



DECEMBER 1962

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 63

## HE HAD TO BE "LUCKY"

By RUFUS M. CHOATE, D.D.S.



The life of "Lucky" Baldwin will always remain fabulous in the annals of California history. His accomplishments in diversified fields stagger the imagination. Speculation in mining stock, hotel management, real estate investments, farming, horse racing and wine and brandy production occupied his time. Each of these enterprises today would require a large personnel in charge of operations.

His speculations in the Comstock mines laid the foundation for his meteoric rise to fame. Starting with a very modest working capital from his livery stable Baldwin invested in stocks which he parlayed into

a fortune. Many other family fortunes were derived from the enormous wealth of the Comstock.

Having passed through this area in 1853 Baldwin disposed of his livery stable in San Francisco and started a lumber yard in Virginia City. Here he had access to the new mines and bought footage in the Yellow Jacket, Savage, Chollar-Potosi, Hale and Norcross, Crown Point and Ophir headings.

Due to the porous nature of the ground operations were slow and tedious. After a year Baldwin disposed of Yellow Jacket, Savage and Chollar Potosi footage and returned to San Francisco.

At the age of thirty-nine years Baldwin was considered a man of moderate wealth. During his stay in Virginia City his wife had obtained a divorce and his daughter, Clara, had married. Having no family ties he ordered his broker to sell his remaining securities and sailed for the Orient. However, he locked his shares in his safe, put the key in his pocket and sailed to India. While on this trip, dame fortune smiled on Baldwin. Hale and Norcross had struck a bonanza and their securities skyrocketed from \$400.00 to \$12,000.00 per foot, and Elias Jackson Baldwin was still the proud possessor of this stock which brought him \$2,500,000.00. This was the greatest single stroke of blind bull luck since the invention of swiss cheese, because this act of omission made Baldwin a millionaire. He now cornered Crown Point and Ophir shares and got out of the market with \$7,500,000.00.

Having a mania for hotels, Baldwin started construction of the famous Baldwin

(Continued on Page 3)

# THE BRANDING IRON

## OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

*Published Quarterly in*  
March, June, September, December

### OFFICERS—1962

JAMES ALGAR	Sheriff
5247 Vantage, North Hollywood, Calif.	
JOHN H. KEMBLE	Deputy Sheriff
Pomona College, Claremont, Calif.	
CHARLES N. RUDKIN, Registrar of Marks & Brands	
1490 Lorain Road, San Marino 9, Calif.	
SID PLATFORD	Assistant Registrar
152 West Duarte Road, Arcadia, Calif.	
WILLIAM L. WRIGHT	Roundup Foreman
1410 Graynold Ave., Glendale 2, Calif.	
ERVIN STRONG	Assistant Roundup Foreman
2915 Mesa Drive, West Covina, Calif.	
BERT OLSON	Keeper of the Chips
619 North Rexford Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.	
CARROLL FRISWOLD	Librarian
519 W. Foothill Blvd., Altadena, Calif.	
LONNIE HULL	Daguerreotype Wrangler
FRED VAILE	Representative
2608 Birch St., Alhambra, Calif.	
IRON EYES CODY	Chief of Smoke Signals
DUDLEY GORDON, RUSS LEADABRAND, AUGUST SCHATRA	Wranglers

Address for Exchanges  
and Material Submitted for Publication:

The Roundup Foreman  
SID PLATFORD  
152 W. Duarte Road, Arcadia, Calif.

THE BRANDING IRON plans to publish more original articles, up to 3,000 words in length, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions are solicited from active members, CM's, and friends.

## Nominating Committee Names Officers

The following officers to serve for 1963 were nominated at the November 15 meeting: For Sheriff, John N. Kemble; Deputy Sheriff, Charles Rudkin; Registrar of Marks and Brands, Ervin Strong; Roundup Foreman, Sid Platford; Keeper of the Chips, Bert H. Olson.

Nominating Committee consisted of Ex-Sheriffs Paul Galleher, Henry Clifford, Robert J. Woods, and Sheriff James N. Algar. W. W. Robinson served as chairman.

## Edwards, New BB Editor

E. I. Edwards has been appointed Editor of the BRAND BOOK and the following Editorial staff has been chosen: James Algar, George Fullerton, Paul Bailey, W. W. Robinson, John Goodman, Webb Jones, Paul Galleher, Don Meadows, Art Clark.

Page Two . . .

## Corral Busy for Fall

In October the local Corral returned to Costa's for their monthly meeting, and at this meeting we were treated to one of our own W. W. Robinson's gems of local history, "Myth Making in the L.A. Area," in which he had evidently spent a great deal of time in researching. If we can influence W. W. to write it up for the *Branding Iron* it will be a treasure for local historians, exploding many pet and accepted beliefs.

The November meeting was highlighted by an extremely interesting talk by Prof. Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., a member of the faculty of U.C.L.A. and editor of the Historical Society of Southern California Quarterly, also contributing to many Historical Associations. Glen Dawson published Mr. Nunis' first book, *Andrew Sublette, Rocky Mountain Prince, 1808-1853*, in 1960. That work was selected by the Rounce & Coffin Club for inclusion in its exhibit of Western Books for 1960. The University of Texas will publish Mr. Nunis' second book this fall, *The Golden Frontier*. The subject of Mr. Nunis' talk was "Joseph Lancaster Brent, A California Confederate," in which he disclosed many heretofore unknown facets of local history.

## Fred Vaile Memoriam

Dear Mrs. Vaile:

We miss Fred as a fine friend and member of The Westerners.

In honor of that association which we would like to commemorate, we are establishing a memorial in his name at the Southwest Museum Library.

