

NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

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Father Serra Serving Mass, June 3, 1770, watercolor by Leon Trousset, 1876 (courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony R. White)

CASA DE LAS OLAS

Part II—THE MURRAY SAGA

© 1985 by Betty Hoag McGlynn

James A. (for Andrew) Murray was a pick-and-shovel miner who made a fortune in Montana before the turn-of-the-century. He has been described as a "shrewd mining millionaire ... a likeable and big-spending chap whose prodigal displays of money back East helped form the popular image of garish western mining kings."¹ James Murray was not a Copper King himself, but rather seems to have kept a low profile as a financial dark horse, arranging loans for the three mining-financial wizards in Butte; investing in properties and railroads which they had founded; and gambling whenever possible. He possessed a kind of Midas touch which turned everything into gold. He had a reputation for unquestionable square dealings in business matters, but seems to have been an eccentric with an insatiable love for practical jokes, especially in connection with wagers—"cinches," he called them; these also seem to be the way he viewed law suits.

James A. Murray was always suing someone, and always won. After retiring to Tevis' lovely *Casa de las Olas* on Monterey Bay he enjoyed playing patron of the arts and took an active interest in helping preserve the area's history.

"Jim" (as everyone called him) Murray was born September 10, 1840, in Ontario, Canada. His parents were Irish immigrants who gifted him with a brogue that lasted throughout his life. When he was eighteen Jim followed an older brother to the diggin's in Calaveras County, California. It was there, mucking in the mines, that Jim met Marcus Daly who would become one of Butte's three famous Copper Kings. After a few years in Bret Harte country, the youths went their separate ways eastward. Daly joined the 1868 silver stampede to Nevada where he became an employee of the Comstock Mine; there he worked for George Hearst who (with Tevis and Haggin) would establish the mighty Anaconda Company. Jim Murray was magnetized to western Montana in 1863 by the new gold discoveries. He met the second Copper King, William A. Clark, ten years later in Deer Lodge City where Clark had banking and mercantile interests. The two men became lifelong friends, although they could not have been less alike: Clark is said to have had no humor, no vices, and never to have wagered anything in his life.

By 1885 Murray, Daly and Clark were all living in Butte City where a silver boom had swollen the population to over 14,000. It was a rowdy, dirty town composed mostly of miners brought from many different European countries. The landscape had been denuded for lumber to build mine scaffoldings and railroad ties. Sulphur fumes killed any other vegetation which tried to grow; it also darkened the air and smelled foul. It was a town which loved excitement and entertainment. This was the arena of 1889-1906 when the Copper Kings struggled for financial and political power in the State of Montana. The fight was bitter, sometimes corrupt. Jim Murray's introduction to the third Copper King led to a legal battle in which F. Augustus Heinze was sadly bested; since Heinze was generally considered to be a reprehensible scoundrel, Jim's reputation in the community was enhanced.

Two other men were in Butte City at this time who would later be associated with affairs in Monterey, if briefly in one case, ephemerally in the other. The first was Colonel Charles T. Meader who, though not a Copper King, earned the title of Father of Copper Mining in the West. Meader came from Scotland around Cape Horn to California in the 1849 Gold Rush. In 1865 he erected the first blast furnace for copper in Calaveras County. Late in the 1880s he built a smelter at Butte City which provided novel charm to the camp: every morning its whistles rang out tunes of "Annie Laurie" or "Blue Belles of Scotland." After a few years in Montana Colonel Meader returned to the Pacific Coast.

The second friend of Jim Murray's was dapper little John Maguire, theatrical agent. Maguire was no ordinary entertainer: already he had achieved acclaim on the Pacific Coast and in Australia for outstanding acting in stock companies. Born in County Cork, Ireland, on December 1, 1840, John Maguire as a teenager followed his cousin Tom to San Francisco. (Tom Maguire was famous for having built the old *Jenny Lind Theater*, as well as later introducing grand opera to San Francisco.) John rose from roustabout to leading man and played with starring actors of those days. From 1875-on, John Maguire regularly toured the principal towns of western Montana, presenting monologues (poetry and drama readings, character studies) and his specialty, Irish ballads such as "American Flowers and Shamrock Leaves". Later Maguire booked troupes from San Francisco who were billed as "An Olio of Oddities:" everything was presented, from classical drama to ventriloquists to Ethiopian operas (blackface) to guitar. But John dreamed of something better.

