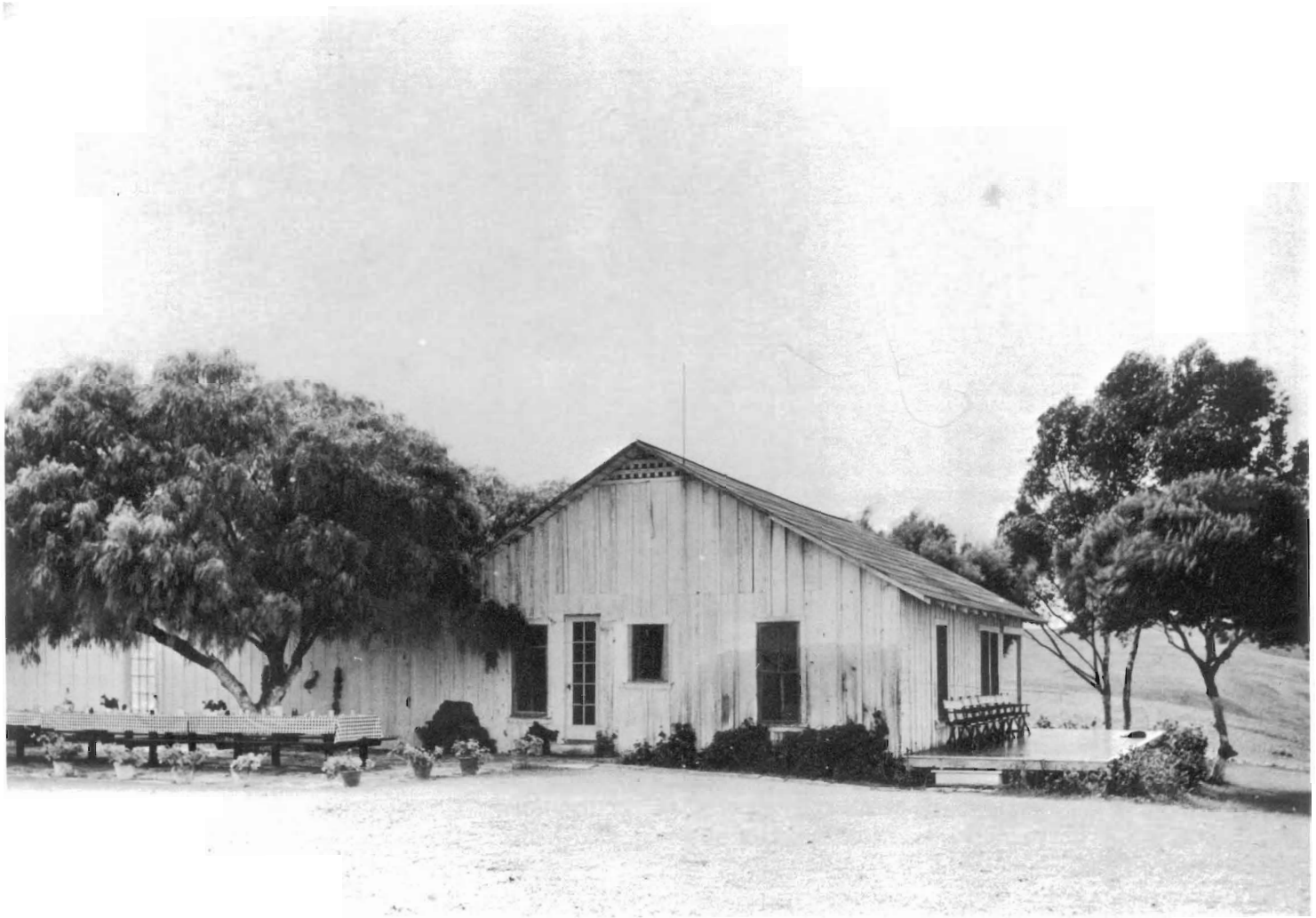
Mile 20 marks the beginning of Miraleste, a highly protected residential district for San Pedro and the harbor area, with the homes of sea captains, army and navy people. The square tower of Miraleste School stands up pleasantly, before reaching Mile 21. Here Palos Verdes Drive is met by Miraleste Drive from San Pedro, connecting through Ninth Street to Pacific Avenue.

Continuing to shortly beyond Mile 23, the road passes over winding hills through Rancho Palos Verdes. Spacious views open out of the Los Angeles plain. Beyond stand up the mile high Sierra Madre Mountains, behind Pasadena, with two mile high Mount Baldy to the eastward. Palos Verdes Drive-East then meets Palos Verdes Drive-North, completing a pleasant hour's ride through 23 miles of unique scenery.

You can see there are no trees in sight. The gate is across Johns Canyon Road. The back of this sign said, "Adios, Amigos!"

Rancho Elastico

On the north side of Crest Road, between Roy McCarrell, Jr.'s headquarters and the Haslin headquarters, a number of canyons run down to the Pacific Coast Highway (101). Located between Agua Negra (now the location of Crenshaw Boulevard) and Agua Magna, at an elevation of 1,000 feet, was another ranch complex, which had not been used for a number of years. It consisted of a well constructed board-and-batten ranch house, about 30 x 40 feet, and some 300 feet away a typical early California ranch barn. I would judge that these buildings had been built sometime between 1885 and 1890. The place was completely overgrown with weeds. The inside of the house had about six inches of rubbish in it. The interior walls were finished with tongue-and-groove boards.



The original Rancho Elastico built in 1885. The only things that have been added were the twelve-foot-wide platform and the high fence behind the pepper tree for protection. If you have sharp eyes, you can see the pounded out five-gallon kerosene can which is waterproofing the entrance way, above the narrow, ten-pane door that led into what was the original dining room.

There were a number of mature trees around the house. On the east side was a large pepper — on the west and south sides were large pines, eucalyptus, and black acacias. The long side of the rectangle of the house faced directly north, with a magnificent view of the Santa Monica Bay and, in the background, Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson — with all of metropolitan Los Angeles in between.

This place, which we were to call Rancho Elastico, was ideally situated. I thought what a fine spot it would be for my family to have picnics. I had four children — two boys and two girls. The oldest was nine and the youngest was three and one-half years old.

Year, 1933 — before the bunkhouses were built and the house expansion but showing the 12-foot-wide platform.

Before showing the house and barn to my family I had some ranchhands clean up all the weeds and scrape out the rubbish from the inside of the house. The floors were so dirty that I decided to hose them out, and in doing so discovered that the whole house tipped 18 inches to the southeast, and the only way I could get the water out was to drill holes in the floor in the southeast corner.

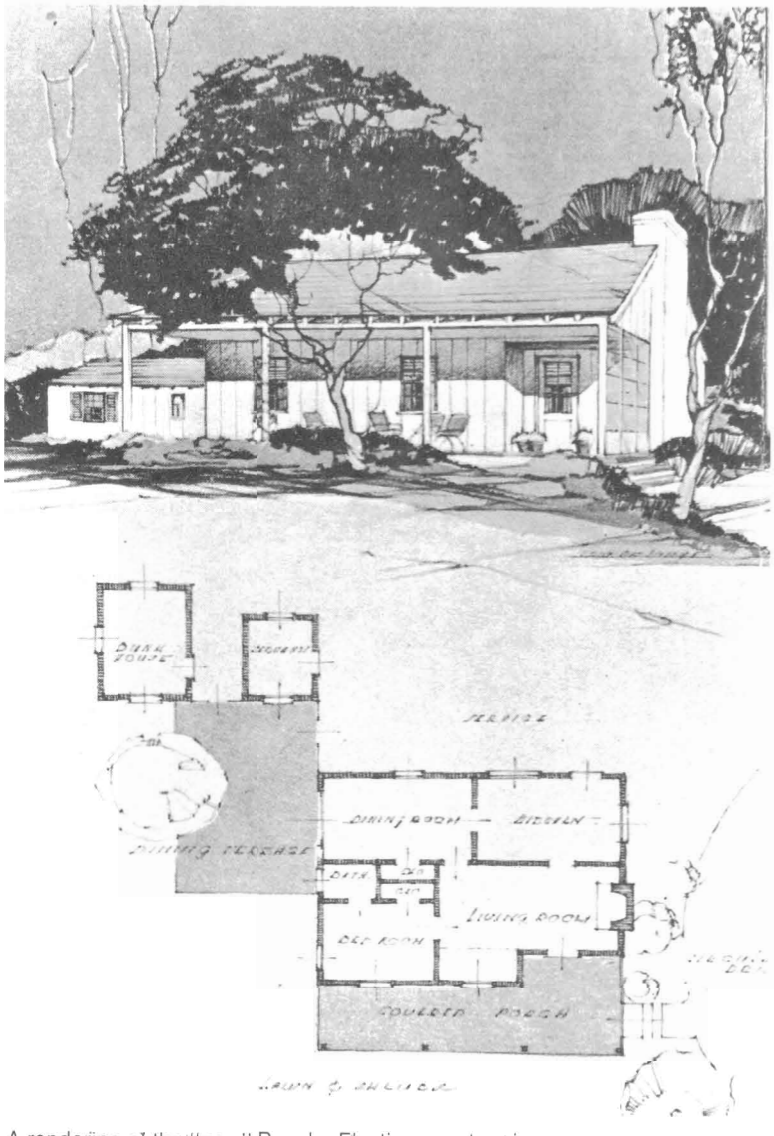
Fortunately, the ranch buildings had water supplied from a waterline that ran from the Haslin property to the McCarrell property, along Crest Road. So, with the house, the barn, the large trees, and running water, we had an ideal spot for picnics.

As soon as I had the place cleaned up, I brought Mrs. Hanson and the children down from Beverly Hills. Mrs. Hanson was entranced by the view, the location, and the climate. The children had a ball. They tried to shoot

lizards and ground squirrels with slingshots — and of course, they couldn't. They all ran around without their parents having to say, "stop that!" When we were getting ready to leave that afternoon, the children said "Gosh, Pop, why can't we live here all the time?" Their mother thought it would be great fun to fix up the old house and spend weekends and summer vacations there, and that we did. And that was the start of Rolling Hills. And that was the start of our "own your own dude ranch — not for profit, but for pleasure" salesplan. And that was the start of what became, eventually, the City of Rolling Hills. It took from 1932 to Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, to do it, but it was worth every minute of it.

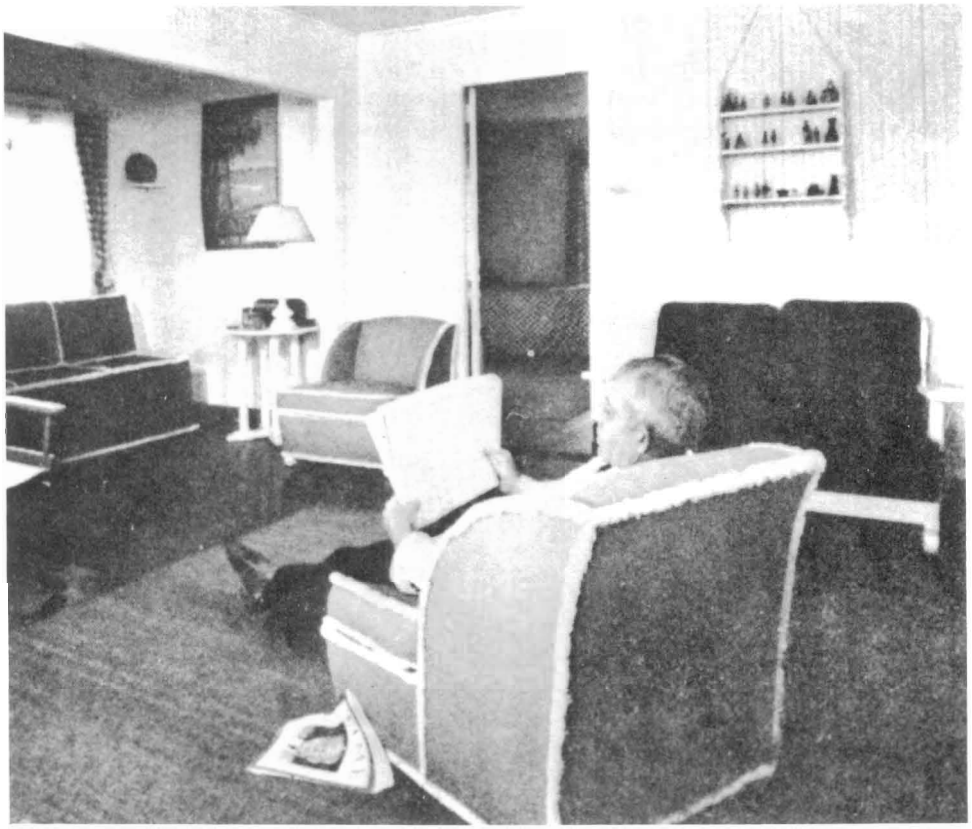
From that first visit, September 1932, until cold weather started, we spent practically every Saturday there. The children were miles ahead of me on what to do with the place, and their mother was ahead of them.

The upshot was that as soon as the rains were over with, about the first of March, 1933, I ripped out all the partitions under their mother's instructions and supervision, because I was told in no uncertain terms that the inside of the house was hers, but I could do what I wanted to do with the outside. All I had to do was furnish the men and material and the money for the inside.

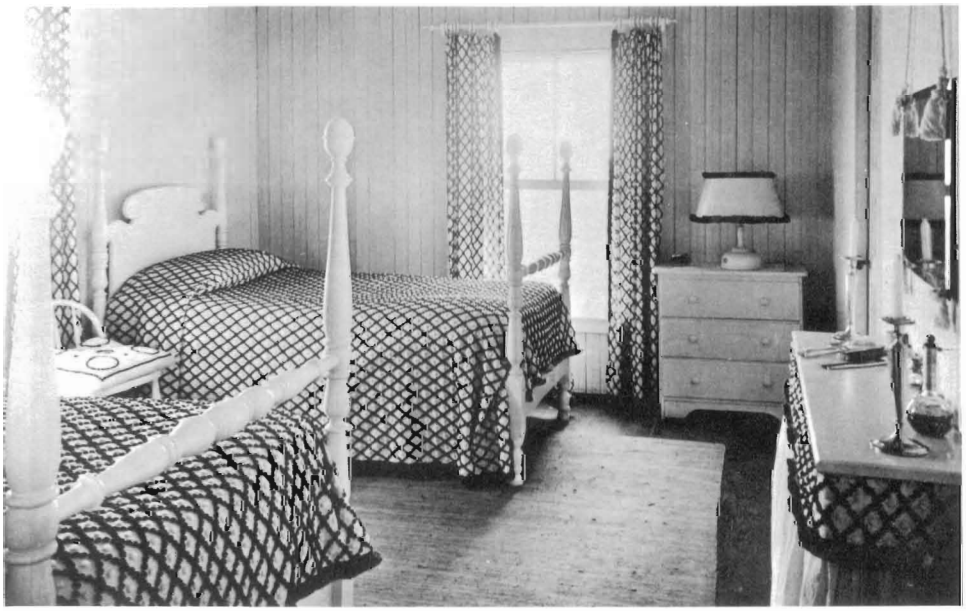


A rendering of the "new" Rancho Elastico construction.

Their mother altered the interior to include a living room and a master bedroom — both of these facing to the north for the view — a kitchen, and a dining room. Between the dining room and the parents' room, a modern bath was installed. The floors were painted a pleasant rich red, the walls were painted white, the floors were covered with navy blue hooked rugs — except the kitchen floor which was covered with linoleum. All the furniture was comfortable, and with four children it had to be durable, so it was upholstered in blue denim.



White walls, painted pine floors, hooked rugs, denim-covered furniture — simple, inexpensive, charming.



The master bedroom — original tongue-and-groove, wooden walls; red, painted floors; hooked, blue rugs. The lamp was a Coleman lamp — the candles for an emergency. This room is the northeast corner of the house. Life was simple, quiet, and uncomplicated.

All along the north side of the house we constructed a twelve-foot wide platform. It was furnished with tables and a number of director's chairs. There is nothing more comfortable or more utilitarian than those director's chairs.

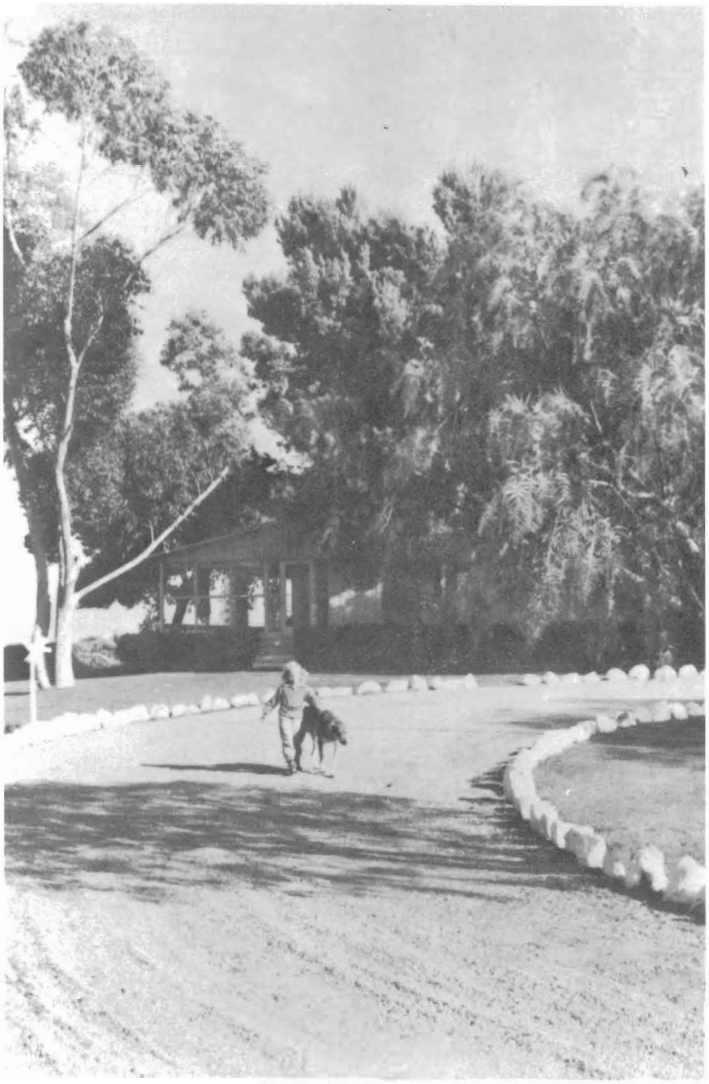
We solved the problem of where the children were to sleep by pitching, out in the back and to the side, two tents — one for the boys, and one for the girls. The bathroom in the main house was used by the entire family.

The essence of Rancho Elastico. The haystacks above the tents are just off Crest Road. The small line just above the upper left-hand corner of the fence was the dirt track which led down from Crest Road to Rancho Elastico.

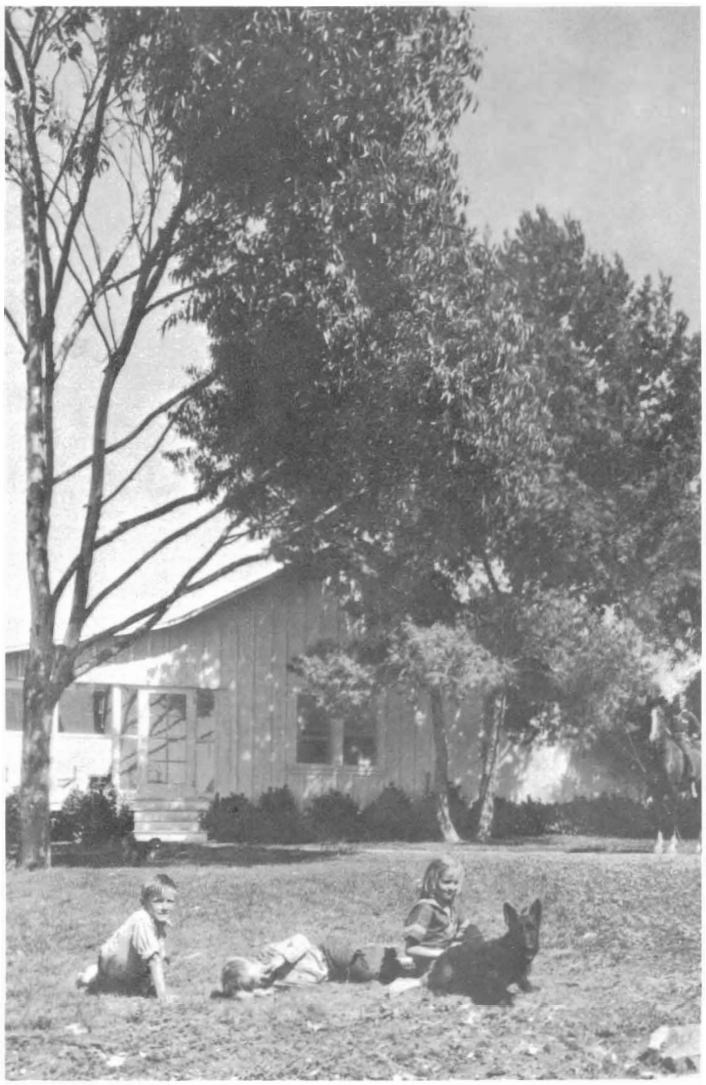
We were fortunate in having in Beverly Hills a very congenial household couple. Ingrid was German — grandmotherly, plump, a good cook. Irwin was the gardener, etc., and took the children back and forth for all the things to which you take children.

When they heard of what we were planning to do for the summer of 1933, they were in seventh heaven. If you can credit it, Irwin had always wanted to be a farmer. I made arrangements with a dairy in Lomita to rent a fresh cow for the summer of 1933, and Irwin learned to milk "our" cow — and to do many other things connected with the operation of a mini "dude" ranch.

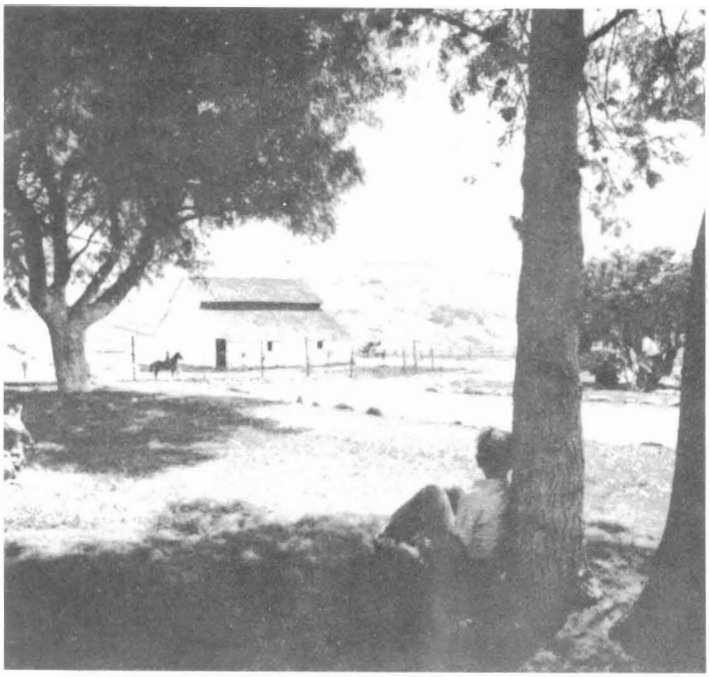
To house Ingrid and Irwin we pitched another tent alongside the children's tent. To tie our small ranch together, we erected several hundred feet of three-rail, white fence and planted the fence with red climbing roses. This was to give *our ranchito* an identity. We also used, profusely, two flowering plants which were foolproof and easy to take care of — common red geranium, and the native Matilija Poppy. The flower of this poppy is about



Francie Hanson and Tiny, the Great Dane given her by Harold Lloyd. She's about four years old. What a heaven Rolling Hills was for children, dogs, horses. The circular drive was bordered with whitewashed stone.



Just loafing! Shackelford's Scotty, "Jock," who was later to appear in one of the ads, is doing his modeling stuff.



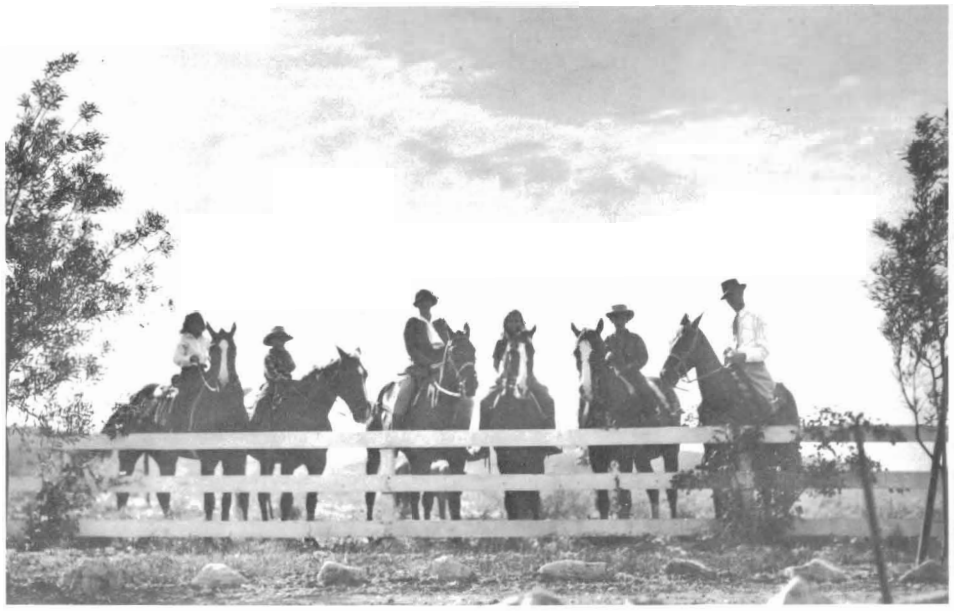
A limitless play yard. No traffic hazards for your children.

six inches across, the petals are like white crepe paper, and the stamens are butter yellow. It will stand any amount of abuse and neglect. Because it is a native it requires no water except the natural rainfall. The dirt approach road for the last 500 feet was lined with large, whitewashed rocks, and ended in a large circle at the front of the house.

Because the house had no neighbors within two miles, and there were no children for our youngsters to play with, we got in the habit of asking three or four children of the right ages to spend a few days at a time with our children. Irwin would pick them up, and their parents would then take them back to their homes. To take care of the children's guests, we had to pitch several additional tents. There had been a family discussion as to what we should call our ranchito, and out of the "mouths of babes" came the name. Archie, the second oldest, said, "Look — it stretches, and stretches, and stretches — like my slingshot rubberbands." So there we had the name, which certainly fitted — "Rancho Elastico."

There was no end of things for the children to do. They could watch the tractors plowing several thousand acres, and see all of the operations of a huge, real, California rancho — shearing of sheep, the branding of cattle, the baling of hay, the picking of ripe tomatoes. There is nothing better to taste than a warm, ripe tomato that you've picked yourself, from the vine. Even the dust on it tastes good.

We acquired six riding horses — two for $50.00, two for $35.00, and two for $25.00. On Main Street in Los Angeles we bought six used McClellan saddles. They are not the most comfortable saddle, but they are extremely durable. I rode one two years in the Artillery, World War I; I know. There were endless, endless things for the youngsters to do. There was never a dull moment.



From the left, Francie, Jimmy, Mom, Polly, Archie, and Dad Hanson. Mom and Dad rode $50.00 horses, Archie and Polly were on $35.00 horses, Francie and Jimmy were on the $25.00 horses.

