

A ROSE, BY ANY OTHER NAME

By John Robert "Jack" Gobble

The following article by John Robert "Jack" Gobble is a brief condensation from the book he is now preparing for publication on the life and works of an Iowa-born great artist who yet remains unknown and unsung, "Pat" Shriner.

Mr. Gobble was born in Fairfield, Iowa, the elder of two sons of Mr. and Mrs. R. Bruce Gobble. He is a 1926 graduate of F. H. S.; married Pauline White (also of Fairfield), has two daughters (Marcia and Mary), and four grandchildren; New York University's School of Commerce, 1932, major in Advertising, Merchandising and Marketing; advertising business in Cleveland and New Orleans to 1936 when he returned to Fairfield as manager of the Chamber of Commerce; the same title drew him to Jefferson, Iowa, and later to Beatrice, Nebr. Shortly after Pearl Harbor he accepted the same office in Idaho Falls, Idaho; during WWII he was a Major in the Idaho State Guard and Executive Officer of Civilian Defense. In 1947 he resigned from Chamber of Commerce work and entered the retail shoe business, which he sold in 1958 and returned to the advertising business, establishing The Gobble Agency which he continues to operate.

Mr. Gobble's hobby for many years has been genealogy, about which he has published two text books and has designed several different forms for recording genealogical data, all of which are sold world-wide. He delivers numerous talks each year on that subject, and many others of a patriotic nature—he calls it "very willing flag waving." He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, a past National Vice President General; many genealogical and historical societies; Sigma Phi Epsilon; B.P.O. Elks; the Methodist Church; and a life-long Republican, active in "behind the scenes" politics, serving on many committees of that Party in his adopted state.

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In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare conceived lines now known by almost every school student and adult—certainly in the English speaking world. Shakespeare's Juliet spoke the oft-quoted words to Romeo, "What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet . . ."

A native born Iowa artist, Shriner by Surname, gained a measure of fame in various parts of the United States. But—his given names? By what was he christened? Again, "... a rose, by any other name . . ."



Harry Gobble Shriner, about 1900

The people of Iowa know few, if any, details of his life elsewhere, with a paralleling situation for those who knew him in Ireland, Nebraska, California, etc. Why, with the recognition he achieved in each area, did he hide most of the facts

about his life in other places? These are, as yet, unanswered questions about the very talented Shriner whom the great naturalist, John Burroughs, acclaimed as being "one of the few men who can depict the true spirit of the earth," and whose southern California obituary saluted him as "a painter of recognized genius."

Shriner was born in Fairfield, Jefferson County, Iowa, on 31 May, 1871, to George and Margaret Jane (Gobble) Shriner. He had two brothers and one sister older than he, and one younger brother.

This researcher, however, has not been able to unearth convincing proof as to his given names. That he used two different sets of first and middle names is readily obvious, but which pair was correct is most elusive. In those days of Methodism in Fairfield, the baptismal and other Church records were entrusted to a responsible member of the congregation for safekeeping. That member's office, upstairs on the east side of the Public Square in Fairfield, was, in 1883, wiped out by fire and, with it, the official records of the Church. Thus, if Shriner was baptized in the Fairfield M. E. Church, it and his given names can't be proved.

The 1880 Federal Census for Iowa shows George Shriner, age 60, a Fairfield merchant, born in Pennsylvania, as were both his parents; his wife Margaret J., age 37, she and both parents born in Virginia; son Thomas W., age 15 and a college student; daughter Kate A., age 13; son George B., age 11; son Patrick H., our subject, age 9; and a son Guy M., age 4; all children born in Iowa. These data probably were given the census taker by the wife and mother but, of course, could have been supplied by any of several other people.

During his boyhood in Fairfield, and during his later residence there, he bore the nickname "Pat," and living friends and relatives in Iowa who knew him personally continue to refer to him as such. A January 1886 Fairfield newspaper item tells of his narrow escape from drowning when he skated off the edge of the ice into open water just that day uncovered by ice cutters on the Fairfield Water Works Reservoir. He was rescued by other skater chums. The newspaper designates him as Pat, without quotation marks or parentheses to indicate

a nickname. Public school records reveal nothing of value to the determination of his name.

