

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Section 13, Pages 361 - 390

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

Date: 1915-1965

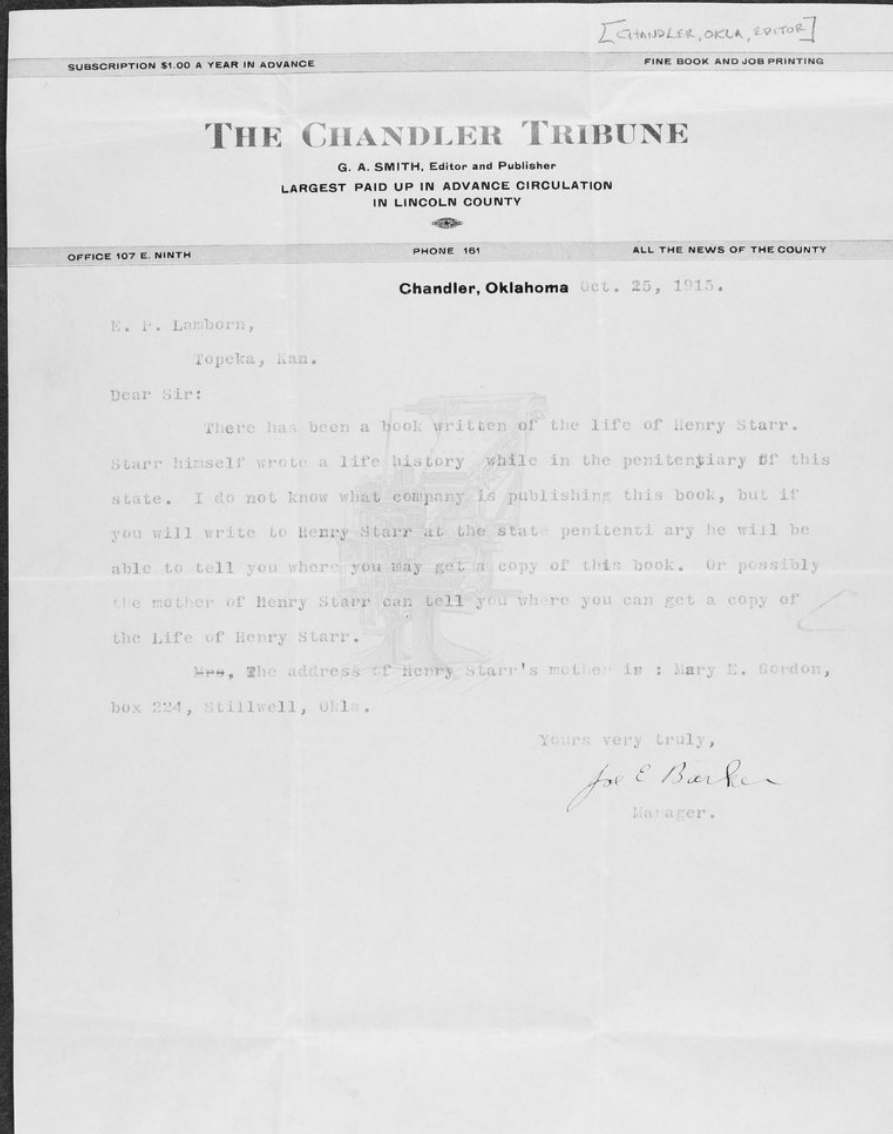
Callnumber: E. P. Lamborn Coll. #156

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 221142

Item Identifier: 221142

www.kansasmemory.org/item/221142

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

[CLARK, L.G.]

