

ELLEN BROWNING SCRIPPS

1836-1936



LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

1936



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"I have plunged into life oh God
as a diver into the sea
knowing and fearing naught
save thine old command to me
to grope, and search for the truth,
hidden wherever it be.
So I search, for I trust in Thy word
Thou Lord of the truth and of me!"

The lines reproduced in facsimile are a version by Miss Scripps of Lily A. Long's "The Diver." They are a combination of the first and third stanzas of a poem long a favorite with Miss Scripps and evidently represent the form in which the thought had crystallized in her memory. The complete text of the poem, which first appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE of May 1906, follows.

THE DIVER

I have plunged into life, O God,
As a diver into the sea,
Knowing and heeding naught
Save thine old command to me
To go and seek for thy pearl,
Hidden wherever it be.

And the waters are in my eyes;
They clutch at my straining breath;
They beat in my ears; yet, "Seek"
My heart still whispereth,
And I grope, and forbear to call
On the easy rescuer, Death.

For the pearl must be here in the sands,
If ever a warrant there be
For that old command of thine
To plunge into life and see.
So I search, for I trust in thy truth,
O thou Lord of the Truth, and of me.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



Those who live on in lives made better by their presence.
—GEORGE ELIOT



Ellen Browning Scripps
October 28, 1927

ELLEN BROWNING SCRIPPS was born at 13 South Molton Street in the heart of London, 18 October, one hundred years ago. Her father was a book binder; her mother was the daughter of a customs clerk; both were descended from old English families; both were Church of England communicants. Ellen was only four and a half when her mother died. There followed three years spent mostly in boarding schools. Then came a great adventure.

Gathering his six children, three younger than Ellen, and his small worldly possessions, the father set sail for America. Six weeks in a small barque over stormy seas brought them to Boston. From Albany, by way of the Erie Canal to Buffalo, through the Great Lakes to Fort Dearborn, now Chicago, overland and down the Illinois River, early in July 1844, the party reached the small frontier town of Rushville, Illinois, where relatives had preceded them and by whom Ellen and her sister and four brothers were cared for until the father remarried. His father presented him with 160 acres of farm land on the outskirts of Rushville. On it he built a home. Schooling was meager, but the father had brought with him a library, unusual for the frontier, of the best English literature. Ellen was fond of reading and had a retentive memory. Edward, the youngest of the five children born in Illinois, records how Ellen would gather the children around the fireside, read aloud, and develop their love of good books. She utilized such school facilities as the community afforded and then taught school for several terms.

Miss Scripps was the only member of her family to have the advantage of a college education, graduating from Knox College in 1859, when she was twenty-three. She resumed teaching. Some years later she went to Detroit and read

proof in a newspaper and job office. Called home by the serious and protracted illness of her father, she did not relinquish her vigil until he died in 1873. This was an illustration of her life-long habit of caring for the sick among her kith and kin.

Shortly after her father's death, Miss Scripps' eldest brother James decided to start an evening paper in Detroit and invited her to join him. The project looked good to her. The new paper was to be different—four pages, brief items. She put in her small savings, became proof reader by day and preparer of miscellany by night. It was a hard struggle and required pinching economy. James, George, and Edward, and their sister Ellen devoted their limited means and all their talents to the task. Success crowned their efforts.

Ellen's youngest half-brother Edward, eighteen years her junior, from childhood won her interest and encouragement. She believed he had genius. Their lives were knitted together as the years advanced.

Five years after the *Detroit News* was launched, another evening paper was started in Cleveland. Edward, who was then twenty-four, was its editor. The capital provided seemed hopelessly inadequate. The paper itself was a newspaper postage stamp, a folio of 16x30 inches, called the *Penny Press*. It was independent in politics, and a representative of 95% of the population economically and socially. Ellen, full of work on the *Detroit News*, curtailed sleep to prepare a daily packet of miscellany for her hard-pressed brother Edward in Cleveland. He records that Ellen's packet was often a life saver.

Again circulation grew, advertising and profits were secured. Today the *Detroit News* and *Cleveland Press* are two of the most successful newspapers in the country.

These were the beginnings of what are now a great host of newspapers under different managements. The largest group is the Scripps-Howard of over twenty papers scattered from New York to California and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Ellen adhered to Edward, the founder of the Scripps-Howard group, which embraced the Newspaper Enterprise Association, founded on Ellen's miscellany and now supplying feature service to over a thousand newspapers; the great United Press, providing telegraphic news services to newspapers on the American, European, and Asiatic continents.

When Edward's health broke down, it was Ellen who took him abroad for a year and a half and won back health and renewed vigor and broadened outlook and experience for both of them. During this travel period, which embraced northern Africa, Palestine, Turkey, and most of Europe, she contributed weekly travel letters to the *Detroit News*. She spent the two succeeding winters in the southern states, Cuba and Mexico. The health of her eldest brother James failing, Ellen went abroad with him and his family, this time for two years.

Of the thirteen children in her father's family, ten grew to maturity. One of Ellen's valued services was strengthening family ties and seeing that less fortunate members were provided for. This quality had business value; it tended to prevent schisms in the family's business relations that might have been disastrous to the interests of all. She served on newspaper boards of directors. She kept posted as to the progress of the newspapers and was a valued counselor in vital matters.

Illness of some members of the family brought Ellen to California in 1890. Here she joined Edward in the purchase

of Miramar Ranch in San Diego County. In 1897 she built a home in La Jolla and continued to reside there until her death 3 August 1932 in her ninety-sixth year.

Miss Scripps had won a competence by her own efforts. In 1900 her bachelor brother George died leaving her much of his estate. Her income was growing apace. Regarding herself as a trustee, she turned her attention to the wise use of her worldly possessions. What follows in this booklet will give some idea of the nature and wisdom of what she accomplished.

Miss Scripps always lived simply. Throughout her life she followed habits formed on the farm. She rose early; five o'clock found her stirring until well into her nineties. For many years she and her sister Virginia lived together. When the sister went away, Ellen let the one household helper, who combined the duties of cook and maid, go on vacation and she prepared her own meals. She slept in the open on an uncovered sleeping porch most of the years she lived in California. She carried on a large correspondence, nearly all of it in her own handwriting. When local subscriptions were raised, it was her custom to put down an amount equal to the largest subscription and tell the solicitor privately that she would make up any deficiency. Publicity concerning herself was distasteful. She sent word to the San Diego newspapers that, as a newspaper woman, she could not ask them to suppress her name, but she hoped they would play down her connection with affairs and omit her name when they could do so in fairness to their readers.

Early in life she became an advocate of woman suffrage. When the reform was achieved, she insisted that women must inform themselves so as to use the ballot intelligently, and was active in promoting open forums and a careful consideration of all measures submitted to the voters. Believing

in the substitution of reason and cooperation for force between nations, she was an advocate of our country joining the League of Nations and World Court and was a constant supporter of efforts to promote disarmament and the cause of world peace generally.

In her eighty-fifth year, while making up the cot on her sleeping porch, she fell and broke her hip. Long confinement in the little hospital she had financed, undoubtedly was a factor in her provision for and endowment of the unusual medical facilities which La Jolla enjoys.

Miss Scripps was a loyal and active supporter of our government in the World War. Always a light eater, she lived so abstemiously during it that her friends feared for her health. She gave herself diligently to first aid, knitting, and other Red Cross activities; provided the Hostess House at Camp Kearny, and a house in La Jolla for convalescent service men.

In her early life Miss Scripps was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rushville, of the Congregational Church in Galesburg while in college, and on her return to Rushville of the Presbyterian Church from which she withdrew in 1879, probably because of heresy trials among the Presbyterians and the fact that the church then frowned on women's participation in its public services. She never thereafter united with any denomination, although she was a regular contributor to all churches in La Jolla, assisted in building their houses of worship, and was a diligent student of the Bible.

Miss Scripps was a lover of children. She was a favorite with the children of her brothers and sister and other relatives. Under the big table in the sun parlor she kept a supply of the most recent and interesting toys which attracted every child who came to her home. And she thought of the

children she did not know. She pioneered in the La Jolla Playground and in providing a trained director for it. Zoological gardens and Natural History Museums were a part of her concept of the entertainment and education of children. Scripps Park, on the outskirts of the small city of Rushville, with its children's playground and swimming pool, became an example to other Illinois communities, as attested by the University of Illinois. She was a director of the National Playground Association and an active worker in extending playground and recreational facilities throughout the United States.

