Timekeeper

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LA JOLLA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MISSION
The La Jolla Historical Society inspires and empowers the community to make La Jolla's diverse past a relevant part of contemporary life.

VISION
The La Jolla Historical Society looks toward the future while celebrating the past. We preserve and share La Jolla's distinctive sense of place and encourage quality in the urban built environment. The Society serves as a thriving community resource and gathering place where residents and visitors explore history, art, ideas and culture.

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Follow the Society on

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

Heath Fox

At long last, with our gallery closed for over a year, we are thrilled to announce the opening of a new exhibition. Starting June 5, the Society will present *Our Ocean's Edge* in the Wisteria Cottage gallery. Exploring the beautiful essence of California's 1,100 mile long coastline through photography and prose, *Our Ocean's Edge* is an exhibition featuring black and white images from LA-based photographer Jasmine Swope's quest to capture the essence of California's marine parks. Accompanying the images, author Dwight Holing's prose contributes narrative interpretations of these important seascapes. California made history with the creation of the nation's first statewide system of ocean parks – a network of 124 Marine Protected Areas (MPAs) stretching from Oregon to the Mexico border. Like national and state parks on land, MPAs are beautiful environments that provide protection for wildlife, solutions to climate change, and recreational resources for all. *Our Ocean's Edge* is a photographic documentary project that celebrates these fragile seascapes while increasing awareness about their natural benefits and promoting ecological conservation. The project was made possible by the following people and organizations: League for Coastal Protection, Resource Legacy Fund, Wishtoyo Foundation, Kaitlin Gaffney, Karen Garrison, Annie Notthoff, Chris Pichler, Mark Swope, and Mati Waiya. We are extremely grateful to the donors whose funding made the local presentation possible: Weston Anson, Dave and Sandra Erickson, Barbara Freeman, Anna Palmer | Palmer Design Inc., and ArtWorks San Diego.

There are also projects presented virtually you can view on our website. The *Unfinished Story of Viejas Originals* is a small online exhibition exploring a modernist commercial gallery operating in La Jolla in 1959-60 and featuring furniture and decorative arts by local artisans and craftsmen. You can also read new stories by San Diego authors written during the pandemic and published as part of the *San Diego Decameron Project*, a venture we did in collaboration with the San Diego Public Library, San Diego Writers Ink, and Write Out Loud.

This summer, we have a full house of youth programs and are look forward to having students back on the Wisteria Cottage campus. Our partner organization, Outside the Lens, will present three one-week photography camps for middle schools students. In late July, we're presenting two one-week Young Architect Summer Programs for middle and high school students.

I would feel remiss if I didn't take a little space to thank all of our members, supporters, and others in our community for your help, patience, and encouragement as we navigated through the pandemic. Your continuing financial support has helped keep us afloat and left us well-positioned to resume a more normal schedule of exhibitions, educational programs, and community events. These are times that have been challenging and trying, and we are eternally grateful for all of those in the community who stood with us. *Thank you!*

Lastly, I'd like to express my heartfelt gratitude to the Society's Board of Directors for their steadfast leadership and determination to see us through the pandemic to the better times ahead. Please join me in recognizing and thanking our terrific Board!

With thanks and good cheer to all our members, we look forward to seeing you in our gallery and at our events starting again this summer!

Heath Fox
Executive Director

Marouane Abdaoui

My passion for architecture developed while living in Santa Barbara where I moved for my college education. As I discovered historic buildings there I was reminded of the Moorish and Spanish architecture back home in Morocco. Upon moving to San Diego in 2015, I began my career at Marengo Morton Architects, before joining Island Architects in 2018. My professional interests has been influenced by local La Jolla architects, and my enthusiasm for this community and its architecture grew immensely. As a resident of La Jolla and a member of La Jolla Community Planning Association I am honored to help preserve our community's history.

Roger Sammon

Originally from the Chicago area, Roger studied classical architecture at the University of Notre Dame and spent a year of study in Rome, sketching and learning from traditional buildings and urban settings throughout Europe. He joined the Island Architects team in 2014 and earned his California architectural license in 2019. As a project manager throughout La Jolla and greater San Diego, his interest in classical architecture and professional experience on historically-designated projects inspired him to join the La Jolla Historical Society, fueled by a commitment to preserve the architectural traditions of the city.

Cover: Cormorants line a rocky outcrop looking toward La Jolla Cove in the far background in one of photographer Jasmine Swope's series featuring Marine Protective Areas (MPAs) along the California coast. Photograph is included in "Our Ocean's Edge" exhibition opening June 5 in Wisteria Cottage.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Carol Olten and Nanook at the Park Row Dreamery, Feb.ruary, 2021

One of the most intriguing files in the archives is a folder called sand castles. Within it is a second folder in which there are seven photographs mounted in gray mattes labelled The Sand Castle of La Jolla. The photographs are in plastic sleeves within cardboard covers and tied together with string to form a sort of makeshift book indicating that someone, sometime, thought they were important. Identity cards of more than 50 years vintage also are pasted on some of the cardboard sheets. But they give only minimum clues of what these photographs – and they are quite fine as are the sand castles – could be about. They state: Sand Castle Made by Horace Rhoads' Brother Contact Lucille Roma Leonard for further information. The card is dated 3/65 – now 56 years ago and probably is no longer a source leading to indentifying who made these exceptional looking sand castles, when and at what beach and all the rest of it.)

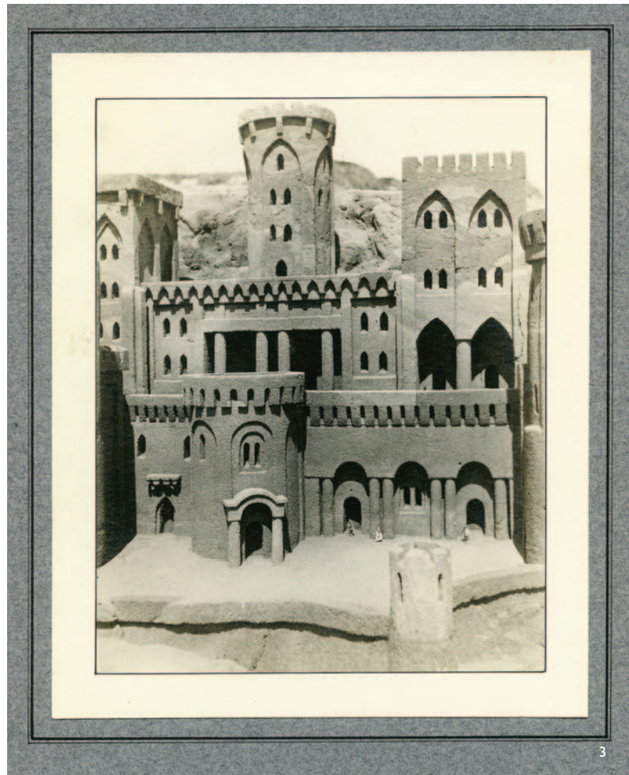
So my search began, starting in Howard S.F. Randolph's trusty little book, La Jolla Year by Year, where I find on page 123 this note: "About 1918-19 some remarkable sand castles were carved by Jesse Rhoads, brother of the late Horace E. Rhoads." Aha! Jesse Rhoads. Horace Rhoads. Subjects to look for. The biographical file for Jesse Rhoads contained a single item – another photograph of one of his beautiful sand castles! There was no file on Horace (Horace Emerson, sometimes known as Dusty) but through Google searches I find him to have been a notable La Jolla resident, civic leader and well-represented in the publishing world of E.W. Scripps and other newspaper scions of the early 20th century. In 1906 he was vice president and business manager of E.W.'s San Diego Sun Publishing Co. He and his wife, Millie, lived at 7345 La Jolla Blvd. – the house now known as the Rhoads House and part of Heritage Place. The Huntington Library, it turns out, has an extensive collection of Horace's papers, correspondence and family ephemera, including references to the Rhoads family arrival in La Jolla from Indiana with their parents, Abraham and Adaline, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in La Jolla in 1919.

