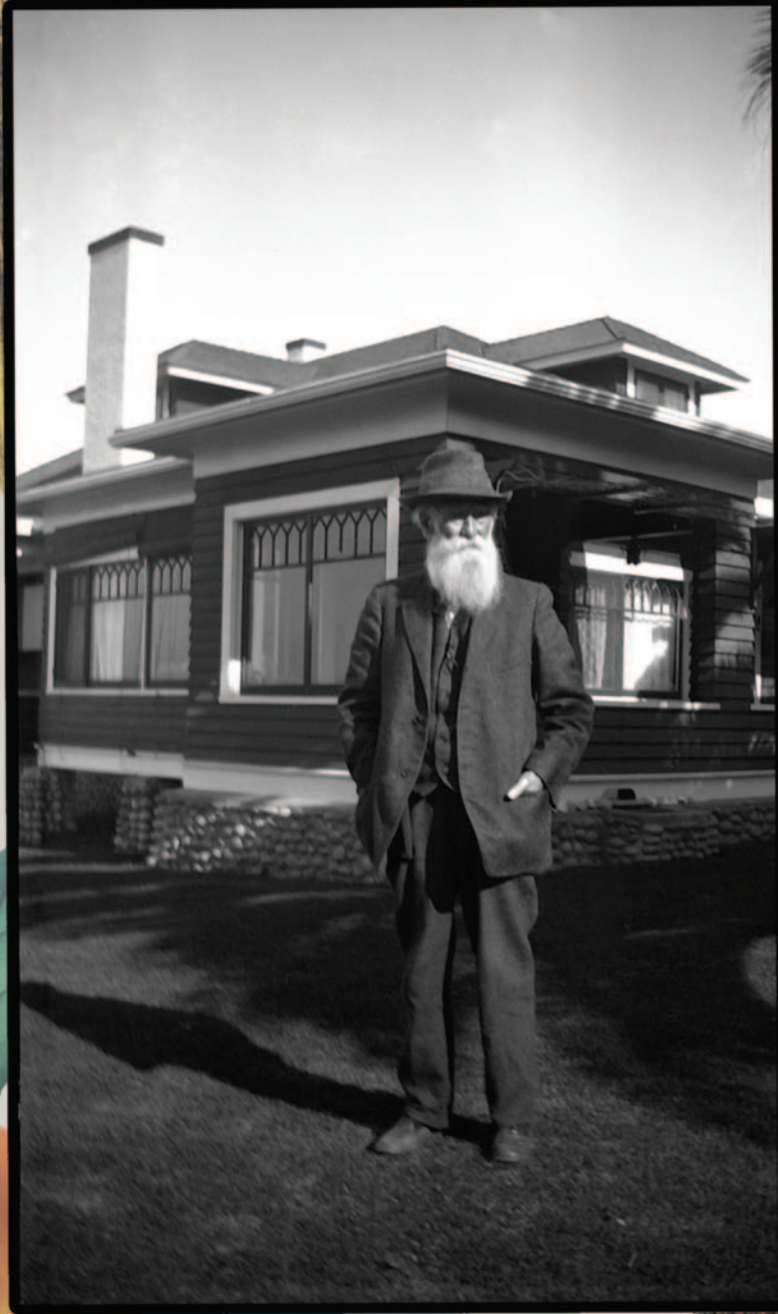


Timekeeper

FALL • WINTER 2020

VOLUME 39, NO 2



MISSION

The La Jolla Historical Society inspires and empowers the community to make La Jolla's diverse past a relevant part of contemporary life.

VISION

The La Jolla Historical Society looks toward the future while celebrating the past. We preserve and share La Jolla's distinctive sense of place and encourage quality in the urban built environment. The Society serves as a thriving community resource and gathering place where residents and visitors explore history, art, ideas and culture.

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Cover: American naturalist and writer John Burroughs made his last visit to La Jolla in the winter of 1920 when he was photographed in front of Wisteria Cottage. He died on the train trip back to his beloved Catskills in early 1921.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE



Heath Fox

If there is one thing a global pandemic provides, it's perspective, quickly dispatching any notions of community isolation and neutrality from the global order. And so it is with our organization. The La Jolla Historical Society operates a portfolio of six mission-delivery functions: exhibitions, publications, educational programs, community events, archive and collections accessibility, and historic preservation consultation. All have been disrupted, cancelled, suspended, postponed or in some way affected by the COVID 19 pandemic.

The list is long of the activities we cancelled this year in response to the pandemic, which include restrictions that prohibit or limit social gatherings and program activities. Exhibition opening receptions, the La Jolla Concours d'Elégance & Motor Car Classic, the Secret Garden Tour, silent film nights on the lawn, Landmark Group lectures, youth summer camps, and the Scripps Luncheon are some of the casualties. Knowing that the pandemic recovery will be uneven and protracted, be assured that we will return to these activities as the situation allows, and with a renewed commitment to relevant and engaging programming.

Over the near-term, we have been working

on virtual programs, delivered online or by social media. We had a very successful *Virtual Garden Party* on August 22, which you can view on our YouTube channel, and we're extremely grateful to Board members Meg Davis and Lucy Jackson for their leadership in organizing this event. In November we're presenting a webinar entitled *Race Talk* with UCSD Athletic Director Earl Edwards and business executive Jim DeBello. In January, we're presenting an online and digital media storytelling event entitled *The Decameron Project* in collaboration with Write Out Loud, San Diego Writers Ink, and the San Diego Central Library. Look for forthcoming announcements about these online activities.

In the meantime, we want all our members and donors to know how grateful we are for your continued support. *Thank you* to everyone who contributed to the Society during this unprecedented lockdown – *thank you* for your support in helping build our bridge to recovery! Thanks also to the members of our Board of Directors for their service, perseverance, and leadership. In troubled times, history institutions provide a crucial sense of connection, place, and continuity—as well a mirror to reflect on a better future. There is much to be thankful for at the La Jolla Historical Society as we look ahead, and we are extremely grateful for your support, generosity, and encouragement.

Heath Fox
 Executive Director



The La Jolla Historical Society appreciates the participation of the speakers, presenters, and attendees of the Virtual Garden Party held August 22, 2020.

Thank you for joining the Party!

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Carol Olten and her Samoyed Nanook, photographed at the Dreamery on Park Row March, 2020

One of the greatest perks of being a historian is discovering history you never knew. Like the story of Box 150. 150 was the post office box in La Jolla for the U.S. Horticultural Field Station at Torrey Pines, a 63-acre facility operating from 1922 through the 1950s where scientists and agriculturalists maintained field gardens, primarily in later years for the study of different varieties of gourds, cantaloupes and lettuce. The aim was to determine which could best be grown as major food crops in some of California's largest agricultural lands such as the Imperial and San Joaquin valleys.

Beverly Whitaker Rodgers witnessed the operation first-hand as the daughter of Dr. Thomas W. Whitaker who ran the field station in the 1940s and 50s with his family living on site in a small pueblo-style house next to the vegetable fields. Some years ago she decided to write a book about her unusual childhood experiences growing up in this horticultural outpost when a trip into La Jolla seemed like a journey to the moon. The title, "Reflections From Box 150: Chronicles of a Childhood Growing Up on the US Horticultural Field Station Near Torrey Pines" is now being published. She gave me the opportunity of previewing a copy; I took great pleasure in discovering this slice of La Jolla history that seemed totally new to me.

The field station was located two miles south of what is now Torrey Pines State Reserve on land leased from the City of San Diego. Surrounded by a wilderness of native

chaparral and entered from roads off old Highway 101, it was a little-known setting where a group of isolated scientists and geneticists studied and planted varieties of agricultural crops to improve flavor, disease resistance and ability to be shipped long distances for growing American markets during and beyond the World War II years. It had four groups of buildings including offices, labs, sheds, a barn, a lath house, a reservoir and nine acres regularly planted for two growing seasons per year. About a half-dozen small adobe houses enabled staff, workers and their families to live on site.