We arranged for the parents to have Sunday supper with us when they picked up their offspring. That would average eight parents besides ourselves. We had plenty of Old Fashioneds, southern-fried chicken, Golden Bantam corn — all the green salad anyone could eat, plus freshly grown vegetables. After all, our Japanese tenants were growing several

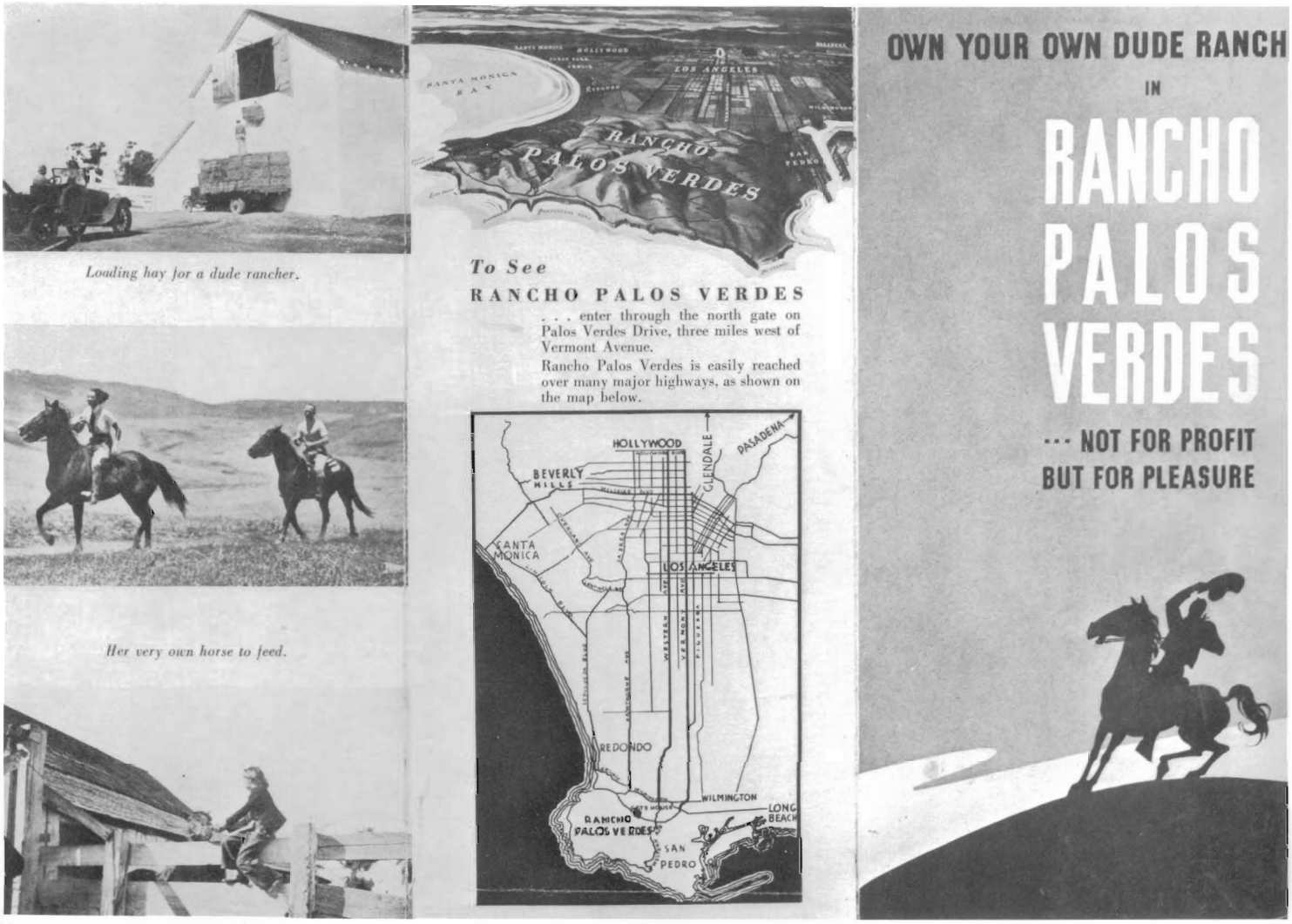
thousand acres of fresh vegetables. Everyone, children and adults, enjoyed themselves to the "nth" degree, and many broad hints were given by the children's guests that they would like to come back again.

For 1933 we had no electricity or gas. We used Coleman lamps and bottled butane gas for cooking, and hauled in ice. In some ways it was pretty primitive, but a lot of fun. We had no space heat, and we didn't need any because we returned to Beverly Hills right after Labor Day.

You got to Rancho Elastico from Beverly Hills by taking La Brea Avenue down through Inglewood — then Hawthorne Boulevard to Redondo Beach — then along the ocean drive through Palos Verdes Estates until you came to Point Vincente; then over the private Crest Road to the dirt road leading to Rancho Elastico. This was a long way around, but there were no other roads. It made quite a drive from Beverly Hills, but when you did arrive at Rancho Elastico you had the feeling of being in the heart of a going ranch.

As primitive as it was, all of our adult guests seemed to be intrigued with the kind of vacation life we were leading. One mother said, "You know, you Hansons are lucky. You have all the amenities and all the fun that one gets on a dude ranch in Arizona. We've been going yearly to various ranches around Wickenburg, Arizona, but it is a tiresome, dirty drive through the heat and the desert to get there, and it takes many hours. Here you are, with everything we've been getting on a dude ranch, with a lot less trouble, and not over 40 minutes from Western and Wilshire in Los Angeles. We wish we had a place like this for our children."

Own Your Own Dude Ranch -- Not For Profit, But For Pleasure



Vernon Caldwell's cover design for our second brochure, mailed in 1935. The development had not yet been named Rolling Hills.

That gave me the idea there might be a baker's dozen of families with growing children who would buy a vacation ranch of ten to fifty acres, and the Corporation would get some badly needed money. The kind of place I had in mind would take the minimum of upkeep. There would not be any profit from the ranch operations, but it would be a lot of fun for the children.

When we went back to Beverly Hills after Labor Day, 1933, I decided that during the summer of 1934 I would expose the kind of living that we had been having at Rancho Elastico to as many of our acquaintances, as differentiated from our friends whom we had been having as guests in 1933, as possible — and sell them some of this land. So, with that in mind I decided to really fix up Rancho Elastico and use it as a model.

After the family returned to Beverly Hills for the Fall school term in 1933, I got a gang of carpenters and laborers and really went to work on Rancho Elastico. I built a bunkhouse for our children and for their guests. It was a rectangular building with a hall down the middle, three small bedrooms

on either side, and two bathrooms with showers, toilets, and wash basins — one bathroom for the boys, and one bathroom for the girls.

Adjacent to the children's bunkhouse, we erected quarters for Ingrid and Irwin. We connected these two buildings with a seven foot board-and-batten fence. These buildings were placed so they formed, with the main building, an "L." The area to the east of the main house and north of the bunkhouse, where the large pepper tree was located, we paved with flat Palos Verdes flagstone. This made a large area — shaded at noon, and in the evening protected from the prevailing wind — just right for large luncheons or formal dinner parties.

This is Rancho Elastico's terrace as finally altered and revamped, and as it existed in 1935. This photograph, taken in the Spring of 1935, was a publicity photo for the land sales. The title of this photograph in the brochure was "Planning the Day's Activities." You can see what a delightful, shady spot this was even in the middle of the day.

Many delightful parties were held in this patio. The fancy tablecloth was oilcloth — just a little soap and water and elbow grease was necessary to clean it. Pots contained ever-faithful red geraniums. The time is 1933.

The twelve-foot wide platform on the north side of the house we roofed over, and to protect this porch from the prevailing afternoon wind, we glassed in the west side so that we would have a twelve-foot wide, windproof sun-trap. It proved to be a joy and a pleasure. The bridge players would sit there on a warm, lazy afternoon, and be in seventh heaven.

We had all the structural improvements completed by January 1, 1934. In the Spring of 1934, we did a thorough job of landscaping the house and barn, and all the other appurtenances.

All during the Summer of 1934 we would give parties on Saturday. The guests would come for cocktails about six, and we would serve dinner a little later. I found three Mexican musicians — one with a big bull fiddle, one with a violin, and one with a Spanish guitar — and after a few highballs, that they had acquired surreptitiously, they really played. Our guests had a great time. And there was much oohing-and-aahing about the view, and the lights of the distant city, and so forth. And that's as far as it went.

We had to have money for overhead and taxes. The only solution was to sell land — but how could it be done?

In 1920, when I first got out of the Artillery and I was starting a small nursery of my own, I became acquainted with Vernon Caldwell, a youngster about my own age who was a commercial artist. He had an office in downtown Los Angeles, and he produced the very stunning posters we used to see in front of vaudeville houses, such as a girl on a highwire in a tent —

a "tightrope walker" — balancing herself with an umbrella, one of those very colorful posters used outside the theaters to attract crowds.

Since I had last seen him, a lapse of maybe eight years or so, he had become not only a successful commercial artist but also an advertising consultant. In the early Spring of 1935 I called Vernon and asked him to meet me at Rancho Elastico. I wanted his help in formulating an advertising campaign for our "Own your own dude ranch — not for profit, but for pleasure" sales program.

I told him that we were trying to develop and sell 15 to 25 acre parcels to people from Los Angeles for their use as weekend and summer vacation homes. He suggested that we contact the advertising firm of Lockwood and Shackelford to see what they might suggest for an advertising campaign. Caldwell would continue as my consultant.

The following weekend when my family was at Rancho Elastico, Vernon brought Shackelford down to Rancho Elastico, and Shackelford spent several weekends with us there. He enjoyed all the activities of the ranch — that is, the entire Rancho Palos Verdes. He was enthralled with the fun that my children were having with horses and dogs, and ranching activities of all kinds. The upshot of it was that Shackelford wrote a brochure for us. Vernon Caldwell developed the famous logotype that we have used all

Children on the rail fence looking at what is now the Peninsula Shopping Center. In the distance, on the skyline, is Roy McCarrell, Sr.'s ranch headquarters. The flat area on the extreme right-hand is the location of the future Chadwick School.

these years — the horseman with his large, western hat in his hand — greeting his friends coming over the hill. You don't see those friends, but you know that he's greeting them. It's a dramatic illustration.

Shackelford created an interesting brochure which told about a Los Angeles family spending their weekends and summer vacations at Rancho Elastico, and of all the fun that the family had. (He built a whole story around the Hanson family.) We printed and mailed 7,500 of these brochures, the cover of which read, "Own your own dude ranch in Rancho Palos Verdes — not for profit, but for pleasure."

I knew, after a few weeks, by the negative response we received from this brochure and advertising campaign, that our salesplan was a flop. In the final analysis, it was not like going to a dude ranch in Arizona. It was really just at the edge of a teeming, heavily industrialized, metropolitan

Riding in Rolling Hills. Redondo Beach/Santa Monica Bay and the Coastal mountains can be seen in the background.

area. It didn't have the glamour of Wickenburg, Arizona — it didn't have what the Los Angeles/Beverly Hills people needed, or what they wanted. It was too near home. Our sales efforts for the summers of 1934 and 1935 proved that there was not a demand or a market for "Own your own dude ranch — not for profit but for pleasure."

We had to have money for overhead and taxes. The only solution was to sell land — but the question remained, how could it be done?

The Idea

We had to sell land, but how could it be done? After my family had returned to Beverly Hills in September, 1935, I'd go up to Rancho Elastico where it was peaceful and quiet, and I'd sit out on the porch and wonder what to do about selling the land.

And then, in glancing around at the Long Beach - Redondo area, which I could see from the porch, it hit me like a bolt of lightning that the prospects were right there at my feet. All I had to do was to make a community that the people would want to live in.

Going back to the beginning of civilization, as soon as man acquired a little leisure and worldly goods, he wanted to live in the hills. If there was a choice of hills, he would build into the prevailing wind so that he did not get air contaminated by a dense population. Mankind always wanted to get up above the plains, and if there were no hills he would do the next best thing and build "the Hanging Gardens of Babylon." What's more, he wanted privacy.

Because the air passed over 3,000 miles of blue Pacific, it was wonderfully pure. In the morning you could stand with your back to the sun in the hills and look at the magnificent vista of the Santa Monica Bay, or in winter at the snow-capped mountains of the coast range. The land was perfect for real living.

I knew that our prospective buyers did not want 10 to 50 acres. What they wanted was a country place of one to five acres, and privacy, privacy, privacy. And the Palos Verdes Corporation would give them what they wanted.

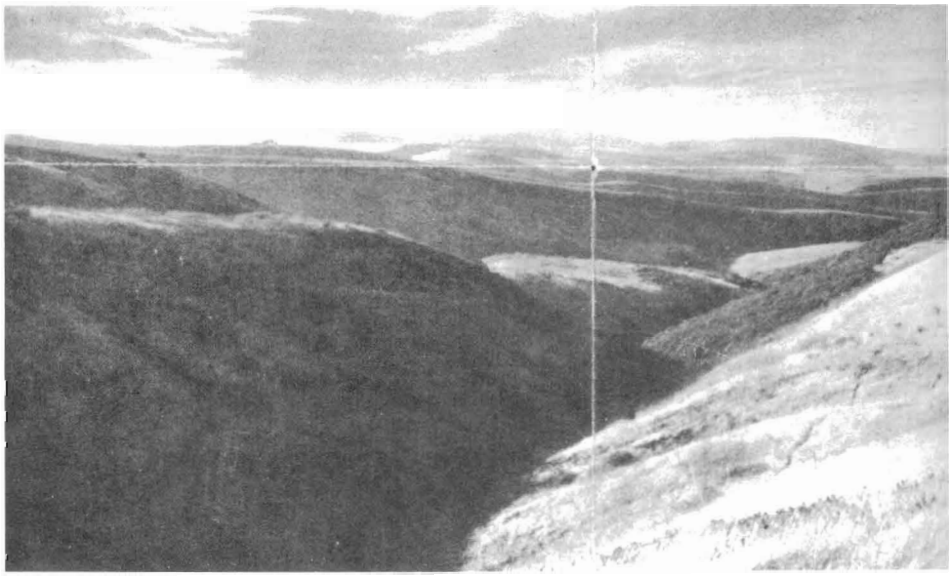
The land was right — the time was right, and the idea was right.

Rolling Hills — miles of unfenced country.

Selecting A Name

Calling our ranchito Rancho Elastico just sort of happened. Finding a name for our development proved to be somewhat of a task. We tried all kinds of names during the Summer of 1934. Mrs. Hanson had been reading the children a series of books by Stewart Edward White. The earliest book was called *The Long Rifle,* and was about Daniel Boone — and this followed all the way through for several generations until finally Andy Burnett, the great-grandson of Boone, settled in Monterey County, California, in the 1840s.

He was a Yankee, married to the daughter of a wealthy Don. He acquired, near Salinas, a large rancho and he himself became a Don. He called his rancho "Folded Hills," which our whole family thought was a fine name for our community. But in the spring of 1933 we had had the Long Beach earthquake, and we thought that Folded Hills would not be appropriate.



Sunset over Rolling Hills.

Our sales brochure of 1935 included a number of photographs taken around Rancho Elastico, and one photograph had this caption: "these lovely rolling hills are your front lawn." And there we had the name — "ROLLING HILLS."

The Planning And Development Of Rolling Hills

We had those lovely, rolling, Palos Verdes Hills. You couldn't miss them. They were several miles long and 1,500 feet high. Every time you turned around, there were those hills. There were no others in the whole southern part of the county. You wouldn't have to educate people as to where ROLLING HILLS was. They couldn't miss seeing the hills.

An aerial view of the original 600 acres. The Lewellen Farmstead is in the lower lefthand corner. The last barn was the original Garden Club meeting place, and later the Ken Buggy stables. The gatehouse, built in 1935, is shown at the intersection of Palos Verdes Drive and Rolling Hills Road.

Mankind is motivated by wanting something, or needing something. And when you have a piece of land that families both want and need, the world is your oyster.

By the middle of 1935, Palos Verdes Drive North was completed. A few interested families who lived in the Long Beach - Redondo area and had been reading the newspaper articles about the Palos Verdes Corporation's "Own your own dude ranch — not for profit, but for pleasure" salesplan would, on a Sunday afternoon, enter Palos Verdes Drive North at Anaheim

and Gaffey and drive westerly and then up into the hills until they found Rancho Elastico and me. And I realized, by talking to them, that ROLLING HILLS could supply their needs and wants.

I had talked to enough people from the Long Beach - Redondo area so that I knew what they wanted. They wanted a place to live in the country — not just a 50 x 150-foot lot; that kind of real estate was a drug on the market. They wanted a piece of land large enough that they wouldn't hear their neighbor's radio; a place where they could have a garden or keep a horse; they wanted to get out of a congested area away from traffic; they wanted fresh air and above all else, they wanted privacy and elbow room.

On the other hand, they would not pay more than they would have to pay for a good residential lot. They were lawyers, doctors, professional men, men having responsible jobs in the shipyards or heavy industries — also men who owned their own businesses. ROLLING HILLS had what they wanted, and met their needs. Long Beach was only 20 minutes away from the ROLLING HILLS gate. The completion of Palos Verdes Drive North was the key to everything. For the first time it made the most favorable part of the scenic Palos Verdes Hills available for development.

For ROLLING HILLS I selected an area just south of Palos Verdes Drive, three miles from the intersection of Palos Verdes Drive and Gaffey. The area selected contained 600 acres. Rancho Elastico was in this area, and from living at Rancho Elastico for two years. I knew by personal experience how fine the climate was. Day after day, when the fog would roll over the hills from Point Vincente to Redondo and flood all of the Los Angeles Basin with fog, then sweep in from Pt. Fermin — Rancho Elastico would be in sunshine. The climate was ideal.

The area would run from Palos Verdes Drive, southerly to the Crest Road, and would be bounded on the east by Georgeff Canyon and on the west by the Agua Negra Canyon, and would be platted into 100 homesites. The location had a plus factor in that there were no developments near it as it was over four miles to Malaga Cove.

I wanted to build a village — I wanted to build a community. I realized that it was going to mean the planning of a new kind of community. It was going to take other skills besides mine to take care of the people's needs and wants.

I contacted Harry Cheney with whom I had worked in the development of Palos Verdes Drive North, and I took him up to Rancho Elastico and explained to him what I wanted to do. After Labor Day, 1935, we spent hours and hours in the living room of Rancho Elastico, where no one could disturb us, planning ROLLING HILLS. I explained to Harry Cheney what I knew to be the market — that some buyers would want a piece as small as an acre, but a large majority would want larger parcels — five acres or so. Cheney agreed with me that we should keep all of the ROLLING HILLS development on the south side of Palos Verdes Drive. The road easement for Palos Verdes Drive was 200 feet wide, and it made an excellent transition from our ranchitos to whatever we might in the future decide to do with the rest of the land.

The 600 acres would be used for two classes of single family homes. The flatter area, immediately to the south of Palos Verdes Drive, would be for one-acre homesites. Because it was flat, it would be 100% usable. It was at an elevation of 474 feet. The balance of the land rose gradually to Crest Road at an elevation of 1,200 feet.

Harry Cheney was a nationally known city planner; I was a landscape architect. I had ideas, and now I needed a team that would work with me and carry out my ideas.

Harry Cheney showed me how we could finance the maintenance of the community of ROLLING HILLS under what were called CC&Rs. He had tremendous knowledge at his fingertips and he was a very congenial co-worker. He had a great gift of being able to express his thoughts in very simple language, and reduce it to writing.

After we had the fundamental idea pretty well worked out in our minds, he suggested that we contact George Martinson who had been the Attorney for the Palos Verdes Estates development, and who had worked on their very complex set of restrictions and had helped Cheney set up the Palos Verdes Homes Association.

George Martinson was also my Attorney as General Manager of the Palos Verdes Corporation.

We contacted George Martinson and had a number of sessions with him at Rancho Elastico. And then we contacted a subdivision engineer by the name of George Gibbs. He was very helpful in laying out the roads. The four of us (Cheney, Martinson, Gibbs, and I) sat there day after day after day, planning all of the intricate details that go into the creation of a community.

I never believed in having a large, fixed overhead and had learned early in life that knowing how and where to obtain information is an invaluable asset. I have always followed that principle and have since learned always to have associated with me people who have shown expertise in their particular profession.

Harry Cheney and I both knew that the idea of privacy was a tremendous drawing card. How often has the housewife been annoyed by some salesman or solicitor at her door, trying to sell her magazine subscriptions or a pair of stockings at a cut-rate price, etc. So, we decided to preserve the privacy of ROLLING HILLS by having a gatehouse, having it manned 24 hours per day, and having private roads.

To enforce the privacy, and to do so economically, we would have to be able to develop ROLLING HILLS so that it was served by one gate, and that is what influenced the layout. A look at the map which is attached will show how this was done.

By the Fall of 1935, Cheney and I knew the land — I had the idea, I had made two sales.

We now had to reduce the idea, and our plan, and our dreams to the land. Cheney and I had worked out a comprehensive set of covenants, conditions, and restrictions. The ROLLING HILLS Community Association had to become a legal entity to save the amenities of our idea. We could only rely on zoning, because if the county could put the zoning on, the county could change it.

In 1930, President Hoover had called a conference on home ownership and homebuilding in America. The men serving on this conference, without pay, were devoted citizens and also the most skilled in their particular line or profession that you could find in the world. At the end of the conference, they published reports. These reports were in ten small volumes, each one

Map shows the 600 acres of the original Rolling Hills. All of this area

marked on the map but is shown on the lower right and is composed of

covering a specific subject. We were indeed fortunate that the first volume to be published, and the only one out at this time (1934), was on residential communities and home ownership.

All the things covered in that volume reinforced our ideas of what ROLLING HILLS should be. The Hoover Report, Volume I, tells in detail why deed restrictions are the best way to handle the protection of a community. One important thing was that the restrictions were really a contract between each and every owner in a subdivision, and were not something that was imposed upon the land by the developer. They could not be changed and altered at the whim of the developer. The Hoover Report tells of the mistakes made in the past, and tells of one large, midwestern city that had 175,000 vacant lots in 1928; enough lots to take care of the housing needs of that city for many, many generations to come.

It was with all this in mind that Cheney, Martinson, and I struggled day after day at Rancho Elastico to perfect our idea. We knew the land like our hand — we knew from the sales that had been made by the Spring of 1935 that there was a market.

The two sales had been made by walking over a piece of land with the buyer and saying, "You can have from here-to-here-to-here" and then making a survey and writing a deed description by metes and bounds. Up to this point, it was not necessary to have a subdivision map, but now it was.

Because the Palos Verdes Corporation had no money, and the market would only stand a certain sales price, the operative word from here on out was economy.

While I had no contour maps as such, I did have the U.S. Geological Survey quad sheets. These are very accurate maps, and show every barn and house. They are extremely valuable to anyone interested in land, and most often they can be purchased for less than $1.00. (If you know where to look and where to go, you can get a terrific amount of accurate information from the government bodies at practically no cost.)

We had to reduce our dreams to a subdivision map, to working drawings, to set up a community association, to file deed restrictions — we had to have a common sense layout of the roads so that we could have parcels on both sides of the road. We could not afford to have parcels on only one side. We had to have good roads, and sufficiently wide for the number of parcels that we were subdividing. Each parcel had to be supplied with water, electricity, and an all-weather road. It was not necessary to have gas, and each parcel was large enough so that the household waste could be handled by an efficient leach line and septic tank.

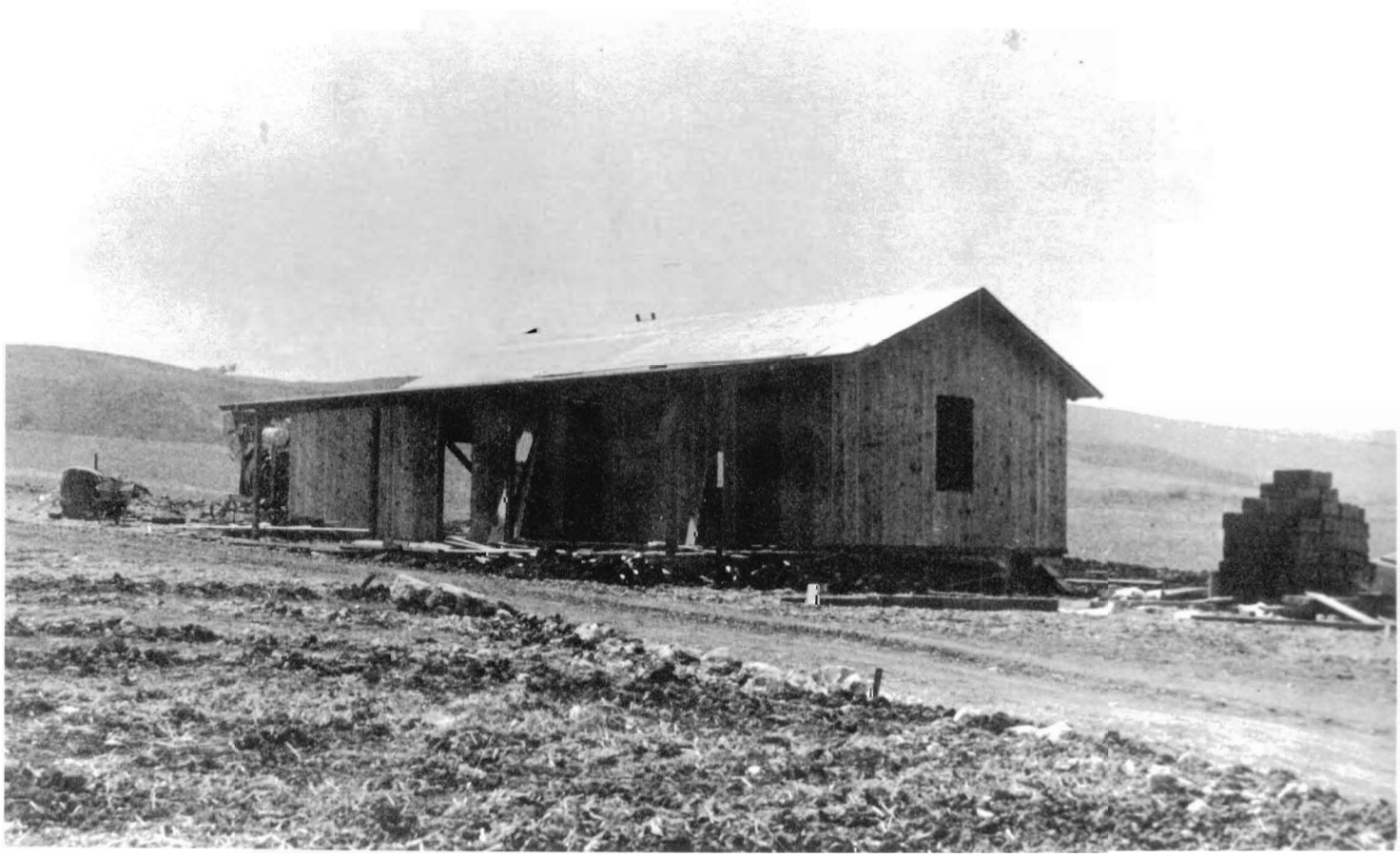
Our experience with the Edison Company at Rancho Elastico showed us that because the homes would be all electric, there would be no charge by the electric company for the installation of the main trunk lines.

We got a road contractor who would build our initial roads, taking his bill out in road material from our quarry that he could use in other subdivisions. The road surfacing was at the absolute minimum, but was adequate. It would have been poor economy to build a road that would last a long time, because it added too much cost onto the parcel, and the savings of interest in not having to put in an expensive road would, in itself, be more than sufficient to reconstruct the road at a later date.

Water was a problem. Palos Verdes Estates and Miraleste were served by water furnished by a well located at the northeast corner of Gaffey and Anaheim on the edge of the Bixby Slough. This well belonged to the water company that had been set up by the developers of Palos Verdes Estates to serve Miraleste and the Malaga Cove area. The pipline was a large, wood-stave line. That is, it was a pipe made out of pieces of wood bound together by steel hoops. It was in bad shape; it leaked like a sieve.

As this pipeline ran through the Palos Verdes Corporation's land, roughly paralleling Palos Verdes Drive North, we had the right to demand that this water company serve ROLLING HILLS. On the other hand, they could dictate their own terms to us. Not only that, they were in very bad financial condition.

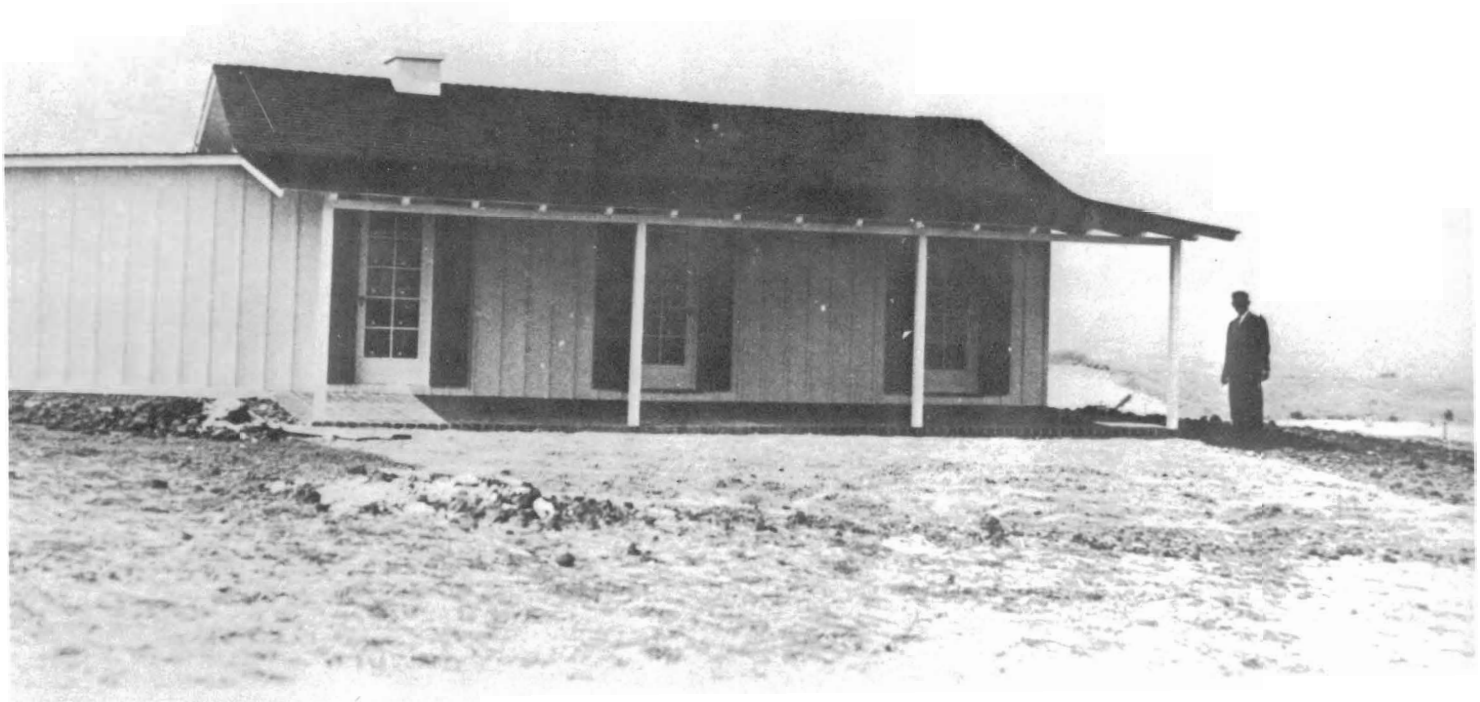
We determined to set up the Rancho Mutual Water Company, which would be a non-profit corporation and each parcel of land would have a share of stock in the mutual water company. We were successful in drilling a water well on the panhandle just to the east of Western Avenue. We were at the end of our rope, financially, and had to borrow money to construct the water system. The Palos Verdes Corporation borrowed $30,000.00 by pledging the monthly rentals from the diatomaceous earth leases to repay the loan. This was the only money that we borrowed, or could borrow. The rest of it we had to get by sweating.



