

Spring 2005

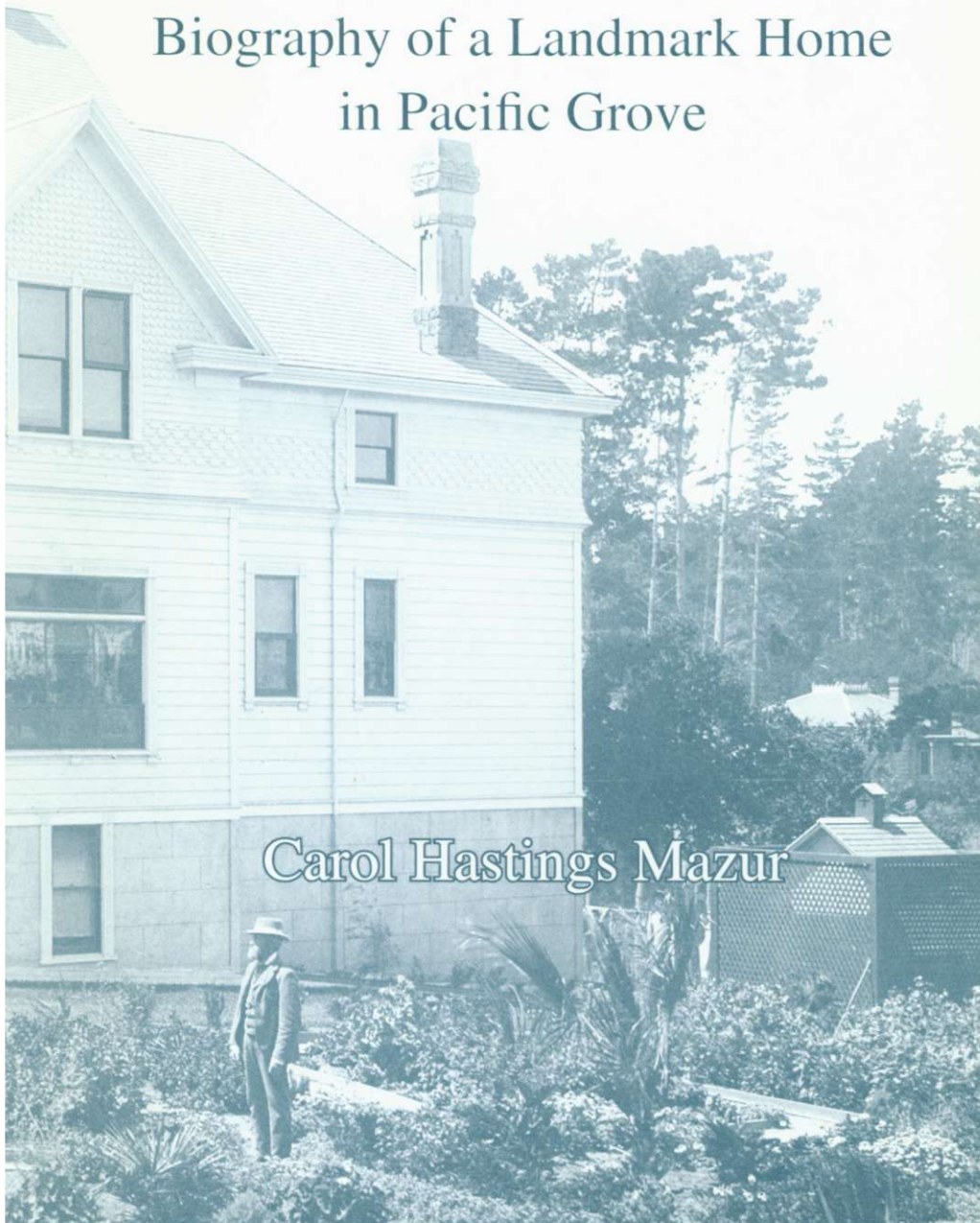


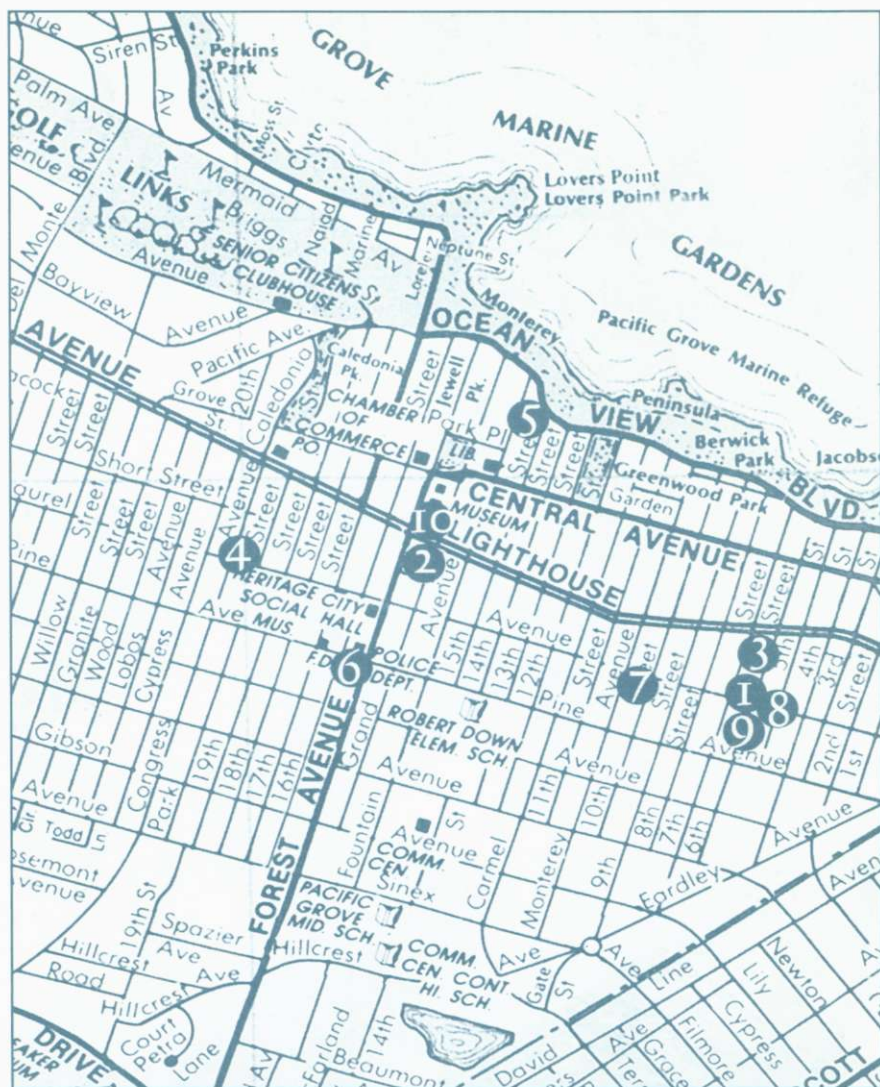
\$10.00

Trimmer Hill

Biography of a Landmark Home
in Pacific Grove

Carol Hastings Mazur





- 1 Trimmer Hill and site of earlier Trimmer cottage
- 2 Charles Tuttle's pharmacy
- 3 George Quentel's house
- 4 First Ames-Everett residence
- 5 Sheppa family home
- 6 Jane Tuttle's house, where the Fogg family resided
- 7 Calvin and Marian Everett's house
- 8 House built by Bill Swain
- 9 Bill Swain's aircraft repair shop
- 10 Bank of Pacific Grove

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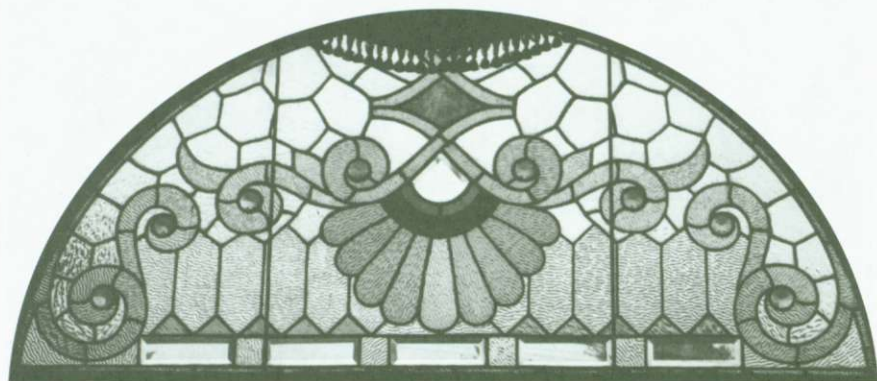
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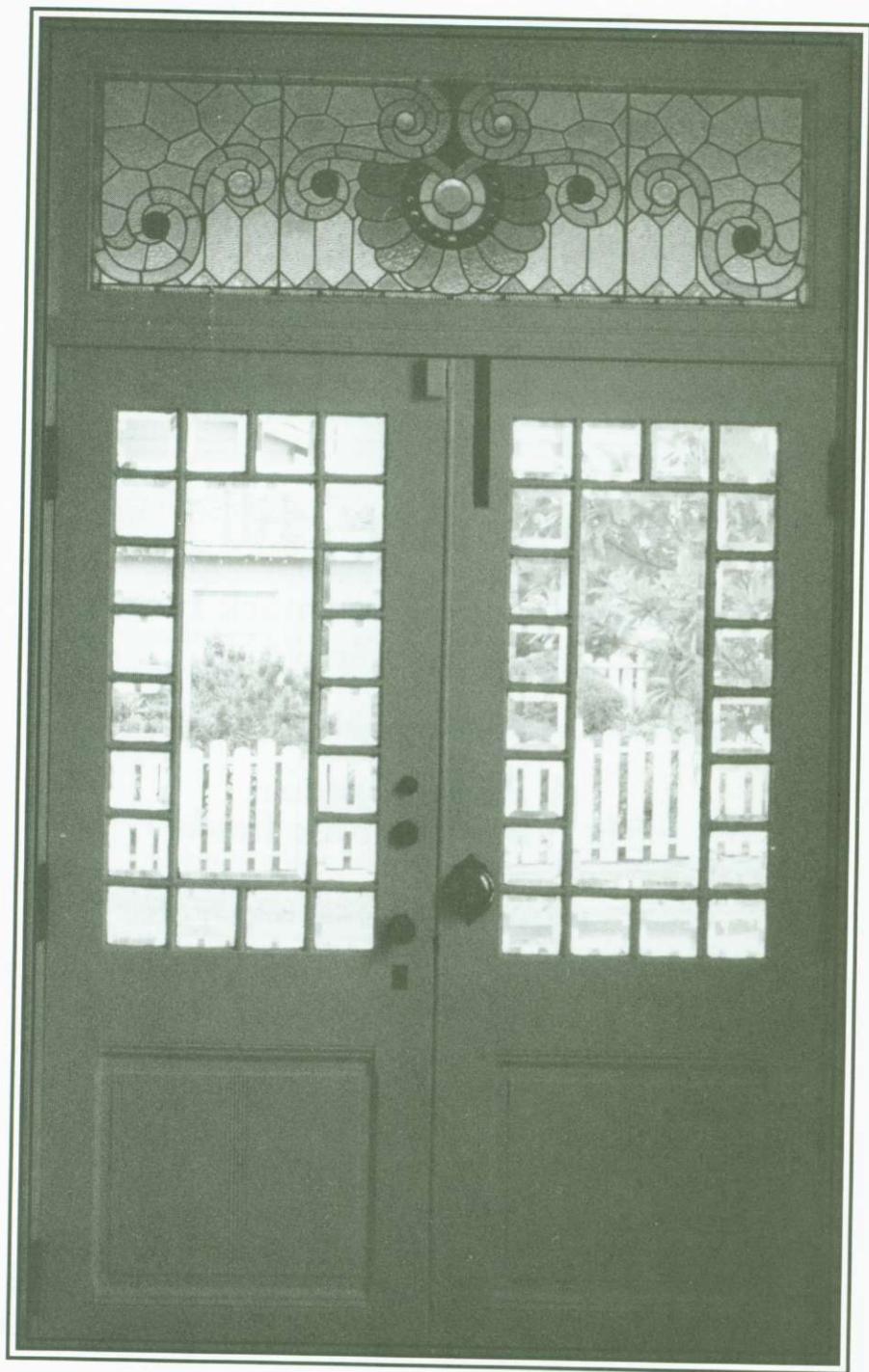
Trimmer Hill Generations of a Landmark Home in Pacific Grove