Beverly, her parents and older brother, Tommy, moved here in 1937 when she was only two years old, her mother descending from an old Virginia family, her father a graduate of the University of California, Davis. Growing up she found it "a place where the landscape had a beauty and significance all its own and the breezes always fresh and smelled of the sea." She rode horses, explored canyons, played in caves and climbed cliffs with reckless abandon through most of her childhood – "our parents didn't worry about us," she writes, "although maybe they should have." Once, after an accident with the plow mules for treatment and recovery at the old Scripps Hospital. Eventually both she and Tommy were enrolled in La Jolla's Balmer School and La Jolla, she recalls, became the place "out of the sticks" where "we shopped, dined and did business." Her mother, Mary, sold eggs produced by the family's chickens for 50 cents a dozen to the local bridge club. Her father's career peaked with pioneering work in agricultural genetics, including a mutation of Great Lakes lettuce that became the "iceberg" heads now in most supermarkets.

Although Beverly's life at Box 150 ended with her going away to college and becoming a teacher and the station closed when the Department of Agriculture's lease expired,

many years later she felt compelled to put her memories in a book. "My physical ties were cut when I went away to college," she noted, "but as I write about my youth I realize how my sense of self... was shaped by unique experiences of living on The Station"

Today virtually all evidence of the horticulture station has been erased – the buildings, the fences, the roads and the arroyos are gone. So, too, the coyotes, raccoons, bobcats, deer, gophers and snakes. So, too, the neat rows of cultivated vegetables.



Beverly Whitaker Rodgers (above) cuddles one of her pet kittens as a child. Isolated buildings (below) at Box 150, the Horticultural Field Station at Torrey Pines where she grew up.

The fields where she and Tommy looked for arrowheads and fossilized seashells left from thousand years old civilizations are chock-a-block with industrial buildings and commercial complexes. Time marched on. But not necessarily forward.

– Carol Olten
 Editor



Wild Things to Make Your Heart Sing

by Molly McClain

In the early twentieth century, newcomers to San Diego invariably commented on the wildflowers that sprung up after the winter rains, covering hillsides with patches of purple and yellow flowers, wild mustard, and flaming orange poppies. Among them was philanthropist Ellen Browning Scripps who was delighted by the variety of plants that came to life out of seemingly barren ground. Intrigued, she commissioned the artist Albert R. Valentien to collect and paint the wildflowers of California. His watercolors in the collection of the San Diego Natural History Museum testify to the rich variety of plant life in early California.

Valentien was not a botanist but the chief decorator at Rookwood Pottery in Cincinnati, OH. He began painting native wildflowers while taking the “rest cure” in Germany. He and his wife Anna had travelled to Europe to arrange for the Rookwood exhibit at the 1900 Paris Exposition and to show their own work. Exhausted, Valentien recuperated at a health spa in the Black Forest where he entertained himself by sketching wildflower “models” that his wife collected for him.

In 1903, the Valentiens travelled to San Diego, reputed to be a paradise for both health seekers and amateur botanists. Sensing that there was a market for flower paintings, Valentien painted 150 species of plants including the manzanita, the California lilac, and the matilija poppy. He brought some of his works to show members of the Scripps family at Miramar Ranch, the West Coast headquarters of publishing magnate E.W. Scripps. Ellen Scripps, visiting from La Jolla, noted in her diary, “Mr. Valentien here with collection of painted wild flowers.” Encouraged, Valentien considered leaving his job at Rookwood. He later wrote that this was “practically the ending of my pottery career.”

The Valentiens moved to San Diego in 1908. An exhibit of wildflower paintings at the Scripps Building in downtown San Diego attracted Ellen Scripps who purchased studies of goldenrod and wild aster at \$100 apiece (\$3000 in 2020 dollars). She met with Valentien and his wife several times over the course of that year before deciding, in 1909, to support a major project: the illustration of California’s native plants.

Over the next ten years, Valentien traveled, in his words, “over valleys, mountain tops, along the seashore and in the deserts of the entire state...painting as I go.” He filled 1,094 sheets of 13-by-20 inch paper with watercolors of nearly 1,500 specimens: wildflowers, ferns, grasses, trees, shrubs, and cactus. He also collected specimens which he sent to UC Berkeley for identification. When finished, the paintings were placed in flat metal shelving in Scripps’ library.

Scripps and Valentien had hoped to publish the watercolors, but production costs proved too expensive. As a result, the images remained in La Jolla until 1933 when after Scripps’ death they were donated to the Natural History Museum. According to Margaret Dykens, Research Library Director and curator for the 2003 exhibition, *Plant Portraits: The California Legacy of A.R. Valentien*, the collection bears witness to the

“vibrancy, liveliness, and breathtaking abilities” of Valentien. It also “documents the spectacular richness of California’s diverse plant life in the early 1900s.”

McClain is professor of History at University of San Diego and a member of the Society’s board of directors.

A.R. Valentien wildflower images collection of the San Diego Natural History Museum.

California wildflowers painted by Valentien include the red-flowering Native Ocotillo (upper left), ground-hugging Sedum (bottom) and the Hairy Matilija Poppy (right).



WORDS WITH THING



S.F.

By Carol Olten

After first edition of La Jolla Year by Year was published, Randolph crossed out everything he had written about the derivation of La Jolla's name in his personal copy (right) to revise his conclusions on the subject in the later edition.

first and second addition books from 1946 as well as the second printing in 1955, to the Society's collection. It includes his personal signed copy from the first print run with hand written corrections meticulously scribed by fountain pen and ink for future changes in the later edition. In a newspaper clipping pasted inside the front cover from the La Jolla Light of Jan. 2, 1947, he publicly acknowledges three mistakes: Identifying Girard Avenue to be named after banker and patriot Stephen Girard instead of the 19th century naturalist and scientist Charles Frederic Girard; indicating the wrong Chopin compositions pianist Mrs. Austin Adams had played at Ellen Terry's celebrated guest appearance at the Wheeler Bailey House and misidentifying Dr. William M. Thompson as "George." These were duly corrected nine years later.

Randolph's book was published in a particularly pivotal time in La Jolla history. World War II had just ended. The coast was once again safe from Japanese attack but new fears appeared on the horizon with the Cold War, the Red Scare and fall-out shelters. With returning military starting families, La Jolla was about to experience a huge housing boom, but with a different kind of house that was to replace the cozy village cottages and rustic bungalows of yesteryear – houses that found identifications as Mid-Century Modern works of substance hanging over ocean-view canyons or California ranchers that landed like so many happy look-alike zombies on nearby mesas. The houses contained a new phenomena – television! – and homeowners who gathered for neighborhood cocktail hours or skipped out to dinner and dancing at that surfacely respectable, but slightly iniquitous, place to swing called Del Charro.

La Jolla was evolving into a different style of place when Randolph recorded the early history. Much of the Green Dragon Colony was gone or going. The Ellen Browning Scripps manse on Prospect Street had just become the new Art Center with visions toward becoming a contemporary museum. More and more street corners and blocks began to sport flashy new gas stations and car dealerships. The electric trolley, for nearly 20 years a major link from La Jolla to San Diego and back, had ceased operating. La Jolla, like the rest of the country, was ready to cruise the byways in Oldsmobiles and Buicks.

Randolph left a history book of the La Jolla of before – before it cruised away. In preparing the manuscript he corresponded with hundreds of residents and visitors as wells as their relatives to share memories of older people and places. Correspondence, frequently lengthy handwritten letters and sometimes no more than typed notes on penny postcards, went on for several years before Randolph sat down to write and assemble material at his home at 7862 Prospect St. The book became an extreme hands-on project with type set in place for each page and the pages then assembled in seven binders with accompanying photographic copies to be used. In the first edition Randolph dealt with the then and still-debated origin of La Jolla's name – Indian or Spanish, hole/hollow or jewel. He began by saying

"there is much to be said for both contentions" and quoted a children's story on prehistoric La Jolla written in 1943 by Melicent Humason Lee supporting the notion of origin from an Indian word meaning "cave" or "hole." The acting director of the San Diego Museum supported Joya, the Spanish word for jewel "that phonetically can be spelled Jolla." And Randolph concluded "whether the name is Indian or Spanish, whether it means cave or jewel the fact remains that we do have caves here and that La Jolla sparkles like a jewel."