Several volumes there henceforth will bear his name as a gift from the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners.

We hope this token of our esteem and affection will signify to you personally our gratitude for his friendship.

Yours sincerely, and with deepest sympathy,

JAMES N. ALGAR, Sheriff.

Mr. Carl Dentzel,  
The Southwest Museum.

Dear Carl:

Enclosed is a check for \$50.00 from the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners.

Would you please oversee the purchase of appropriate volumes that may become a memorial to our late member, Fred Vaile? This is the wish of the Corral, to set up a commemorative memorial as we did for Bill Wright.

I am writing Mrs. Vaile to let her know we are doing this. Thank you.

JAMES ALGAR, Sheriff.

# HE HAD TO BE "LUCKY"

*(Continued from Page 1)*

Hotel and Theatre at the corner of Market and Powell Streets in San Francisco which cost \$3,500,000.00. A divorce from his second wife cost him another million and the Baldwin fortune was dwindling.

Fair, Flood, Mackay and O'Brien tried to interest "Lucky" in the development of the Consolidated Virginia mine but to no avail. Baldwin later regretfully stated that he could have made \$20,000,000.00 more if he had taken their advice.

During this hotel construction, Baldwin got word of a gold strike in the San Bernardino Mountains. Coming to Southern California, he passed through the Rancho Santa Anita on the way to Bear Valley, and was so greatly impressed that he soon bought this beautiful seven thousand acre tract for \$200,000.00. Vineyards, orchards, stud barns and Kentucky brood mares were soon in evidence. The stallions Rutherford and Grinstead were acquired at Saratoga along with six fillies which formed the nucleus of Baldwin's racing stable. "Lucky" won the American Derby at Washington Park, Chicago, four times: Volante in 1885, Silver Cloud in 1886, Emperor of Norfolk in 1888 and Rey el Santa Anita in 1894.

Baldwin loved the soil and produced citrus, grapes, walnuts, deciduous fruits, alfalfa, grain crops, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs.

However, the man of destiny was soon to experience the greatest test of courage when the Bank of California failed with all his money. The California Consolidated had struck the heart of the Comstock Lode at the twenty-eight hundred foot level. Fair, Flood, Mackay and O'Brien were now the financial tycoons of the west and started the Nevada Bank of California. By innuendo and gossip they undermined confidence in the Bank of California, causing its suspension. Baldwin personally worked for months in this bank's reorganization, saving his financial soul.

He now married his third wife, Jenny Dexter, who was the mother of Anita Baldwin. Jenny died at the age of twenty-three years and she was the only great love in Baldwin's life other than his children. Between two costly seduction trials Baldwin found time to marry Lilly C. Bennett, his fourth wife.

William Workman came to California in 1841 with the Workman-Rowland party. He

was granted one half of the Rancho La Punete (21,000 acres) by Governor Alvarado and confirmed by Governor Pio Pico in 1845.

F. P. F. Temple was Workman's son-in-law and he owned an undivided one-half interest in the Rancho La Merced along with Juan Matias Sanchez. This property being a gift from Workman. Sanchez in his own right owned extensive holdings in the Montebello hill area. All three men were closely associated in business as well as by ties of love and affection, each feeling obligated to the other.

Temple and Workman were essentially rancheros and although inexperienced, opened the Temple and Workman Bank in Los Angeles. Due to the panic of 1875, along with the failure of the Bank of California, they were forced to suspend.

Desperate to reorganize, they approached money lenders and offered as security their vast holdings in San Gabriel Valley and also very valuable business property in Los Angeles. San Francisco financiers scoffed at their security as totally insufficient collateral but suggested that "Lucky" Baldwin might be interested in such a loan.

Workman and Temple applied to Baldwin for a loan, only to be rebuffed for insufficient security. "What more can we offer" pleaded Workman and Temple. Due to the close business relationship between Workman, Temple and Sanchez, Baldwin demanded a blanket mortgage on all of their collective properties for a loan of \$310,225.00.

The mortgage included the following property:

1. The city block, bounded by Main and Spring Streets in Los Angeles. (Owned by Temple.)
2. The Temple Block at the junction of Main and Spring Streets. (Owned by Temple and Workman.)
3. 187 feet of property on Spring Street. (Owned by Temple.)
4. One half of the Rancho La Puente (24,000 acres owned by Workman.)
5. The Rancho La Merced (2300 acres—a gift from Workman to Temple and Sanchez).
6. The Rancho Potrero Grande (4500 acres owned by Sanchez).
7. The Rancho Potrero de Felipe Lugo (2042 acres owned by Temple, Workman and Sanchez).

Sanchez was an illiterate man and went to his friend, Harris Newmark, for advice. Newmark advised Sanchez not to sign the mortgage and warned him of the consequences.

Sanchez again sought the advice of Newmark and for the second time Newmark

*(Continued on Next Page)*

warned against the mortgage and exacted a promise that Sanchez would not sign it. Despite these repeated warnings Sanchez signed the document which was the death warrant for all three borrowers. Newmark later asked Sanchez, "Why did you sign?" Brokenhearted, Sanchez replied in Spanish, "one must eat if one does not wish to die." This statement carries the implication of loyalty, love and friendship which Sanchez held for his partners in their time of need.

Ruben Lloyd was Baldwin's attorney and adviser in matters of high finance. Lloyd could have ably represented Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," such were his powers of perception.

The terms of this mortgage were impossible of fulfillment as the interest rate was 1% per month, compounded monthly, and 2% in case of delinquency. The latter happened and in a few months the Temple and Workman Bank was forced to close forever.