People who suffered for their opinions found a friend in Miss Scripps. At the close of the World War she sought early release of those who had been imprisoned for the expression of views contrary to her own. From her girlhood days when she was censured for her interest in Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, to the end of her life, she encouraged freedom of thought, public assemblage, and the untrammelled discussion of all matters.

Throughout her busy life Miss Scripps gave encouragement to various phases of creative activities such as writing, painting, scientific inquiry, and education in its many forms. The preparation and publication of Dawson's *Birds of California*, Grant and Gale's *Pliocene and Pleistocene Mollusca of California*, Johnson and Snook's *Seashore Animals of the Pacific Coast*, and Munz's *Manual of Southern California Botany* were due to her encouragement and financing. Shortly after she came to California, Mr. A. R. Valentien was compelled to give up his work in the Rookwood Pottery, Cincinnati, and came to California in search of health. She gave him a roving commission to paint the wild flowers of California. Years later, when death called him, some twenty volumes of fifty or more water colors to

a volume formed an irreplaceable record of his labors. This is now one of the choice possessions of the San Diego Natural History Museum.

To the end she retained her faculties, except for failing eyesight, and took a keen interest in public affairs. Often she expressed the view that life was intensely interesting and that she would like to continue to share in the progress of human affairs.

J. C. HARPER



MEMORABLE DAYS



So teach us to number our days that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

—PSALM 90: 12



Photograph by Herbert R. Fitch

MISS SCRIPPS' desire to avoid publicity was well known. For many years she and her associates were able to keep back any formal expression of the esteem in which she was held by the community. Finally, in her ninetieth year a group of San Diego citizens took action which resulted in a testimonial, erected north of the Community House on the La Jolla Playgrounds. It consisted of a bronze statue of a little girl kneeling before a bird bath in front of a marble bench. On the face of the bench there is the inscription "From the people of San Diego to the people of La Jolla in honor and appreciation of Ellen Browning Scripps." On the back of the bench is a bas relief frieze of figures of playing children and the lines from Robert Louis Stevenson

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The presentation was made 14 June 1926. Mr. George W. Marston, acting as chairman, said in part:

"We have come together to pay a tribute of honor and gratitude to our beloved citizen and friend, Miss Ellen Browning Scripps. It gives us all a real pleasure to take this opportunity of expressing ourselves in a more definite and comprehensive way than we have ever done before. This expression is not chiefly in the words we shall speak, but more in the gift that we are presenting.

"Let me first tell you how this began to be. A few months ago some representative persons met together in the Chamber of Commerce for the purpose of devising a testimonial to Miss Scripps. The first step was quite easy—a unanimous resolution to do it. But then the trouble commenced. To do what? That is, exactly what? We realized that while a man, an ordinary man, could be very delighted to have a bust or

a monument, we had to reckon upon the modesty and reserve of Miss Scripps. Anything grand, imposing, or costly would certainly be vetoed. So our problem of a testimonial of beauty with simplicity, of beauty without ostentation, required many hours of study. It was a happy thought that what is before us would be fitting and it was our good fortune then to find an artist, Mr. J. T. Porter of La Mesa, to execute the work. Mr. Porter undertook the commission with enthusiasm and devotion. He put his heart as well as his hands into the creation of this child form and this graceful figure.

“My friends, we are in the presence of a symbol. We see the figure and the bench in the setting of a playground which Miss Scripps herself gave the children of La Jolla. We are only a little distance from her own home that overlooks the sea, and all around us, other things of her thought and deed. Are we not conscious of a sweet atmosphere, that harmonious air of some gentle spirit brooding among these visible things? Yes, indeed, the spirit of a woman’s love, radiating peace, duty and good will. How different from the battlefield where the Soldiers’ Monument stands! How different from the forum where the statues of statesmen look down upon us! This is only a children’s playground, and the memorial only a child’s figure and a bench.

“When I prepared this paper, I left out any reference to the birds. When God made this world, he did not leave out the birds. If we had not the birds and the sky, our life would have lost a good deal of interest and beauty. Miss Scripps never forgot the birds. In my house the book that I think is the most beautiful one we have, a set of four books illustrating the birds of California, would not have been completed except for the kind and generous help of Miss Scripps. And how appealing this little figure is. It seems to

me that the birds will come here and sing more sweetly. This little figure seems to say 'Come, gentle creatures; come and drink.'

"Long years ago on the shores of Galilee, the disciples of Jesus asked of him 'Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?' and Jesus the Evangelist simply called a little child and set him in the midst of them. May we not therefore feel that we are truly honoring our Lord by the use of this symbol?"

"With rare wisdom, Miss Scripps has exalted the child. We therefore trust that this figure of childhood commemorates her love in a form that she herself approves. We shall all remember Ellen Browning Scripps as the wonderful giver. She has learned the art of giving. It is by no means an easy art to learn. Wise giving can only be done by study, reflection, and discernment, as well as by wisdom, sympathy, and kindness. Miss Scripps is a queen in the royalty of her giving. Broad and catholic in her sympathies, she takes care that they are always intent upon the highest human good. You dwellers here at the seaside well know her rare capacity for generous outlays for the neighborhood. In San Diego her gifts stand out like the old churches that Sir Christopher Wren built in London, so that one may say of her as of him 'If you would see my monument, look about you.'

In reverent gratitude the citizens of San Diego now present to the people of La Jolla, this bench and figure. It is a memorial of the love and honor we desire to express to Ellen Browning Scripps."

Mrs. Trask, speaking for the people of La Jolla, said, in part:

"You, Mr. Marston, in the name of San Diego, have voiced the regard, the deference and the love and affection

which this community holds toward Ellen Browning Scripps, so delightfully and so adequately that any word of mine would be unseemly.”

Miss Scripps then rose and said:

“I should like to say a word in appreciation to those who have made this a memorable day in La Jolla. Eleven years ago, or it will be eleven next month, a group of us met on this ground to incorporate what was to us an untried element in social science, that of the public playground. Even at that time it seemed it had scarcely emerged from the experimental stages in our western community, and those may be well pardoned who seemed to cast doubt upon the wisdom of this project.

“Today we realize that we builded better than we knew in those earlier days, for ever since the inauguration of this I think it is without question that this institution has been a potent factor in the service of God and humanity and today we rejoice also with exceeding joy that our friends of San Diego have given this memento to us recognizing our aims and spirit, which is of such imperishable beauty and symbolic significance that as long as life lasts, it shall be to us an inspiration and a joy.”



Presented to

ELLEN BROWNING SCRIPPS

by

The People of La Jolla

That she may know that they appreciate her
many generous and unselfish efforts to develop,
improve and uplift the cultural, social and
spiritual life of the community.

1929

Fidelis et Generosis

[22]

The above plaque in raised letters on a background of silver, mounted on an ebony support, was presented to Miss Scripps as a testimonial of the love and affection of the citizens of La Jolla, early in October 1929.

Miss Scripps, who was ill at the time, wrote the following note of appreciation to the friends who had so honored her:

“With a deep sense of gratitude to my La Jolla friends for the wonderfully beautiful, if undeserved, testimonial to my life and work among them, may I add a consciousness of the joy that I have in feeling that every La Jollan is not only a personal friend of mine, but a believer in my loyalty to truth, social service and infinite human progress.”



At the inauguration of Dr. Ernest J. Jaqua as President of Scripps College in 1927, Hon. Newton D. Baker delivered an address on “Education and the State,” in which he made the following comment on the life of Miss Scripps:

“I have crossed the continent with delight to accomplish two purposes. The first I accomplish easily and quickly by saying that it is for the privilege of paying a tribute of respect and affectionate admiration to the great woman whose generosity has made this day possible. The life of Ellen Browning Scripps is an exceedingly significant thing in the life of America. Associated on equal terms with her great brother, she began long years before women in this country were relieved of their legal disabilities and social and conventional restraints to make herself a career, a successful career, in business, as a result of which she accumulated what the world calls wealth.

“We have had great women in America, for the most part they have been great in the things they have had to do with women and children, like Jane Addams and Florence Kelly. But Ellen Browning Scripps marked out a career for

herself in paths unknown to the feet of women, and although she did succeed in accumulating wealth, she never for one second lost that superb curiosity, that broad sympathy, that promised to benefit mankind everywhere.