But when the 1946 book got into readers' hands the reference to La Jolla's name caused major hoopla. Residents cringed – how could anyone suggest La Jolla was anything but a jewel? Linguistics scholars threw linguistic tantrums. And Randolph picked up his fountain pen and drew lines over everything he had written about the name La Jolla. When the 1955 book was published, his section on the La Jolla name began: "The origin of the name La Jolla has been a controversial subject for many years. . ." This time he relied on Edwin G. Gudde's book, "1000 California Place Names" published in 1947 by the University of California Press as his source along with an 1870 map of the Pueblo Lands of San Diego. The map clearly identifies a portion of La Jolla's pueblo lots as located in "La Joya" valley. Gudde's book concludes there is a hollow surrounded by hills southeast of the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club responsible for the name.

In his second and final edition Randolph establishes "there can be no doubt that this hollow gave La Jolla its name." His hand-typed note pasted into the personal copy of 1946 includes a paragraph from Gudde's book and a conclusion that "this seems to be the final word on the subject."

Obviously, it wasn't.



Howard S.F. Randolph
Personal Copy
December 4, 1946.

With corrections.

Howard Steele Fitz-Randolph – signing himself as Howard S.F. – was no scribbler. He crossed his T's and dotted his I's. He watched his grammar and, equally, punctuation. Commas in the right place. Ditto periods, colons and semi c's. Hyphens only where hyphens are due. In researching and writing the first book of La Jolla history Fitz-Randolph adapted a basic rule: Write letters, talk to old people and dig, dig, dig.

Randolph's book, "La Jolla Year by Year," was initially published in 1946 with printing undertaken by the author, a genealogist, who moved here from New York in 1935 and became both curious about and devoted to discovering the history of his new home. It had a 6-by-9-inch hard cover, 158 pages with 44 half-tone illustrations, two maps and a selling price of \$2 plus six cents California tax. Most of the illustrations were photographs Randolph gathered from pioneer families of the late 19th century and were seeing the light of print for the first time. He undertook the book on behalf of the history committee of the La Jolla Library Association, which segued later into the La Jolla Historical Society; Randolph's photographs became the nucleus of today's archive of some 30,000 historical images currently in the Society collection.



Basically, well-received in the community for its anecdotal style and attention to dates and detailed descriptions of the people and places that made up the village in the late 19th and early 20th century (Randolph ended his book with events of the early 1940s), "Year by Year" became the "go to" resource for anyone interested in local history until Patricia Schaelchlin's

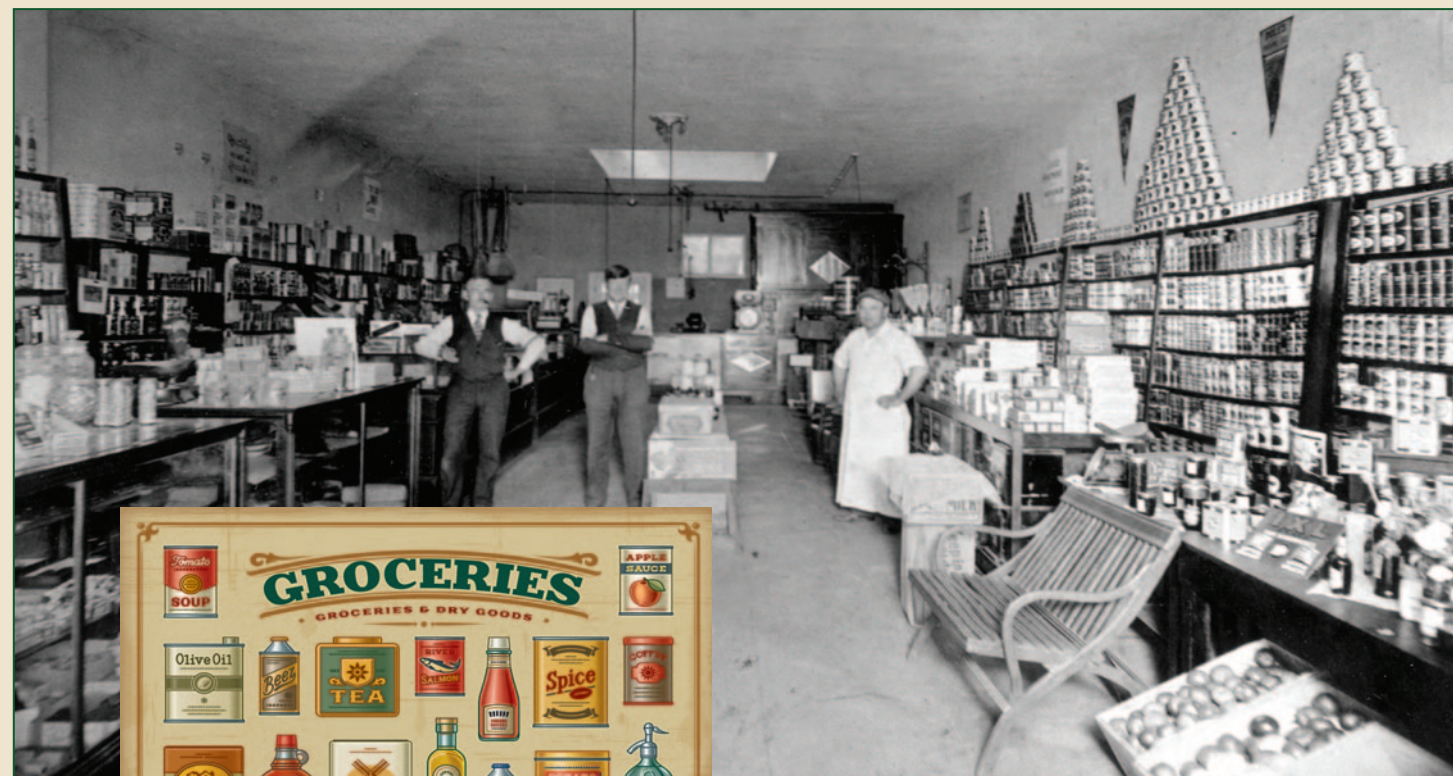
larger volume, "La Jolla The Story of a Community 1887-1987" was published in connection with the 1987 centennial. Today, the Randolph book remains a sound, informative starter book for anyone interested in the life and times of early La Jolla – no longer in print but usually readily available in locations such as D.G. Wills book store or as part of a dusty pile stacked in a corner at estate and garage sales. Simply put, it's chock-a-block with good stories pulled together by a well-schooled gentleman who had a mind for what he was doing. (Before his move to La Jolla, Randolph, a descendant of the Fitz-Randolph family that settled Cape Cod, MA, in 1630, was engaged as librarian and associate editor of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society.)

Recently Randolph's granddaughter, Deborah Hobler, a resident of Santa Barbara, donated a collection of her grandfather's original

Manuscript and photographs (above) for La Jolla's first history book were carefully labeled and filed in binders long before they went to the printer.

IT WAS THE EARLY 1900S, BUT LA JOLLANS ALREADY HAD THEIR SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR, OREOS, JELLO, AND CAMPBELL'S PORK AND BEANS GOOD TO GO

By Carol Olten



Cozens Grocery was ready for business in 1915 at 7826 Girard Avenue. Owner Charles Cozens (right) waits on customers with his delivery men.

By the early 1900s a surprising number of packaged and canned brand names began to be available to grocery stores around the country – including in La Jolla’s small group of food supply stores that opened along Girard Avenue which welcomed the goods as it was brought by train from San Diego. Shelves were readily stocked with Wesson Oil, Hills Brothers Coffee, Karo Syrup, Campbell’s Pork and Beans, Swans Down Cake Flour, Kellogg’s Corn Flakes, Armour’s Corned Beef, Quaker Oats and Campbell’s Soup and – yes, even Jello and Minute Tapioca – all of this by 1910! Popular snacks such as Oreos, Lorna Doons, Animal Crackers, Fig Newtons and Cracker Jack also were neatly – and often cleverly packaged – for public consumption by this time in the early 20th century.