Baldwin foreclosed the mortgage and took over 33,000 acres of the finest land in the San Gabriel Valley, also the Temple Block and property on Spring Street in Los Angeles. Flushed with the greatest land coup in Southern California history Baldwin purchased one-half of the Rancho San Francisquito, thus consolidating the Rancho Santa Anita with the Rancho La Puente. It was said that Baldwin could ride all day without getting off his own property.

After realizing their vast holdings in La Puente had been irretrievably lost, a chain of tragedies occurred. William Workman was a man of great honor and self respect, highly regarded in San Gabriel Valley but he could no longer bear to face his friends, neighbors, and stockholders. Taking the blame for the bank failure upon his heart and soul, Workman tragically committed suicide. F. P. F. Temple, son-in-law and partner of Workman, burdened by the strain of failure, suffered a stroke and passed away eight years later. Juan Matias Sanchez lost his entire holdings for co-signing the mortgage.

After the foreclosure, Baldwin deeded the widow Temple fifty acres, including her home in which her family grew up. He also deeded Sanchez two hundred acres in the Montebello area.

In the 1880's a rate war developed between the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroads. At one time the passenger fare from Chicago to Los Angeles was reduced to one dollar, bringing hordes of land hungry Easterners to Southern California. Baldwin grasped this opportunity to sub-

divide his vast Rancho Santa Anita, and as a result the towns of Arcadia and Monrovia soon came into being. In retrospect, "Lucky" must be given credit for farsightedness in the early development of San Gabriel Valley.

Baldwin's romantic life got him in serious predicaments on several occasions. He believed that he could conduct his extramarital affairs any way he chose and resented outside interference. His cousin, Verona Baldwin, came to Santa Anita presumably to teach school. Finding that position unavailable, Baldwin offered her the job of housekeeper. During this employment she accused Baldwin of forcing his attentions upon her and claimed he had ruined her body, mind and soul. Baldwin fired her after a failure at reconciliation. She followed "Lucky" to San Francisco and shot him at close range. The wound was superficial and he had the girl committed to an asylum in the Territory of Washington. After gaining her freedom she went back east but soon the newspapers took up her case, and there was a hue and cry for Baldwin's scalp, the *Porcupine* publication in Los Angeles being the most vociferous. Baldwin sued the editor, Horace Bell, for slander; and after a countersuit the case was dropped. According to Lucius Beebe, the last news from Verona came from Denver, where she was operating a house of ill fame.

Baldwin, who was nearing sixty, soon got himself entangled with the sixteen year old Louise Perkins. After a sordid extramarital "honeymoon" with this girl, she sued Baldwin for breach of promise asking huge damages. A sympathetic jury awarded her a judgment of \$17,000. Baldwin appealed the case and settled out of court for \$15,000. To say he was lucky in this case is the understatement of the last century.

In 1894 Baldwin again found himself in Superior Court facing Lillian Ashley on a seduction charge. After two long days of court bickering, he made the astounding statement that any woman with whom he became involved, must have been forewarned as to his reputation. Nearing the close of the second day's trial, her sister leveled a gun at the back of Baldwin's head and fired point blank, missing her target but shearing a wisp of the lothario's white hair. Preposterous luck rode with the great man on that occasion.

The golden era of the '80's turned into despair and depression in the '90's when



"Lucky" was hard pressed to save his fortune. Taxes, wages and law suits kept him constantly in financial difficulties.

The loss of the Baldwin Hotel in San Francisco by fire in 1898 without insurance, saw \$3,500,000.00 go up in smoke in three hours. A man of lesser determination would have been crushed by this calamity; but not Baldwin. With his characteristic "by gad I'm not licked yet" he outfitted a steamer and sailed for Alaska during the gold rush. Nearing seventy, this venture resulted in failure and Baldwin contracted pneumonia.

On his return to Santa Anita he spent several months recuperating. The remainder of his life was comparatively quiet, with farming, breeding and training race horses, his main occupation. He furnished horses for the chariot races in the Tournament of Roses, which probably was the most exciting event ever held in the Crown City. Charioteer, Mac Wiggins was well known by this writer in El Monte.

In 1908 "Lucky" sold eighty acres of land in Los Angeles and built his own race track at Santa Anita. However, the strenuous exciting years had taken their toll and Elias Jackson Baldwin succumbed to pneumonia March 1, 1909. Horse racing was made illegal in California from 1910 to 1934 when the Los Angeles Turf Club built and opened beautiful Santa Anita Race Track to thoroughbred racing.

According to the San Francisco *Examiner* "Lucky" Baldwin had a large funeral. Although not a sob was heard, nor a tear shed, hordes of curious, morbid people in jovial manner passed by the casket to view the remains of the great "Casanova" who had acquired such vast holdings and brought thoroughbred racing to Southern California.

It took four years to settle Baldwin's estate which was valued at \$10,000,000.00 in 1909. By 1914 it had doubled in value. Clara Baldwin Stocker and Anita Baldwin received the bulk of the inheritance.

Baldwin had facetiously remarked that there was oil under his Montebello holdings and truer words were never spoken.

