



## **ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM**

**An interview with  
Stanley Andrews, 1879-1967**

**April 22, 1959**

---

**This interview was conducted by:** Edgar F. Hastings

---

### **PREFACE**

Interviewed at his home on Cresta Boulevard in the eastern foothills of El Cajon by Edgar F. Hastings on April 22, 1959, for the San Diego Historical Society.

---

### **BIOGRAPHY**

My name is Stanley Phillips Andrews. I was born in London England in 1879.

My grandfather's name on my father's side was William Dove Andrews and he was born in England. He was a building contractor. My grandmother's name on my father's side was Maria Morgan and was born in England. They were married in England.

My grandfather's name on my mother's side was Capps. He was a farmer -- the only recollection I have, all of the records have been lost. He was English. I have no record of the name of my grandmother on my mother's side. Fact of the matter, I've been to England a couple of times trying to check up and find out I thought I'd go again.

My father's name was Arthur William Andrews. He was born in England. My mother's name was Maria Capps and she was born in England.

When my father grew up in England I don't think he ever did anything outside of go to school and college. Then he joined the British Navy as a midshipman. My mother and father were married in England in December 1878. I was born in 1879 and I am the oldest. My brother is the next oldest, Arthur William Andrews Jr., and he was born in December the 23rd, in 1882. I have no more brothers. I had a sister who has passed away, Mabel Bertha Andrews. She was married to one of the Todds. They were in Los Angeles. He happens to be here. James Todd, her brother-in-law, was on the police force here for many years. I have a sister Muriel Juanita Utt and she was born in Los Angeles. My other sister was born in Los Angeles. My brother was born in England in London. He came over here in arms. I have no other brother sisters. The two boys were born in England and the two girls were born in California. My father came here with my mother.

My father resigned from the British Navy because of chronic stomach trouble after a terrific storm in the Carribean. (I've been on the Carribean a couple of times and I've heard it pronounced same way on the Carribean, Ca-RIB-ean.) My father resigned there. A lot of men have stomach trouble, it's chronic seasickness. There had been such a storm, and on the way he had a broken arm and was about drowned. Then he went up the Mississippi with another young fella -- another young Englishman -- and they decided to go buffalo hunting. They hunted buffalo until 1876 and the Indian uprising there. They lost their outfit and he went back to England. But, while he was hunting buffalo he met some of the men who were interested -- the Chandlers -- in building a capital for Texas in exchange for land in the Panhandle. There were two brothers, I know, in Chicago and he either met one of them or one of the men who closely associated with them. My father had hunted all through that country. You see, the buffalo ran from practically the Canadian Border down into Texas in the wintertime. They would follow them down. Being a British Naval officer, they know a little of everything -- to build bridges, do surveying, and so forth - [and] he was of a lot of assistance to these men. They told him when he tired of hunting to drop in and see them in Chicago, thought they had something interesting for him. So he went there and they sent him to England to help get British capital interested in the building of this capitol. They needed more capital than they had. So he was married over there and when my brother was born he came to Texas before the work had actually started. He was superintendent on that capitol building until it was finished in 1888. Austin is the capitol and he worked on that and that's how he accumulated his money at that time. As soon as that job was through my mother was in bad shape. To bring in a woman from England to Texas, you can just imagine. The heat was terrific. He brought her to California. We were in Los Angeles from then until about 1898. My father had a job in Oceanside. He was building, contracting with a man by the name of Kuebeck. He was quite a well-known Los Angeles builder. He had a plastering contract and while he was there I came down when I was 19 years old and spent quite awhile with him fishing. I brought some cattle down for a man by the name of Guyer who married one of the Domingues' daughters. Don Domingues owned all that land around close near San Pedro. It doesn't seem right that I should claim to be an old-timer. Blame Louie Voeltzel for it. I was here in San Diego County before 1900 and the fishing was good in Oceanside.