If a La Jolla housewife walked into the new Barnes & Calloway grocery on Girard Avenue in 1919 (the building where Burn’s Drugs was located for many years now housing Brooks Brothers), and requested a box of Minute Tapioca she could probably purchase it without delay. Although some early accounts readily attest to a life of living off the land and sea (the Anson Mills diaries record he fished for supper practically every other day), other records indicate that culinary life in this relatively isolated beach community with a population of only about 200 persons was far from uncivil – barring a few unsavory attempts by groups such as the La Jolla Cavemen to return to primitive habits of gnawing on bones while attired in skins of wild beasts. When the La Jolla Social Club published its first and only recipe book in 1908, it revealed not only meat-and-potatoes and seafood dishes as popular fare, but a sophisticated vegan entry for a Nut Roast made of fresh walnuts, bread crumbs and eggs, plus dainty little sweets called Vanities whose main ingredients were beaten egg whites and sugar. Recipes frequently called for ingredients by brand names such

as Worcester and Tabasco sauce and Knox gelatin. One recipe clued in the cook for duplicating Marshall Fields Doughnuts, among the confections popular at the fashionable Chicago department store.

La Jolla’s early grocery stores were, of course, a far cry from the mega-emporiums that operate today. Nobody pushed or carried either carts or baskets since they were not part of the procedure. Instead, a customer would go to the counter, give an order to a clerk who would then collect the requested merchandise and either hand it to the customer for payment or write it up on a credit slip. The customer then could either carry it home or request it be delivered. (By the 1920s the Piggly Wiggly chain had seen the caprices of this mode of operation and popularly introduced the idea of baskets which could be pushed around the store by the customer to collect merchandise; owner Clarence Sanders supposedly called the stores Piggly Wiggly because the customers pushing baskets reminded him of pigs snorting down the aisles – not too pleasant an image for marketing, but for decades the Piggly Wiggly name evidently worked as the chain built a successful following.

An early photo of Cozens Grocery, 7826 Girard Ave., circa 1915, shows the owner, Charles Cozens, a butcher in a white apron and delivery men standing in the store awaiting customers with shelves neatly stacked with canned goods, boxes of produce and miscellaneous merchandise arranged on counters at either side. A wooden bench is provided for the customer’s respite. One can intuit Virginia Scripps coming in to buy a box of Quaker Oats for her celebrated Oat Meal Wafers – “dropped from spoon into greased paper size of ginger cakes.” Or maybe she was happier to simply settle for the pre-packaged container of those Oreos!

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!



by Lori Thiel

When my son was in elementary school I mentioned that there was once a time when women were not allowed to vote. He was skeptical. “It’s true,” I assured him. “Men made the rules and they thought women were too ignorant and emotional to vote.” He argued with me about the fallacy of that position, and I took a perverse pride in his incredulity. Nearly 100 years after women pushed for and delivered the right to vote, I helped birth a generation who found the history of women’s suffrage so absurd as to be unbelievable. Is this a sign of progress or is it a pacifier that distracts us from the unfulfilled legacy of womens’ rights?

August 26 is Women’s Equality Day and marks the 100th anniversary of the 19th Amendment. In our zeal to celebrate the passage of what should have been a birthright, let’s not overlook the fact that women are still struggling for equality, starting with womens’ suffrage, itself. Though the 19th Amendment was written for all women, it mainly served to enfranchise white women, due to regressive state laws like Jim Crow. It wasn’t until the 1965 Voting Rights Act outlawed discriminatory voting practices that Black women and men were fully allowed to exercise the right to vote. Indigenous women were largely excluded from voting before the Indian Citizenship Act of 1924, after which some municipalities passed laws effectively barring them from voting until the late 1940s. And restrictions on Asian American voting weren’t removed until the 1950s.

In the century since, womens’ suffrage hasn’t propagated similarly momentous sister legislation or social change. Though women account for just over half of the population, we are underrepresented in places of power. We comprise only 24 percent of Congress; 7.4 percent and 12.5 percent of CEOs and CFOs, respectively, in Fortune 500 companies; 32 percent of full

In the century since, women’s suffrage hasn’t propagated similarly momentous sister legislation or social change.

San Diego women campaigned for equal voting rights in 1911 by parading the cause through streets on a float. California women won the right to vote that year.

professors; and 30 percent of college presidents – even though we earned the majority of doctorates for nine consecutive years from 2009 to 2018.

We’re undervalued, too. In 2018, white women working full time in the U.S. were paid 82 cents to every dollar earned by white men; Black women were paid 61 cents; and Latinas earned 54 cents.

And, while the country is revisiting its historic statues, let’s also take a look at that subject. Women are represented in about 10 percent of the monuments on the National Mall; New York’s Central Park got its first statue honoring real women – Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Sojourner Truth –



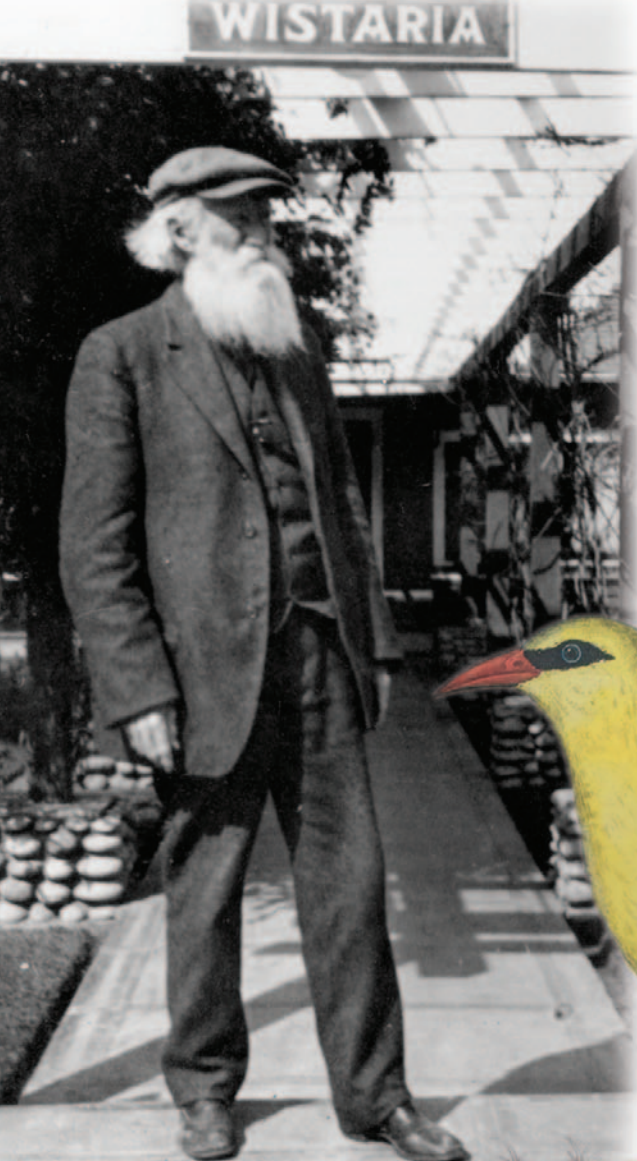
Dr. Charlotte Baker, left, a San Diego physician and president of the Equal Suffrage Association, checks the heartbeat of a crusader.

this month, thanks to the efforts of San Diegans Gary Ferdman and Dr. Myriam Miedzian; and San Diego can claim statues of just three women: “Mother of Balboa Park” Kate Sessions, abolitionist Sojourner Truth and “Unconditional Surrender,” which depicts a woman who got kissed by a sailor she didn’t know. How fitting.

Finally, let’s not forget that the Equal Rights Amendment, suffrage’s rightful heir, is past its due date.