Older brother Jesse, Horace's senior by 12 years, seemed to devote his life, however, to trivial pursuits. Records show that in 1926 he filed a patent in the U. S. Patent Office for making ornamental candles. He was living in a small house on Marine Street in the 1920s and possibilities are good that he was residing there a few years earlier when he may have decided to take bucket and shovel to the Marine Street beach, or perhaps nearby Wind 'an Sea, to create his extraordinary sand castles. They are the stuff out of King Arthur with crenelated towers and buttresses, touches of the architectural gothic in window indentures and rise out of the sand in a way that suggest they could be surrounded by moats instead of sitting serendipitously on the edge of the Pacific. The scale is large, but not monumental. And once these photographs were taken the castles

probably washed out with the tide as even the most exquisite of things made of sand do. And away went Camelot!

Although I found a few answers, the sand castles will continue to intrigue me. . . like the sands of time. How and why did Jesse Rhoads create them? How long did it take? Hours? Days? On exactly what beach were they? Who took the photographs? Who tied them together in a binder with string? How did Jesse Rhoads end up in a single file with a solitary legacy of sand castles while Horace achieved fame and fortune worthy of a collection at the Huntington? All questions still awaiting answers, I fear.

– Carol Olten
Editor



OUR OCEAN'S EDGE

“Swope’s photographs have the soft look of richly worked, large-scale graphite drawings. In addition to her chosen printing technique it is achieved through lengthy exposure that blur contours, enhance atmospheres and blend the motion of waves and birds into gentle near abstraction. One result is to re-cast familiar sights, recorded in millions of snapshots of tourist scenery, into something alien and almost extraterrestrial.” — Christopher Knight

Shortly after California became the first state to set aside a network of 124 ocean parks as Marine Protective Areas (MPAs), photographer Jasmine Swope travelled the 1,100 miles of coastline from Oregon to Mexico to document and interpret them in a series of black-and-white photographs using her special eye to record what she encountered. The result is “Our Ocean’s Edge,” a book and travelling exhibition which opens June 5 in the La Jolla Historical Society’s Wisteria Cottage and runs through the summer. Swope, a native of Serbia now working out of Santa Monica, is a graduate of Brooks Institute of Photography and has worked in the commercial arena of photography in London and the Los Angeles area. “Our Ocean’s Edge” was published in 2015 by Nazraeli Press containing 96 pages with 55 duotone plates. The exhibition will feature 21 of those plates, plus dioramas, and include a study of Matlajuayl State Marine Reserve (La Jolla Cove). In her photographs Swope states she seeks to “merge tonal elegance with the underlying substance of a visual record.” She believes “black and white photographs evoke an element of mystery and encourage the mind to wander with imagination while exploring the nuances in the various shades of gray.”

Our Ocean’s Edge was made possible by the following people and organizations: League for Coastal Protection, Resource Legacy Fund, Wishtoyo Foundation, Kaitlin Gaffney, Karen Garrison, Annie Notthoff, Chris Pichler, Mark Swope, and Mati Waiya. Local funding generously provided by Weston Anson, Dave and Sandra Erickson, Barbara Freeman, Anna Palmer | Palmer Design Inc., and ArtWorks San Diego. Institutional support provided by the City of San Diego Commission for Arts and Culture and by the Members of the La Jolla Historical Society.

Goleta Slough State Marine Conservation Area (right) is captured in dramatic black-and-white photograph by Jasmine Swope. Other Marine Protective Areas (MPAs) Swope photographed for a book and exhibition include (top inset) the Cambria State Marine Park and Conservation Area and (bottom inset) Point Bouchon State Marine Reserve.

Blue Harmony

Editor's Note: When Wallace J. Nichols, Ph.D, wrote the foreword to "Our Ocean's Edge" he took an unorthodox approach. He asked readers to open the book and, at each image, to "very slowly inhale and exhale," contemplating how "our coastal waters not only drive our economy and ecosystems, but also sculpt our deepest emotions." In his own book, "Blue Mind," published in 2014 by Little, Brown, Spark, Nichols, a research associate at the California Academy of Sciences and co-founder and director of Ocean Revolution, SEE the WILD and LiVBLUE, compiled research from medical scientists, economists, human behavior specialists and his own experiences as a waterman on how to live and enjoy a blue mind state of serenity by living with and enjoying. . .the water. Here are some excerpts:

"Not too long ago, most waterfront property was undesirable. It was considered dangerous, indefensible, smelly and good only for commercial enterprises such as fishing, transport and manufacturing. The most expensive homes were typical located in the center of town, or on the 'high street' well away from the danger of marauders or of the water that residents had polluted and, in so doing, helped incubate a host of deadly (and annoying) bacteria, fungi, rot, mold, pests and the like. For that matter, an ocean view was desirable only for seeing danger – enemies, pirates, storms and, for some, 'sea monsters' perhaps – coming from afar. Today, however, in most industrialized countries waterfront property is incredibly desirable, and communities everywhere are cleaning up their rivers and old manufacturing locales and turning what was polluted, deserted stretches into chic properties, green parkland and revitalized market space. New York City spent more than $60 million to restore the Bronx River and create parks, walking trails and bike paths along its length. Downtown riverfronts in Portland, Chicago, Austin, Washington, D. C. and Denver are bustling. San Antonio's River Walk is the number one tourist attraction in the state of Texas. Monterey's Cannery Row, so indelibly described by John Steinbeck, no longer reeks of sweat and fish guts, but instead features blocks and blocks of shops, hotels and restaurants along the shores of Monterey Bay, right next to the renowned Monterey Bay Aquarium.

Riverbanks, beaches, and lakefronts offer a mini-course in economics, culture and the value of environment. We've never been able to calculate the value of water other than by what people are willing to pay to live or vacation by it. But how we determine the value – experimental, monetary or otherwise – of being by, in, around, or near the water is a critical question. With over 123 million people in the United States living in coastal communities in 2010, what value should we be placing upon access to water and water views?

When you ask people why they like to spend time by water, the usual responses are "It feels good,' 'I like looking at it' and 'It makes me happy.' (The most common answer: 'I'm not quite sure, that's a very interesting question!') . . .But what exactly is the water premium, and why are so many people willing to pay it? This isn't a question only for those home-shopping in Del Mar; a version of this premium is added to the bill of every water view restaurant, hotel room, or recreational facility. But because the cognitive benefits of being by the water aren't named as such on the balance sheets of many communities, economists, lacking a clear way to calculate these non-market values ('externalities') often don't bother trying. Yet, by reconsidering such premiums in a different context, such qualities can become transformed from invisible to visible, from vaguely understandable to precisely calculated, from fuzzy ideas to cells in a decision matrix. How we think about how we think about water has begun to evolve, Blue Mind style. . .water is changing all the time, but it's also fundamentally familiar. It seems to entertain our brains nicely with novelty plus a soothing regular background. Envisage yourself being by the water: the sounds, the sights, the smells, all changing moment to moment yet essentially staying the same. It's regularity without monotony – the perfect recipe to trigger restful involuntary attention. It's also the inverse of our current condition of monotonous suffocation. . .