Carol Hastings Mazur

*A Piney Paradise
The Vintage House Book*

Reviews by Nobel Stockton





Trimmer Hill

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Cover: Dr. and Mrs. Trimmer in the north garden of their Queen Anne residence in 1893. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History.

Opposite: View from the entry hall at Trimmer Hill.

Inside back cover: Helicopter view of Trimmer Hill, 2000.

1833-1887

The Road to Pacific Grove

Oliver S. Trimmer—who would eventually commission the Pacific Grove home later known as Trimmer Hill—was born on December 8, 1833 in Niagara County, New York to Francis and Catherine Smith Trimmer. At an early age, he accompanied his parents to Ashtabula County, Ohio where he attended the academy at Kingsville. Afterwards, he taught school for a time and, during vacations, assisted in managing his father's lumber business.

In 1858, at the age of twenty-four, Oliver Trimmer began his medical studies at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. The following year, he married Rhoda Benjamin of Astabula County, seven months his senior. The couple's two children both died in early childhood. In 1864, at the age of 30, having just received his M.D. from the Cleveland Medical College in Ohio, Dr. Trimmer returned to Ashtabula County, where he practiced in the town of Pierpont for approximately ten years.

Seeking a milder climate, Dr. and Mrs. Trimmer moved to Salinas, California in 1873. During their fifteen-year residence in that city, Dr. Trimmer practiced medicine, served as a member of the town council, and filled the offices of Monterey County Coroner and public administrator for a number of years.



Rhoda Benjamin Trimmer



Oliver S. Trimmer



Oliver and Rhoda Trimmer's home in Salinas. Courtesy of Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, Tuttle Collection 37.4-801-BP.



Doctor and Mrs. Trimmer in a Cabriolet Carriage. Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, Tuttle Collection 20.2-092-APB.

1888-1919

Dr. Trimmer and the Banquet Years

In June of 1888, when Dr. Trimmer was 54 and his wife 55, they relocated to Pacific Grove, where they built a small cottage in the "First Addition." The site they chose at the corner of Sixth and Laurel enjoyed northward views of Monterey Bay. The initial plan seems to have been for Dr. Trimmer to go into retirement, but instead he began offering his services as physician and surgeon to his new community that fall.

In those days, when it was customary for physicians to make house calls by horse and buggy, Dr. Trimmer's warmth and compassion soon became legendary. Inability to pay was reportedly no deterrent to his ministrations. It was said that he often sent a paying customer to another physician, thereby freeing himself to come to the aid of a patient without means.

Dr. Trimmer provided medical services in Pacific Grove for seventeen years before finally retiring from practice in 1905. Before and after giving up his medical practice, he held several positions that contributed greatly to Pacific Grove's evolution from a summer religious retreat to a permanent residential community. He was the first mayor of Pacific Grove and president of the town's board of trustees from 1889 to 1908. He also served as first president of the Monterey-Pacific Grove railway system, which operated for over thirty years. (From 1891 to



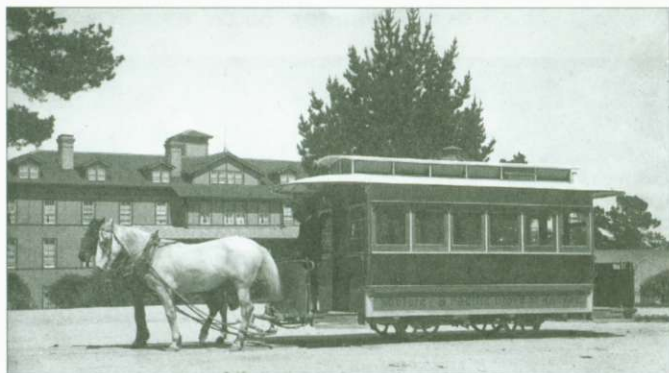
Dr. Trimmer in his wagon with one of his younger patients. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History 26.3-446-PAB.



*Family members gather on the porch of the Trimmer cottage at Sixth and Laurel in Pacific Grove, circa 1890.
Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History 27.2-466-BLP.*



Dr. & Mrs. Trimmer in their cottage parlor in 1890. Evidence of their cultivated taste includes a stereoscope photo viewer (center) and extensive seashell collection (left). Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History 22.2-135-PI.



One of the horse-drawn street cars that provided transportation between Pacific Grove and Monterey. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, 19.1-027-AB, 1901.

1903, a horse-drawn streetcar connected the two towns. In 1903, the cars were rebuilt and the horses replaced by electricity. Twenty years later, the company was sold, the tracks torn up, and bus service inaugurated.) When the Bank of Pacific Grove was incorporated in 1903, Dr. Trimmer was its president. He also served as vice-president of the Bank of Monterey and member of the board of directors of the first Pacific Grove Museum Association, established in 1900.

Dr. Trimmer belonged to several fraternal organizations, including the Ancient Order of United Workmen; Salinas Lodge No. 204 of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Watsonville Commandery No. 22 of the Knights Templar of the Masonic Order and the related Watsonville Lodge No. 47, Order of the Eastern Star. Mrs. Trimmer was prominent in the latter, having organized chapters in San Juan Bautista, Hollister and Salinas.

In that era, Pacific Grove's reputation for clean air and a mild climate prompted many visitors who came to improve their health to become permanent residents. Charles Tuttle, an established San Francisco pharmacist, elected to make the move in 1887. The following January, he married Mrs. Trimmer's niece, Emily Young, and six months after that, the Trimmers moved to Pacific Grove.

It wasn't long before Dr. Trimmer persuaded Tuttle to open the town's first pharmacy in a one-story building on Lighthouse Avenue. At the time, Tuttle noted, he "could not see a single house from the front door, there being so many trees in and around



Bank of Pacific Grove. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, 17.1-551-BP.



Left: *The first pharmacy in Pacific Grove.* Right: *Expanded Tuttle pharmacy with family living quarters in the second story addition.* Both from Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, 12.0-399-IP; 15.1-002-BP

the business district.” Dr. Trimmer owned the pharmacy until Tuttle purchased the property in 1893, when he enlarged the building to include second-story living quarters for his growing family. Taught by Hotel del Monte photographer C.W.J. Johnson, Tuttle became one of Pacific Grove’s first resident photographers; his many surviving glass plates include many scenes of outings and occasions shared with the Trimmers.

Dr. Trimmer delivered all three of the Tuttle children: Floyd in 1889, Gladys in 1891, and Winifred in 1893. In 1905, Pacific Grove got its first telephone line, installed by Dr. Trimmer to connect his home



Charles Tuttle inside his Lighthouse Avenue pharmacy after the 1893 remodel. C.W.J. Johnson photograph, courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #72-21-02.



Cherub on the half-shell: Charles and Emily Tuttle's first-born, Floyd. 22.1-130b-P.

decided to build a grander, Queen Anne style residence on their property. Definitive documentation is lacking, but it is likely that they had their cottage relocated rather than demolished. The G.G. Knowles cottage at 220 9th Street, just three blocks to the west, coincides in style and date of construction.

The Trimmers' contractor was Abraham Lee, a well-known Pacific Grove builder and mill man who also rebuilt Charles Tuttle's home-pharmacy that same year. Born in Ohio in 1849, Lee made his home in Pacific Grove for more than 50 years, passing away there in 1936 at the age of 87.

For the Trimmer job, Lee enlisted



Dr. Trimmer, Emily Tuttle holding baby Gladys, Rhoda Trimmer, Floyd and Charles Tuttle. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, 18.1-574-PB.

office with Tuttle's pharmacy. The town's first telephone operator was twelve-year old Winifred Tuttle, who eventually left home to study pharmacology.

In 1893, when gabled and turretted mansions were springing up throughout the region and across the country, Doctor and Mrs. Trimmer



Winnifred Tuttle, age twelve, first telephone operator in Pacific Grove. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, 01.0-058-PI.

the aid of local carpenter-builder George Quentel, a neighbor of the Trimmers. Born in the Santa Cruz mountains in 1855, Quentel had moved with his wife to Pacific Grove in 1888 and immediately went to work building a home for his family just two doors north of the Trimmer cottage. According to *The Grove at the Tide* from August 21,

1931, "The Trimmer mansion was without a doubt the most pretentious residence built in the early days and for many years continued to be a show place. Mr. Quentel always took pride in the fact that he helped build it."

Three chimneys, five gables and a turret graced the roof line. The first story was clad in horizontal siding made from clear heart-cut redwood, the second story in redwood shingles of two decorative patterns. The grand entry featured a covered front porch framed by a latticed archway. Balustrades carved in the "Eastlake" manner flanked the steps leading to a pair of carved redwood doors inset with tiny panes of beveled glass. Bay windows with leaded and jeweled glass panels, parquet and hardwood floors, Victorian light fixtures, and



Dr. Trimmer, Winnifred Tuttle, Rhoda Trimmer (seated), Emily and Gladys Tuttle(graduate), and friend. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, 18.1-573-PB.



Dr. Trimmer, Emily Tuttle, the Trimmers' Japanese servant Kimmi Kangelo, and Rhoda Trimmer at the dining room table. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, 07.0-322-PI.

tooled elephant-hide wainscoting in the dining room graced the interior. All of these features have endured to the present day, and many of them can be discerned in the 1893 cover photo.