"I cannot help feeling that the young women who are today admitted to Scripps College and who in passing years will take their places in the line of educated women to proceed from its doors have not only been benefited by her money, but baptized by her spirit. And if it be true that on All Saints Day the spirits of the departed visit those alive, I should like to be here on some All Saints Day and find how the visitation of her great spirit is shown in the lives of those benefited."

NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

On her ninetieth birthday, the *San Diego Sun* of 18 October 1926 had a three column article and interview with Miss Scripps. Brief quotations therefrom follow:

An eternally youthful spirit shines from her undimmed blue eyes that search the face of her friends, seeing there only the best of what it expressed. Her own face, with its cameo-clear lines under her soft white hair, shines with friendliness, and her active mind thinks clearly through whatever comes up, weighing it justly. She has lived the years well and they in turn are kind to her, for in spite of the delicacy, reminding one of a rare piece of old china, about her physically there is a forcefulness mentally that is immediately evident.

"Every day is a birthday, isn't it?" she asks gently in her soft English accents. "For every day we are born anew, you know," she continues. "That is, in the opportunity of service and kindness the new day offers. So why say anything about my ninetieth birthday at all? I have never celebrated my birthday, though some in the family make more of such occasions. It seems to me that no one day of a life can be emphasized, especially not mine. I have never been particularly interested in myself, except as that self has

been of good to others. I do not like to emphasize the personal note in what I try to accomplish, except as that may be of value in some way. I have thought that perhaps I am too much that way, that there must be much of the giver in a gift to give it real worth in some eyes.

“My recipe for long life? Well, I think perhaps it is that you must treat life well,” and her eyes twinkle with kindly humor. “I mean you must live it well and in the right way, then it will be good to you.”

On her ninetieth birthday she gives to humanity a beautiful picture of a woman with the essential characteristic of unselfishness, who has each day given herself for others, counting “that day lost whose low descending sun finds from her hand no worthy action done.”

NINETY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

On her ninety-first birthday the La Jolla Shoreline Park, at the request of La Jolla citizens, was named ‘Ellen Scripps Park’ by unanimous vote of the Park Board. At this time Miss Scripps wrote the following letter to the *La Jolla Journal*:

Thank you for the privilege of saying in your columns what I should have liked to say personally and individually, were I able, in words of grateful appreciation to the donors of all the kind messages and floral gifts sent me on my ninety-first anniversary, to all of which my heart responds better and deeper than by tongue or pen. In connection with this, I must include the bigger, if not better honor conferred upon me by the San Diego Park Commissioners, at the instance of La Jolla friends, in bestowing my name on the dear little park that was loved and nurtured so many years past by La Jolla residents many of whom are now gone. The only regret I have is that I do not bear a more euphonious name for such a distinction. The one little ironical vowel buried in its six barbaric, nordic consonants makes a combination unfitted for the name of a thing of joy and beauty.

But let us all take comfort in the consciousness that future gen-

erations, when none of us may be here to protest, recognizing its plea, will rechristen it in some old Spanish guise, to which it belongs by virtue of position and heredity.

NINETY-SECOND BIRTHDAY

On 18 October 1928 the *San Diego Union* printed the following editorial:

San Diego's tribute to Miss Ellen Browning Scripps upon the occasion of her ninety-second birthday, today, will probably give more pleasure to several thousand San Diegans than it can confer upon Miss Scripps. There is something heart warming and inspiring and uplifting for us all in this brief pause to observe another milestone in a noble career; yet it is common knowledge that Miss Scripps herself takes little pleasure in the publicity given these occasions. Our tokens of admiration and respect form a by-product, sometimes embarrassing, always inadequate, of the work to which Miss Scripps has dedicated herself. Yet we can hardly fail to offer them.

Miss Scripps has made a career out of giving money to worthy causes. That implies the fact that she had money to give. But her success in giving is notable, and that implies that she has given more than money. That also is true. She has given intelligence, foresight, warmth of heart, love, understanding, encouragement; and these more precious gifts, too, can be given only out of the giver's great wealth.

Neither here nor in any other newspaper will there ever be published a complete list of this great giver's benefactions. Their full catalogue cannot be set down on paper anywhere, and never will be, because their full record is a changing, growing, working, playing company of living individuals, scattered over the earth, accomplishing diverse tasks, transmitting shares here and there of her gifts to them into still other lives. Institutions endowed, buildings raised, organizations built up to do good, are a means to an end. The full extent and influence of the result is beyond calculation.

Miss Scripps is giving herself and her life as a gift to this living

end, the one human achievement that time and long years and changing needs cannot ever obliterate.

The citizens of La Jolla observed Miss Scripps' ninety-second birthday by planting a Torrey Pine in the American Legion Park in their village.

NINETY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

Mr. Milton A. McRae wrote Miss Scripps on her ninety-third birthday:

I do not know that you realize the love, respect, and admiration that countless thousands in this great country have for you for the splendid service you have rendered humanity, and I feel quite proud myself that I have had the pleasure of having been associated with you in a business way, etc., for such a long period of years.

Miss Scripps replied that she did appreciate his feeling for her and remembered with much gratitude all "you have been to us and with us all these years."

NINETY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY

On her ninety-fourth birthday *The La Jolla Light* said:

The "First Lady of La Jolla" and "California's most beloved woman," Miss Ellen Browning Scripps, quietly passed her ninety-fourth birthday Friday at her home here reading messages of love and congratulation which came to her from all parts of the country.

Modest and self-effacing, Miss Scripps has worked mostly through others, arranging plans so that money available to worthy organizations was left for their officials to work out the details.

Mrs. Gertrude Cleverdon wrote the following:

Dreamer of dreams you have been;
Dreams of happy children
Growing strong limbed and fearless,
Baring their slender arms in the games of youth,
Their browned necks to the play of the winds;
Running, jumping, competing together,
Storing up the sweetness of joy
As grapes growing on sunny slopes
Store up sweetness for the wine from their crushing.

Dreamer of dreams, you have been;
Dreams of eager youth
Adventuring on new seas,
Groping for the light, which blinds their eyes,
Searching, groping, passioning
For that which will make the world,
Their children's world, a better place.

Dreamer and Builder, you are;
Building for little children
Play-worlds for them to grow strong in;
Ships for youth's adventuring;
Roads stretching wide and white, inviting the travel of many feet;
Bridges making new fields accessible;
Walls on danger curves where shifting lights confuse,
"Walls at the top of the cliff" you have said
"Are better than hospitals at the bottom."

So you have builded your dreams,
Dreams for your own heart's children.
And the labor has not been in vain
For the Lord has been in the building.

NINETY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

A beautifully illuminated copy of the following message, bound in tooled leather, and signed autographically by over one hundred executives and friends of the Scripps-Howard concern, had been prepared.

We, the undersigned, avail ourselves of the opportunity to congratulate you, in this manner, upon the occasion of your Ninety-fifth Birthday Anniversary.

It is impossible fully to express our realization of your inspiration to the great founder of Scripps journalistic institutions.

We sincerely respect and prize your influence in the founding and development of those institutions, knowing that that influence will endure; and we unite with the thousands among whom you have sown generous, helpful deeds broadcast, in wishing you many more years of happiness as a faithful exceptional servant of God and man.

