

*Historic Houses Jan 1914*

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*Ex-Lieutenant-Governor W. T. Jeter's residence.*

## CLIFF-CREST

HOME OF W. T. JETER, SANTA CRUZ

No. 4 Series of Homes in California

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

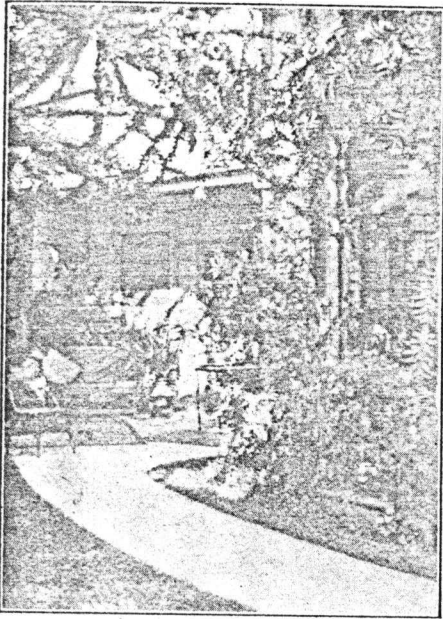
EVER SINCE reading Miss Marlitt's "At the Councillor's," I have been looking for the realization of the fairy tale she makes of the dining room, which is as one apartment with the conservatory, where things grow just as outside, and are still elegantly roofed over.

I found it at the country home of Mr. Wm. T. Jeter, who was Lieutenant Governor when Governor Budd was in office, and who is closely identified with every measure that has been taken for the advancement of California's best interests, is a public man in the truest sense, and is yet a "home body," and perfectly devoted to his house and his gardens, and as Mrs. Jeter shares the love of home with her

husband, and as both have art tastes, the house and the grounds the Jeter's are simply unique, every feature of the residence, every vista in the grounds, is original, there has been much planning, especially of the house.

The Jeters have been much in Washington, and are so familiar with the old Virginia plantation homes perhaps without being conscious of it, their Santa Cruz home has taken the semblance to these architectural showplaces, which were neither shoddy nor showy.

On a green bank overlooking the Bay of Monterey, as well as the Santa Cruz Mountains, rises the house, of wall, what can be seen for



*Pergola entrance to the conservatory window.*

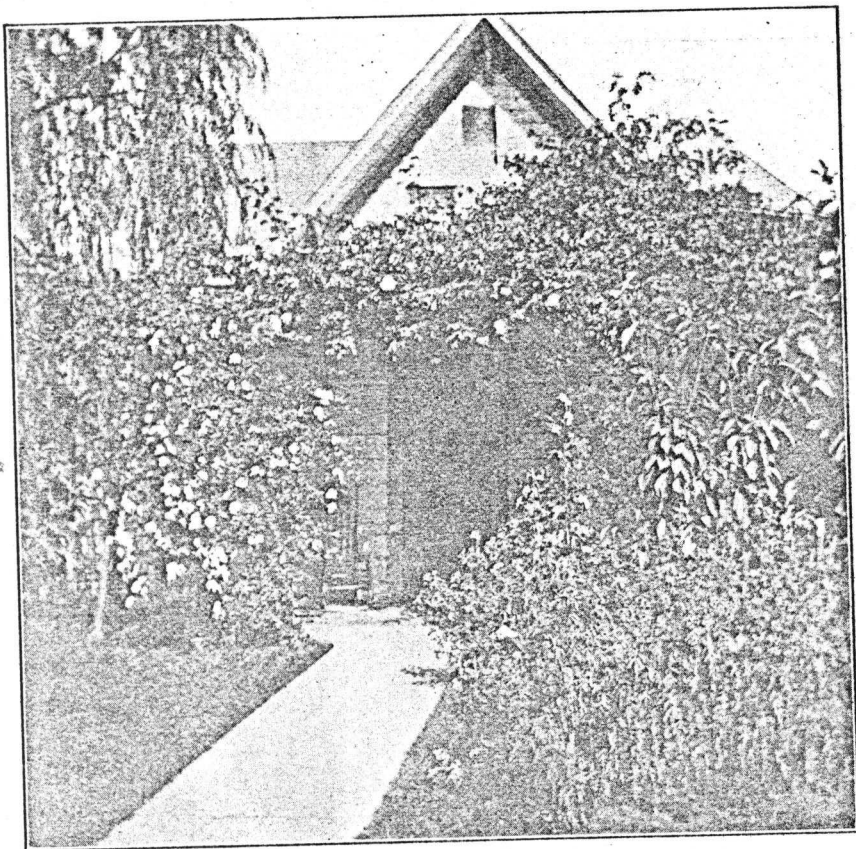
and climbing roses. The most remarkable combination of vine and tree occurs right at the entrance door, one branch of the white clematis that sends its other shoots above the window forming the bay of the reception room, has reached out and taken possession of a fine, tall walnut tree that stands in the lawn across from the entrance, and it has so attached itself to this tree, holds it in such close embrace, that the vine forms an arch across the road, and then climbs higher into the tree. When the vine is covered with cream-white, huge stars, shining from a background of green, the blossoms crowding to the front, with still denser growth at the back, it is a wonderful sight, even for a Californian to see.