The start of the $1,500 gatehouse. The trees above the left-hand corner of the roof are at Rancho Elastico which is now the Shultz Ranch.

The waterline ran from the well to the ROLLING HILLS gatehouse — then up the hill to the two redwood tanks on Crest Road, where we installed a galvanized iron tank. After two years' operation of the waterlines, a very serious problem developed. The soil was conducive to electrolysis, which ate tiny holes in the metal pipe from the inside out. And from the water leaking standpoint, we were no better off than the Palos Verdes Estates people. The condition was not to be cured until satisfactory transite pipe, made of diatomaceous earth, was perfected a few years later. In the meantime, we suffered.

By the middle of 1935 we were in business. Palos Verdes Drive North was completed. Our first gatehouse at ROLLING HILLS, the corner of Portuguese Bend Road and Palos Verdes Drive, was completed. This gatehouse was a very simple structure — board-and-batten, shake roof — and contained a bachelor's apartment with the thought in mind that the gateman would live in this apartment. It also contained a small sales office, and on the south side a single car garage. The total 1935 cost was $1,500.00 Our subdivision map of the first unit was completed, and we were starting to form a sales force.



Our first gatehouse (corner of Portuguese Bend Road and Palos Verdes Drive) has just been completed, June 1935. The chimney on the roof is a stage prop. The porch was brick, basketweave design. The right-hand door is the entrance to the bachelor's apartment used by the gate guard; the middle door, the office. The board-and-batten siding is part of the single-car garage.

In 1936 we constructed, just to the south of the gatehouse, a championship size concrete tennis court. Back in 1935 tennis was becoming a popular game — especially for the ladies, and did not require much time as compared to the time to play a round of golf.

The original entranceway to Rolling Hills. The two Canary Islands date palms are still in existence.

And then a new problem developed. The title company found error after error in the legal descriptions furnished them by our engineer, although he had come to us highly recommended. In desperation I went to the title company's chief engineer, Mr. Wattles, to see if he could recommend to us a land surveyor whose description of the road easements and the parcels would be accurate.

Anyone glancing at the legal description of the property in Declaration 150 of ROLLING HILLS will see how complicated the engineering descriptions were, and why they had to be absolutely accurate.

He recommended Charlie Miller and said we would not find anybody to equal him. At this time there was very little work for subdivision engineers, and he was glad to have the job. Not only did Miller do the land surveying work and writing of legal descriptions, but he also ran the Rancho Mutual Water Company and did a number of other chores which were really not engineering. He had a capable young man to assist him. Miller was my engineer on all my future developments, including Hidden Hills.

The first subdivision road went from the ROLLING HILLS gatehouse up the hills to the Crest Road at the point where the water tanks were located. And the first parcels sold were all on either side of this road.

In 1937 we built a road from Palos Verdes Drive North to the Pacific Coast Highway (101). Half of the length of the road would have to be on property belonging to the Weston et al. interests, and would have to be bought. They would only sell if we built the kind of a road the county would accept. This we did.

Looking southerly along Rolling Hills Road. The gatehouse is clearly shown with two Canary Island palms and the large olive trees. The automobile is standing on Palos Verdes Drive North. The equipment was primitive by today's standards. One or two passes with a road-grader did the job. To meet the county standards we had to lay about six inches of select base material, then a light coat of oil, topped with pea gravel, and that was an acceptable county road.

This gave us a direct connection to Redondo, Lomita, and Torrance. With the completion of Palos Verdes Drive North to the intersection of Anaheim and Gaffey, we had a direct connection with Long Beach, Wilmington, and San Pedro. The road from the ROLLING HILLS Gatehouse to the Pacific Coast Highway is now called ROLLING HILLS Road for part of the way, and Crenshaw for part way.

After completion of the ROLLING HILLS Road, I went to the postal authorities in Lomita, which was the headquarters of the district which took care of the mail service in ROLLING HILLS, and they agreed to establish a rural post office at ROLLING HILLS. Paul R. Williams, who was later to become the architect for our Williamsburg Lane development designed and we constructed a building which contained the ROLLING HILLS Town Hall, the ROLLING HILLS Post Office, a grocery store, and a gas station.

Northeast corner of Palos Verdes Drive North and Portuguese Bend Road, 1936. On the right side there is a small pepper tree.

Because of the phenomenal success we were having in attracting people who were building permanent homes in ROLLING HILLS, we had outgrown the small gatehouse sales office which was built in 1935.

I decided to build, in 1938, opposite the gatehouse, a structure that would take care of our sales efforts, and would also be large enough to handle all of the affairs of the ROLLING HILLS Community Association. James R. Friend, living in ROLLING HILLS, was the architect of this structure.

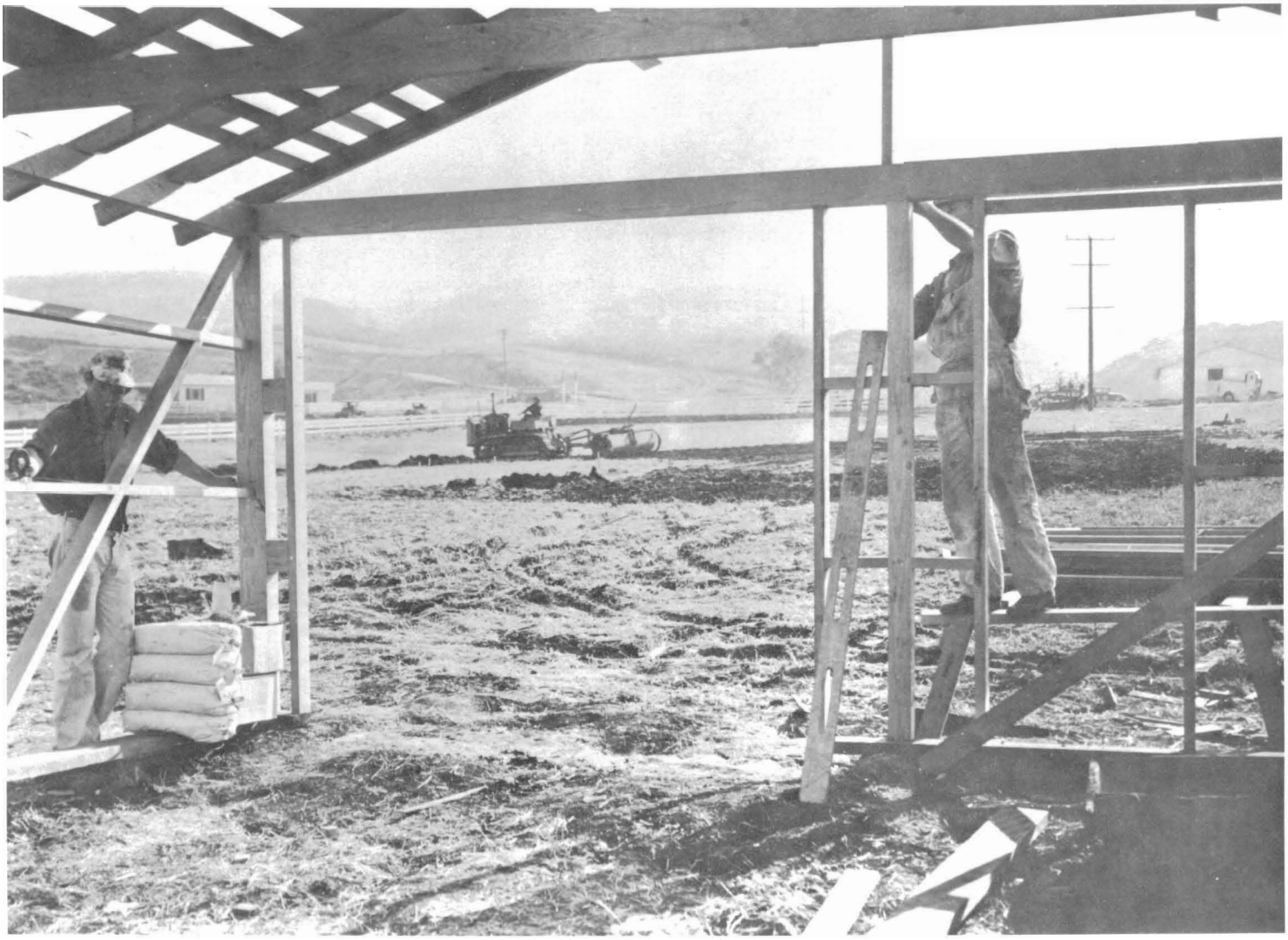
We now had, by 1938, a beach house, bridle trails — we had converted one of the barns into a riding stable where you could board your horse or rent a horse. We had the original gatehouse, used only for a gateman now, and across from the gatehouse a sales office, engineering office, and headquarters for the ROLLING HILLS Community Association, and the Town Hall on the opposite corner.

It was not necessary to think of a golf course because we had made arrangements so that as many as 50 families would have the privilege of playing golf at the Palos Verdes Golf Club. They would pay their monthly dues — we had paid the initiation fees.

The Architecture of Rolling Hills

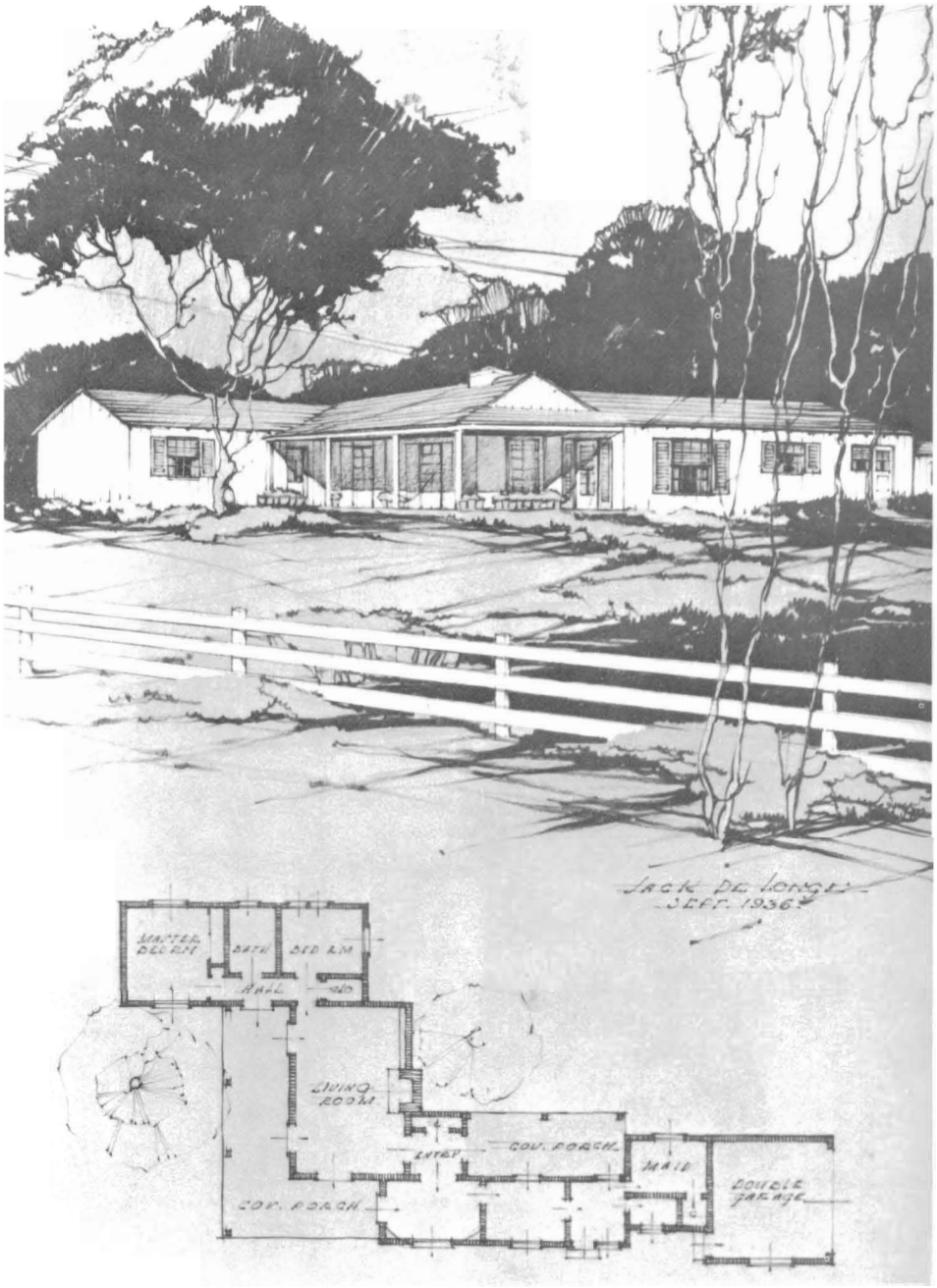
The structure of Rancho Elastico was typical of the early California ranch houses. When you drove from San Diego on the Coast Highway to Monterey, the country was dotted with attractive ranch homes. Painted white, they were indigenous to the area, and they belonged.

While in 1935, '36, '37, America was starting to come out of the depths of the depression, every nickel counted with our prospective homeowners. The most efficient house is a square one. It has four corners, and has the least amount of exterior wall in relation to the interior square footage of the building.



Building in 1937.

If you made a house rectangular you had more exterior wall surface than you had for a square house. If you put a bay window in the living room, it added more expense than just a window in the wall. If you had an "L-shaped house, you had six corners, as against four. Every excess corner required more carpenter work and more skillful craftsmen. A "T"-shaped house had still more corners and more costs — and you can go on indefinitely. It cost $4.00 per square foot to build an average home in ROLLING HILLS in 1937.



One of a number of renderings in the gatehouse-sales office. The date is September, 1936, and it is a rendering of the future Snow residence.

I decided that all of the buildings built in ROLLING HILLS would have a white exterior. They would fit in with the emerald green of the new grain in the Spring, and would harmonize with the bare earth after the hay was baled in the Fall. If they were white, we would not have the problem that some communities with a high architectural standard had come up against — and that was that a fine architect would paint the exterior of the house a very suble color. Four or five years later, the house would be sold and the new owner would decide to repaint that lovely, very subtle yellow house again. He did not have the expertise of a trained architect, and could not show his painter the kind of a light yellow it should be — or he would decide that he would rather have a "motel green" exterior, and the first thing you knew, the character of the neighborhood changed, for the worse. But if it was white, it was white.

We had painted our gatehouse, the first building erected in ROLLING HILLS white, and we said, "That is the color we approve."

The roofs were to be of shingle or shake, weathered. We didn't want red tile roofs. They are not harmonious in a neighborhood, unless all roofs are red tile.

The homeowner could do anything he wished on the interior. Every ranchito had to be fenced with a three-rail, white fence. We, the developers, installed all the three-rail, white fences on the road frontage. The cost was included in the price of the land. All other exterior fencing had to be of matching height and design, and white — but was paid for by the individual landowner. We, the land developers, planted roadside trees and shrubs. Because of the contour of the land, we could not put in uniform street tree planting, nor did we wish to. We did do roadside planting of trees and shrubs, using those trees and shrubs that would give the greatest effect and still be economical to take care of.

It is hard to realize now, when you drive through ROLLING HILLS, what it was like in 1936. You could stand at the ROLLING HILLS Gatehouse and look toward Crest Road, and the only trees in sight on several thousand acres were those trees planted at Rancho Elastico, or away on the distant skyline, the trees around the Roy McCarrell houses.

This photograph shows the five olive trees which were given to every purchaser of a ranchito of five acres or more in size. They immediately took away the curse of the lack of trees. This photo was taken in 1936. A 15-acre grove of olive trees was purchased in the San Fernando Valley to use for landscaping purposes. We would box two sides, let the trees stand for six weeks, then box the other two sides, finally cutting the bottom roots and then placing the bottom boards. You can see how just this little shade dramatically changed the whole atmosphere.

People

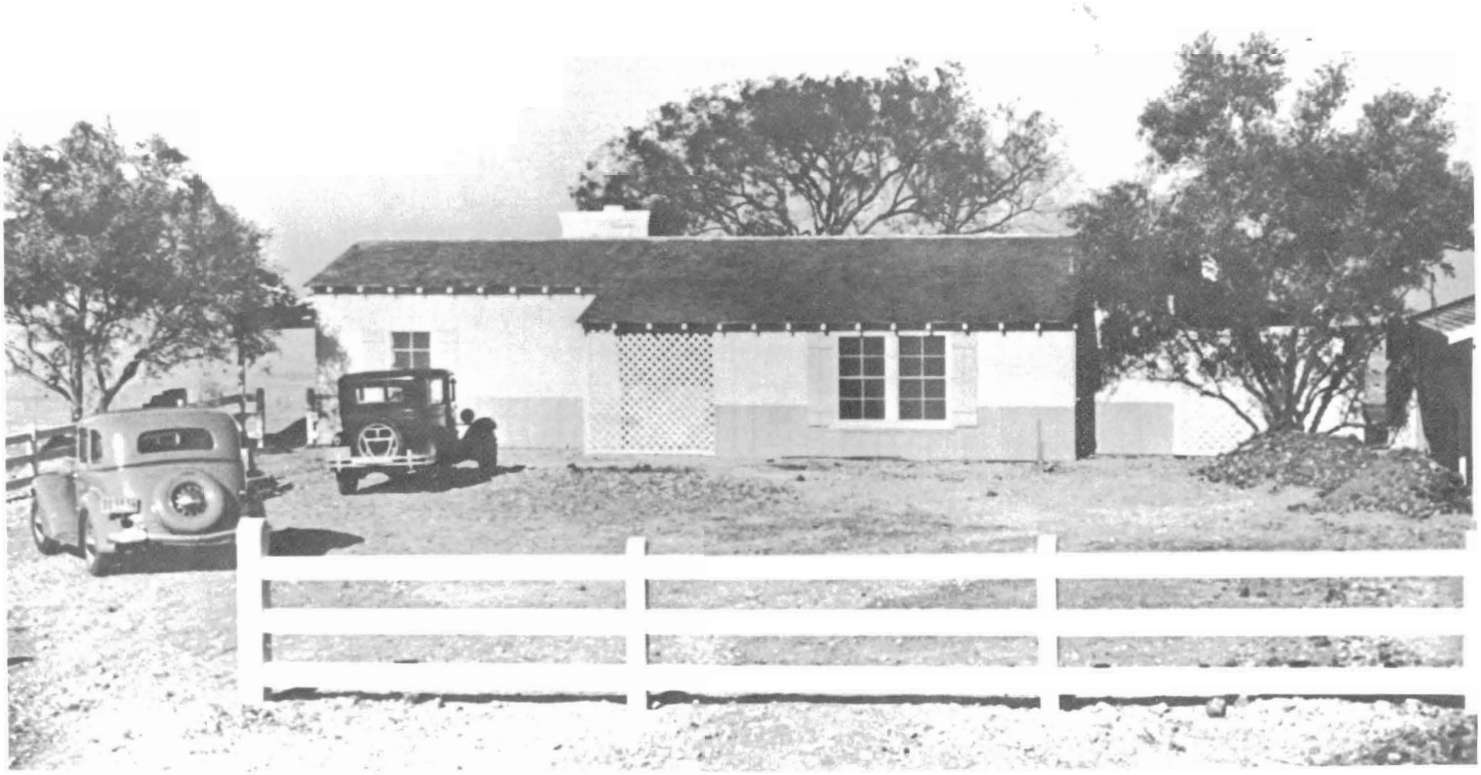
With the rapid completion of Palos Verdes Drive North from the intersection of Gaffey and Anaheim Boulevard going over as far as Malaga Cove, the whole Peninsula was made accessible to the Long Beach - Redondo people. But, what kind of people were they? I wanted to find out. I drove up and down the streets — backwards and cross-wise — until I was thoroughly familiar with the physical aspects of Long Beach and Redondo Beach. I would stop and listen to the people talk, and also talk to them.

In the end I thought I understood the kind of people who would enjoy a country place in the Palos Verdes Hills — who would enjoy living in ROLLING HILLS. I didn't think they were the kind of people who would go for the salesplan that we had in the early part of 1934 through 1935 — that was for a few people to buy 50 acres or so of land in Rancho Palos Verdes so that they could "Own your own dude ranch — not for profit, but for pleasure." From the porch of Rancho Elastico I looked out over the Los Angeles basin and I knew that there were thousands and thousands of people who would like some fresh air, who would like to look down on the plains, who would like some elbow room.

From the people who had driven up to Rancho Elastico during the Summer of 1935, over the just completed Palos Verdes Drive, I judged that they would want places as small as an acre, and some of them would want five acres or more.

All of the entertaining that was done during the Summers of 1934 and 1935 at Rancho Elastico resulted in but two sales of ten acres each; one to Musick, the Palos Verdes Corporation Attorney, and one to a business associate of his. However, the Corporation gained because they both built ranchito homes in 1935, of the kind we could use as examples to show the type of homes we would approve for ROLLING HILLS.

The first big tree being moved to the Musick residence (the "Musick Box") was located on Portuguese Bend Road, north of Crest Road. Not many trees this large were moved in those days. It is going through the Rolling Hills gate — a salesman for the Palos Verdes Corporation is watching it intently. Miss Meadows, office secretary, is just behind the salesman. Forty years ago we did not have the mechanical gates that we have today. The left-hand gate was opened and closed by a series of pulleys and window-sash cord. The "power" for the gate was Miss Meadows or, at night, the gateman. The area known today as the Empty Saddle Club is seen in the background.



The "Musick Box" — the very first house ever built in the Rolling Hills area. It was not necessary to grade for the homesite. The house is very simple, effective — has a dado painted an ochre color. The large tree shown in the preceding photograph going through the Rolling Hills gate is the middle tree back of the house. The two trees in the foreground are olives. The whole house and the surroundings are very simple but of excellent basic design.

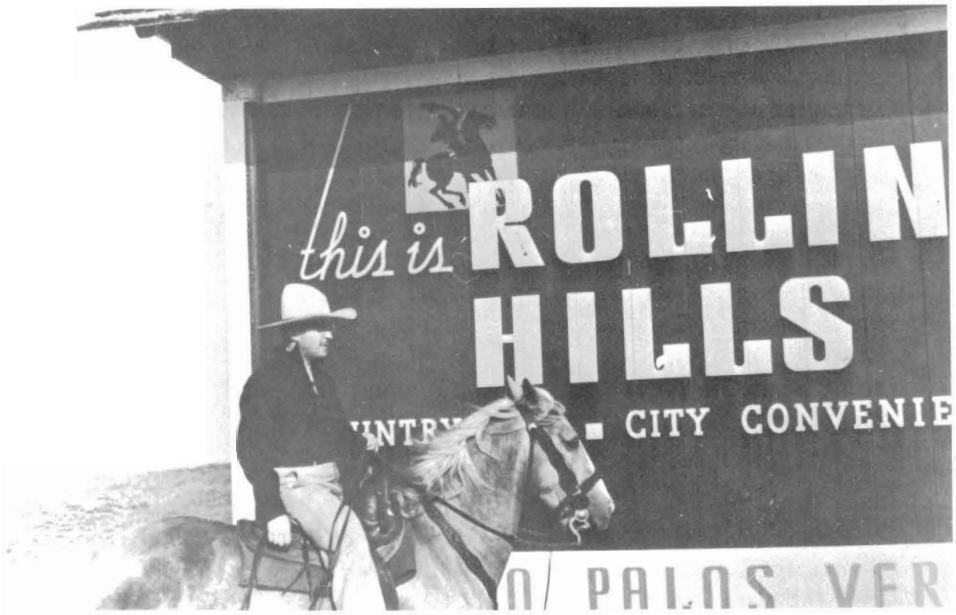
The patio side of the "Musick Box" — the big pepper tree has been planted and is flourishing. The terrace is of our native Palos Verdes field stone. There is not another tree in sight for miles and miles. You are probably looking at 3,000 acres without a tree! And, as our first brochure said, "and those gentle, rolling hills are your front lawn."

The next person to buy was Mr. Don E. Williams, a businessman in Wilmington who had been, several years previously, one of Howard Jones' football stars at the University of Southern California. He was about 30 years old, his wife about two years younger, they had two small girls, and were a typical, salt-of-the-earth, American family. They were a happy, affectionate, married couple — their life was centered in their two children. Their home was started in March, 1936. They first became interested in ROLLING HILLS, though, a year earlier.

The next buyer was a completely different sort of person — Ham B. Johns, insurance broker in Long Beach. I can remember as clearly as if it were yesterday, Ham Johns riding up to Rancho Elastico and hunting me up in the early Spring of 1935. He was riding his favorite sorrel horse. He had on western riding pants over fancy, tooled cowboy boots; a black, velveteen shirt; a high, white Stetson hat — the kind we used to call a ten-gallon hat — he had large Spanish spurs; a silver bit and silver rings on his reins, and some silver on his saddle. He really wanted to live in ROLLING HILLS. He didn't want five acres or 50 acres — he wanted one acre. He wanted to keep two horses and a cow. It turned out that he was very interested in riding in parades, was a member of the Long Beach Mounted Police and a Major in the Victor McLaughlin Mounted Troops.

The second house built in Rolling Hills was on Portuguese Bend Road near Acacia Lane. Ham Johns was the owner. It is very simple in design.

Three of the four olive trees planted are shown. The barn is in the background with an attached horse corral.



And this is Ham Johns — and this is one side of the coin of Rolling Hills. This is a Vernon Caldwell poster, and was at the northeast corner of Palos Verdes Drive and Portuguese Bend Road — white Stetson hat; black velveteen shirt, western pants, silver bit. We wrote a sales letter about this horse, and you will find it in our advertising section. This is the horse that could laugh — this is Starlight.

I got on my $50.00 horse, which, in comparison to his looked like a second-hand Model T, and we rode down to the ROLLING HILLS Gatehouse — and he selected his ranchito. He didn't have one thin dime, but he had a tremendous desire to have a place in ROLLING HILLS — God bless him. We eventually got paid — we had to take out a lot of insurance with him though. His home was started in March, 1936.

From the day these two men first contacted me in 1935, it took a year before they could get their homes started. The whole scheme of ROLLING HILLS was unusual. From the very start, we made it a commandment that we would not sell to anybody unless they would immediately build a home. We would not sell to anyone until they had submitted to us their house plans, and we had approved them.

We were running scared most of the time — the Palos Verdes Corporation did not have any money, but we did have the land, which we owned debt-free, except for taxes, and we were determined that in spite of hell and high water, we would carry out our scheme. It meant that these four owners, and those who followed them by the end of 1941, had to individually arrange their own financing. They had to get an architect who was congenial to them — they had to get their own contractor. Of course, we helped in every possible way.

Ham Johns and Don Williams were typical of the two types of people to whom ROLLING HILLS appealed — one was the family man with small children, and tremendously interested in gardening. He didn't give a snap of his fingers about a horse — and I don't know if Don Williams had ever been on a horse. Ham Johns was the exact opposite; he was keen about horses, parades, roping, and rodeos. I don't think he ever planted a plant, although Mrs. Johns had a small, modest garden.