In 1906, Dr. and Mrs. Trimmer hired Mary Pierce Stuntz as their housekeeper. Born in Pleasant Valley, Pennsylvania in 1870, Mary was one of eight children. She spent her teenage years in a two-story Victorian called "The Abode of Peace." Prior to coming to Pacific Grove, she taught school at several locations in Pennsylvania.

The same year that Mary arrived, her sister and brother-in-law, Nina and Oswald Sheppa, also moved to Pacific Grove from Suisun, California with their two daughters, Caroline Louise and Margo. The Sheppas purchased A. M. Aggelar's grocery business on Lighthouse Avenue.

Mary Stuntz enjoyed sharing friends and social activities with her relations. While housekeeper at Trimmer Hill, she gave a tour of the mansion to Margo, her 10-year old niece, and Margo's friend Bessie Everett. Bessie would have occasion to remember that tour two decades later, when she became fifth in the sequence of Trimmer Hill owners.

On December 1, 1907, Rhoda Trimmer died at the age of 74 after a six-month illness. A private funeral was held on December 6th at Trimmer Hill, and her body was then transported to Cypress Lawn cemetery in San Francisco, where her ashes were interred.

In the second year of his widowhood, Dr. Trimmer and his nephew-in-law Charles Tuttle took a pleasure excursion to Mexico City. Mary Stuntz stayed on at Trimmer Hill as housekeeper. On June 8, 1909, eighteen months after Rhoda's death, Dr. Trimmer took Mary as his second wife. He was 75 years old at the time and she was 38. After their San Francisco wedding, the couple boarded a commercial boat



Mary Stuntz, housekeeper for the Trimmers, 1906.

Top row: *The Stuntz family of Pennsylvania; "The Abode of Peace," built in 1884, with father Ezra Stuntz at right.*

Second row: *Mary Stuntz with her students at Kingsley School, Pennsylvania; and at Pont School, Pennsylvania in 1895.*

Third row: *Mary Stuntz with members of her literary club; with the teaching staff at the Jefferson Street School in Warren, Pennsylvania.*

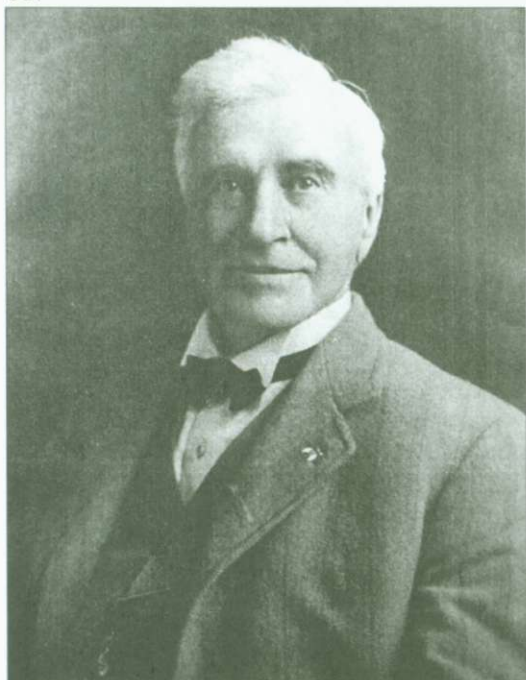
Bottom row: *Caroline Louise Sheppa; Mary's sister Nina Stuntz Sheppa in center with husband Oswald and an unidentified friend, in the side garden of the Sheppa's home at 109 16th Street, Pacific Grove; Margo Sheppa, friend of Bessie Everett.*



for Seattle, where they took in the Yukon Exposition before continuing on to Alaska. After two weeks of rest and repacking at home, they continued their sightseeing excursions, traveling by train to the Grand Canyon and Salt Lake City.

Caroline Louise Sheppa, the elder of Mary's two nieces, noted in her diary that her family often visited the doctor and Aunt Mary in their grand Victorian home. In 1913, Caroline painted a charming sketch of the Trimmers on the back of the wooden sign that had hung outside the mansion to identify the medical practice.

While visiting the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, Dr. Trimmer collapsed. He was admitted to Lane Hospital, but his San Francisco physicians felt that he would benefit from the more restful atmosphere of home. He died of heart failure at Trimmer Hill on July 4, 1915, at the age of 81.



In addition to his bride of six years, he left two sisters: Mrs. Nancy Hodkins of Coneaut, Ohio and Mrs. A. E. Whitney of Sedalia, Missouri. The Pacific Grove Masons officiated at the funeral, held at Trimmer Hill on July 6th. The body was subsequently transported to Cypress Lawn cemetery in San Francisco, where Dr. Trimmer's ashes were laid to rest alongside those of the first Mrs. Trimmer.

After living alone at Trimmer Hill for four years, Mary Stuntz Trimmer married the prominent Santa Cruz banker Frederick Douglas Baldwin in April



Above: Yosemite campsite of the Trimmers and the Sheppas.

Opposite, top: front of Dr. Trimmer's wooden sign; back of Dr. Trimmer's sign as painted by Caroline Sheppa. (In 2002, her daughter, Joanne Lathrop, graciously returned this sign to Trimmer Hill.)

Opposite, bottom: Dr. Oliver Trimmer, circa 1906.

Below: Dr. Trimmer in his coffin, July 5, 1916. Tuttle Collection, Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, 15.2-010-Pl.



of 1919. The groom was 66 years old; the bride 48. Mary moved into Baldwin's beautiful Locust Street mansion, built in 1908, selling Trimmer Hill the following year.

As Mrs. Baldwin, she became well known locally for her civic and patriotic interests, as well as her passion for collecting books, period clothing, and heirlooms. She donated a complete set of early watercolors of the California Missions to the Monterey Historical Society and delighted in dressing herself and her husband in costumes from colonial days, often in connection with functions organized by the Santa Cruz chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, where she served as regent. Living out the rest of her long life at the Santa Cruz address, Mary passed away there on Sunday, March 26, 1961 at the age of 90, after twenty years of widowhood. She is buried at El Carmelo cemetery in Pacific Grove.



Mary Stuntz Trimmer dressed for her wedding to Frederick Baldwin of Santa Cruz.



The Baldwin home at 455 Locust Street, Santa Cruz; 2003 photograph by the author.



Santa Cruz banker Frederick Douglas Baldwin.



Top left: Mary Baldwin in 1930, dressed for a play staged by the Daughters of the American Revolution, with a "Coats" girl at her side.

Top right: Mary and Frederick Baldwin in costume.

Bottom: Mary Baldwin in a family heriloom dress from 1838.

1920-1928

Knut Hovden and the Cannery Heyday

On July 3, 1920, Knut Hovden, widely known as the Sardine King of Cannery Row, purchased Trimmer Hill from Mary Trimmer Baldwin. The founding owner of Hovden Cannery Company, was born in Norway on January 3, 1880. Acquainted with fish canning operations in his homeland, he originally emigrated to Chicago, where he found work with Booth Fisheries. Frank Booth relocated Hovden first to San Francisco and then, in 1906, to Monterey, where he employed him as manager of the Booth Cannery adjacent to Fishermen's Wharf.

Hovden is remembered for his inventive genius but, according to maritime historian Tim Thomas, his strength was as a visionary who encouraged innovation. While he was supervising the Booth plant, one of his engineers invented the first mechanized solderer for sealing sardine cans, which until then had been laboriously fastened by hand. Hovden also experimented with new packing methods that eventually superseded Booth's practice of cooking sardines in peanut oil.

Hovden is best remembered for introducing the purse seiner to Monterey Bay. This huge sardine net, a quarter of a mile long and flexible enough to stretch the equivalent of several stories deep, can be gathered at both ends like a purse, trapping a huge catch in its folds. Hovden introduced this labor-saving technology in response to a fishermen's strike. Predictably, the purse seiner transformed the local industry by requiring larger, more expensive boats along with more elaborate off-loading equipment. Eventually, the number of purse seiners in Monterey Bay climbed to eighty-four, displacing the smaller boats with their lampara nets. Hovden was also associated with the introduction of sardine hoppers (large wooden bins located about 500 yards offshore, where the catch could be unloaded and piped to the canneries) as well as commercial dryers and other innovations that both responded to and fueled the industry's expansion.

Hovden managed the Booth plant until beginning construction on his own cannery in 1915. Located at the western end of Cannery Row, the Hovden Cannery Company opened a year later, on July 7, 1916. Like all the other Monterey canneries, Hovden's prospered during World War I, when the threat of German



*Knut Hovden, courtesy of Pat Hathaway,
California Views.*



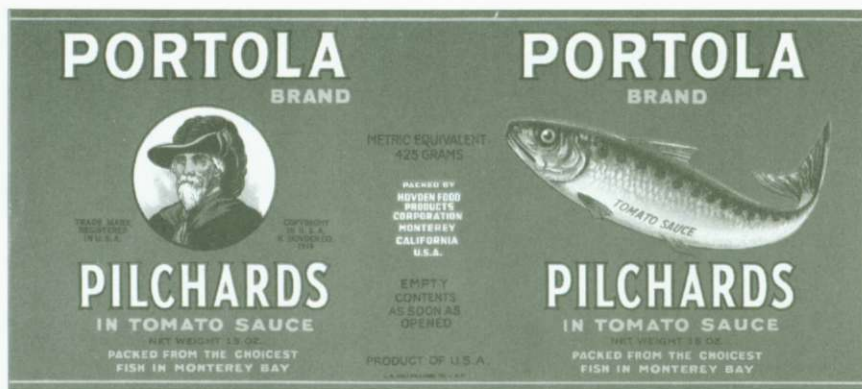
The Booth Cannery (circled) was adjacent to Fishermen's Wharf; City officials later insisted that subsequent canning operations be located at a greater distance from town, leading to the development of New Monterey's Cannery Row. Photograph by Ted McKay, March 1938, courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #83-06-05.

submarines closed east coast fisheries and Monterey's large, inexpensive, protein-packed pilchards were in high demand as a war ration. Hovden's Portola Brand sardines took grand prizes at San Francisco's Panama Pacific Exposition in 1915 and again at the 1927 Paris International Exposition.

There were risks to the business, even in boom times. During the eight years that Knut, his wife Marie, and their sons Allan and Norman lived at Trimmer Hill, the cannery was destroyed twice by fire—in 1921 and again in 1924. Both times, Hovden used the catastrophe as an opportunity to expand and modernize his operation, maintaining his dominance of the world's largest sardine-packing industry with a string of secondary plants from Canada to Mexico.

