

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Section 10, Pages 271 - 300

This collection reflects E. P. Lamborn's life long interest in crime, criminals and law officers. E. P. Lamborn was an amateur historian and collector of sources on crime and criminals of the Middle West in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. His interests ranged from bandits, peace officers, famous detectives, and buffalo hunters. The Correspondence and Research section, presented here, contains much information on these topics from friends, relatives, companies, law officers, etc., who had some connection or dealings with these individuals. The arrangement for this section, generally, is alphabetical by last name of the correspondent. A detailed, searchable calendar of correspondents is available by clicking on "Text Version" below or by accessing the full collection finding aid in the link below. A transcription of this correspondence is not yet available. This series comprises boxes 2 and 3 of the E. P. Lamborn collection. You can find individual items in the order they are described in the "calendar of correspondents" by using the page selection feature available when you are looking at a full sized page image.

Creator: Lamborn, E. P. (Edward Parker), 1890-1978

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in the year 1891, when Allee boarded the train and entered the same coach. Bowen tried to shoot, but Allee shot him first. Allee was acquitted in the courts on all the charges returned against him. He later went to Laredo where he was stabbed and killed in a saloon there in a difficulty with the bartender.

This information may do you some good if you have not yet published your book. Of course if you use any of this stuff enclosed, rewrite it in your own style as I have written something similar myself for publication, and don't use my name in connection with the information furnished.

N. H. Rose, photographer on Hamilton street in San Antonio, has in his collection pictures of Ben and Billy Thompson taken in Kansas about the time of the Ellsworth affair. I myself have the originals and Rose copied them. He could let you have copies of these pictures if you want them.

I dig around a little in this old stuff, mostly for my own amusement and have manuscript enough for a book with many pictures and circumstances not yet published. Probably you have some data that I have never seen.

Very truly yours

Frank H. Bushick 409 Camden Street San Antonio, Texas

FHB/ajw



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Marshall, said in his book:

Stuart N. Lake who wrote the life of Wyatt Earp, Frontier

Ben and Bill were Texas men who dealt a peripatetic faro game, moving from town to town with shifts of the cattle trade. In each cow capital where they opened their bank, the Thompsons arrogated to themselves the rule of life in that community. As this arrogance was predicated upon their frontier-wide reputations as mankillers and backed by extreme proficiency in the art of gun-throwing, it was seldom resented openly. Furthermore, as Texans, the Thompsons could count upon the active assistance of nearly every comman in a camp in repelling an enforcement of Northern law and order. Life in a cowtown where Ben and Bill did business was to be lived as long as they remained there in entirely untrammeled fashion.

Ben Thompson, the elder, dominated the brotherly partnership. The two were born in England, but their parents had emigrated to Austin, Texas, where Ben at eighteen joined the Confederate army at the outbreak of the Civil War. At the close of the war, he went with Shelby to Old Mexico, for a time, but by the early seventies, he and Bill had gambled and shot their way through almost every frontier town from the Rio Grande to the Canadian line.

Both Thompsons were remarkably courageous men. Bill was the quicker to start an argument, possibly, but Ben could be counted on to finish any quarrel which either of them opened. As Bill was particularly pugnacious when drinking and always had some liquor in him, he kept his brother's love of finish-fights reasonably well satiated.



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According to Bat Masterson, Ben Thompson was the most dangerous killer in the Old West. In his "Story of the Outlaw" Emerson Hough substantiates this estimate. Hough calls Ben Thompson'a very perfect exemplar of the creed of the six-shooter.'

'With the six-shooter,' Hough continues, 'he (Thompson) was a peerless shot, an absolute genius, none in all his wide surrounding claiming to be his superior; and he had a ferocity of disposition which grew with years until he had, as one of his friends put it, "a craving to kill people."

Masterson possessed over Hough the advantage of having seen Ben Thompson in gunplay, and qualified certain of the latter's statements. Bat recorded that there was one man living during Ben's time who was his equal for six-shooter speed and accuracy. That one was Wyatt Earp. But he agrees with Hough unqualifiedly in the statement that Ben Thompson during his career shot his way out of a greater number of six-gun duels than any other desperado of his era, and that his very name was enough to make the general run of gunmen or gun-fighting marshals avoid him when humanly possible.

Hays, Ogallala, Baxter Springs, and Abilene saw the Thompson faro game come and go, and lived their hectic weeks under the high, wide, and handsome splurge of Thompson rule. In Abilene, the brothers operated the Bull's Head Tavern and Gambling Saloon, where Brother Ben added to his reputation by backing the redoubtable Hickok into his hole and suggesting that he pull the hole in after him, when Wild Bill, as marshal, objected to Bull's Head goings-on. No history has been more garbled than that of Western gunmen, and the Thompson careers have been no exception -- the brothers have been held responsible for fifty killings; but it has been definitely established that by the time



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they moved to Ellsworth, they had planted at least twenty-seven denizens of various frontier Boot Hills. Of this number, Bill was known to have killed two; Ben, presumably, had disposed of the other twenty-five.

lance, had Ellsworth treed. Earlier in the season, when it became evident that the village was to be the recreational rendezvous for some two thousand cowboys who preferred their pleasures raw and in the red, the Ellsworth councilmen had made precautionary moves by hiring J. W., 'Brocky Jack,' Norton, a famous gun-fighter, as marshal, and appointing as first deputy John, 'Happy Jack' Morco, with a record as an Indian fighter and authentic credit for a dozen six-gun killings against white men. Two additional deputies, Charlie Brown and Ed Crawford, also were gun-fighters of repute. As a contribution to the hope for a peaceful summer, the county offered its sheriff, C. B. Whitney—a merchant rather than a peace officer, but noted for his courage—and the deputy sheriff, John Hogue, who had more than a local reputation for fearless proficiency with his forty-fives.