Jim Murray was established in Butte City as a prosperous businessman and banker; John told his friend that he wanted a real opera house for their community. Jim set up a corporation, made himself president, and invited men like Daly and Clark to be on his board. On a July night of 1885 a new red brick building proudly opened its doors with a French melodrama. Maguire had imported from New York the finest available troupe, paying them \$6,000 for a three-night stand. Programs were printed on white satin with actors' names in gold. The city's elite attended, many women dressed in the

latest gowns from Fifth Avenue shops in New York City. The hoipolloi attended. It was a staggering success. As far away as Portland, Oregon, Butte's Opera House was heralded as "finest on the Pacific Coast, outside of San Francisco." A highlight was reached in 1895 when Mark Twain gave a "Talks and Reading." His definition of a mine brought down the house: "a hole in the ground with a liar at the bottom."

In gratitude to Jim, John Maguire renamed his theater "Murray's Opera House," but the public continued to call it "Maguire's Opera House." In 1898 John retired to spend his days at the Irish-American Club in Butte, but became restless; in 1902 the theatrical man moved to San Francisco where Jim Murray had found him a job on a newspaper.

The days of Maguire's Opera House were glorious ones for Jim Murray. He was a bachelor, handsome, wealthy, and enjoyed the companionship of theatrical people, not only in Butte, but also when he was in New York on business. This was a time of riotous living for the banker. There were scandals. In 1886 one of his paramours became angry about something, took a pair of scissors and shredded every garment he owned. Jim, being Jim, took the lady (?) to court—and of course won. He even married, briefly, a Mrs. Sarah F. House who ran the skating rink. According to later testimony in the California Superior Court records, Jim reconsidered, insisted that she wed another man, gifted them with a paying silver mine, and sent them off to live far away in Illinois.

Then in 1889 Jim's brother Tom died in Canada, leaving him surrogate head of a family of nieces and nephews. He had them all educated.² (Jim never had children of his own.) In 1896 Jim Murray married Mary Hammond Coulter Haldorn, divorced wife of a Butte attorney. She had a son, Stuart, who was then ten and a daughter (mentioned in Mary's will a half-century later as Mrs. Tarn McGrew of New York City; nothing more is known about her). Mary was born June 26, 1860, to a couple from Wales who had settled in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. At the time the Murrays were wed it was said that Mrs. Murray was a social leader in Butte and Hunter's Hot Springs, near the Yellowstone River (the first of three sulphur spas which Jim would own).

Like many other millionaires of that time, Mr. and Mrs. Murray probably wintered at Monterey's *Hotel Del Monte* long before August of 1904 when they acquired *Casa de las Olas* which they began calling *Hacienda Grande*. Perhaps they had been watching the real estate market for a long time, waiting for just such a property. It must have been a disappointment to read in the July 6th Monterey paper about David Jacks' giving his daughters the Tevis estate, "one of the most charming villas anywhere." The Murrays certainly bought it quickly just seven weeks later when (according to the same paper) "the Misses Jacks had decided *not* to accept the gift because of the proximity of oil tanks and an oil shipping wharf soon to be built; they felt the beauty of the property would be spoiled." Perhaps the Murrays just looked the other way at the glorious bay; after the Butte landscape, they easily could ignore storage tanks from Coalinga and the Associated Oil Company's pier! They should have been more concerned about the fact that the year before the R.E. Booth Company had begun canning something besides salmon: pilchard (the true silver sardines which were then called "Monterey mackerel"). In 1904 their plant was 1,000 yards away, but the time was soon to come when the stench of many other sardine canneries would surround the *Hacienda*. Even then, having breathed Butte's sulphur fumes so many years, possibly the Murray family's olfactory senses actually had become dulled. At any rate, they loved the new home. Mary's joy was the conservatory. Jim got busy converting the bowling alley into a picture gallery. Maybe he worked too hard: on January of 1905 Jim had a stroke and almost died in a San Francisco hospital. He had the dubious pleasure of reading his own obituary in headlines of the Butte papers. It snapped him back to action.

