

*Great is*  
**LA JOLLA**

*Great  
Little  
Place!*



*"Laughter and shouts from the bathing beach"*



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BY JOHN R. E. SUMNER

Great  
Is  
LA JOLLA  
Great  
Little  
Place



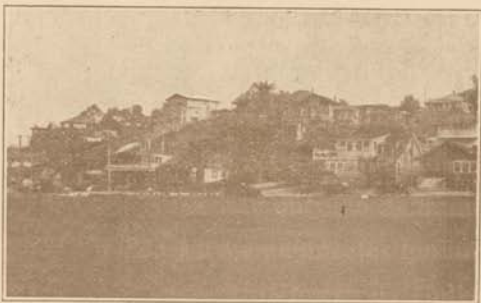
*"Expanse overwhelming of ocean and sky"*

Great is La Jolla, great little place—

Where your house is one of a nest of shacks  
And you look from your front on your neighbors'  
backs,

Dive under their washing to reach the street,  
Get a swipe in the face from a ragged sheet,  
Or, as a more intimate personal touch  
Disengage from some feminine garment's clutch,  
And stagger at night down a goat-track trail  
To land on your head in the garbage pail;

Where the houses are built in such curious tangles,  
And windows jut out at such various angles,  
And one which for days and months was dark  
Gleams bright some night with electric spark,  
And an unintentional glance may glean  
A glimpse of some strictly domestic scene.”  
Or, reversing the order, yourself, my boy,  
May be causing the neighbors unholy joy.  
Or may float thro' the window and tickle your ear  
Some mirth-bringing fragment like this one here:  
“What I want from you, madam, is silence, that's  
flat!



*"Where your home is a nest of shacks"*



Silence! mark me, and not too much of that,"  
Relieving the every day sameness of life,  
Tho' hinting, I fear me, at conjugal strife.  
But why this is thus and these things those,  
Nobody cares and nobody knows,  
For it's only La Jolla and everything goes,  
And in spite of its eccentricities  
Great little city La Jolla is.

Quaint is La Jolla, quaint little place—

Where you can't deny the chance is fine  
To study the human form divine,  
(Not always built on the classic line,)  
Where a Boston lady got such a jar  
That she actually used the vernacular,  
Reverting, however, to Bostonese  
As closer vision restored her ease—

"Great Susan" she shrieked, "he's forgotten his  
pants!"

"Though he wears the usual concomitants,"  
She added - this in a lower note-  
As her eye took in his hat and coat.  
She had not guessed how far could reach



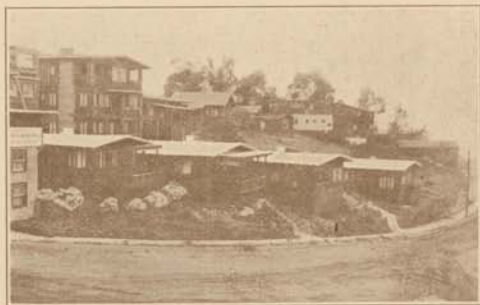
*"And stagger at night down a goat-track trail"*



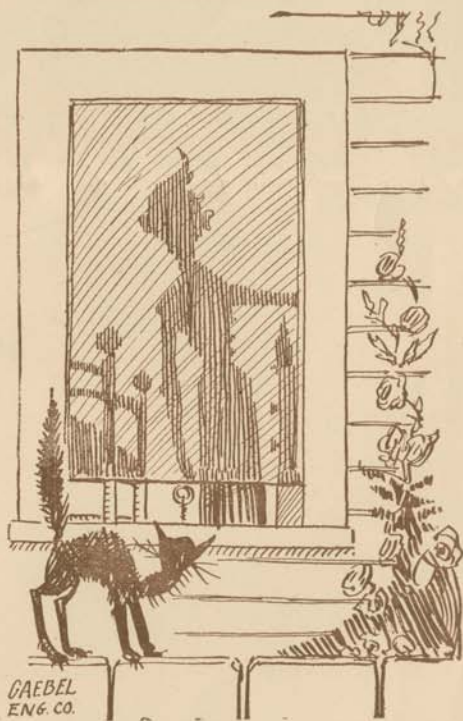
The liberties of the bathing beach,  
And a bathing suit may excuse a scare  
If worn on a principal thoroughfare.  
But why this is thus and these things those,  
Nobody cares and nobody knows,  
For it's only La Jolla and everything goes  
But you don't get too hot, and you never get friz—  
Great little city La Jolla is.

Dear is La Jolla, dear little place—  
Where you sit in the porch of your chosen shack,  
And your front looks down on your neighbors'  
back,  
But don't look down; look over his head  
And see a horizon of glorious spread,  
Expanse overwhelming of ocean and sky  
Bewildering in its immensity—  
And the air! Oh the air! with its soft caress  
Of an indescribable tenderness,  
Like that of a hand that was raised to bless,  
It soothes and it cherishes back to health  
The fools that have traded it off for wealth-  
And the poor rheumatics and cripples and stiffs,





*"And windows jut out at such various angles"*



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Sit and watching the ever-changing cliffs,  
Their band, the pipe of the mocking bird,  
The lilt of leaves by breezes stirred,  
The cooing of the mourning dove,  
Laughter and shouts from the bathing cove—  
All sounds that earth and air afford  
Resolved into a common chord,  
And swelled to fuller harmony  
By diapason of the sea—

Under the drowsy, subtle charm  
Down goes your head upon your arm,  
Your pipe goes out, your paper falls,  
Unheeded are the supper calls—  
And waking from a dreamy doze  
You, too, don't care if nobody knows  
Why this is thus and these things those,  
For this is La Jolla where everything goes,  
And you, too, are going, not back to biz—  
But to stick right here where La Jolla is.



*"Diapason of the sea"*