The next one to purchase and build in ROLLING HILLS was Dr. Harold Snow, a successful, practicing doctor in San Pedro — a nose and throat specialist, and a sober, hard-working family man — a Bishop in the Mormon Church. He bought a two and one-half acre parcel just before the five-acre parcels started. I have a list of some 65 families who built homes from 1936 to Valentine's Day, 1941. They were the kind of people who make America — sober, substantial people.

The people who first purchased in ROLLING HILLS were the people who made it a vibrant, pulsing community. They had a number of things in common, such as wanting to have a better environment for their family — a pleasant place for their children to grow up in, a place of fresh air — and they all had a deep feeling for growing things, whether it was children, plants, a baby calf, a new-born colt, a baby lamb. That was one of the ties they all had in common.

None of these people were afraid to move from where they had been living to a new locality. None of them were afraid of taking a chance. They were strong individualists — some of them were New Dealers and believed almost religiously in Franklin Rosevelt. Others were deep-seated, conservative Republicans who hated Franklin Roosevelt. There were others who were middle-roaders. But in spite of these differences of political outlook and religious faith, they were all very, very congenial. They had one quality in common, or they wouldn't have been in ROLLING HILLS, and that quality was the fact that they were willing to take a chance — they were a form of modern pioneer.

By the Spring of 1937 we had a sufficient number of families living in ROLLING HILLS so that we were becoming a community. The men were executives in corporations, or in business for themselves. The men would average probably 35 years of age; the women were somewhat younger. The families would have from one to three children.

ROLLING HILLS was unique in that it was not a suburb, but a brand new village. It was about five miles to the stores and post office at Malaga Cove, and about an equal distance to San Pedro and Torrance.

Gardening was one of the interests that brought all these people together. All of the people in ROLLING HILLS had brand new houses — no landscaping. ROLLING HILLS had a very fine climate, good water, and a soil that required a considerable amount of skill in handling.

The ROLLING HILLS people got together and spontaneously formed a group which later became The Garden Club. At the Phillips' Farmstead, the present location of the Empty Saddle Club, were some large, old hay barns. They were unpainted, but the one which was used for the Garden Club had a concrete floor. The Garden Club met once a month. At these meetings, a nurseryman from a local nursery was invited to come and bring specimens of plants that he thought would do well in ROLLING HILLS. These meetings were very constructive, and they also helped to get everybody acquainted.

After the meetings, we all had coffee and cookies and talked over mutual problems. The same barn was used as an indoor badminton court. The outgrowth of these Garden Club meetings in the barn was the decision by the Palos Verdes Corporation to build in the early Spring of 1937, a general community building at the northwest corner of Palos Verdes Drive and the new ROLLING HILLS Road.

The first structure shown at the intersection of Portuguese Bend Road and Palos Verdes Drive North is the town hall, post office, and grocery store. It was on the northwest corner. Across the road on the southwest corner is the location of the first gatehouse/sales office. Just above the gatehouse, the white rectangular square, is a tennis court. Across the road is the administration building for the Palos Verdes Corporation, constructed in 1938. This building was later demolished to allow construction of the present Rolling Hills City Hall, built in 1967. The first house to the right of the tennis court is Dr. Alden Smith's and at the middle right-hand edge of the photograph is Williamsburg Lane. You can count the olive trees that were moved in. You can follow Portuguese Bend Road up to the skyline, which is Crest Road. Saddleback Road intersects halfway to Crest Road. At this intersection you can look up Georgeff Canyon.

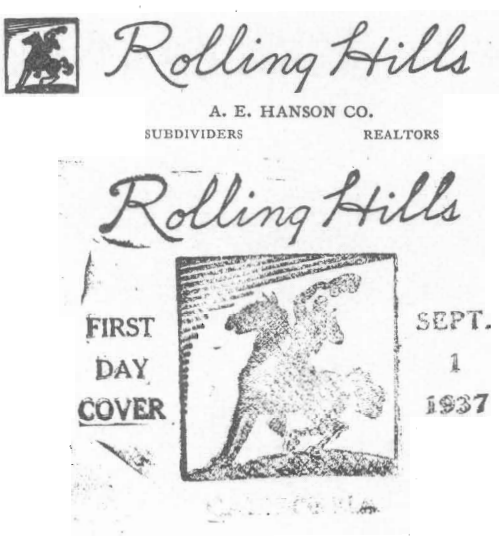
Our village store had everything for sale from a mop to a bridle and halter. It also had gasoline pumps, and we built a large room that was the village meeting hall. The Post Office was at the back of the village store, so that everybody had to go through the store to collect their mail. That was good for the grocery business. Up to this time it had been necessary to go to Malaga Cove for our mail and groceries.

The Country Store was a great convenience when Mrs. Jones needed a dozen eggs in a hurry, or when Mrs. Smith had run out of coffee. Across the road on the east we built a long hitching rack, and moved in several full-grown olive trees. We also moved in at the community center and by the hitching rack, two large date palms, similar to the ones we had used at the main ROLLING HILLS gate, and had used at Abalone Cove and at the two gates on Crest Road. These were a sort of trademark.

The hitching rack was extensively used by the juniors dropping in on horseback for a candy bar or soft drink. The town hall was a social hall. The floor was of hardwood, which turned into a dance floor by the sprinkling on of cornmeal. We equipped the hall with a large number of folding chairs. All along the west end of the wall we built a bench. This bench was badly needed between dances because the crowd, both parents and teen-agers, enjoyed the more energetic modern dances of that time. And, whoever heard of a waltz in those days?

Across the north end of the hall was a stage used by the community for amateur theatricals, dance orchestra, occasional political speakers, and all of the other speakers that were of interest to the community. The hall was also equipped with a kitchen, and had crockery, utensils, and so forth. In the morning, it was used as a pre-nursery school. It was a very multi-purpose center.

The ROLLING HILLS Post Office was opened September 1, 1937, and all of the families in ROLLING HILLS mailed letters from the post office on that day. They were canceled with what is known as a First Day Cover stamp. Attached is one of those letters. We were really making progress.



Miss Laura McVay

474 Cuesta Way

Bel-Air, California

Besides the Garden Club, we had an almost innumerable amount of social activities going on at all times. The large, steel barn with the concrete floor that the Garden Club used in the early days was used for a long time as a badminton court. Badminton is a good game. It's a fast game, and it's a good muscle builder. We also had an active men's bowling club that entered the various tournaments in our general locality.

A newspaper item, dated February 13, 1941, said that the ROLLING HILLS Bowling Club has just won the championship — that it was captained by Floyd James and lists four other players: Bates-Lane for one player. Another player was Dr. Alden Smith who still lives in ROLLING HILLS, and who has been very generous with his time in refreshing my memory as to the old-timers and the things that we used to do there. Then there was Dan Boone, the Attorney, and there was Don Williams — you remember it was Don Williams who was one of the very early settlers. I guess he was number three to build in ROLLING HILLS.

The house behind the telephone pole is on Acacia Lane and belonged to Guy Claire. The second house, also on Acacia Lane, belonged to Whittington, and the third name on the sign is Dr. Alden Smith and his house is on Acacia Lane to the right, outside of the photograph. Dr. Alden Smith has been of great help to me in refreshing my memory. He built in March, 1937, and his was the thirteenth house to be constructed. He moved in on August 9, 1937. His ranchito was 1.94 acres, and he paid $1,500 for the land and got a 5% discount for cash. The sign is on Portuguese Bend Road on the west side. The three-rail fence is at the west edge of the road. At the left-hand end of that fence is a black stake which is supporting the first of the street tree planting along Portuguese Bend Road.

In addition to the Garden Club, the bowling team, the archery tournaments, the horseback riding and the Red Cross, there were many other activities.

I don't think that more than three or four of the families in ROLLING HILLS ever used the golf club. Our people were not of a kind that played golf. Any excess energy they had they used in gardening and that sort of thing, and any athletic activity they might indulge in would be evening activities, such as I mentioned earlier — bowling, badminton, etc. We had archery tournaments for the children — we did have a great deal of horseback riding — the ladies had activities such as bridge, Red Cross, arts and crafts classes, and all the various activities that ladies enjoy.

At Halloween, we used to have community hayrides. We got two or three flatbed hay trucks, put sideboards up, filled the bed of the truck with straw, put the families in the trucks, and went up and down Portuguese Bend Road hollering and yelling, serenading the various residents, having a good time. Young and old together, it was a small, well-knit community — not too many families, and everybody knew everybody else, and everybody had a good time.

At Christmas everybody decorated their homes and got together for Christmas carols. We had an upright piano which was firmly secured to one of our flatbed trucks. Our piano player was accompanied on the truck by a number of carolers while the remainder of the chorus followed along — up and down the various roads singing carols. The whole community would enter into these affairs. They were almost spontaneous affairs, and I'm sure everybody enjoyed them a great deal.

I know, personally, how much of an impression the life in ROLLING HILLS made on the young people. I know of three boys ranging in age from fourteen to sixteen — Bob Griffith for one, Phillip French for another one, and my son, Archie for a third one. These three boys were inseparable in everything they did, whether it was something good, or whether it was some devilment they were up to. These three boys, now in their early fifties are still very good friends.

One of them now lives in Paso Robles, one in Santa Barbara, and one in Newport Beach. They still keep in touch with one another. The early boyhood they spent together at ROLLING HILLS was great, and they still retain the memories and friendship of those days.

In addition to the numerous organized activities that went on, there was an informal poker club that met on a Saturday evening once or twice a month at the various homes of the members. Of course, we're talking about maybe a dozen men, not a great crowd — but a dozen men all getting together and playing poker until 1:30 a.m. in a smoke-filled room — and I really mean a smoke-filled room. The stakes certainly weren't high — it was almost penny-ante stuff — but you would think they were betting a thousand dollar bill every time.

The lady whose husband was the host was expected to stay out of sight — all she was expected to do was to have a lot of sandwiches, and a lot of mouse cheese, and a lot of beer — and to let the men enjoy themselves. Which they did!

And then we had "heckling" parties. When a new family moved into ROLLING HILLS, a group would go up to the house, making sure that the people had had plenty of time to get to bed — then a dozen or more men and women would go up to the house and serenade them, and get them out of bed, and do a certain amount of heckling and initiating them into the informal spirit of the community of ROLLING HILLS.

Nobody ever resented it. Everybody entered into the spirit, and sometimes the newcomers got ahead of us because they would suspect that we would be up on a Saturday night — or maybe somebody tipped them off — and they would welcome us with buckets of water, or this, that, and the other thing. Sometimes they really did turn the tables on us.

There was a retired manufacturer from Chicago who had built an expensive house on Crest Road, opposite the present fire station. We didn't quite know how to take him. He would join in our poker parties once in awhile, but one Saturday night we made up our minds we were going up to see Mr. P. F. Williams — who was a widower — and we were going to get him to break down and be one of the gang.

We called him up ahead of time, and he said, "Don't you so-and-so's come up here and bother me — I don't want to have anything to do with you." And he said, "You'll regret it if you do come up here."

And so we thought, "Well, after all, this is ROLLING HILLS — it's a democracy, and he might as well get initiated." So we went traipsing up to his house, and on the front porch, in big lettering, and I don't know how he had time to do it, but in big lettering it said, "SMALLPOX — DANGEROUS — KEEP OUT!" He really entered into the whole thing, and from then on he was part of the gang.

Social Events

One of the earliest families to move into ROLLING HILLS was Dan Boone, and then he, in turn, got his father to move into ROLLING HILLS and build a home.

In November, 1940, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boone's daughter, Barbara Moffett Boone, and Robert Walter Limacher were married. The Limachers had a fine place on Crest Road just to the east of Portuguese Bend Road. This was the first marriage between any of the young people living in ROLLING HILLS. These two had known each other for three years, and had grown up together. It was a very romantic thing for ROLLING HILLS. The Limachers were related to the Dominguezes and were quite well known socially in the Los Angeles area. Daniel Boone was really a descendant of the original Daniel Boone.

The view from the dining terrace of the Daniel Boone home, located just off Crest Road West. The first bright lights in the background — Redondo Beach; the lights in the distance — Santa Monica; and then further to the left — the shoreline of Malibu. This is the same view as from the porch at Rancho Elastico, now the Shultz Ranch, and practically every homesite from Crest Road down to the 700-foot contour line had this same view. The group of lights on the extreme right edge of the photograph is the Wilshire District of Los Angeles. The fireplace and the grill and the barbecue are all made of stones picked up within one thousand feet of this terrace. The stonework was all done by local Mexican craftsmen. You will note the formality of all the stonework and the grill can be set at various heights. The table was also locally made by Mexican craftsmen. The wood is selected clear redwood. The boards are perfectly spaced about one-half inch apart and the table was heavily treated with linseed oil. It never needs to be taken out of the rain, and I know of one table in a garden which I landscaped in Bel-Air which is fifty years old.

There were all kinds of parties, all kinds of dances, all kinds of social affairs. It was a very up-and-coming, self-made, self-sufficient group of people. As I said before, they were all pioneers — they all loved the outdoors, they were really red-blooded people, and everybody had a good tim.

From an Article in *The Los Angeles Times,* April 30, 1939

MAY DAY LUNCHEON SCHEDULED

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hanson of ROLLING HILLS will give a May Day Luncheon tomorrow.

Among those invited are Dr. and Mrs. Harold L. Snow, Dr. and Mrs. Alden W. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Silveria, Dr. and Mrs. J. Frank Garrison, Dr. and Mrs. Clement E. Counter, Comdr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Chadwick, Messrs. and Mmes. Frank Adams, Frederick Ashbridge, A. W. Bates-Lane, D. A. Boone, S. A. Boone, M. G. Brumbly, Guy K. Claire, Joseph Coigdarripe, Joseph Denni, John A. Dobyns, Leslie Dyer, J. A. Eichhorn, Jack V. Evans, Donald M. Falconer, James R. Friend, William T. Grant, R. C. Griffith, Henry K. Hensler, John B. Hoover, E. S. Hoyt, Jr., Hammond B. Johns, Carl M. Johnson, Elwood Johnson, C. Ed. Jones, Floyd Jones, Horton Kahn, Henri S. Ley, John W. Lynn, H. A. McCarter;

Messrs. and Mmes. Ralph A. McWaid, R. B. Mattson, Homer Morgan, E. C. Morse, Elven Musick, Svend Olsen, Michael Pecarovich, Frank T. Regan, Henry L. Richter, W. W. Robertson, John F. Rothwell, Leo Sidebotham, James C. Thackray, Marion Welch, H. B. Whittington, Don E. Williams, George B. Winfrey, Willard D. York; Misses Lenore Brooks, Margaret McClean, Florence Riniker; Mrs. George Williams, and Paul F. Williams.

In January we published a little booklet of the social events of ROLLING HILLS. It was called the Rolling Hills Ranchero. We published the Ranchero for three months. The March copy is attached, and one can see the many social events that were going on.

The
Rolling Hills
Ranchero

The Rolling Hills Ranchero

Comments and news for residents of Rolling Hills.

Published monthly by the A. E. Hanson Co., Administration Building, Rolling Hills, Calif.

VOL. 1 MARCH, 1940 NUMBER 3

Society...

Garden Club Meets

FORTY members of the Rolling Hills Garden Club met on Monday night, March 11th, at Town Hall to hear Mr. Murray McNeil present a talk on "Beautiful Lawns and Gardens." Mr. McNeil, who is president of the Southern California Horticultural Institute accompanied his talk with a series of motion pictures in color.

▲ The elements required by flowers, lawns, vegetables and potted plants were explained graphically by pictorial contrast of plants grown side by side under the same conditions with the exception of the addition of a balanced diet to one specimen, with the other left growing with an element deficiency. Potted azaleas and camellias were affected noticeably in size and speed of growth.

▲ Mr. Don Falconer, president of the Garden Club presided, and was assisted by the secretary, Mrs. C. Ed Jones.

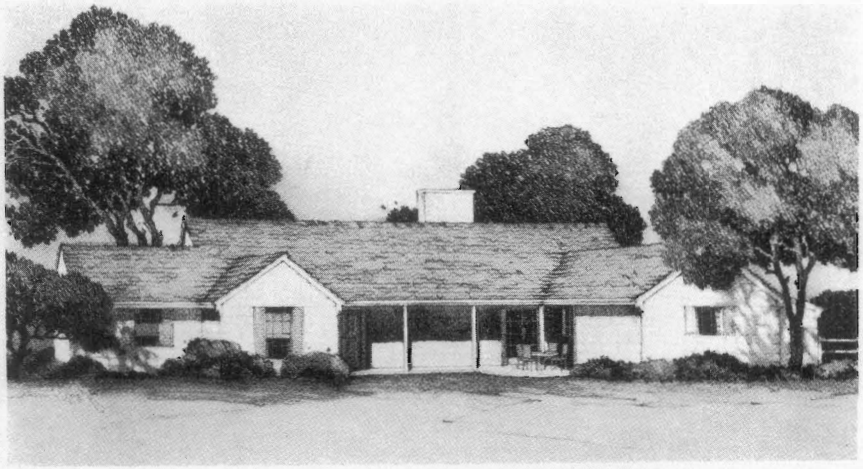
A PAIR OF SIX-YEAR-OLDS
Sheila Buggy of Rolling Hills takes her jumper Brookside Tattler, over the hurdles at the Rolling Hills ring in preparation for the summer horse shows.

▲ Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fleager of Chicago are en route to Rolling Hills where they will be the house guests of Mr. P. F. Williams. They are planning to arrive on March 26 and after a four-day stay in Rolling Hills will visit their daughter who is a student at Mills College.

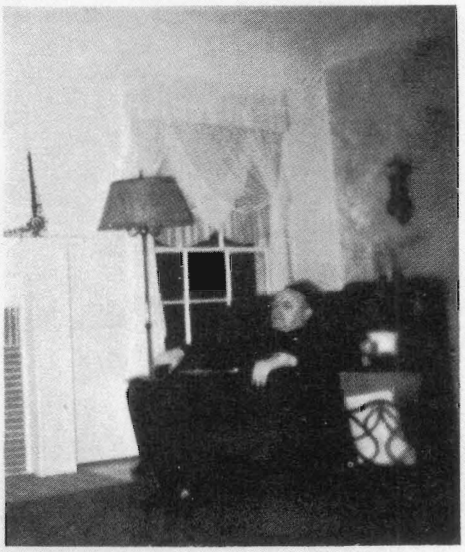
▲ Honoring Mr. and Mrs. Derwin Abrams, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hartley and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mann, an afternoon and evening of badminton and horse-back riding and a dinner-party was arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Regan of Rolling Hills on Sunday, March 17.

▲ Thirty guests attended the al fresco benefit luncheon on the terraces of the James Thackray home in Rolling Hills on March 12.

In the---
18th Century Tradition



is the Williamsburg Lane home of the W. D. Bower family. A bit of old Virginia transplanted to the green hills of southern California, the Bower place in Rolling Hills is a charming adaptation of traditional type designed by Paul Williams, noted architect. Mr. and Mrs. Bower and daughter Laura are garden enthusiasts experimenting at present with camellias and azaleas. Mr. Bower, manager of the Wilmington branch of the Citizen's National Bank, formerly represented the National City Bank in the Orient.



W. D. BOWER

El Rancho Grande

▲ It was not until 1822 that Rancho Los Palos Verdes was identified as such. A young native of Spain, Jose Dolores Sepulveda who had fought for Mexico was sent to California and put in charge of the troops at Los Angeles. He bought horses and cattle and got permission to keep his stock on a portion of Rancho San Pedro.

▲ Disputes started and did not end until the Rancho Los Palos Verdes was carved out of this domain and granted, on the basis of long years of possession to the Sepulveda family.

▲ In 1824, en route home from a visit to Monterey, Jose Sepulveda was killed by Indian neophytes in revolt at the Mision de la Purisima Concepcion. Four little boys, Juan, Ignacio, Diego, Jose Loreto, and a little daughter, Maria Teresa were left fatherless. On their behalf, a guardian petitioned for a provisional grant to the rancho. Old records show this was granted by Governor Figueroa in 1827.

▲ California was ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, and after admission to the Union as a state in 1850, a Board of Land Commissioners was created to investigate and pass on land titles. The board confirmed the claim of the Sepulvedas to the rancho.

JOSE SEPULVEDA
First of the Rancheros of Rolling Hills
—photograph from the historical collection of the Security - First National Bank.

▲ Jotham Bixby of Rancho Los Cerritos began buying interests in the Sepulveda grant in 1872 for cattle grazing. Other individuals acquired interests in the rancho and a partition decree was in order. The rancho was split among several claimants.

Through the Hills with El Vaquero

Rolling Hills Mounted Patrol

THE FIRST mounted troop of Boy Scouts of America to be organized in California was launched on Sunday, March 10 at the home of the R. C. Griffiths in Rolling Hills and will be known as the Rolling Hills Mounted Troop.

▲ On the uniform neckerchiefs will be the distinctive insignia of Rolling Hills, the mounted ranchero.

▲ Plans are under way for a Scout hut to be constructed in Georgette canyon for camping trips.

▲ Present at the organization meeting were Scoutmaster Tim Regan, Captain George Loebel, scout commissioner of San Pedro, James H. Delk, scout commissioner of the southwest district, Roy Stewart, chairman of the district committee for the south bay area, W. M. Ross, chairman of the harbor district committee, committee members A. W. Bates-Lane, James Friend, J. W. Lynn, H. L. Richter, and Don E. Williams. Bob Jones was appointed assistant scoutmaster.

The Owl of Portuguese Bend

▲ While traffic cannot be considered congested at the intersection of Portuguese Bend Road and Williamsburg Lane, nevertheless, a self-appointed traffic officer has undertaken to supervise the observation of slow-speed driving. This civic-minded native is a blond owl who takes his work pretty seriously. He only works the night shift, and regulates the speed of passing vehicles by a simple system he apparently thought up himself. It works nicely, too. If the motorist approaches the turn in the road slowly, the owl sits primly and austerely on the corner. But a car going over 20 miles an hour is brought to a halt by the owl who takes off briskly, flies directly in front of the car, through the headlight beam, usually bringing the car to a stop. After his objective is achieved, and the motorist resumes his course, our traffic officer gets right back to his post to wait for more cars.

IT IS YOURS, SENOR

Patio of the Raymond Mattson place

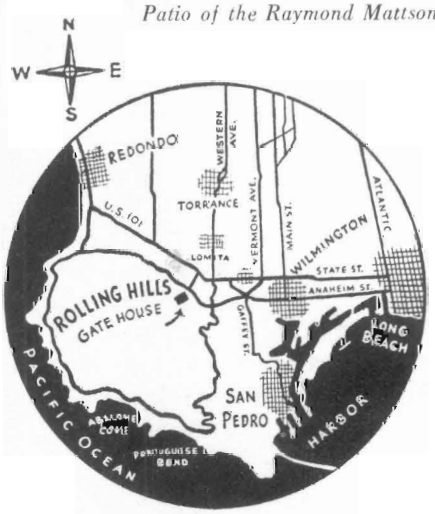
the charm of informal ranch life . . . the comfort and ease of city conveniences . . . acres of unfenced green hills and trails to ride over . . . architectural beauty . . . landscaped and natural scenery . . . your vista—the Sierra Madre mountains, Santa Monica Bay, the harbor and the hills . . .

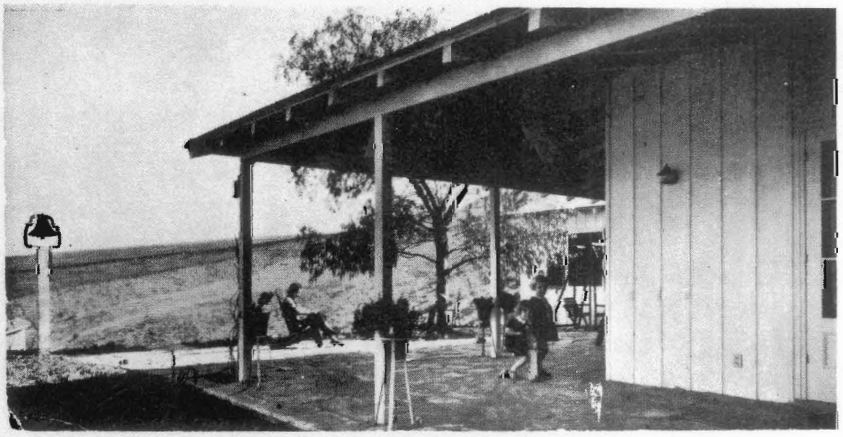
ALL THIS IS YOURS

in . . .

Rolling Hills

A. E. HANSON CO., *Developer*
REDONDO 7486





1 to 5 acres at the price of a city lot

Home of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Snow in Rolling Hills

Sheriff's Posse, Los Angeles County

In the early days of Los Angeles, the Sheriff had a group of men he could call upon to help him in capturing highwaymen, murderers, and desperados. The men of the posse were all mounted because the bandits would escape to the outlying country and had to be caught by men on horseback.

By 1940, the Sheriff's Posse was primarily a social organization. It was composed of a group of expert horsemen — you've seen them ride many times in the Tournament of Roses Parade.

The Sheriff's Posse probably reached the height of its prestige in 1930-1940 under Sheriff Eugene W. Biscaluiz. It was a large group of men, and occasionally they would go to some of the large ranchos around Southern California for rides. All of it was for fun — they would trailer their horses to the rancho headquarters that they were going to, and saddle up their favorite horse with a western work saddle, equipped with lariat, etc., and go off for a ride of miles and miles, and end up by having a barbecue and then going home.

Just after the hay was harvested, in the late Summer of 1940, the Palos Verdes Corporation invited the Sheriff's Posse to come to ROLLING HILLS and ride over our 12,000 acres, and be the guests of the Palos Verdes Corporation, and enjoy themselves.

They all assembled at Ken Buggy's ROLLING HILLS Riding Stables, unloaded their horses and saddled up with western saddles and equipment. From the assembly point, they rode across fields until they came to Rancho Elastico. It was a beautiful, clear, sparkling Autumn day — and dry. So, by the time they got to my ranchito they were all ready for a drink.

I had arranged to have a bar set up on a pickup truck. It was all equipped with liquid refreshments that a Sheriff's Posse would like. After a round of drinks, the children's ringtail monkey, who was a great household pet and who really ruled the roost, showed up. He had been in the habit, when we had guests, of stealing a sip from the Old Fashioned glasses — and here was his golden opportunity.

The riders thought it was funny as heck that a monkey would like liquor. After a drink or two, Adolph, which the children thought was a fine name for a monkey, climbed to the top of the tallest eucalyptus, and then would leap high in the air to the neighboring black acacia tree — but he rapidly got to the point where, on account of being a little the worse for liquor, he would miss the upper limbs of the tree and come tumbling down and just barely catch himself. He did this over and over and over. That monkey really had a head by the time the Posse rode on to the next stop.

From Rancho Elastico the Posse rode down the Long Valley until they came to a stack of straw. This year we had threshed the barley rather than baling it, and where Buffum's department store in the Peninsula Center is at the present time was a huge stack of fluffy, loose, barley straw. They were all feeling pretty good — it was a nice, warm day. They got to riding around and around and around the stack of straw. Then every once in awhile, one of the riders would get very hilarious and he would ride his horse straight into the straw, which was very loose, and the horse would stumble and fall down, and the rider would fall off — and the only way they could get the rider and horse back onto firm ground again would be to lasso them and drag them out. And that is one version of what you might call "horsing around."

It was really hot, dusty work; however, there was nothing to be done about it because the next scheduled rendezvous was at Roy McCarrell, Sr.'s, located about where the Seventh Day Adventist Church is, where again they stopped for a rest, and for refreshments from the traveling bar which was preceding them. Everybody was having a good time. From there they rode over to Roy McCarrell, Jr.'s, on Crest Road, and again had some refreshments — then from there they rode to Irving Moore's ranch at the northeast corner of Crest Road and Portuguese Bend Road.

By that time it was 1:00 p.m. and everybody was starving. Everybody was ready for a good meal, and they had a good meal. We had employed caterers to barbecue the food. They barbecued a steer, and it was ready by the time the boys got there.

There were all kinds of Mexican dishes — lots of frijoles, tamales, green salad — anything they wanted. There was plenty of beer, plenty of coffee, plenty of fun.

From there the Posse rode down Georgeff Canyon back to the ROLLING HILLS Riding Stables, where they unsaddled, put their horses in the trailers, and returned to their homes.

Horseback Riding

Excerpt from the *Palos Verdes Estates Bulletin* — April 24, 1941

ROLLING HILLS "EMPTY SADDLE CLUB"
ACQUIRES GROUND FOR POLO CLUB AND RODEO FIELD

The Empty Saddle Club of Rolling Hills has acquired the ground for a new playing field near the entrance of Rolling Hills. Former headquarters of the Club was in Redondo Beach.

Leveling of the new field has started. Final plans call for a Polo Field and an enclosed arena for rodeo events, surrounded by a quarter-mile track. In addition, barbecue and picnic facilities will be built for the use of members and guests.

When the work is done, regular gymkhanas, or playdays, will be held on alternate Sundays. Also, several invitational field days are planned for this summer and fall, during which horse enthusiasts from all over Southern California will take part in contests and riding games.