Walter P. Temple purchased 6 acres in the Rancho La Merced from the Baldwin estate in 1912. Two years later the first indication of oil was discovered in 1914 by Thomas Workman Temple, a nine-year-old boy at that time. The first well was brought in by the Standard Oil Co. in 1916, followed shortly by a successful well on Temple's property. Ironically this was the

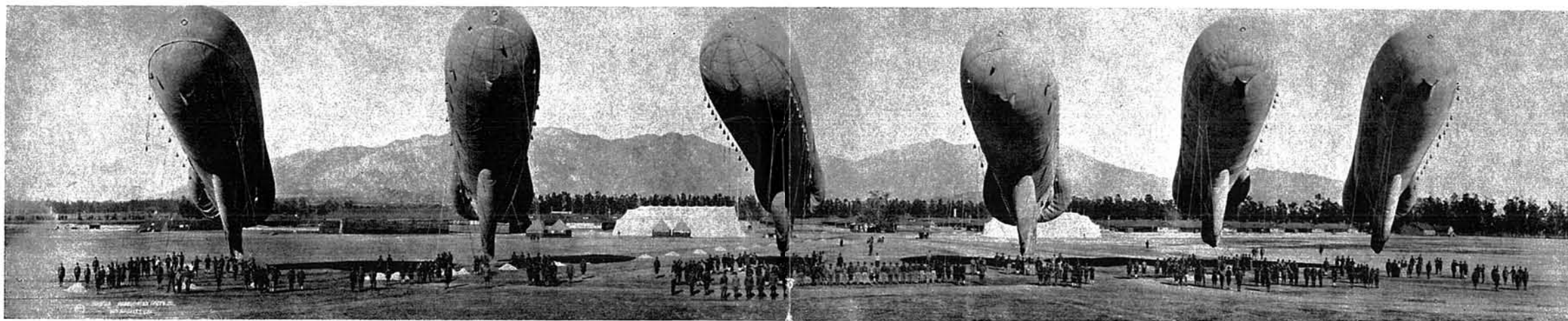
very land which Baldwin foreclosed on forty years before.

Thomas Workman Temple gives the following account on the discovery of the Montebello Oil Field in the "*Temple City Times*" May 25, 1961: "In April of 1914 on a beautiful spring day, rain washed and bright, some children after school crossed the Rio Hondo bridge and came to roam the La Merced Hills in search of wild flowers, Johnny jump-ups, poppies and cacomite, wild onions. A little boy nine years old joined them as they began to climb the steep, well-worn path not far from his adobe home at the bottom of the hill. But he was not searching for the bright yellow Gallitos—he preferred to look for long shoots of the wild oat that grew profusely in a favored spot, in plain view of the house. By trimming the wand-like shoots the boy would make a loop at the end and you'd be surprised at the nice fat, blue bellied lizards he would catch."

"In one little gully, these wild oats grew to great size and the boy soon picked out the longest ones. In order to get them he had to skip over a small pool of water, left over from the recent rains. He noticed that it was streaked with all the colors of the rainbow, as when kerosene is spilled upon water. He also detected the odor of rotten eggs, like. There were bubbles rising to the surface from the middle of the little pool that now claimed his attention. Surely there must be a bug underneath—he had caught lots of them on the river bottom that way, and he started to scoop up some of the dirt with a convenient twig. But the bubbling continued—he could not dislodge the bug, and he did smell something like gas as the bubbles burst in the sunlight."

"He rushed home once he found the main trail, leaving the wild oat stalks behind, so intent was he in finding his father. As he came down the steep trail he could see his father tending one of the horses in the barns to the rear of the adobe. Out of breath and excited, the boy told his father in a matter of fact manner: 'Daddy, I have found oil for you!' His astonished father now locked old Nellie in her stall and with the boy as guide, retraced the trail up the hill to the pool. Yes, here were the oil streaks, there the bubbling and gas smell continued, and over there the stack of wild oat stalks. Striking a match, he nervously applied it to the bubbles—there was a sputtering and a flash—natural gas!

(Continued on Page 8)



ROSS FIELD, ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA, IN 1918

# Eyes Trained at Arcadia to See for Gunners in France

By J. H. RICHARDSON

*Passed by U.S. Censor at  
Arcadia Balloon School Camp*

A squad of soldiers in blue overalls tugged in the warm sun at ropes taut from the rigging of a huge mouse colored balloon at Arcadia. In the strongly woven wicker basket as it swayed gently a few inches from the thick dust of the field, a young lieutenant slouched, apparently very much bored even in prospect of a flight.

One of the soldiers reached into the basket and removed a leather strap appa-

ratus which he proceeded to fasten around my waist and legs. Then the soldier produced a pencil and paper and demanded my name, age, height, weight, and next of kin.

## PREPAREDNESS

"In case anything happens," he explained casually. The information was carefully supplied and I strode towards the basket. Once in the basket, the leather strap around my waist was buckled behind me. Thus secured, it was more comfortable and within a few seconds the men released the ropes. The sturdy cable making the balloon captive to the ground ran smoothly from the drum of the "hauling down" machinery.

Unconscious of any movement upward, I inspected the officer, my companion in the ascent. He wore a telephone headpiece, switching on and off connection to the camouflaged hut below by operating a small apparatus similar to an electric light switch. The basket was between four and four and a half feet square and about the same in depth. The only attachments noticeable were a small gauge and numerous ropes.

## 2000 FEET UP

"How high have we gone?" I asked, calm enough.

"Two thousand feet."

I gulped, clutched the edge of the basket, and looked out around us. It will be a very long time before the wonder of the

sight that confronted me will fade from my memory.

Towards Los Angeles, dimly visible in the distance, and the ocean was a rainbow. It was not the ordinary spectacle. Instead it stretched horizontally across the sky and was lighted by the warm sun as it struck a high fog. The vivid and yet melting colors sparkled. It was a glorious masterpiece in the soft blue of the heavens, ten times more magnificent than any viewed on earth. Below stretched the valley, its groves and cultivated fields like a gigantic checkerboard.