I finally came to San Diego to live permanently in 1904. I got my schooling in Los Angeles. I was 25 years old when I came down here. I was a pretty husky kid, too. My father didn't come to San Diego. My father had a job on the Coronado Hotel. It was in reference to ornamental plaster work, I think. He was on that job. I was talking to old W.D. Hall one day -- he worked on the job -- and he said he thought he remembered my father. I came down to San Diego on a vacation.

I went to San Francisco (if I may retrace a bit.) I had two bicycle stores up in San Francisco on Golden Gate and Franklin, one of them, and the other one over in Berkeley. I married my wife in San Francisco and that's where Mrs. Debney lived. I sold out in San Francisco with a definite plan to come to Los Angeles to go into the business in connection with bicycles and motorcycles which were coming up and also automobiles about which I understood something. My wife had a very dear friend and her husband, Captain Debney, who used to be on the steamer, passed away. She came down and was living in Coronado all alone and I came down at her request, lived there, and I was there three or four days and I got tired of it, over in Coronado -- I think it was in the month of March. I came over to San Diego and came up to 5th and Market, which was then 5th and H, and there was

a policeman sitting on a horse on the corner and I went up to him and I said, "Where's the biggest bicycle store in town?" He says, "Go down 5th Street and straight up so many blocks at the corner of 4th and E." I went up there. By the way, Keno Wilson, the policeman, was one of my best friends later on in years and I think we all loved him. There was a man standing in the side doorway on 4th Street so I told him who I was and asked him who was the manager and he says, "I'm the manager." I says, "Well, I'm going to go to work for ya." You know, you can joke when you really don't have to have a job. He says, "We don't need anybody. I talked with him and argued with him and he finally said, "Well, I'm sorry but the only thing we got open is a boy to clean bicycles and fix punctures." I said, "I'm the best bicycle cleaner and puncture fixer that ever came to San Diego." So he said, "It only pays \$10 a week." I says, "I'm not talking about the pay. I'm tired of loafing over there in Coronado." So, he says, "If you insist, I guess, come on." I said, "When will I come?" "Tomorrow morning!" I went to work for him and the first week he said, "I'm ashamed to give you \$10, here's a check for \$12. The manager's name was Byron Nayler and he gave me the job with San Diego Cycle and Arms Company. I might add to that - it might have a little interest -- I'd only been there a short time -- just to show you what a really mean streak I had -- and John D. Spreckels had I don't know whether it was an aunt or some other relative who was all crippled up and he wanted a special chair made with all kinds of contraptions so that it could raise the feet and so she could manuever it around. Byron brought it in. There was a man by the name of Bert Blanchard and they brought this drawing into

Bert, and Bert -- he was the manager and there were 8 or 9 working in the shop at that time -- said, "Can't! We can't build that here!" Byron was very much put out and had some words with him and as he

came by me I said, "May I see that drawing, Mr. Nayler?" He said, "Yes!" So he showed me the drawing and I said, "If you want to, I can build it." And he turned to Bert and he said, "Bert, Stanley here says he can build it. I believe he can or he wouldn't say so."

"Well," he said. "Well, then he can't build it while I'm here."

Then Nayler said, "Well, then get to hell out."

I found myself foreman of the shop, you see. So then I was made an assistant manager of the store. Byron got the Reo Automobile Agency and I became manager and my plans for which I'd come down to Southern California were all shot to pieces. Sporting goods business was so attractive. I didn't make much money in it but I had an awful good time. I met a lot of fine men. We built several kinds of bikes, oddities -- someone else built them and I supervised it. Joe Menke is still in our store and he went to work for me over fifty years ago in the Cycle and Arms Company and is still with the same concern, in the shop, mechanical end of it. I stayed with the Cycle and Arms until 1918 and then I offered to buy it out, made them an offer. It was owned by the Garretson Estate and Frank Belcher couldn't see it -- I offered him \$20,000, I think, on my note. I had four or five thousand dollars that I needed for operating expenses. He couldn't see it and I later bought it for \$15,000 from one of the Garretsons. Garretsons had money in it and financed it. Nayler never had any money in it; he worked for a salary. Garretsons owned it, the Garretson Estate. I think it was originally started by Fred Garretson, one of the brothers. There were George, Fred, and Frank Garretson and they had a little money. I bought it in about 1930. I wasn't working for them all that time.