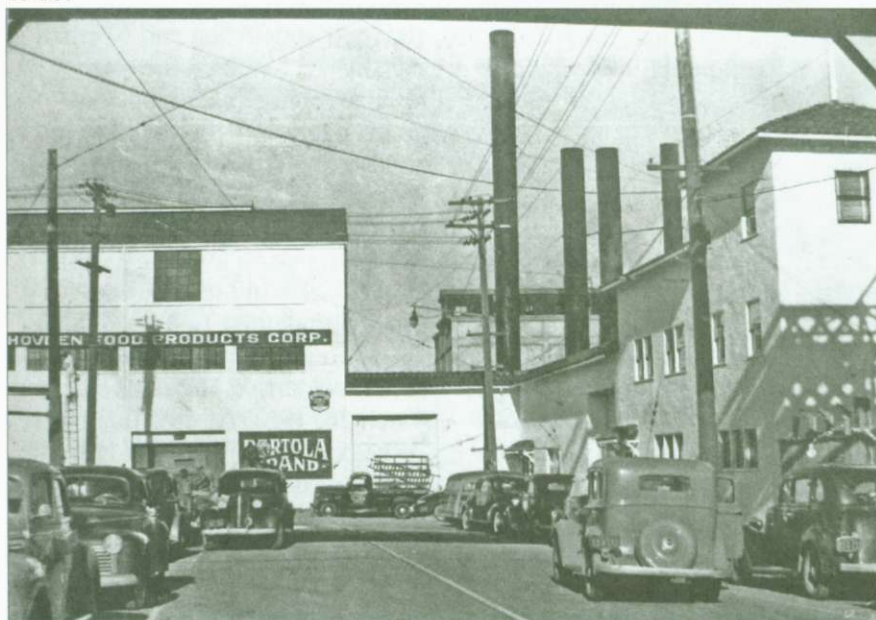
The Hovdens sold Trimmer Hill in 1928. Ten years later, they divorced. Knut Hovden's second wife, Gladys, passed away in 1946, and he retired five years later, after forty-five years in the business, having been a key player in the rise, apogee and demise of a legendary industry with a worldwide clientele. In 1953, reportedly as a means of evading of the Internal Revenue Service, the remarried Hovden relocated to Guadalajara, Mexico. On Sunday, March 26, 1961, he died there at the age of eighty-one. By an uncanny coincidence, his Trimmer Hill predecessor, Mary Stuntz Trimmer Baldwin, passed away the same day. Their obituaries appeared on the same page of the *Monterey Herald*; Hovden's described him as "a man who outlasted his era."

The obituary-writer's dismissiveness was unwarranted. Hovden Cannery, the last functioning cannery on the Row, continued to operate until 1973. Its site is now occupied by another highly successful venture, the Monterey Bay Aquarium. Although Hovden's cannery burned to the ground for a third time before construction could begin on the



Acquarium, the outline of his plant lives on in the exterior shape and design of one of California's most famous tourist attractions.

In 1925, after the plant's second reconstruction, Hovden had come up with the bright idea of a bond issue to fund the establishment of an aquarium in the Monterey community. He roused enough community enthusiasm to get the issue on the ballot, but the bond failed; the visionary Hovden was sixty years ahead of his time. According to Tim Thomas, Hovden's boss F.E. Booth had been seventy-five years ahead of the curve, having floated a similar proposal to an unresponsive public in 1910.



*Hovden Cannery in the mid-1940s, site of the Monterey Bay Aquarium.
Fred W. Harbick photograph, courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #76-06-02.*

1929-1948
The Ames-Everett Family
through the Great Depression and World War II

On December 4, 1928, the Hovdens transferred Trimmer Hill's deed to J. R. Riley. But times were difficult, and after just fifteen months, the property went into foreclosure. Another fifteen months would go by before Bessie Frances Everett became the fifth titleholder of Trimmer Hill on May 27, 1931.

The story of the Everetts is best told by going back to the Ames family of northern New England. Lizzie Jane Ames, later known as Betty Everett, was born in Maine in 1866. Her father, Paul Ames, fathered additional children with a second wife. Siblings and half-siblings all grew up together on the family farm near Waterville.



*Paul Ames (1819-1896)
of Waterville, Maine.*



*Jane Ames
(1829-1895),
second wife of
Paul Ames.*



*Lizzie Jane
Ames, later
Betty Everett.*



*Rose Ames,
Betty's sister.*

In 1885, nineteen-year-old Betty came west to visit her half-brothers, one of whom had a dairy farm in Smith Valley, Nevada. While traveling extensively through Nevada and California, she met her future husband, Frank Everett, a house painter, in San Francisco in 1886. Betty returned to Maine, where she was expected to take over management of the family farm, but she and Frank kept in touch by letter. In 1894, eight years after their first meeting, they were married in Frank's home state of Ohio. The newlyweds promptly moved to Nevada, where Frank, inspired by the mining interests of Betty's half-brothers, trained and worked as a miner.



Betty Ames Everett and husband Frank at Smith Valley, Nevada in 1889.

The always energetic Betty grew tired of the long, lonely waits in primitive desert rooming houses. Seeking a more civilized place to set up the household, she eventually settled on Pacific Grove. Even though Frank visited whenever he could, Betty found herself alone for many months at a stretch, so she wrote to her sister Rose, five years her junior, inviting her to come West. The pair ended up living together for most of their long lives.

On August 31, 1896, in a San Francisco "lying-in" place for the well-to-do, Betty gave birth to Bessie Frances Everett. Soon after the birth, Frank went back to the Nevada mines while mother, infant daughter, and aunt Rose returned to Pacific Grove. Some time later, Betty, with sister and daughter in tow, rejoined Frank in a Nevada mining camp called Delphi, where the couple's second child, Hope Joy Everett, was born on November 7, 1901.

Right: *Bessie Frances Everett (later Bessie Wood) circa 1900.*

Bottom right: *Mining camp at Delphi, Nevada where Hope Everett was born in 1901.*

Below: *Hope Joy Everett (later Hope Swain) in 1903 at two years of age.*



In 1903, when Bessie was about seven, Betty was advised that Nevada's altitude was dangerous for her daughter's possible heart condition. This danger, combined with the lack of proper schools in Nevada, prompted Betty to move back to Pacific Grove. Initially, the family, including Frank, lodged at El Carmelo Hotel. By 1904, when Bessie turned eight, the age her mother considered appropriate for beginning formal education, Betty had built a house for the family at 688 Laurel Avenue. Once she had settled her daughters there under the care of their Aunt Rose, she rejoined her husband in Nevada.



Above: 688 Laurel Avenue, where Bessie and Hope Everett lived while attending primary school; 2003 photograph by the author.

Top right: from left to right, Bessie, Hope and friend Bessie Monroe at 688 Laurel Avenue in 1905.



Middle row: Hope Everett with pet rabbit Sherman in December 1913; Hope practices violin at the Laurel Avenue house.

Bottom: The Everett family in Pacific Grove in 1911; from left to right, Betty, Hope, Bessie and Frank.



Some years later, again weary of mining camp life and of missing out on her daughters' upbringing, Betty decided to seek a permanent place for the entire family closer to where Frank was mining. The ranch she purchased near Placerville had a good house, established orchards, and acreage with a view of the American River, where gold had been discovered in 1848. Betty moved her sister Rose, fifteen-year old Bessie and ten-year old Hope to the home she named Glen Eden. Not long afterwards, she invited her nephew Carroll Ames to come out from Maine to help her run the ranch. Carroll later built a house on the property for himself and his bride; he named it Oak Wild.

Bessie and Hope returned to the Monterey Peninsula to attend Pacific Grove High School, where Hope spent a year as "sub-freshman" and Bessie graduated in 1917 as valedictorian and student body president. Bessie went on to normal school in San Jose and Berkeley before returning to Glen Eden to teach in a one-room schoolhouse at nearby Springvale. Hope graduated from Placerville High School, then went on to study nursing in San Francisco. In 1922, Bessie returned to the Monterey Peninsula to teach at Walter Colton Elementary School. Except for one year, as explained below, she continued teaching in the Monterey school system until 1935; in widowhood, she would return for several more pre-retirement years.

Right: Bessie Everett while attending Pacific Grove High School; costumed for the senior play, "Cicily," in 1917.

Below: Hope Everett, second from right, with her Pacific Grove High School "sub-freshman" class in 1917.



In 1924, after sparks from a chimney ignited a fire that burned Glen Eden to the ground, Betty, Frank, Rose and Hope moved into Carroll Ames' Oak Wild. The Everetts were not alone in their troubles. Their friend and neighbor Charles Emmerson Fogg was also facing a crisis, having just lost his wife to an infection occasioned by the delivery of their fourth child. Betty urged Charles and his four children—Art, Ruth, Charles Hanney and the infant Fred—to move into the Oak Wild house, where the little ones could be looked after as long as necessary while their father worked.

The Fogg children were not the only temporarily homeless kids at Oak Wild; they joined Frank's nephews, Calvin and Ritchie Everett, who had also recently lost their mother. Ritchie eventually returned to his maternal relatives, but Calvin stayed on with his Aunt Betty and Uncle Frank until he finished high school. He made his career in the Navy and married one of Bessie's teaching colleagues, Marian MacLaughlin, in 1937. After World War II, when Calvin retired, they would make their home at 387 Laurel Avenue, just a few short blocks from Trimmer Hill.

Growing up in a combined family back on the farm in Maine must have helped prepare Betty and Rose for accomodating all these youngsters at Oak Wild. With Betty as head cook and Rose taking on the other duties, the kitchen operated from sunup to sundown. The house also welcomed a constant stream of visitors, including many of Bessie's teaching colleagues, who visited during school breaks. When Frank was home, he regaled one and all with tales of his mining adventures.

One 1927 visit was particularly memorable. Hope, who had been working as a nurse in San Francisco, appeared unannounced with her brand new husband. She had met the tall airplane pilot just six weeks before. At the time, Bill Swain was the only mechanic at Mills Field, which would later become the San Francisco International Airport. Their unconventional ceremony included a North Bay flight for the wedding party of four. The flight garnered even more attention than expected



"Oak Wild," the home that Betty's nephew Carroll Ames built on the Everett ranch near Placerville; Hope Everett at Oak Wild with Fred Fogg in 1925.



Above: Calvin and Marian MacLaughlin Everetts' house at 387 Laurel Avenue, west of Trimmer Hill.

Right: Cousin Calvin Everett on the steps of Trimmer Hill with Bill Swain, circa 1945.



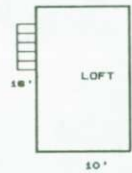
when, due to water in the gas line, the pilot made a forced landing in a field near Stockton.

Another frequent guest at Oak Wild was Mrs. Craig, wife of a wealthy businessman, who had a habit of reiterating her access to unlimited amounts of cash. Betty had been "incubating" a notion to

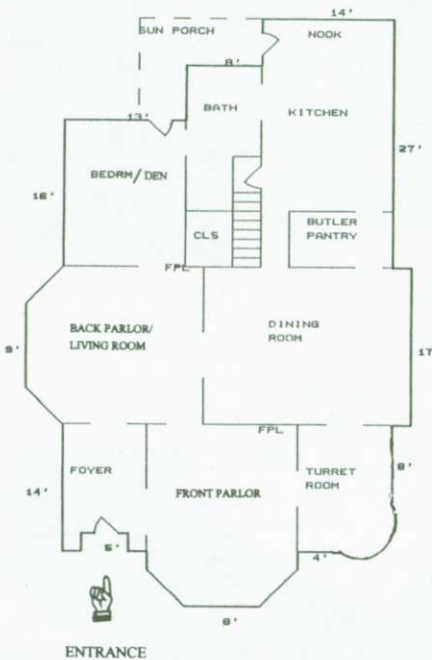


Hope Everett Swain, center, on her wedding day, December 14, 1927, with groom Bill Swain beside her, best man Lt. Col. Harry Abbot below, and bridesmaid Mary Erickson.