"Surfing has always been a part of the water studies at our annual Blue Mind conferences. I think it's because surfers probably exhibit more Blue Mind than anyone. They are attuned to the water, used to watching it carefully for hours on end, reading its changes, looking for the smallest indication that the next wave will be, if not the perfect wave, at least rideable. They are in the water as well as on it — they know the power of a wave to slam them down to the bottom, leaving them scraping the sand, rocks, or reef, holding their breath for dear life, fighting upward against the whirling energy to break through, gasping – yet still looking seaward for the next chance to hop on their boards and take the ultimate fifteen or thirty or sixty second ride. . .

"We need some different strategies to deal with the stresses of modern life. So what if Ishmael ('Moby Dick') was right and Blue Mind is a better cure for what ails us? What if time spent in or around water was as effective as (and more immediate than) an antidepressant? What if we could treat stress, addiction, autism, PTSD and other ills with surfing or fishing? What if your doctor handed you a prescription for stress or ill health that read, 'take two waves, a beach walk and some flowing river, and call me in the morning?'"

La Jolla's Wind 'an Sea beach (left and below) epitomizes the "blue mind" concept of the ocean's timeless healing powers; spiritual waterman Woody Brown was the first to seriously surf Wind 'an Sea in 1936 inspiring decades of future surfers to enjoy the water for both sport and mindful experiences.

Photo courtesy of SurfersVillage.com

ocean tidings

"They have only one direction to look and this is out... "

Collection of the La Jolla Historical Society

Editor's Note: Max Miller's book, "The Town With the Funny Name," a collection of essays about the people and places the author experienced along the La Jolla shoreline, was published by E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., in 1948. It was written almost a decade after Miller's "I Cover the Waterfront" became a bestseller and movie starring Ben Lyon and Claudette Colbert. In "The Town" Miller offers keen and evoking insights into living at the ocean's edge. His observations seem as discerning today as they were in the post-World War II era. *Timekeeper* offers these excerpts from the first and last chapters:

"

Saturdays and Sunday are the days here when our shoreline becomes heavily sprinkled with people we have not seen before, and I am wondering how long it has been since this has been the case. Four years, five years, seven years perhaps, but the crowds of visitors become ever thicker from Saturday to Saturday, from Sunday to Sunday, and they have only one direction to look – and this is out.

So it may be with the most of us, we who have our homes here all the time, we may have only one direction to look too, almost as if we were trying to sneak in a peak of eternity ahead of time.

And in some mysterious way we may be envious also (although this is problematic) of all these people who are looking out at all this for the first time, and seeing it as we at one time may have seen it, everything new, everything with a seemingly news-value to it, each low-tide reef a remarkable discovery.

The strangers, so many of them from far inland, arrive and take pictures of each other standing on a cliff with the ocean as the background. The strangers arrive and take pictures of each other standing on some barnacle-covered rock. The strangers arrive and take pictures of each other standing beneath a palm and with this Pacific again as a background. And the visitors take a long time in posing, in arranging their smiles, in fixing their hair, in wanting to look – simultaneously – both happy and noble.

Then the strangers switch around. Those who took the first pictures now do the posing, and there is much ado about last-minute camera instructions, much hurrying back and forth from posing spot to camera, from camera to posing spot.

All during Saturdays this goes on, and all during Sundays, until it is almost impossible on such days for the rest of us here to walk along our own shore or along our own cliffs without walking between photographer and subject matter. As a result we most likely are in a lot of pictures of which we are unaware, and which even now may be in homes in Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Wyoming.

In these pictures we will be those figures which, though slightly out of focus, are the ones remaining inexplicable. John can be recognized in the snapshot, and his girl Myrtle can be recognized. But the rest of us, as in all life, merely are the passers-by, the shades, the wraithes, the shadows. And in a sense this really may be symbolical of so many of us here. We are the people who everlastingly remain here on the Edge – waiting.

For all day long we look out at that greenish-gray space which can be called either distance or ocean or infinity. It makes no difference what it is called. But from the Edge here we see it. All day long here we see it.

"

Left: "We can feel almost that we are roaming about where we do not belong..."

Below: "Most of us are just a bunch of people collected here on the Edge – waiting..."

"

When the tide is out, the minus tide laying bare the porous reefs around our town, and when during such tidal days of the month we can go far out upon the reefs, walking upon them, a new extension has been given to us. Yet even so, we can feel almost that we are roaming about where we do not belong.

Some portions of the reefs will be covered with mossy carpets, and there will be little lakes high upon the exposed rocks, and miniature waterfalls will be tumbling back down from up there, and we will wonder why we do not know more than we know about what we are seeing, the strange sea animals and sea plants, the peculiar plateaus with their crater-like indentures, and with living things all around and in them. But momentarily it is their turn to be up in our own world now as if wanting to visit us, as if wanting to know for themselves how it must seem to live on land, how it must seem to be people.

But the lands of the world are so insignificant in volume to the oceans of the world that these water-creatures, if they wished to become cynical about us, certainly could assume that the earth had been constructed for them rather than for us, and that if Creation had wanted more people Creation would have made more land. And, as it is, maybe Creation prefers fish to people.

Yet this is not our concern, nor is there anything we can do about it. But as we roam around the nether fringe of these reefs, partly in our own world and partly in the sea world, even the conclusions about ourselves, or even about our town, can be different when we make them from out there. For we are not a regional people in this sunny cul-de-sac. We cannot be labelled or typed. We are not in the Blue Ridge, nor people in the Everglades, nor New Englanders. We are everybody, and we cannot say that such-and-such a person is typical of the region, unless we mean that such-and-such a person is typical of everybody. Nor can we say that any of us here is an influence to the town. For the town itself, the locality, these reefs and this water, do what influencing is done, and sooner or later the rest of us just go along.

We are not a 'colony of artists and writers,' as some outsiders state that we are. We even have seen the statement in print. But, not knowing just what is meant by a 'colony of artists and writers,' we do nothing about the statement one way or another, for again there is nothing to be done about it. We are not even a colony, most of us are just a bunch of people collected here on The Edge from everywhere – waiting.

If technically we leave our footprints in the sand, then technically too we also leave the imprints of our whole bodies, especially on sunny days. We are not important people. Some who are here may have been important once – elsewhere – but they outgrew it. Some of the younger ones here may hope some day to become important, whatever that means, but most likely they will have to leave to do so. Our attitude, anyhow, is that the people who strive for importance the world over are likewise the ones who cause so much trouble the world over, and the rest of us would just as soon that history would stop occurring for a while. How this would be we do not know.

Nobody knows. But we do know that our mossy reefs, open and splendid and mysterious for an hour or so, are sure to get covered up again."

Harold G. Shriner:
La Jolla's Phantom Painter

by Carol Olten

Harold G. Shriner, who lived and worked as an artist in La Jolla from 1910-1941, appears beside one of his signature Southern California desert paintings, part of many of his major works today in private and museum collections in his native Iowa. Inset, a portrait of a white horse painted earlier in his life in Fairfield, IA and elsewhere.

