

News from the Inn-Spector



“A Perfect Day”

Carrie Jacobs-Bond of Hollywood tells the Ladies' Home Journal how she came to write “A Perfect Day.” She was on Mt. Rubidoux, Riverside, and saw a California sunset of rare beauty where others go to see the sunrise on Easter morning.

Returning to the Mission Inn she wrote the little poem, read it to her friends that evening, pigeon-holed it – and forgot it.

Several months afterward riding through the Mojave Desert on a moonlight night, she began to hum the words and a friend reminded her that she had another song. Staying up all that night she finished the score as we have it today.

“A Perfect Day” is a California day!

We have been writing it; the movies have been picturing it; the painters have been etching it; but it remained for the California song bird to sing it.

Maybe if all the days of Carrie Jacobs-Bond had been perfect days, she would not have appreciated it. She has had her dark days, as most poets and singers that live, have known. Some of us are cursed with the customary. – Los Angeles *Times*

Note – this article appeared in the Banning Record of November 29, 1928. It was quoted from the Los Angeles Times, which in turn mentions that it was in the Ladies' Home Journal.

What we should say

This seems to confirm the story we've heard for many years.