Manah Tex

Oct 25 - 1927

Mr E. P. Lamborn

Dear Sir

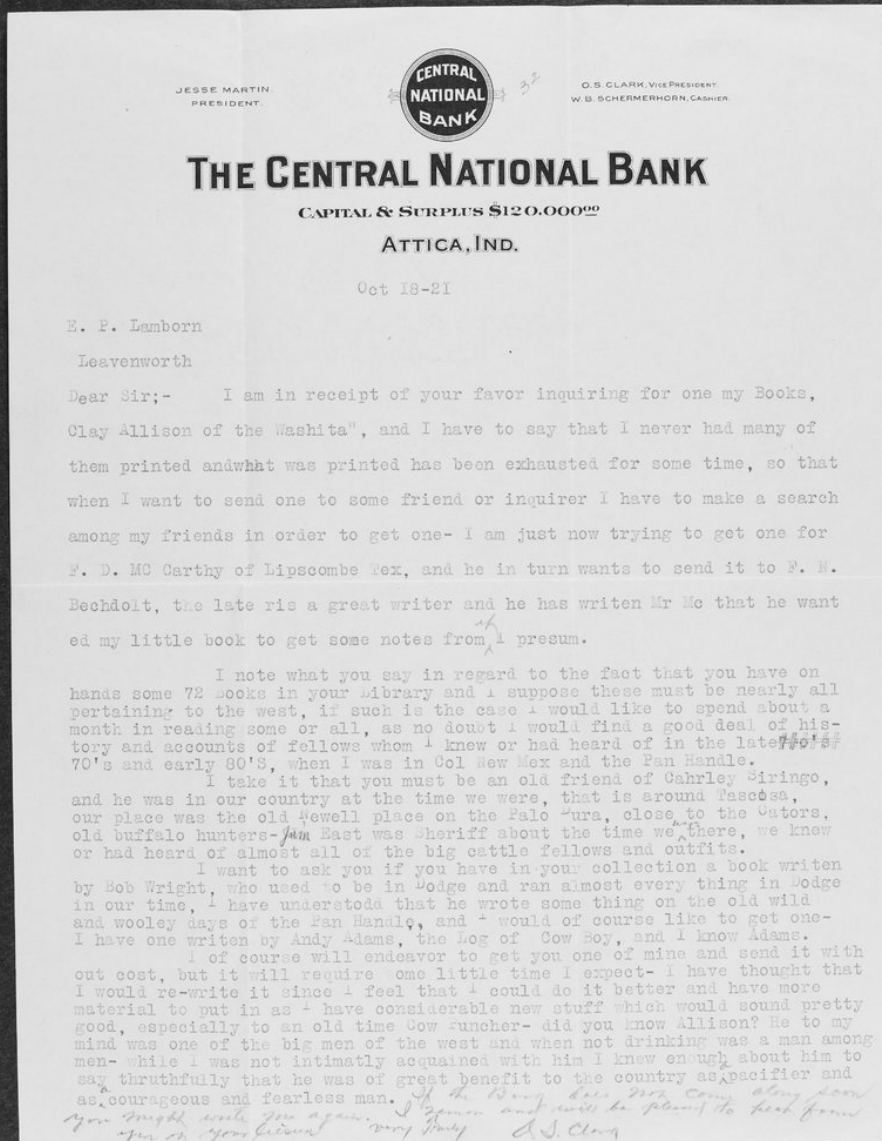
I just received
your letter of the 24th
I was raised in Denton Co Tex,
have bin in the cow buisness in
a small way & are still have a
ranch in Torn green Co Tex,
Moved from Archer Co Tex to Greer
Co Tex in 1885,

I never new Clay Allison
I never was a sound Pecos City,
I now of the Marlowes & their
trouble. S. B. Crawford of
Graham can tell you all a bout
the Marlowes he lived at Graham at
the time of their trouble & still lives
there. I never new Allison only
now of him. Thereas had men you
mention I just now of them the Rangers
in passing the ranch all ways
stoped & I tell every treated them
nice the tough gang stayed a way

