

*Thru  
a  
Rift  
in  
the  
Veil*





La Jolla, Calif.  
Christmas, '30.

Dear Jack:—

I have yours from the antipodes, which place I arbitrarily name to be any place other than La Jolla. You have stirred memories. It is difficult to realize that it has been five years since I have seen or heard from or of you.

Our last afternoon together is as of yesterday. Edith, you and I. We lounged on the rocks just beyond Alligator Head. Edith borrowed a pencil of me, an old envelope from you, and as we watched, she wrote—

“—the jutting point—the cove—the care-free bathers—the quaint weather-worn, cliff-clinging homes of La Jolla; the green of palm and eucalyptus—the brown-gray-yellow rock-walls rising sheer from the sea.”

I have not forgotten the moonlit nights on Soledad with the coyotes yelping at our backs and the seals barking from beyond



the breakers. Nor the hours spent seeking to penetrate the veil behind which hid the future of the quaint little village and of ourselves.

Over night you tore a leaf from the Nautilus and left me stranded like a crab caught beneath a bowlder after a receding tide.

So it seemed, Jack, but the tide came back.

Christmas is a day of meditation with many of us, and, having the idle hour, the flood of memories brought by your letter and a garrulous pen, I will do as you bid; tell you about La Jolla.

I shall avoid figures; they are tiresome and ostentatious; and though we have grown, filled out and expanded, all has been done normally and in order; we have kept the trail marked by the far-seeing pioneers; we still avoid show; we love leisure, nature, art and atmosphere and we still have them.



I shall not set down events chronologically but more closely in relation of their importance in bringing us to our present fulfillment and our future outlook.

You recall that the Electric invaded us, I think in '24. We talked of it many times; its present influence and its portent. You were right, m'boy; in '26 the village awoke one morning with a thrill when it did not shiver. The Southern Electric had started to fill the gap between La Jolla and Irvine.

You know the Spreckels interests had acquired fifty feet running from the Electric terminal to Girard Street and facing Wall Street.

One day rails arrived and more rails and yet more. Almost as fast as they arrived they were strung along the fifty foot strip to Girard—on across Girard; up Wall Street to Ivanhoe; diagonally across the block sur-

rounded by Ivanhoe, Cave and Irving Place to a point on Irving place near the north-erly corner of Squire Wilson's block. They sliced a point from this block and on up Exchange Place to Torrey Road and away they started north. Reaching the Biological, they swung toward the ocean and now, son, an electric line hugging the coast from San Diego to Capistrano is one of the accomplishments for which California accepts congratulations. The trip is one to stir the blood of any sluggard.

No freight passes through La Jolla; the freight branch runs up Rose Canyon, down Sorrento Canyon and joins the main line the other side of Torrey Pines.

And we have water transportation, or will have. In '27 or '28, Uncle Sam came out, looked us over, talked with Bill Zader, with the result that he has started the construction of a breakwater extending from Alligator Head. It is nearing completion and even now boats of some capacity look us up or drop in on us frequently and at least one large passenger line has decided to make La Jolla a port of call.

Small craft we now have in large numbers, and no more, Jack, be our coast line as beautiful as it may, does the eye catch beyond the breakers naught but the waters blue, gray or green.

Aviation here as elsewhere is playing its part in transportation. Do you remember the flat, top o' the hill, a short mile east of the high school? We wondered what ma-



chines tarried there; did they carry boot-leg, smugglers or Chinamen. That flat is now the public landing and parking place for planes; hangars, garages, supply stations and all that goes with the plane or the auto abound.

There is a goodly number of our people engaged in business in Los Angeles and vicinity and many more from the Imperial Valley who think little more of the daily trip than in former years of taking the electric for an hour's run.

A very important factor in our growth was the development of artesian water. A sporty band of golf enthusiasts and La Jolla well-wishers put up the money for the first hole. As is frequently the case when "wild catting" for either oil or water, the hole went crooked, the "string" broke, leaving the drill at the bottom. Not daunted, a

second well gave encouragement and subsequently ample water for the golf course was developed. You understand this water is raised several hundred feet, but the process is simple and comparatively inexpensive.

The successful water development brought forward immediately the possibility of countless homes upon the slopes of Soledad and the "rim of La Jolla." I do not suggest to you the surpassing beauty of these homesites and the homes nestled upon them; the green of the golf course at their feet, the old La Jolla in the foreground, the shoreline—and beyond—all the west there is.

Following the water development the Country Club immediately grassed its course, landscaping and parking such grounds as were not otherwise utilized, and erected a charming close-to-nature club house. Memberships are now held not only by enthusiasts from every state in the Union, but by many non-players, simply for club privileges. Incidentally, last year a second club was formed, the course lying on the hills north and east of town; all memberships were subscribed forthwith and within a few months our second course will be in operation.

The hotel development is interesting. You recall the Casa was making a hard but winning fight when you knew it. Shortly Mrs. Hopkins added a garage with servants quarters; then completed the project with





a number of bungalows, since when the question has been largely the length of the waiting list.