ROBERT P. SCRIPPS
R. F. PAINE
NEGLEY D. COCHRAN
G. B. PARKER
THOMAS L. SIDLO
JOHN H. SORRELLS
WM. M. DAY
J. W. DAMPEER
MAURICE LEVY
J. E. FINNERAN
LOWELL MELLETT
WM. PHILIP SIMMS
M. E. TRACY
KARL A. BICKEL
HUGH BAILLIE
J. H. FURAY
LEE B. WOOD
LOUIS B. SELTZER
A. D. BRASHEARS
E. T. LEECH

ROY W. HOWARD
J. C. HARPER
W. W. HAWKINS
W. G. CHANDLER
PAUL PATTERSON
R. A. HUBER
HARRY L. SMITHTON
H. E. NEAVE
J. W. FOSTER
JOHN M. PETERSON
LUDWELL DENNY
JOHN M. GLEISSNER
T. J. DOWLING
FRED S. FERGUSON
ROBERT J. BENDER
S. T. HUGHES
N. S. MACNEISH
J. G. MEILINK
W. J. KRAEMER
FREDERICK M. KIRBY

H. M. TALBURT
W. N. BURKHARDT
FRANK W. ROSTOCK
D. E. WEAVER
CARL K. MATSON
BOYD GURLEY
CHAS. E. LOUNSBURY
EDWARD T. AUSTIN
EDWARD A. EVANS
FELIX F. BRUNER
ALLEN W. ELLIOTT
T. E. SHARP
M. E. FOSTER
L. E. JUDD
EDWIN D. MINTER
CARL C. MAGEE
EDWARD J. MEEMAN
WALLACE PERRY
P. C. EDWARDS
F. R. PETERS
E. H. SHAFFER
MARLEN E. PEW
HARRY N. RICKEY
JAMES E. MILLS, JR.
B. H. CANFIELD
NEWTON D. BAKER
E. F. CHASE
EDWARD W. SCRIPPS
RALPH J. BENJAMIN
H. W. PARISH
F. W. WEBSTER
NEAL JONES
H. E. MARSHALL

J. G. CAUTHORN
EARL D. BAKER
RALPH H. QUINN
CHAS. H. WILLENBORG
S. S. WALLACE, JR.
FRANK G. MORRISON
M. F. RIBLETT
JAMES F. POLLOCK
C. MAC TAMMANY
J. T. WATTERS
W. C. TICHENOR
L. E. HERMAN
RALPH D. HENDERSON
FELIX HINKLE
EARL D. GAINES
ALLAN S. WALDO
M. G. CHAMBERS
JOHN W. FRIERSON
A. E. HOUSER
F. T. DREHER
R. B. WAGGOMAN
F. W. KELLOGG
EARL MARTIN
C. F. MOSHER
JAMES W. DEAN
HARRY ELMER BARNES
FRED L. PURDY
JAMES G. SCRIPPS
HARRY W. ELY
FIELDING LEMMON
H. B. R. BRIGGS
NEIL S. HELLIS
GILBERT BROWN

Robert P. Scripps and Paul C. Edwards presented the foregoing birthday greeting to Miss Scripps. Mr. Edwards described the event in the following words:

Miss Ellen received us in her cheery bedroom. By the time we

arrived the house already was filled with flowers sent by the legion of her friends and admirers. But, with the simplicity that has been so characteristic of her life, just two red rosebuds on the pillow beside her were all the flowers she had near her. When we were announced by Miss Gardner, Miss Ellen greeted us with almost the animation of a school girl. She had been told the purpose of our visit, and before we could say a word she was expressing the most glowing appreciation. Her voice was surprisingly strong from such a delicate frame, her words came literally tumbling without the slightest hesitation, her face was lighted by a beautiful smile.

"Why this overwhelms me," she said. "It is the most splendid tribute I ever have had paid me. I cannot find words to express my thanks and appreciation." We told her every person who signed the message surely would be thinking of her on her birthday and would be overjoyed to know she was so well. Her pleasure was evident when we informed her the message was written by Uncle Bob Paine. "Bob Paine has been very near and dear to me," she said: "It is quite like him to write these beautiful words. I appreciate them, but do not deserve them. But I may live long enough to. I hope I shall."

She took the book in her hands and almost caressed it. "I shall not know what to say to express my appreciation to all those whose names are here," she reflected. "We shall find some way to do it, however. Even though I am not entitled to be so beautifully remembered by so many busy men, I want them to have my sincere thanks. The flowers that have been sent to me are beautiful, and I love them and appreciate the thought that comes with them, but flowers soon wither and fade. This beautiful book I may have with me always, therefore, my appreciation of it is all the greater."

From the minutes of the Honorary Alumnae Association of Scripps College, 17 October 1931:

Mrs. Harwood: "I propose a toast to Miss Ellen Scripps, a woman of vision and large benefactions, without whose boundless generosity the institution we represent could not have become a reality. May her days be made joyous by the knowledge that her vision is being realized and that by reason of it she has made herself

one with the young women of generations to come. I propose, then, with deep admiration and gratitude, a name which will live through the ages, Miss Ellen Browning Scripps."

Mrs. Kellogg responded: "From my knowledge of her spirit, her unselfishness of purpose, and her desire to be of service, I know she will be happy to have you say she has made herself one with the young women of generations to come. In countless ways, with the clear vision the years have brought to her, she has endeavored to pass on to future generations the spirit of kindness, helpfulness, and encouragement with which she has been endowed, and to make it live perpetually. I feel sure she would most gladly receive such a toast as you have proposed, for she has ever sought to return to the world the blessings that have come to her, that knowledge may increase, vision grow larger, high spirit be stimulated, and love sweeten and sanctify human relationship."

Written by a nine-year-old niece on Miss Scripps' ninety-fifth birthday:

THE STAR LADY

There was once a very bright and beautiful star, which shone every night in the sky, and people loved to watch it.

One night, the people did not see this star, and wondered where it had gone. That night a lovely baby was born, and she resembled the star so much in her brightness and beauty that the people could easily guess that she was the star which had come to live on the earth.

As she grew up, she did many wonderful thoughtful things for the people who lived with her. Everyone who came to visit her loved her, because she was very kind and thoughtful.

She now lives in a house by the sea at La Jolla. Though she is ninety-five years old, she still does her best to make other people happy.

She is getting restless and may fly back to be a star. We hope she will not leave soon, but still, even when she does leave, the people who will look up at the brightest star in heaven, will remember her and try to be as much like her as possible.

With many wishes for a very happy birthday from Peggy to the dearest Aunt that ever lived.

IN MEMORIAM



*So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene.*

—WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.



IN MEMORIAM



From the *San Diego Sun*, 3 August 1932:

Ellen Browning Scripps was released today from her long stewardship in the service of mankind.

Death, which had waited long past three score years and ten, as though loath to interfere with so useful and kindly a career, came to her as she slept early today in her beautiful but unpretentious home at 610 Prospect Street, La Jolla.

There was no suffering, no pain. The frail, slight body, the active, deep-thinking mind, which had concentrated on ways of making the world a better, happier place, laid aside their burdens, and the soul which guided them slipped peacefully into the land of memories.

The following editorial appeared in the *New York Times*, 5 August 1932:

A MODERN MID-VICTORIAN

Ellen Browning Scripps was born in London a few months before Queen Victoria came to the throne. But though a mid-Victorian in the middle years of her life, she became the most modern of women through her early American transplanting; an equal suffragist, a temperance reformer, a practical protagonist of free speech, a keen sharer in business enterprises, and a generous nourisher of the sciences.

In the days when a college education was not common, she entered a coeducational college, Knox College in Galesburg, Ill., graduating in 1858, the very year in which one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates was held beside its main building. She founded a college in California for young women and so carried across the continent the torch put in her hands by that mid-western college which gave her the education that made possible an unusual career. The inventive and artistic genius of the father showed itself in the unusual achievements of the sons, but also in her own

and in her unique contribution to the success of their ventures. After teaching school for some years she joined her newspaper brothers, carrying with her the meager earnings of those years. At first, as author of "Miscellany," which was the forerunner of the special feature in the daily press, she became partner with her brothers in their great undertakings.

Mr. Milton A. McRae, who shared in some of these enterprises, said ten years ago that she had then given away to schools, hospitals, churches of many denominations, playgrounds, associated charities, zoological gardens, natural-history societies and other causes, upward of two million dollars. She kept on giving, notably for science and higher education. She had learned the "art of giving." But in her simple life at La Jolla, fronting the Pacific, she showed that she had also learned the art of living. She had all the graces of a mid-Victorian in the midst of an active, modern, American existence, in which she kept in touch with the affairs of the world but participated in those of the community about her.

The daughter of the London bookbinder, who became a prairie farmer, gave a new glory to American womanhood by a life that added the best of the new to the best of the old.

From *Editor and Publisher*, New York, August 1932:

Many women have contributed, directly and indirectly, to the development of the American press, but none more influentially and beneficently than Ellen Browning Scripps. The story of the life and works of this quiet, patient, kindly and liberal spirit should long be an inspiration to the men and women of the press circle. Miss Ellen, as she was affectionately known in newspaperdom, was possessed of character and endowed with intellectual powers uncommon in the world. A slight figure, demure as any little fireside knitting grandmother, she saw afar and worked wonders to behold.