In 1886 Shriner's father suffered financial reverses, was forced to sell his grocery business, and in November the family moved to Omaha, where the mother operated a boarding house. Three years later, in May 1889, Pat received First Honorable Mention for his crayon "Les Images" displayed in the Lininger Art Gallery there. A reasonably plausible family tradition suggests this recognition stimulated a now unknown benefactor to raise a fund for the purpose of sending Pat to Paris for training by art masters. Certainly it could not have been afforded by his parents.

The birth page in the George Shriner Family Bible shows three different handwritings and, in that of his mother, our artist is listed as Patrick Henry Shriner. Two horizontal lines are drawn through the Patrick Henry, and Harry Gobble is inscribed above the thusly deleted given names. The handwriting is not that of his mother, and neither the identification of it, nor the time the change was made, is established at this writing.

A catalog for a Fall 1889 exhibit of art by the Western Art Association at the Bee Building in Omaha lists Harry Shriner as showing two drawings, one titled "Whittier" and the other "A City Rose," both under the sub-heading of "Black and White" (pencil? or ink?), but nothing is shown for him in any other classification. This 1889 date is the earliest record found so far of his using the name Harry. It confuses things even more when checked against the given names he used when he first married, as will be noted later in this story.

Regardless of the previously mentioned sources of finance, Pat did go to Paris in 1893 (age 22) and, in later years, claimed he had studied under Jean Paul Laurens, Leon Joseph Florentine Bonnat, Ferdinand Cormon, Julian Dupre, U. Chusa, Charles Augustus Emile Carolus Duran (also known as Carolus-Duran), Mihaly (Michael Lieb) Munkacsy, Hyppolite Petitjean, and Jean Joseph Benjamin-Constant. The use of the word "claimed" is intentional because, on occasion, he either claimed, or permitted someone else to claim, he had studied in Paris for 16 years. That, of course, was "expanded" by

some 15 years—not exactly a slight transgression.

By 1894, after a brief sojourn in England, Pat visited an artist friend along the coastal areas of County Kerry, in southwestern Ireland where he made many paintings, a goodly number of which he brought back to America. In Tralee, he met an Irish colleen and, on 26 June, 1895, the last marriage to be performed in the rapidly deteriorating (now in ruins) Parish Church Ballynahaglish was that of Patrick Henry Shriner and Hetty Josephine Revington. The Church was at what now is known as The Spa Tralee, on a hill commanding a beautiful view of Tralee Bay, the vast Atlantic, and nearby places put on canvas by Shriner.

A daughter, Eileen Dorothy Revington Shriner, was born to Pat and Hetty in Tralee on 22 October, 1897.

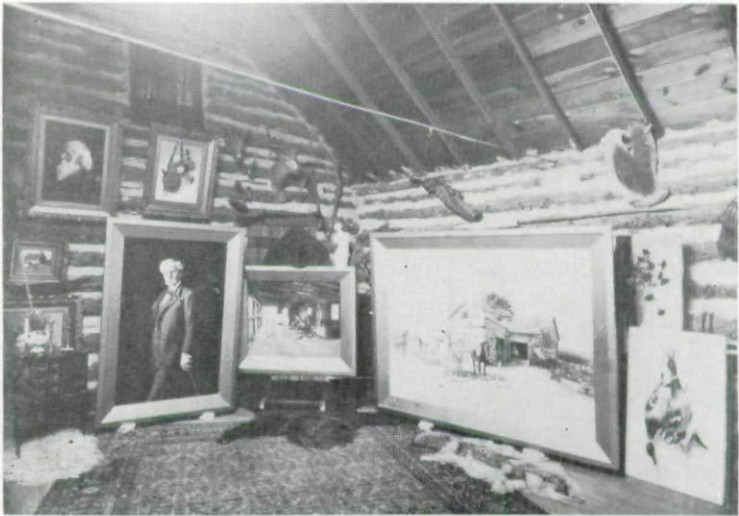
By November 1898 Pat was visiting relatives in Fairfield, Muscatine, Clinton, Abingdon, and probably other places in Iowa. But, although he still was called "Pat" by relatives and friends, he had acquired a new set of given names and was chronicled in the newspapers as Harry G. Shriner. No one seems to know the reason for the change, when it took place, nor whether he was christened as Patrick Henry or the Harry Gobble he used as his official given names for the remaining forty-odd years of his life. Regardless of "what's in a name" he was in Iowa seeking commissions to paint portraits and to sell some 250 of the paintings he had executed in France and Ireland. He apparently returned to Ireland, but came back again to Fairfield in September 1899. It seems obvious he was seeking a permanent return and an assured income adequate for the maintenance of his family. He conducted art classes in the Browning photography studio until he joined the faculty of Parsons College in January 1900 as the Director of the School of Art. Forty-five students were carried on the college roll for his classes that school year, but many of them probably never attended, merely enrolling and paying the required fees to help the cause and keep the Shriner family from starving.