This was the first of three strokes Jim Murray would suffer. Between them he kept in close touch with his wide-spread business investments, traveling all over the United States, Canada, and Mexico. He was the prototype mining character, rugged and absolutely fearless. He eschewed any kind of bodyguard while he was prospecting, although he went unarmed and openly carried large amounts of money on his person. As late

as May of 1911 Jim returned from such a trip alone into Sonora, Mexico, and told the Monterey newspaper about the ravaged countryside and murdered bodies he had seen. This at a time when Ambrose Bierce went on a similar journey and vanished from the literary scene!

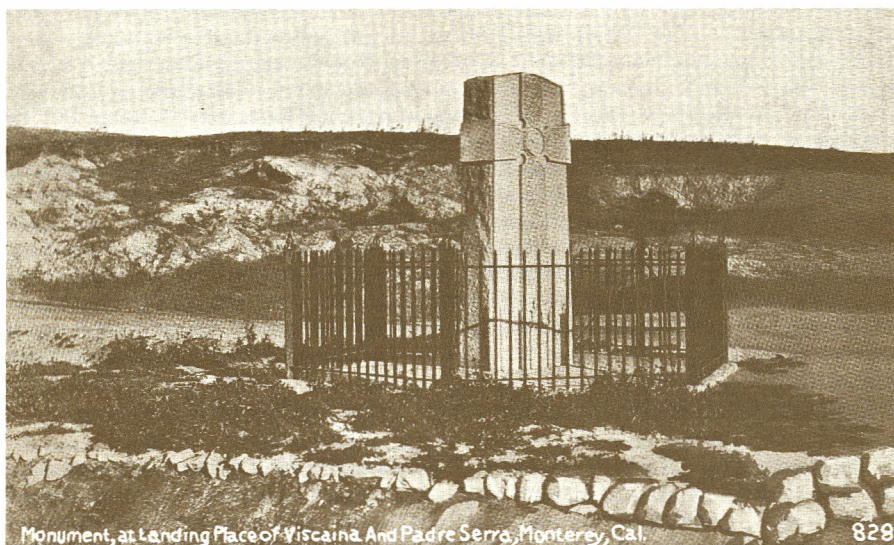
Nor did illness prevent Jim from continuing to wage court fights. In 1909 four California ruffians tried to forge notes and drafts worth \$860,000 on his name. They probably thought that, at seventy years old, Jim Murray wouldn't notice. He took them to Superior Court in Oakland and won again.

Jim Murray became involved with the California Historical Landmarks League's plans to erect a suitable cross on the site of the Vizcaino-Serra landing place near Monterey Bay. It was questionable whether or not a huge oak in the little dale was the original which sheltered the famous masses of 1602 and 1770. Certainly it had been so accepted during the latter part of the nineteenth century when a simple wooden cross stood sentry at its base. In 1902 the League began raising funds to preserve the area. By 1903 they had succeeded. The Treasurer, William Randolph Hearst, planned to ask Congress for money to develop the area as a park.³ Nothing more was done about the idea that year. Then there was an unforeseen tragedy. Over the years the glen had seen rugged usage.⁴ But construction of railroad track around Presidio curve in 1889 ultimately proved to be the tree's undoing because the bay nearby was filled-in. On July 6, 1904, a local newspaper noted:

The historic oak tree is dead. A culvert which carried water from the little ravine nearby collapsed, causing water to back up, and before it was discovered, the oak's roots had rotted.

It was impossible to save the tree. Harry Greene claimed the branches from which he had chairs made for the Native Sons' Hall. He and Father Mestres hired W.K. Yorston to preserve the trunk in oil and creosote; the priest placed this remnant at the rear of San Carlos Church in Monterey.⁵ Whatever the oak story, the present cross on the site is a beautiful tribute to events in early California. One thinks of Serra's words, "I sang the first mass, and so I left it newborn."

