

LOS ANGELES



CORRAL

the Branding Iron

LAW

J. GOODMAN

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## “A Bully Fight” Theodore Roosevelt Sees Combat

by Abraham Hoffman

On the afternoon of June 23, 1898, a brigade of dismounted cavalymen moved out of the port of Daiquiri, Cuba, headed for the village of Siboney. Word had been received of a skirmish between Spanish forces and a Cuban detachment. It was a trip of some eight or nine miles, but on a rough road — the King’s Highway — in tropical heat. The brigade arrived at dark, to find filthy houses, a drenching downpour of rain, and no food supplies other than what they had taken with them.

The next morning orders were given to proceed beyond Siboney to find a better campsite. It was an ostensible reason, for in actuality General Joe Wheeler, commander of the cavalry division, wanted to make contact with the enemy. The object was to deploy the troops, touch flanks, and advance on the Spaniards wherever they might be encountered.

Spirits were high among the Second Brigade, an organizational hodgepodge consisting of the First Regular Cavalry Regiment,

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Colonel Roosevelt and Rough Riders at the Point where they Charged Over the Hill at San Juan.

# The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS  
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1,500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

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## THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

December

Richard Dillon, author of *Exploring the Mother Lode Country* (Ward Ritchie Press), gave an account of the best books dealing with the Mother Lode and also the not-so-good ones. His "no holds barred" approach made for a lively session. Fortunately, his choices for "best reading" included a couple of tour guides written by members of the Los Angeles Corral, who just happened to be present.

Dillon, now retired, was formerly librarian at the Sutro Library of San Francisco. He has lectured at many of the California corrals and, on two occasions, at gatherings of London Westerners. His most recent publications are *We Have Met the Enemy* (McGraw-Hill), a life of Commodore Perry, and *High Steel* (Celestial Arts), an illustrated history of the building of the Golden Gate and San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridges.

January

A very special evening was the reward of those who attended the heralded January meeting. For on that occasion the Corral mustered its many talents and resources to honor the 90th birthday of one of the deans of its membership — Horace M. Albright. Among family members accompanying Horace at this memorable gathering was Grace, his bride of 64 years (a feat of longevity even more remarkable than the endurance to persevere through nine decades).



Sheriff Donald Duke, Horace M. Albright and Past Sheriff Hugh Tolford.

The festive occasion skillfully orchestrated by Hugh Tolford, opened with several testimonial letters of congratulation from such personages as Jimmy Carter and Jerry Ford. It then proceeded to a most informative slide presentation which highlighted the life, accomplishments and contributions of "The Man from Inyo."

It would be difficult to overestimate the impact these contributions have had on contemporary American life. Horace was a participant in the creation of the National Park Service, was superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, and, as director of the National Park Service, was instrumental in the establishment of Zion National Park, Death Valley National Monument and several other unique pieces of real estate which were set aside to enrich the lives of succeeding generations.

Horace himself provided the finale to this impressive pictorial recitation. To the enjoyment of all he shared several of the more humorous incidents which occurred through the years. The happenstance, yet politically productive encounters with Thomas Edison; behind the scenes and informal views of presidents at their leisure, beginning with Teddy Roosevelt onward; and his participation in the Death Valley Scotty saga were but a few of the anecdotal recollections which served to punctuate this tribute to a distinguished man of the West.

Charles David Forrest spoke on the sequence of events leading up to Father Junipero Serra's coming to Mexico as a missionary in 1749 from the Island of Majorca, and on his eventual trek to Alta California in 1769 with the Portola Expedition. Like everyone in the expedition, Serra suffered great hardships along the way; but in spite of this he started construction of a chain of missions, twenty-one in all. The first of these was at San Diego and the last — built by his successors some thirty-nine years after his death in 1784 — at Sonoma.

Forrest has spent most of his working life within the motion picture industry. In 1927 he joined Warner Brothers as a sound mixer, and in 1951 left there to become Bob Hope's personal sound mixer for the next seventeen years. He has also toured the world with Frank Sinatra. Forrest was producing a movie entitled "The Devil and Father Serra" when a fire at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer destroyed the treatment for the film, along with his studio. He is currently at work rewriting the script.



## Corral Chips

Corresponding Member *Gloria Lothrop* is appointed by Governor Brown to serve on the Board of Governors of the California Maritime Academy. Gloria is also co-author, along with Glenn S. Dumke, of an article on the literary history of Los Angeles titled "City in Spite of Itself," which appears in the book review section of the *Los Angeles Times*.

*Stories of Old Upland*, a popular work of local history by C.M. *Esther Boulton Black*,

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the Tenth Regular (colored) Cavalry Regiment, and the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, this last regiment being one of several raised for the War with Spain. Several war correspondents tagged along, mainly to observe the participation of the volunteer cavalry regiment's second-in-command — a newly commissioned lieutenant colonel named Theodore Roosevelt. In command of the volunteers was Colonel Leonard Wood, a veteran of Apache campaigns and a regular officer who in peacetime was an army surgeon.

Although their horses had been left behind in Tampa, Florida — an indication of the chaotic organization by which the United States came to war — the volunteer cavalrymen had high morale. After hiking in the Cuban heat, however, a number of them suggested that the alliterative nickname given them by the correspondents — “Roosevelt's Rough Riders” — be changed to “Wood's Weary Walkers”.