In April 1900 Shriner also was maintaining a studio over the Ward Lamson Implement House. His college classes dwindled materially the following fall, with only six former

and seven new students registered. Memories tell us he held summer classes, and that they, as well as regular term, were conducted in Ankeny Hall on the campus until it was demolished by fire on 19 August, 1902. The fire was devastating to the College (only a typewriter was saved) and to a number of individuals. All of Pat's paintings, and those of his students, on display in the building were consumed.

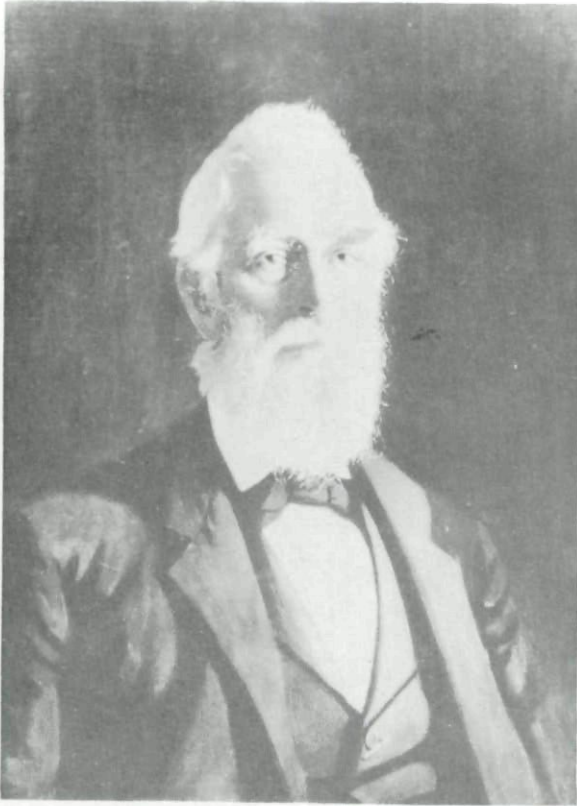
Hetty and Eileen, Pat's wife and daughter, arrived in New York in April 1900. He met them there, brought them to Fairfield, and the family first lived in the Israel home on East Burlington Street (#300[?]). His parents moved from Omaha to Kansas City in 1895, and moved back to Fairfield on 7 May, 1902, where they again resided in the home they had left at 604 West Broadway.

When Ankeny Hall at the College burned, Pat's most benevolent supporter and promoter in Fairfield, Victor Alonzo Lamson (1856-1928), built a Log Cabin Studio for Pat at the rear of 302 South Court Street, and the Shriner family occupied the home at that address. After its discontinuance as a studio, the log cabin served for other purposes and now is a garage for the property.