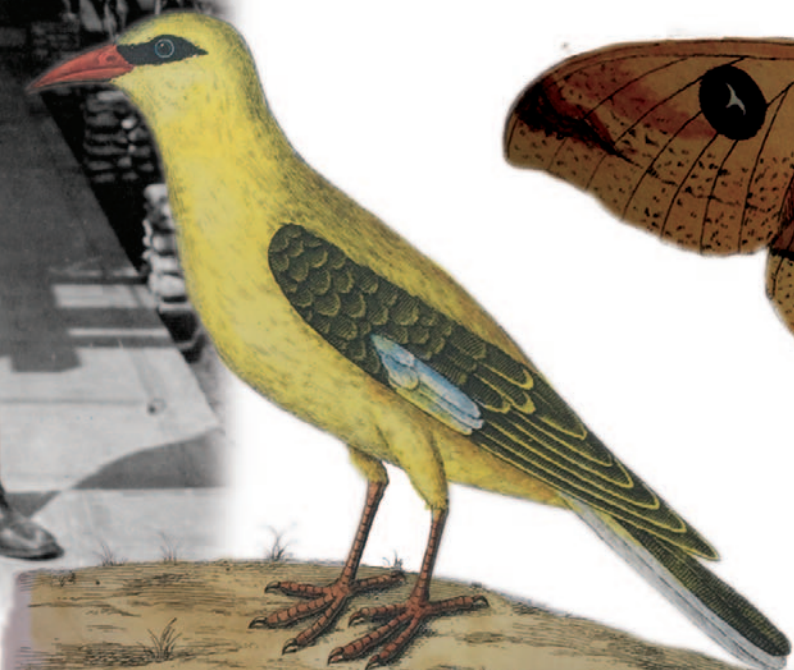
Yes, women’s suffrage is paramount, but our foremothers meant it to be the progenitor of full equality. A century later we’re still expecting.

Thiel is President of the League of Women Voters, San Diego



JOHNNIE OF THE BIRDS *(and other small wonders)*

by Carol Olten



Photograph collection of the La Jolla Historical Society

Catskills nature essayist John Burrows posed for photograph a hundred years ago in front of Wisteria Cottage.

On December 25 about a hundred years ago the great American naturalist and essayist John Burroughs wrote in his journal: "Christmas! The Pacific furnished the music, the sky furnished the glory and Miss Scripps (Virginia) furnished the dinner. Never spent a Christmas in such an environment before... What splendor, what novelty!"

Burroughs, already an elderly man with long snowy white hair and flowing beard as well as being an anointed figure in the world of American nature studies in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, made a number of journeys to California, travelling by train cross-country from his retreats in the Catskills with entourages of family and friends in the late part of his life. In La Jolla on at least three occasions, he enjoyed the company of Ellen Browning Scripps and particularly that of her fiery half-sister, Eliza Virginia. And, it was in Virginia's Wisteria Cottage in La Jolla that he stayed, watching and studying the habits of sea birds and the play of seals and sea lions ("hounds of the sea," he called them) from the back window. In his journal he recorded: "The greatest cradle on

earth – the cradle of the Pacific – is still rocking in front of my window; some days a little more gently than others, but the foot or hand that nudges it is never idle. What a vast cradle it is! What myriad forms of life it holds, both beautiful and hideous beyond words!" Burroughs walked the La Jolla beaches, frequently with his son Julian, a budding painter and poet. He and his party, including two Vassar College girls, were driven to Point Loma for views of the city. They went over "great warty granite mountains" to Imperial Valley of which Burroughs keenly observed, "The soil is made up of the finest silt – the very flower of the rocks. It is greasy and

sticky. Here is the dump of the gods who excavated the Grand Canyon."

With an established reputation as a sage steeped in the ideas of Emerson, and Whitman, Burroughs was much in demand during his La Jolla visits as a public speaker. He addressed gatherings at the Community Club of La Jolla, Bishop's and Francis Parker schools, the University Club of San Diego and the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, then the Scripps Biological Station. (Burroughs was an old acquaintance of Dr. William Ritter, Scripps founding director, whom he had met on the Harriman Alaska Expedition of 1899; the expedition was organized by railroad magnate E.H. Harriman to bring together eminent scientists, writers and archaeologists to observe and study the then remote northern territory; a large volume of their observations followed from Doubleday but, judging from descriptions elsewhere of the Alaska voyage, the participants also had some fun; John Muir, taken along as the mountain and glacier authority, taught everyone aboard the fancy steam liner to dance the double shuffle; Ritter gave a lesson in the jig and Burroughs, the clog dance; although sometimes differing in opinions Muir and Burroughs also maintained their friendship for years, Burroughs

taking to his reputation as Johnnie of the Birds and Muir as Johnnie of the Mountains. In a particularly memorable last visit to La Jolla in the winter of 1921, Burroughs (too ill for a personal appearance) sent a message to the Every Child's A u d u b o n Society of San Diego urging them to "Be kind to all birds; love and protect them. All that I ever had and still have may be yours by stretching forth your hands and taking it."

Born in 1837 into a long line of New England country dwellers outside the small town of Roxbury, NY, Burroughs, through his many writings and essays, became

a distinguished man of letters and bon vivant amidst the echelon of liberal political, literary and industrial figures that shaped American history into the first decades of the 20th century. He became close friends with Theodore Roosevelt and made several "camping and tramping" trips with him through Yellowstone and Yosemite, including one preserved on film in the early 1900s in which he cut a tree for a campfire that almost fell on the then-president. Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and Walt Whitman also sometimes joined him on nature ventures. Ford, in fact, presented Burroughs with one of his cars to better navigate the New England countryside, but the latter had such enthusiasm for observing plants and wild things of the Hudson River Valley he failed to watch his steering and crashed into his own barn.

Despite his popularity among the nation's most celebrated persons of the time and a slew of honorary degrees from the better East Coast colleges and universities, Burroughs remained a country boy at heart until his death at age 84 as he travelled home by train toward his beloved countryside after his last winter in La Jolla. As a child growing up as one of ten children on his parent's farm in New York state, he was expected to do chores of herding and hoeing but often escaped into the woods and meadows to lose himself watching mud wasps or listening to little piping frogs in the marshes. He was bookish. He taught himself the alphabet. Enrolled in a small country school, his father observed that of his ten children John was the only one who "took to larnin.'" By the age of 17, he achieved enough schooling to himself become a teacher, save a little money and enroll at the Hedding Literary Institute in Ashland, NY, where he studied English literature. He read Shakespeare and a smattering of American authors, particularly Ralph Waldo Emerson. Inspired by Emerson, he began to write his own thoughts on paper and sold his first piece in 1860 to the Atlantic Monthly, a w e l l - k n o w n literary magazine. Others followed. His country subjects – birds, gnatcatchers, lucid descriptions of a n i m a l tracks in thin layers of mud after



Photograph by Elizabeth Burroughs Kelley
Courtesy of Joan Burroughs

Burroughs portrait study was painted in La Jolla, original is in the San Diego Natural History Museum.

John Burroughs wrote his last letter to his son, Julian, from La Jolla in 1921. In it he refers to a La Jolla artist named Shriener who was painting his portrait. The artist was Harold Gobble Shriener who lived at 1453 Coast Blvd. and painted landscapes and portraits here from his arrival in 1910 to his death in 1941. The Shriener portrait of Burroughs was commissioned by Ellen Browning Scripps and hung in her South Moulton Villa home on Prospect until it was donated to the Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, where it remains in the collection.

La Jolla, California, Jany. 26 {1921}

DEAR JULIAN,

Your letters come promptly and are always very welcome. We all keep well. Eleanor is back again and is driving the car. Ursie is getting fat, she drinks only filtered water, as we all do. I have had attacks of my old trouble, but a dose of Epsom salts every morning is fast curing me of them. It is still cold here and has been showery for a week or two. Shriener is painting my portrait and has got a fine thing.

Yesterday Shriener took us for a long drive over in El Cajon valley and we saw a wonderful farming country, the finest I have yet seen in California, miles of orange and lemon orchards and grape vines and cattle ranches. For the past week we can see snow on the mountains nearer by than I have ever seen it. We can just see the peak of old Baldie, white as ever. As I write a big airplane is going north out over the sea.

I wish you would have Taroni or some one bring me a load of wood for my study fire.