I think it was in '26 that a large frontage on Prospect running back and down to a frontage on Coast Boulevard, was taken over and an apartment-hotel, most complete of its kind, was "staggered" from street to street. It afforded accommodations to several hundred people and since the banner has been hung to the breeze, "La Jolla for a twelve months climate," there have been few vacancies of more than a temporary nature.

And Squire Wilson's vision; the Squire did not stay to visualize it but today a spacious family hotel occupies the crowning site which he selected; the grounds have been fittingly landscaped and the Squire's dream has come true.

Besides numerous smaller structures down town, a large bungalow-hotel lies smiling in the landscape on the hills back of the old golf course; a paradise for the children; nearing paradise for the aged; while those between, play golf.

In the old times we spoke of the future and the need eventually for more parks and pleasure grounds. We had our beautiful little park along the coast line but we saw the need for something up town and back in the hills.

I mentioned that the electric line had run through the block at the head of Wall Street from Ivanhoe to Irving Place. The northerly portion of the block thus left, that is between the electric line and Cave Street, has been thrown into a plaza. There were many fine old trees, you remember, and these and countless shrubs were preserved; the houses have been removed and Plaza de La Jolla has since been the popular meeting place.

Years since, the city of San Diego, owning a portion of the westerly slope of Soledad extending toward town almost to the head of Exchange Place, set it aside for park purposes. It was almost forgotten. Then came the urge for more breathing space and Soledad Park, with its mountain top, its deepcut canyon; with its unrivalled view of the mountain ranges and all between; of the Pacific and all between, came to its own.

It is reached by contoured paved roads from four directions; no drive selling La Jolla or the Southland is complete without bringing the visitor to contemplate in awe the incomparable—Say, Jack! You tell 'em.

Our fourth park; with you yet lingers the moonlit evening Edith, you and I spent at

Torrey Pines Park. This unique spot was not quite appreciated in the old days. Before you left, the city had planned altering, widening and straightening Biological grade. Also there had been whisperings of an hundred and fifty foot boulevard, following the cliff line as closely as may be, from the top of Biological hill to Torrey Pines Park. These things have been done and with the heavy grades and dangers eliminated, the traveler finds no adjectives with which to paint the picture.

The old Torrey Pines, under most loving care and watchfulness, have responded and are increasing in number and weird beauty, but they still withhold their age-old secret of glacier days and of their migrations from the Northland.

Boulevard development has been very marked. When you were here, wishing to drive, one went north unless one chose to go south; and that was that.

In '26 La Jolla Canyon, theretofore known as "Hog Canyon" was widened and later, paved; the same year a boulevard leaving Torrey Pines Road just north of the then most northerly outlying home, was completed, running over the mesa north of Soledad, down to Rose Canyon and the railroad. The latter immediately erected a station and now the Post Office at La Jolla is less than two and one half miles from a Santa Fe station.

The same year a boulevard was laid out extending from the high school easterly,

eventually climbing the south flank of Soledad and joining the old road south to Pacific Beach. These boulevards are interlaced with cross streets or boulevards, paved where desirable, with the result that one may drive now for three or four hours over scenic roads of their kind unexcelled and yet always remain within a radius of five or six miles from the center of town.

The old Camp Kearny road has been paved and for some miles runs through a remarkable development at Camp Kearny which is now a town of some thousands, surrounded by an intensively cultivated and irrigated area. Artesian water made this development possible and successful.

Rose Canyon was paved some years since as well as the road running up Hillside Drive, over Soledad and on to Pacific Beach.

Wishing to drive to San Diego now, one has choice of five or six routes.

Two developments merit most especial attention. You recall hairpin curve on the summit of Biological hill. The panorama which spreads from the hill point cannot be forgotten. Here, a parking place, accommodating three or four hundred machines, was levelled, a rock wall enclosing all but the entrance. Winter, summer, twilight and dawn, always the lovers of the indescribable in nature are there; sometimes one machine, sometimes an hundred; but always there.

The crowning piece of daring and desire came when Coast Boulevard was extended



on past the Caves, bridging the Devil's Slide, joining Torrey Pines Road further on. Visualize this old chap! I cannot attempt to do it for you.

And bridle paths; the horse-lover is coming back. A pretty girl in a chummy roadster—is that; but a pretty girl on a fine horse, trailing high, wide and handsome—Say Bo! Set still!

Bridle paths are now recognized as necessary to the enjoyment in full of California life. La Jolla was in position to take advantage of the movement from the fact that the majority of the rim-lands had not been subdivided. The developers readily fell in with the plan, donating many miles of contoured hedge-lined bridle paths. There are thirty or forty miles of them now, all within a radius of four or five miles from the Post Office. The movement is state wide and has become so well established that one may ride from San Francisco to



San Diego, and on to Tia Juana should he be athirst, upon officially routed and posted bridle paths. It is said to be a much harder ride from Tia Juana to San Diego than from San Diego to Tia Juana.

You have wondered about the central section while I have wandered over the suburban.

Beginning with our charming little library; it seemed almost a sacrilege but it had to come. You know that in later years the location was considered rather unfortunate in that it retarded business upon the upper side of Girard Street and upon Wall Street.

