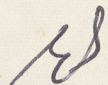


MY RECOLLECTION OF MISS LILLIAN RICE

As a very young boy, perhaps 5 to 7 years old (1930 to 1937) I was befriended by Miss Rice, as everyone called her. I would visit ~~her~~ at her architectural office, which, at the time was located East of Nelson's Realty a few doors on Paseo Delicios. Miss Rice gave me a regular drafting table, a chair, ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> T-arm and triangle with which to draw. I really remember the very large pieces of paper she would attach to the drafting table. I would visit regularly and spend "hours" (actually probably 30 minutes or so) at "my" regular drafting table. Typically of a lad at my age, my interest span reached its end probably very shortly and I drifted off to other pursuits.

My next, and very distinctive, memory of Miss Rice happened when I was 12 years old (1937). Apparently, she was involved with the building of the Rancho Santa Fe grammar school which was fairly new. An inspector showed up for some reason who had to inspect the building's crawl space under the floor. Miss Rice hired me to help out the inspector at the fabulous rate of 30¢ per hour. I remember crawling under the building and counting floor joists and calling out their number to the inspector who was comfortably standing outside by the opening in the building. I recall I was paid approximately \$1.20--a fortune, as I remember. I also remember that Miss Rice was young, slim, blonde and handsome. Upon going through my mother's papers when she passed away in 1984, I ran across a photo portrait of just such a person. I, at that time, thought it was a picture of Helen Badger, who had not survived the birth of her third baby, Charles. Thinking it may be of interest to cousin Chuckie (Charles Badger), I gave the picture to him and I told him I thought it was of Helen. Looking through his family album, other pictures of Helen did not match. At any rate, I left the picture with him. However, after all these years I now remember it must have been a picture of Lillian Rice. Perhaps Chuckie would let someone else look at it and see, and would give it to ~~the~~ the Historical Society.



Edward Spurr, May, 1991