When the troopers passed the body of a dead Spaniard that Cuban soldiers had mentioned was a marker for the Spanish lines, Wood gave the order to load rifles. Troop L took the point. With no sign of the Spaniards evident, Wood began to deploy his men. Then firing broke out, and the regiment hurried to support Troop L. The Spaniards were using smokeless powder and their bullets could be heard (and felt), but the snipers remained unseen. Correspondent Edward Marshall noted that while Wood gave orders with the utmost calmness when the battle began, Theodore Roosevelt, “on the contrary, jumped up and down . . . with emotions evidently divided with joy and a tendency to run.”

Roosevelt was on the right, in charge of Troops A, G, and K; Major Alexander Brodie was on his left. Wood ordered Roosevelt to connect with the forces under the brigade commander, General Samuel Young, on the right. In deploying his men in the thick jungle, Roosevelt found that he had completely lost sight of the first troop he sent in. The second troop went with Brodie; the third went to the right, and Roosevelt, as he ruefully put it in his autobiography, “managed to keep possession of it,” along with the



*Theodore Roosevelt*

next two troops. Contact was made with Young's men when one of the Rough Riders climbed a tree and waved a guidon at them, preventing the Americans from firing on each other.

The Spaniards were difficult to find. Correspondent Richard Harding Davis was with Roosevelt, and he spotted them through his binoculars. Then Roosevelt's line advanced on the Spanish trenches, driving the Spaniards off. With this tactical goal accomplished, Roosevelt was at a loss as to what should next be done. Leaving his men, Roosevelt returned to the trail, accompanied by two men in case he should have to recall his troops. Here Roosevelt recalled that “like most tyros, I was wearing my sword, which in thick jungle now and then got between my legs — from that day on it always went corded in the baggage.”

Returning to Wood, who throughout the battle had remained cool, calm, and seemingly unaware of the bullets around him, Roosevelt was pleased to know he had done the right thing in reporting back, for Major

Brodie had been wounded. Roosevelt now took charge of the left, where there was more open country and he could see what was happening. In seeking an objective, Roosevelt's men charged a set of ranch buildings; the Spaniards abandoned this position, and then all firing ceased.

Sometime in the course of the battle, Roosevelt stood behind a large palm tree — with his head “out to one side, very fortunately; for a bullet passed through the palm, filling my left eye and ear with the dust and splinters.”

On the King's Highway, General Young's men were driving the enemy, who were now in retreat; then Young ordered the brigade to hold its ground. Twenty minutes later, reinforcements from Siboney showed up. One volunteer officer had left at the outset of the battle, riding back with the “news” that the Spaniards were winning. This resulted in a number of inaccurate reports cabled back to the United States. The *New York Times* quoted Roosevelt as stating that the Spaniards . . .

held the ridges with rifle pits and machine guns, and hid a body of men in ambush in the thick jungle at the sides of the road over which we were advancing. Our advance guard struck the men in ambush and drove them out . . . I want to say a word for our own men. Every officer and man did his duty up to the handle. Not a man flinched.

The same article, however, described the battle as “perfect an ambush as was ever formed in the brain of an Apache Indian,” giving credit for the victory to a charge led by Wood and Roosevelt “which turned the tide of battle and sent the enemy flying over the hills toward Santiago.” Another officer interviewed in the same article stated that “Roosevelt, in front of his men, snatched a rifle and ammunition belt from a wounded soldier, and, cheering and yelling with his men, led the advance.”

General Joseph Wheeler, the cavalry division commander, emphatically denied the idea of an ambush. He said there was “absolutely no warrant for the statement that our troops were ambuscaded . . . The attack was deliberately planned from knowledge in my possession the night before.” Wheeler's official report to that effect was forwarded to

Washington.

Richard Harding Davis, who between noting had been “pumping wildly at the Spaniards with a carbine,” pointed out that the march into the ambush was on orders — in that region the only way the Spaniards could fight was from ambush, and in that way a contact had to be made. Davis's dubious tactical expertise was conveyed to the readership of *Scribner's Magazine* in its September issue.

At any rate, the Americans had won a victory, especially if one included the aid (some said rescue) given the volunteers by black regular cavalymen. The Rough Riders, as they were increasingly being called by the newspapers, had lost eight killed and thirty-four wounded, out of 500 men; the brigade casualties totaled sixteen killed and fifty-two wounded, out of 964 men. It cannot be doubted that the Rough Riders were in the thickest of the fighting at the Battle of Las Guasimas, nor that Roosevelt felt that “the fight was really a capital thing for me, for practically all the men had served under my actual command, and thenceforth felt an enthusiastic belief that I would lead them aright.”

Prior to the Battle of Las Guasimas Roosevelt's military experience had been limited to three years' service as a captain in the New York National Guard. Roosevelt had freely conceded his lack of experience. When Secretary of War Russell Alger offered him the command of one of the volunteer cavalry regiments authorized by Congress, Roosevelt declined in favor of his friend Leonard Wood, settling for second-in-command. Roosevelt had enthusiastically participated in the recruitment and training of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, in the beginning variously and alliteratively called Teddy's Terrors, The Fighting First, Cowboy Cavalry, and even Teddy's Texas Tarantulas. Wood, the actual leader of the regiment, did not seem to mind the focus of the nicknames on his subordinate, nor the one that eventually stuck, Rough Riders. Wood, a regular army officer, went about his duties while Roosevelt ordered a Brooks Brothers uniform, had extra eyeglasses made, and finished up affairs at the Navy Department, where he had served as an impatient Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

After less than a month's formal training at San Antonio, the Rough Riders — a fascinating and much-publicized amalgam of cowboys and Harvard students — entrained for Tampa, Florida. Amid disorganization and bureaucratic incompetence, the volunteer regiment managed to board a troop ship for Cuba, leaving behind four companies to care for the horses, as the powers that be had declared the regiment would fight as "dismounted cavalry". On the positive side, they succeeded in obtaining Krag-Jorgensen carbines while regular soldiers were issued older weapons.