I am bidding farewell to La Jolla and California. I never expect to return: it is too far, too expensive, and too cold. I long to see the snow again and to feel a genuine cold and escape from this "aguish" chill. I hope you all keep well. Scratch Jack's back for me. Love to Emily and Betty and John.

Your loving father,
J. B.

....continued on page 17

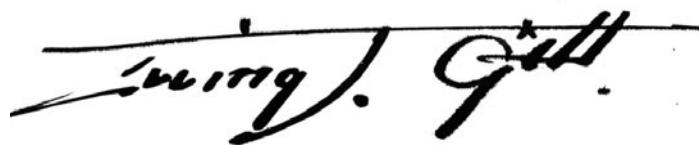
IRVING J. GILL, ARCHITECT OF GOOD HEALTH

ARCHITECT'S 150TH ANNIVERSARY

Editor's Note: As this year observes the 150th anniversary of architect Irving J. Gill's birth in 1870 in a small farm community near Syracuse, N.Y., his esteem grows within the architectural world for pioneering efforts toward 20th century modernism. Architectural scholar James Guthrie, founder of the Irving J. Gill Architectural Foundation, considers Gill's early 20th century work in the San Diego area and extraordinary contributions to La Jolla in buildings such as the La Jolla Woman's Club and Wheeler Bailey House. Below, Timekeeper also reprints an excerpt from *The Craftsman* magazine of 1916 in which Gill wrote a rare description of architecture and its relation to the arts under the title: *The Home of the Future: The New Architecture of the West: Small Homes for a Great Country.*

"Architecture, Victor Hugo says, is the great book of the world, the principal expression of man in his different stages of development, the chief register of humanity. Every religious symbol, every human thought has its page and its monument in that immense book. Down to the time of Gutenberg, he points out, architecture was the principal, the universal writing. Whoever was born a poet then, became an architect. All arts obeyed and placed themselves under the discipline of architecture. They were the workmen of the great work. There was nothing which, in order to make something of itself, was not forced to frame itself in the shape of architectural hymn or prose. He has shown us that the great products of architecture are less the works of individuals than of society, rather the offspring of a nation's effort than the inspired flash of a man of genius, the deposit left by a whole people, the heaps accumulated by centuries, the residue of successive evaporations of human society, in a word, a species of formation. Each wave of time contributes its alluvium, each race deposits its layer on the monument, each individual brings its stone.

No architect can read his inspired analysis of the place and the importance of architecture in preserving the records of the world's thought and action, without approaching his own part in this human record with a greater reverence and greater sense of responsibility. What rough or quarried stone will each of us contribute to the universal edifice, what idle or significant sentence will we write with brick and stone, wood, steel and concrete upon the sensitive page of the earth? In California we have great wide plains, arched by blue skies that are fresh chapters as yet unwritten. We have noble mountains, lovely little hills and canyons waiting to hold the record of this generation's history, ideals, imagination, sense of romance and honesty. What monument will we who build, erect to the honor or shame of our age?"



Irving Gill, (above) signed the Wheeler Bailey House guestbook when his design for it was completed in 1907. He posed for this formal portrait a few years later.

The La Jolla architecture of Irving J. Gill is iconic. It is beautiful, strong, and enduring. It is the creation of architectural genius. More than that, Gill's building designs were a response to the unhealthy urbanism in which a growing number of Americans lived. Rampant respiratory problems, particularly tuberculosis, spurred him to create buildings that would promote disease-free living.

In the late 19th century, unbridled industrial development was choking Eastern and Midwestern cities to death. The newness of massive overcrowding in cities like New York, Chicago, and Detroit, together with the laissez-faire culture in which they were built, meant there was inadequate infrastructure or sanitary regulations. Ghettos were built rapidly, densely, and with no thought of the health implications. While scientific understanding of germs was limited, most people understood that dirty, smoke-filled industrial

cities were breeding grounds for tuberculosis and other deadly respiratory diseases.

After the transcontinental railway opened up the West Coast to settlement, Americans dreamed of fresh air, sunshine, and a pleasant Mediterranean climate. Among them was Gill, who arrived in San Diego in 1893. He had personal experience with the dirt and density of industrialism, having grown up in Syracuse, NY, and recently having spent three years in Chicago, IL.

Gill began his San Diego architectural practice by studying how the region itself could help fulfill the promise of good living. His studies would quickly turn to built solutions.

Gill's first actual built experiments for healthy architecture began soon after his arrival. He started by making subtle changes to traditional building designs. These modifications included an orientation to capture sun and breeze, careful use of cross-ventilation, and the inclusion of central stairwells with skylights to draw fresh air in and warm air up and out of the house. By 1902 his health and lifestyle ideas had become so essential to his designs that he made a substantial shift away from traditional architectural styles and towards an architecture that spoke of his more profound design objectives. This shift included the removal of superfluous germ collecting details, finishes, and ornament, inside and out.

One of his earliest experiments was in 1902. At that time, Gill acted as architect, client, and contractor when he built his first entirely experimental house in San Diego. This house would come to be the beginning of what he would call his "worker housing." This innovative cottage was modest in size and cost but was big on healthful amenities. It included outdoor rooms, southern orientation, and cross ventilation. He used this speculative design-build approach many times throughout his career to gain firsthand experience of how his ideas translated into built architecture. These experiments would lead to some of his most famous works, including those in La Jolla.

In 1897 Gill met Ellen Browning Scripps, a health seeker who had spent many years in Detroit. He was hired to repair a leaky roof in her new, but dark and claustrophobic, Victorian home in La Jolla. This first encounter turned out to be the beginning of one of the most significant architect-client partnerships of modern times. These two futurists, along with several other progressive patrons of La Jolla, set the example of what architecture could contribute to healthy living in the modern world.

Between 1907 and 1917, just before the 1918 pandemic, Gill and Scripps contributed to an aggressive La Jolla building program that included the Recreation Center, the St. James by-the-Sea Episcopal Chapel, three phases of The Bishops' School, the Scripps Biological Station, the La Jolla Woman's Club, and Scripps's own house (after her first house had burned down). Notable Gill buildings that used his healthful ideas for other clients include the Bailey House, the Kautz House, and the Wilson-Acton Hotel.

Now more than half a year into the 2020 pandemic, and 150 years since Gill's birth, it is an interesting time to consider his

Congratulations to the UC San Diego Library on their 50th Anniversary!



UC San Diego's new Central Library (known today as Geisel Library) opened in 1970. Image courtesy of Special Collections & Archives, UC San Diego. Photograph by Robert Glasheen.

emphasis on healthy Southern California living. It is a worthwhile exercise to take a walk around La Jolla and re-visit these buildings with Gill's ideas in mind. As Gill had before, it is still possible to enjoy the sunshine, the fresh air, and to consider the architectural and lifestyle innovations, we are at risk of losing or taking for granted. Gill's iconic work, and his progressive approach to health and wellness through good design, are one of those cultural legacies that make La Jolla so unique and poignant still today.

Guthrie is an Irving J. Gill scholar; president and founder of the Irving J. Gill Foundation; author, curator and lecturer on the origins of Modern Architecture and was the chief director of the 2016 multi-site exhibitions held by 13 Southern California cultural organization on Gill architecture. He is also a licensed architect with a master's degree from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.