Ben Thompson was leading spirit of the lawless; his right hand man was Brother Bill; as left bower, Ben had George Peshaur, another Texas killer, and as additional backing an army of cow-punchers who could be counted upon to the limit in any gun play against Northern men. Of the cowboys, the ringleaders were Cad Pierce, John Good, and Neil Kane, notorious as trouble-makers in every camp on the Texas trail.

For two months of the summer of '73, Ben Thompson, from headquarters at the Grand Central, where he had opened his fare bank, defied the vaunted Ellsworth marshals with impunity, and the hundreds



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of cowboys in town did likewise. Citizenry, mayor, councilmen, and imported peace officers had been treed together and apparently did not intend to come down until the last Texas man had started South. Such was the status of Ellsworth's hope for law and order when Wyatt Earp reached the camp.

From the saloon in which the Thompsons were gambling, a violent uproar was followed by the appearance of the brothers on the plaza. They came out of the door on the run, Bill cursing loudly and shouting threats over his shoulder as the pair made for the Grand Central. A moment later, they reappeared from the hotel and headed back toward the saloon, Ben carrying a double-barreled shotgun and Bill, a rifle, At the rail in front of the saloon stood a pair of horses hitched to a hay-wagon and behind this rack the Thompsons took their stand, Bill shouting threats and imprecations and Ben adding profanely insulting invitations to those inside the saloon to 'Come out and make your fight.' Fifteen minutes later, Whitney came out of the saloon, alone, and stopped to talk.

'They've calmed down a bit,' the sheriff reported. 'They're inside with a bunch of Texas men.'

'Did you take their guns away from them?' Wyatt asked.

'No,' Whitney replied, 'they wouldn't stand for that.'

Before Wyatt had time to comment on this matter, Bill Thompson appeared in Brennan's doorway with Ben's shotgun.

'I'll get a sheriff if I don't get anybody else,' he declared.

Wyatt and Whitney turned to face him; Bill fired both barrels of the gun -- eighteen buckshot -- point-blank into the sheriff's breast, and ran back into the saloon.

Wyatt caught Whitney in his arms.

'I'm done,' the sheriff gasped. 'Get me home.'



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At the roar of gunfire, saloon, hotels, and stores spouted five hundred men into the Ellsworth plaza, nine tenths of them Texas gun-toters, an unarmed minority, local citizens. Ben and Bill Thompson walked deliberately out of Brennan's to a string of saddled cowponies at a near-by rail, Ben covering one flank with the rifle, Bill, the other with the shotgum. In front of the Grand Central, Thompson followers collected under George Peshaur, Cad Pierce, Neil Kane, and John Good, to forestall attack, and the brothers swung their gunmuzzles back and forth to menace the store fronts as they argued over ensuing procedure.

Friends of Sheriff Whitney volunteered to take the dying man home and Wyatt Earp turned his attention to the Thompsons. He stepped again into Beebe's entrance, and peered around the door-casing into the plaza for sight of the Ellsworth peace officers. None were in view. Beebe's door opened, and there at Wyatt's shoulder was Happy Jack Morco, Indian fighter and six-gun expert, two belts of ammunition around his waist and a forty-five-Colt's at either hip. Wyatt gave way to let Morco reconnoiter.

'For God's sake, get out of town,' Ben Thompson urged Bill.
'You shot Sheriff Whitney.'

'I know it,' Bill replied. 'I'd have shot him if he'd been Jesus Christ.'

Happy Jack peeped cautiously around the door-casing. Ben took a pot-shot without sighting his rifle. The bullet struck half an inch above the deputy marshal's head and he ducked for cover.

'Too high,' Ben informed Bill with an oath of regret. 'Get on that horse and get out of here before Whitney's friends get organized. Take this rifle and give me my shotgun. I'll cover your getaway.



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Wyatt realized that the brothers were appropriating a cowpony and exchanging weapons, as the rifle would be preferable for Bill on a lone ride down the trail. Here was Happy Jack's opportunity.

'Jump out and get 'em,' Wyatt suggested. 'Hurry, while they're switching guns.'

'Not me,' Happy Jack replied. 'Those fellows across the street might get me.'

'You'd get both Thompsons first,' Wyatt urged, but Morco refused to budge.

Wyatt restrained an impulse to boot the deputy marshal onto the open walk, and peered around the casing again. Bill was in the saddle with the Winchester in front of him; Ben, with the shotgun, backed into the road. To quote the Ellsworth Reporter:

"He (Bill) then rode slowly out of town, cursing and inviting a fight."

No one accepted the invitation.



























































