A collection of rarest trees has been disposed throughout the grounds, with the same fine observance of fitness and effect that strikes one on taking a closer survey of the *tout ensemble* of house and grounds. A Himalaya cedar, a Lusitania, a camphor tree, and enormous palm, a mountain ash; farther on, a redwood; and rarest of all,

a pecan tree, taller even than the mighty walnut which the clematis entwines, and each and all seem to have grown of their own choice where they could be happiest in their surroundings. On the lawn in front, these trees look down upon, but do not hide, the wreath of richest color, of gayest flowers, of loveliest bloom and grandest ferns, that encircles the rotunda formed on the lawn by the wide sweep of reception hall and drawing room window. From among this flower-border grow and spring the vines that climb to the second story of the house, wistaria, cianthus, passion vine, and in some cases reach clear around to the pergola roof of the other wing of the building.

Whether you turn to the right hand or the left, as you enter the grounds, there is lawn, shrubbery, forest even, yet there are flower borders and whole hedges of brightest bloom, the brightest still lighting up the heaviest shadow that the trees may throw; the pepper tree, the duricania, the pittosporum, or again the walnut; the pear or the cherry-plum. They are all ornamental trees here, so closely are they associated with the exotic growth surrounding them, and often closely clasped by some tropic vine. And a riot of color is everywhere; and in the long, winding walks of the garden, that afford such delightful promenades there is always a picture in a frame of verdure, climbing vine or close-branched tree, in perspective. Always and ever the wonderful grouping and the contrast of color; here are borders of gaudiest, proudest dahlias, a hedge of golden glow, and while your eyes are still dazzled with the brilliancy of the rich, warm colors, they rest suddenly upon the slumbrous, peaceful, vine-spun cot of the gardener, a picturesque abode, with the plumbago vine gracefully upholding its delicate blue flower-clusters, and a moon flower trailing its dark green foliage over roof and pillar of the porch.

One of the unique features, most cleverly planned, is the staircase lead-



*The gardener's cottage.*

ing to the stories above. It is when you descend that it dawns upon you how cunningly every detail has been thought out and arranged, for just before the stairs make the last turn, you are really in the rotunda of the conservatory that is part of the dining room, though raised above it, so that you are looking as from a balcony on the scene below. A wonderful scene, truly, this tropic garden, filled with plants and vines and flowers that flood the dining room with bloom and fragrance, and upon which fall the flitting tints of the stained-glass border running around the entire glass walls of the conservatory.

Just outside is a cozy corner if ever there was one, for lounges and reclining chairs, tables and tabourets are temptingly disposed beneath a lovely, leafy roof of passion vine, of clanthus, of wistaria, of jasmin, of sollya,

of capensis, of bougainvillea, and the fuchsia with its pendant blossoms. Picturesque, yet with the air of home comfort that does not exclude elegance.

I repeat, there was much planning done for house and grounds, for light effects in the house, for vistas in the grounds. Over the Grand piano in the music room is one of Hill's finest Yosemite, and the light is so managed that it falls upon it in its very best mood. In the drawing room are art objects and costly souvenirs from world travels, and the reception hall holds memories dear to the heart of both master and mistress of Cliff-Crest.

The guest chambers above show grand views of the Monterey Bay, and the mountain scenery from here is sun kissed and dreamy beneath a sky of azure blue.