We sold a number of acres near the Phillips' Ranch to the Empty Saddle Club at a low price.

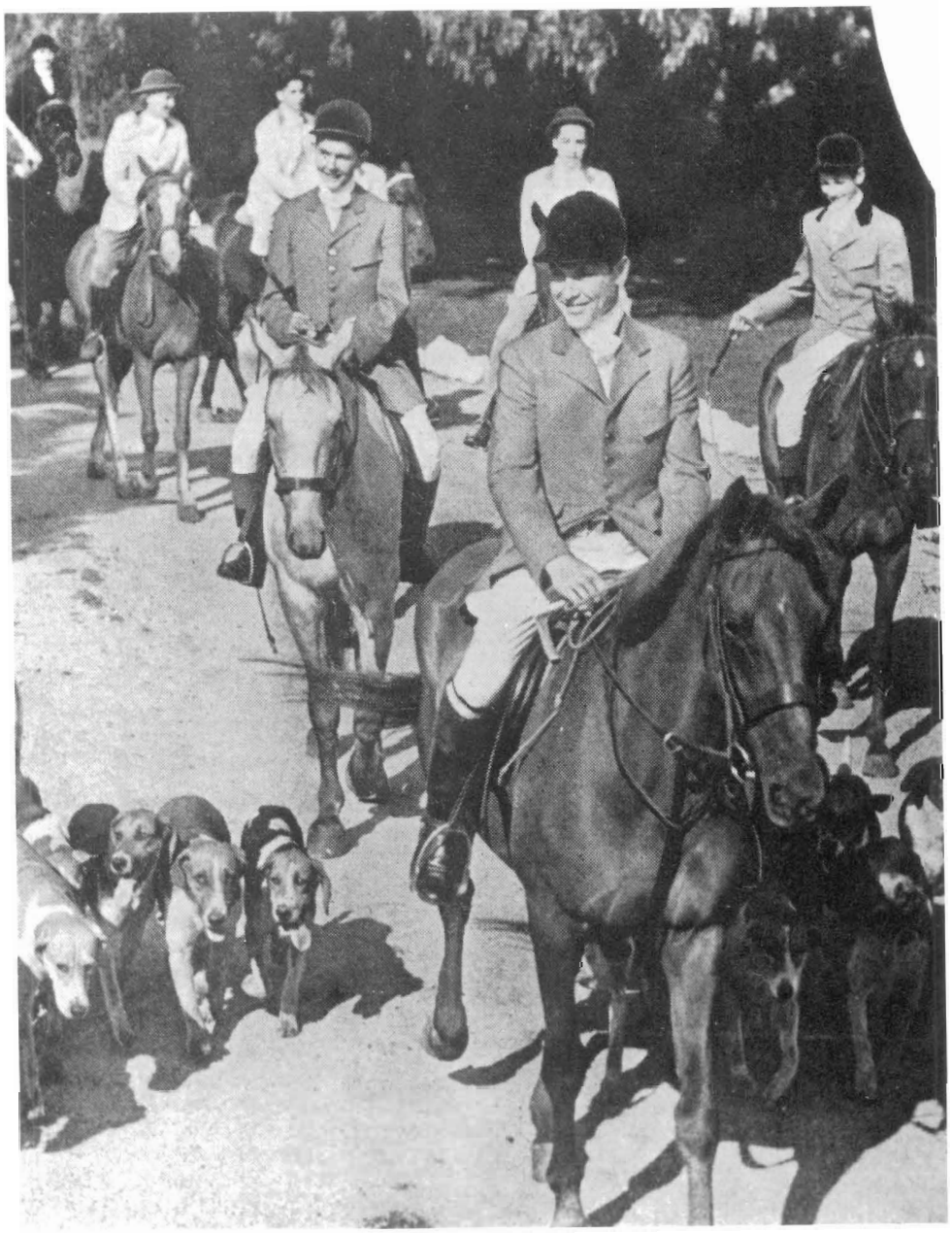
It was called the Empty Saddle Club because during the bucking horseback riding contests there were a lot of empty saddles!

By 1940 we had miles and miles of bridle trails. The bottom of the canyons made ideal trails. It only took a couple passes of a bulldozer to make a trail about ten feet wide so that you could ride comfortably abreast.

Because we had taken easements on all sides of the parcels, you weren't fenced in, literally. You could ride, and ride, and ride.

We had any number of good riders in ROLLING HILLS. Most of them rode western style. Cliff Hix I remember well. Irving Moore, of course — Ham Johns — and any number of the others whose names I have forgotten, unfortunately. Everybody rode in blue jeans — nothing fancy.

The youngsters, more or less, copied the adults and rode any old way, including bareback. However, as the children in ROLLING HILLS got a little older, they became somewhat competitive and all of a sudden we started to have horse shows — very amateurish shows. The children would go over to



Starting an early morning drag hunt. Philip French is in front, Archie Hanson to his left, and Bob Griffith to his right. The hounds belong to Philip French's mother, who brought them out from Virginia. The youngsters enjoyed the drag hunt very much at this age, but later on the boys would much rather have a Model T.

YOUNG AND OLD THEY HUNT. Here's one of the junior members, George Leemacher, with his mount, at left. At right, taking a fence in spirited and confident fashion are Misses Polly and Frances Hanson. The former is secretary of the group. Among others who participate in the fashionable and strenuous pursuit are David Chadwick, Marjorie Williams, Larry Bloch, Jimmy Hanson and many more.

—All photos by Felix Pacaol, Examiner staff photographer.

THAT was a cinch! Such an obstacle is nothing of the sort for young Phillip French, Master of Fox Hounds, acting as huntsman at Rolling Hills Hunt. Coming up on the left is Archie Hanson Jr., joint M. F. H., acting as whipper.

The Smart Set Magazine

L.A. Examiner, 1940.

Old Man MacDonald's at the Palos Verdes Estates Stables, and they would enter horse shows there, but bit by bit it got more formal. Finally, the boys and girls put on formal riding habits — they wore jodhpurs, derby hats — that sort of thing. A number of the youngsters entered the Flintridge Children's Horseshow, which is probably the top children's show in California. And some of them did very well. I remember that Bob Griffith rode there, and George Limacher rode there — the Rossiter children, the three French boys and the Hanson children rode there. They were all very creditable. They carried off their fair share of ribbons and on one occasion brought home the major award — a big, silver cup.

Over at Portuguese Bend on the Vanderlip property there was a large farmstead. It contained several apartments, very nicely furnished, and it also had 12 box stalls. Mrs. French became a tenant at the farmstead about 1937. She brought out four horses from the East. She had three boys then in their early teens, and she was very horse-minded. She was interested in jumping. She even went to the extent of importing from Virginia a fine pack of Foxhounds, and for awhile we had drag hunts all across the country. You weren't allowed to have an actual fox hunt with a live fox. You had to simulate it. You did that by having a fox which was penned up, and then the droppings from the fox were put in a gunnysack and a cowhand rode a horse across country, dragging behind him this sack of fox manure which created the necessary scent.

All of Mrs. French's friends who came from Los Angeles and Beverly Hills dressed themselves up in pink coats, which really weren't pink coats, but rather red coats. They were called pink coats because they were made in the early days by a fashionable London tailor by the name of Pink.

Anyhow, they would, once or twice a month, after the hay was cut, ride up to the Crest Road and then lay out a drag hunt all through the hay fields of the Rancho Palos Verdes. The youngsters of ROLLING HILLS thought that was great sport, and they didn't see why they couldn't do it — and Mrs. French was kind enough to instruct them as to the proper way to take a jump, the proper way to ride — that sort of thing. Of course, she had three boys of her own, and all these youngsters, boys and girls from about 14 to 18 years old, formed their own Junior Hunt Club. And they, in turn, got dressed up in fancy clothes.

After awhile, though, it sort of palled on the boys — it wasn't nearly as interesting as working on a Model T, or some other old wreck of an automobile. The girls continued to like it, though.

In 1939 and 1940, we had a man by the name of Ken Buggy operating the ROLLING HILLS Riding Stable. He was a one-armed Irishman. He could take any kind of an old nag and make it look like a million-dollar horse. He was very, very skillful in the training of horses, and in the riding of horses. He was truly an expert.

He had a little daughter who was six years old at that time, named Sheila. And in one of the copies of our Ranchero Magazine of 1940, it shows six-year-old Sheila Buggy taking the hurdles at the ROLLING HILLS Riding Stables. Buggy ran a top-notch riding stable. It was clean, fresh, no flies — no manure ever accumulated. It was run in "apple-pie" shape.

Horseback riding was a fine sport for the people living in ROLLING HILLS — young and old, men and women alike. You couldn't have a finer or more interesting country to ride over than ROLLING HILLS was and is today.

Williamsburg Lane

Williamsburg Lane was the outgrowth of a number of visits I made to the Eastern seacoast. As a landscape architect, I was fascinated by what the Rockefeller family was doing to restore the original old, southern-colonial city of Williamsburg, Virginia. At one time, Williamsburg was the State Capitol of Virginia. It also is the home of the College of William and Mary, designed by the famous London architect, Wren.

The entire village of Williamsburg is living history; the Governor's Palace is magnificent; the capitol buildings are inspiring; the food at the various small taverns lining the principal streets is truly mouthwatering. To an architect and to a landscape architect, Williamsburg is seventh heaven. It is living history, and I wish every American family with teen-aged children could have the opportunity to travel to Williamsburg and see how America really started.

One year I attended the real estate convention held in New Orleans, and after the convention I made my first trip to Williamsburg. Since that time I have made a number of visits there and each time I have been more delighted and inspired with what the Rockefellers have done.

In Williamsburg I fell in love with the housing of the craftsmen, villagers, and shopkeepers who lived there prior to the American Revolution. The design of these homes was Georgian. They were very small cottages, and were fine in detail. I thought what fun it would be to do a whole lane in ROLLING HILLS patterned after the small houses of Williamsburg.

When I returned to ROLLING HILLS I couldn't get that idea out of my mind. What fun it would be to build a village lane with all the homes made of wood, painted white — and I knew I would like to live in any one of the homes that I had in mind.

For years I had known Paul R. Williams, now a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. He had a particular talent in designing fine Georgian homes for very wealthy clients, and I landscaped many of those homes. (Of course, this was all prior to the stock market crash of 1929.)

I contacted Paul Williams and suggested that he design an entire lane of homes for me — fourteen, to be exact. The land that I had chosen was just to the west of Acacia Road, on a ridge. The ridge extended to Palos Verdes Drive, and for that reason the number of homes would be limited and no future additions could be made that might change the character of the development.

The lane was relatively short (approximately 1,400 feet in length), with seven houses on each side having an average lot width of 200 feet. I graded the road and surfaced it. The lane had a generous parkway, and in it I planted large, full-grown olive trees — two to each lot. On the lot line we built, for the entire length of Williamsburg Lane, a white picket fence. We planted a ground cover of ice plant which was foolproof and easy to care for. The lane had a slight curve to it, adding a bit of mystery because you couldn't see the entire length from one end to the other. The road, parkway, landscaping and fencing were all done simultaneously and on completion gave a mature effect to the project.

I had taken many photographs of the homes in Williamsburg, Virginia, and had purchased ten books that had been published on the subject of Williamsburg. I took literally hundreds of photographs of the detail, and

This is a photograph of the first three houses that were built as models for Williamsburg Lane.

the photographs that I have included in this chapter will show how faithfully Paul Williams followed the architecture of Williamsburg.

We built four homes to start with, as prototypes, and very shortly had sold all of the fourteen lots. On each lot was built the specific house designed for it by Paul Williams.

Financially, it was a very successful project, and anyone looking at the original advertisements shown in the counter book at the City Hall of ROLLING HILLS can see how great a bargain it turned out to be. One could buy an acre of land, a beautiful little house, landscaped with full-grown olive trees — all for $8,750.00. It was quite a bargain, and people bought them readily.

I visited ROLLING HILLS a few months ago, and was astonished at the prices these homes command today — and at how much money people are spending to repaint and renovate them. I just couldn't believe it. Again, there is no substitute for good planning.

WILLIAMSBURG LANE

is value lane in exclusive Rolling Hills

YES, SUH! A slice of Old Virginia is being reborn in Rolling Hills . . . the exclusive suburb of Long Beach and the Harbor district! Along tree-bordered Williamsburg Lane winding up the *level* crest of a graceful hill, the famed spirit of 18th Century Virginia Architecture is being authentically recaptured in the creation of fourteen charming homes, each on a full 1¼ acre view site.

PRESTIGE AT A LOW PRICE

It means *something* and you're *somebody* if you live in Rolling Hills, yet Williamsburg Lane has been planned for those discriminating families who still must budget their incomes.

TWO HOMES ON DISPLAY

You'll be captivated by the charm of broad chimney, white picket fence, three sunny bedrooms, two colorful baths, spacious living room, dining room and kitchen, all done in the traditional design, yet with an expert eye to modern needs and convenience.

$8750 WITH F.H.A. TERMS

. . . is the price of each of these two homes, of the four already completed. On the ten remaining 1¼ acre sites along Williamsburg Lane, similar homes built to order for $8750 including architect's fee. ***Remember, only fourteen families can buy these homes which are priced no more than ordinary houses on ordinary lots in ordinary communities!***

A. E. Hanson, Developer • Rolling Hills, California • Redondo 7481
727 West Seventh Street • Los Angeles, California • TRinity 8053

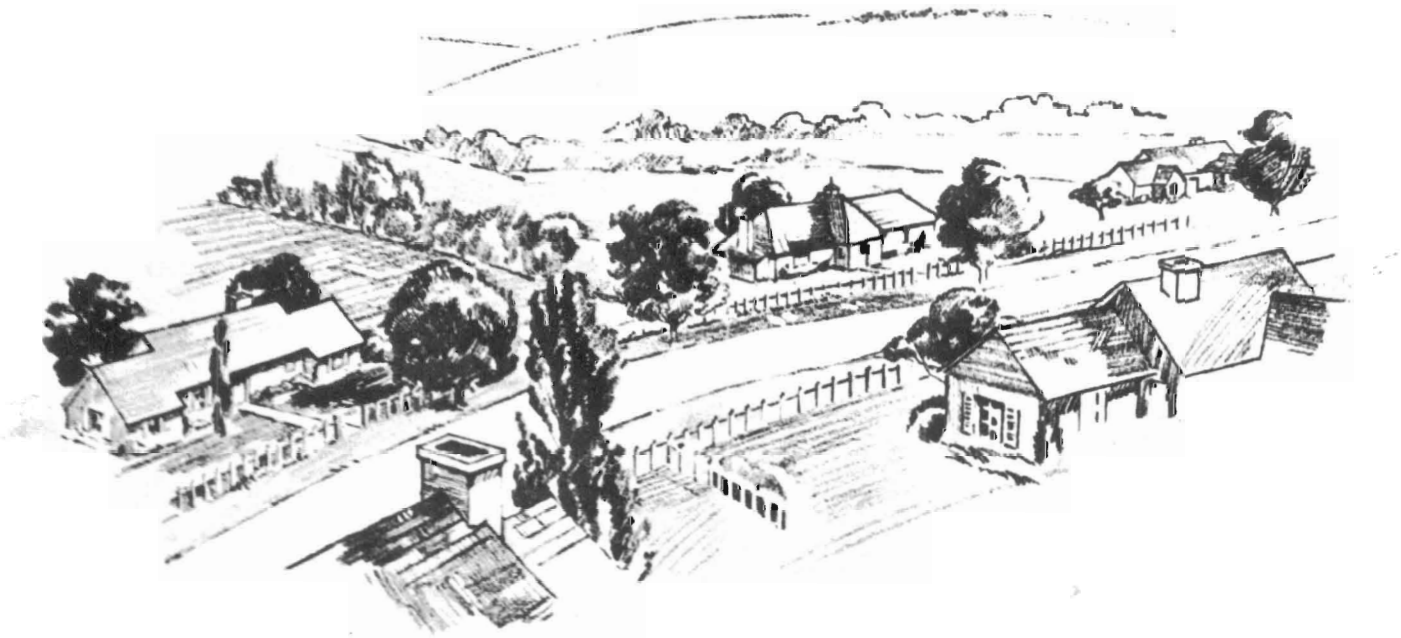
Why Not Stroll Down Williamsburg Lane Today?

You are invited as our guest to visit the two Williamsburg homes just completed. We urge you to come today, however, as they are likely to be sold immediately. ☆ Rolling Hills is just about 20 minutes or less from any point in the harbor district and convenient to Los Angeles. Follow the map at right to intersection of Vermont Avenue and Anaheim Boulevard, then West for approximately 4 miles to Gate House at Rolling Hills.

L.B.P.L. 2-14-39
L.B.P.J. 2-12-39
S.P.N.P. 2-11-39

NOT JUST A PLACE TO LIVE—BUT A WAY OF LIVING

The first brochure about Williamsburg Lane.



IF YOU are one of those fortunate families with a love for country living — with *every* modern convenience — then Williamsburg Lane, here in Rolling Hills, was created especially for you!

Along a curving, tree bordered street in an ideal portion of this unique rural community, a group of charming homes is now in construction. Even on narrow city lots, these homes would win favorable attention, for they are direct architectural descendants of early America's traditional time-honored dwellings—the famous homes of eighteenth century Virginia. But on Williamsburg Lane, where each commands a splendid sweep of delightfully landscaped frontage, where each harmonizes pleasingly with its neighbor, and with nearly a hundred feet of open breathing space on either side, these homes take on an added charm impossible to achieve in cramped metropolitan areas.

Perhaps this description sounds expensive —so we hasten to assure you that the homes themselves are NOT. Designed by one of California's top flight architects, well constructed of first grade materials, complete with landscaped one-acre site, they will range in price from $8250 to $8950. And they may be purchased on FHA terms.

Come to Rolling Hills at your earliest opportunity and see the Williamsburg Lane homes now being built and the sketches and floor plans of those to follow. There may be one that will meet your needs exactly.

Without neglecting any of the needs and luxuries appropriate to these modern times, the architect has been admirably successful in giving to this Williamsburg Lane home the air of quiet dignity, of harmony and beauty which is one of the unforgettable virtues of Williamsburg architecture. The interior has been arranged to afford a view of the surrounding countryside from almost all rooms, which include three bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen and two bath rooms. Complete with shade trees and landscaping on 1-acre site, **$8750**. FHA terms.

This charming Williamsburg Lane home might have been transplanted in its entirety from historic old Williamsburg, Virginia, so faithfully have the characteristics of Colonial day homes been adhered to. The broad chimney, the white picket fence, and the symmetry of design itself are typical of 18th century architectural styles. The three bed rooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, and two baths have been arranged in keeping with the home's traditional architecture, yet with an eye to modern needs. Complete with full grown shade trees and landscaping on full 1-acre site, **$8875**. FHA terms.

The Flying Triangle

On October 1, 1938, the metropolitan Los Angeles newspapers carried a Palos Verdes Corporation news release to the effect that for the first time the Palos Verdes Corporation would develop 150 acres to the south of Crest Road. This acreage would be divided into 35 homesites offering a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean and Catalina Island. At this time it had become evident that very shortly we would need to develop additional ranchitos; we were becoming quite popular and very successful.

My thought was that if we could start developing the land between Crest Road and Palos Verdes Drive South, eventually we could run our development all the way down to the ocean, making a continuous development from Palos Verdes Drive North to Palos Verdes Drive South. Also, it would give an opportunity to develop a completely different type of property. We were finishing Williamsburg Lane and we were well under way with our various ranchitos on the inland side, all of which had views of the Santa Monica Bay and Malibu, but here would be a different variety of views.

The Flying Triangle: In the upper right is the area of the Haslin Ranch on Crest Road (later purchased by Irving Moore) and known today as the "white barn." It is located just east of the intersection of Portuguese Bend Road and Crest Road East. In lower right corner is the Japanese Ranch and the Japanese School where Rolling Hills boys learned jujitsu.

It was indeed a section of spectacular views — of ever-changing views. Every foot progressing downward on the grade presented a changed scene.

I did some rough grading of a road, or trail, from the water tanks on Crest Road down part of the way; then, we graded a road from the oceanside part of the way up. These were very rough trails, more properly referred to as "reconnaissance trails." I had the Spence Company take aerial photographs, two of which are included herein; one can easily see what the situation was.

An interesting thing to note in the photographs, especially the one taken closest to the land, is that in the lower right-hand corner you can see the Japanese buildings. These buildings included a Japanese school. Many of the boys from ROLLING HILLS would ride horseback over to the school on a Saturday morning to take jujitsu lessons from the Japanese instructors.

Portuguese Bend — general view. On the extreme left is Inspiration Point, which was the proposed location for a breakwater. It would have made an ideal spot for anchoring yachts. The Flying Triangle area can be clearly seen on the south slope of Rolling Hills.

Llewellyn Phillips, Jr., who was living on the Palos Verdes Ranch at that time, told me about the branding iron that the Lewellen Bixby's used to have. It was a triangle with a sort of a seagull wing design in the middle of one side, and the brand was called the Flying Triangle Brand. For that reason, we called this area the Flying Triangle Area.

You will recall that the first acreage under Restrictions No. 150 consisted of 600 acres. The Flying Triangle consisted of 150 acres, and this was the first parcel that was annexed into ROLLING HILLS under Restrictions No. 150.

County Taxes and Portuguese Bend Park Committee

We were always behind with our County taxes. We never had enough money.

In the Fall of 1939 I went to Mr. Isidore Dockweiler, a prominent Los Angeles attorney who was interested in parks and cultural developments for the County and City of Los Angeles. I suggested to him that the acquisition by the County of the land owned by the Palos Verdes Corporation from Point Vincente easterly to the intersection of Palos Verdes Drive South and Palos Verdes Drive East (this was five miles of shoreline) and extending inland to embrace 1,800 acres, would make an unbelievably desirable regional seashore park. The land was some of the finest vegetable land the Palos Verdes Corporation owned; all usable for recreational purposes and for park purposes. You could put a half dozen golf courses on it.

Portuguese Bend would make a tremendous yacht harbor, and was badly needed by the County because, due to the occupation of the San Pedro/ Long Beach Harbor by the Navy and commercial shipping, it was not a desirable harbor for yachts. The yacht owners were anchoring their yachts at Newport Beach and depriving Los Angeles County of that tax revenue.

The Palos Verdes Corporation owed the County $125,000.00 back taxes on the 12,000 acres.

If the County would cancel the $125,000 debt, the Corporation would deed the 1,800 acres to the county. No money would be paid out of the County Treasury. Mr. Dockweiler was enthusiastic about the idea and formed a committee. The *Los Angeles Times* account of May 3, 1940, which follows, tells the story.

PALOS VERDES PARK PROJECT PLEAS HEARD BY SUPERVISORS
Isidore Dockweiler Heads Group Advocating Acquisition of Peninsula Site by County

Appeals to the Board of Supervisors to acquire 1800 acres on the Palos Verdes peninsula as a county ocean front park were voiced yesterday by a committee of civic leaders headed by Attorney Isidore B. Dockweiler, chairman of the newly organized Los Angeles County Parks Committee.

If acquisition can be effected without creating any increase in the 1940-41 basic tax rate the possibility was seen that the area might be acquired.

PROPOSED DEAL

According to Dockweiler and the committee the county government can, at this time, obtain the proposed park, between Point Fermin and Point San Vicente, for $125,000, the amount of delinquent taxes against the property.

The Supervisors voted to refer the project to the County Counsel, the County Manager and the board as a committee of the whole.

It was indicated that if the deal can be engineered in a way to prevent any increase in the new county tax rate it will be consummated. One week from today the Supervisors will visit the area.

SUPPORTING GROUP

Those who spoke in favor of the project, besides Dockweiler, were D. W. Pontius, John G. Mott, Mrs. John D. Fredericks, Mrs. Leiland Atherton Irish and L. R. Hall, executive secretary of the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A.

"With it meaning only a bookkeeping transaction, no cost to the county, the time is opportune to obtain the land which will not only benefit the present generation, but many to come," Attorney Dockweiler told the board.

The deal did not go through because the $125,000.00 "bookkeeping item" could not be written off by the County, and would have to be made up in increased tax rates. What a magnificent opportunity was lost. Many generations to come would have benefitted by this park.

Open space is an irreplaceable asset.

3,000 Acres for a Song

Because we were unable to make a deal with the County, and desperately needed money to pay the Corporation real estate taxes, we sent out 10,000 postal cards to a selected list of names which were taken from Poor's Directory of Directors. These postal cards were sent out in December, 1940. A copy of the postal card follows.

3,000 ACRES FOR A SONG

Each parcel was 25 acres in size, offered at $185.00 per acre, one-third cash, the balance terms to suit. It was some of the finest land that the Palos Verdes Corporation had. The Los Verdes Golf Course is now in the middle of the "3,000 Acres for A Song."

Not one sale was made, proving that price alone will not sell anything.

TO RAISE IMMEDIATE CASH
WE ARE SACRIFICING

3,000 ACRES IN
Rancho Los Palos Verdes

AT **$185** PER ACRE

(never before offered for sale)

6 REASONS TO BUY NOW!

1. Breath-taking view.
2. Ideal location.
3. Self-sustaining land.
4. Valuable acreage.
5. Hedge against inflation.
6. The price is right.

The limited amount of seacoast land available to Southern California buyers makes this property particularly valuable.

HERE'S THE STORY: We need immediate cash because we must meet tax payment. We are sacrificing this section of Rancho Los Palos Verdes, giving you an *exceptional opportunity* to secure acreage in an established community at a fraction of its value. Your investment NOW gives you immediate protection and future profit.

This acreage suitable for subdivision, gentleman farming, hobby or horse ranches. Make use of your property now while holding for future re-sale.

TERMS:

1/3 cash, balance in convenient installments . . . Minimum purchase accepted: 25 acres.

This offer subject to withdrawal without notice.

MAIL THIS TODAY

Rancho Los Palos Verdes
A. E. HANSON CO. *Realtors*
Rolling Hills, California
Redondo 7486

Rancho
Los Palos Verdes
CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen:

Your plan to sacrifice 3,000 acres of Rancho Los Palos Verdes land at $185.00 per acre interests me.

- ☐ Please reserve_____acres of Rancho Los Palos Verdes for me.
- ☐ I would like to secure further information about Rancho Los Palos Verdes.*
- ☐ I would like to make an appointment with your representative to be driven down to Rancho Los Palos Verdes for a tour of the property.*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ PHONE_____

***I understand this places me under no cost or obligation.**

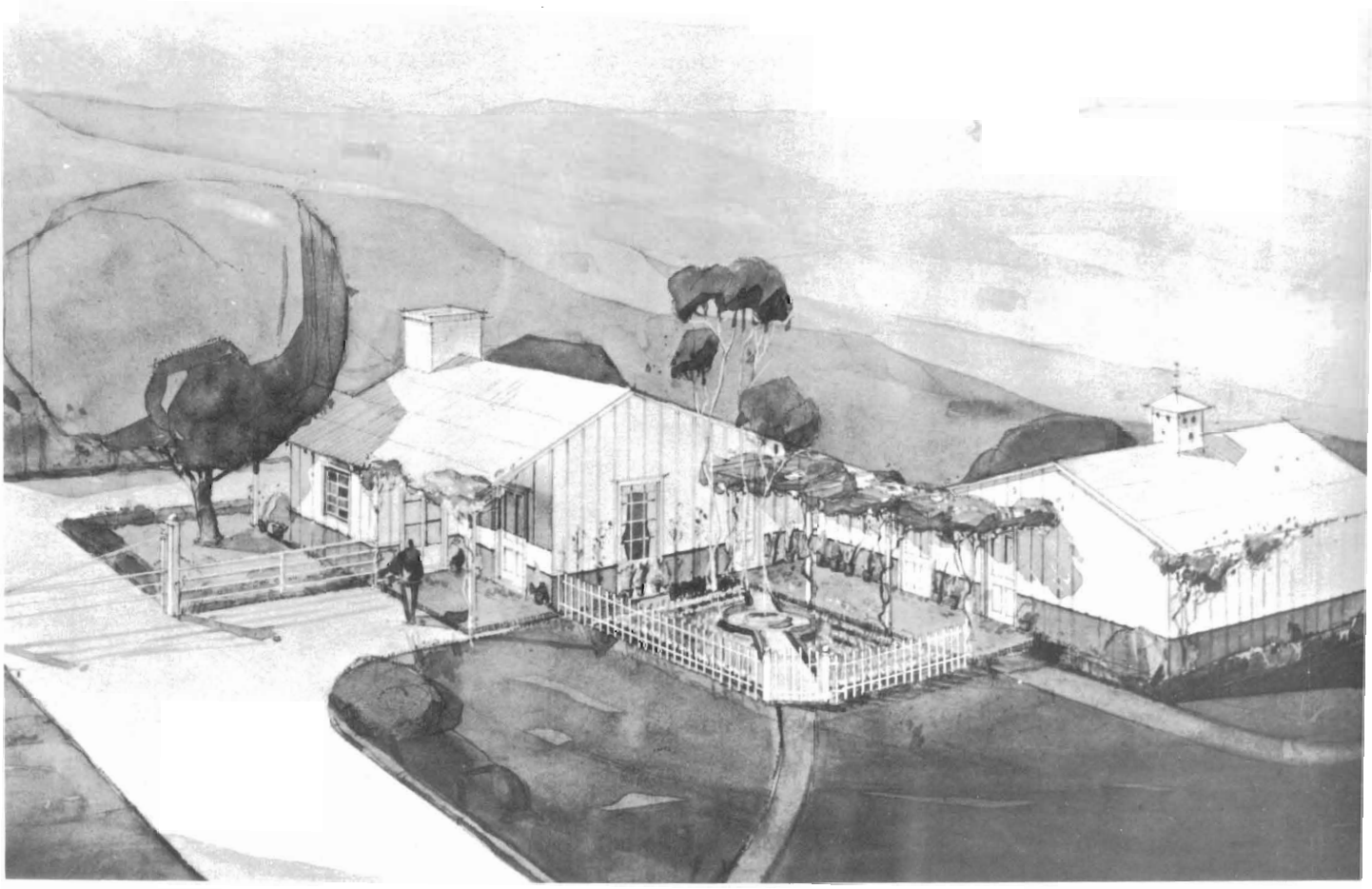
Crest Road

In May 1931, a contract had been let for the construction of Crest Road, and was completed after I became General Manager. The west end was near Pt. Vicente (now the location of the Golden Cove shopping district). The road went easterly, from Palos Verdes Drive West, eleven miles where it intersected Palos Verdes Drive East. Across from that intersection is the present Marymont College.