Within a week after the Battle of Las Guasimas, the cavalry division underwent a series of changes as officers fell ill. Colonel Wood assumed command of the Second Brigade while Roosevelt, brevetted to colonel, was given command of the regiment — his own Rough Riders.

On the morning of July 1 an artillery unit located only 100 yards away from the Rough Riders' encampment began to shell the San Juan hills. The Rough Riders, at breakfast, came to their feet and cheered as the battery shelled the hills. But their cheers were short-lived. The cannons used black powder, providing the Spaniards with an excellent target. The smokeless Spanish artillery sent back a reply which landed right in front of the encampment, killing and wounding a number of Rough Riders. Among the wounded was Roosevelt; a piece of shrapnel fell on his wrist and "raised a bump as big as a hickory nut, but did not break the skin."



Little Texas - Colonel Roosevelt's War Horse

The orders for the day were simple — and vague. The American forces, split into two groups, were to meet at the San Juan hills and storm the heights. Roosevelt's men were ordered to cross the San Juan River along with the rest of the cavalry division. As they reached the ford the Spanish lines on the hill to the right opened fire. Roosevelt and his men were reduced to seeking cover by the bank of the river, or in the tall jungle grass. In front of them was the First Brigade, pinned down. Behind, coming down the road, were more soldiers, packing the road, impeding messengers and wounded.

It remained this way for over an hour, during which time an observation balloon was sent up *over* the First and Tenth Cavalry Regiments in Wood's brigade, which suffered from Spanish shrapnel until the balloon was finally brought down.

During the confusion an order at last came to advance. It was intended for the First Brigade, with the Second Brigade ordered to support the First in its taking of the hill on the right. The Rough Riders were directly behind the First Brigade. Roosevelt saw one of the First Brigade captains and learned that the order had not been received yet by the First Brigade. He looked around and found himself the highest ranking officer in sight. "Then let my men through, sir," he said to the captain, taking another brigade's orders for himself. Thus began the charge on the low hill to the right, through an interpretation of battle orders that bordered on insubordination.

The Rough Riders passed through the ranks of the First Brigade, followed by the rest of Wood's brigade; many of the men in the First Brigade's three regiments jumped up and joined in the assault, to the extent that the troopers soon became mixed together. At least six different regiments, white and black soldiers integrated in combat, took part in the charge.

Although he had intended to go into action dismounted, as he had done at Las Guasimas, Roosevelt was on his horse. "I should be quite unable to run up and down the line and superintend matters unless I was mounted," he observed. "Moreover, when on horseback, I could see the men better and they could see

me better." So could the Spaniards, but that was a risk officers were expected to take. Approximately forty yards from the top of the hill, Roosevelt came to a wire fence which his horse could not pass, so he dismounted. A bullet nicked his elbow. Then the hill was overrun with troopers who started arguing as to which troop had planted its guidon on the top first and which trooper had reached the crest before the others.

At the top of the hill was a huge iron kettle, and from that time on the hill was known as "Kettle Hill" despite the popular misconception of calling it "San Juan Hill". To the left, Roosevelt could see the infantry division charge on the San Juan blockhouse, on the higher hill. To assist this charge, Roosevelt ordered the men around him to fire in volleys at the Spanish trenches in the vicinity of the blockhouse. When the infantry neared the crest of the hill, which could more accurately be called "San Juan Hill" than the point taken by Roosevelt, the Kettle Hill occupants were ordered by Roosevelt to cease firing.

Then Roosevelt determined to charge the next line of trenches on the hills to his front, beyond a shallow pond. He jumped over a wire fence and ran about a hundred yards, only to realize he had just five men with him. His order to advance had not been heard by the men. He returned to the kettle, realized his error, and sought official sanction to advance. This time he was followed by units of the by now entirely mixed up cavalry division. In this charge Roosevelt killed a Spaniard. The advance took the men through a line of palm trees and over the crest of a chain of hills, to a view of the city of Santiago. Then Roosevelt was ordered to halt the advance. At the extreme front, he found himself in charge of six cavalry regiments, which began to straighten themselves out.

The Rough Riders, numbering 490 men, lost 15 killed and 73 wounded, the heaviest loss in the cavalry division. The total loss of killed and wounded in the cavalry division was 375. Roosevelt's role in the fight had been that of a line officer, carrying out the orders he was given — and, in the initial attack up Kettle Hill, carrying out the orders intended for others. This small detail was quickly forgotten in the glory and excitement of the

charge, which was quickly conveyed to the American public by the ubiquitous correspondents.

The charge marked the high point of Roosevelt's military adventure. In the weeks that followed, army life grew increasingly boring as Santiago lay under siege. Roosevelt's anger mounted over the inaction, the tropical fever felling his men, the tainted food, and the incompetence of the top generals, especially William R. Shafter, the obese commander of the Fifth Army Corps. After Santiago surrendered Roosevelt prepared two letters to Shafter, stating that either the army should be moved from its miasmal encampment or recalled, a position supported by a number of brigade and division commanders. The letters bordered on insubordination but Roosevelt, a volunteer officer, "could afford to take risks," as he put it. "The result was immediate," he later stated. "Within three days the army was ordered to be ready to sail for home." This was to be expected; President McKinley did not know about the letters until he read them in the newspaper. He issued immediate orders for the removal of army units to Camp Wikoff at Montauk Point, Long Island, and on the morning of August 7 the Rough Riders, among others, headed for home.