## SCENE BELOW

The orange groves in neat squares and oblongs, resembled polka dot cloth. The roads ran like thin, white ribbons through the flat country, disappearing in swelling curves into the foothills. In the hills nestled the towns of Sierra Madre and Monrovia. Human beings were invisible at such a height.

Lieut. Raeder—for such was his name—spoke into the mouthpiece hanging from his collar. He looked up and guessed correctly the inquiry forming in my mind: "Three thousand feet," he announced. "We're anchored now." It would have been impossible for me to have told whether we had been moving or not, so smoothly had our balloon ascended. There was no sensation of being lifted or of floating in atmosphere. Even while I had been looking at the ground it had not seemed like we were

mounting into the skies. The basket swayed only when we shifted our personal positions.

## WARM AND BRIGHT

It was warm and bright and the air was invigorating. My ascent in a balloon used for the training of men at the government school at Arcadia was possible through special permission granted by Col. W. N. Hensley Jr., post commander. Having absorbed the beauty of the scene, I suddenly realized my extraordinary position. Three thousand feet in the air! Those ropes holding the basket seemed needlessly frail.

What if something SHOULD happen? An attempt to overcome a mild panic was failure and my voice betrayed me: "What do we—what can we do in case something happens?"

"I'll show you," said Raeder and he crawled up and stood on the edge of the basket. There was nothing between him and old Mother Earth but 3000 feet of Southern California climate. "You get up like this," he continued, "and grab this and then jump down like this." He let himself drop to his knees on the edge of the basket.

## SHOWS ATTACHMENT

Then, squatted on the baskets edges calmly as though in an easy chair, Raeder proceeded with his explanation. He pointed out the parachute attached to the outside of the basket in a neat bundle. The method

(Continued on Next Page)

The above is one of two articles written by James H. (Nifty) Richardson (mi amigo for 50 years) and published in the *Los Angeles Examiner* in 1917, about the time United States declared war in World War I. Jim was City Editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner* for many years, and if you old Bookaroos don't have a copy of his *For the Life of Me*, you are passing up a mighty fine item of local history. The United States Government acquired 184 acres from the Lucky Baldwin Rancho Santa Anita for the Balloon School. The large balloon sheds stood approximately where the Wash crosses Campus Drive. Between 35 and 40 stable buildings that formerly sheltered the blooded race horses of Lucky Baldwin, which were situated along the west side of Double Drive, were made into storehouses and barracks. A reservoir of 220 feet square and 11 feet deep was donated by the citizens of Arcadia as a swimming pool, and filled with fresh water daily. Mrs. Claire Charles of Arcadia (octogenarian), the Prudence Penny of the early days of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, and Mrs. Anita Baldwin were active workers in the cafeteria. On July 29, 1935, through an Act of Congress, the Secretary of War issued a quit claim deed to the 184 acres, to the County of Los Angeles, for the development of a park and recreational center. It now contains an 18-hole tournament type golf course.

SID PLATFORD.

# ARCADIA BALLOON SCHOOL

*(Continued from Previous Page)*

was to seize a small wooden bar attached by ropes to the parachute and "go over the top."

At the front, he explained, the observers in captive balloons are under strict orders to leap from the basket at the sight of an enemy airplane. The Hun airmen have a nasty trick of first puncturing the gas bag with bullets and then looping-the-loop to a position level with that of the descending parachute, raining bullets at the observers dangling in their drop to earth. Hence, the quicker away from the balloon the more chance for escape. Parachute dropping is not permitted at the training schools.

## OFFICERS DUTY

The duties of an observation officer are to locate hostile batteries and gun positions; determine the range and communicate it to the artillery post. This work is done by aid of a map of the country that is held by the enemy. The map is drawn from photographs taken from airplanes and must, necessarily, be accurate to facilitate the elimination of the enemy position. The location of the hostile guns is aided by judging of the time of flight of their shells. An observation officer must estimate by the flash of the gun and the explosion when the shell reaches its mark and also determine the size and contents of the shell. This experience cannot be had until he arrives at the battle front.

## OTHER BALLOONS

Seven other balloons were in the air, all below us. In each a cadet was locating the flashes of mirrors on the ground. These mirror flashes represent the flash of gunfire. Near a row of tall eucalyptus lining a road into Azusa we noticed mirror flashes and Raeder pointed out the supposed gun position on a topographic map. By certain figures on the map he would be able to telephone the spot to his battery and then direct fire by noting the explosions of shells aimed to destroy the enemy guns.

"At the distance of those flashes," he said, "we would be able to place our first shells within 30 feet of the guns."

Then, out of the fog, an airplane came winging towards us. We seemed very helpless, there in the captive balloon. One could readily understand the order to drop at the sight of enemy aircraft. The plane

circled and dropped in a graceful curve. We watched it land and crawl into its hangar, like a bird returning to its nest.

During our drop to earth I noticed for the first time the change in the atmosphere. My ears seemed to be plugged and I had difficulty in hearing. This condition was remedied by the simple process of swallowing. It was possible to tell we were dropping only by watching the other balloons and then it appeared as though we were remaining stationary and they were going upward. Officers in training, I was told, remain in the air for periods of four hours. There has never been a mishap at the school. Previous to departing I asked Raeder the speed of our ascent. "Six hundred feet a minute," he replied. "We can go faster. We came down about the same rate."

## HE HAD TO BE "LUCKY"

*(Continued from Page 5)*

A good indication of oil pools beneath—and the future Montebello oil fields had been discovered! This was April 1914."