Oscar Wilde said that we are all in the gutter but some of us are always looking for the stars. Harold G. Shriner, an illusive artist who had a studio and home in La Jolla for nearly 30 years, was one of those stargazers. For most of his life here his main subjects were the deserts and back country of San Diego County which he painted in the first light of dawn, filling his canvasses with soft palettes of deep lavendars and muted blues suggesting the new days owed something to the twilights of the past evenings. His paintings were mainly small oils, each exquisite in compositions of desert landscape with Southern California mountains often in the backgrounds. Shriner seldom, if ever, had gallery exhibitions. He sold his paintings at his own price – sometimes in the four figure range – to private collectors, providing he liked the person. If he didn't, tough luck. While his plein air contemporaries of the same period in San Diego County such as Charles Fries, Alfred Mitchell and Maurice Braun shared the limelight, Shriner seemed to revel in his own aloofness. He lived the life of the eccentric artist: reclusive, visionary, mysterious – and an egotist to boot! But, even today, his paintings remain unique, catching the mystery of light and color of desert dawns and twilights rather than showing the obvious landscapes of shimmering white heat. A maverick, he painted Southern California deserts – mauve-ish!

Born in Fairfield, Iowa, in 1871 Shriner already was an accomplished artist when he and his second wife, Stella, came to live in La Jolla in 1910. He was 40 years old, a child prodigy born into a Midwestern family of Irish descent. When his family was too impoverished to send him to art school, the townsfolk of Fairfield took up a collection for a small stipend for study in Paris in 1891. His teachers there included Leon Bonnat and Carolus Duran, both French portrait masters working in a naturalistic style. (Bonnat was especially encouraging of his students to paint portraits in a less formal manner and had among his students John Singer Sargent who became one of the master portraitists of the late 19th century.) Ending his training in Paris and completing a number of European studies, Shriner went on a painting expedition to the Ireland of his ancestors, recording village scenes, cottage life and landscapes in Kerry County. He also met and married a tempestuous young Irish woman named Hetty Josephine Revington. Their marriage in 1895 was the last ceremony to be performed in the historic Parish Church Ballynahaglish overlooking Tralee Bay and the vast Atlantic – scenes Shriner quickly put on canvas and brought with him back to America while Hetty remained in Ireland.

Returning to Fairfield, Shriner embarked on a career as a portrait painter. He painted many of the ancestral patriarchs and matriarchs of the community, their faces stern with religion and their sins stowed in trunks of their Victorian attics. He also painted a multitude of pioneer scenes, including one large canvas of a blacksmith shop scene, now restored and on display at the Fairfield Library. (One of the horses in the painting became a legend around Fairfield for its brainy-ness, herding other animals out of danger when a barn caught fire.) In 1900, Hetty came to join him in Fairfield and he opened a log cabin studio where he painted, sketched and taught, meanwhile selling some of the 250 paintings he had executed in France and Ireland. That same year he was hired by the nearby Parsons College as director of an art school with 45 students. In 1902, he illustrated the book by John Williamson called "Hardscrabble," an account of the ardors of pioneer life in America. In 1904 a body of his work came to critical attention at the St. Louis World's Fair.

By 1905 his marriage to Hetty – who had joined Shriner to live in Fairfield – was dissolving and she and his daughter went back to Ireland, never to return.

And so began Shriner's years of wanderlust through the Midwest, the Rocky Mountains and the West Coast of California that eventually landed him in La Jolla and a new career with a new muse –the desert. Sometime around 1907 he had begun courting Stella Enone (Wagner) Keene, a New York divorcee living in Los Angeles whom he married in 1908 in Cheyenne, WY, after an in absentia divorce from Hetty in Denver. The new couple established a home in Los Angeles, but Shriner was discontent with city life. A niece (Helen Getsinger), already living in La Jolla, suggested he move here. In an oral history recorded with the La Jolla Historical Society in 1964, Helen recalled: "So I said, 'Uncle

....continued on page 12

....continued from page 11

An early portrait Shriner painted of Lee Taylor Gobble, one of Fairfield's community leaders.

Harry, why don't you come to La Jolla? It's the most beautiful, loveliest place in the whole world.' So he came down . . . He was not only a wonderful artist, but he was an unusual, most interesting character. . . People came from all over the United States to buy Harry Shriner's paintings."

The La Jolla Shriner landed in during the teen years of the 20th century had a small established artists' colony in the Green Dragon, straggles of beach cottages built along the cliffs and hillsides, dirt roads, a rickety train to and froing people as well as goods and services from San Diego and a wealthy philanthropist in the person of Ellen Browning Scripps who was just beginning her work with architect Irving Gill to help the seaside village grow up with schools and cultural institutions. (Scripps commissioned Shriner to paint a portrait of the American naturalist John Burroughs when he visited La Jolla in 1920; he complied, producing the portrait now in the collection of the San Diego Natural Museum and charging Scripps $2,500, a large figure for the time. She wrote in her notes she had hoped he would throw in one of the desert pieces she admired at that price, but he did not acquiesce.)

Shriner took an art teaching job for a few terms at Bishops. In the San Diego Union newspaper of Sept. 6, 1914, it was reported that "Harry G. Shriner, art instructor at the Bishop's School, has purchased a lot in La Jolla on which he plans to erect a home." Five years later this home (location unknown) was sold and Stella (who seems to have been the banker in this partnership) purchased Lot 15 in Block 48 of the La Jolla Park subdivision, a parcel with a magnificent North Shore view on which she and Shriner built the house and studio where they lived and worked until their deaths about 30 years later. Constructed in the rustic craftsman style of the time, it was named The Studio and located at 1453 Coast Blvd. (later Coast Walk and later still part of Prospect Street near the corner where it joins Torrey Pines Road; the studio appears to have been demolished sometime in the 1970s and would have been where a present-day residence stands at 7919 Prospect).

The Studio hung precipitously over deep ocean canyons with the Pacific surf pounding the shoreline and La Jolla's legendary Seven Caves in full view, a drop-dead piece of scenery that the Shriners must have enjoyed although Harry seldom painted it. The desert and back country called instead. He soon left his teaching job at Bishops, purchased a nice looking jalopy into which he loaded paints and canvases and headed for the back country, sometimes making roads as he went. A popular destination for painting trips was Mesa Grande, the ruggedly beautiful landscape now between Lake Henshaw and the Cleveland National Forest, where he stayed in Powam Lodge, the rustic pile of rocks and wood designed by craftsman architect Emmor Brooke Weaver. Several newspaper items in The San Diego Union contain references such as "Harry G. Shriner of La Jolla, the portrait and landscape artist, and Mrs. Shriner are here for an indefinite period" (Oct. 22, 1922) or "Harry G. Shriner, a noted artist, is among guests at Powan Lodge" (Sept. 9, 1925).

In appearance Shriner was a sturdy, robust-looking individual but he also appeared refined in many ways – a cross between Jack London and the Prince of Wales. He regularly attired himself in plus fours, the sporty knickers below the knee introduced in America by the future Edward VII. He wore them on painting expeditions as well as for playing golf, one of his favorite pastimes in La Jolla before he was kicked off the green at the La Jolla Country Club for inappropriate behavior and making insidious remarks.

One of the few close personal friends Shriner developed while living on Coast Blvd. was Walt Coburn, the Western pulp fiction writer who was a neighbor. Coburn admired Shriner's tempestuous individualism as well as his art, once claiming "Harry Shriner was a genius, a colorist who painted nature in action. He fell in love with the desert."