Observers at the arrival of the Rough Riders noted that most of them were ill. In marked contrast, Roosevelt was the picture of health, which was puzzling since he had shared the same hardships and food as his men. To reporters' questions of how he was feeling Roosevelt said, "Well, I am disgracefully healthy. Really, I am ashamed of myself, feeling so well and strong, with all these poor fellows suffering and so weak they can hardly stand. But I tell you we had a bully fight. This is a fine regiment, all a lot of cracker-jacks."

A month later the Rough Riders, health regained, were mustered out of the service. Roosevelt immediately embarked on a political campaign which in November won him the governorship of New York.

As a side note, there arises the matter of the recommendation of Theodore Roosevelt for a Medal of Honor, for "conspicuous gallantry at the battle of San Juan." At first it

appeared as if he would get it, but apparently Secretary Alger was not completely reconciled to Roosevelt's public criticism of the War Department's methods of running the Spanish-American War. Delay after bureaucratic delay in processing the recommendation occurred, until Roosevelt was finally referring to it as "that infernal medal of honor." By August 1900 he considered the matter at an end and wished no further publicity concerning it.

Roosevelt's frame of reference in the Spanish-American War was, quite obviously, a narrow one. His period of service was spent entirely as a line officer concerned with tactical objectives, not strategic operations. Since his participation in the war was limited by the flanks of his regiment, equating "Teddy Roosevelt and the Rough Riders" to "Spanish-American War" creates a historical imbalance made mythical with the misnaming of the very hill up which Roosevelt charged. Other fighting outfits have made names for themselves in military history, from the Fighting 69th to the Green Berets, yet none has achieved the prominence in relation to its time as did the Rough Riders. The regiment caught the fancy of the press which publicized it far out of proportion in relation to the total war effort, and Roosevelt found it a handy escalator to political prominence.

Yet in the final evaluation, it is difficult to criticize the regiment or its leader in matters of spirit and courage. Psychohistory, the latest methodology in the field of history, may well remark upon Roosevelt's attitude toward combat, his impatience with military routine, his thriving health despite tropical heat and illness. Cynics may calculate the entire experience as publicity for his political career. But it should be remembered that the Rough Riders were at the fighting end of a badly managed war, emerging from it with shared memories of action and heroism. For many years after the war the Rough Riders held an annual reunion, complete with rodeo and tall tales. Looking back on the experience, Roosevelt wrote in 1913, after having been governor, vice president, president, and a member of jungle expeditions, "There are no four months of my life to which I look back with more pride and satisfaction."

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## H. George McMannus

A REMEMBRANCE  
by Paul W. Galleher

The card read, "Western Americana, Emphasis California; Art and Artists of the West; Indian Arts and Crafts; Fine Press Books." It was the membership card of H. George McMannus, in the files of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, and the words revealed his special interests in reading and collecting literature relating to these subjects. The Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners is an organization brought into being in 1947 to enable men with common interests to exchange information and knowledge relative to the cultural and historical background of what we generally call, "The

West'. It has become a group of dedicated men who meet monthly and George was one of its most loyal and respected members. In the published bi-annual membership rosters of this group, you will find the McMannus name for the past 20 or 25 years, and it was over this period that I knew him best, and the few facts of his life that I have gathered together here may be of interest to you.

One of his great pleasures was the collection of items relating to his special interests and he had had a very fine collection of books gathered over the years. He not only collected, but he read each and every one. His mind was a computer, making this information available for his instant recall, enabling him to be a most knowledgeable and interesting conversationalist. Proof of this could be seen at any Westerner meeting when his friends would be gathered around him exchanging views and ideas.

George had an interesting facial expression when he was pleased. His eyes sort of squinted and then sparkled into a big smile, if eyes can smile, and his laugh was always a quiet chuckle. Not too long ago when he was visiting in my office, he was reading a periodical and started that contagious chuckle, and he read aloud to me, "A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg!" It struck his funny bone.

Bookish people often live in two worlds — yours and mine, for one, and the other one circumscribed by book fairs, auctions, book shops, catalogs, lists, conventions and the like. George never missed an opportunity to pore over the shelves of bookstores wherever he went. He was at his happiest at history conventions, rarely missing a session, for there he was surrounded by those with like interests. He was on hand in Santa Fe when the now-famed Western Historical Association was founded. Meetings of the various state and local historical societies intrigued him, and he made it a point to attend many of their sessions.

At one time, he had a very nice collection of Indian jewelry: bolo ties, belt buckles, necklaces and the like. He was a great admirer of Indian crafts and was a long-time member of the Southwest Museum to which he made frequent visits.

He was also a long-time member of the

Jewel City Camera Club, and knowing him, he probably carried off honors in this department tho' we never discussed this phase of his interests.

I don't know how many hikes he took into our California mountains, but I do know he was an ardent adventurer into the High Sierras as a life member of the Sierra Club for many years.

Only by recalling things he would casually mention from time to time, do I know of his professional or business life. I know he was employed at Menasco Engineering Co. as a design engineer from where he retired after some 35 years. He worked on the Gary Powers U2 Spy Plane which was shot down over Russia, and he was also involved in the design of the understructure and landing equipment of the L 10/11. His highly disciplined mind which was so effective in his business was, as we have seen, also an effective tool in his hobbies.