Every large ranch has problems with trespassers, and ours was no exception The ranch was bordered by Palos Verdes Drive West (ocean frontage), Palos Verdes Drive South (ocean frontage), and Palos Verdes Drive East. This made the ranch very accessible to the general public, and we had considerable difficulty keeping our ranch road gates locked. These roads were unpaved and barely passable — they were just dirt trails.

It was evident that with the attractive, paved Crest Road we were going to have trespassing problems on our hands. If the general public trespassed on Crest Road, eventually the public would acquire title to it by adverse use.

We decided to have gatemen 24 hours a day at both ends of Crest Road, so that only our invited guests and our employees could use it. In 1932 I built attractive gatehouses at either end of the road, and a reliable ranch-hand, with children and a wife, occupied each gatehouse. The mothers acte



This is the west gatehouse. It is of good proportion — has a tiny garden — you can see the dado. Some years later this building was torn down. Today, the area is the site of the Golden Cove Shopp Center. This building was constructed in late 1932 or early 1

as attendants of the gates in the daytime without any undue hardship, because there would be little traffic. At night the father was there to take care of any situation that might arise.

The families had free rent and we had reliable gatekeepers 24 hours a day, seven days a week, without cost to the Palos Verdes Corporation except the electrical expense. Both gatehouses have been torn down. They were constructed of board-and-batten, and were similar to Rancho Elastico. They had heavy shake roofs, and the exterior was painted white. Architect Sumner Spaulding drew the plans for the two buildings. (Spaulding was the architect for the Tuscany Villa of Harold Lloyd in Beverly Hills. I had known him since 1925.)

Each gatehouse had a two-foot wide, blue band painted around the bottom. This was called a dado. When the heavy rains came and mud splashed up on the house, it required only repainting, annually, the blue band rather than the entire building.

While in Europe in 1928, looking for ideas for the Harold Lloyd gardens, I visited Cordova, Spain. Cordova has a law that every building within the city limits must have a dado, and it must be repainted once a year, which makes the town attractive. The blue used on the dado in Spain is made of bordeaux mixture. Bordeaux is a type of pesticide that is used extensively in Europe to control diseases on grapevines. The bordeaux mixture is about the color of blueing that our grandmothers used in their laundry.

We have, in Southern California, the Canary Island Date Palm (*Phoenix Canariensis*). I knew, from doing landscape jobs in La Jolla, that this palm would do well on our seacoast. We were able to obtain large specimens for just the price of moving them, and we planted large, full-grown palms; one on either side of the roadway behind the gates at both gatehouses.

Abalone Cove

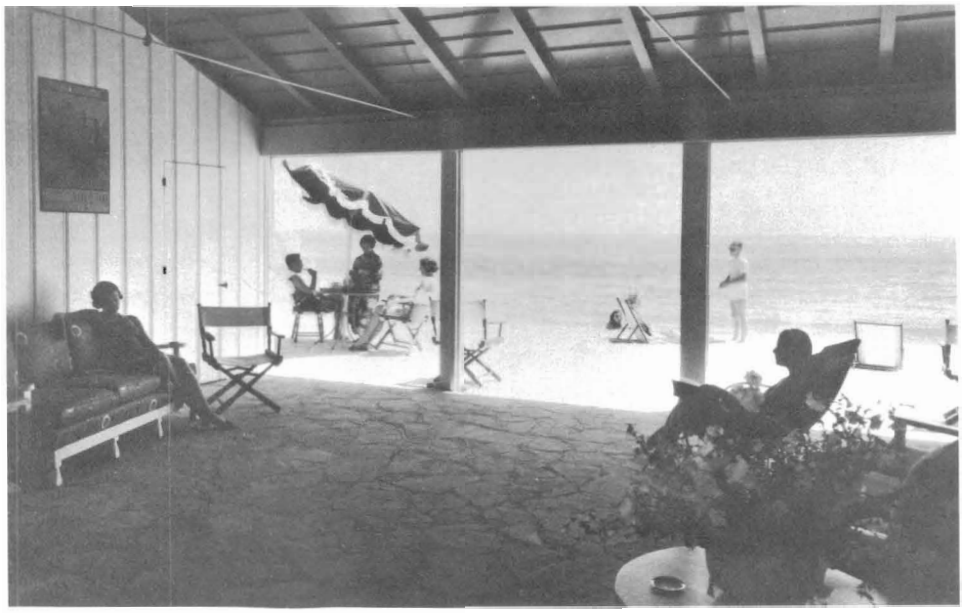
In making a visual survey of our shoreline, I came across a secluded, sandy cove. It was separated from Portuguese Bend by a headland, shown on the present map as Portuguese Point.

The breakers in this cove were never more than three feet high, and there was a spectacular view looking toward Pt. Vicente and the lighthouse. No one traveling the coast road in either direction could possibly see the cove. It was like having a cove on your own Treasure Island.

The youngsters — our children and their guests — enjoyed the cove so much that I decided it would be a tremendous asset to have a small beach-house at the cove for our dude ranch buyers. Again, I used Sumner Spaulding as the architect for our clubhouse. Because it was remote, and because we would be doing barbecuing there, the building was roofed with Spanish tile as protection against fire. The building walls inside and out were of wood.

The following photographs will show how the building looked. The front was open to the ocean, but could be closed with folding doors. On both sides were dressing rooms labeled Mr. Swimmer and Mrs. Swimmer. Behind the open loggia we had a fully equipped kitchen. The lighting and cooking was done with electricity.

Abalone Cove was a delightful spot and Sumner Spaulding was the architect: red tile roof, white walls, blue dado, red geraniums in pots, the open loggia, kitchen behind the fireplace, floor of Palos Verdes stone. The six pictures on the wall were travel posters from Spain. Over the top of the roof were the hills of Portuguese Bend — no trees. We moved in the two large palm trees, placed at either side of the building. Photograph taken in 1934.



The interior of the loggia. We used yacht color blue coverings on the davenports, white painted trim on the davenports and the table. The middle girl in the group of three under the umbrella was our tiny, Japanese hostess in her kimono. She was the daughter of one of our tenants.

In back of the building we had an efficient, professionally built barbecue pit. The building was painted white, and it had a blue dado. The top of the dado had a design of waves, which is shown in the photographs. The landscaping was very simple, and included two big Canary Island Palms. (The photographs were taken in 1934, and you can see the size of the date palms at that time.)

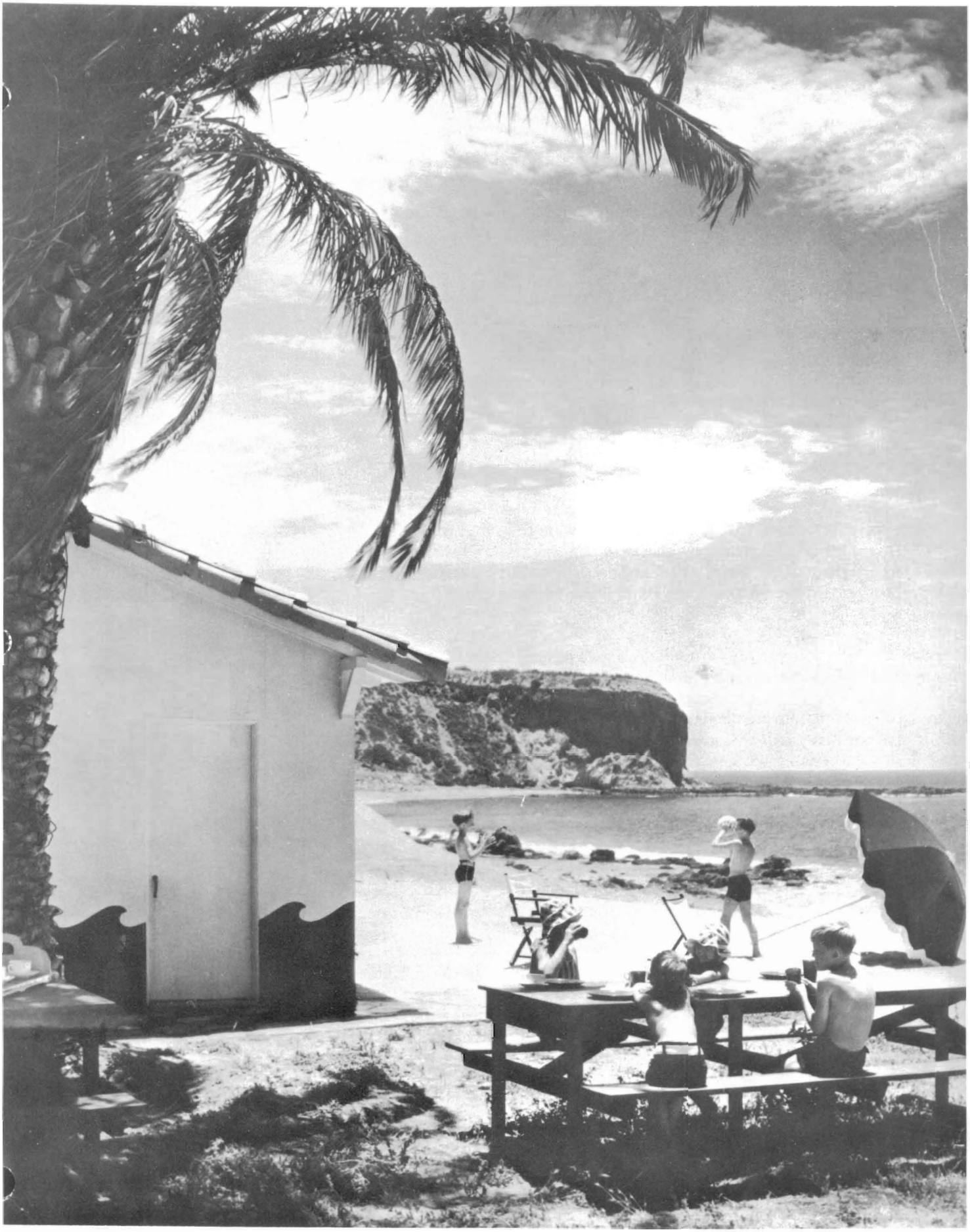
The cove, when I first saw it, had several inches of sand because Portuguese Point acted as a groin. We made an attractive beach in front of the house by trucking in many loads of sand from Redondo Beach.

In digging the four-foot deep holes for planting the palm trees, we found that the ground was a mixture of sand and broken abalone shells (even below the four foot depth of the palm trees). The cove had been used for centuries by the Indians, and had what is known as a kitchen midden. The cove is a location for abalone shellfish in great number. The North American Indians used to travel all the way from the Grand Canyon to the Pacific Coast to trade for abalone and other shells.

So, we had a fitting name for our cove.

Abalone Cove.

Gently sloping sandy beach and cove.



Portuguese Point, dramatically showing lack of breakers and waves. Beach sand was hauled in.

Harbor Hills Housing

From an article in *The Los Angeles Times*, January 12, 1938.

WHAT GOES ON?
by Chapin Hall

A Morning Thought — Wisdom comes by disillusionment.
—George Santayana

Los Angeles (County) has one housing problem that has caused no end of heart burnings, kept families apart and been generally disastrous.
Navy housing.

A special subcommittee of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce under the chairmanship of A. E. Hanson has learned that several thousand enlisted men cannot obtain decent living quarters at rents justified by their income. It has been developed that approximately 2,500 navy men cannot bring their families to Southern California because of lack of housing facilities, while several thousand now here are compelled to pay rents entirely out of proportion to their income.

Efforts to create such quarters through private financing were of no avail.

The stumbling block in the way of utilizing the liberalized National Housing Act, specifically termed the Wagner-Steagall Act, were first, that we were lacking in State enabling legislation. This may be solved when the Governor calls a special session of the Legislature. The other stumbling block is the matter of local contribution before the Federal government can loan any money.

Now that Mr. Hanson generously tenders an area of land not to exceed 500 acres in the Palos Verdes hills on the ranch of the same name as a "local contribution" for this low cost housing project, the hope is encouraged that the housing needs at low cost rentals of the enlisted personnel of the Navy will at last be provided.

The problem of how to house the enlisted personnel of the United States Navy was presented to the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce to see if they could find a solution. The San Pedro/Long Beach Harbor Area was the homeport of the Pacific Fleet. The United States, at this time (1938), was becoming very defense minded. Hitler was on a rampage in Europe, and it was only to be another 18 months before Europe was aflame.

The Navy was doing everything possible to get in shape. Due to the climate and the facilities, the Pacific Fleet's Homeport was the Long Beach/San Pedro Area. The Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce turned the problem over to its Civic Development Committee, of which I was Chairman, to see if there was any way to work out a solution.

This Committee was composed of about 35 men — all interested in the orderly development of Southern California. They were interested in proper planning — they kept in close touch with the various County and City Planning Commissions. They kept track of how the Legislature in Sacramento was voting on bills that affected planning. The Committee came up with a suggestion that this Navy Housing problem could be handled under the Wagner-Steagall Act. This Act was voted by Congress amongst the earliest projects of the Franklin Roosevelt regime.

After the Civic Development Committee decided that would be a good way to handle the Navy Housing problem, the Palos Verdes Corporation volunteered to give to the Housing Authority a sufficient amount of land to handle the situation. I don't know where the figure of 500 acres comes from, because that was not correct.

The way a public entity could handle housing for underprivileged or low-income people, under the Wagner-Steagall Act, was that they must form a Housing Authority — either a City Housing Authority or a County Housing Authority. There were no Housing Authorities of any kind under this Act in Southern California at this time. Our Committee went to the Board of Supervisors with a proposition. We proposed that the Palos Verdes Corporation would donate the land, free of charge, but the County Board of Supervisors would have to form a County Housing Authority.

This the Board of Supervisors of the County decided to do. Our Committee wanted to be sure that there weren't a lot of crackpots, or good-doers, or Commies on the Committee. We wanted the Committee to be composed of sound, business executives.

Under the organization of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, each Committee had assigned to it a paid member of the staff of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. This staff member did all the coordinating, and all the leg work, and all the paperwork for the Committee. We were fortunate in having C. J. S. Williamson appointed to us as our staff member. Because we were an integral part of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, we had a great deal of statistics and names of people of ability at our command. The Board of Supervisors was composed of five members. We went to each member and asked him to appoint one man to the Los Angeles Housing Authority Board of Directors. In other words, there were going to be five men appointed by the five Supervisors, and these five men were going to run the Housing Authority. They did not get paid, but they did have a great deal of authority and power.

Before we knew it we had all of the legislative work done, and had the County Housing Authority, and we had a good Board of Directors.

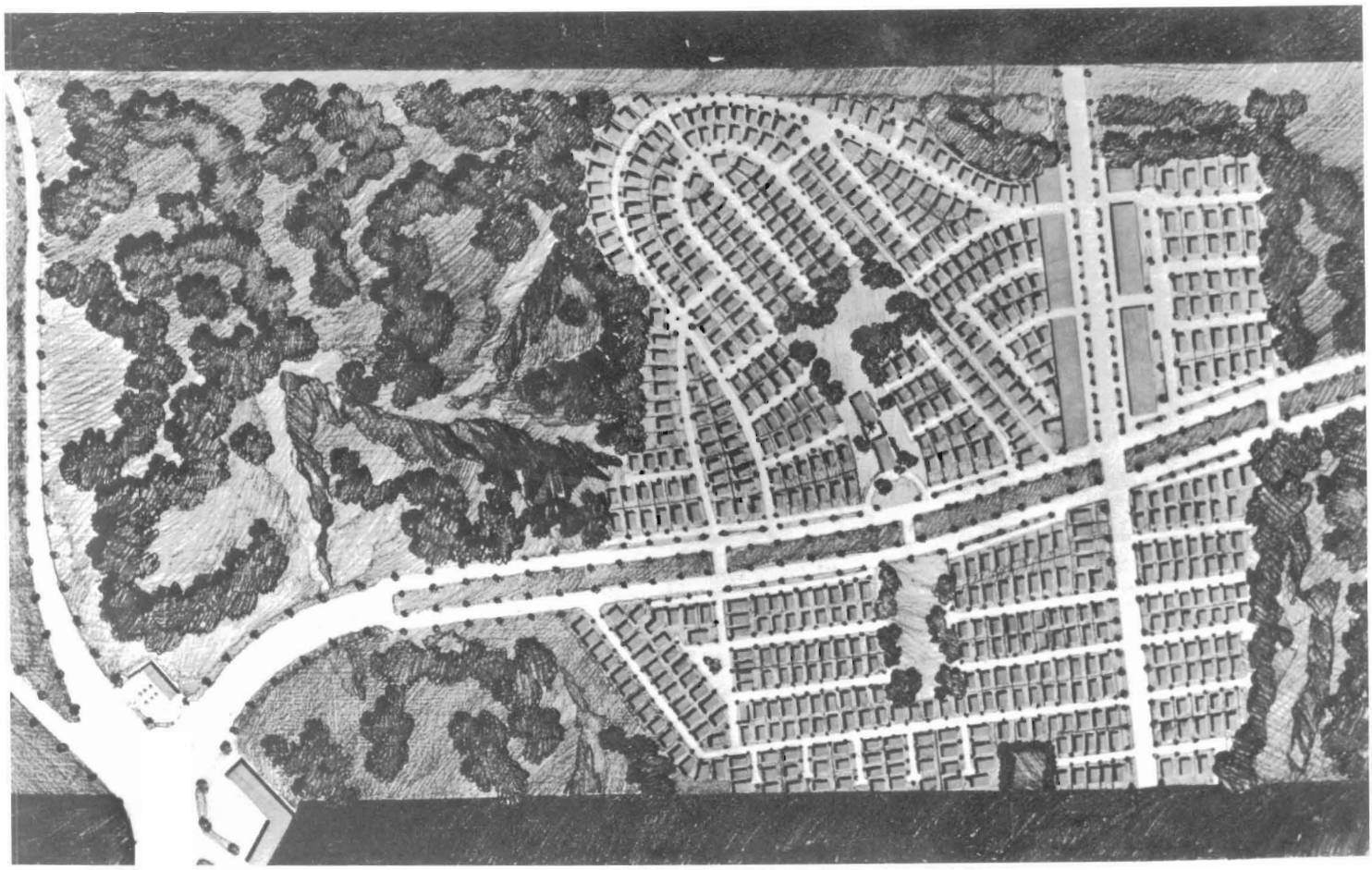
The project in the Palos Verdes Hills was called Harbor Hills Housing Project. It was the first one ever built in Southern California, and I'm very proud that I had a small part in its development. The Palos Verdes Corporation did deed, as a free gift, 94 acres on the Palos Verdes Panhandle to be used for Navy Housing Personnel. Harbor Hills was the first project to be built for any Housing Authority in Southern California.

From an article in the *Los Angeles Times*,

"Uncle Sam believes in us. If we needed confirmation that our Peninsula is a most desirable residential location, the Harbor Hills Housing Project, now nearing completion, would furnish it conclusively.

"There, the Housing Authority of the County of Los Angeles is spending $1,300,000.00 of public money for the construction of 52 large buildings.

"Each building will be painted a different color. The entire project will be expertly landscaped.



This is a rendering of a proposed development by Palos Verdes Corporation at the intersection of Palos Verdes Drive and Western Avenue. The roads in the left-hand corner are Gaffey, paralleling the left-hand edge of the photo, and on the left-hand bottom corner, Vermont Avenue flowing into Gaffey and Anaheim coming from both directions, and then double-barreled Palos Verdes Drive North. The old Juan Sepulveda family adobe was at this intersection. The development was patterned after Radborn, New Jersey. This was an ambitious plan but the times were not financially right. The little square at the bottom of the photo, in the middle of the houses, is the well site. The present Western Avenue is the north and south road crossing Palos Verdes Drive North on the right-hand edge. The northwest corner and the southwest corner of Palos Verdes Drive is the land given by the Palos Verdes Corporation for the Harbor Hills Housing Development.

"All buildings have concrete foundations, reinforced floors of concrete, and roofs — they are designed for earthquake resistance. The project was commenced March 17, 1939, and will be finished April 14, 1941. Architects of Los Angeles prepared the plans and are supervising the construction.

"Reginald Johnson, eminent architect of Los Angeles, is Chief Architect. Other associates are Donald B. Parkinson, Eugene Weston, Jr., Louis Wilson, and A. C. Zimmerman."

The project was completed on time and is well used.

Chadwick School

In 1936, Commander and Mrs. Joseph Chadwick contacted me. Mrs. Chadwick had been operating a small grammar school for both boys and girls in San Pedro. Her clientele was mostly children of the United States Navy personnel. Mrs. Chadwick wanted to purchase six acres of land on the ocean in the vicinity of Portugeuese Bend.

I was not anxious that the Palos Verdes Corporation sell any land on the ocean front at that time, because we did not have any firm plans for its development. I didn't want to get involved with buildings that might not fit into our scheme at a later date. Another thing, I wasn't a bit sure about how financially feasible it was for the Chadwicks to operate a school in that location. It was pretty remote. It was all right for the San Pedro clientele, because 25th Street had been extended to Palos Verdes Drive South, but Mrs. Chadwick's plans were much more ambitious than that.

I suggested to Commander and Mrs. Chadwick that they allow me to show them some property adjacent to ROLLING HILLS.

I had in mind for the school a 35-acre parcel just to the west of Agua Negro Canyon, at an elevation of 700 feet. It was a beautiful knoll, with a 360° view — a magnificent view of the Santa Monica Bay and the mountains in the background. It was easily approached from Palos Verdes Drive. We drove across the hayfields up to this knoll, and in my estimation it was the perfect location.

I was impressed with Mrs. Chadwick's energy and verve, and with her ambition. She wanted a school that went through grammar school and high school. She wanted it both boarding and day pupils, and she wanted it coeducational. I told Mrs. Chadwick and Commander Chadwick that the Palos Verdes Corporation would not sell them the land, but if I found out that they did have the ability that I thought they had, and if they had the financial wherewithal to build the school buildings, I believed that the Board of Directors of the Palos Verdes Corporation would make them a present of the 35 acres of land, and it would also give them a road easement from the 35 acres down to Palos Verdes Drive North.

Between the knoll that I showed them and Palos Verdes Drive was a gently sloping ridge of 70 acres. The 35 acre knoll was bounded on the west by another deep canyon. This would give them protection against encroachment of other developments, excepting for the 70 acres that lay between the 35-acre parcel and Palos Verdes Drive. I thought I could develop the 70 acres into very large estate parcels, and that way the school would have ample protection.

The Chadwicks were enchanted with the knoll, the location. They could not believe that I would be able to get the Palos Verdes Corporation to donate the land to them. A few days later, Commander Chadwick — who, it turned out, was going to be the Business Manager of the school — and Mrs. Chadwick called on me at the ROLLING HILLS office and had with them a Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roessler. Mr. and Mrs. Roessler's children were attending the Chadwick School in San Pedro and they were highly pleased with Mrs. Chadwick.

The outcome of this meeting was that Mr. Roessler agreed to put up $175,000.00 cash for the construction of the buildings. The Palos Verdes Corporation Board of Directors did make a gift to the Chadwick School, Inc., and the buildings were completed in due time.

The Los Angeles Examiner of October 24, 1937, carried in its news section a rendering of the Chadwick School and a short story. The school was a success from the day it opened. It was very highly thought of, and it got a number of boarding pupils from the Los Angeles area, and many day students from the Long Beach area.

After the school had been operating a year or better, and after I had attended a number of the Board of Directors' meetings of the school, I suggested to the Board that they purchase, at a very reasonable price, the 70 acres that lay between them and Palos Verdes Drive. It was evident that the school was going to grow, that they would need a larger campus than they had, and they could use the land for miscellaneous structures in connection with the school, such as small cottages for the faculty and school buildings. I said I would recommend to the Board of Directors of the Palos Verdes Corporation that they sell them the 70 acres for $150.00 per acre, which was really just another gift. The Palos Verdes Corporation agreed to do this, but to my extreme surprise the Board of Directors of the Chadwick School seemed reluctant to take on the land; however they finally did.

The giving of the land to the Chadwick School, and selling 70 acres to the school at a ridiculously low price wasn't something foolish on the part of the Palos Verdes Corporation, because everything that was done to add prestige to the remaining acres of the Palos Verdes Corporation, added immeasurably to the value of the rest of the land that the Corporation owned. Remember, they owned in excess of 12,000 acres. It was good business.

The only thing that I regret was the fact that the Palos Verdes Corporation did not put a deed restriction in the land that was sold to the Chadwick School, or the land that was given to the school previously. They did not insert in the deeds ironclad clauses that the land was not to be used for any other purposes than for the purpose that it was given and the purpose for which it was sold.

That space was needed for open space. There is nothing more precious than open space. If people would only realize that open space is not a land bank — but it must be kept for open space for many generations.

The Civilian Conservation Corps

Excerpt from an article in the *Los Angeles Times*, July 3, 1935 (dateline, Lomita, California)

C.C.C. WILL AID SOILS PROJECT

"Two hundred members of the Civilian Conservation Corps will work in the Palos Verdes Hills within a few weeks on the first intensive erosion project ever attempted on the east slopes of the hills. Feasibility of the plan has been demonstrated on the west slopes where extensive planning in the Palos Verdes Estates Project has proved effectual.

"A new camp is being built on the Palos Verdes Scenic Highway near the Phillips Ranch."

A year earlier, when the Federal Government was making all the work they could for the unemployed, and trying to have the work constructive, they started in under the County Farm Advisors Office doing a certain amount of soil preservation work on ranches. The County would supply the labor

free, but the ranch owner had to buy the materials in the way of cement and also construction tools.

I had become very well acquainted with the County Farm Advisor's Office due to all the problems that we were having with our agriculture. When I heard of this new program, I got the County Farm Advisor's Office to do soil conservation on the Japanese vegetable land. That land was the most valuable from the standpoint of earning money, and it also was being very badly gutted by the heavy rains because of the way the Japanese farmers cultivated the land. The County did do very extensive soil and flood control work, all in the vicinity of Portuguese Bend.

When Roosevelt, under his New Deal Program, started the Civilian Conservation Corps, I went to the local office and suggested to them that I had an ideal spot for one of their camps. The Civilian Conservation Corps was a very, very worthwhile project. They took thousands of boys from 16 to 21 years old, from needy families, underprivileged boys — and they put them in camps all across the Western United States. It was outdoor work, in the way of reforestation and in the way of soil preservation. It was really a very marvelous and constructive thing to do, and regardless of how much complaining people did against the New Deal, this was one thing that they all believed in.

These boys were housed in buildings that were built under the supervision of the Army, I believe. They were barracks buildings. The boys were very well chosen, and the boys had an enjoyable time. It was an outing — it wasn't like being in prison, or anything like that; the boys had volunteered. The statistics show that in the first two months of the boys being in a camp, they averaged a weight gain of about 16 pounds. They could see all the work that they were doing, and how constructive it was, and what good it was doing, and they took great pride in their work.

They planted on the Palos Verdes Corporation hills, from Crest Road down to Palos Verdes Drive North, thousands and thousands and tens of thousands of trees. The trees really started to turn our brown hills into green hills.

The headquarters of the Soil Conservation Corps in Palos Verdes was near the old Phillips Ranch. The Palos Verdes Corporation had to buy a certain amount of material — they had to buy three or four carloads of cement. The cement was used in check dams in the rivulets that came down from Crest Road, and very badly rutted the land.