When Shriner died from a sudden heart attack at Scripps Hospital at age 70 in December, 1941, his estate passed to Stella, who deceased a few months later and willed the Coast Blvd. house and studio, along with about a hundred unsold paintings, to Getsinger. About half of the paintings were of Southern California's deserts. Most had simple titles, unassociated with the exact locations they were painted in: Bushes and Shadows, Mountains and Cactus, Sand Dunes, Evening Glow, El Suguaro, Rolling Sand Dunes, Two Bushes and a Cactus, etc. Getsinger continued to live at the Coast Blvd. address until her death in the late

Top left: A collage of Shriner ephemera, including his obituary from a 1941 La Jolla newspaper and a posthumous notice of paintings for sale at his Coast Blvd. studio and home, are displayed at the Carnegie Museum in Fairfield.

Bottom left: Still life of a duck painted by the artist while living in Fairfield.

Art works photographed by Julie Johnston with assistance from Mark Shafer of the Carnegie Museum in Fairfield, IA, and Rebecca Johnson, director of the Fairfield Library.

1960s, followed by her husband's deceasing about 10 years later. Both viewed the uncle's work with admiration and affection and opened his studio to a retrospective in 1942 shortly after his death. Gradually, the art work made its way into the hands of dealers and collectors.

Today, two major collections of Shriner's paintings remain in Fairfield. The Carnegie Historical Museum, built in 1892 and the first of 1,689 libraries endowed by Andrew Carnegie, has 10 paintings and the Fairfield Public Library, housed in the Carnegie building until it moved to a new facility in 1996, has nine. The latter's collection includes a major early work entitled "Old Brushy Creek Shop," a large 57-by-74-inch canvas depicting a blacksmith shop and pioneer street scene. The painting was restored in 2009, according to library director Rebecca Johnson, and now is on permanent display.

The Shriners in the museum's collection also represent initial work painted in and around Fairfield as well as European studies and canvases completed early on in Ireland, specifically, a portrait of the artist's great-great grandfather, a still life of carnations and copper pot, a boating scene, cottages in Ireland, an Irish seaside golf course and several additional landscapes. The museum also has a collection of Shriner memorabilia including a scrapbook assembled by the artist's first cousin, Lee Gobble, donated before Gobble's death at age 103.

"I think Lee's father went to visit Harold in La Jolla once or twice," says museum director Mark Shafer. "The scrapbook seems to have been undertaken in the spirit of 'this person's heritage and work should not be forgotten.' There are letters from people who bought his work and want to compliment him about how great a painting looks hanging in their living room. But it also suggests Shriner was on the anti-social side and secretive – not a monster, just prickly."

Early Shriner paintings – as well as a few of the later desert landscapes from California – remain in private collections in Fairfield as well as nearby Mt. Pleasant. New finds, left forgotten, also occasionally are discovered in basements and attics

The desert paintings occasionally turn up for sale at San Diego area galleries dealing primarily in California plein air art of the early 20th century such as K. Nathan in La Jolla and the Blue Heron in Fallbrook. They also appear for sale through auction houses periodically fetching reasonable prices in the $500 range, far less than Shriner would have sold them for originally. When Warren Davis, a collector and antiquarian, purchased a small desert oil by the artist some time ago for a three-figure price he noted that Shriner had initially marked the back of the piece with an asking price of $6,000. Meanwhile, Shriner's earlier portraits and still lifes such as an exquisitely executed oil of mallard ducks go on the auction block at much higher prices.

Shriner added to his reputation as a phantom artist by using different signatures on his paintings – not only the usual variations

....continued on page 19

Robert Bauer, artist and designer with Nissan, cartooned this image of Jethro Swain and his early 1900s La Jolla farm in 2009 for the Society's "All Roads Lead to La Jolla" exhibition. Collection of the la Jolla Historical Society

down on the farm: small ag in old la jolla

By Carol Olten

"Picking up and packing freight for La Jolla. . .I think I need a sea breeze"

– Jethro Mitchell Swain's diary entry of Nov. 15, 1910, as he prepares to leave the mining outpost of Johnnie, NV, to start a farm in La Jolla.

Settling on a desolate acre of land purchased for $1,200 off Westbourne Street, Swain became one of a handful of early La Jollans who made their living as farmers. They planted the not-so-good earth (clay!) with beans, berries and fruit trees. They raised chickens, hogs and cows along with alfalfa to feed them. They built barns and sheds for horses, mules, plows and cultivators. They lived on the land. They sold from the land – like regular prairie "sodbusters" right here on beach property now valued in the millions.

It wasn't easy, but most of them made small, but decent, livings. Because he kept an on-going diary of daily farm activities, from 1910 to his death in 1917, Swain's efforts in rural agriculture are the easiest to study and consider in retrospect. He made sincere efforts to find seeds and plants compatible to the climate, contacting Luther Burbank and the Berkeley Agriculture College about vine culture and subscribing to a journal known as Gentleman Farmer from the state bureau of agriculture. Mostly, he worked from dawn to dusk plowing, planting, pulling weeds, building sheds and fences and handing the manure shovel, all the while taking an acceptable attitude toward manual labor. At the end of the first summer's growing season in 1911, a journal entry records: "Swung a gate. Had a pea dinner, took a buggy ride in p.m. down to the Holliday dairy. Come home via Mr. Weir's to see his house and hens, everything nice and we come on home to take care of our own chicken and pigs. Guess we are as well off as could be expected for the present."

Swain shared a portion of the farm work with his wife, Alice (identified as "Pard" in the diaries) whose main job was setting eggs for hatch in the henery and seeing to the chick's protection in an incubator after hatching. She supplemented the couples' income with a job as a seamstress and laundress at the Bishop's school.

Center and below: Seed companies of the late 19th and early 20th century sometimes marketed their products by anthropomorphizing them into humans; hence a carrot seed man with a stovepipe hat (below)and a two-peas-in-a-pod couple strolling their garden (right).

The Swains average income from selling their farm crops, peddled to the local community by horse and wagon, was about six dollars per day. They sold eggs for 40 cents a dozen and received 20 cents a pound for their honey harvested from nine swarms on the property. Potatoes earned four cents a pound. On Nov. 3, 1914, Swain records receiving 90 cents from Ellen Browning Scripps for eggs and berries. If this seems meager income, it is not necessarily so, considered relatively. The Swains annual property taxes on their acre of land in 1915 were $21.11!

With an address at 736 Westbourne (west of La Jolla Blvd. and close to what became the La Jolla High School campus) Swain's farm was considered far afield of the village when it was developed – an oasis of fruit trees, including 12 guavas, and rows of corn, onions, beans, peas and Logan berry vines set amidst small outbuildings and a house which they built themselves and named Carmolita Casa. It also included a barn for their beloved mule, Cocopah. During their few years of life in La Jolla (ended by the purchase of a Ford car to join Pard's relatives in Flint, MI,) the Swains became friends with a handful of other La Jollans trying their luck in agriculture and attempting to find solutions to some of its tribulations: Gophers, predatory birds, rattlesnakes and weeds, not to mention a problematic pipeline that only spasmodically brought water for irrigation from San Diego. Among these families were some of the pioneer stock of old La Jolla – the Rannells, the Genters and the Hollidays.