George's complete devotion to The Westerners was best demonstrated in the waning days of his life. Their meeting was to be held on January 9th, and in spite of his diminished strength, several of us took him to the meeting which he thoroughly enjoyed. Just one more evidence of his interest well mixed with courage.

On January 22, at age 83, George passed away.

As a talented, keen observer, this literary frontiersman has left us a great legacy. George and St. Peter are going to get along very well and I would guess that the McMannus talents are already being put to good use.

I would like to say something too about his Dorothy. Their lives were linked together for so many years, that where you found George, Dorothy would be there. She shared his abiding interests, and if the truth were known, I suspect she knows as much about our West as did George. She actually couldn't help herself for he would read aloud to her while she was doing the dishes — probably so he wouldn't be called on to help with the drying! She knows of the stamina of our frontier women which will help her endure her loss now, and she can take tremendous comfort from the fact that she gave her all to her man. God bless you, Dorothy, as you carry on.

# The Mary E. Foy California Room

by Maurice I. Hattem

"We have over eight thousand books in our California collection, not including the books in the other departments of the library which have references to California," stated Ms. Bettye Ellison, Librarian of the History Department, California Room, of the Main Library, Los Angeles Public Library.

Recently, I had occasion to visit the Mary E. Foy California Room, located on the second floor, and through Bettye's kindness, was allowed to take a "V.I.P." tour.

The California Room is named for Mary E. Foy, who was the third City Librarian, the first woman to hold this office. She served from 1880 to 1884 when the library consisted of two rooms in the Downey Block on the corner of Main and Temple Streets. Mary Foy was born in Los Angeles in 1862 and had the rare privilege of seeing Los Angeles grow from a small pueblo to the modern metropolis it was when she died nearly one hundred years later on February 18, 1962.

Miss Foy was a teacher, principal of the Eighth Street School, taught at Los Angeles High School where she graduated in 1879, was an ardent fighter for the cause of women's suffrage in California, got involved with politics, being a delegate to the Democratic Convention of 1920, helped organize the California Parlor of the Native Daughters of the Golden West and was a founding member of the First Century Families. Mary Emily Foy . . . teacher, librarian, civic leader, and pioneer educator-administrator was a guiding influence on the many students who, in later years were to become the writers of the history of our great state. Little wonder, then, that this room should bear her name.

The Mary E. Foy California Room is the central repository of the Library's California collection. Its dimensions are approximately fifteen by thirty feet in size. It has been a part of the Central Los Angeles Public Library since 1925 when the library was built, on Fifth and Flower Streets, the former site of the old State Normal School which was built in the early 1880's.

Most of the books are in stacks, out of public view, although they are available for use at a moment's notice. The room itself is lined with glass-enclosed cases where most of the reference books are kept. Here too is kept the California County Histories. Although these books are kept within the confines of the California Room and are not permitted to be loaned out, they are readily available to the public and can be read in the room during the library hours.

In addition to history and travel books, the California collection contains diaries and letters of early settlers, the publication of state and local historical societies, and a large collection of county and city histories. There is also a collection of over 14,000 old photographs of early Southern California including many rare photos of early Los Angeles streets and buildings. These photographs comprise the Ingersoll, Pierce, and Boye collections plus other acquisitions made on an on-going basis. They are available for view and if a copy is desired, one can bring his own camera and make copies of the originals, or the library will provide a copy service for a small charge.

An important feature of the California Room is the unique index system. The index system falls into three categories: 1. The Biography Index, 2. The Subject Index, and 3. The Picture Index. The Biography Index covers biographical sketches of persons connected with California history; especially those who influenced the progress of Southern California. There are also many biographical forms which were filled out by local residents during the early twentieth century.

The Subject Index lists articles of historical interest which focuses chiefly on Southern California, that have appeared in California magazines such as the *California Historical Society Quarterly*, *The Historical Society of Southern California Quarterly*, *Westways*, *Land of Sunshine*, *Out West*, *Grizzly Bear*, and *Touring Topics*, to name a few.

The Picture Index indexes historical pictures by city, street, or building. If any of the pictures are used in publication, the library requests that proper credit be given.

I was really amazed with the Biographical Index. By merely looking up the name of a person in the index, I could find the titles of all of the books wherein there is a biographical sketch of that person.

The regular Author and Title Index is kept in the general history room which is adjacent to the California Room.

(main) library. Often one can get a good bargain at one of these sales.

According to Library Bibliographer John Brookman, the rarest book in the Library's California collection is *Informe del Estado de La Nueva Christiandad de California* by Francisco Maria Picolo. Only six copies are known to exist. This book was acquired around the turn of the century by Charles F. Lummis for \$90. One can only guess what this book would cost today! This book, published in 1702, is the first published account



Bordering one end of the room is a large photographic panorama of Los Angeles as it appeared in 1869. It contains five panels which can be duplicated for under \$40 if one were to want a copy.

Bettye is assisted by Tom Owen who does a magnificent job to maintain the quality service that is demanded of this unique room.

During the course of a year, many books are donated to, or otherwise acquired by the library and in many cases there are lots of duplicates. These duplicates are usually given to the Los Angeles Library Association, more familiarly known as "LALA" who sponsors book sales at the Downtown Central

of the first permanent settlement in the Californias.