## **HAZARD GOULD**

I left there and opened a store for Hazard Gould. They were in the hardware business and I opened a store on the corner of 2nd and Broadway, a sporting goods store. It was an entirely independent store -- sporting goods -- only in a different location. Hazard Gould was the owner of it, bought the goods and so forth. I worked for Hazard Gould until December 1925. Mr. Gould wanted me to run the business the way he wanted it run and I wanted to run it the way I wanted it run. I said to Mr. Gould, "You probably could come into this place and make a success of it using your methods. I

can't! I've got to use my own methods." Hazard didn't have anymore to do with it then. Hazard went into the contracting business. So Hazard Gould said, "Well, you know, it's my money and my investment and I think

I ought to have something to say about the running." I said, yes, I agree with you. I'll resign on the first of the year, December 31st," so I left in 1925. Then I opened up my own store on 3rd Street, 1144 3rd Street. The building was there and I rented it from John Clark. I never did own the building. I have an

interest in the store, I don't own it. It's a corporation now. It was a pretty good size store and I operated it. Previously I made some real estate investments and my credit was very good. I went to the bank and told them I didn't want to either borrow money on real estate or make forced sale and I borrowed a few thousand dollars that way. I opened up a small sporting goods store to start with and it became the largest in the city. I operated there from 1926 until 1946; that is, I was active in the store. Then Mr.

Todd came back from the service and I put him in as general manager and I retired. But I still have an interest in the store. We incorporated last year. Up to that time it was a partnership. The partnership from the start in 1946 has been Ewert Goodwin, Andy Borthwick, O.W. Todd Jr., and myself. That's the incorporation now and that was the partnership. I still keep track of things down there. All I look at is the records of the business, that's all. Todd has done a very good job. He was with me for twenty years before he took over the management.

When my father was in Los Angeles he did mostly his own building. He got to Los Angeles in 1888 and I think the boom busted in 1889 -- at the same time down here. Remember the Arcade Depot in

Los Angeles? He put down a good many thousand dollars on a piece of property there in I think it was called the Wolfskill Tract, acres and acres there. Because of the Arcade Depot being built there, you know, it fell flat and he lost all of his money. He was absolutely broke. He bought some other property but he didn't own anything, you see. He was going just like a lot of people are now in San Diego today, "down payments." When the thing blew up it wiped him out. Then he had other bad luck.

## **LAUGHLIN BUILDING**

He built, had the contract on, the Laughlin Building which was on Broadway between 4th and 5th -- it is still standing there. He had a contract to build it and a deadline to finish it. That was in about 1904, possibly 1905. He was just getting on his feet again when they had a strike. He wound up \$50,000 in debt. He paid the penalty because he did not finish within the time limit. He was just a bad-luck artist.

In the early days he made friends with the Mormons. He went to Salt Lake and got a contract there on the temple, not the tabernacle, it had been built years before. The temple itself was built in the [18]90s. He had a man by the name of Sharp as a partner. Then he got another contract somewhere in Southern California and left Sharp to finish up. He did, and took all the money and he went to South America. I don't know whether it was poor luck; I would say he was just too trusting. He passed away in Los Angeles. Here is rather an interesting thing. When he was superintendent on the capitol of Austin, Texas, Carl Leonard worked for my father. Carl Leonard was one of the big contractors, especially in cement contractors. Mrs. Leonard used to wash clothes for my mother. Carl Leonard died a multi-millionaire and my father when he passed away was Carl Leonard's superintendent. He was superintendent on all the fine cement work, not on just rough cement work but on anything that had finish work, columns and that kind of stuff. My father was superintendent on that.