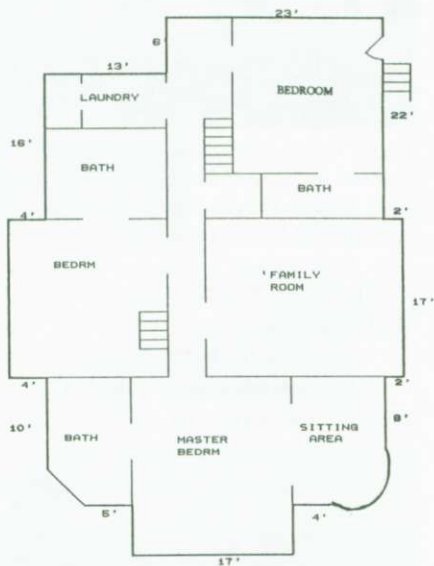
Current Floor Plan (approximates original)



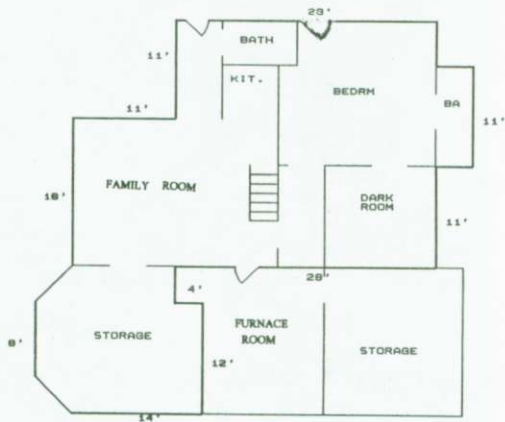
MAIN LEVEL



UPPER LEVEL



LOWER LEVEL

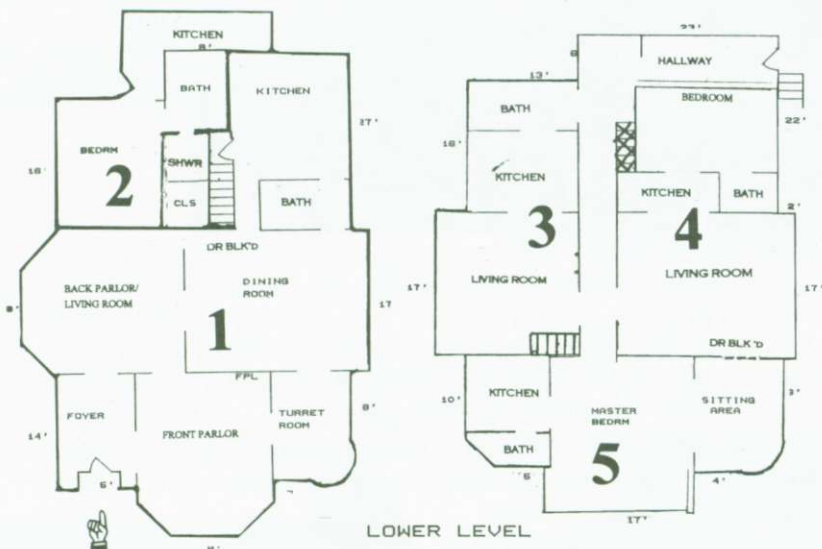


1981 Floor Plan (with 7 apartments)



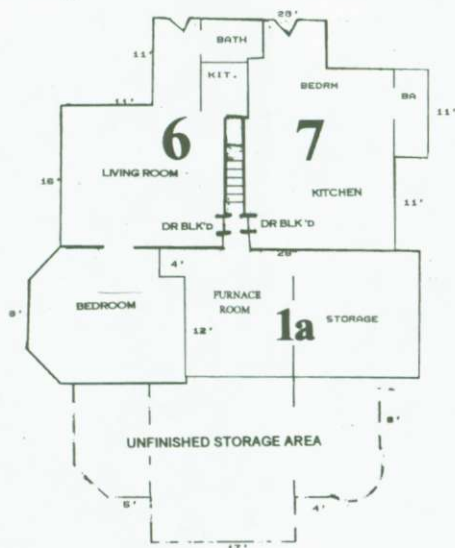
MAIN LEVEL

UPPER LEVEL



LOWER LEVEL

ENTRANCE





Left to right: Fred,
Charles and Ruth
Fogg at the Oak
Wild chicken ranch.

expand Oak Wild into one of the biggest chicken ranches in the state. She had already convinced Bill Swain to give up his job at Mills Field so he and Hope could pitch in on the project. Even Bessie had agreed to take a break from her teaching position in Monterey to join the effort. With borrowed capital from Mrs. Craig, Betty built four enormous chicken houses with all the latest features.

At its peak, Oak Wild had as many as 25,000-30,000 Leghorns laying thousands of eggs each day. Just when things were humming along nicely, the stock market crash of October 1929 ushered in the Great Depression, and Betty saw her egg ranch business go bust while still owning Mr. and Mrs. Craig a fortune. Later that same month, her husband Frank's "routine" gallbladder surgery left her a widow.

When the bereft Betty missed a payment to the Craigs, Mr. Craig decided to call in the entire loan. Everyone knew that would be the end of the ranch. Mrs. Craig, apparently feeling some qualms about her role in the matter, arranged to transfer title of a house she owned in Sacramento to Betty's daughter Bessie.

Bessie resumed her teaching job in Monterey, taking her mother



Hope Everett Swain at the chicken ranch.

and Aunt Rose along. Her goal was to find a cozy little cottage where the two aging ladies (Betty was then 65, Rose 60) could live out their years in peace without any more struggles. She also wanted to make sure that her mother would never again lure the family into a grandiose scheme like the Oak Wild chicken ranch. All her precautions would turn out to be for naught.

While out walking in the fall of 1930, the indefatigable Betty noticed a “For Sale” sign in front of a neglected Victorian mansion. She immediately began hatching another money-making scheme: Why not buy the property and turn it into a first-class guest house for respectable single ladies? Bessie initially dismissed her mother’s idea, but when she saw the house in question and remembered touring it as a girl, she soon found herself enthusiastically endorsing her mother’s latest brainstorm.

Bessie sold the house in Sacramento and used the \$8000 proceeds for the down payment on Trimmer Hill. Betty took out a bank loan in order to purchase top-quality furnishings for the guest rooms. When the fresh paint had dried and the purchases had found their proper place, Betty—who never lived anywhere without giving it a name—placed a metal sign in the front yard that read “Trimmer Hill.”

The June 12, 1931 issue of *The Grove at the Tide* featured an article announcing that the “Trimmer Hill” rooming house was open for business. Proprietor Betty Everett explained that bathrooms and bedrooms had been updated, but she assured the public that no changes were contemplated that might compromise the property’s historical interest to the community. The article quoted residents who remembered



North elevation of Trimmer Hill Boarding House from 6th Street in 1931, with the garden that Dr. and Mrs. Trimmer planted nicely filled in.

how Dr. Trimmer had “held open house” at the mansion nearly every day. Pharmacist Charles Tuttle recalled “many pleasant evenings spent at the old home among the doctor’s numerous friends” and remarked that Rhoda Trimmer had been “one of the most popular and charming hostesses in the city.”

Almost at once, every room of the house was rented—several of them by Bessie’s teaching colleagues. Bessie, who shared an upstairs master suite with two friends, a teacher and a Holman’s Department store clerk, paid the same rent as the others while also contributing additional funds to help pay off the bank loan.

Hope and Bill’s primary residence at this time was a tiny apartment at the Salinas airport, about 20 miles away, where Bill was manager. They often stayed over at Trimmer Hill, sleeping in the turret room on the main floor. In addition to paying rent at the boarding house, they also gave Betty a little extra money from their business at the airport whenever they could.

Betty’s initial plan was that her “guests,” as she preferred to call them, would do their own cooking, so she installed four back-to-back stoves in the center of the kitchen and divided cupboard space in the butler’s pantry into discrete units. Even with multiple stoves, there was



Hope Everett Swain in Trimmer Hill’s front parlor.



Aunt Rose (left) and Hope (right) in Trimmer Hill’s back parlor.

*Hope in Salinas in 1941,
teaching the cat to drink
from a straw.*



confusion at meals. The single sink allowed only one person to wash dishes at a time. Food also got mixed up in the refrigerator and was sometimes reported missing. Recognizing a flaw in her planning, Betty decided to increase her rates and take over all the cooking and food serving. She recognized, however, that she and Rose couldn't handle this huge job alone.

Charles Fogg, who had remarried in 1927, had been largely unemployed since the stock market crash. In the summer of 1931, he received a letter from Betty requesting his help with a business she was establishing. She sweetened the invitation by indicating that she knew of a house where the family could live rent-free if he would manage the rental of the other rooms.

Charles loaded his family into their Model-T and headed for Pacific Grove, where they went directly to the Trimmer Hill address. Mired as they were in hard times, they were dazzled by the grandeur of Betty's new location. Her letter had not prepared them for this stately mansion, surrounded by a fancy wrought iron fence and generous gardens.



Hope at the Salinas airport in 1941.

Decades later, in an unpublished memoir, Charles Jr., third of the four Fogg children, would recall his first impressions of Trimmer Hill. He remembered how the front door, with its tiny panes of beveled glass, led into a mirrored foyer with a parquet floor. He remembered the two arm chairs and the narrow side table adorned with flowers. He remembered the rich, red drapes of the front parlor, and the cut-velvet chairs backed with embroidered scenes that resembled French tapestries.

The back parlor, in colors of tan and cream, had plainer, more comfortable furniture. Sliding pocket doors connected it to the front parlor and two other large rooms. One of these, originally a library and music room, had been converted into a bedroom, while the other, large enough to hold eight oak tables with four chairs each, served as the dining area. The dining room floor was parquet, while the other downstairs rooms still had what was probably the original carpeting from Dr. Trimmer's day. Both parlors had ornate tiled fireplaces with beveled mirrors above.

The only bathroom on the main level was a huge affair with the original tub sitting on claw feet. Betty had added a shower. The bathroom doors led directly into the kitchen on one side and the library-turned-bedroom on the other. Guests frequently forgot to lock both doors. Charles would learn that "Oops, so sorry!" was a common exclamation, particularly in the mornings.

The top story contained four large bedrooms. The one at the front of the house, with its turret room and private bath, served as the master suite. The other three bedrooms shared a bathroom off the hallway. The lowest level contained two bedrooms. One of these, which also had a desk, served as living quarters and office as well as bedroom for Betty and Rose. The lower level also had a storage room, furnace room, and laundry, as well as an old pull-chain toilet.