The summer of 1905 Jim Murray headed a committee to erect a cross more suitable than the rude one left where the monarch oak had died. He not only obtained permis-



Monument, at Landing Place of Vizcaino And Padre Serra, Monterey, Cal. 829
Postcard by Edward H. Mitchell, about 1906 (Betty McGlynn archives)

sion from the War Department to do so, but also announced that he, personally, would finance a marker.

Early in October work was begun on construction of a four-foot granite base to support the monument. Meantime, Jim was having a Celtic cross carved in Colma. Ten feet high, it is of granite cut in a distinctive, decorative design which resembles rubrication. Near the base is a replica of Mission San Carlos Borromeo. At the intersection of the arms lies a fifteen-inch bronze medallion depicting Serra's head and praying hands; the sculptor was Douglas Tilden "who worked in a silent world." (He had lost his hearing at the age of five.) Name of the designer of the Celtic cross has never been known; certainly he was no amateur. Tilden gave a copy of his bronze plaque to one person only, architect Willis Polk. It seems likely that the cross was Polk's creation.⁶

The completed sculpture was freighted by train to Monterey and arrived November 15, 1905. Set in place near the entrance of the Presidio, a month later it was officially designated as California Historical Landmark #128.



Symphony of Historic Monterey, oil by Francis McComas (courtesy of City of Monterey)

This was an era when millionaires were expected to be art patrons. Much to Jim Murray's credit, his taste did not run to second-rate works such as those brought back from Europe by many of his peers. Rather, Jim chose paintings which shed light on local history. For instance, it is known that in 1913 he owned "The Founding of Monterey," done in 1875 by Leon Trousset, an itinerant French landscapist. The watercolor probably was a preliminary study for a huge picture which today hangs in the foyer of Carmel Mission. Jim commissioned Francis McComas to paint the colorful "Symphony of Historic Monterey;" it is in Few Memorial Building of the Monterey City Hall, a gift from the Murray family. Because the Murrays had extensive business dealings with Charles Rollo Peters, it is a safe guess that they owned at least one of Peters' popular nocturnes of old adobes. Certainly the Murray collection included Isobel Hunter's "The Serra Oak," for Mary used it as frontispiece of a book which she had printed in 1909. Each copy (there were only twelve!) was hand-tooled. The title was *Poems*, and it was written by Mary Spence Sullivan.

Mrs. Sullivan, from a pioneer Monterey family, was a sister of the father of Senator James Duval Phelan who maintained an elaborate estate popular with artists, musicians and writers, as well as leaders of society and politics. One of his most frequent guests was the California novelist, Gertrude Atherton. Mary Murray's book of poems by the Senator's aunt suggests that the Murrays may have met Mrs. Atherton at *Villa Montalvo*. Her *Perch of the Devil* (a title she plagiarized from the "Cousin Jacks"—Cornishmen who live in Butte) was published in 1907. Its hero is modeled after one of the Copper Kings. There are references to Boulder Hot Springs, a mineral spa near Butte which Jim Murray owned. Finally, it is known that Mrs. Atherton had entrees to Butte homes when first she went there to research her book. It is not a pretty one: after it appeared, Gertrude Atherton was welcome no place in Montana.

In 1907 Jim Murray became involved in Father Mestres' efforts to repair the Carmel Mission. On May fourth he offered to replace the decaying board floor with cement. Jim also took part in plans for construction "of the old adobe room occupied by Serra when he passed away. It is near the Mission."

Earlier that year the millionaire heard from John Maguire, his friend of Butte opera days. John was not happy in San Francisco so Jim obtained a job for him on the *Monterey Daily Cypress* as Assistant Editor. However, less than two months later, on March twenty-fourth the theater man died of a heart attack. It is not clear why Jim Murray did not attend the funeral, or, indeed, even know about the death for some time; perhaps he was away on a trip or hospitalized somewhere. The pall-bearers were all strangers to the former Irish minstrel-turned-impresario, with one exception:

Colonel Meader, The Father of Copper Mining in the West, heard about John Maguire's death and was there. Blue belles and shamrocks!



