

Spent

The

Winter

In

California

A Few Words of Advice

Are you not living in a rut?
Do you think it wise to stay so "put"?
Let me adduce some argument
To rouse you from a dull content,
To make a change you'll find will give
Zest and a joy that's positive.
Just listen to the voice of reason—
Upon you now the winter season
With all its drear perennial ills,
Slippery sidewalks, bitter chills,
Harsh winds, cold rain, huge fuel bills,
All you endure in winter's grip;
Dodge it for once. Give all the slip—
Leave frost and snow and icy sleeting
For California smiles a greeting.
Just tell your wife that she'll enjoy a
Glorious Christmas in La Jolla (La Hoya).
This done, then to the depot fare,
Engage your reservations there;
Be sure your money will return,
Some in the coal you will not burn,
Some in the clothes you will not need,
Most in the simpler life you'll lead,
And put to "plus" of the account,
"Soothed, soul and body," blank amount.

For you, dear sir, are going where
Daylight you'll spend in open air,
An air so clean, so fresh, so sweet—
Part sea, part mountain, royal treat,
To sit, or stroll, along the shore
Watching the combers curve and roar,
Which if you feel the urge to sample
A valiant few will give example,
But, as you cleave old Ocean's face
Expect a cool, not warm embrace—
Or if you're fond of outdoor sport,
The golf links or the tennis court,
Enjoy these nearly every day.

Occasional rain may stop your play—
Don't scold—these necessary showers
Start up a growth of grass and flowers
Like magic, which transform the scene
And what was khaki now is green,
But most the flowers will surprise
In numbers and varieties.

My space, your time, forbid me stress
La Jolla's natural loveliness.
Views there are here that penetrate,
Yet I dare not expatiate—
But if you patience still can lend,
A few more lines will bring the end.

Don't think that this is mostly junk,
That what I've said is just "the bunk"—
Granted that California boosters,
Like a good many barn-yard roosters,
Have crowed at times too loud and hard,
(Hoisting themselves with their own petard)—
Granted that dealers in Real Estate
From time to time exaggerate,
Or that their rosy prophecies
Fail often to materialize—
Some, doubtless, what they say believe—
Others intentionally deceive;
Conceding this, remember, please,
La Jolla has no men like these—
They're mostly in Los Angeles.
No, no, indeed, La Jolla dope
Can, like a certain brand of soap,
A keen analysis endure—
Ninety-nine forty-four hundredths pure!
Leaving, as perhaps not strictly true,
This infinitesimal residue.

Come on and stay till spring and biz
Summon. Then homeward as you whiz
La Jolla thank for health renewed,
Toward life a different attitude.

—John R. E. Sumner.