From Trimmer Hill, the Fogs went to the house where they were to live: on the corner of Pine and Forest, nearer the center of town. It seemed ramshackle when compared with the grandeur of Trimmer Hill. The owner, Mrs. Jane Tuttle, mother of pharmacist Charles Tuttle, lived in three rooms at one side of the house, while a female tenant with two daughters occupied two rooms tacked on the back. Upstairs, a pair of tiny rooms were available for short-term guests. Beside the house, a large tent with a wooden floor also served as a rental unit. The front of the house—consisting of a cramped living room, kitchen, and tiny makeshift bedroom barely large enough for one bed—was where the six Fogs were to live.

Mrs. Tuttle had a separate bathroom, as did the mother-daughter trio. Everyone else shared a single unit on the back porch. Saturday nights were a special occasion for the Fogs of Pacific Grove, for it was the one night of the week when the family bathed. Mr. Fogg would light the hot water heater, fill the tub, and take the first bath. Mrs. Fogg would

take the second, then each of the four children would follow, all using the same water!

Betty's plan to provide board for all her guests was delayed, and consequently Charles Fogg Sr. was not needed at Trimmer Hill after all. The disappointed man scarcely moved

from his rocking chair except for church on Sunday and weekly treks over to Monterey to stand in line for government food rations. He eventually found work as night watchman and janitor at Holman's Department Store. In an attempt to escape their depressing home life, the young Foggss went often to Trimmer Hill to help Rose with the gardening or the avalanche of laundry. Each child was paid fifty cents for a day's work, which they dutifully took home to their stepmother.

In the summer of 1932, Betty was finally ready to take over the cooking for all the Trimmer Hill guests and needed an energetic person to wait on tables. When she offered 13-year-old Charles Junior room and board plus two dollars a week, he was quick to accept, without even considering where he was going to sleep in that crowded rooming house. Betty delegated the solution to that little puzzle to her daughter Hope, Charles's favorite.

When Charles arrived carrying his belongings in a carton, Hope led him down the kitchen stairs and opened the door to...the furnace room. Charles's heart sank at first, but his spirits revived when he saw what Hope had arranged despite



Jane Tuttle's house at the corner of Pine and Forest.



Left to right: Hope, Charles Fogg Sr., and his second wife Snow in front of Trimmer Hill.

Betty's objections. The little windowless room was decked out with the same furnishings that the upstairs guests enjoyed, including a brand new bed with a Beautyrest mattress, fancy bedspread, nightstand and lamp. Charles would live in that little room during most of his high school career.

Since everyone on the lower and main levels of the house used the bathroom adjacent to the kitchen, Charles was under pressure to be in and out in a hurry. Each morning after his five o'clock ablutions, he would put a white apron and black bow tie over his school clothes and begin setting the tables for breakfast while Hope assisted Betty and Aunt Rose in the kitchen.

Mrs. Johnson, principal of Walter Colton School and Bessie's boss, had a table all to herself. Bessie always shared a corner table by the window overlooking the bay. Whenever anyone came into the dining room, Charles would raise a little door that opened into the butler's pantry and call out their order. After serving and clearing all the tables, he would have his own breakfast in the kitchen. On mornings when Hope was in Salinas, he was expected to make up as many beds as possible before rushing off to school. In the evenings after serving dinner, he helped wash the stacks of dishes. Each Saturday, he vacuumed and dusted the entire house, then helped Rose fold sheets and towels down in the laundry room, where she spent the greater part of each day with a hymn book or a Bible propped up on the washing machine. Every Sunday, after joining his family for church and turning over his two-dollar wage to his step-mother, he would race back to Trimmer Hill to set the tables for dinner.

Never one to let well enough alone, Betty decided that as long as she was doing all the cooking for her regular guests, she could, with only a little more help and effort, open the dining room to non-residents. The added traffic would be particularly welcome during the summer months, when many of the teachers were away on vacation. On the shore below Trimmer Hill was Hopkins Marine Station, where Stanford University medical students studied during July and August. When Betty posted a notice announcing delicious hot lunches for fifty cents, a whole gang of students showed up to give it a try, and some of them even moved in. One of these was Dennistoun Wood, a doctoral candidate in chemistry who soon began to court Bessie.

Another of Betty's ideas for expansion was to open the dining room to the general public for Sunday dinner after church services. She put a notice in the Methodist church bulletin advertising a menu of fruit cocktail, soup, salad, fricasseed chicken, mashed potatoes, two vegetables, and either cake or pie a-la-mode. The one dollar price must have seemed like a bargain, because half the congregation reportedly trooped up the hill in their Sunday best. The dining room filled up so quickly that stragglers had to wait in the parlor for the second seating.



A meeting of the Epworth League in Trimmer Hill's front parlor, with Charles Fogg Jr. front row center, with crossed legs, and Hope leaning in at far right.

During their high school years, the four Fogg children were members of the Epworth League, a Methodist Church youth organization. Hope became one of their leaders and many gatherings were held in the two parlors at Trimmer Hill. The house also hosted other functions. One of the most notable was a double wedding on June 20, 1934. Hope served as matron of honor, and Bill gave the bride away. The June 22nd edition of the *Pacific Grove Tribune* reported:

Seldom has a home been transformed into a more fairy-like setting than was Trimmer Hill for the double wedding ceremony Wednesday night, when Miss Bessie Everett married Dennistoun Wood, Jr., of Palo Alto, and Miss Elsie Banta became the bride of Albert O. Campbell of Pacific Grove. Before a large south window, an improvised altar covered with white blossoms and centered with a tall lighted taper was placed against an arbor of pink and blue hydrangeas, flanked by a large candelabra, for the 8:30 o'clock candlelight ceremony. The brides were dressed alike in traditional wedding gowns of white satin, and carried bouquets of white roses. Pink gladioli and fern were used about the room. Edward Hopkins played the wedding march from "Aida" by Verdi, and William Gould sang "I Love You Truly." After the wedding ceremony an informal reception was held with more than 100 friends and relatives present.

Bessie's and Dennistoun's son, William Wood, was born in 1938. Dennistoun was on the chemistry faculty at Stanford and the family lived in Menlo Park. In 1940, Bessie transferred Trimmer Hill's deed to her sister and brother-in-law, Hope and Bill Swain. Betty continued



Brides Bessie Everett and Elsie Banta, center, flanked by bridesmaids Marian MacLaughlin and Lottie Morthland in June 1934.

to manage the rooming house and dining room, with help from Aunt Rose and others. Around the same time, Bill Swain bought the lot directly across Sixth Street from Trimmer Hill and built a house where Laetitia (Letty) Snow, a close family friend and retired Wellesley professor, would live through the 1940s.

During World War II, while Bill was away in the service, Hope continued to help manage the Trimmer Hill rooming house while nursing her mother and aunt, who were both afflicted with cancer. Betty died on March 7, 1943 at the age of 77, and Rose one year later, on March 18, 1944, at age 73.



William toasts his toes near the back parlor fireplace at Trimmer Hill, circa 1940.



Rose Ames



Betty Ames Everett

Surprised and disappointed not get his Salinas airport manager job back after the war ended, Bill Swain decided to go into business with Alton Walker, a Pebble Beach aircraft man. On August 24, 1945, a *Pacific Grove Tide* item announced the opening of the first local aircraft repair shop, for the purpose of refitting war planes for civilian use. Aided by Hope, Bill removed the wings and tail of their first conversion candidate, a PF19 primary trainer, and towed it from the Naval Air Station to a remodeled garage above Trimmer Hill. William Wood remembers "helping fix" that plane at age seven.

In 1947, when Hope and Bill divorced, she found herself sole proprietor of Trimmer Hill. For a while, she rented it to an army couple who planned to continue operating a rooming house there, but they didn't live up to the terms of the agreement. Doubting that renters would keep Trimmer Hill up to her mother's standards, Hope sold the mansion to Douglas and Ada Carvell on September 7, 1948. She then returned to nursing, working in Berkeley, Pasadena and Salinas before finally fulfilling her childhood dream of living in Hawaii, where she worked as a nurse on the Big Island.

After losing her husband to a heart attack in 1956, Bessie rented out their Menlo Park house and returned to teaching on the Monterey Peninsula. In 1963, at the age of 67, she retired and moved to Hawaii to live with Hope. Three years later, when Hope retired, the sisters came back to Bessie's Menlo Park home. In 1975 her son William, who had been teaching at a secondary school in Lesotho, South Africa, joined them. Bessie passed away on July 8, 1990, at the age of 93, and Hope on September 28, 2001, just forty days short of her one-hundredth birthday. William Wood, who cared for both women until their deaths, continues living in the Menlo Park home where he grew up.

After graduating from Pacific Grove High School in 1936, Charles H. Fogg majored in Oriental languages at Berkeley. Drafted as a private

in 1941, he was discharged four years later with the rank of captain. Recalled to duty during the Korean war, he returned to Monterey in 1950 to enhance his Chinese language skills at the Defense Language Institute. Retired from the Army since 1966, he currently resides in San Francisco, where he has been an active volunteer for the Performing Arts Library, the San Francisco Opera and the San Francisco Symphony. He is the father of two children.

*Charles Fogg Jr. on
the steps of Trimmer
Hill in 1941, just prior
to shipping off to
Guadacanal.*



Opposite, clockwise from top left: Bill Swain built this house at 290 Laurel Avenue, opposite Trimmer Hill, in 1940; 1947 photograph.

Hope and her husband Bill Swain in his World War II uniform.

Hope Swain and her nephew William Wood in the "victory garden" at 290 Laurel Avenue circa 1943.

Christmas in the front parlor in 1941, with William dressed as Santa.

William Wood, center front, had not yet celebrated his first birthday when this group picture was taken in 1939. Front row: Charles, Fred, and Ruth Fogg. Back row: Bessie Everett Wood, Arthur Fogg, Aunt Rose Ames, William's paternal grandmother Edith Wood, and his maternal grandmother Betty Ames Everett.

The two bridal couples, with Bessie and Dennistoun at left.

Dennistoun and William in their naval uniforms, with Bessie on the steps of Trimmer Hill.



1949-1979

A House Divided

In the three decades between 1948 and 1979, Trimmer Hill was bought and sold many times. Douglas and Ada Carvell, who purchased the property from Hope Swain in 1948, owned it for only three years before selling it to Bertha Wade. During the five years that she owned Trimmer Hill, Bertha Wade obtained a permit to split the mansion into four apartments and divide the property in half. She built a small house on the subdivided property facing 6th Street, and sold it to Mr. & Mrs. Williams in 1954. Some time later, the Williams split their property in half and sold off the portion facing 7th Street; a duplex currently sits on this site. Gary Williams, born in 1954, grew up in the 6th Street house with his three siblings; he currently lives there with his wife, Diane, and their three children. In 1956, Bertha Wade sold Trimmer Hill to C.N. Hu, who owned it for two years.