Celtic cross of mystery, San Carlos Cemetery, Monterey

When Jim did learn that his friend was gone, he ordered a "magnificent shaft" made at Colma, another Celtic cross with design of entwined rubric similar to that on Serra's.⁷

It was installed the summer of 1909. Later that year Jim Murray had a better idea about his tribute to John Maguire, something more fitting. He “designed and was having erected a granite monument” which cost him \$20,000, and was unveiled at San Carlos Cemetery early in 1910. The plot is imposingly large. Cement curbs at the corners have urns to hold flowers— which are never there. The name on the curb front incorrectly reads “Guire,” and the birthdate is wrong. But the monument is superb.



Grave of John Maguire, San Carlos Cemetery, Monterey

Standing at the base of a venerable cypress tree, the chiseled granite carving is almost six feet tall. It reproduces the proscenium of the Butte Opera House. Its draperies are closed. On the lintel is a quotation from Shakespeare: "Pull down the Drop—Life's Fitful Play is O'er."

Mystery surrounds the second Celtic cross. It still stands near Stoddard's grave, but at its feet are buried Catholic priests (vintage 1940s-on) of the Oratorian Community. The cemetery records have been lost for many years; no one seems to know when the property was given to the Church. However, in the probate of Jim's will there is a bill for "fifty dollars for a plot in San Carlos Cemetery." Had Jim meant it for himself? Could it be that the old mining man had intended to spend eternity near his friend of happy days in Montana? The answer is mute.

Jim Murray died on May 11, 1921, at *Hacienda Grande*. The local paper said that Reverend Mestres would read the services next day at San Carlos church. Instead, the remains were interred a week later at Holy Cross Cemetery in Colma. No family members are near. The face of the crypt bears a terse bronze plaque, "James Murray, 1844-1921." The birthdate is off by four years.

The last summer that the Murrays spent in Butte was 1920. When Jim turned eighty, Mary obtained power-of-attorney for his affairs. A half-year later he was dead, leaving an estate in excess of ten million dollars. Spread over six states, it included banks, mining and shipping operations, public utilities, trust companies, and real estate holdings in hotels, clubs, private dwellings, office buildings, and mineral springs.

Three days before Jim's death Mary withdrew \$65,000 from their joint bank account and deposited it in an account in another bank. The day after his death the newspapers exploded. A niece and three nephews reared in Butte by their uncle were on their way to San Francisco to await reading of the will. The States of both Montana and California were intrigued: which was Jim Murray's legal residence? Where would the inheritance tax be levied?

Suddenly litigants materialized out of nowhere, demanding part of the estate. Within half a year there were twenty-six. The Butte contingent said that Jim had been unduly influenced by others. One of Mary's star witnesses as to Jim's innately "bad character" was provided by none other than her former husband, Butte lawyer George Haldorn. Finally a compromise was effected and a settlement signed by Mary Murray in March of 1923. (Details dragged on for ten years.) The widow received all property in California and the largest block of the Monidah stock (a corporation Jim Murray had set up in 1901 to cover all his business investments in the Northwest), although the court established that she possessed over a million dollars worth of real estate in her own name already—and "diamonds and pearls valued at more than \$50,000." Jim's step-son, Stuart Haldorn, got the next largest block. Nine Murray relatives were gifted with Monidah stock; one was a cloistered nun in Canada who received almost as much as Stuart. Jim's first wife (of the skating rink romance) was not awarded anything. Outstanding bills presented in the probate are revealing. Jim's personal physician in Monterey asked for (and got) only a few hundred dollars. His "physical culturalist and traveling companion" received \$1,200. George Haldorn was denied the \$125,000 he tried to collect "for legal services rendered to James Murray in Butte in the past."