As one sits in the stands at Santa Anita mulling over his racing form, he gazes out across acres of pansies growing in an oval of floral beauty. He watches the horses climb the hill for the Turf course and his vision focuses on the trees of the Arboretum. As the flag drops it takes little imagination to picture Silver Cloud running head and head down the hill—and who is that old gent with the white mustache, cut away coat and Stetson hat? Why—its "Lucky" himself, "By Gad."

Had it not been for a fateful mortgage in 1875 would the story of "Lucky" Baldwin have been changed?

Quien Sabe!

---

\* Appreciation to Thomas Workman Temple II for furnishing copy of original Baldwin mortgage and Temple family history.

## Fooferaw Fer Dudes

Ex-Sheriff Loring Campbell has a new sideline, middleman for a silversmith. If you are in the market for a hand-hammered silver bolo tie, with buffalo head in relief and with lettering "Westerners," "L.A. Corral," see Ex-Sheriff Campbell for prices and specifications.



## History Conference

The Second Conference on the History of Western America met October 11, 12, and 13 in Denver, and was attended by some 400 people, of whom many were Westerners. The Denver Corral was, of course, well represented. From the Los Angeles Corral came regulars Art Clark, Glen Dawson, Paul Galleher, Jack Kemble, and Gus Schactra and CMs Ed Carpenter, Everett DeGolyer Jr., Bert Fireman, LeRoy Hafen, J. Leonard Jennewein, Fred Rosenstock, Carl Smalley, and Kent Steckmesser. (Our apologies if we missed anyone; with 400 people and two other conventions in the same hotel at the same time it wasn't easy to be sure you saw everybody.) Fred Rosenstock reopened his bookstore in a new location at the time of the meetings, and held a well-attended reception on the afternoon of Thursday the 11th.

The Denver Corral sponsored a luncheon on the 12th at which Thomas H. Ferril spoke on the poet's view of the West, and a supposedly Western-style breakfast on the 13th. At a business meeting on the night of the 11th the group voted to form itself into a new organization to be called Western History Association, to meet annually in October and publish a journal as soon as it can be started. "Western" refers to the members' interests and not their residences, as all with a serious interest in the West are invited to join. This is not to be an organization of professional or academic historians, and it is hoped that the future meetings will reflect the nature of the first two, which were attended by museum personnel, historical society workers, writers, local historians, book collectors and publishers, and many others as well as those who professionally teach Western history.

President is Ray Allen Billington of Northwestern University (who is to leave there at the end of this school year to join the research staff of the Huntington Library); the Vice-President and president-elect is Oscar O. Winther of Indiana University; and the Secretary-Treasurer is John Porter Bloom of the National Park Service. At one time or another each of these men has been a speaker or a guest at meetings of the Los Angeles Corral. Don Russell of the Chicago Corral is a member of the six-man council.

Dues will eventually be \$7.50 a year, but they will not go into effect until a journal is started. Meantime, all those who regis-

tered at Denver are considered charter members and others who wish to join on that basis may do so by sending \$2.00, the registration fee, to John Porter Bloom, 228 Slade Run Drive, Falls Church, Virginia, before the next meeting, which will be held in Salt Lake City on October 17, 18, and 19, 1963.

Most of the papers given at the first conference (Santa Fe, 1961) were printed as a volume called *Probing the American West* (Museum of New Mexico Press, P.O. Box 1727, Santa Fé, \$5.00) and the same press will publish this year's papers.

Governor McNichols of Colorado was the speaker at the banquet on the night of the 12th and was intended to be the highest-ranking attendant; but at the session on the fur trade Doyce Nunis' commentary was interrupted by a young man who announced that he was Jesus Christ. Next year's program chairman, Russ Mortensen, is wondering what he can possibly schedule to top the Second Coming.

—EDWIN H. CARPENTER

## Corral Chips . . .

Ex Sheriff Glen Dawson has just returned from an extended trip to Boston and New York. While on this trip he also attended the Historical Conference at Denver.

Ex-Sheriff Arturo Woodward is just putting the finishing touches on his Adobe at Patagonia, Arizona. According to those Westerners who have visited the hilltop bastille, Art has made every preparation for holding off any attack by Apaches, to the extent of installing a machine that produces ice cubes on a 24-hour-a-day basis.

## CM Ike Blasingame Dies

Ike Blasingame, of McArthur, California, author of *Dakota Cowboy*, passed away on October 10, after a long illness. He became a Corresponding Member of the Los Angeles Corral in 1958. He will be remembered for two signed articles in *THE BRANDING IRON*, "Longhorns of 1880," with a photograph of one of the last small herds of the breed in Wyoming in BI No. 50, September, 1959, and "'Get a Hoss,' or 'The Finger in the Flivver,'" in BI No. 61, June 1962. The lighthearted humor of this last piece would not have led one to suspect Ike was then in his final illness.

The sympathy of all the members of the Corral is extended to his sorrowing family.

C. N. RUDKIN.



## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

KINO'S PLAN FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIMERIA ALTA, ARIZONA & UPPER CALIFORNIA, A Report to the Mexican Viceroy, translated and annotated by Ernest J. Burrus, S. J. [Tucson, Ariz.]: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society: MCMLXI (1961). [4], 71 p. 500 copies designed and printed by Lawton Kennedy.

In 1701 Philip V forwarded a decree to Viceroy Juan Ortega Montañez, Archbishop of Mexico, directing that the Jesuit missions of [Baja] California should be continued and encouraged, and providing some funds for this purpose from his treasury as well as calling attention to a legacy left for that purpose. This decree was circulated among the missionaries.

On February 5, 1703, Father Kino, from his Misión Dolores, addressed a letter to the Viceroy, in a way a response to the decree of Philip V, to offer his suggestions for the future administration and development of the California missions, which had been his first love in the New World.