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“People are trapped in history and history is trapped in them”

–James Baldwin

“We may have all come on different ships, but we’re on the same boat now”

– Martin Luther King

Everyday life underwent significant shape-shifting starting in mid-March, 2020, when quarantines and lock-downs were put in force in efforts to combat the quickly spreading coronavirus already declared a worldwide pandemic. In La Jolla the streets – strangely carless and peopleless – became eerily silent. School and businesses closed. Many storefronts were boarded up in fear of looting and rioting. Beaches and parks were largely deserted. Sheltering in place at home, many people found time passing more slowly. In rare moments in their lives they found themselves suddenly without schedules. Others segued into making new and different kinds of schedules via Zoom school and conferencing or Facechat. And some just stayed in bed and slept late! In the interest of recording these times for posterity, the La Jolla Historical Society asked members of the community to submit reports about their lives during these unusual and turbulent times. Herewith, a selection of our

CORONA CHRONICLES

“In our house we have my mom, dad, grandfather, our two dogs and me (a student in seventh grade at Muirlands Middle School). . . We enjoyed sleeping in, watching a lot of TV and movies and having homemade meals. So far this time wasn’t so bad, but then things began to change. My grandfather fell and broke three ribs. He was in so much pain but couldn’t go into the hospital due to the virus”

– Annalyse Abrams

“Every morning I would wake up ready for them to leave, but they never did”

– Callie, Annalyse’s dog’s perspective on quarantine

“I sit here on my living room floor in my Bird Rock apartment in La Jolla on a Saturday night reading the newspaper. . . I would have NEVER done this if we weren’t experiencing lockdown. I would be out at the bars being social and probably spending lots of money”

– Theresa Carmichael

“We moved to Hong Kong at the end of SARS (virus). Mask wearing in Hong Kong has been commonplace since then and doesn’t have the stigma that I think some people think it has here. . . But what we did learn after SARS in Hong Kong is that the emotional, physical and financial fall-out will be far greater than the virus”

– Katie Dillon

“Before the pandemic life was so fast-paced with things to do every hour of the day. As a high school student who is a ballet dancer, I was constantly driving from one place to the next. Now I hardly get in the car at all. . . By myself, I have made banana bread, Oreo cookies, brownies and copycat Ben and Jerry’s chunk monkey ice cream”

– Olivia Edstrom

“Having more time is a blessing and a curse. I can fill my days easily but my 14-year-old just want to sit and stare at the screen”

– Lauren Hirsch

“The store shelves were dwindling. I had only seen images like this when watching television programs depicting life during the Cold War in the USSR. It was shocking to believe this was happening in America. I piled so much into my cart, totally letting go of my usual attention to whether the item was organic or gluten free. I was survival shopping”

– Kelly Kent

“We started doing twice a month Zoom Family Game Nights with eight other families. . . we played trivia, bingo and drawful. . . We also started a 1,000-piece puzzle of donuts that was super hard and took weeks to finish”

– Tatum Kent

“In April I received a postcard of a beautiful Spanish wall mosaic in a concert hall located in Barcelona from a good friend in San Diego. She sent me the card as part of her ‘imagined trip to Barcelona.’ I responded in kind and sent her a postcard from Greece”

– Sandie Linn

“We know how very blessed we have been, and do our best to help others and stay patient. Being glum, angry, out of sorts, touchy, worried, complaining, crabby, short-tempered, cranky, mean and critical only makes a bad situation worse. Stay positive! Accept the situation and take one day at a time!”

– Maria Mahoney Suzara

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... continued from page 11
Johnnie of the Birds

a rain shower – began to interest the city folks whose appetites for natural subjects had already been whetted by literary pieces such as Whitman’s “Leaves of Grass.”

By the early 1870s his writing and assorted jobs of teaching and clerking had earned enough to buy nine acres of farmlands along the Hudson River for himself and his wife, Ursula. A wood and stone house was built and named Riverby. When words didn’t bring in a satisfactory monetary harvest, Burroughs planted and sold grapes. But he continued to write about his life in the country and what he found in that country, subjects ranging from Eastern Screech owls to strawberries. He found a following in magazines such as Country Life and the North American Review, besides the Atlantic. Eventually, his work was published in 25 books with notable titles such as “Wake-Robin,” “Birds and Poets” and “Locusts and Wild Honey,” the majority of it written at Slabsides, another nearby retreat the author built in the Catskills.

Burroughs notions of the simple life fit easily into the cultural groove of the American Arts and Crafts Movement of the late 19th and early 20th century, a period notable for the architecture of Greene & Greene, Stickley furniture and the many earth-bound design forms in pottery, iron work and lighting that came to define the era. His La Jolla visits were invariably combined with stops in Pasadena where the movement flourished in the Arroyo Seco culture spawned and nurtured by one of the Arroyo’s principal inhabitants, Charles Lummis, whose publication “The Land of Sunshine” became the leading literary journal of the Pacific Coast. Burroughs never published in Lummis’ magazine but the two literary figures became good friends. Lummis took the last-known photograph of him as he boarded the train in Pasadena for his long journey home.

Johnnie of the Birds will always be remembered for loving small wonders. He was an avid trout fisher, but not taking more than he needed for supper. He venerated all manner of thrushes from the “wood wagtail”

to the “hermit.” He spent hours watching sparrows. He mused about Darwin and he worried over Edgar Allen Poe. He viewed nature with wit – but moreover – awe, something to be considered with renewed interest today as so much of it disappears around us and our conception becomes reduced to virtual reality videos of irascible bears and curious deer running amuck around suburban backyards and super highways.

Burroughs never would have driven his Henry Ford car on a super highway or lived in suburbia. He was buried on an April day on the family farm where he grew up next to a favorite moss-covered rock where he wondered over piping frogs. His Slabsides (near Poughkeepsie, N.Y.) is operated as an environmental retreat and nature sanctuary as part of the Hudson River Valley National Heritage.

The nature sanctuary is spread over 200 acres of woods and meadows and operated under auspices of the John Burroughs Association presided over by president Joan Burroughs who also keeps a close eye on the many letters, literary contributions and memorabilia items that accumulated during his life as well as the decades succeeding.

There are three elements, she says, “that we try to keep alive about Burroughs: That he was the first real modern nature essayist, that he influenced our country’s first conservation movement on a personal rather than a larger political scale and that he brought nature study to children through schools.”

But Burroughs seldom thought about any of his life in terms of goals and accomplishments. “Happiness,” he believed, is found in the everyday task of “having something to do.”



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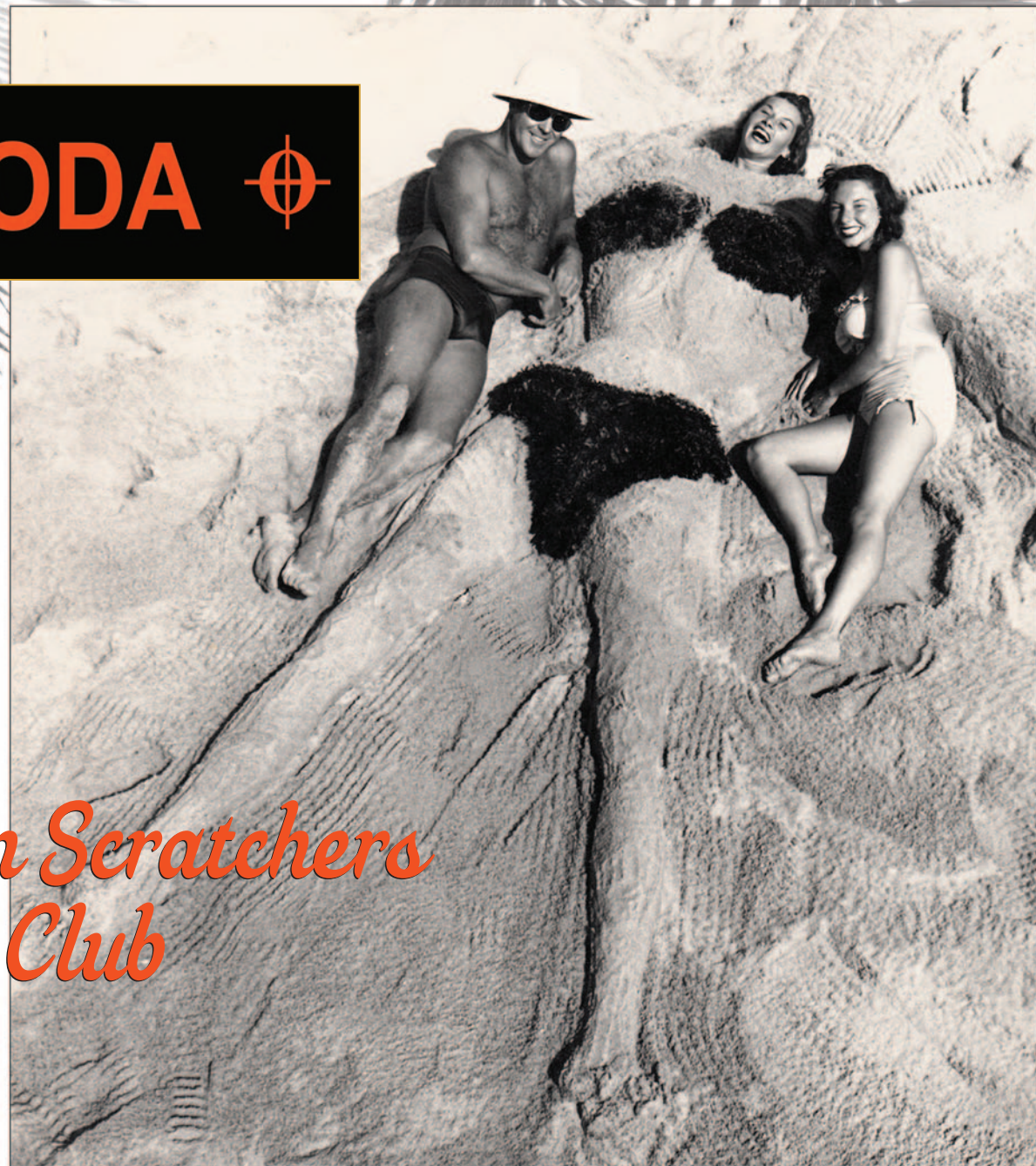
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Ben Stone, one of the founders of the Bottom Scratchers Diving Club, photographed with sand sculpture created at Childrens' Pool with two unidentified female friends.

