

# Garages in History

367 Addison Avenue

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There are three ingredients that are required to change the world, or at least the way we live in it. The first one is the change agent; usually a maverick who works as well in a cubicle as a can of Krylon works to get you invited to Pebble Beach.

The second thing is a napkin (on occasion the back of an envelope will work almost as well, less romantic of course but okay in a pinch). It's the perfect place for a crude line drawing on how your contraption is gonna work, gonna look and gonna change the world.

And lastly, but no less important than the first two, is a garage.

These elements came together in 1939 when two change agents (sometimes better than one but not always) named Dave and Bill had it with the seeing their ideas curtailed and confined. So they got a napkin and a garage.

It was in that garage that their Model 200A was incubated. That audio oscillator was the first product of their new company, Hewlett-Packard named with a coin toss. Today that trilogy (mavericks, napkin and the garage) has been translated into one of the world's largest and most influential corporations. Let's just say that their annual earnings could allow you to acquire the contents of every garage in the Garage Style Magazine universe.

That 8-foot x 18-foot shed was the epicenter of their vision. It played such an instrumental part of their realization that in 1989 the garage was dedicated as the Birthplace of Silicon Valley. Hewlett-Packard acquired the property in 2000 and restored it in 2005. Two years later it was listed on the National Register of Historic Place.

The garage at 367 Addison Avenue in Palo Alto, California had stuff that most GSM readers probably have in their own garages. A used Sear's drill press, coffee cans filled with a small collection of bits and washers, a wood work bench and a hot plate for pots of coffee. The garage was also filled with the same thing that fills the garage of most Garage Style Magazine readers. A vision, an image and a belief; a belief that things, sometimes magical things, can happen. While the typical GSM reader relates to "garage magic" as the transformation of a rusty Vicky, the reinvigoration of a bleak day or the contemplation of fitting new rockers to a Facel Vega, the "magic" is no less revered.

The problem solving at 367 Addison was no less impressive than the solutions that GSM readers come up with every night, every weekend and every cherished garage based day they can score. The energy, the art and the commitment of the GSMer would certainly be acknowledged and admired by Dave



and Bill. They would have easily understood and appreciated the shared delight when garage doors are opened. They would quickly connect with the reconfiguring of the thinking of, "where was I" as GSMers approach their work benches left exactly as it was the night before. Packard and Hewlett (the alternative name of the corporation if the coin dropped on "tails") would rejoice knowing that the spirit of creating, conceiving and constructing has not lost a beat.

While not many GSM reader garage projects result in the interconnectivity of people around the world or the instantaneous retrieval of virtually every bit of human knowledge, both of these domains are part of every GSM garage project. The GSM devotee connects with friends, suppliers, fellow enthusiasts, club members, admirers and like minded "garagistas." They very often connect, either personally or spiritually with every previous owner and every milestone their car was part of. In terms of "knowledge" the GSMer is a sponge in every sense that Bill and Dave were. The garage is their tutor where they can learn new skills, new techniques, new abilities and new self esteem. They learn the fundamentals of oxidation, metal fatigue, leather composition, the limits of 60 year old technology and the forgiving nature of dinosaurian steering geometry. They learn how much they can improvise, how much they can excuse and how much they have to rely and help each other.

The GSM reader is connected to Bill and Dave by more than late nights spent in garages challenged by napkin scribbles that don't always translate into metal templates. They share the same need to express themselves, the same need to improve or redefine themselves and the same need to cause others to wonder what draws them back there day after day.

And of course in all probability they share the same hot plate and battered drill press. GSM