Andie and Katie Holme bought Trimmer Hill from Mr. Hu in April of 1958 and began offering room and board to up as many as fifteen female Monterey Peninsula College students, including their daughter Andrea. In 1959, one of the lodgers, Lois Joseph, dated movie star Troy Donahue, who was in town to play the lead in *A Summer Place* opposite Sandra Dee. Over the years, many other young gentlemen were known to have visited the girls at Trimmer Hill, including soldiers from nearby Fort Ord.

Martin and Thelma Everett (no relation to the previous Everetts) owned Trimmer Hill for one year, from 1964 to 1965. Just twenty-five days before they sold the property to E. M. and Helen Beecher, they obtained a permit to operate it once again as a rooming house for female college students. The Beechers only owned the mansion for nineteen days before it went into foreclosure for a second time.

In 1967, Andie and Katie Holme took Trimmer Hill out of foreclosure and lived in the mansion for a second time, changing it back into a single R-1 residence. Between 1975 and 1979, Trimmer Hill was jointly owned by several people. Split once more into several apartments, it fell into a state of disrepair.



Troy Donahue, with girlfriend Lois Joseph on his right, celebrate the completion of shooting for A Summer Place in the Trimmer Hill living room in 1959.

1980-2005

Victorian Renaissance

In 1979, Joseph and Cheryl DuCote purchased Trimmer Hill. Despite the mansion's neglected condition, their petition to have it placed on the National Register of Historic Places met with success in 1980. To date, Trimmer Hill remains the only family residence in Pacific Grove with National Register status.

In 1981, Mr. and Mrs. William Keland purchased Trimmer Hill. Over the next fourteen years, they expended great effort to reconvert what was then a seven-apartment configuration into an elegant R-2 residence for themselves and their two daughters, Candace and Onnolee. Their restoration efforts included reconditioning the six bathrooms and reconverting a seventh bath in apartment number four into the original butler's pantry. Other undertakings included enlarging the kitchen and restoring or replacing several floors, walls, windows, and electrical fixtures. (See centerfold for 1981 and current floorplans.)

Trimmer Hill's original floorboards remain in five areas: the foyer, the butler's pantry, the bedroom/den on the main level, the family room on the upper level, and the second story bedroom directly opposite. The claw-foot tub, marble sink, and corner cabinet in the main level bath are original, as are the fireplaces in the two parlors, the stained glass throughout the main level, and the elephant hide wainscoting in the dining room. The Kelands believe that the ceiling fixtures in the foyer and main-level turret room may also be original to the house.

In 1995, Michael Mazur purchased Trimmer Hill for himself and his daughter Jacqueline, then in grade school. Michael added a new heating system, remodeled the kitchen and, with the help of a professional designer, set about redoing the interior in authentic period style, with vintage window and wall coverings and Victorian-era antiques.



Dining room chandelier and detail of the intricately papered ceiling



Front parlor in 2005.



Living room (former back parlor, with south-facing bay window) in 2005.



Above: Dining room in 2005, with restored elephant hide wainscoting and period wallpaper in five different patterns.

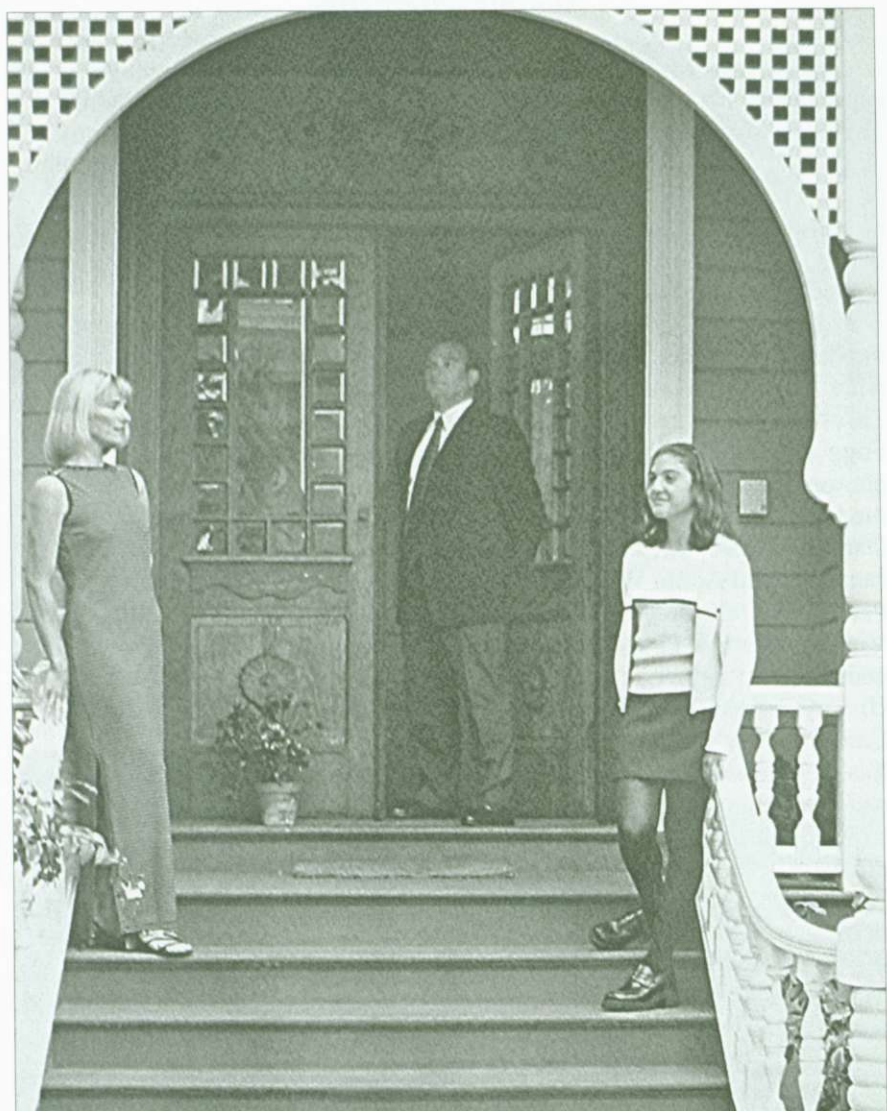


Right: Kitchen in 2005, with a glimpse of the restored butler's pantry at far right.

Michael Mazur enjoys hosting festivities at the restored Trimmer Hill. On October 28, 2000, at his annual Halloween costume party, he surprised his guests with an unannounced wedding. The ceremony took place in front of the south-facing bay window overlooking Laurel Avenue. As the bride would later discover, Bessie Everett's wedding to Dennistoun Wood had taken place in the very same location sixty-six years earlier. On the first Halloween of the new millenium, the groom was host and homeowner Michael Mazur, and his bride was this author, now proud mistress of Trimmer Hill.



*Dr. Oliver Trimmer, Rhoda Trimmer, and their servant Kimmi Kangelo
on the steps of Trimmer Hill, circa 1904.*



Carol, Michael, and Jacqueline Mazur on the steps of Trimmer Hill circa 2004.

Acknowledgments

Living at Trimmer Hill prompted me to investigate the many generations that have made their home here since Oliver and Rhoda Trimmer built this architectural gem 112 years ago. When starting my research in 2001, I had very little to go on—only a single-page biography of Dr. Trimmer and two vintage photographs. As often happens, the more I probed, the more I found, and the thrill of uncovering unsuspected connections between early owners kept me focused—I could even say fixated—on the quest.

This voyage of discovery would not have been possible without the help and encouragement of many people, especially my good friend Nina Alamillo, whose mother, Joanne Lathrop, is the daughter of Caroline Sheppa and the grandniece of Mary Stuntz. Charles Hanney Fogg and William Wood generously shared family memories and photographs. For additional records and photographs, I am indebted to the following sources: Judith MacClelland, former Chief Planner, and Darleta Coelho, Executive Secretary, City of Pacific Grove; Don Beals, Jan Rose and Adam Weiland of the Pacific Grove Heritage Society; the Pacific Grove Library reference desk staff; Pat Hathaway of California Views Historical Photo Collection; Executive Director Paul Finnegan and archivist Esther Trusow of the Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History, repository of the Charles Tuttle collection. Julianne Burton-Carvajal, now editor of this publication, gave me welcome encouragement from the earliest stage of the process.

Last, and most important, I extend my loving thanks to my husband Michael and my niece, Julie Kroger, who read the manuscript in the early stages and offered helpful suggestions, and dedicate the final product to my father, James Carr Payne, in loving memory.

Main floor turret room in 2005, originally Dr. Trimmer's office.





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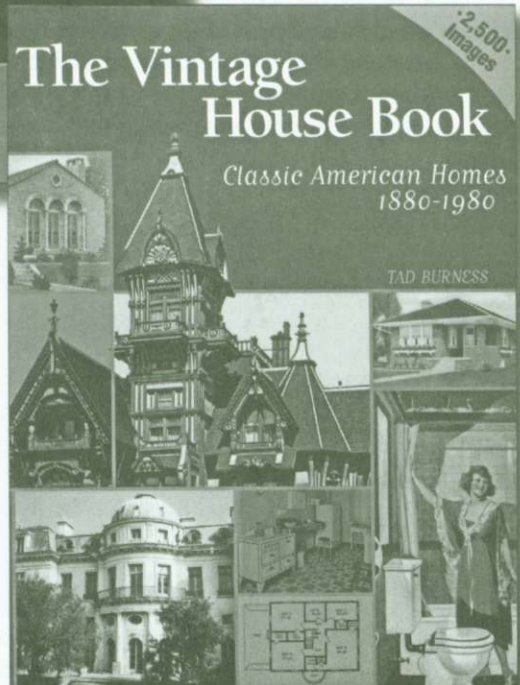
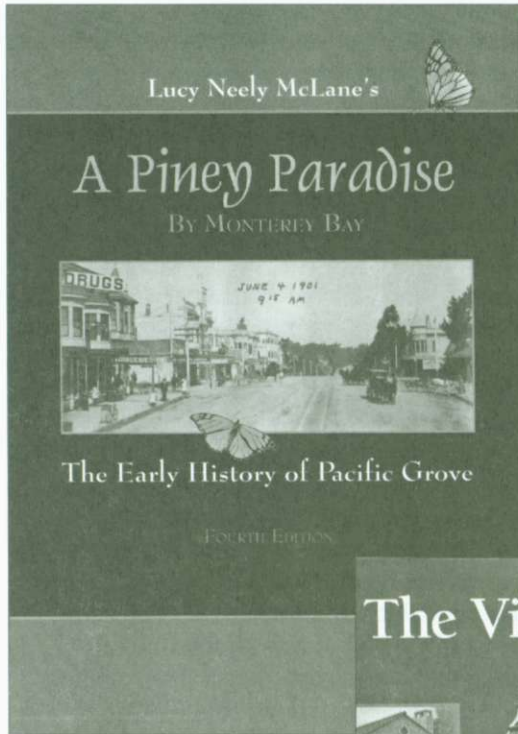
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Rhoda and Oliver Trimmer pose in front of their home in 1893. Charles Tuttle photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views 72-08-125.