The Hollidays were Midwesterners from Indiana who first settled in La Jolla in the late 19th century, living first in the original house built by La Jolla pioneer George Heald at Exchange Place and Ivanhoe Avenue (Mr. Heald legendarily loved farm animals so much he constructed a barn for his horses before he built his own house). They grazed their first dairy stock around the house and then moved the herd to Long Beach (now La Jolla Shores) where it remained for many years, providing milk and milk products to the La Jolla community. Cows from the Holliday dairy serendipitously chewing cud at the Shores beach gained prominence in 1906 when they were photographed on the sand by San Diego photographer Herbert Fitch, later becoming the most popularly reproduced image in the La Jolla Historical Society's archival collection of more than 30,000 photographs. The dairy farm in the Shores, run by Jeremiah Lee and Ben Holliday with other family members, covered about six acres of open grazing land and included sheds and barns to shelter and milk the animals. It remained in operation until World War I when the land was plowed and planted with lima beans to produce gunpowder for the war effort.

The Genters also were in the dairy farming business in the early 1900s, operating on five acres of land purchased by German immigrant Windlyn Genter (including the site of the present-day La Jolla Elementary School). Windlyn was Bernhardt "Ben" Genter's father and, as the only boy in the family, Ben inherited most of the farm work. In oral histories Ben tells of rising at daybreak each morning, tending his father's 15 cows and delivering their milk to local residents by horse and wagon. The milk was poured from three gallon cans and ladled into containers and pans left on porches using a quart measure. The histories do not mention the price per quart. Later, the elder Genter (for whom Genter Street is named) acquired a larger parcel of land bound by Draper, Pearl, Eads and Genter streets. He raised crops there as well as hogs and chickens and in 1929 built a small house at 7356 Eads Ave. which became the family home. Today all that remains of the Genter farm is the house which has historic designation from the City of San Diego. The land was gradually sold off – some of it early on. The acre that Swain purchased for his farm in 1910 was purchased from the Genter family.

David Watson Rannells arrived in La Jolla from the Midwestern prairies in the late 1880s when the first La Jolla Park subdivisions were being plotted. He bought land here and in the Sorrento Valley where he operated a produce ranch and raised a large family, including two sons Nathan and Charles, both of whom figured prominently in La Jolla's pioneering agricultural life. Charles operated the La Jolla Dairy; Nathan had a livery stable on Girard Avenue where he kept and rented horses and carriages for tally-ho trips into the countryside before settling into a position as postmaster at the La Jolla Post Office. His horses being ridden over dusty streets and pathways through the village in the early 1900s readily attest to La Jolla's rural life of the past. In an address to the La Jolla Conservation Society in March, 1936, Nathan captured the essence of what it was like to live in a small community of farm animals and growing crops: "You may pull up the weeds, you may plant flowers, you may supplant the greasewood with a mighty forest, but you will not have attained your full measure of success unless you conserve and perpetuate the spirit and kindness and neighborliness that was 'the spirit of old La Jolla.'"

That spirit lived in the everyday – the everyday of living on and off the land with planting and harvesting, milking cows and stabling horses. It fled like a wraith by the 1920s when the place became "civilized." Swain sold his house and land off Westbourne and opened a lodge for rentals at 7354 Fay Ave. before he died in 1917 with $305 in the bank. The Hollidays' dairy and land planted with lima bean fields in La Jolla Shores was obscured by the Rose family development dream of creating "Newport of the West" and the building of the La Jolla Beach and Yacht Club. Wyndland Genter died and his son turned to work in the construction trades, meanwhile, accumulating local honors as a sportsman adept at baseball, basketball and tennis. The Rannells sold their horses and cows and became "respectable" La Jolla business people, readily attentive to civic responsibilities.

The construction of resort hotels and the coming of expensive subdivisions such as the Muirlands and Lower and Upper Hermosa signaled that farming in La Jolla was – most certainly – over. In one of Swain's last diary entries of Aug. 1, 1917, he records that he is "weary of life's journey." He was 74 years old and had worked hard most of his life. He died 19 days later at the rural La Jolla home he had created. Pard records on Aug 20: "J.M. Swain buried today at 1 o'clock. God bless his heart, bless his dear old heart is my prayer, how I do miss him."

The farm was deserted and she returned again to Michigan.

Related story on page 18 (Corn in the Moon)

Architect Russell Forester's model for design of SOFA's project in the mid-1970s

LA JOLLA'S BLACK COMMUNITY: MID-CENTURY & FORWARD

by Diane Kane

Due to the Post-War boom, Black La Jolla experienced tremendous growth and increasing prosperity. By 1950, the community's 500 residents comprised around 10% of La Jolla's total population. Increasingly skilled and well educated, Blacks now worked in civil service, the military and defense industries, and non-profits that provided new career opportunities beyond La Jolla. Self-employment included independent trucking, real estate, auto service and repair, and personal services. Other employment as butlers, chauffeurs, maids, domestics, janitors, porters, cooks and laborers continued, with wages higher than comparable jobs elsewhere in the region. The community had two churches: St. John's Church of God & Christ, and Greater Prince Chapel African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Compared to life in San Diego's other minority neighborhoods, La Jolla's Black community was relatively well-off. Approximately half of the households owned their homes and most individuals were employed. Black children were admitted for college degrees, thanks to their quality education at La Jolla High School. As noted by Sociologist Cristin McVey, "Living in La Jolla had distinct advantages over the black neighborhoods in Southeast San Diego: better schools, better libraries, better parks and beaches." Public recreational opportunities at La Jolla's unsegregated beaches, Recreation Center and movie theaters were joined by neighborhood social/entertainment establishments: Cash Burn's Pool Hall and Loe's Bar-B-Q, both on Draper, and Tayes Grill on Eads. House parties and evening card games were also common, as was informal socializing on neighborhood porches and street corners. Black teens and adults also ventured outside La Jolla. Favorite hangouts included Teen Avenue Breakdown, Ebony Hall and the Black & Tan Night Club in San Diego. Neighborhood yards, with gardens of riotous color, were well kept, while orderly sidewalks lined with palms shaded the streets.

Why then, was the area considered a "ghetto" by the 1970s? Now hemmed in on every side by tennis courts, condominiums and apartments, its older and increasingly dilapidated building stock remained the last bastion of low-income housing in La Jolla. Between 1964 and 1974, the Black population plummeted from 500 to 110 residents and home ownership rates fell to 14%. Original residents had died and their better educated children inherited substantial wealth from skyrocketing property values. The Civil Rights Act of 1965 also assisted greater integration of Blacks into mainstream America. So, second generation Blacks responded to the "pull" of better opportunities elsewhere in San Diego, as well as the "push" of capitalist economics.

Those Blacks remaining in La Jolla were substantially poorer and less skilled. Other populations—Mexicans, Vietnamese and poor Whites– moved into the void. The lack of affordable housing became a hot topic as the Village re-tooled for the late 20th century. In 1967, La Jollans, Inc., a private organization revising La Jolla's Community Plan, re-zoned the neighborhood as a "Manufacturing-1 Industrial Zone," precipitating an affordable housing crisis.

Elsewhere in the Village, high rise office buildings, courtyard commercial complexes, apartments and condominiums accommodated an increased population associated with the opening of UCSD. Higher densities resulted in rising property values, rising taxes and rising rents that eventually forced out the last residents.

Enter the Reverend Lonnie Wormsley, the newly installed Pastor at the Prince AME Chapel. In 1967, Reverend Wormsley initiated Strongly Oriented for Action (SOFA), an interracial non-profit that became the affordable housing conscience of La Jolla. With help from the Town Council and Presbyterian Church, SOFA joined with La Jollans, Inc. in search of solutions to low-income housing in La Jolla. These included:

1. Promoting a "balanced" community that spread low-income housing across La Jolla
2. Purchasing multi-family property for rent as affordable housing
3. Subsidizing rental units for low-income families
4. Enabling families to buy low-income housing with private grants.