Other rare books include: *Diario Historico de Los Viages al Norte de la California* by Miguel Costanso (1770), *The Emigrants Guide to Oregon and California* by Landsford W. Hastings (1845 facsimile), *Relacion Historica de la Vida Y Apostolicas Tareas del Venerable Padre, Fray Junipero Serra* by Francisco Palou (1787), *The Mercury Case* (1806) a manuscript of over a thousand pages comprising the original documents, etc. of the only known case of a contraband trader in California who was brought to trial and of which any official record was left, *A Voyage*

*of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean, and Round the World* by George Vancouver (1798) & *Noticia de la California, y de su Conquista Temporal, y Espiritual Hasta el Tiempo Presente* by Miguel Venegas (1757) 3 vols. to name a few.

These books along with Carl Wheat's *Mapping The Transmississippi*, W. W. Robinson's and Neal Harblow's *Maps Books*, Cowan's *Bibliography (1933)*, *Hutchings California Magazine* 1856-1861 depicting the life and times of the period, and some scarce books published by the Book Club of California are stored in a vault deep within the stacks.

"These books are available for viewing upon request," says Ms. Ellison. "Books such as Newmark's *Sixty Years in Southern California*, Boyle Workman's *The City That Grew*, Ralph Hancock's *Fabulous Boulevard*, W. W. Robinson's *Panorama and Los Angeles; a Guide to the City and its Environs* by the Writers Program are among the most asked for books," she said.

Some of the special bindings for the library are done in Santa Barbara, though the majority of them are done locally. The stacks that comprise the California Room extend to three floors. They are built independent of the regular flooring in the building and are so constructed that they can be removed, if necessary, without interfering with the regular flooring in the building.

The tier above the California Room contains more than one hundred fifty feet of shelves devoted to Spanish and Mexican history. Since Spain and Mexico were major contributors to California history, it is important and necessary that such a large Spanish and Mexican collection of cultural and historical books be on hand and made available, especially for the student doing research on California history and Early California culture.

The Mary E. Foy California Room is only the tip of the iceberg of the vast collection of books housed in the Central Library downtown. Bettye Ellison and her assistant, Tom Owen, are kept busy giving information to the media, professional people, students, researchers, motion picture and television writers, and in general anyone who has the desire to know about the history of the

golden state of California. Information is given either by telephone or sent in the mail.

I asked Bettye why so many people come here, especially when the parking situation is so terrible. I told her that I could probably get the same books, the same information and the same service at the library at U.C.L.A. Her answer was short and sweet. "We give better service," she said. She told me that many people have told her that their index system was the best anywhere that related to Southern California and especially Los Angeles. "That's why they come to the California Room," she said.

In addition to the California collection in the California Room, Californiana is available in other departments of the library; for example, information other than history relating to California can be found in the Art & Music Department, the Audio-Visual Department, the Business and Economics Department, Children's Room, Fiction Department, Literature Department, Newspaper Room, Philosophy and Religion, Science and Technology, and in the Social Services Department.

Walking through the stacks, I noticed many boxes of books on the floor. I asked Bettye why they weren't put on the shelves. "This is one of our problems," she told me. "We so desperately need more room." There has been talk of rebuilding the library but when this will happen only the Lord and City Hall know.

## A Reminiscence

by Karl Yost

Back in 1945, I started to buy some Trails End Publishing Company books because each one contained an illustration in color by Charles M. Russell. At the time I was working on a bibliography of Russell. I wrote to Trails End and received an answer from Homer Britzman. This was the start of a fine friendship.

The first question Britz asked me was: "What is a bibliography?" It took me a few letters and several phone calls to explain what

I was doing and why I thought Trails End was the only appropriate house to publish such a book.

In 1945, I took the munificent sum of \$440.00, which the State of Illinois granted as an "adjusted compensation" payment to a man who entered the service from Illinois, and rode the Chicago and Northwestern-Union Pacific Challenger to California.

The adjusted compensation would have compensated for about a month of earnings but I was not loath to take it.

Britzman was then living in the Russell home on Michigan Avenue in Pasadena. I borrowed my father's car and drove over there and started to work. Later Britzman provided me with a Ford coupe, which had been his wife's, and I had wheels.

We worked in the room on the second floor, which had been Nancy Russell's library, or den, or office, call it what you will. It was absolutely crammed with all sorts of memorabilia. I don't think Nancy Russell ever discarded a single scrap of paper pertaining to Russell, not even excepting the seat stubs for theatre tickets.

Britzman would hand me item after item and I made notes as fast as I possibly could. Britzman had gone through most of the material after he had bought the house and prior to my arriving at the house. He had a prodigious memory. We would work late into the night (sometimes all night long) and it was on one of the first of these protracted, nocturnal sessions that I met Paul Bailey.

Britzman had called him to say that I was in town working on the abstruse subject of a bibliography and Paul Bailey came out to his house several nights and joined us in conversation, gin and orange juice (before it was known as a screwdriver) and fried chicken ordered up from a nearby restaurant (before Colonel Sanders was of age).

These were happy days or perhaps I should say nights thirty-five years ago. I felt privileged then to know these men and I cherish the memories of the association. The article on the formation of the Los Angeles Corral and the article on Paul Bailey evoke an almost painful nostalgia.

*C.M. Karl Yost lives in Morrison, Illinois.*

## Corral Chips...

appears in a third edition published by the Chaffey Communities Cultural Center. The sparkling new edition includes a special section with 115 vintage photographs.

Throat lozenges are in order for Associate Member *Abraham Hoffman* because of his torrid schedule of speaking engagements lately: "Water, Desert, and the Making of Human Monuments" for the annual Death Valley '49ers Authors' Breakfast; "A Brief Plunge Into California Water History" at the Sherman Foundation; and "Owens Valley Water" before a seminar sponsored by the Chatsworth Historical Society. Abe's pen is no less idle, witness his article in the *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly* titled "My Father Owns Stock: Private versus Public Control of the Los Angeles River."