Interior of Log Cabin Studio

Portraits of many prominent men, women, and children were painted by Pat during this period of his residence in Fairfield. Two were of his grandfather, Thomas Wilson Gobble, and one of his step-grandmother, Jemima Ellen (Taylor) Gobble, both of Abingdon. One of the grandfather, and its companion portrait of the step-grandmother, became the property of the couple's eldest son, Lee Taylor Gobble, I, a Fairfield merchant for many years, and now are in the possession of the latter's granddaughter, Mrs. Donald C. Burnham of Pittsburgh, Penn. The other grandfather portrait graces the space above the fireplace mantle in the living room of the R. Bruce Gobble residence at 704 South Main Street in Fairfield.



Oil Portrait by Shriner of Thomas Wilson Gobble

He is the elder son of the aforementioned Lee T. Gobble, the father of this writer, a grandson of the subject, and a first cousin of the artist.



Oil Portrait by Shriner of Jemima Ellen (Taylor) Gobble

Among the Iowa oil portraits by Shriner, now privately owned in Fairfield, are those of William C. Ball, Dr. A. C. D. Bradshad, J. J. Cummins, Ed Gilbert, Frank Gilmer, Elmer A. Howard, Edwin Hunt, Dr. T. L. James, Ward Lamson, Mrs. Ward Lamson, Victor A. Lamson, William Loudon, a Mr. Mahan, and William G. Ross. Portraits of Ward Lamson and John Williamson (of Hardscrabble—the book by the same

name was illustrated by Shriner) are in the Fairfield Public Library, as are two paintings of horses, and the large (57" x 73½") "Old Blacksmith Shop." Another oil portrait, possibly the first ever painted by Shriner, is of the artist's father, George Shriner, and soon will be the permanent property of the Fairfield Library, a gift of Joseph Wilson Getsinger in memory of his deceased wife, Helen Wagner (Hunter) Getsinger. It now is in the hands of this writer who has been asked by Mr. Getsinger to make the formal presentation, probably in July of this year. The District Court Room in the Jefferson County Court House at Fairfield is the repository for portraits (by Shriner) of Moses A. McCoid, William C. Ball, and J. J. Cummins (the D. P. Stubbs portrait there is not a Shriner). A Shriner portrait of W. W. Junkin, late of Fairfield, was presented by Junkin's sons to the Iowa State Department of History and Archives in Des Moines on 8 January, 1905.

Numerous oils, charcoals, pencils, pen and inks, and water colors by Shriner are owned privately in Fairfield and the general eastern Iowa area. They, almost exclusively, other than portraits, are still life, scenes in Ireland, France, and Iowa, but include, as far as is known, only one western desert painted by Pat after he left Fairfield about 1905.

Pat and Hetty's sea of matrimony wasn't too smooth in Ireland, and rough enough to capsize the boat in Iowa. Hetty had an Irish temper! Her relatives in Ireland considered her "to be an arrogant and domineering person, with a tongue like a razor." "They often remarked that it was no wonder her husband left her, as she was an impossible person to live with." Relatives in Iowa, who then were adults, have related anecdotes much in confirmation of the opinions expressed by relatives in her native land. But, they very quickly add, Pat was no "dream" husband.

Hetty and daughter Eileen left Fairfield in May 1905 for a visit in Ireland. In September the newspapers advised Fairfieldians that the visit was to be extended through the winter, that Pat was in Davenport, and that Vic Lamson had sold the South Court Street property where the Shriners had been living. The wife and daughter did not return to the United States, nor did Pat go to Ireland.

In Ireland Hetty and Eileen lived with the former's widowed mother until her death. Eileen received her education in England and, about 1918, entered the employ of the Bank of England in London where her mother joined her. Hetty died there in the mid-1930's. Eileen never married, shunned her relatives in Ireland, ignored correspondence and visitors from this country, retired on a pension from the Bank, and now lives in a London suburb. Just slightly past her seventh birthday when she left Iowa, she can have few, if any, very accurate personal memories of any imagined wrongs done her by Iowa people.