Mary continued to live in the big house of *Hacienda Grande* after Jim died in 1921. As soon as the litigation made it possible she deeded one-third of the bayside property to her son. He and his wife moved into the guest house that year, 1926. *Polk's* city directory for 1926-27 also lists George Haldorn at the big house address. In 1929 Mary moved into a charming home at the far end of Mesa Road in Monterey where she passed away on December 15, 1940. The local obituary said "her hobby was vast, quiet, personally administered charity work which few people even knew about." Also, for thirty-six years on the Monterey Peninsula Mary had engaged in extensive real estate operations.⁸

When his step-father died in 1921, Stuart Haldorn was a broker in San Francisco

where he had lived at 1863 California since 1914 when he wed Enid Gregg. The bride was a daughter of the Vice-President of Crocker National Bank, and their marriage was a noted social event. The couple later moved to the Monterey Peninsula where Stuart had happy memories of his boyhood at *Hacienda Grande*. He has described the estate. The huge living room was panelled in redwood and hung with tapestries. He told of his mother's greenhouse where there were once thirty or forty century plants blooming at the same time. A neighbor, Charlie Maud (who lived where the Coast Guard later was built), had the first automobile in the area. This strange vehicle so frightened a neighbor's horse that the man threatened to kill Mr. Maud. Stuart owned the second car, probably when he was in his early twenties. However, Stuart Haldorn's greatest hobby always was sailing. He once built a Mercury sailboat in the basement room which Tevis had intended for billiards. A friend bet him five dollars he couldn't get the boat out of the room through a window; Stuart won the "cinch" (as his step-father no doubt called it).

At about this time Jim Murray had an argument with the water company about his bill. Maybe he considered the adversary too big to take to court; instead he capably sought to outwit them by having a windmill built and installed on Wave Street across from the big house. An exact replica of the two windmills in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, the structure was sturdily made of redwood fastened with iron bolts instead of nails. It was beautiful, but Jim had dug too deep: instead of crystal water like that in the stream running nearby down Colton (now Dickman) Street, his windmill gurgled salt water. "Murray's Folly" (as the family christened it) was a picturesque landmark for many years. Children considered its vanes to be their own jungle gym. Finally "the last tangible evidence of the showplace of the area in this century" was taken down and put in storage where it gathered dust. In August of 1944 a Carmel lady, Agnes Fraser, purchased the windmill at auction and eagerly made plans to convert it into a home. She purchased a lot on the edge of Hatton Fields, overlooking Highway 1. The living-dining-kitchen area would be on the first floor which she would panel with Dutch tiles. On a mezzanine there would be a bedroom. A dome would be installed overhead to serve as a solarium. The panorama of Carmel Valley from her windmill would be spectacular! Her neighbors were less than enthusiastic. Nevertheless the structure was loaded on a trailer in Monterey and hauled as far as the top of Carmel Hill where the truck broke down, creating a monumental traffic block. Officers-of-the-law ordered the load returned to Stolte's storage house. Miss Fraser tried again, with the same results. The neighbors were still unfriendly. She gave up. When offered the relic as a gift, Monterey's City Council met informally to consider placing it at El Estero Park, but rejected the idea. In February of 1951 Agnes Fraser approached Monterey County officials who thought it might be appropriate to put the windmill at the Fairgrounds. When they found it would take \$2,000 "to replace the parts and put it in operation," they hesitated. This author has not been able to learn the end of the story about "The Windmill of *Hacienda Grande*."

Boats fascinated Stuart Haldorn. He helped found both the St. Francis Yacht Club in San Francisco and the Stillwater Yacht Club at Pebble Beach. The "Stuart Haldorn Mercury Class Regatta" is held annually in his memory. Stuart did active work with Sea Scouts on the Peninsula. One former Scout remembers, "Mr. Haldorn brought Mercury kits from the city to each of us in the troop. Then he taught us how to assemble them, and how to sail them at Stillwater Cove." Stuart and Allen Knight were friends; the two spent many hours together in Knight's "The Ship", his stone "museum" in Carmel. Later Stuart Haldorn was one of the earliest, and very generous, contributors to the Allen Knight Museum in Monterey. There a room was christened in his honor on January 19, 1971, on the occasion of the 40th Anniversary of the Monterey History and Art Association.

