

# UC San Diego

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Memoir

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F.S.C.

I first saw La Jolla in June 1913 when my sister Helen M. Stuart and I, Laura B. Stuart, came down from Los Angeles for a three weeks vacation. After a year of teaching at an inland town we wanted to be near the ocean and when our parents returned from a camping trip in this area they said we must come to La Jolla, the most beautiful place they had seen. And so we did, by Santa Fe from Los Angeles to San Diego and by "the little old train" to La Jolla.

We stopped at the real estate office of the A. P. Mills to inquire about renting a cottage but before doing this we called up Professor Wm. E. Ritter at the Scripps Institution to tell him and Mrs. Ritter whom we had known well in Berkeley, having studied Zoology under him, that we were to be in La Jolla for a few weeks and were about to look for a cottage. Prof. Ritter said, "We have just built some cottages here. Why don't you come out and look at one of them? Our Mr. Crandall can show them to you."

We rented one of the cottages nearest the ocean where we had a delightful vacation. And that was where and when I met Wesley C. Crandall. He, a graduate of Stanford University, had been teaching Biology at San Diego Normal School, now San Diego State, and doing volunteer work in biology at what was then called the Marine Biological Station, located first in Coronado and then here in La Jolla at the Cove; but by 1913 he was employed by the Regents of the University of California under the Comptroller, Mr. Ralph Merritt, as Business Manager of the expanding campus of Scripps Institution.

Mr. Crandall and I were married in June 1914 and lived on the campus of Scripps for ten years. For the first year of our residence there someone from the Barnes & Calloway Grocery drove out

in the morning twice a week by horse and buggy to take orders for groceries, and delivered them in the afternoon, but soon the Institution acquired a small bus that made scheduled trips to and from La Jolla. At that time Prof. and Mrs. Ritter were the only ones on the campus who owned an automobile. Later Mr. and Mrs. Peter M. Hannay acquired the use of a small plot of land over the crest of the hill from the Institution where they kept a cow and chickens and supplied the Colony with milk and eggs. They were the same Hannays who several years later owned and operated Spindrift Inn on the shore near the Beach Club in La Jolla.

During the 1916 flood there were three washouts on the road from Scripps Institution to La Jolla which had to be bridged before supplies could be brought to the colony except on horseback. Workmen who had been building the pier were still there and, with timbers left from the false work of the pier, and their horses, they built three bridges on the way to La Jolla, one near the Institution, one where La Jolla Canyon comes to Torrey Pines Road and the third where East Roseland Drive reaches the boulevard.

When there were vacant cottages on the campus, it was customary to allow scientists on vacation from other universities to occupy them. Some of the noted visitors I recall were Dr. Parker, head of the Zoology Department at Harvard, and Mrs. Parker; Dr. Herbert Walter and Mrs. Walter from Brown University; Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Conklin from Princeton; Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Child from Chicago.

Dr. Walter E. Clark, president of the University of Nevada, and his wife and four children spent more than one summer vacation in The Commons, the largest cottage on the campus, and added greatly to the interesting life of the Colony.

There were visitors of note from other countries too, one group in particular being three high government officials from Rome whom Professor Ritter wished to honor by giving them luncheon in The Commons. He asked me with the other wives of the staff to arrange the affair which of course we did. When the visitors were leaving I, as hostess of the day, bade them "Goodbye" and added some of my self-taught Italian by saying "A revederci" which brought smiles to their faces. I immediately added the proper "Addio", for what I had said to them was like "Hasta la vista" in Spanish, "Until I see you again." The adage that a little learning is a dangerous thing was embarrassingly true then but I comforted myself with the thought that I would never see their eminences again and that their amusement probably lightened the day for them.

In 1924 at the time Miss Ellen B. Scripps had begun her large gifts to Scripps Hospital and Clinic, Scripps College in Claremont, the Natural History Society and the Zoological Society in San Diego, she employed my husband as a business helper to her attorney, Mr. J. C. Harper. We moved to La Jolla, living in a house on Coast Boulevard opposite the Park for a year while our house on Roseland Drive was being built. The site was in open country then, the only nearby building being Spindrift Inn owned and run by the Peter Hannays. The slopes of land between our house and Scripps Institution and between the present highway and Lookout Drive were covered in spring and summer by tall wild mustard which made good screen for boot-leggers who landed on La Jolla Shores beach, and for landing parties of marines who came ashore for practice maneuvers. In early mornings we often found young marines lying in the grass below our garden and we probably interfered with their rationing when we carried breakfast to them. One Sunday

morning I heard voices on the slope just below Lookout Drive, or rather the voice of a marine who had driven a noisy tank up there, saying, "We don't like it any better than you do, lady. We went aboard our ship at 4 o'clock this morning to get here."

It has long been known that Indians used to live in this area or at least come here at times to fish. Many artifacts have been found hereabouts, and a number such were found where our house stands, chiefly metates and grinding stones; but two burials also were found, one of an adult man whose skeleton was sent to the San Diego Museum of Man, and one of an infant. It was not necessary to disturb the latter grave and we left it in a bank as it was. Vines now grow over the spot as part of a large planting.

A portion of a big skull appeared more recently when a pit was being dug in the lower garden. The gardener brought it to me saying, "Miz Crandall, this looks like a bowl doesn't it?" I answered, "Yes, Sam, it does and I'll go with you to see where you found it." There were no other bones and of course I didn't tell Sam what it was or I would never have seen him again.

At the time of my husband's death he was Executive Secretary of the Ellen Browning Scripps Foundation with an office on Fay Avenue built especially for this purpose. It was an attractive building and the grounds were nicely landscaped, but commercial businesses now occupy the site, and the Foundation business is transacted from Miramar Ranch.

The house we built in 1924 is still my home, and the interests my husband and I shared in public affairs and institutions are still my interests as far as time and energy permit.

Laura Stuart Crandall