When her elder brother, James E. Scripps, founded the *Detroit News*, she invested her small savings in the enterprise and went to work as a proofreader, at night writing editorial miscellany. When her half-brother, Edward W. Scripps, founded the *Cleveland Press*, Miss Ellen invested her systematically saved capital with him and also contributed editorial matter.

From these beginnings she accumulated a substantial share of the immense Scripps fortune and became the constant friend, adviser and inspiration of E. W. Scripps throughout his life. It has been said that she, more than any other person, influenced his career, though always remaining in the background. For many years Mr. Scripps visited her nearly every day, consulting her on all matters. She read business statements with uncommon powers of divination and her opinion was regarded by all Scripps executives as clairvoyant.

Her passion was for beauty and human kindness. In her youth she crusaded for equal rights for women, and for temperance. She valued the press for its power to lead the march of civilization. She would not compromise with ugliness or wrong.

Thus, as can be understood, her home became a shrine where leaders of most of the fine movements in American culture gathered at one time or another and her willingness to serve any compassionate cause, always without ostentation, endeared her to such a wide circle that she was latterly called the best-loved woman of her state. Miss Ellen's life, as the late Milton A. McRae once said, was an American benediction.

Mr. Clinton G. Abbott in *The Condor* of 9 September 1932:

The spirit of this remarkable woman will carry on indefinitely. The list of her special interests is the roll of vital human interests. In the fields of science and education, she generously supported aggressive research, as well as those departments which appeal to children and spread popular knowledge. The list of her benefactions relating to natural history and kindred subjects include the San Diego Society of Natural History, the Zoological Society of San Diego, the San Diego Museum, the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, and the Egypt Exploration Society. She financed the publication of Dawson's large work on *The Birds of California*, Johnson and Snook's *Seashore Animals of the Pacific Coast*, and a number of other natural history books. She was responsible for the permanent pres-

ervation of an extensive stand of the unique Torrey Pine, and was ever keenly interested in matters of conservation, creation of parks, and the safeguarding of natural resources.

Mr. R. F. Paine, in the Scripps-Howard papers:

THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

Nearly a century of high purpose and high, successful service of others. Nearly a century of loyal devotion to the ideal of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Nearly a century of visioning the material as temporal and useless, save when applied to the uplifting of the spirit, the ideals and the condition of one's fellowmen.

To those in the monotony and crush of city life, parks, with grass for the tired feet, with the beauty of flowers, with sunbeams from blue skies marking aisles of silvery light through the shadows of green trees; parks, where the old become young and the young may be children, as the Lord intended.

To the children of street or lowly houseyard, a splendid playground, equipped to make the childish heart leap, care free; and, with some few rules of mutual discipline to inspire the thought that all are created equal.

To the sick a model hospital.

To those who would seek the spiritual, a fine church.

To those who would equip themselves for the ever-increasing problems and struggles of this rushing period, a college whose future growth and benefit no man may estimate.

To every movement for civic progress, always the ready, generous hand.

Back through the many past years a multitude of helps to individuals, forgotten because the virile mind and great heart were always working on coming years and new plans for greater accomplishments of unselfish service.

Through the long years, a quiet, delicate, at periods almost solitary, little woman disregarding the mass of luxuries that wealth seeks and commands, unostentatiously devoting one fortune after another to laying up the imperishable treasures of service where

thieves cannot creep in, nor moth nor rust destroy. Big purpose, big soul, big accomplishments. One of the very greatest women of her times.

As a good servant of the Lord, she made Mammon an obedient slave in the Lord's work. As a good democrat, she made oppression and arrogant privilege targets for her opposition. It was characteristic of her to declare, in giving a \$150,000 playground to La Jolla children, regardless of birth, color, or creed:

"The said premises shall forever and continuously be maintained and used by the said City as a public playground and recreational center and as a meeting place for public gatherings for the discussion of all questions of interest to the public, or any part thereof, and said premises and buildings thereon shall be open for the purpose of such meetings to anyone desiring the use thereof for that purpose, and no speaker shall be denied the privileges of the premises or buildings thereon, on account of any opinions that he or she may hold or give utterance to, provided only that, while using said premises, he or she shall not contravene the laws of the State of California or of the United States."

The Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California on 3 August 1932 adopted the following resolution:

Whereas, Ellen Browning Scripps, because of her broad human sympathy and intellectual interests, has done so much for Southern California through her promotion and support of educational, cultural, and recreational activities and in the relief of human suffering;

Whereas, without Miss Scripps' friendly interest in the original plan for a marine research institution at La Jolla the Scripps Institution of Oceanography would not have been founded, and without her continued interest and increasingly generous support it could neither have endured nor have developed to its present proportions; and

Whereas, we are gratified that our Institution was classed among the enterprises which she considered worthy of her support; be it

Resolved by the entire staff of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, that we hereby record our deep appreciation of her friendship and our sense of the great loss which this Institution and the entire community have suffered through the passing of our long-time friend, Ellen Browning Scripps.

The San Diego Natural History Society adopted a minute to her memory of which the following is a part:

The very existence of a museum of natural history for the people of San Diego on anything approaching its present scale, is the direct result of her public-spirited assistance. No department of the museum's activity was without her individual interest—she founded its work for children, she fostered its scientific investigation, she made possible its permanent home. Her interest was not only financial, it was also personal. While strength permitted, she was a frequent visitor at the museum, attended its lectures and admired its new exhibits.

The San Diego Museum adopted a minute, stating among other things:

Her interest in the San Diego Museum extended from the date of its founding to the end of her life; but in her modest self-effacement she preferred that her donations be received without ostentation or public announcement. Due wholly to Miss Scripps is the fact that this city possesses in the San Diego Museum an irreplaceable exhibit of Egyptian antiquities. These archaeological treasures Miss Scripps received as a supporter of the Egypt Exploration Society and presented to the San Diego Museum.

The San Diego Philharmonic Orchestral Society:

Noble Christian character, philanthropic patron of art, music, letters; as all of these, but especially as a patron of music, the

president, officers, and members of the women's committee of the San Diego Philharmonic Association honor and pay tribute to Miss Scripps. Her helpful counsel, generosity and friendship will ever be remembered. Goethe's words fittingly express our appreciation, admiration, and the inspirational influence of her life on ours: "Those things which are great and beautiful never leave us; they become part of ourselves." Enduring will be her noble example.

The following is an excerpt from the Minute adopted by the Board of Directors, San Diego Branch of American Association of University Women:

The lines of activity that Miss Scripps touched were so many, and her benefactions were so varied, it is impossible to limit her influence to one sphere of the world's work. Yet because she gave many scholarships to institutions of education in the United States, and because her interest extended into foreign countries where her liberality made it possible for native women to be trained for leadership, it would appear that the cause of higher education for women had a major place in her interest, and this cause has suffered a correspondingly heavy blow in losing her. But to the University Women of San Diego there comes also a feeling of personal bereavement. It was a matter of pride and pleasure to them that Miss Scripps was an honorary member of their club, and that she took a friendly and helpful part in their life and activities.

The San Diego Chamber of Commerce adopted a long minute, quotations from which follow:

As the years of her life unfolded in this community her gentle influence widened until it touched almost every deserving interest here. Living in surroundings of simple beauty without personal ostentation, Miss Scripps devoted her time and thought to the progress and welfare of others. It was part of her philosophy that beneficences undeserved were a reflection upon the giver as well as a harm to the receiver. Her gifts always were constructive, be-

stowed only after painstaking care and thought on her part to assure their worthiness. Out of her intelligence and interest and devotion San Diego became the fortunate recipient of many dear possessions, each adding richly to the cultural advantages of the community. They will be prized forever by the citizens. But prized more greatly than all of them put together will be the memory of the gentle woman who gave them. In each there is the expression of her ineffable spirit, in each the token of her love for fellow men. They stand not only for the sharing of her wealth, but the sharing of her great soul as well. In the upbuilding of San Diego as a place of culture, refinement and beauty she led the way. Hers was the type of true citizenship that always will stand as a shining example.