Photograph by Lamar Boren circa late 1940s.

Bottom Scratchers Diving Club

Growing up in Point Loma in the 1950's, I thought live lobsters crawling in the kitchen sink and fresh caught abalone being cleaned and pounded in the back yard was a normal occurrence. For my step-father, Ben Stone and other members of the Bottom Scratchers Diving Club, it was just another day in the ocean.

The club was founded in 1933 by Glen Orr, Jack Prodanovich, and Stone with the clear waters and abundant sea life off La Jolla as their hunting ground. It was started in part to put dinner on the table during the great depression.

Club membership was limited and reached a peak of less than 20. Initiation required prospective members to capture three abalones on a single breath, catch a 10-pound lobster, and wrestle a horn shark to the surface bare handed.

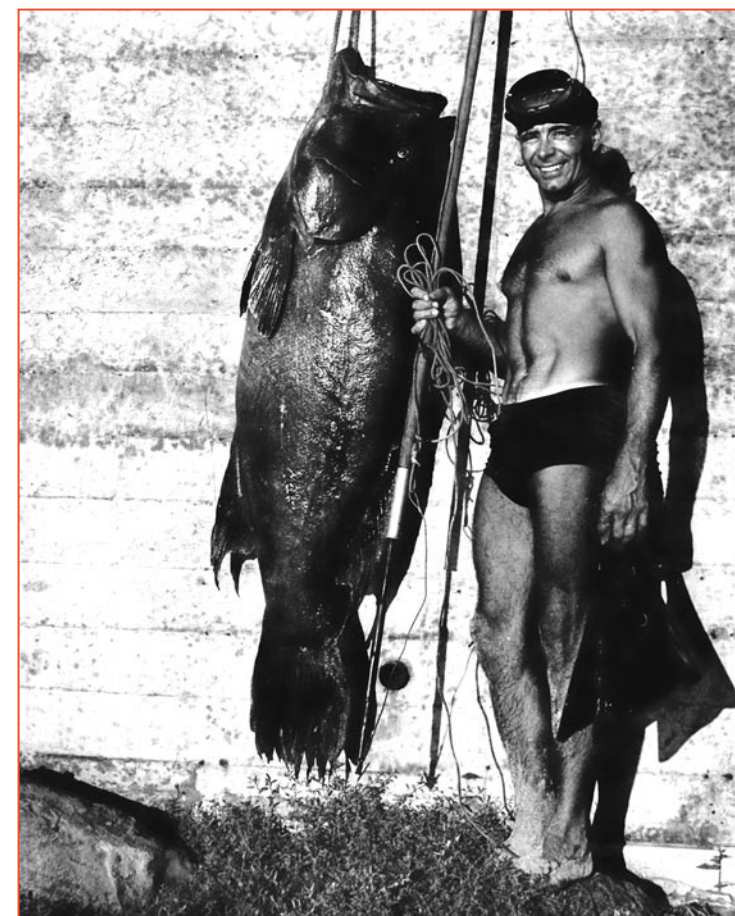
Many of the club members were also renowned in the outside world. Dr Carl Hubbs was professor emeritus at Scripps Institution of Oceanography and founder of the Hubbs Research Institute at Sea World. Lamar Boren innovated one of the first underwater camera housings and was cinematographer for the popular Sea Hunt TV series, Flipper, and the James Bond film Thunderball. Jimmy Stewart was the chief diving officer at Scripps for many years, and taught many of its scientists to dive.

— Bill Canning

Accompanying photographs by the late underwater photographer Lamar Boren are recent additions to the La Jolla Historical Society Archives.



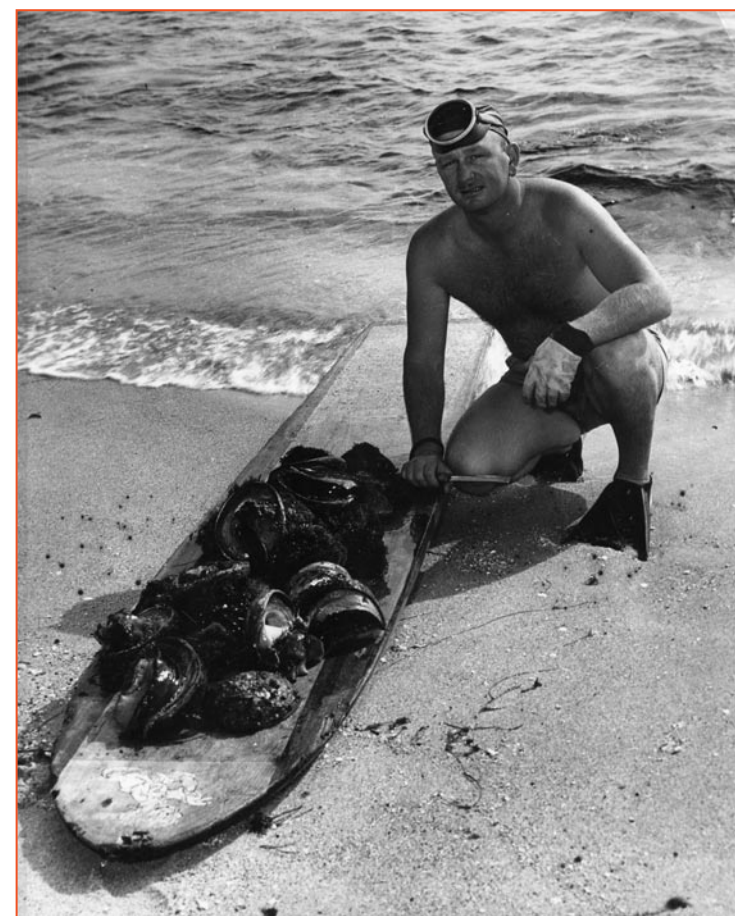
California spiny lobster were dinner for the taking by the Bottom Scratchers divers through the 1940s. Jack Corbeley examines his catch.



Jack Prodanovich, one of the club founders, with prize black sea bass.



Prodanovich coming out of the water with black sea bass speared with gun he invented with Wally Potts



Lamar Boren, prize-winning underwater photographer, as well as diver with board full of abalone



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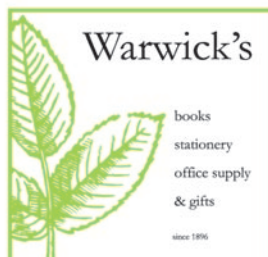
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