He calls attention first to the remarkable progress, both material and spiritual, that is being made in Pimeria Alta, and to the possibility of extending it at very little cost to the crown since the fertility of the land makes it possible to furnish the supplies for the extension of the mission system from the mission already established.

He refers to the land-passage to California which he had discovered and later shown to Father Salvatierra and points out that he is already carrying on a friendly trade with the California natives overland, from whom he obtains the famous blue shells.

The missionaries will find it not difficult to extend their labors to many hitherto nearly unknown areas, to some of which he has already made exploring expeditions. The lands of the Sobaipuris, the Gila area, the homes of the Moquis and Zuñis, and the lands along the Río Colorado are all accessible, and the many natives should be given their opportunity to learn of the Christian God.


The reduction of Upper California would make it possible for the China galleon to establish trade between Upper and Lower California (where there are already flourishing missions).

Page Ten . . .

If Father Kino seems somewhat of an optimist, still the reduction of Upper California to Christianity did begin nearly three quarters of a century later and did proceed as well as he prophesied, though under Franciscan rather than Jesuit direction.

Father Burrus has given an excellent translation of the letter, and by his Introduction and many excellent explanatory notes greatly increased the value of the publication.

C. N. RUDKIN.

 CUSTER AND THE GREAT CONTROVERSY, the origin and development of a legend, by Robert M. Utley. Los Angeles: Westernlore Press: 1961. 184, [2] p.; illus.; map; end-paper map.

Many are the publications, varying in size from pamphlets of a few pages or brief articles in journals to weighty volumes, purporting to be the account of the death of General Custer to end all such accounts.

The writer of this note does not claim knowledge which fits him to give final judgment on the cowardice or bravery of Major Reno or on the obedience to orders or strategical and tactical skill, or lack thereof, of General Custer. However, after reading this book he does have a much clearer idea of what must have gone on on the Little Big Horn, and of the conflicting opinions that have found expression since the 25th of June, 1876.

Mr. Utley, for years Ranger-Historian at the Custer Battlefield National Monument and now Historian for the National Park Service, is perfectly familiar with every phase of the controversy. After a brief outline of the historical background he devotes three chapters to the three principal phases of the controversy. First, the press got in its work, with stories of the battle based perhaps as much on the political bias of the editors, or even the correspondents, as on the dispatches which came through. Here are found most of the contradictory items of "information" which form the bases of the later argumentative publications. Then, beginning with Whittaker's *Life of Custer* which appeared in late 1876, Mr. Utley takes up, one by one, the work of the principal contributors to the debate, with special emphasis on the writings of Mrs. Custer and the official accounts in government dispatches and reports.

(Continued on Next Page)

Finally he furnishes a resume of the Indian evidence which came in from almost immediately after the battle until the last contemporary was dead. He points out the difficulties which make what should be almost the most reliable information nearly impossible to interpret usefully.

These chapters on the sources of the controversy are followed by a review of the growth and content of the legend of the Little Big Horn as it stands today, and a bibliographical survey of the more important writings on the subject, and the book ends with a very useful bibliography, although it does not pretend to be exhaustive. There is an index which appears to be both accurate and complete.

Probably most Custer buffs who feel that their own view of the points at issue is the only conceivably correct one, may be repelled by the careful non-partisanship of the author. However, it is a review and an analysis of one of the most persistent debates in United States history which really must be taken into account by anyone who pretends to try to develop an opinion of his own, based on the real facts.

The volume, number XXII of Paul Bailey's "Great West and Indian Series," is done up in the usual attractive format so closely followed by his Westernlore Press.

C. N. RUDKIN.



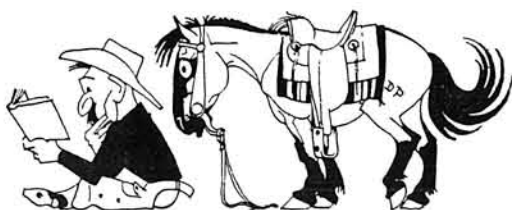
PEOPLE VERSUS LUGO, story of a famous Los Angeles Murder case and its amazing aftermath, by W. W. Robinson. Los Angeles: Dawson's Book Shop: 1962. [8], 48 p., 300 copies, printed by Richard J. Hoffman, Los Angeles State College. \$5.00. Famous California Trials, II.

With this very interesting little book by our own Bill Robinson, Glen Dawson extends his new series of Californiana to its second volume. (The first was *Limantour vs. the United States*, by Kenneth Johnson, noticed in *BRANDING IRON* No. 58, Sept.-Oct., 1961.

Although I might waste some superlative adjectives on it from my meager stock, it isn't necessary. All I need say is that it is just what one should expect from Bill Robinson.

Of course Bill had something good to work on, when two of the prominent Lugo boys found themselves in jail and on trial for murder, with a conspicuous gang leader busily trying to see to it that they hung, legally or otherwise.

It all began with an Indian raid on the



Lugo holdings near San Bernardino and the ensuing pursuit (unsuccessful, to be sure), and a small detail of American soldiers carrying out a job in Cajon Pass. There two dead bodies were found, one a well known and well liked teamster named Patrick McSwiggen, the other a Creek Indian, much less important.

At a coroner's inquest several persons in the Lugo pursuit party, including the two Lugo boys, were reported as seen at the scene at about the time the murders must have taken place, and soon the Sheriff had taken into custody Chico and Menito Lugo and a third man. Some trumped up evidence by one Higuera made things look bad for the Lugo boys.