Sometime before March 1907 Pat was courting Stella Enone (Wagner) Keene, a New York divorcee then living in Los Angeles. In 1908, using the name Harry Gobble Shriner, not the Patrick Henry by which he was married, he obtained a divorce from Hetty in Denver and, two months later, was married to Stella in Cheyenne, Wyo., by that state's Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.



Hetty Josephine (Revington) Shriner, left, photographed by Browning Studio, Fairfield, about 1900, and Stella Enone (Wagner) Keene Shriner, right.

The newlyweds honeymooned on a ranch near Denver, then made their home in Los Angeles until they established their permanent residence in La Jolla in 1910. Harry, as he was exclusively known in the West, painted portraits in Seattle in 1911. He taught art in a La Jolla Episcopal girls' institution known as The Bishop's School for three or four winter terms while he continued to gain personal prominence and success. In 1914, with Stella's money, they built a home in La Jolla, sold it in 1919 and built a residence-studio atop the cave-ridden cliffs overlooking the Pacific. There Shrin er painted spasmodically, prolifically when he was short of funds, and lackadaisically when he had cash on hand. But, it must be said, he was one of the few artists who made his entire living from his art. He and Stella took frequent trips, many of several months duration, to the desert areas of southern California and Arizona where he could create his wonderful desert oils. A large majority of them were painted in the early morning sunlight, shimmering haze in the mid-distance, background mountains (sometimes snow-capped), sun-bright blue skies and pink clouds, with desert flora and, frequently, horse, human, and/or wagon tracks in the foreground white sands. Odd as it may seem, a properly displayed Shrin er desert actually seems to change in appearance throughout the day from sunup to twilight, giving the impression of a morning scene during the early hours, and an evening scene as the day wanes. Desert lovers frequently have been heard to say, "I've seen that identical spot, in that same light, and seen it appear exactly that same way many, many times."

Amusing anecdotes are told about Harry, making him almost the eccentric of eccentrics. A few can be mentioned here. He wouldn't see a doctor, but he'd describe his ailments to anyone else who would listen, devour each diagnosis offered, accept every prescription suggested. He often was taking as many as six or eight different medications at a time and, when improvement was noted, couldn't desist from any because he didn't know which was providing the cure. He was an inveterate, and good, golfer, often betting quite large sums on his game and winning a majority of the time. If a golf opponent strongly admired a painting, Harry would bet that

piece of art against a thousand dollars or more. No one seems to know whether or not he played golf in Europe or Ireland, but he definitely did play at the Fairfield Golf Club upon his return to Iowa in 1899. He was a "wheeler and dealer" in his time, as evidenced by an agreement he made with a dentist crony. The Shriners, Harry and Stella, received free dental work for the remainder of their respective lifetimes—and the dentist became owner of a painting he coveted. Harry once refused a banker's request to view his paintings, glanced aside as he spoke, and issued an unsolicited invitation to a gawking grocery boy for a private showing the boy wouldn't have dreamed requesting.

Shriner stayed far aloof from other artists, was a member of no colony or group, would summarily pack up and depart if a stranger attempted to get near him while he painted, and would not reveal his pigments or technique to anyone. He used only the finest imported materials, colors from Holland, Britain, and France, canvas from Belgium, and copper tacks. American materials, though now of good quality, then were very inferior. In later years he refused to participate in public exhibits, either with a group of artists or as a one-man show. In fact, there is no evidence of his ever having participated with other artists, and he had only two public one-man shows—the first at Parsons College in 1899, and the other to help a Pasadena art dealer in 1924, which Shriner did not attend. At the request of the Iowa Commission Chairman he did ship some paintings for display in the Iowa Building at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. Vic Lamson sponsored or arranged for a Shriner show at the Fairfield Public Library in 1922, but Pat wasn't present. A posthumous showing and sale at Carmel, Calif., in 1942, and an exhibit of his early works, largely loans by private owners from eastern Iowa, and held in the Fairfield Public Library during December 1966, completes the list of known public showings.