At Rushville, Illinois, a memorial service was held Sunday afternoon, 7 August 1932, in Scripps Park, formerly the old Scripps homestead farm which had been given to the city of Rushville, and for the maintenance of which Miss Scripps had generously provided. Following a tribute by the Mayor, the Reverend H. A. Burgess gave a brief sketch of her life concluding with these words:

For her wonderful gifts to us, Rushville is and always will be deeply grateful. Her spirit is here and will be here for generations to come. High and low, rich and poor, old and young may well rise and call her blessed. The modest, gentle, kindly woman of La Jolla, beloved by all who had the privilege of knowing her, and respected and esteemed by all who knew of her good deeds and philanthropies, was surely well and rightly named "La Jolla's Fairy Godmother," and may we not add, Rushville's too.

A LIFE BEYOND LIFE



*the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured
up on purpose to a life beyond life.*

—JOHN MILTON in *Areopagitica*.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.

—ROBERT BROWNING in *Paracelsus*.



THE FOREGOING pages have carefully refrained from recounting in detail either the nature or extent of Miss Scripps' far flung benevolences. Indeed it would be impossible to do so since her thought embraced individual needs and vital human interests in all sections of the world. It is perhaps fitting however to list below the institutions which were the recipients of her special concern, noting the three which she regarded as her major interest, and to devote the closing pages of this brief memorial to the words of those who were associated with her in the building of Scripps College, which she regarded as the latest and in some respects the most far reaching of her many life interests.

KNOX COLLEGE
POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT COLLEGES
CLEVELAND COLLEGE
WOMEN'S UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGES IN THE ORIENT
YENCHING UNIVERSITY, CHINA
BISHOP'S SCHOOL
SCRIPPS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, VELLORE, INDIA
SAN DIEGO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
SAN DIEGO ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY
SAN DIEGO MUSEUM
WELFARE BUILDING, which houses the COMMUNITY CHEST
and other welfare agencies of San Diego
Y. M. C. A., SAN DIEGO
Y. W. C. A., SAN DIEGO
Y. W. C. A. NATIONAL WORK
LA JOLLA PUBLIC LIBRARY
LA JOLLA PLAYGROUND AND COMMUNITY HOUSE
LA JOLLA WOMAN'S CLUB
SCRIPPS PARK AND COMMUNITY HOUSE, RUSHVILLE, ILL.
EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY
NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR PREVENTION OF WAR
PLAYGROUND AND RECREATION ASSOCIATION, now the
NATIONAL RECREATION ASSOCIATION

In her will, Miss Scripps stated that "Scripps College for Women, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, and Scripps Metabolic Clinic are major objects of my public benefactions."

THE SCRIPPS INSTITUTION OF OCEANOGRAPHY

The Institution had a very humble beginning. Miss Scripps and her brother Edward provided Dr. William E. Ritter with a modest sum to start a small marine laboratory at La Jolla, which grew into the San Diego Marine Biological Association. In 1912 it was taken over by the University of California. Under the able direction first of Dr. Ritter and next of Dr. T. Wayland Vaughan, it became one of the leading oceanographic institutions of the world. Recently, a distinguished oceanographer, Dr. Harald U. Sverdrup, has been called from Bergen, Norway, as its director.

SCRIPPS METABOLIC CLINIC

The Clinic was opened in 1924 for the study and treatment of metabolic diseases. Since then, it has developed even beyond the expectations of its friends and the vision of its founder.

Miss Scripps, in her will and codicils, made numerous references to the Clinic and Hospital. "It is my hope that the Clinic may make valuable contributions to medical science. I am sure that the Hospital has filled and will continue to fill a real community need." . . . "I want to express my appreciation of Dr. J. W. Sherrill and his staff. Under

his wise management, the Clinic is fulfilling its purpose. My hope is that not only my residuary legatee and other relatives and friends, but the community at large, will take an abiding interest in its development." . . . "Scripps Metabolic Clinic has made great progress in the brief period since it was established. Medical men whose judgment is entitled to weight and who are not connected with the Clinic assure me that its future growth will far exceed anything that I had anticipated."

SCRIPPS COLLEGE

Miss Scripps was greatly impressed with President James A. Blaisdell's proposal of a group of small residential colleges modeled somewhat after the English conception of university life. While preserving the autonomy of individual colleges, this plan offered the advantage of large common facilities for the associated institutions. To this end Claremont Colleges was incorporated as the central and coordinating body. Miss Scripps became so deeply interested in the educational advantages of this form of organization that she went heavily in debt to promote it. After making possible the purchase of land upon which future institutions might be built, she provided funds for the establishment of a college for women, the development of which is more fully described in the following pages.

Mary Patterson Routt in the *Beverly Hills Citizen* of 11 August 1932 wrote:

In the summer of 1926 I had the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of visiting Ellen Browning Scripps in her beautiful but unpretentious La Jolla home built on the edge of the Pacific. When I first saw her she was seated in her study, a tiny, frail, delicate body, white hair, finely textured features, and radiant blue eyes. She was ninety years old and she was beginning one of the most arduous tasks of her long career. She who had begun life when Queen Victoria was ascending the English throne and when Andrew Jackson was president of the United States; she who had left her native land and braved a seven weeks' voyage across the Atlantic to pioneer in a new country; she who had worked to support an aged father and to mother a younger brother; she who had been a copartner in establishing a huge chain of newspapers and from whose pen had grown the world's greatest newspaper feature service; she who had amassed a large fortune and used it for public benefactions in science, medicine, education, and charity; she who had accomplished all this was sitting quietly in her study on that morning in early July, planning a new college for women, a college which should break away fearlessly from the established formulas of education and from its universally accepted traditions and present to its students a new conception of what becoming educated may imply.

I listened to her in awe and amazement. In easy but concise phraseology she outlined her plans. My surprise knew no bounds. According to all the rules and regulations by which we measure this thing we call *old age*, Miss Scripps should have been planning an old fashioned school whose atmosphere and curriculum would take its students back to the "good old days." But no—listen to this—I can recall her exact words: "I am not in sympathy with the so-called education which is imparted from an austere professor behind a desk to the docile students seated in front of him, with a textbook as their only common meeting ground. Rather I like to imagine a circle of teacher and students seated about a table or a hearth fire, stimulating one another's powers of thought and creating a mental capital which no textbook can supply. I like to picture

a college whose motto is not 'Preparation for Life' but 'Life' itself. I am thinking of a college campus whose simplicity and beauty will unobtrusively seep into the student's consciousness and quietly develop a standard of taste and judgment. I should choose a curriculum fashioned with the objective of developing mental equipment rather than amassing information. In other words I believe the paramount obligation of a college to its students is to train them to develop the ability to think clearly and independently, which ability will enable them to live confidently, courageously and hopefully."

That was six years ago. Not a stone had as yet been laid for the new college. It was being erected in the brain of this fragile little lady of ninety years. Today, a week after the death of Ellen Browning Scripps, Scripps College for women stands in all its material beauty at the foot of the mountains in the quaint, pensive village of Claremont.

The following are excerpts from an address by Mary B. Eyre at the Convocation at Scripps College on the anniversary of Miss Scripps' birth, 18 October 1935:

It has become a truism that early experience and feelings help to shape the trends of later years. "As the twig is bent, the tree inclines," was admitted long before the pronouncements of Freud and modern child study: so it does not surprise us that Miss Scripps developed independence of thought and action, and what is a rarer achievement, that she was always quick to grant the same latitude to others that she craved for herself. She was unassuming and self-sacrificing to the last degree: yet notwithstanding her self-abnegation, there existed a sturdy persistence which enabled her to get what she thought right, if it was possible to do so without interfering with the rights of others.

In discussing ways of dealing with children, Miss Scripps observed more than once: "I was never willing to be coerced, but there were two things which have always had weight with me: one is that I have dreaded, from a child, to make a fool of myself; and the other is that I never could bear to hurt anyone's feelings. Why

couldn't they have always used those tactics with me? It would have been easy to manage me by suggesting that the undesirable action would make me appear ridiculous!"

Miss Scripps' interest in all that pertained to the guidance and education of children was unflinching. She told me once that one of the greatest delights of her life had been teaching; and she must have been an ideal teacher. She anticipated the modern theories of education and taught not merely subjects, such as arithmetic and English, but the *child* himself!