## **LODGES AND ORGANIZATIONS**

I belonged to the San Diego Rowing Club for years. I belonged to the Masons, of course, the Silvergate Lodge. I didn't go through the chairs, I had too many other things. I just was too busy. My folks were Episcopalians. I go to the Congregational Church now. I'm not a member of any church although I support the Congregational. I belonged to the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. I don't belong to it now because it isn't necessary but my store does. I belonged to the Executive Association and the Rotary Club. I belonged to the Rotary Club for over forty years, come pretty near forgetting that. I was director in the building of this Grossmont Hospital and I am a member of the Children's Hospital Society.

## **DUCK DRIVES**

We had duck drives. In about 1912 we had had more or less shooting on Sweetwater Lake and Mr. Boals was the manager of that company. They got a ruling that they weren't going to allow anymore shooting there on Sweetwater because it was drinking water and they had no chlorination plant or filter plant or any

thing between that and Chula Vista and National City. The State Board of Health stopped them from hunting. Well, I'd had some very good hunting there and I used to take my friends out and Mr. Boals who had always been very nice to me said, "Well, I can't do anything. If you can make the State Board of Health change their mind, why, okay." But he didn't think I had a chance. So I went up to Sacramento with a definite plan of having duck drives with boats lined up across the lake, everything under my supervision, no shooting from blinds or from the shore, toilets at stated intervals on the shore and, by golly, much to my surprise I got the permit to run these duck drives. I ran the duck drives until about 1927 or 1928. Then a federal law applied that stopped people from driving ducks. It originated in the marshes around the southern part of the United States where they'd get niggers to get out and drive the ducks over the shooters. We didn't do that. We had forty to fifty boats and we lined up like in a race and I'd work

up and down behind the boats. I used a small motor boat. If somebody would get way out in front and they wouldn't come back to me I'd go out with a boat hook and hook onto their boat and turn them around and pull them back and tell them if they didn't want to shoot that way, why, go on back to the landing and get their money I didn't have much trouble. The Sweetwater Lake people rented the boats. There was an entrance fee for the duck drives and it cost about \$1.00 a piece for the shooter and \$2.00 for the boat and I sold the ammunition, all I could. We got big write-ups, you know. I've seen good duck drives. I've seen everybody on the place get a limit in their boat anyway. They didn't shoot the limit but they'd get it. The limit was 25 ducks, all kinds. [Mr. Stanley Andrews shows me a picture of a duck drive and there are 45

hunters shown in the picture and if they all got their limit of 25 that would show about how many ducks were taken on that duck drive.] Some prominent men that used to go on the duck drives were Commander Gunther who later became Admiral Gunther, Commander Neal, General Kune who was in charge of the 40th Division, and General Pendleton; they came out on one of my shoots. Some of the local boys were Billy Wetzel, better known as Willie Y. Wetzel, Howard Kieffer, and Tommy Armstrong; old Tom Drummond very seldom missed one, Kent Bush, Edwin I. Butler -- Dr. Butler -- and Edgar Davis and Louie Maier. You remember Louie Maier that killed himself. He was at one time councilman.

## **SURF FISHING**

Well, I'll just tell you about one trip that we made. We went to Torrey Pines with A. B. Daniels and A. B. Shaw. Daniels was quite a prominent man and he had an automobile in the Phoenix race and so forth. He didn't drive it but had it. You probably remember! He lived in Coronado then. Don Dunnan, George Page and myself all went out to Torrey Pines beach one night and we averaged 35 corvina [i.e. corbina] apiece. That's the way surf fishing used to be. Oh, we may have fished until about 1 o'clock. We fished the incoming tide. That's just one. We had hundreds of trips. I think Torrey Pines was one of the best fishing places we had. Of course, we fished down this side of Punda Banda below Ensenada, that beach along there.

That picture that I showed you of the big group with Roscoe Hazard and Edgar P. Conklin and those fellows was taken this side of Punda Banda in Mexico.