The Haldorns had several residences on the Peninsula in addition to the *Hacienda*. They lived in Carmel Valley after purchasing the 2248 acre "Lazy S Ranch" which lay near Valley Farm Center. Stuart in May of 1965 sold the land to Ed Lowery for over a million dollars. He was "delighted to have found a buyer who does not plan a subdivi-

sion." Stuart and his mother had begun to sell land from the *Hacienda* estate as soon as Jim was gone. Ten years after Mary's death, her son sold the buildings to Mr. Lucido. The mansion was razed in 1944 and 100' of ocean front at the eastern portion of the property was basis of a new cannery.

Enid Haldorn died in San Francisco on February 4, 1952. The couple were childless, and she left her entire estate to a sister in Panama City. Stuart lived his last years at his Carmel home on Atherton Drive. Daily he golfed at the Cypress Point Club in Pebble Beach until his eyesight failed; then he continued to go to the Club every morning to watch others play. Admiral Stone of the Maritime Museum remembers that Stuart always lunched at the Club; on leaving the table he would slip a handful of crackers into a pocket, go sit on a bench in the sunshine, and feed mountain jays which seemed to come from everywhere for this magic banquet. Stuart Haldorn passed away peacefully at the age of eighty-seven, September 30, 1973. So ends the saga of *Casa de las Olas* turned *Hacienda Grande*. "Pull down the drop—."

NOTES

- 1 Michael P. Malone, *The Battle for the Butte: Mining and Politics on the Northern Frontier, 1864-1906* (Seattle and London: University of Washington Press, 1981).
- 2 One, James E. Murray, graduated from New York University law school in 1901 and opened a practice in Butte. He became a United States Senator and, later, one of the militant New Dealers under President Franklin D. Roosevelt.
- 3 By August of 1905, with the collection topping \$13,000, the League also was able to buy Mission Sonoma, Fort Ross, and Jack Swan's abandoned boarding-house in Monterey, which the old sailor on his deathbed had willed to Carmel Martin.
- 4 For example, General Sherman camped there when this State was taken from Mexico. And in 1884 that is where Col. Tobin encamped his U.S. Army 3rd Regiment troops when they came from San Francisco to take part in Monterey's Fourth of July celebration.
- 5 There is a story that the workmen threw the trunk into the Bay where Portuguese fishermen found it and reported to Father Mestres; that the Father and Harry Greene rescued the relic by perilously rowing out and harpooning it. The author has not been able to corroborate those facts.
- 6 Polk, in turn, willed the bronze to Mission Dolores where it can be seen today. Another bronze is at Mission San Luis Obispo. The original plaster plaque (owned by Tilden's daughter) won a gold medal in 1909 at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition in Seattle. Another plaster is at St. Mary's College in Moraga.
- 7 After it had been installed in San Carlos Cemetery, he noticed that the cross "almost cast its shadow" on the grave of Maguire's friend, poet Charles Warren Stoddard who had died April 29, 1909. Murray was shocked to see the plot bore only a simple nameplate; he announced he would try to get the Bohemian Club to properly venerate the pioneer poet. What Jim couldn't know was that Carmel Martin already had done what would have meant more to "Charlie:" pillowed his head on a tile from his beloved Carmel Mission.
- 8 One fascinating deal involved the Monterey County Hot Springs Company, a sulphur spa, which crops up in court records from 1904 to the time of her death.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Col. Harold Mack.



Maguire may have been one of the men in this picture taken about 1907 by an unknown photographer. The building, known as the *Wolter Adobe*, was destroyed in 1910. Placard on wall reads "Federal Building, 1834." (courtesy of Mr. John F. Martin; Betty McGlynn archives.)

Monterey History and Art Association joins the people of Montana in paying tribute to their native daughter, Jeannette Rankin. Every State in the Union is given two niches for sculpture in the Rotunda of the United States Capitol. Last May, 1985, a statue of Miss Rankin was dedicated there. Suffragist, pacifist and ardent fighter for human dignity, Jeannette Rankin was the first woman to be elected to the Congress of the United States. That was in 1916, four years before the 19th Amendment gave women nationwide the right to vote. She was the only person (man or woman) to cast votes against our entry into both World Wars I and II. At the age of 87 Miss Rankin led 5,000 women in a snowstorm through the streets of Washington, D.C. to protest the Vietnam War. This distinguished, valiant lady died in 1973 at her home in Carmel Valley.

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