A new location was acquired on Prospect running back to Coast Boulevard nearly opposite the Cove; a very artistic home for the library with ample art rooms, with landscaped grounds surrounding is now one of the noted points of interest in Southern California.

The old library building is utilized as a Post Office, having been enlarged to meet the demand.



The business section is as of old. Girard Street is solidly built from Prospect to Pearl. Wall Street is solid to Ivanhoe. Fay is building up. Silverado is largely business from Prospect to Ivanhoe. Prospect has developed ideally, largely as an hotel, apartment, and public building street; a club "for men"; the Masonic Building; the library, etc. There are today very few residences on Prospect between Eads Street and Torrey Pines Road.

The industrial district deserves mention; the lines have been kept quite closely defined as it was zoned in '24; ground has appreciated to the extent that building sites command a premium.

The Cove has been kept as nearly as possible in its primitive condition; artistic and needed improvements have been smuggled into the rocks but there are no concessions.

A bath house with plunge has been erected at Spindriff and another in the southern portion of town, at the Strand.

An ambitious beach improvement has been made at Spindriff in the dredging of

the lagoon. A system of breakwaters carefully engineered has turned the trick. The area dredged covers several acres and sport and pleasure craft to the number of some hundreds find anchor there. Spindrift bight is a pretty sight these days.

Oddly enough I met Edith yesterday. We spoke of you as we always do. A few moments later I was reading your letter. I read there, Jack, the call of La Jolla. Again Edith's lines; I venture you have them—

“Lanes  
Mystifying—  
Thorofares  
Palms-a-sighing—  
By-paths  
Flowers-a-lining—  
Vistas  
Alluring.

. . . . .

From  
Hill-top  
To the  
Sea  
Dreams  
Fair La Jolla.”

. . . . .

Come back, Jack—

Yours,

Jim.







SIC  
Pana  
E 869  
L2  
F17  
1930

*The Breakers*

Unrelenting  
as fate

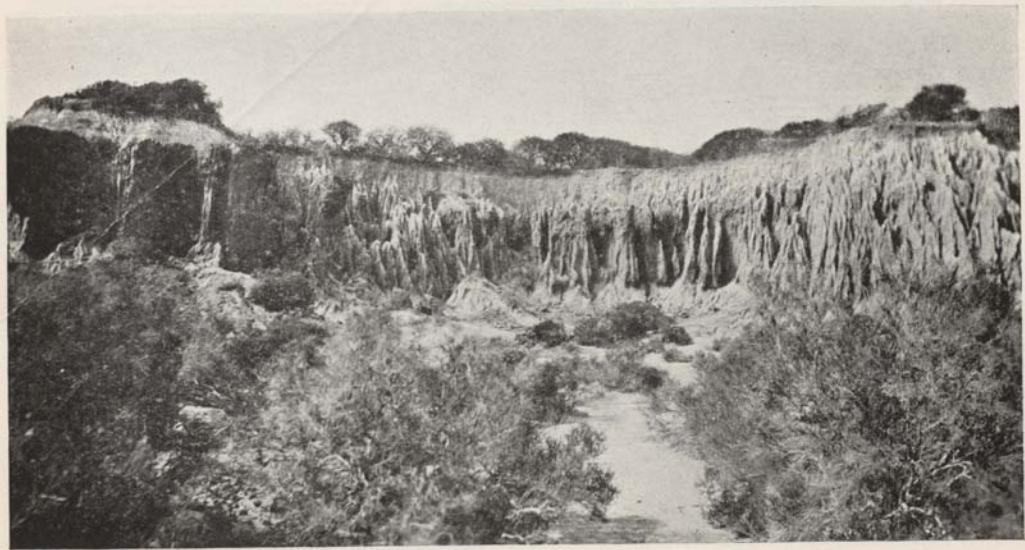
Unceasing  
as time

Unrepenting  
as hate

Unending  
as crime

Eternal  
Overwhelming  
Sublime





—and tomorrow, La Jolla will have a sunken garden of rare beauty. Cleft into the top of that spur of Mount Soledad which reaches westward toward the sea, as though a meteor had hurled from the heavens and hid beneath the earth, lies the rock-walled amphitheater of the Muirlands.

Aside from the weird beauty and wonder of the occurrence, the acoustics are most extraordinary. For the time, this is La Jolla's to do with as it will.

Go stand upon its brink and look westward along the green of the shrub-clad hills to the ever-changing sea; or northward, downward, over the golf course, over fair La Jolla and follow the north shore-line as far as the eye may do—and then, in imagination, drop the eyes straight down upon the sunken garden of tomorrow; imagine the riot of color, the tangle of the semi-tropics, breathing the perfume which floats about and envelops you; listen to the soft swish of the breeze thru the foliage; tarry, as you will—and vision, thru a rift in the veil, tomorrow.

—the Riviera—the sunny slopes  
of France—the glories  
of the Rockies—autumn  
days upon the  
Hudson—and—  
La Jolla.

The brush falters—  
the pen haltingly  
portrays—the  
dreamer, dreams—  
There's Utopia—  
there's Arcadia—  
there's the land o' dreams,  
La Jolla.

— ♦ —  
GEORGE A. McCARTNEY

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