I could not be more proud of America for the foresight of its leadership in forming the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Ground Squirrels

Another thing that the County did for us was to control the ground squirrels. The ground squirrels were a tremendous pest. In the fall of the year, after the grain was cut, you'd see these animals running across the land. It was almost like a wave.

The County poisoned the ground squirrels with Thallium. The Corporation had to buy it, but the County did all the work, furnished all the labor, and it was very effective.

It is said that seven squirrels will eat as much as one sheep.

County Gets "Farm to Market" Road Funds

One of the first things I did when I became General Manager of the Palos Verdes Corporation, was to have the Palos Verdes Corporation join the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. A little later I became Chairman of the Civic Development and Highway Committee. The Chamber of Commerce was a great help to the Palos Verdes Corporation in obtaining assistance from the County, the State, and the Federal Government for various things.

In 1935 the Palos Verdes Drive started at the intersection of Anaheim and Gaffey, went westerly to Malaga Cove, then along the seacoast to Point Vicente, then along the seacoast to the triple switchback at the Palos Verdes Corporation's east line. Then it went up over the hill and back down to the intersection of Palos Verdes Drive North again. This road was called Palos Verdes Drive North, Palos Verdes Drive West, Palos Verdes Drive South, and Palos Verdes Drive East. There were no other roads, except one which was the connection between Miraleste and San Pedro on Ninth Street.

We badly needed a connection from the intersection of Palos Verdes Drive East and Palos Verdes Drive South into San Pedro, at a level grade. The Farm to Markets Program of the Federal Government would give us a chance to get this connection without cost to us or the local taxpayers. Because of the Palos Verdes Corporation's membership in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, with a slight prodding on my part, got the Federal Government to include the extension of Palos Verdes Drive South into San Pedro on alignment of 25th Street, under the Farm to Market Program.

The road was built, and is of great use to all the people living on the Palos Verdes Peninsula.

Salesmanship

I was absolutely positive that we had what the people wanted — but we had to get in touch with the people. We had to present ROLLING HILLS to the people, and it was going to mean keeping at it day and night.

It meant that I was going to have to build a top-notch sales force. I figured that three sales people would be enough, but I wanted good people. I only wanted a few people so that each salesperson could make a very worthwhile living. It meant advertising in the newspapers, and it meant getting all the newspaper publicity that we possibly could. It meant getting a 7,500 name mailing list and it meant sending out form letters — that is, sales letters. And it meant that we would have to publish a number of brochures, maps, articles, and literature of various sorts.

It was February, 1936, when we really started selling our one to five-acre dude ranches — country life with city conveniences. We had employed a charming young lady by the name of Miss Meadows, and that was certainly a good name for our receptionist at ROLLING HILLS. When a car drove up to the gatehouse sales office, Miss Meadows would greet them, tell them who she was and ask for their name. Then she would take them into the sales office and introduce them to a salesman. The salesman would take them over to a large scale relief map which was hanging on the wall of the sales office.

This relief map showed Abalone Cove, the east and west gates of Crest Road, the Palos Verdes Golf Course, the location of Miraleste and the location of Palos Verdes Estates, and a layout of our roads in ROLLING HILLS. He would talk to them about the kind of life one could enjoy in ROLLING HILLS, and endeavor to size them up to the best of his ability, and he would try to find out the financial status of the prospect. He would ask him where he lived, whether he rented or owned, how many children he had, and he would try to learn as much about the prospect as possible so that he could govern himself as to discussing ROLLING HILLS.

He would show Mr. and Mrs. Prospect the renderings on the walls of the homes that had already been built. He would tell them about the protection they had due to the gate and restrictions. He would tell them about the people who then lived there — what kind of people they were. He would talk all about the amenities of life in ROLLING HILLS. He would try to find out if they were the kind of people who liked pioneering, and horses, and animals, and children, and gardening.

The salesman would discuss all the points that he thought would be of most interest to Mr. and Mrs. Prospect. He would discuss the type of architecture that was required — early California ranch house, which must have a white exterior. The boundary lines of the property were to be fenced with a three-rail, white fence, and he would tell them that the architecture of ROLLING HILLS was the type that had been popular for several hundred years in America and England. It was the kind of architecture that would blend so well into ROLLING HILLS.

He would tell the prospect that there was no speculative building of any kind in ROLLING HILLS. The Corporation would not sell land until they had approved the plans, and all plans had to be drawn by a certified architect. We stressed certified architect because at this particular time the law on architecture was not very firm. Many people called themselves architects and designers, but we required a certified architect because we knew they were trained people. He would recommend three architectural

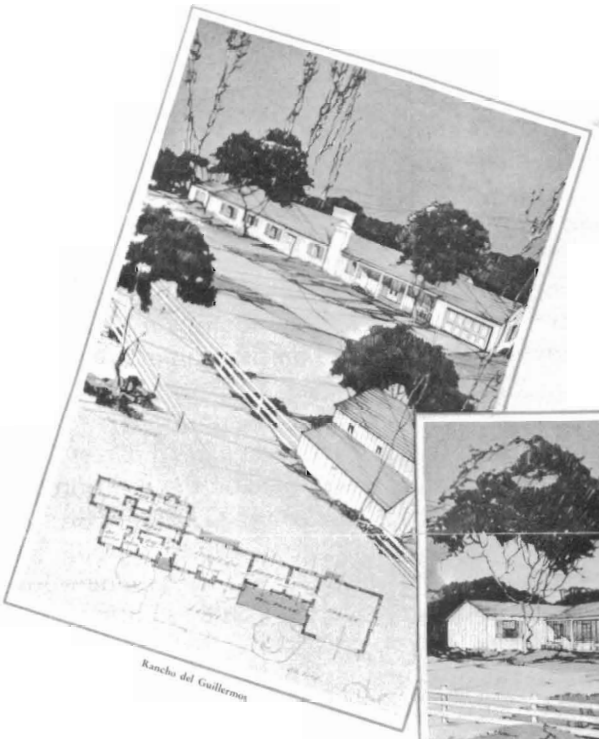
Year Around Country Homes at

Rolling Hills

It is only a matter of months since the community Rolling Hills was only an inspired idea. Today more than 40 families — all of them former city dwellers — have chosen these romantic, unspoiled slopes as sites for permanent, year around homes.

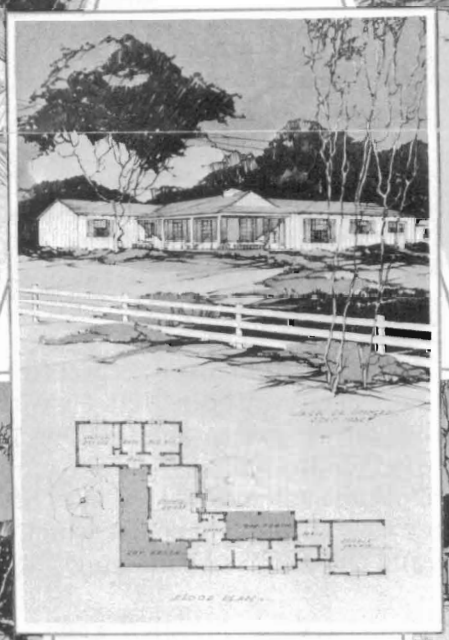
These fortunate families have discovered a new and better way to live — a healthier, happier way that builds strong bodies and clear-thinking minds. Up here above the worn-out air of the city, away from the noise and hazards of traffic, they enjoy each day the year around, the pleasures they once reserved for "vacation"—horseback riding, surf fishing, tennis, golf, badminton, swimming. And all only a few minutes further from their business than the cramped city quarters they formerly called "home"!

Below are sketches of a few of the many delightful "ranchito" homes which are making Rolling Hills one of the most talked about country communities in all America. Why not come up soon and see for yourself how much this new way of living holds in store for you?

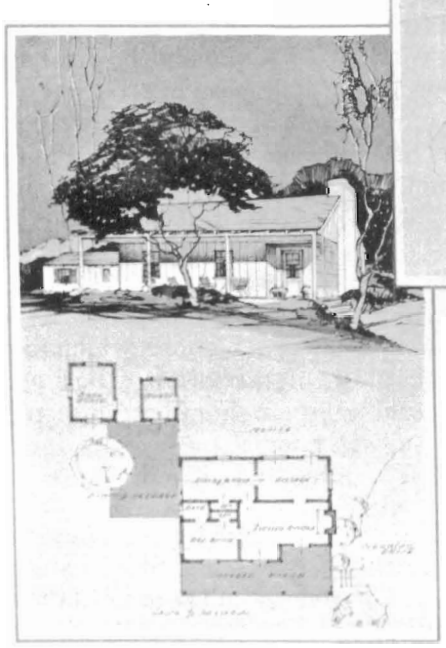


Rancho del Guillermos

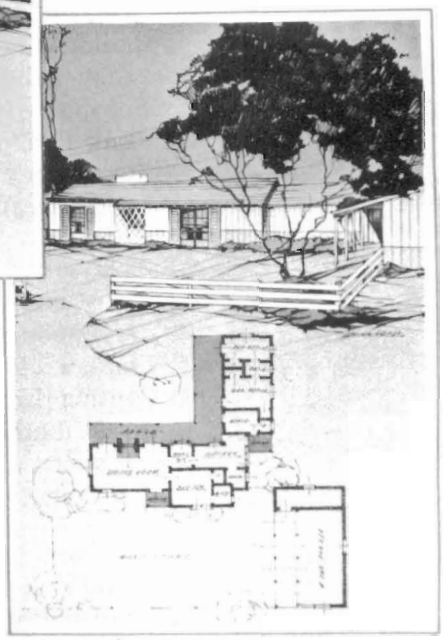
Rancho de los Palominos



Rancho de los Nieves



Rancho Elgeton



The Musick Boy

Ranch sites at Rolling Hills are 2 to 10 acres in extent and such is the contour of the area that each one, seemingly through Nature's foresight, has within its boundaries an ideal home site on a hill top, commanding a view of surrounding vistas. On each ranch there is an abundance of fertile soil for spacious lawns, trees, flowers, vegetable gardens, and an orchard. Rolling Hills ranch sites range in price from $2500 to $6500.

firms in Long Beach. One was James R. Friend, who eventually lived in ROLLING HILLS; another was Kenneth Wing, a talented man; and then there was the well known firm of Miller & Gibbs.

Our cardinal principle — our commandment — was that we would not sell any land for speculation. We would not sell any land until the buyer was ready to build. We would not sell any land until first we had approved the house plans.

This made the work of the architectural committee of our homes association very simple, because if we didn't like what they wanted to build, we wouldn't sell. We would have no trouble about color because every home had to be white, and we'd not have too much trouble about design because every home had to be one story. Every home had to have a shingle or a shake roof.

The salesman was to draw the prospect out in any way he could. If Mrs. Prospect was disinterested, or if she was not country-minded, or was not enthusiastic — the salesman was to immediately forget those prospects. He would never make a sale. Mrs. Prospect had to be absolutely sold on our lifestyle, and if she wasn't the salesman was to give Mr. and Mrs. Prospect a pass, suggest that they drive through ROLLING HILLS and see what the property was like — then he was to forget them.

If the prospect was qualified financially, and was also the type that would fit in with the people who were living in ROLLING HILLS, and the kind of people we wanted in ROLLING HILLS, he was to drive them in his own car up Portuguese Bend Road to Crest Road. On the way he was to point out the various houses and the people who lived in them — tell what those people did, where their offices were, and that sort of thing. If he should pass some youngsters on horseback, he would say to his prospect, "Now *that* is ROLLING HILLS."

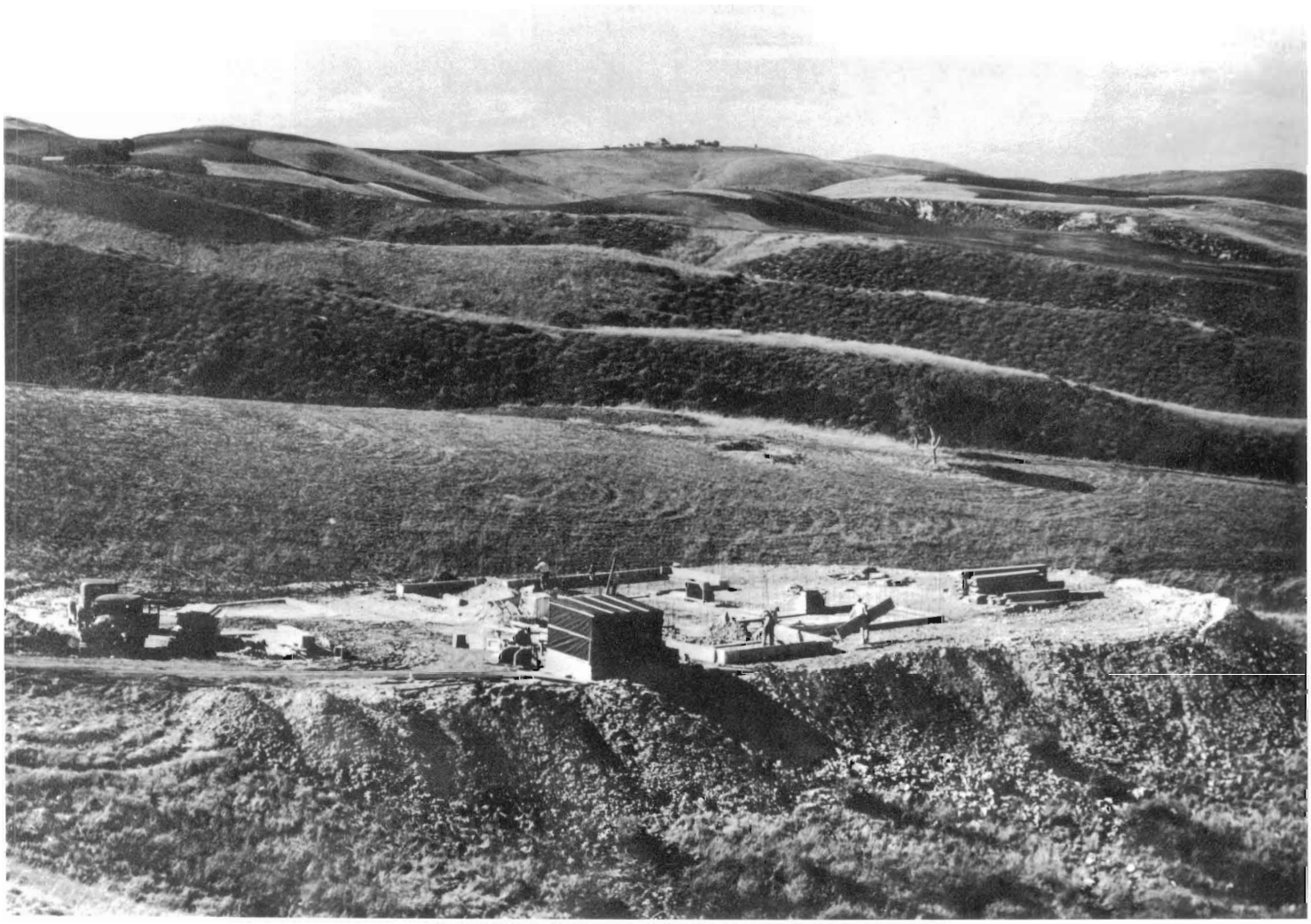
He should do everything that he possibly could to bring out all the fine points about ROLLING HILLS. He was to emphasize the type of living enjoyed in ROLLING HILLS, the privacy, the amount of sunshine available compared with San Pedro, Long Beach, and Torrance. He was to point out how fast the trees and shrubbery were growing. He was to point out the fact that every ranchito was on a knoll by itself, with an unobstructed view, and that it required but a small amount of grading. There were no graded pads in ROLLING HILLS. He was to stress that the view could never be obscured.

One thing was dinned into the salesman's head over, and over, and over. That was never to do anything to distract the prospect. The salesman was not to brush his hair, fool with his necktie, put his hat on, etc. He was to do nothing but concentrate on the sales story, and he was not to let the prospect dominate the situation. If the salesman wanted to bring out a point of interest, and if the prospect was taking command of the conversation, the salesman was to interrupt as politely and as forcibly as necessary to continue his sales talk.

After the prospect had reached Crest Road, he would be pretty well worn out. The salesman was to return Mr. and Mrs. Prospect to the gatehouse as quickly as possible, give them his card, suggest they come out during the middle of the week and really look around to see if there was a particular piece of land that they preferred. During the next week or ten days he was to contact that prospect again. He was to see if he could arrange an appointment with them. If after three contacts with that prospect he had not

made any concrete progress, he was to forget them. All he had was time and energy, and he was not to waste it.

I was very adamant about the salesman not doing anthing to distract the prospect. One Sunday afternoon I was driving around checking on the various salesman and trying to see which pieces of property they were



Quoting from page 4 of the section on Salesmanship: "He would point out the fact that every ranchito was on a knoll by itself, with an unobstructed view, and that it required but a small amount of grading. There were no graded pads in Rolling Hills. He was to stress that the view could never be obscured." Roy McCarroll, Jr.'s property is on the skyline.

showing the prospects, and I came upon our top-notch salesman. He was showing some property on a beautiful knoll and his prospects were entranced with what he was saying, but the darned fool salesman repeatedly kicked his right foot and kicked up a little dust. He did that over and over again, and I could hardly control myself.

Late in the afternoon when we were closing up, I said to him, "Jim, what in the world were you doing? You know we have talked about not distracting the prospect. Why were you kicking up the dust?"

He said, "A. E., didn't you see that damn garter snake that was trying to play with me all the time — and I couldn't get rid of him. I kept kicking dust at him, and he'd just come back and play some more — and I was scared to death the prospect would see what was going on and ask me about snakes."

Snakes were somewhat of a touchy subject. Of course, Sunday was our big day. Everybody usually worked six days a week back in 1936, and Sunday was our big day. Early in the morning I would send a workman with a pickup truck to drive over all the roads, and when he found a dead snake on the road he was to throw it over into the brush as far as he could. We didn't want people to raise the question about snakes.

Qualifying the prospect financially was a very important point. We figured, in 1936, that the minimum income a family should have to live in ROLLINC HILLS was $500.00 per month. There was, more or less, a rule of thumb — and I think it holds true today, too — that family should not spend more than 25% of its monthly income on rent, or they should not spend more than 25% of their income for taxes, insurance, and principal payments if they were buying their home.

In 1936 to buy property similar to ROLLING HILLS it was necessary to pay approximately one-third down, and the balance in three years. The Trust Deed came due in three years, and there was always a big, balloon payment at the end of the three years. Most of the time, people could refinance their home. It was different than it is today when you have anywhere from ten to thirty years to pay on a Trust Deed, amortized monthly.

We didn't want people to over-extend themselves to buy and live in ROLLING HILLS. We didn't want people to have to make a lot of sacrifices to keep up with the Joneses, if you want to put it that way. If the children wanted a horse, we wanted the family to be able to afford the horse and the necessary maintenance of the horse without having to sacrifice som thing else — such as going to the picture shows.

If the people were qualified financially, then they would enjoy ROLLING HILLS and would become an integral part of ROLLING HILLS. We figured that $500.00 per month was the absolute minimum. Our salesmen were instructed not to waste their time with an unqualified prospect, no matter how nice that prospect was, or how anxious he was to live in ROLLING HILLS. If he prospect didn't have $500.00 per month income, the sale was going to fail. The best thing to do was to be as nice as possible to them, give them a pass, and let them see the country for themselves.

Sometimes it was very distressing not to follow up on a prospect, especially when we knew the prospect wanted to live in ROLLING HILLS and would fit into ROLLING HILLS in every way except financially. But they wouldn't last if they bought property without the wherewithal, and it would not make for a successful community of homes.

Advertising

By January, 1936, I was convinced that our program was the selling of country places with city conveniences to people within 20 minutes or so of the ROLLING HILLS Gatehouse. We determined that we would stay with ranchitos of one to five acres or more, and that we would find our prospects in the Long Beach - Redondo area.

For that reason, we dropped all advertising about "Own your own dude ranch — not for profit, but for pleasure," and we printed our new letterhead with the Caldwell horseman in a square, the distinctive ROLLING HILLS script, and then we said, "Own your own 'dude' ranch — country life, city conveniences." Everything we did from that point on was designed to sell a place in ROLLING HILLS consisting of one to five acres, or more — a place out in the county with city conveniences.

Our advertising campaign consisted of three elements. First we sent out form letters, or sales letters, using a mailing list of about 7,500 people within the general Long Beach - Redondo area. Our second effort involved newspaper advertising of two kinds — the ordinary real estate ad, one column wide and perhaps three inches long telling briefly about ROLLING HILLS — the size of the property, the fact that you could buy five acres for under $5,000.00 — and we also ran large display ads which were written by Shackelford. The third sales effort was mailing brochures.

For the next two and one-half years our letterhead consisted of Caldwell's horseman in red on tan paper, the very attractive ROLLING HILLS script, and then it said, "Own your own 'dude' ranch — country life, city conveniences." We used that letterhead all through 1936, '37, and part of '38. In 1938 we changed to another type of letterhead with the same horseman and the same script, but then we said, "*The* way to live." It was no longer necessary to talk about country life because everyone in the area knew about ROLLING HILLS — what it was, where it was — and we wanted to emphasize that it was *the* way to live.

SALES LETTERS

There was no particular trick to writing the sales letters. Material was easily composed of happenings in ROLLING HILLS because there was so much activity that was colorful and interesting. Included in this section are reproductions of the actual sales letters we used in our advertising campaign.

Rolling Hills

RANCHO PALOS VERDES

Own your own DUDE RANCH, *not for profit but for pleasure*

Phone Redondo 7272

Did you ever see a horse laugh? Well, sir, believe it or not, there is one at Rolling Hills that actually does!

Her proud owner says to her: "Now, Starlight, let's see you laugh"; whereupon Starlight lifts her upper lip and shows all of her molars, bicuspids and what not in a whole-hearted laugh!

Furthermore, she enjoys laughing and continues to do it even after the demonstration is supposedly complete!

Laughter is frequent and spontaneous at Rolling Hills. It is a happy place to live.

You can own a big roomy home site -- from 2 acres up to 10 or more -- for the price of a good city lot.

Careful restrictions and skillful planning insure its continuing desirability as a place to live.

Sincerely yours,

Entrance: AT THE SOUTH END OF VERMONT AVENUE ON ANAHEIM BOULEVARD
Mail Address: PALOS VERDES CORPORATION ★ 9435 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD ★ BEVERLY HILLS
A. E. Hanson, *General Manager*

Rolling Hills

RANCHO PALOS VERDES

Own your own DUDE RANCH, *not for profit but for pleasure*

Phone Redondo 7272

February 2, 1936

Mr. John Doe
600 East Ocean
Long Beach, California

My dear Mr. Doe:

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you for replying to my letter.

I am enclosing the booklet that you asked for, and for your convenience, a map showing the major highways leading to the gate house at "Rolling Hills", as I believe you will enjoy spending a few minutes on the property.

Sincerely yours,

Reg. F. Dupuy
Sales Manager

RFD:WM

Answer to Postal Card Returns
Illustrated booklet and
Map Enclosed.

Entrance: AT THE SOUTH END OF VERMONT AVENUE ON ANAHEIM BOULEVARD
Mail Address: PALOS VERDES CORPORATION ★ 9435 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD ★ BEVERLY HILLS
A. E. Hanson, *General Manager*

Rolling Hills

RANCHO PALOS VERDES

Own your own DUDE RANCH, *not for profit but for pleasure*

Phone Redondo 7272

July 24, 1936

Mr. H. J. Young
-- Central Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Young:

Things are moving right along at Rolling Hills.

Worth-while people are building attractive, up-to-the-minute ranch homes. And how they're enjoying them!

One family moved from a city apartment. Their ranch, while not large, gives them the grandest sense of freedom and spaciousness, they say. They can play the piano without disturbing their neighbors!

And the tally of the livestock acquired during the first three weeks on their place is as follows:

Saddle horses	2
Shetland pony	1
Catalina Island baby goat	1
Dogs	2
Canary	1

and they're just getting nicely started!

The story of another family's experience is told in the folder enclosed. Come and look at Rolling Hills!

Sincerely yours,

Entrance: AT THE SOUTH END OF VERMONT AVENUE ON ANAHEIM BOULEVARD
Mail Address: PALOS VERDES CORPORATION ★ 9435 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD ★ BEVERLY HILLS
A. E. Hanson, *General Manager*

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Rolling Hills

RANCHO PALOS VERDES

Own your own "DUDE" RANCH—*country life, city conveniences*

WOodbury 61128 Redondo 7272

October 13, 1936

Thumb-nail sketches of life at Rolling Hills:-

H. J. driving in wearing his 8-gallon hat and with his horse-trailer hitched on behind.

D. W. making a garden at his new home with Dona and Adrianne, his small daughters, looking on approvingly.

Dr. S., with his customary beaming smile, arriving with another gadget for his new place.

The new Ford Station Wagon, that conveys Rolling Hills children to and from school, bringing its valuable cargo.

There's a look on the faces of Rolling Hills residents that does your heart good. Life here is freer, happier, more satisfying.

Why not investigate? Perhaps this is the place for you to live. You may purchase a 2 to 10-acre "Dude" ranch for $2500 up.

Drive to the Gate House on Palos Verdes Drive North. The map shows the location.

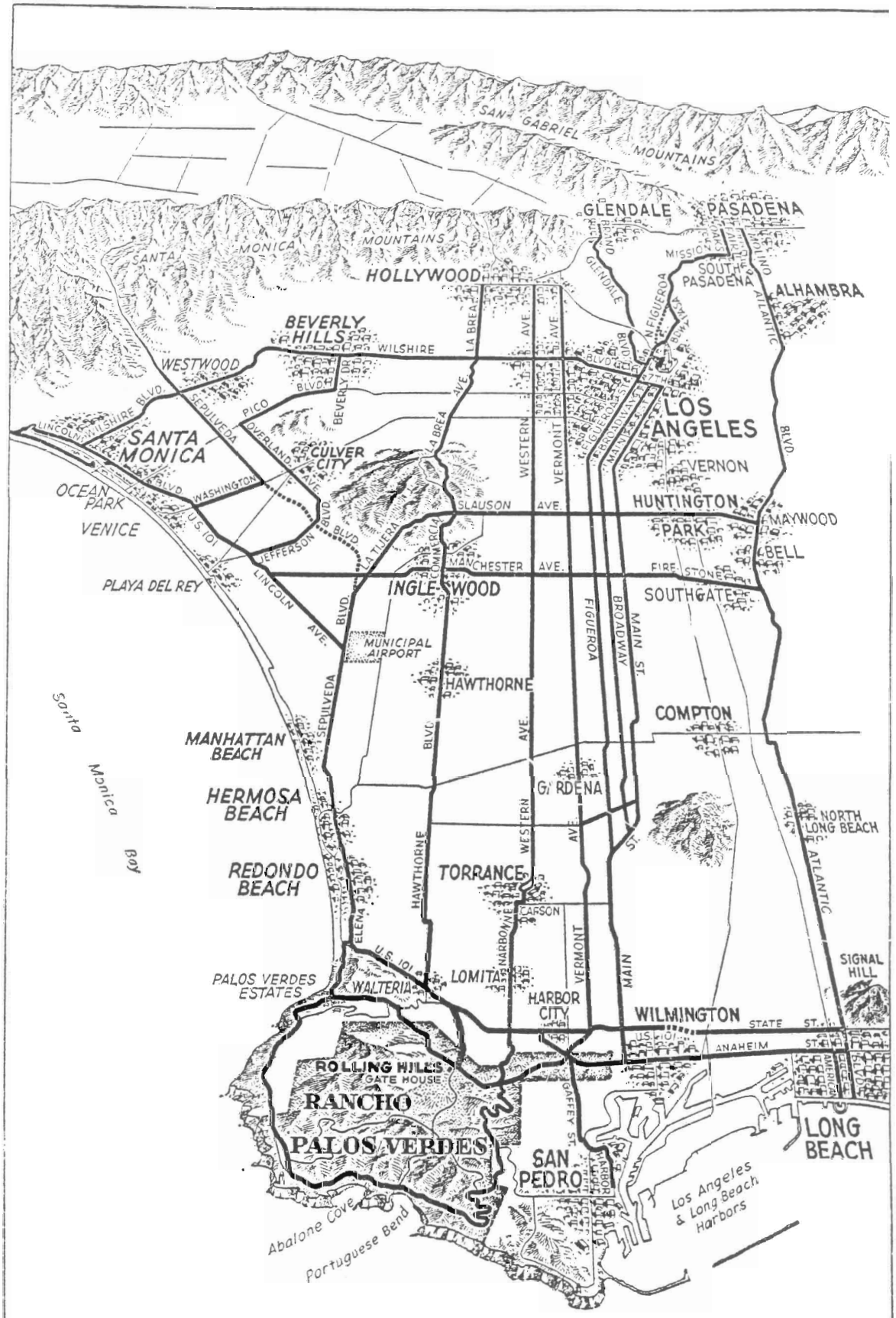
Sincerely yours

A. E. Hanson
General Manager

Entrance: AT THE SOUTH END OF VERMONT AVENUE ON ANAHEIM BOULEVARD
Mail Address: PALOS VERDES CORPORATION ★ 9435 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD ★ BEVERLY HILLS
F. A. VANDERLIP, *President* A. E. HANSON, *General Manager*

(Map on back)

265



© PALOS VERDES CORP.