In July 1973, SOFA received a check from San Diego Housing for $7,665 to shepherd a new 10-unit affordable apartment project at Cuvier & Marine. Meanwhile, eighteen La Jolla families contributed $25/month to assist families evicted for construction of a luxury condominium complex. Other fund-raising activities included annual "community walks" and church-related chicken dinners. In early 1974, SOFA launched a campaign to raise $100,000 to purchase housing to rent to low income families.

Meanwhile, the La Jolla Community Plan was criticized for "maintaining, even increasing La Jolla's exclusiveness," despite the recently adopted Council Policy 600-19 fostering "balanced communities." This required community plan amendments that described the location and number of projected affordable units, with implementable plans for construction. In response, La Jollans, Inc. drafted a detailed housing plan in July, 1975, based on a 1969 SOFA Housing Survey and subsequent advisory report. Six sites, comprising 78.5 acres, were identified for affordable housing, with potentially 140-178 units reserved for families, individuals and seniors. City-owned property along the Fay Avenue rail extension south of Nautilus was specifically targeted for low-and moderate-income housing.

While there was general agreement that individuals who were not well-to-do should be able to live or stay in La Jolla, immediate neighbors of proposed sites strongly objected. The debate continued into the late 1970s, without resolution. The once thriving African American neighborhood now mostly comprised Spanish-speaking, low-income households. These minority residents lived and worked in La Jolla, but shopped and socialized in Tijuana. The "ghetto" was now described as the "barrio." A SOFA Community Center, built on Cuvier in late 1975, provided services for La Jolla's low-income residents. These included a nursery school, bilingual education, tutoring, a library, and programs for seniors and youths.

> "Meanwhile, the La Jolla Community Plan was criticized for "maintaining, even increasing La Jolla's exclusiveness, despite the recently adopted Council Policy 600-19 fostering 'balanced communities.'"

In 1977, a SOFA-sponsored affordable housing project at the corner of Marine & Cuvier was reviewed by the Coastal Commission. The original 10 units proposed in 1972 had been reduced to eight, while neighbors pressed for further unit reductions. Although eight units were eventually built, the project was sabotaged before it could be occupied. Intentionally cut wires interrupted electricity between the main circuit panel and individual units. If the damage had not been fortuitously discovered by the electrical contractor, the entire project could have "gone up in flames," according to a report to the City of San Diego from the contracting firm. The building, completed at 7410-12 Cuvier, remains today and is operated as lower income housing facility.

What is the legacy of La Jolla's African American community and La Jolla's attempts to accommodate low-income residents? SOFA continued providing programs for low-income minorities in La Jolla until 1991, when funding ran out and the director resigned. By 1998, even the Mexican community had been gentrified out of existence. Prince Chapel's 150 members continued to attend services through the 1980s, but they no longer lived in La Jolla. Instead, they arrived from Rancho Penasquitos, University City, Pacific Beach and Claremont. According to the 2010 U.S. Census, only 557 individuals identified as black or African American in the 92037 ZIP Code. Although close to the 1950 Black community's numbers, they represented a mere 1.2 % of La Jolla's total population of 46,781. The initial African American community became the subject of nostalgic neighborhood history, scholarly doctoral dissertations and photographic exhibitions.

Did Redlining "kill" La Jolla's African American community? No. That was accomplished by housing discrimination, land use conversion and stratospheric coastal property values.

Kane is a former board member of the La Jolla Historical Society, serves on the Preservation Committee and is actively involved in La Jolla and San Diego planning issues.

Site for SOFA's Community Center (right) is graded for construction, mid 1970s
Courtesy of the La Jolla Historical Society

CORN IN THE MOON

Adding a bemused note to La Jolla's agriculture efforts was a small booklet published by a local man of dubious trades devoted to agricultural astrology. Willis Zader, presenter of the first silent films at La Jolla Cove in 1912 with an Edison machine that lacked a fire shutter, later in life turned his efforts to a six-page pamphlet entitled *Planting by the Moon Aspects* which he made available through a post office box for 50 cents.

Its prime idea was to cultivate with the moon in earth and air signs, irrigate with the moon in water and earth signs and kill weeds with the moon in fire signs. This translated to the best time to pull and kill weeds was with the moon in Leo; also that corn, chard and all plants with sturdy stalks should be planted in the light of the moon, that onions, leaks and garlic best be put in during the dark of the moon and that peppers planted in April are "best for flavor." Zader cautioned that all flowers should be planted in signs of Taurus or Libra. He also offered special formulas for pruning, irrigation, fertilizing and grafting in tune with the moon, not to mention a recipe for "Strawberries for Christmas" that begins, Allow runners to go to plants after June 22. . ."

Zader was an early "green" farm believer of his time cautioning care not to destroy earth worms and honey bees in "getting rid of the kind of insect troubling you." He wrote: "Some chemical fertilizers are like a person taking a drink of whiskey, when a drink of milk would be much better." Offering advice on hatching eggs, he believed they should be set to hatch with the moon in water signs for best production. His gospel for making choice wine was to start fermentation with the moon in Cancer in a warm room and filter and store in wood barrel for aging with the moon in Scorpio. For reasons known mainly to him, perhaps, he insisted moon in fire signs "are not too good" for catching gophers.

The masthead of Zader's publication carried, not the moon, but an image of a radiant sun with his initials, WEZ, superimposed over it. Although only one publication is in the archive of the La Jolla Historical Society, indications are that he sold a variety of literature related to astrology: "Let us know what you are looking for and enclose 10 cents for answering."

Will Zader (in hat) with friends at the beach in 1913. Cover of Zader's *Planting by the Moon Aspects*

The San Diego Decameron Project – a Mirror to the COVID Experience

The healthcare industry and other essential workers have been rightfully lauded as first responders in the pandemic. The writers and performers of this project – all artists – are secondary responders. Through their art, they bring perspective and thoughtfulness to life experiences, especially during this time of crisis, isolation, and uncertainty. The San Diego Decameron Project is an important touchstone for individuals and the community as the months of unprecedented illness, economic struggle, social change, mental health trauma, and other stressors stretch inexorably from months into a new year. This objectives of this project are straightforward –

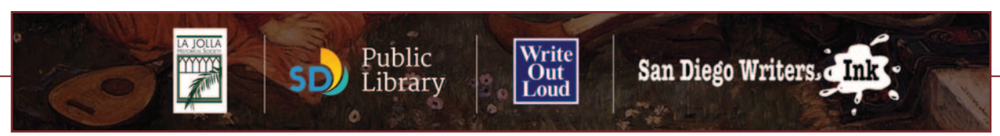
- Help unpack, understand, and gain perspective on the disruptions of 2020 related to the pandemic as reflected in the stories of San Diego authors;
- Document these stories as a memorialized record of the time, capturing the history of the era through a literary platform; and,
- Distribute the stories through digital means and as a publication at the City and County of San Diego library systems so readers can share in the stories as a mirror of their own experiences.

This project was conceived by the La Jolla Historical Society, San Diego Public Library, Write Out Loud, and San Diego Writers Ink. The idea is inspired by Giovanni Boccaccio's Decameron, written shortly after the Black Death ravaged Florence, Italy in 1348. The book was written as a frame story, where ten young Florentines, seven women and three men, escape the plague and quarantine themselves in a countryside villa, passing the time by telling stories, one each per day for ten days, totaling a hundred stories.