I asked her once if she had ever been fond of dolls. She laughed and said that there had not been much time to play with dolls: that there had been always other children on hand who had taken the place of dolls to her. Thus early was fostered the extraordinary skill and understanding of human relationships which has come to be, for me, the outstanding characteristic of her life. Its manifestations are abundant, its ramifications are endless.

As her financial resources increased, Miss Scripps' human interests broadened to the direction of social responsibility for national and world movements, scientific investigations, medical research, community betterment, and education. Although she did much for individuals, Miss Scripps spoke often of holding her wealth in trust for posterity. She once said: "I hate to be called a philanthropist. What I do, I do as an investment."

Her interest in the political emancipation of women was keen but tolerant. I recall her agreement with a quotation which I think was from Olive Schreiner's *Woman and Labor*. "Give us labor, and the training which fits for labor. This is our Woman's Right!" And again with Bernard Shaw "Women, like men, are entitled to just such rights as they are able to utilize to advantage." For Miss Scripps, the keynote of education was to *make of use*, in the broadest sense, whatever qualities were there to be developed.

Miss Scripps' interest in prevention of crime is in line with her vital interest in the well-being of young people. When she was over ninety, and had her activities restricted by the doctor's orders, she said in reply to an inquiry concerning her health: "Of course I know that I may die any time. I do not fear death; but I *should* like to live a while longer, to see the new methods in dealing with delinquent boys and young men. How will they turn out? And,

then, too, there is the movement of the Jews to return to Jerusalem! Oh, life is just beginning to be so very interesting!"

It is evident that with such interests at heart, Miss Scripps' aims in education should be toward the preparation of young people for social and scientific usefulness. Her interest in the professions of medicine, law, and statecraft were impartially divided between men and women. I once asked her if she believed that women should enter the medical profession. She replied yes, that she herself had always wished that she might have studied medicine. She thought that women should be thoroughly trained for whatever profession interested them, although she felt that certain professions were more in keeping than others, with the natural interests of women, such as nursing, medicine, teaching, dietetics, and the science of child raising and home making.

Miss Scripps was an omnivorous reader, and all was fish that came to her net. She enjoyed travel, biography, fiction, poetry, drama; but the books which she liked best to discuss hinged upon problems of human conduct and human feeling. She held a brief for the underdog.

She was a world citizen in the truest sense of the word, and never more so than when the orbit of her physical activities was curtailed to the narrow confines of her porch and bedroom. Her interest in world peace, in primitive peoples and their customs, in adventures and discoveries, was ever alert; truly, here was an intrepid and gallant spirit, in a frail housing! It reaches out into the future: it envisages travails and conquests to come, which shall be the heritage of the women in this her college, who shall pass her lighted torch down the generations.

Miss Scripps had an unappeasable desire to get to the bottom of things. She never fooled herself. She says in a letter, "One can't cheat one's self! There is no use trying." In her personal friendships there was none more loyal, more self-effacing, more generous in encouragement.

Miss Scripps believed that education implies growth, and that growth means change, progress. Education should never be safe, static. Where we are safe, we tend to linger; and then there would no longer be progress. I do not believe that Miss Scripps ever thought in static terms, but always toward growth and service.

She did not seek *safety* as a prime value of life, but rather, obligation.

Miss Scripps had lived and worked and suffered enough to know that dealing with human beings is the essential value, and that *human relationships* are the ultimate end of education. She understood that life means growth; that growth comes by use, and that use means, for human beings, the sharing with and for others that which we have learned. All her plans, her hopes, her ideals, culminated in her belief in the forward movement of the human race, and furthermore that human beings have a share in bringing it about.

From the Annual Report of President Ernest J. Jaqua for 1933:

It would be natural for those not familiar with Miss Scripps' deep concern for the secure establishment of the college in all its varied aspects to emphasize first and perhaps exclusively her magnificent financial contribution. The more I have reflected upon it the more certain I have become that her most permanent gifts were in the form of spiritual forces which she set in motion and which revealed the innermost convictions of her life rather than in the material forms which are seen only by the visible eye.

Miss Scripps was fundamentally a person of retiring and modest disposition. She had no sense of superior knowledge or wisdom, even as to the use of her own funds. She regarded herself as the channel of power rather than the power itself. She allowed herself to be drawn into the forefront of an enterprise only when she was convinced by overwhelming appeal and convincing statement of others that her personal name or presence would serve some essential purpose. This of course does not imply that there was vacillation or lack of conviction. It implies rather a lack of dogmatism or assurance as to the perfection of her views.

Miss Scripps genuinely desired that the college should not bear her name. She modestly felt that the enterprise was too momentous to bear the name of any individual. She argued that her name was not euphonious and would therefore not be pleasantly re-

ceived. She thought that if the college was named for any person, it should be someone who had achieved a distinguished career in education. She added that her deep interest in the plan of associated institutions and especially in the new college for women to which she had given the first endowment would not be influenced by the use of her name.

To all these statements the Board of Trustees gave sympathetic consideration but urged that a college like a person receives its deepest inspiration from association with an individual who personifies those ideas and ways of living worthy of deepest respect. They asked of themselves, what name—of person, event, place or idea—would be more appropriate than that of the founder of the college whose whole life had been devoted to precisely the qualities of life which the college would strive to instill in its students. In the end they persuaded Miss Scripps of their genuine desire that the new college might bear her name. To this she reluctantly but graciously consented.

From time to time as buildings were erected or critical decisions reached, Miss Scripps' counsel was sought not only as a member of the Board, but as an individual whose amazing clarity of judgment had been tempered by long experience in important financial and educational affairs. She uniformly approached these varied and difficult problems with eager, sympathetic interest and patient judgment. Some of her decisions and the reasons for them are worthy of record as explaining in part the statement that Miss Scripps' greatest contribution was her intellectual and spiritual outlook. It was her open mind, her insistent search for the truth of things as the basis of all real wisdom, her tolerance of opposing views even when experience had assured her of the soundness of her own, her unwillingness to accept temporary solutions, her simple, direct, realistic approach to complicated issues, her genuine interest in the mental and physical health of individuals that came into play when her mind came in contact with direct questions affecting building construction or academic policies or the future of some student's college career.

Those who are familiar with Miss Scripps' simplicity of life, wholesome disregard for all forms of extravagance or display, and great care lest any unnecessary expenditures be made on her own

behalf, will do well to reflect upon her desire that the residence halls be examples of the most substantial, beautiful and dignified construction within and without. They are revelations of a carefully conceived philosophy of life and education.

On one occasion a critical appointment was to be made to the college involving important questions of policy, upon which Miss Scripps held strong convictions. The judgment of the Board was divided, some fearing that the appointment might involve the college in unfortunate criticism for taking advanced views on social and economic issues during its early years when it could not well afford criticism. This would almost certainly weaken its financial attractiveness to people of large means. Miss Scripps, who had been interested to read all the correspondence bearing upon the appointment in question, promptly and unequivocally—but without any desire to press her views—expressed the opinion that a college to be a free, strong college must be ready at all times to face courageously controversial issues with open mind and good temper; that a college which refused to do this was unworthy of the interest and loyalty of students of intelligence or people of means; that opportunity for freedom of thought and expression had seemed to her the only safe course in public issues and she hoped the trustees would follow this course in matters of college policy. She advised that a conclusion be reached on this appointment, not in deference to arguments of tact or expediency—which might in the end defeat the essential aims of the college—but upon the grounds of the fundamental qualifications of the present under consideration. What a priceless legacy to a college—the assurance of the founder's permanent blessing upon the spirit of freedom!

Miss Scripps was above all else a good listener, which is the essential characteristic of a mind eager to understand the inner meaning of things and surely the first requisite for sound and sympathetic judgment. She was not over susceptible to the words of others, neither was she unmindful of their significance. In discussing questions of educational policy, she invariably sought all available data, asked penetrating questions on matters which she thought were relevant, patiently waited for additional facts to be gathered, weighed every element in the situation, reached a clear, precise conclusion and then went on without delay or recoil to other matters.