## **QUAIL SHOOTING**

The limit in those days was 25 and rarely did we ever go out without coming back with the limit apiece right around here in San Diego. Right where we're sitting right now I've shot the limit of 25 quail several times, right on this hill here on the east end of El Cajon Valley. Then we shot, of course, in Lower California and there we had to get the boys to agree to stop when they got 50 birds because there was no legal limit. If we didn't put that limit on, why, they'd be dragging us out clear up until dark.

## **DOVE HUNTING**

One of the greatest dove shoots I ever had was down at Jacumba on the Mexican side in some water holes there. There was Dr. Edwin I. Butler, Earl Garretson, Bill Denton, and myself. We shot over 400 doves all wing shooting all what we call pass or on the wing shooting -- flight, not sitting at a water hole and shooting them when they lit. My wife was with me. She started going around catching them in her apron. She'd catch them as they fell. Of course, in those days cars weren't as fast as they are now and the roads weren't as good. Some of the places in the Jacumba run there they used to call the Golden Stairs. We got home about 1 o'clock I guess it was in the morning. Our girls had picked the doves there so we thought we'd have a good big dove feed. My wife made biscuits and fried those doves and we had a wonderful time. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, you see. My grandfather who was living with us at that time, he'd come over from England, came down the next morning. He said, "Utter nonsense, the very idea," he said. "Cooking at 2 o'clock in the morning and making so much noise." It woke the old man up.

## **DEEP SEA FISHING**

I've been fishing up beyond Icy Straits in Alaska. I fished for salmon there, silver sides and trout. We fished all the way down the coast in Washington, Oregon, and also up in Canada and then down the Mexican coast down as far as Tres Marias Islands off the coast of Mexico down below the Cape San Lucas over on the mainland. We got Marlin swordfish. I had an interesting experience down there. I hooked a swordfish with a 9-thread line and a 6-ounce tip and I don't know, it threw the hook some way or other and it got caught in the tail and four hours and 12 minutes later I had him aboard. That was off of Cape San Lucas. I would say the finest day we had down off of Cape San Lucas ... I went out one morning with I think I had about 30 feather duster baits, we called them, 6-lead line and 4-ounce tips and we got to a big school of I don't know it must have been 75- or 80-pound tuna and we lost all of that, all of our baits taken away from us but we had a lot of fun just the same. We didn't get any tuna.

## **CUYAMACA LAKE FISHING**

In spite of all the trout fishing I've done all over the western part of the United States and Canada the best fishing I ever had was right here in San Diego County in Cuyamaca Lake. We got the limit practically every time we went up there as a guest of Ed Fletcher -- we had Ed Fletcher's cottage. And the largest one I caught in the Cuyamaca Lake was a rainbow trout which weighed 9 pounds. Of course, my wife caught her limit practically every time she went up there. She used to go up there when I couldn't spend the time to get up there.

## **EARLY AUTOMOBILES**

The first automobile I ever saw was the Orient Buckboard. It had an engine about the size of what you see on motorcycles today, a single cylinder engine over the rear axle, chain drive and steered with a lever in front. It was definitely a buckboard, slat bottom with seats for a couple of people.

The next one I saw was the Oldsmobile -- single cylinder Oldsmobile with a lever. That was up in San Francisco about 1901. Then in 1902 I drove a single cylinder Packard part way from Oakland around through San Jose. It belonged to ex-Senator Felton at that time. What later became the Thomas Automobile Company started off building a single cylinder engine. I think they had an idea of building a buckboard too but decided against it and started to build an automobile. I bought one of these engines and put it onto an ordinary tandem bicycle that was strengthened up, reinforced. I put this little motor on this tandem bicycle and made a tandem motorcycle and it was all right except that this was in San Francisco. I'd go down Market Street, stop, and go in to try to do some shopping and by the time I'd get out I'd have probably 50 or 100 people circling around it; I couldn't get to it.

*END OF INTERVIEW*

---