As last year came to a close, stories of 1,000 words or less, fiction or non-fiction, were solicited from authors who reside in San Diego County, and in November and December, readers organized by the four collaborating organizations selected the best 100 stories, aligning with the number in Boccaccio's book. In February, the collaborators published 25 of the stories on their websites, and Write Out Loud performed 10 stories as a virtual experience. The Society is publishing a book of the selected 100 stories, which will be distributed to libraries in the City and County systems.

More information is on our website, where you can find 25 of the stories and learn about the Write Out Loud performances. The other stories can be found on the websites of our collaborators, so visit here for all 100 stories –

https://lajollahistory.org • https://www.sandiego.gov/public-library • http://writeoutloudsd.com • http://www.sandiegowriters.org/



....continued from page 13

of Harold with his mother's family name, Gobble, as a middle signature but giving himself the new first name of Herbert. Growing up in Fairfield, he was known as "Pat Shriner," but he tossed that name to the wind by the time he was 20 and left for Paris.

His death in La Jolla was recognized by a story on the front page of the La Jolla Journal newpaper Dec. 25, 1941. In it Maud Post, wife of a prominent La Jolla doctor, praised Shriner's landscapes and portraits as well as his unique eye for light and color. She declared an artistic genius had left La Jolla in sudden death and wished his soul safe travels on its journey.

In Fairfield, Shriner continues to be remembered as a native son whose talent took him far and who is repeatedly remembered as "Fairfield's greatest artist." In La Jolla, although his work was highly regarded by a chosen few (private collectors willing to pay his prices and ignore his erratic personality), Shriner became a phantom of his own opera – he hit the high notes like a true virtuoso, but couldn't bear the chorus – a common malady, perhaps, of people who are stargazers.

Scene with cottage painted by Shriner while visiting Ireland after art studies in Paris.

LA JOLLA HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S VEHICLE DONATION PROGRAM

Now you can donate your unwanted vehicle to the La Jolla Historical Society—it's easy and safe. We'll use the proceeds from the sale to support the Society's exhibitions, educational programs, archival research, social events, and historic preservation activities.

Here's How It Works:

1) **Call 855-500-7433 or submit the Online Vehicle Donation Form at https://careasy.org/home#NP-donation-form.** Our Vehicle Donation Support Team will contact you to complete the donation and confirm your pick-up information.

2) **Schedule Your Free Pick-up:** In most cases, your vehicle pick-up can be scheduled within three business days once the donation record has been completed. Our vehicle donation program requires drivers practice safe and secure interactions with donors, including minimizing contact.

3) **Receive a Donation Receipt: Vehicle donations are tax-deductible!** An initial donation receipt is provided at the time of the pick-up. If the vehicle sells for $500 or less, donors are also mailed a thank-you letter within 30 days of the sale of the vehicle, which serves as a tax receipt. If the vehicle sells for more than $500 and the donor has provided their tax identification number, an IRS Form 1098-C will be mailed to the donor within 30 days of the sale stating the amount of gross proceeds (the maximum amount of your tax deduction) received from your donation. For specific tax-related questions, please consult your tax advisor.

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CODA

"Bels" & Beach Parties

Photos Collection of the La Jolla Historical Society

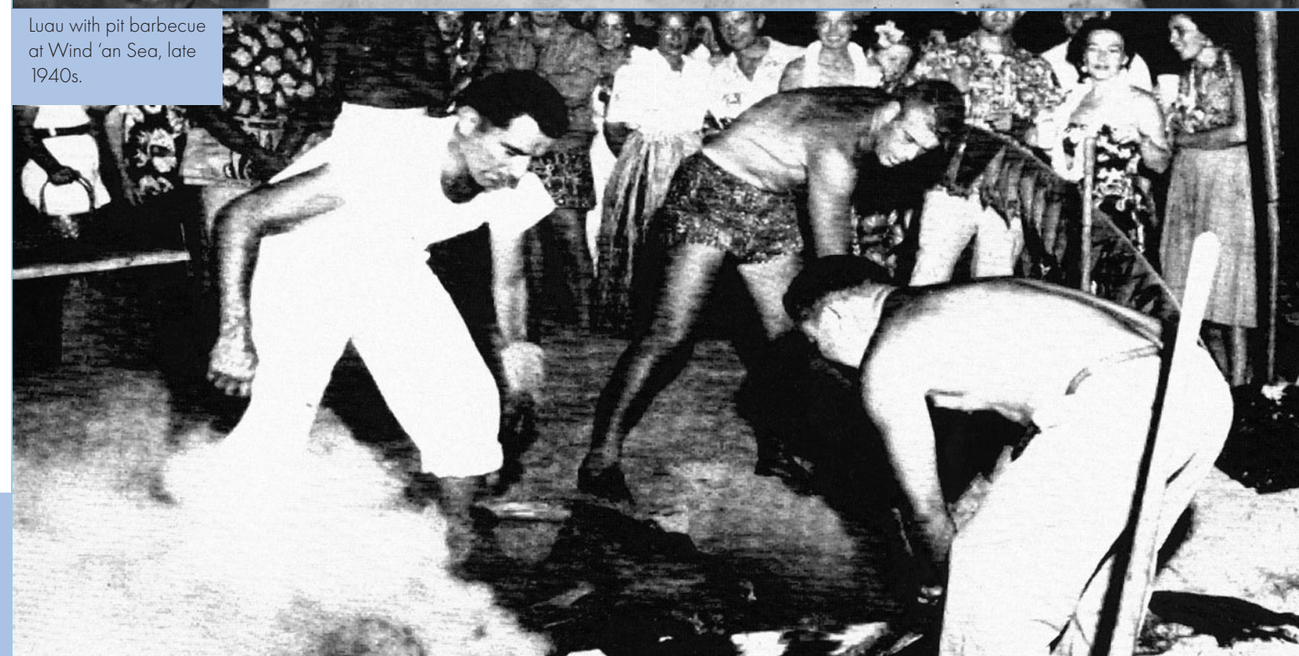
Beach party at La Jolla Cove, c. 1920

Early on La Jolla's "bels' (the belvedere structures perched along the coastline) became popular little nests for picnics. Much later, the beach party movies of the 1960s, when La Jolla locals sometimes joined Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon in "what happens when 10,000 kids meet on 5,000 beach blankets," became legendary history. Beach parties of early times, , lacking the fanfare of pop culture iconography, are recorded in numerous snapshots randomly clicked on La Jolla beaches when cameras were an amusement, not a full-time text and photography device. Sometimes the parties were singular affairs with duos or small groups cozied up in one of the iconic belvederes, the little green structures that started being built along the cliffs at prime view sites as early as the late 19th century. But the majority of beach party photographs show people doing silly things in the sand. They stand on their heads. They bury themselves. They wear bathing suits that seem impossible to swim in. Sitting in the belvederes they often appear contemplative, staring out to sea in moods of deep indigo. The bels – perched in preciosity – invite the gazers. "Life is a picnic on a precipice," as W. H. Auden once remarked.

Thousands of archival pieces have accumulated through the years in the La Jolla Historical Society archives. Many, such as the photographic portraits of the Scripps half-sisters and iconic Irving Gill buildings, have been repeatedly reproduced over the years, thus developing an easy familiarity. This last page of The *Timekeeper* is devoted to those archival pieces in the collection that have remained largely outside the public eye.

Picnic in a Scripps Park belvedere, c. 1915

Taking in the sand and sun, 1930



Luau with pit barbecue at Wind 'an Sea, late 1940s.

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