On one occasion Miss Scripps gave unexpectedly warm expression to an interest I had not theretofore discovered. It was almost our last conversation and the discussion arose from a passing reference to student health and the need of greater attention to this matter. Immediately enthusiasm entered her voice as she spoke earnestly of her desire that something might be done to provide all things necessary for the development of the physical and mental health of students. To this broad subject Miss Scripps had apparently given protracted thought. Every aspect seemed to come to focus in her mind as she envisaged what should be done to promote the health of young women in college—the scientific preparation of food, the comfort and quiet of student rooms, the nature and extent of the physical education program, encouragement to activities which would prove valuable in after years, the value of a recreation room as a part of physical education equipment, the place of medical supervision and the infirmary, the relation between physical and mental health. These and other questions were asked and answered and the chapter closed abruptly but not until she had made it clear that we were under grave responsibility to meet our full obligations for the health, mental and physical, of all students in college.

Perhaps the most characteristic expression of Miss Scripps' spirit of life in relation to the college appeared in her unflinching interest in the progress of individuals. She frequently inquired about members of the board of trustees, faculty, or student body. The vocational plans of graduates, especially of those whose names she recalled, were of genuine concern to her. She was not a person who viewed people and institutions from a distance, though she maintained a strange objectivity and impersonality in her mental attitude. She intimately shared the purposes and problems of others. Numbers of students can testify to her unexpected kindness. Miss Scripps was eager to hear of students in genuine need and I cannot recall any instance when she declined assistance. Though she lived serenely in the presence of eternal spiritual realities, and must have understood beyond all others who walked with her the gentle words of the great Oriental seer—"as I was in the ripeness of my days when the friendship of God was upon me"—she probably never quite knew the fullness of admiration

and affection in which she was held by the students, faculty, and trustees of the college which she founded.

From the Founders' Day address at Scripps College by Dr. James A. Blaisdell, May 1936:

I have been asked to speak to you this morning of one whose influence you certainly wish to cherish and about whose memory can gather no shadow of doubt. I am glad to do so because it is always a joy to speak of a great friend.

Miss Scripps was one of the dozen or so people whom I have known who rose even above the range of what is commonly considered distinguished personality. Although I did not know her well and some here knew her far better than I did, I have thought much about her, of the things which made her what she was and of the fashion of her mind and spirit. Many of you know the place in which she lived. The house now stands empty, its vacancy still speaking of the mistress who once reigned there. Some of you perhaps have not seen this home. It is a house, simple in the plainness of its straight lines, not extravagant but ample, standing between the main highway of the city in which Miss Scripps lived and, on the other side, the great Pacific Ocean. In this house—hospitable, plain, ample, well-equipped for generous living—she thought and worked.

To my mind there were certain outstanding characteristics of this great woman. I think first of her ample outlook upon the world. We often say that nothing human is alien to us. That is a very easy phrase to use. And yet among the people I have known Miss Scripps stands as preeminently the expression of that attitude of life. When you went through her front door, you passed by a hallway into a living room, which was on the farther side of the house. As you entered the room, you faced a great plate glass window, covering almost the entire western side of that room—one of the largest windows I have ever seen in a private residence, a window undivided by any separating panes of glass. This window framed one great overwhelming view of the mighty Pacific. In front of that window, facing the ocean, was a divan and deep,

inviting chairs. All of these faced toward this view of the unexplored and unachieved world to the west. I have been in the house when Miss Scripps was not there and sitting before that window I have looked out on that magnificent and unbounded panorama and I have said, "This is Miss Scripps."

Back of the divan was a long table and on that table, whenever I went there, lay in magazine form the most inclusive presentation of the various human interests which I have ever seen on any single table in a home. These magazines covered almost every phase of human life and concern. It was amazing—the number of these interests which were gathered into this one room and before which you must pass to take your seat on this divan. Every visitor looked across the panorama of the world's need out onto the Pacific Ocean. It was most surprising that Miss Scripps could identify herself intellectually with so many phases of human endeavor. She could not possibly have read all those magazines, news reports, statements of charity organizations and human affairs—and yet you could rarely touch any phase of world interest to which she did not respond with intelligence. She had a genius far appropriating the meaning of anything with which she had the slightest contact. So fully had she grown into the capacity of universality. We all recognize that as a great ability. If we can envision a college which teaches its students to be hospitable to every human concern, Miss Scripps would have been a graduate of that college.

The second thing that impressed me about Miss Scripps was at first appearance, quite the opposite characteristic. It was her capacity for skillful selection. One of the greatest dangers that we face today, as it seems to me, is our universal interest. We know so much about everything that we know nothing about anything. We neglect the concentrations of life. With all Miss Scripps' wide appreciation of values, you never found her disturbed or distraught; you never found her "running from pillar to post." She saw the world whole and yet saw it serenely and steadily.

This capacity to combine universality with effective selection is an art. And here again it seems to me she challenges our modern life. I wish I could tell you how she did it. Somehow one of the greatest prayers ever uttered had been answered for her—"O Lord,

lead me in plain paths." And I sometimes think—am I not right?—that perhaps what we need most of all in this age of multitudinous information is the steady sight of a definite and sure goal. Year after year in the midst of the many voices that harangued Miss Scripps there were certain things she wanted to do. Months, years of change, did not alter them. For years she wanted to build an ocean pool where the children of all nations could come and have their enjoyment. One of the last things she did was to carry out that long purpose.

The third characteristic by which Miss Scripps impressed me has already been referred to by President Jaqua and that was her very singular and vivid consciousness of things unseen. She did not belong, I think, to any formal church though she gave liberally to churches. She did not seem to need form and ceremony as some do. She did not seem to need buildings. She did not need things concrete in order to perceive reality. She had never seen Scripps College, but the institution was real to her. Those things that Plato saw, she saw. You could talk with her about places where she had never been, experiences she had never had, and she understood. And so in passing from this material world into the other there was no transition. She sensed the great Love that was around all. She wrote me in substance, "I don't understand, but I accept." And so, as you know, when she came to the end, she asked that there be no funeral, no marking of her passing, but that some day in the keeping of near friends her ashes should be carried out into the bosom of the great western ocean and there made a part of the universal.

Someone has said that the best way to read a biography is to begin at the middle and read through to the end and then to read the earlier chapters. I believe there is much in that suggestion. That is the normal way in which we know people. We commonly first become aware of people when they are in the vigor of life and have done something calling them to our attention. Then we watch them as they live on to the end. And then we ask, "Where does all this come from?" I have asked this question about Miss Scripps. I went once to her birthplace, in the center of the shopping district of London at the time she was born, and now more than ever caught in the roar of the great metropolis. I have talked

with friends whose memory went back to those early years. Something of her universality came from her English ancestors, from that England which has reached out to the ends of the earth and has taught its sons to be at home in every land and clime. Something of her ability to meet emergencies serenely came from the early experiences of her childhood. Miss Scripps' mother died when the daughter was only four and a half years old, and three years later the father, crossing the Atlantic, moved the family home to the broad prairies of the Middle West. It was amid these radical transitions that the young girl soon became as a mother to the family and especially to that youngest brother who in later years was to display such distinguished ability. She learned motherhood's great art—to be a mother to all human need. Still later as a journalist she acquired from journalism its greatest possible contribution. Journalism can be a great misfortune or a great education. It can lose itself in the petty gossip of the world or it can select the driving forces of the world and live in them. For Miss Scripps it made a larger life. These things had something to do with the making of the woman that she was, with her reverence and her open mind and heart.

A college, when it assumes the name of an individual, assumes either a great burden or a great opportunity, dependent upon the implications which the name carries. One of the most notable philanthropists of the past generation once said that he would never give any money to a college which was named for an individual. "Let the men and women who inherit that name," he said, "support that college." When the question was raised as to the selection of the name of this college, it was at once clear that the Scripps name opened a great opportunity, for here was obviously no effort for personal aggrandizement, here was not the slightest desire to creat an individual fame. But here was a name which seemed to carry a great message. It was the name of a person who seemed to say then, and who seems to say now, and who will always be remembered as seeming to say, "Go thou, and do likewise."

The following verses in Miss Scripps' handwriting were found in one of her collections of quotations. We do not know the author.

I am glad no heavy folds of clay
Cling to your body like a shroud,
Or I might sit there all the dragging day
With my head bowed,
Thinking your grave fastened you to the clod,
While I sat looking down at narrow sod.

I am glad your ashes blown on high
Were wrapped in wind for a shroud;
Now I must watch for you in the sky,
A star! a lightning flash! a cloud!
Only the path of planet or sun
Are wide enough for your feet to run.