Ray Wood and C. M. *Bob Hattem* are on hand at a meeting of the Santa Barbara Corral to hear *Carl Dentzel's* knowledgeable presentation on "The Western Artists of Santa Barbara."

The Biltmore Galleries stage an exclusive one-man showing of recent oil paintings by Associate Member *Ben Abril*.

C.M. *Katie Ainsworth* is the featured guest speaker at a luncheon honoring the participating artists at the Saddleback Gallery's 14th Annual Roundup of Western Art. C.M.'s *Reynold Brown* and *Bill Bender* are among the notable panoply of talented artists exhibiting at the event.

The Pacific Maritime Historical Society, *James "Lindy" Currie* at the helm, enjoys a talk by Deputy Sheriff *Bill Hendricks* on the subject of "The Los Angeles Pacific Navigation Company: Pioneering a Locally Owned Trans-Pacific Steamship Service for Los Angeles Harbor, 1918-1921."

While sketching and taking photographs of Mt. Whitney, C.M. and artist *Art Beeman* slips on some ice, breaks his leg, and ends up in Lone Pine's Inyo County Hospital. Now on crutches, he is assembling reference material so he can start his oil painting of this magnificent (and memorable!) mountain.

Astounding the Europeans long-skilled with the crossbow, C.M. *David Kimes* earns

world acclaim as the only competitor to win three medals in individual competition at the First World Crossbow Championships at Lintz, Austria. Kimes additionally made history as the first American *ever* to win a medal with the modern-style European match crossbow, the armbrust.

*Ray Billington* has authored a new book: *Westward to the Pacific: An Overview of America's Westward Expansion*. This is the first volume in a series on the West to be published by the Jefferson National Expansion Historical Association and the National Park Service.

On hand at the Southern Symposium of The Conference of California Historical Societies are the following avid Westerner history buffs: *Dwight Cushman*, *Ray Wood*, Associate Member *Bill Burkhart*, and C.M.'s *Bob Hattem* and *Joe Northrup*.

C.M. *Al Shumate* is the luncheon speaker for a meeting of The Society of California Pioneers on the occasion of the centennial of Robert Louis Stevenson's visit to California. The topic of Al's talk is "Robert Louis Stevenson in San Francisco."

*English Privateers at Cabo San Lucas*, Volume 41 in Dawson's Baja California Travels Series, is the handsome new book by *Thomas F. Andrews*. C.M. *Grant Dahlstrom* is the printer.

California's maritime Indians, their tools, materials and boat building methods, is the subject of C.M. *Richard Cunningham's* lecture for the San Fernando Valley Historical Society. Cunningham also leads a "how to" workshop for the Conference of California Historical Societies on the subject of museums and traveling exhibits.

Finally, we are all saddened by the death of *R. Coke Wood*, long a Corresponding Member of our Los Angeles Corral and a man known as "Mr. California" for his long and devoted service to our state's history. Those of us who knew him will miss the charm, the warmth, and the sincerity of this admirable human being. *Vaya con Dios*.



## Historical Humor

# A Great Difference of Opinion

by Henry Welcome

Southwest of Redding in Shasta County, California lie two old and very small mining camps, one called Igo and the other Ono. Today both are just wide spots in the country road. Igo is the first, located about a dozen miles from the highway at Redding; Ono can be found a few short miles beyond. The origin of the names of these places is apparently open for a great deal of debate.

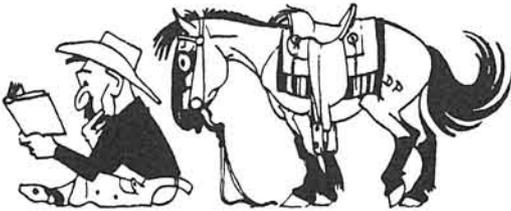
A number of years ago when I first heard about Igo and Ono I was told two humorous stories about how their names came into existence. The first went like this: One of the first to build a substantial house there was a miner known as McPherson. McPherson had a small son and whenever McPherson started for the mines his son would put on his hat and say, "I go." "Oh No," was always the answer. When one camp acquired the name 'Igo,' the other consequently was called 'Ono'.

The other story, quite similar, concerns a Chinese miner working the area for gold. As frequently happened those days, when the poor Chinese found good diggings, an American miner decided to steal it from him. When confronted by the American and told to leave, the Chinaman stood his ground and was quoted as saying, "Oh no!" The American drew his pistol and offered to blow off his head. The Chinaman quickly packed his gear and said, "I go."

Gertrude A. Steger, who wrote *Place Names of Shasta County*, says that in 1868 a Charles Hoffman suggested the name Igo after overhearing the McPherson boy, but Mr. Hoffman seems to have had nothing to say about Ono.

Gudde in *California Place Names* quotes Steger on the origin of Ono. It seems when a post office was established there in 1883 a Reverend William S. Kidder suggested the name of the Biblical town of Ono (1 Chron., 8:12).

I was curious enough to pursue the subject further. In 1916 A. L. Kroeber, our California Indian expert, wrote a pamphlet entitled *California Place Names of Indian Origin* for the University of California. He lists Igo as being Indian of unknown origin. Of Ono he says, "Ono, in Shasta County is from an unknown source. In the Maidu language and in the Southern Wintun dialect of the vicinity of Colusa, Ono means *head*. The location of Ono is in the Northern Wintun Territory, but this and all other dialects of the family, except that of Colusa, have different words for *head*, so that the derivation, although possible must be considered entirely unconfirmed." This is the oldest source material I have found on the origin of these two names so it must be given serious consideration. If the reader wants further diversion there are also two places in San Bernardino County about twenty miles apart which are called Igo and Ono. These names are listed as of unknown origin.



## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

*Buffalo Bill — His Family, Friends, Fame, Failures, and Fortunes*, by Nellie Snyder Yost, published by Swallow Press. 500 pages. \$17.50.

Fictionalized, factualized, defamed, debunked, dime-noveled, hackstered, hailed, hated, praised, puffed, panegyricized; in pamphlets, pageants, plays, posters, parades, exhibitions, expositions, extravaganzas, floor shows, stage shows, TV shows, picture shows, and books. This is Buffalo Bill. Is there any way to get at the true William F. Cody? Yes, our own com-

padre Don Russell of the Chicago Corral in his 1960 biography came as close as anyone.

Nellie Yost comes equally close and gives us a new, rich portrait of Buffalo Bill "at home" — Cody as husband, father, neighbor, citizen; during the more than three decades the Colonel made North Platte, Nebraska his home and headquarters. How did North Platte see Buffalo Bill? To a workingman Platter, how did Cody look as the man next door? As a world celebrity who consorted with kings and queens? What did the Colonel mean to the town? What was the Cody family like in North Platte? How did the wife and children fit into the social life of the town?

Lo and behold, the Colonel and his immediate family could provide all the ingredients for a standard soap opera script; loves, alienations, reconciliations, births, deaths, weddings, jealousies, squabbles, scandals, divorce, suicide. And that doesn't count the full, fabulous life Cody lived outside North Platte. Yost paints that, too, from hunter to world showman, from generous philanthropist to business failure. This book, solidly based on years of careful research (new material and some old resources previously untapped), presents Buffalo Bill as a real human being, who turns out to be — even honestly viewed — as exciting, glamorous, and interesting as his caricatures or flatteries.

—el Cid

*From Ice Mountain: Indian Settlement of the Americas*, by Don Perceval. Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1979. Introduction by Frank Waters, with 67 color illustrations. \$16.00.

This beautifully illustrated, designed, and printed book is the last volume that Don Perceval, a revered Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Corral, worked on prior to his untimely death last year. And it is a memorable achievement.

In prose that is lucid, artful, and evocative, the author traces the Indian settlement of the Western Hemisphere from the first migrations across the Bering Strait down to the present day culture of the American South-

west. Documented, too, are such interim stages as the spread into Central and South America; the transition from a hunting to an agricultural society; the rise and eclipse of the Cliff Dweller, Basketmaker, Maya, and Aztec cultures; and of course the Spanish entradas of such individuals as Cabeza de Vaca, Marcos de Niza, and Francisco Vásquez de Coronado.

Equally enthralling are the superbly rendered and historically accurate illustrations which grace, and are wedded to, every page of this handsome book. They convey the story Perceval is telling no less than the text. As Frank Waters notes in his introduction: "In *From Ice Mountain* the deceptively simple figures combine the appeal of line, form and color, the lines revealing details of periodic change. These illustrations depict the early appearance of Indians in America, the arrival of their Spanish conquerors and the conflict between them, and the Indian ceremonials that still continue today. What a preposterous span of history to accomplish in just sixty-six pages!"

Westerners should know that most of these marvelous drawings are available for purchase, with the entire proceeds going to Don's widow, Edith. For more information, please contact John Gilchriese, 1975 East Kleindale Road, Tucson, Arizona, 85719. John's telephone number is (602) 795-4536.

We will all surely miss Don Perceval, for in addition to being a gifted artist and author he was also an intelligent and sensitive human being. All of these qualities are enduringly combined in this treasure of a book.

—Tony Lehman

*English Privateers at Cabo San Lucas*, by Thomas F. Andrews. Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, California, 1979. 116 pp. \$24.00.

This fascinating and well-researched book by fellow Westerner Tom Andrews contains three descriptive accounts of the Cabo San Lucas region of Baja California. The first two, by Captain Edward Cooke (published in 1712) and by Captain Woodes Rogers (also published in 1712), came from the same 1708-

11 privateering expedition commanded by Woodes Rogers. The third account, by George Shelvocke (published in 1726), was the most lengthy and controversial of the English descriptions of the region. It was one of the results of his 1719-22 expedition and was challenged by his captain of the marines, William Betagh, whose effective attack (published in 1728) is appended to the three descriptive narratives.

Rogers, the celebrated Bristol privateer, led one of the most famous of all English privateering expeditions. Rogers became the first Englishman since Thomas Cavendish (1587) to capture a Manila galleon, the first since Cavendish to circumnavigate the globe in his original ships, and the first ever to bring back a captured Manila galleon. One of Rogers' officers, Cooke, published the first foreign account of the Cabo San Lucas region replete with illustrations of plant and animal life around the harbor the English called Puerto Seguro (Bahía San Lucas). A few months later Rogers' book appeared in print. Rogers won the wider audience and is well-known as a bold and courageous commander of near epic dimensions. Cooke, although virtually unknown today, was ideally suited in temperament to complement the more colorful Rogers and had more the trained eye of the naturalist.

The informative introduction places the two expeditions (Rogers and Shelvocke) in the context of English pirate and privateering activity in the South Sea (Pacific Ocean), 1579-1722, and the text focuses on their descriptive accounts of Indian, plant and animal life at the Cape.

Clearly, this is a book to be recommended for the light it sheds on a little known but significant facet of Baja California history.

—Art Brush