During his lifetime, Shriner sold his desert scenes at prices ranging from \$500 to \$3,000 and more, and his portraits, individually commissioned at an agreed price, from \$500 to \$2,500 and more, depending upon the size, his own evaluation of the subject and the purchaser, and his personal

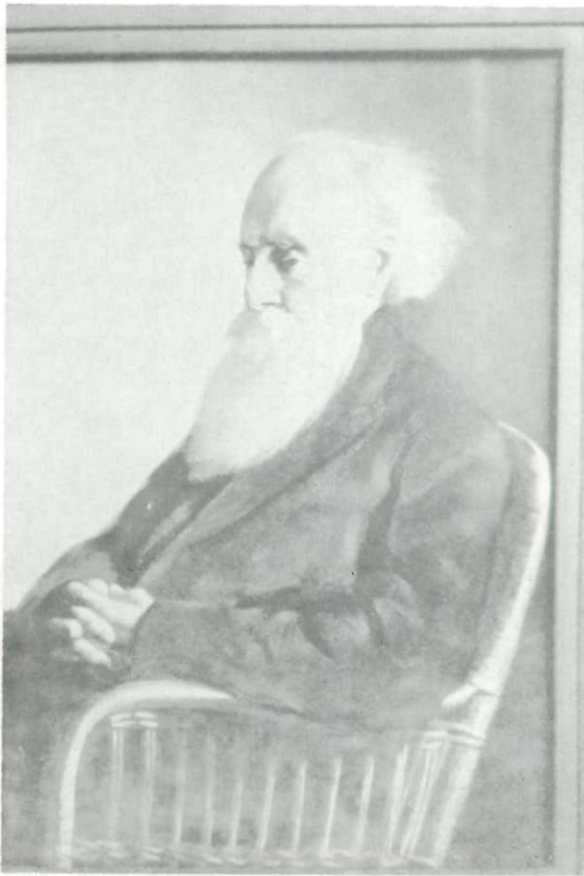
feelings about both. Present-day private owners of any Shriner paintings have a somewhat scornful glance for you if you suggest they sell, and this writer knows of none in the hands of dealers. Occasionally one or more becomes available from an estate, or from someone whose family has died, causing the family home to be sold and the survivor to move into a small apartment. But if they have the space, and are not destitute for money, they keep their Shriner paintings.



Bishop Conaty Portrait by Shriner. This is one of Shriner's best know works.

Walt Coburn, the prolific and extremely popular author of western stories, became an intimate friend of H. G. S. when they were next door neighbors in La Jolla. The Coburns, Walt and his wife Pat, now live in their rustic rural home out of Prescott, Ariz., where this writer has visited them, seen their Shriner deserts, and spent most enjoyable hours listening to them tell of the Shriners. Scattered quotes from them include, "Harry Shriner was a genius, a colorist who painted nature in action. He fell in love with the desert and practically gave up marine painting for which he was also famous. He was also one of the best portrait painters." Of the Bishop Conaty portrait, probably the best known and most often viewed of Shriner's art, prominently displayed on an easel in the Presidents' Room of the Mission Inn at Riverside, Calif., portraying that Catholic devine in full regalia and, life size, sitting in a huge leather upholstered chair, Walt said, "You would swear the man was alive sitting in the chair." The Inn changed ownership in 1956 and many of the art treasures were sold, including the portrait of Bishop Conaty. No one seems to know anything of its present whereabouts. The Coburns also told of Harry's love for good food, and Stella's complete disinterest in cooking. When the Coburn's moved about ten miles up the coast to Del Mar, Harry and Stella paid them frequent visits, not only to enjoy a chat with the jovial, western-born Walt, and his very charming wife, Pat, but to devour the succulent foods Mrs. Coburn knew to be Harry's favorites and would prepare for him. When the Coburns returned the visits they always went heavily laden with more of those favorites for the Shriners. A personal suspicion must creep in at this point: One look at Walt and you immediately discern that he, too, enjoys good food—and he was well aware of Stella's deficiency in that field. And this writer, also not a nibbler, will jump at the change to accept an invitation to partake of Pat Coburn's delicious meals anytime. Walt allows as how, "If Harry found a place where they served good food, they would go there and stay for a week or more." And, "Harry, in the days I knew him, always wore plus-fours and heavy wool knee-length socks." "He wasn't playing golf much when we first met him and I think there might have been some dis-

sention at the (La Jolla Golf and Country) Club. Harry was a very outspoken man. If he didn't like a person he let them know it in no uncertain terms, and let them alone. He was extremely loyal to those he called friend." "He was a real character, beloved by his friends and those who knew him for what he was—a rare genius."