A Map of the Routes to Rancho Palos Verdes

Rolling Hills
RANCHO PALOS VERDES
Own your own "DUDE" RANCH, country life, city conveniences
WOodbury 61128 Redondo 7272

"Snowball", the baby lamb just acquired by Francie, 8 year old member of one of the first families to build at Rolling Hills, has stolen the show!

Bathed in the childrens' tub with Ivory soap its fleece is actually "white as snow".

And Sara Josepha Hall, the author of those immortal verses, "Mary Had a Little Lamb", certainly knew her lambs! For where Francie goes the lamb is right there.

One of the most heartening things in the world is the joy of just being alive that is exhibited by this baby lamb.

It skips, it bounds, it leaps in all directions in the most comical way as if it were trying to say "Gosh! I'm glad to be alive and at Rolling Hills"!

Come and have a look at this fascinating new community where life is happier.

Sincerely yours,

Entrance: AT THE SOUTH END OF VERMONT AVENUE ON ANAHEIM BOULEVARD
Mail Address: PALOS VERDES CORPORATION ∞ 9455 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD ∞ BEVERLY HILLS
P. A. Vanderlip, *President.* A. E. Hanson, *General Manager*

(Map on back)

Rolling Hills
"THE WAY TO LIVE"
A. E. HANSON CO., *Developer*

Dear Mr. Teisemoutel:

Here are the reasons five of our enthusiastic residents gave for choosing Rolling Hills as their homeplace:

"We wanted room--room to rear our children in happy, healthful, wholesome surroundings--room for an orchard and a garden".

"We love horses and we can have our own paddock at Rolling Hills, with thousands of picturesque, unfenced acres to ride over".

"We've lived in cities all of our lives. We wanted peace and quiet, privacy, yet accessibility".

"Desirable neighbors; delightful climate; maximum sunshine, minimum fog".

"The natural beauty of the place is so greatly enhanced by the skillful planning of the homesites, comprehensive restrictions and artistic landscaping".

At Rolling Hills you can live better on a spacious site--from one acre to as many as you wish. The cost is surprisingly low.

The magazine we're sending you will tell you "Who's Who" and what goes on at Rolling Hills.

You are invited to drive out and see this delightful community of ranch homes. The map in the magazine shows the way.

Sincerely yours,

A.E. Hanson

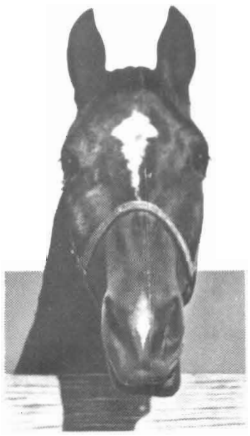
AEH/WM

Entrance: AT THE SOUTH END OF VERMONT AVENUE ON ANAHEIM BOULEVARD
Rolling Hills Office: ADMINISTRATION BLDG. ★ *Telephone* REDONDO 7486

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

Along with the sales letters, we ran a regular campaign of small, typical, real estate ads in various newspapers. We would tell as much of the story as we could in a small space, i.e., "five acres, well situated on a knoll in ROLLING HILLS with houseplans, if necessary, full-grown trees . . . " and then we listed the price.

Another step in our newspaper campaign was the use of display advertising. We bought one-quarter page, one-half page, or full page sections for these ads. Reproductions of some of our display ads are included herein.



I'm probably the World's Happiest Horse

"WHEN I talked to you from these pages six months ago, I had just come to Rolling Hills and was really just beginning to get acquainted with the family. There's Bill, my young master—you remember him—he's going on eleven—and Betty, she's eight—and Bill's dad and the Missus. And there's Pat—he's the dog. I've come to the conclusion that in the whole world there is not another family as happy as ours.

When the Master first led me in through the front gate, it was all a little strange. I'd been living with six other horses in a stable in San Fernando Valley and I was afraid I'd be lonesome—and you know how it is, meeting new people and trying to understand their ways. But I'm sure that no horse in this world is as lucky and as happy today as I am.

If you think I'm not part of the family, ask Bill or Betty—or the Master or Missus, for that matter. And, you know, I really have a big responsibility. After school Bill puts on his chaps and his cowboy hat and we canter out over the trails and Bill pretends he's out on a round-up. Or he'll say "Look Banjo—there's a mountain lion on top of the hill. Let's get him!" Of course, I know there's no mountain lion, but I snort and pull at the bit and Bill tickles me in the ribs with his heels and off we go. The mountain lion usually turns out to be a covey of quail or a cotton tail—and when Pat's along he chases them until his tongue hangs out a foot.

Betty is getting so she can ride almost as well as Bill. And she's learning to *yodle*. I think that's what she calls it. She practices when we're out in the hills until I think I have a wild Indian in the saddle. Anyhow she's as brown as one.

I take her down to the Rolling Hills Gate House most every evening to meet the Master when he comes home from the office. The Missus is out front as we turn in the drive and kisses the Master and gives me a lump of sugar and Pat barks and Bill hollers "Hey Dad, how about a set of tennis?" All in all, I'd say it was a pretty grand time.

A month ago the Master got some stones and built a place to bake weenies and things under the trees in the yard, and some evenings I can hear the Master and Missus and Betty and Bill and their friends laughing and see them in the yard in the firelight, from my stable door."

WOULD you like to sit under your own trees at sunset and watch the blue shadows lengthen across the hills and the first faint stars appear? Would you like an early morning canter over unfenced trails or a set of tennis before breakfast? Do you like to plant things and see them grow? Are you watching the health, the ambitions, the enthusiasms of your children? Do you like horses?—dogs? If the answer is Yes, you'd find that life for you and yours would take on a new meaning at Rolling Hills. All this is within a few minutes of your office desk.

Drive up today. It isn't far. The map shows you how to go. Stop in at the Gate House. Glad to see you any time.

WHAT YOU GET AT *ROLLING HILLS*

- *Space and Privacy*—The heart of a great 12,000-acre Rancho. Individual homesites range from 2 to 10 acres in size.
- *Neighbors of the Kind You Will Enjoy*—The qualifications for ownership in Rolling Hills are as high as those of any fine club.
- *Good Architecture Without Excessive Cost*—All-embracing, common-sense architectural restrictions guaranteeing buildings and improvements in harmony with their surroundings.
- *Horseback Riding*—Over thousands of unspoiled, unfenced acres.
- *A Limitless Play-Yard for Your Children*—With no end of interesting things for them to do.
- *Golf*—Membership in one of Southern California's finest golf clubs is included with the purchase price of many of the Rolling Hills homesites.
- *Safe Swimming*—And a variety of beach games at Abalone Cove.

5 ACRES
for the price of a
CITY LOT

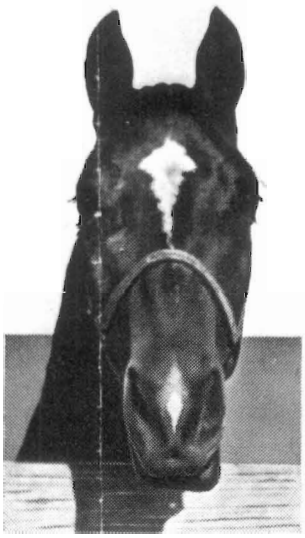
Rolling Hills

A COMMUNITY *of* COUNTRY HOMES

A. E. HANSON CO.
Realtors Subdividers

WOodbury 61128
Redondo 7481

A Typical Home at Rolling Hills



I'm Banjo

"IT'S nearly a year since the Master led me in through the corral gate and put me in my stall here that the carpenters had just finished the day before. Seems like only a few weeks. Pat—that's our Irish terrier—came in and sniffed and growled but he soon found that I didn't care for dog biscuits or bones, and now we're good friends.

"I don't think I'd trade places with any horse in the world—not even the fine horses at Santa Anita with their colored blankets and all. I think most horses and people who live in the city don't know what real home is. If you could see Betty (she's eight) when we come galloping up the driveway after school, with her hair flying in the wind—and smell the good things cooking for supper and hear the Master and Bill (he's my young master) laughing in the tennis court—then you'd know what I mean by 'home.'

"When I first came, the Master and the Missus didn't know how to sit in my saddle and they'd bounce awfully when I'd trot. But it certainly is different now. And I'm sure they get younger every day. Bill wears chaps when he rides—and pretends he's a cowboy. I think the Master pretends it too, but he wouldn't holler and carry on like Bill does."

THE word "home" just seems to fit Rolling Hills. Sit on your Rolling Hills veranda at sunset and see the purple shadows lengthen across the valley. Plant things with your own hands and watch them grow. See the faces of your children alight with new interests, new enthusiasms, new health. Canter over the hills at sunrise or amble along under the stars at night. Do these things and you'll never again be content with four walls on a city street. And Rolling Hills is only a few minutes from your office desk.

Come out tomorrow or this week-end. Drive to the south end of Vermont—then follow the signs. Stop at the Gate House. Glad to see you any time.

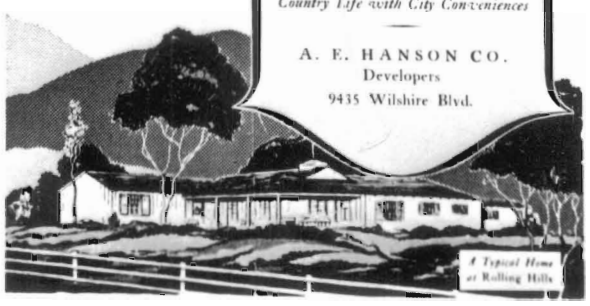
You can build a home similar to the one pictured here—on 5 acres of ground, with a stable for saddle horses, corral, orchard and landscaping, well located—for less than $15,000.

Rolling Hills

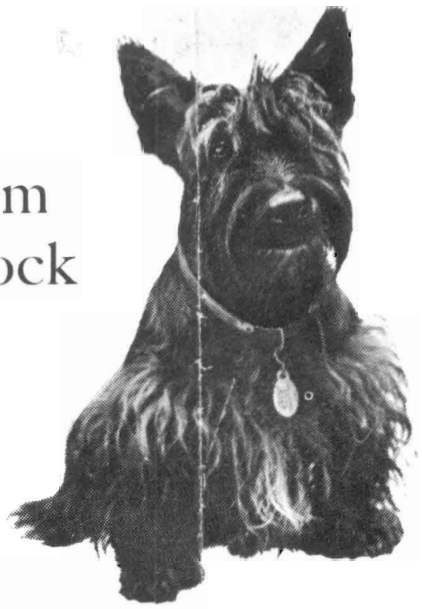
A COMMUNITY OF HOMES

Country Life with City Conveniences

A. E. HANSON CO.
Developers
9435 Wilshire Blvd.



I'm Jock



I live across the road from Pat—

"PAT'S an Irish Terrier. I'm Scotch—or so I've been told. I've never seen my family tree although I've examined many trees in my time. Pat is my pal. The Irish and the Scotch. And do we have fun! Lots of days after school Bill (he's Pat's master) rides over on Banjo to see Jimmy—he's my young master—and Pat trails at Banjo's heels. Betty, Bill's little sister, comes too sometimes, sitting behind Bill on Banjo—and Connie, my young mistress (she's six) runs out to the gate when she hears Betty yodel. Saturday mornings Jimmy puts the saddle on Hobo—he's our horse—and the four of us—Bill and Jimmy and Pat and I—go down to Bill's Pirate Cave in the wash a mile this side of Abalone Cove. Sometimes I get tired because my legs are short and I sit down in the trail and Jimmy comes back and picks me up and lets me ride on Hobo with him.

"In the evenings, every week or so, Bill's master and missus come over to see mine, and sometimes other folks drop in and they bake weenies over the barbecue pit the master built last summer. Boy!—is *this* the life! If city dogs knew what they're missing they'd all run away from home and come out to Rolling Hills."

THE men who started this nation of ours thought a good deal about "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." To go a step further back in the scheme of things, it is the inherent right of every American boy and girl to have animal friends. Those youngsters of yours. Are they getting a break? City streets. City temptations. There's a big, wholesome cleanness about these hills that gets into the blood.

If you don't like horses—if you don't like dogs—if you don't like to plant things and watch them grow—you wouldn't like living at Rolling Hills. But if this is the kind of life you'd choose, it's waiting for you just a few minutes drive from your city desk.

Come out this week-end and see what other people are getting at Rolling Hills—people just like yourself that became fed up with the city. Drive to the south end of Vermont—then follow the signs to the Rolling Hills Gate House. Glad to see you any time.

You can build a home similar to the one pictured here—on 5 acres of ground, with a stable for saddle horses, corral, orchard and landscaping, well located—for less than $15,000.

Rolling Hills

A COMMUNITY OF HOMES

Country Life with City Conveniences

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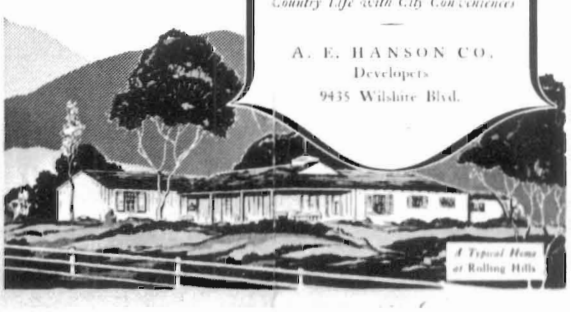


BROCHURES

The last thing we did, and probably the most important, was to send out brochures showing photographs of the property and telling, in a very concise and brief manner, what ROLLING HILLS was all about. Reproductions of our brochures are included in this section.

The aim of our total advertising campaign was to get the prospect curious enough to drive out to ROLLING HILLS, and to stop in at the sales office. We couldn't sell the property at the prospect's office or calling on him in his home. We had to arouse his curiosity to the point where he would come out to see what we had to sell.

When I was a youngster, working in Theodore Paine's Seed Store in Los Angeles, I played a game with myself to see how many customers I could sell a package of California wildflowers to. I found that I had more success when I could get the customer to hold the package of seeds, look at the illustration on the front of it, and actually feel the seeds inside the package. I would deliberately thrust the package at him so that he had to take hold of it. He, at that moment, almost became the possessor of that package of seeds.

And that is why we had to get the prospect out on the property. We had to get him out of his car — get him up on the land — get his feet on the land so that he became, more or less mentally, the possessor of it.

WHAT

Rolling Hills

OFFERS YOU . . . .

A Better Way of Living
Country life with all its beauty, peace and freedom combined with city conveniences.

Space and Privacy
Rolling Hills is the heart of the great 12,000-acre Rancho Palos Verdes. Individual homesites range from 2 to 10 acres in size.

Neighbors of the Kind You Will Enjoy
The qualifications for ownership in Rolling Hills are as high as those of any fine club.

Good Architecture Without Excessive Cost
All-embracing, common-sense architectural restrictions guaranteeing buildings and improvements in harmony with their surroundings.

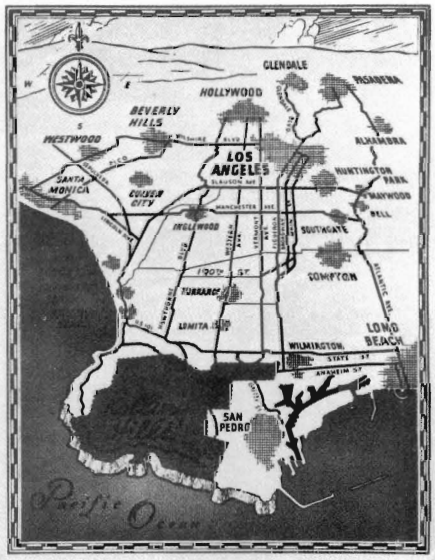
Horseback Riding
Over thousands of unspoiled, unfenced acres.

Golf
Membership in one of Southern California's finest golf courses (Palos Verdes Country Club) is included with the purchase price of many of the Rolling Hills homesites.

Safe Swimming
And a variety of beach games at Abalone Cove.

A Limitless Play-Yard for Your Children
With no end of interesting things for them to do.

A Country Home
Within easy reach of your city office.



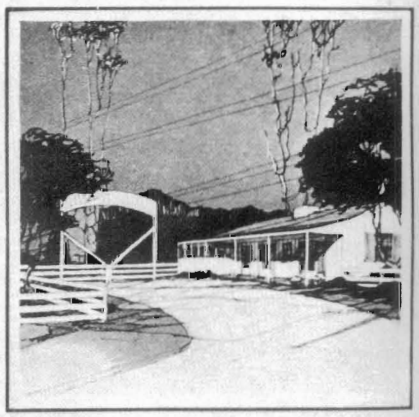
Ideally Situated

ROLLING HILLS is convenient to metropolitan areas, only 20 minutes from Long Beach, 40 minutes from Wilshire Boulevard. To reach Rolling Hills, drive to the intersection of Vermont Avenue and Highway No. 101 (State Street), then south one-half mile to the Rolling Hills entrance. Continue approximately three miles to the Gate House.

A. E. HANSON COMPANY, *Developer*

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN

Rolling Hills



Gate House

On inside pages, a new Rolling Hills home neighborhood is briefly described—a neighborhood of homes that is a refreshing departure from conventional community planning.

The Story of Rolling Hills is

told graphically on the accompanying map —

THE map gives you the physical story of Rolling Hills. But there is another story that cannot be told by the pen of the artist or in printer's ink. You will find it written on the faces and in the hearts of the people who live here — see it in the ruddy health of sun-tanned skin and hear it in carefree laughter.

For life begins anew in Rolling Hills. The frets and irritating conventions of the city and the clatter and hazards of city traffic are in another world — outside the gates of Rolling Hills. Here you can live your life as you like it — with your own garden, your own fruit trees — in the easy informality of the country — yet only a few minutes from your city desk. A canter over the hills at sun-up or under the cool brilliance of a million stars. A horse to ride — a dog to trail at your heels — the happy buoyancy that comes of life in the clean open air — a bounteous heritage of health for your children that will carry them through the stress of the later years.

Tennis, golf, badminton, swimming, surf fishing — horseback riding, hiking, community dances, hay rides — congenial neighbors who like the things you like, the kind of folks you want to know — an ideal place to entertain your friends.

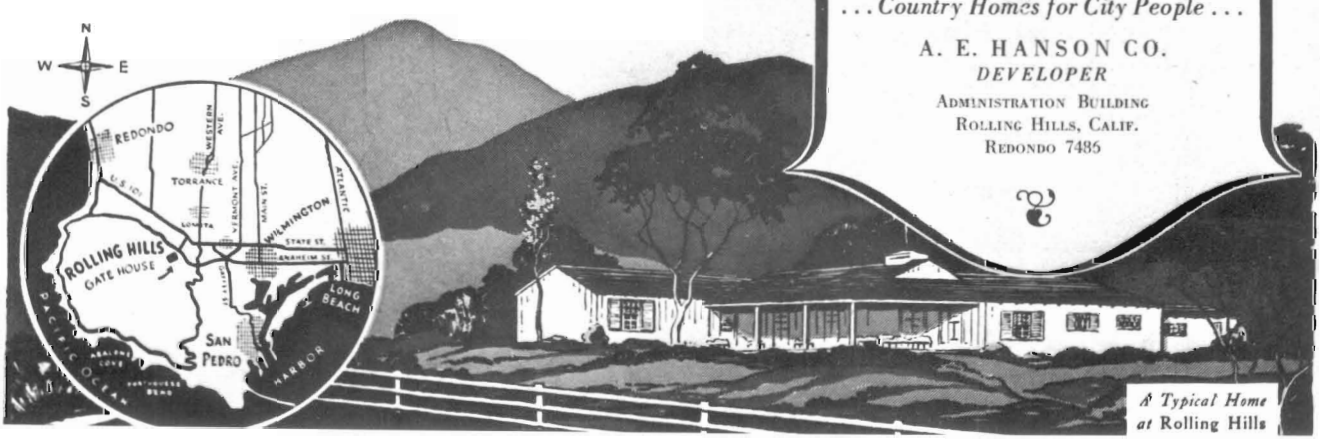
Modern stores nearby (with regular deliveries) — good schools (with daily school bus). You do not have to be wealthy to live this kind of life at Rolling Hills. A home similar to the one pictured below — with five acres of ground, a stable for saddle horses, corral, orchard and landscaping, well located, is yours for less than $15,000.

Drive up to Rolling Hills. It isn't far — and you'll enjoy the ride. Stop at the Gate House. The map below shows you how to go. Glad to see you any time.

WHAT YOU GET AT *ROLLING HILLS*

- *Space and Privacy*—The heart of a great 12,000-acre Rancho. Individual homesites range from 2 to 10 acres in size.
- *Neighbors of the Kind You Will Enjoy*—Congenial because they like the things you like.
- *Good Architecture Without Excessive Cost*—All-embracing, common-sense architectural restrictions guaranteeing buildings and improvements in harmony with their surroundings.
- *Horseback Riding*—Over thousands of unspoiled, unfenced acres.
- *A Limitless Play-Yard for Your Children*—With no end of interesting things for them to do.
- *Golf*—Membership in one of Southern California's finest golf clubs is included with the purchase price of many of the Rolling Hills homesites.
- *Safe Swimming*—And a variety of beach games at Abalone Cove.

5 ACRES
for the price of a
CITY LOT



A Typical Home at Rolling Hills

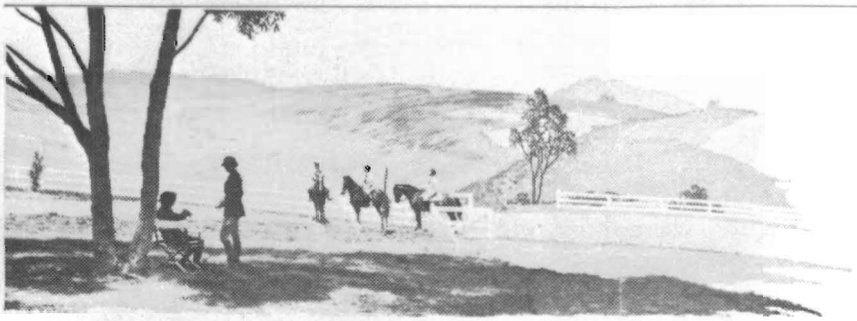
Rolling Hills

THE WAY TO LIVE

. . . Country Homes for City People . . .

A. E. HANSON CO.
DEVELOPER
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
ROLLING HILLS, CALIF.
REDONDO 7485

Perhaps you're not the person who would care for Rolling Hills—



You know, some folks like crowds. They like to be around where somebody's talking all the time. Put them out in the country on the top of a hill where there's room to stretch without jostling their neighbors and they're like fish out of water. To them a horse and a dog are just four-legged animals, and a sunset is the interval of waiting between day and night.

If you like to look out of your bedroom window into your neighbor's backyard and the sound of the garbage man making his morning rounds is music to your ears, you won't care for Rolling Hills.

But if you have an affinity for horseflesh—if you'd like to plant your own tree and watch it grow—if you like the smell of new-turned earth in the spring and the crackle of the logs on an open fire—if you have youngsters whose little bodies are craving the tonic of clean air and sun—come and live at Rolling Hills. A few days adventuring over these hill-tops and Junior will eat his spinach without a bribe.

At Rolling Hills you get the healthful freedom of the traditional western ranch life in the big unfenced out-of-doors, *with city conveniences*—a short drive from your office in town—and close to good schools with free bus transportation.

Rolling Hills is a private domain. No one enters unless by permission of the attendant at the Gate House—a protection from traffic hazards and a ban to agents and peddlers. You'll have the kind of neighbors you'd like to drop in on, of an evening, for a hand of bridge. Drive out today if you have a little time to spare. You'll like the ride—and if you're interested enough in what we've said to read this far you'll like Rolling Hills.

You're always welcome at the Gate House.

WHAT YOU GET AT *ROLLING HILLS*

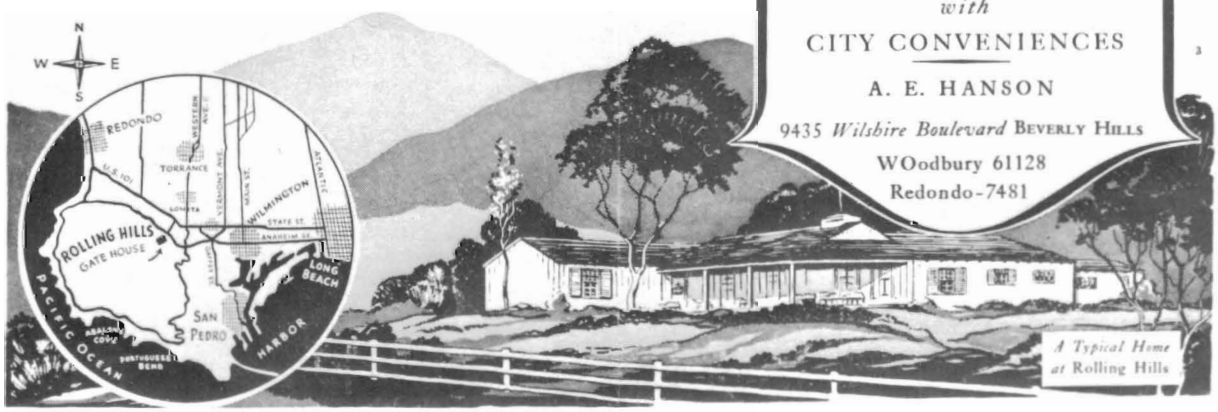
- *Space and Privacy*—The heart of a great 12,000-acre Rancho. Individual homesites range from 2 to 10 acres in size.
- *Neighbors of the Kind You Will Enjoy*—The qualifications for ownership in Rolling Hills are as high as those of any fine club.
- *Good Architecture Without Excessive Cost*—All-embracing, common-sense architectural restrictions guaranteeing buildings and improvements in harmony with their surroundings.
- *Horseback Riding*—Over thousands of unspoiled, unfenced acres.
- *A Limitless Play-Yard for Your Children*—With no end of interesting things for them to do.
- *Golf*—Membership in one of Southern California's finest golf clubs is included with the purchase price of many of the Rolling Hills homesites.
- *Safe Swimming*—And a variety of beach games at Abalone Cove.

SOME PIECES AS LOW AS $2500

Rolling Hills

COUNTRY LIFE
with
CITY CONVENIENCES

A. E. HANSON
9435 *Wilshire Boulevard* BEVERLY HILLS
WOodbury 61128
Redondo-7481



A Typical Home at Rolling Hills

Valentine's Day

Valentine's Day, 1941, Mrs. Hanson and I gave a Valentine's Party at the ROLLING HILLS Town Hall to celebrate ROLLING HILLS' fifth anniversary. We invited the residents of ROLLING HILLS and their guests, a total of 200 people.

We had a dance orchestra from the Ambassador Hotel. We had a dance team of Dan Wallace and Mignon Callish — also from the Ambassador Hotel — and they presented a number of exhibition dances. Our guests, later, joined in a dancing contest competing for prizes. We had a huge birthday cake in the shape of a heart, which I cut — and then to my total horror and surprise, the lights went out and then back on, and an announcement was made that the Community of ROLLING HILLS was presenting me with a birthday gift.

The birthday gift turned out to be a very nice silver piece, and was presented to me as a token of esteem, and also there was a Valentine with it, signed by many residents of ROLLING HILLS. It was one of those fancy Valentines of pink colored paper with white lace paper all along the outside edges, and I was bowled over. There was nothing I could say. It was totally unexpected, but it was deeply gratifying. The dance broke up about 1:30 a.m. Everybody seemed to have had a tremendously good time. To say that I was flabbergasted about how things had turned out is putting it very mildly.

When the last caterers had been paid, the last janitors had been paid, and Mrs. Hanson and I left, the watchman turned out the lights. We got in our car and drove through the ROLLING HILLS gate, stopping to say good morning to the gateman, and drove up to Rancho Elastico, dead tired — but we could say to ourselves, "At last, ROLLING HILLS is a success." And how sweet it was.

War

I was playing golf Sunday morning, December 7, 1941 at the Bel Air Golf Club, about 11:30 in the morning. Our foursome was at the fifteenth hole when we were met by a messenger telling us that Pearl Harbor had been bombed — that a great portion of our fleet was sunk, and that the Japanese were almost in full control. I went to my home in Beverly Hills, picked up Mrs. Hanson, and left immediately for the Palos Verdes Peninsula.

I drove along the coast from Malaga Cove to Point Vicente. The big guns from Fort MacArthur were moving in on Long Point, and were being set up. The artillerymen were digging trenches right next to the Japanese farm-houses — we were at war.

It was inevitable that our lifestyle — our way of living — was going to be drastically changed.

We had come to the end of an era.