While the Lugo's attorney, J. Lancaster Brent, was trying to get the boys admitted to bail, one Captain John (Red) Irving and his gang of about 25 freebooters, claiming to be on their way to Mexico to fight Indians, tried to get their father, José María Lugo, to hire them for a stiff price to stage a jail-break and free the boys. When bail was granted the offer turned into a threat, with blackmail, that the boys and Lawyer Brent would be executed by the gang.

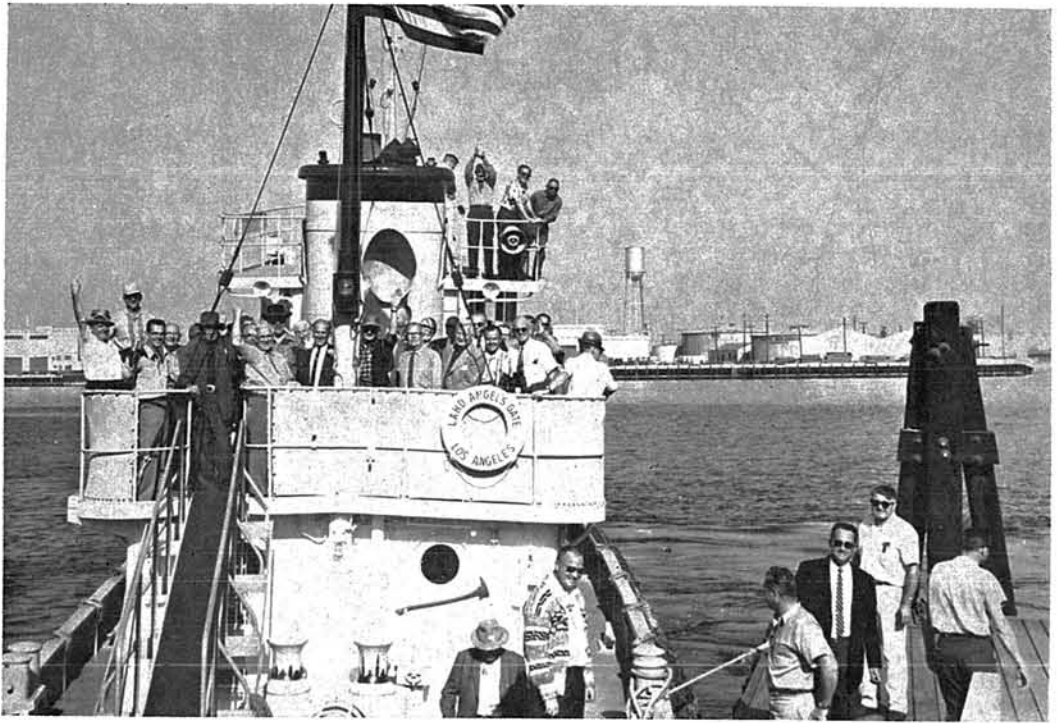
It would not be fair to detail more of the wild west episodes with which the book is filled. It's enough to say that the case against the Lugo boys was eventually adjudicated and that the "bad guys," met their proper come-uppance, but at the hands of Indians and not at the hands of white-hatted cowboys, which may keep the story off the movie and TV screens.

Anyhow, Bill Robinson has taken a piece of real history and made of it a real thriller. Dawson's still have some for sale, but don't delay too long.

C. N. RUDKIN.



A *Navajo Sketch Book* by our own Don Perceval and published by Glen and Muir Dawson. It is the most beautiful book to appear in a long time. We have Remington collectors and we have Charlie Russell collectors, and, without a doubt A *Navajo Sketch Book* is bound to start a rush of Don Perceval collectors.



### WESTERNERS TOUR LOS ANGELES HARBOR

Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, for their September meeting, were guests of the Los Angeles Harbor Department for a complete tour of the great Los Angeles Harbor. Afterwards the group met at Cigo's Restaurant, at San Pedro, for after-cruise chow. —Lonnie Hull Photo.

## Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

**MY LIFE ON THE RANGE**, by John Clay. Introduction by Donald R. Ornduff. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. xxiii, pp. 372. \$5.95.

This book, first privately published by the author in 1924, and publicized during the middle 1920s by the livestock press, has been rare and inaccessible to the lay reader for many years. Like many another classic of the west, it had its humble beginnings, to emerge as one of the truest and most authentic studies ever done of the vast range cattle business before barbed wire and the encroachment of people sent it into the realm of romantic fantasy, and the era of bankruptcy.

John Clay, a Scotsman by birth, was a man of great vigor, great color, and tremendous influence. When he talks of cattle, range, rustlers, and the vicissitudes of producing beef on the hoof, he does so with authority. But his book is a great deal more than that. It is done with the straightforwardness and vigor of the born writer, with the ruggedness and fearlessness of

the cowboy himself. His account of ranch life in the Northwest, the lesser known story of the great California spreads, in which he had such a direct hand, and his controversial career as owner, and association head in Montana and Wyoming, are told with clarity, charm and candor.

The Johnson County War has forever made Clay a controversial figure, though his explanation and description of the conflict makes vigorous and effective defense of the cattle owners in that sensational conflict—and a still better defense for himself.

Oklahoma Press is to be complimented for putting this authentic and invaluable study of the American cattleman back in print. There will never be another one like it.

PAUL BAILEY.



The Press of the *Territorial*, Santa Fe, New Mexico, presents number two of a series: *La Fonda, The Inn of Santa Fe*, by Peter Hertzog. Price \$1.00. In it is presented many reproductions of old news items concerning this famous old hotel, which has an historical background as early as 1609.