**Last portrait of John Burroughs.
Painted by Shriner in 1921.**

Two weeks before John Burroughs died he had his final sitting and, after his death, Shriner completed the last portrait of the famous naturalist. Burroughs had requested, insisted,

yes almost demanded that Harry execute the painting because, as mentioned earlier, Burroughs had high regard for the naturalness of Harry's art. Ellen Scripps had agreed to pay \$2,500 for the portrait and, although the subject's unanticipated death before its completion greatly enhanced its value, Harry abided by the original price. She presented it to the San Diego Historical Society, and it now hangs in the Museum of Natural History at Balboa Park there. Officials recounted the details of the painting being lost during the World War II period when the Museum was converted into a military hospital for personnel returned from the Pacific Theatre. Space won't permit telling the story here, but the painting finally did get returned.



Arizona desert scene by Shriner. Valued at \$1,500.

Hundreds of Shriner paintings are privately and proudly owned by people all over the nation—but the people of California know nothing of the artist's life prior to his residence there; the people of Iowa know he studied in Paris, married in Ireland, returned to Fairfield, and moved to California, but, beyond that, few know little more; his former inlaws in Ireland have no information about him subsequent to his departure from the land of the shamrock and the later return of his wife and daughter. Why did he so completely obscure from each community any knowledge of his life in all other places where he resided or worked?

He was an eccentric loner; he cut all ties when he left one place for another; he rarely corresponded, even with relatives. He did not visit his mother in Los Angeles during her final illness, nor did he attend her funeral services either there or at Fairfield where she was buried. He lived only for the present, ignoring both the past and the future. The conclusions of the reader must be as accurate as those of any other person.



Shriner, April of 1928.

Harry suffered a severe stroke and died forty-eight hours later in the Scripps Hospital, La Jolla, on 17 December, 1941, aged 70 years, 6 months, and 16 days. His remains were cremated. His total cash resources at death barely paid the expenses incident thereto, and he left no life insurance. His wife

was his sole heir, but there was little to inherit other than unsold paintings. The residence-studio always had been hers, built with her money.

Stella, born April 1869 in Norway, Benton County, Iowa, grieved herself to death only five and one-half months after the demise of her husband, she living only until 1 June, 1942. Her sole heir and executrix was her niece, Helen Getsinger, who inherited the residence-studio, some eighty unsold paintings, the unpaid taxes, and other unpaid obligations. Helen, in turn, died 2 November, 1966, leaving her widower, J. Wilson Getsinger, as her sole heir and executor. The residence-studio property in La Jolla has, as a moment's reflection will indicate, increased materially in value since the Shriners purchased the ground in 1919. As far as can be ascertained at this writing, only two, possibly three, blood relatives of Harry, through the branch established by his father and bearing the Shriner surname are now living. His daughter, Eileen; a nephew John M. "Jack" Shriner, a retired Kansas City sexagenarian bachelor; and another nephew, Robert Shriner, if living, probably in Los Angeles.

Many biographical errors have been printed about Patrick Henry or Harry Gobble Shriner. Without diligent research, and by referring only to the more convenient previously printed stories found in a comparatively recently established newspaper morgue, it would be impossible for any latter-day author to do other than perpetuate those untruths. Many of the more frequently repeated and widely diverse inaccuracies were created or permitted by the artist himself.