BOOK REVIEWS

by Noble Stockton, *Noticias* Book Review Editor



Wesley B. Keeler, ed. *Lucy Neely McLane's A Piney Paradise by Monterey Bay: The Early History of Pacific Grove*. 4th edition. Baltimore, Maryland: Gateway Press, 2004. 244 pp.

Here is important news for lovers of local history, especially those of the Pagrovia persuasion. For fifty years *A Piney Paradise*, the standard history of Pacific Grove, has charmed readers with its grace while driving them crazy with its imprecisions. Now a retired newspaper editor from the East has produced a new edition, revised and corrected.

Lucy Neely McLane, who taught speech and English at the University of Colorado, and later at Stanford, published the first edition in 1951. The second, in 1958, corrected some of the errors in the first edition while adding different ones. In 1975, the year of her death, the *Monterey Herald* published a third edition that is very odd: its pictorial sections are padded with views of old Monterey; a table of contents, promising a concluding chapter and an index, appears in some but not all copies; the volume concludes with two irrelevant pages about Seaside, but without both concluding chapter and index! (Reportedly, Miss McLane was still working on the latter when she died.) Given that this wildly unsatisfactory edition has been on sale locally for over twenty-five years, Wesley Keeler deserves our applause for correcting many of McLane's errors and providing an extensive, accurate index.

McLane shared one irritating habit with other writers of local history: when recounting a beloved story, she would allude to matters known to her contemporaries but lost to subsequent generations of readers. "Everybody knew the old parlor," she tells us on page 56, and then goes on about it for a page and a half, without ever identifying its location. In instances like these, Keeler is as clueless as we are.

In one respect, I like the first edition better. Keeler's editing has pruned McLane's stately paragraphs to conform to the abrupt paragraphing of *USA Today*-style journalese, but I miss McLane's lavender-scented prose.

The main point, however, is that *A Piney Paradise* remains a pleasure to read in any edition, replete as it is with amusing anecdotes about the good Methodists who aspired to make Pacific Grove a wholesome center of edification and delight. Keeler's edition is profusely illustrated with amusing photographs, many from Pat Hathaway's California Views Collection.

Keeler is well aware that undetected errors may still be lurking in this fourth edition. He invites alert readers to call them to his attention for a projected fifth edition that depends in part on his gaining access to additional documentation used by McLane. Like the town itself, the history of Pacific Grove continues to evolve.

Tad Burness, compiler, *The Vintage House Book: Classic American Homes, 1880-1980*. Iola, Wisconsin: Krause Publications, 2003. 256 pp.

This delightful picture-book traces the evolution of American home design between 1880 and 1980, with a chapter for each decade. Each chapter begins with a single-page introduction, written by Wisconsin historian Wendell Nelson, who also wrote the foreword. The bulk of each chapter is made up of 2-4 pages of collaged pictures for each year of the decade; the collages include up to 15 images per page.

Many of the illustrations are exteriors, mostly vernacular in style, from local "Pacific Improvement Company Victorians" to Levittown and prefab models. Floor-plans and interior views are also featured, as well as bathroom and kitchen appliances through the decades. (Do you remember the Kelvinator? How about the toilet with the "upraised acanthus" relief on the bowl?) An eye-popping variety of ceiling styles, stairways and stairwells, doors and windows, and household furnishings is included, as well as an automobile from every year since 1899.

Many of the houses pictured in the first half are from Pacific Grove, where the compiler resides. In fact, the book begins with Pacific Grove's oldest home, which dates from 1879. Monterey is represented by 1915-type bungalows; Carmel by the First Murphy house; Pebble Beach by a rambling 1964 "ranch-style home" (with a note that it was razed to make way for an even bigger residence). Salinas weighs in with two houses, John Steinbeck's birthplace and another Victorian. The compiler has culled the rest of the featured houses from towns all over California and the USA. I was astounded and amused to find that his impressionistic selection includes my own Pacific Grove abode.

This charming, quirky compendium is a record of changing popular culture rather than a handbook of architectural high-style. Although the selection includes two Vanderbilt mansions, four Frank Lloyd Wright designs, two craftsman-style houses by Greene and Greene, and a modernist creation by Richard Neutra, the vast majority of the homes pictured are modest dwellings built to house ordinary people. The latter part of the book demonstrates how bland commercial housing replaced the vernacular that once made American towns so charming.

This is a book for browsing. Specific sources are not provided. (With some 2,500 images, this would have been a cumbersome task.) *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Sunset Magazine*, and Sears Roebuck catalogs offered well-stocked hunting-grounds for the houses outside our area. For the local element, in addition to Pacific Grove Heritage Society stalwarts and Pat Hathaway's California Views photo-archive, the Acknowledgments suggest that local real estate agents have been heroic in their efforts to keep the compiler clip-clip-clipping away.

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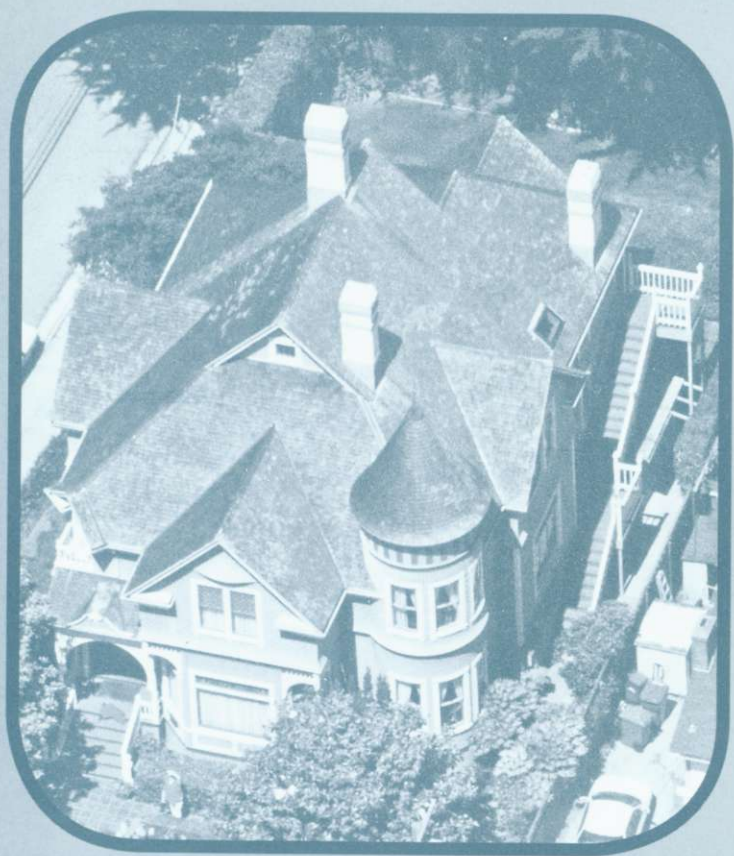
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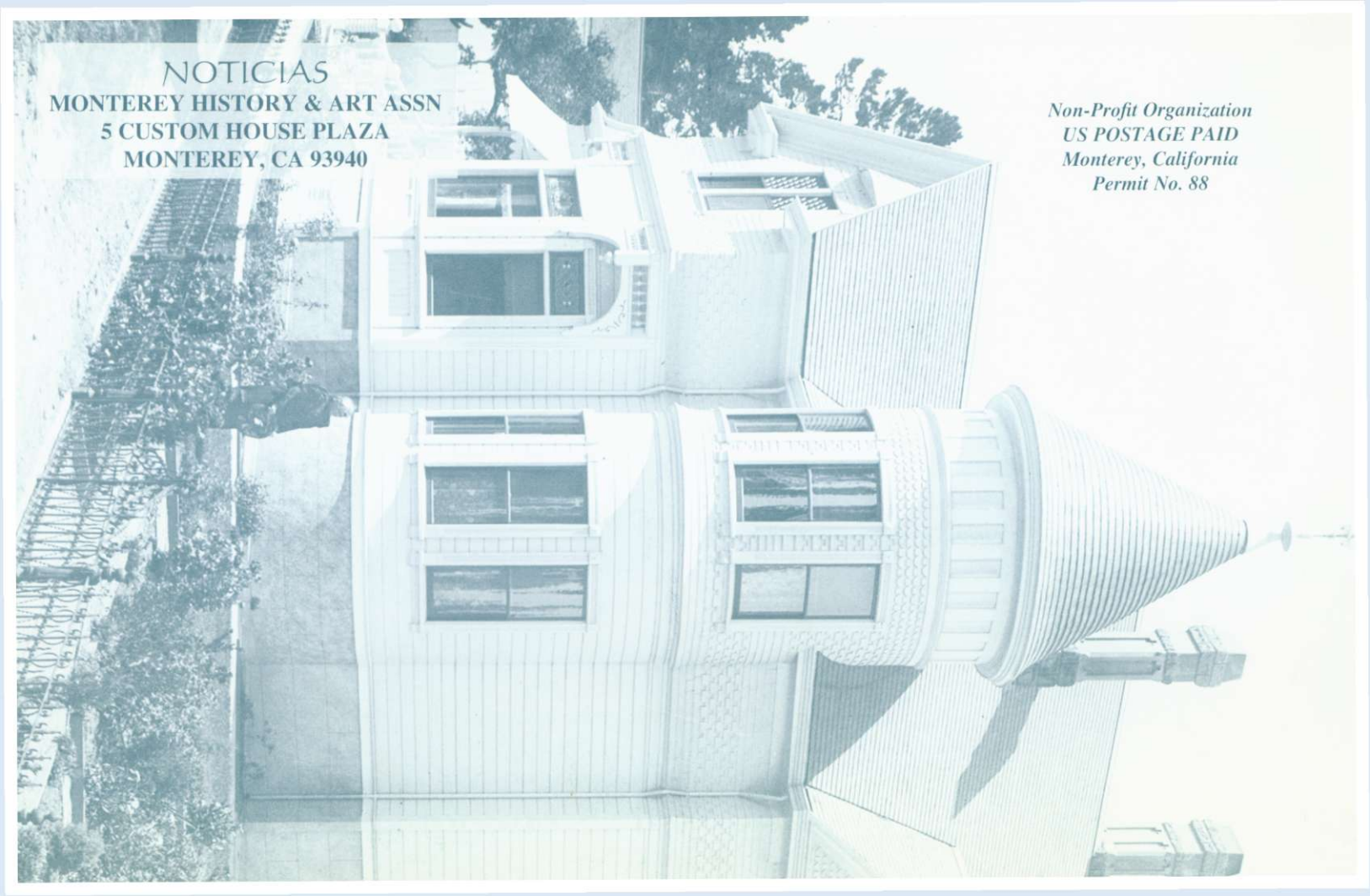
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