But, despite the errors and his own prevarications, embellishments, and/or permissions, Shriner was, and is, a great and unsung artist. As has been the case so many more times than not among the artists of all times, the works of art created by Shriner have not yet found general public honor and acclaim. Nor may they until he has been dead considerably longer than the twenty-five years which have elapsed since his skilled hand no longer lifted brush to palette and canvas.

That he was a great artist is best expressed by the pen of his friend and former La Jolla neighbor, Walt Coburn, who wrote Shriner a letter on 4 April, 1932, "Friend Harry—The beauty, the mystery of its (a Shriner desert owned by the Coburns) feeling, is like some wonderful piece of music sung by unseen voices in the afterglow of the desert sunset. Gosh, Harry, it's like some silent prayer said countless years ago, its hushed echo held forever in the silence of the great desert; a prayer you found and put into color on canvas, making it live for us who understand the feeling of that desert we love. Because you are great, with that greatness men call genius, which God gives but few, you have given to us something that only those who can see beyond the drabness of life can really fathom. If I could put into words what you put on your canvas, then I would know that I had attained that height where few men have climbed.—No other artist whose work I have ever seen has so depicted on canvas that which a man who knows and loves the desert feels when he is alone in that silence and beauty.—(signed) Pat and Walt Coburn."

So be it! But he's still "Pat" to the people of Fairfield and Iowa. To them, he's their own!



Shriner's palette and paint box; brushes are stuck through the thumb hole. Articles now owned by author.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Credit is most appreciatively tendered to Mary (Barnes) Prill (Mrs. Orville L.) of Fairfield, the most accurate and painstaking researcher on historical and genealogical subjects I know, who laboriously read thousands of feet of microfilmed Fairfield (and other) newspapers, Iowa Census records, original copies of other publications, Court House records, Cemetery records, etc., and, from them, gleaned the facts upon which this biography is based, refuting many time-worn and erroneous beliefs, printed and otherwise, about Shriner. Mary, in my opinion, with the full, capable, unstinting cooperation of her husband has done more than any other person in the history of Fairfield and Jefferson County to search out, correct, enlarge, and record the true history of Fairfield, Jefferson County, and the people of both. The Jefferson County volumes she has published, and those she is preparing for publication, are, again in my opinion, unequalled for historical accuracy and completeness by those of a similar type for any other county in the nation. And she has done it all (assisted by her husband) entirely without compensation, reward, and practically no local recognition.

Credit, too, is gratefully extended to my good friends and benefactors, Walt Coburn and his wife Pat. They're tops in my book, and I shore do have a hankerin' to say, "much obliged," podners!

And—the Getsingers! Without Helen's exceedingly generous help, confidence, trust, encouragement, praise (probably rarely, if ever, deserved), and lending (or giving) me photographs, facts, anecdotes, suggestions, and many other things necessary to accumulate, prove and/or refute data relative to H. G. S., I long ago would have been stymied. To her I am deeply indebted. And, to Wilson, her husband who, no doubt, was many, many times my benefactor behind the scene, I extend my hand of appreciation—and sympathy. It is he as Helen's sole executor, who has given me full authorization to use, at my own discretion, anything she has said, written, or given to me.

And, without comment, because I know they are fully aware of my feelings, my gratitude to my Mother and Dad, and to my Aunt Lil Gobble, for all they've remembered and told me, and otherwise helped me on this and, of ever so many other things.

Dr. Harlow E. and Leela (Linder) Laing, of Chula Vista, who housed, fed, and furnished me with transportation all over the Shriner haunts of southern California, and took photos of all the several Shriner paintings we were able to locate in both private homes and public repositories, get an especial thanks for being themselves, just good friends (and relatives).

To all the foregoing, add Mr. W. J. Revington of Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, who supplied me with most of what I learned from his Country; the Staff at Parsons College, the Fairfield Public Library, the Jefferson County Court House; Raymond and Ross Walker's "Tribune" files; and the hundreds of other people who have magnanimously cooperated, either in conversation, correspondence, or both, by giving me whatever they had available.

When I recall each and all previously mentioned people, I become fully cognizant of one established and important fact—I've played a mighty small part!

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