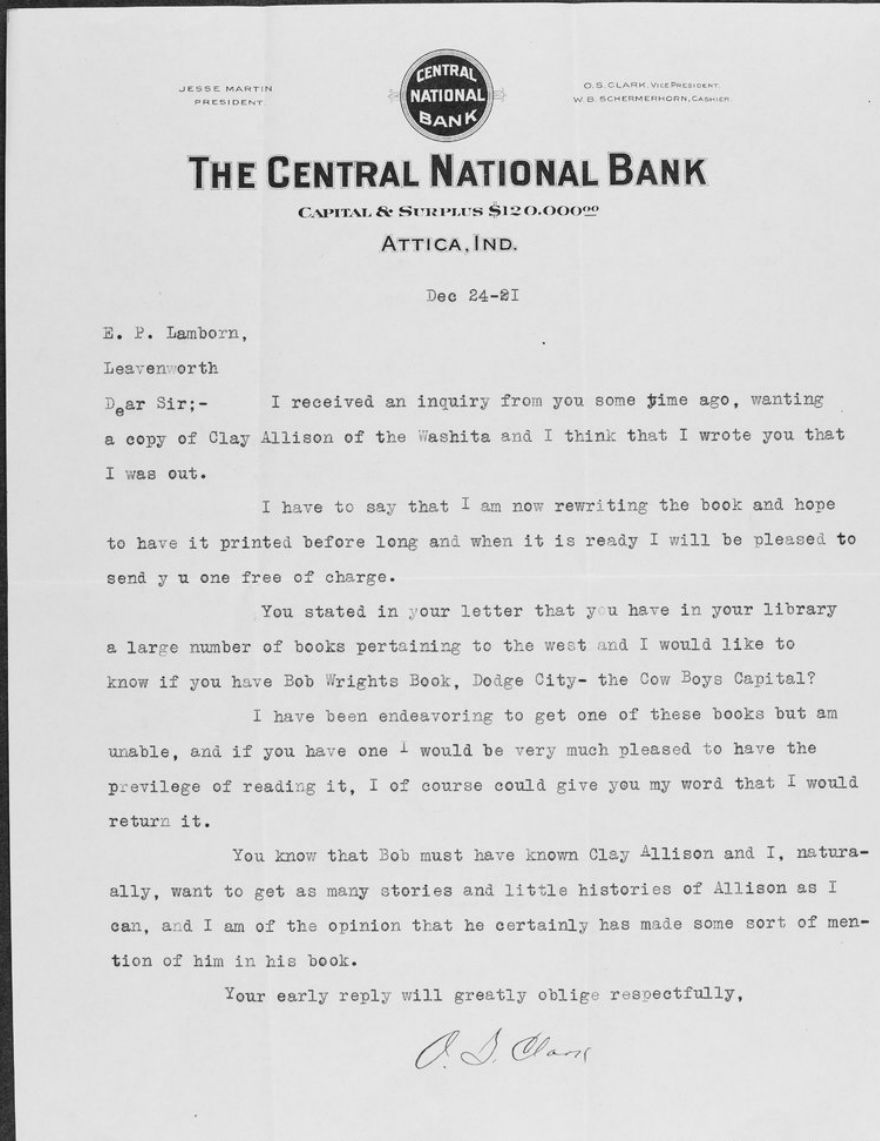
E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

from the Rangers & the rangers
was some help to me in stopping
passing at their the ranch.
If they needed a fresh horse they
knew they could get one.
I am sorry I can not give
you the information you want.
Yours respect
L. S. Clark


E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers


 JESSE MARTIN
PRESIDENT
 O. S. CLARK, VICE PRESIDENT
 W. B. SCHERMERHORN, CASHIER

THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$120,000.00
ATTICA, IND.
Jan 5-22

E. P. Lamborn,
Leavenworth,
Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of your favor Jan 3 and also have received the book of Bob Wrights, I am reading this book with a good deal of interest, and find a good many circumstances related which are familiar.

I am delighted with the pictures, and can mention one that recalls many reminiscences, and that is the one of street across from the rail-road, where all of the Saloons were and at the end of the street where the Long Branch Dance Hall was located, and even the sign with Kellys name on is still distinct, and one can almost see the bear that Kelly used to have chained out in front so that the boys would buy a bottle of beer and give it to him just to see how he could drink beer, I have seen him pretty full to at times.

I was somewhat disappointed in Bob Wrights book as I had expected more of a write up on many fellows who were identified with the life of Dodge, especially of the old trail drivers, Shanghia Pierce John Chizum, and our fellows south of Dodge, and there were many other characters which he might have mentioned- its mostly about Bob and himself, and while he had a large experience as an Indian Fighter & Co there were many others, and I recall one remiss and that was where he undertook to describe the Battle of Adobe Walls he has not got the facts well in hand and does not mention Billie Dixon at all or give much mention of Bat Masterson, I think that that was one of the places where Bat did himself proud while there are some where he was not so noted- Billie Dixon was really the hero of that fight and has a very accurate and authentic account of in his life.

Yes I have "The Sunset Trail" and am using a part of the account of Clay Allison, by permission of the publishers, but even that is over drawn and according to Charley Siringo did not happen that way at all, and I have concluded that Bat Masterson was telling the story and Henry Lewis was coloring it up for Bat.

Siringo has a mention of Allison but none of that corroborates with the stuff that I have collected, and I think that I have a good lot of authentic material as I have gathered it in the last two or three years from fellows who knew Allison and some of whom were actually old partners of his.

No I never have seen or read the "Red blooded Heroes of the Frontier", but since it only mentions the accident to Allison I think that I have the best story of that is in existence since Mr W.W. Owens and Ferd Davis both have given me full details, they were both old partners.

The books you mention as wanting I am sorry, but I have never seen them or heard of them, Sam Bass I had heard of and knew that he was an Indiana man and we used to sing the old cow boy song with him as the hero, but I never knew him.

I have written to a friend, M.D. F. Mc Carthy of Lipscomb Tex, who is considerable of reader and writer to get him to make a search for you, and I would advise you to write to Elmo S Watson of the Ill State University and ask him to site you, refer to me if you want to, he is quite

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

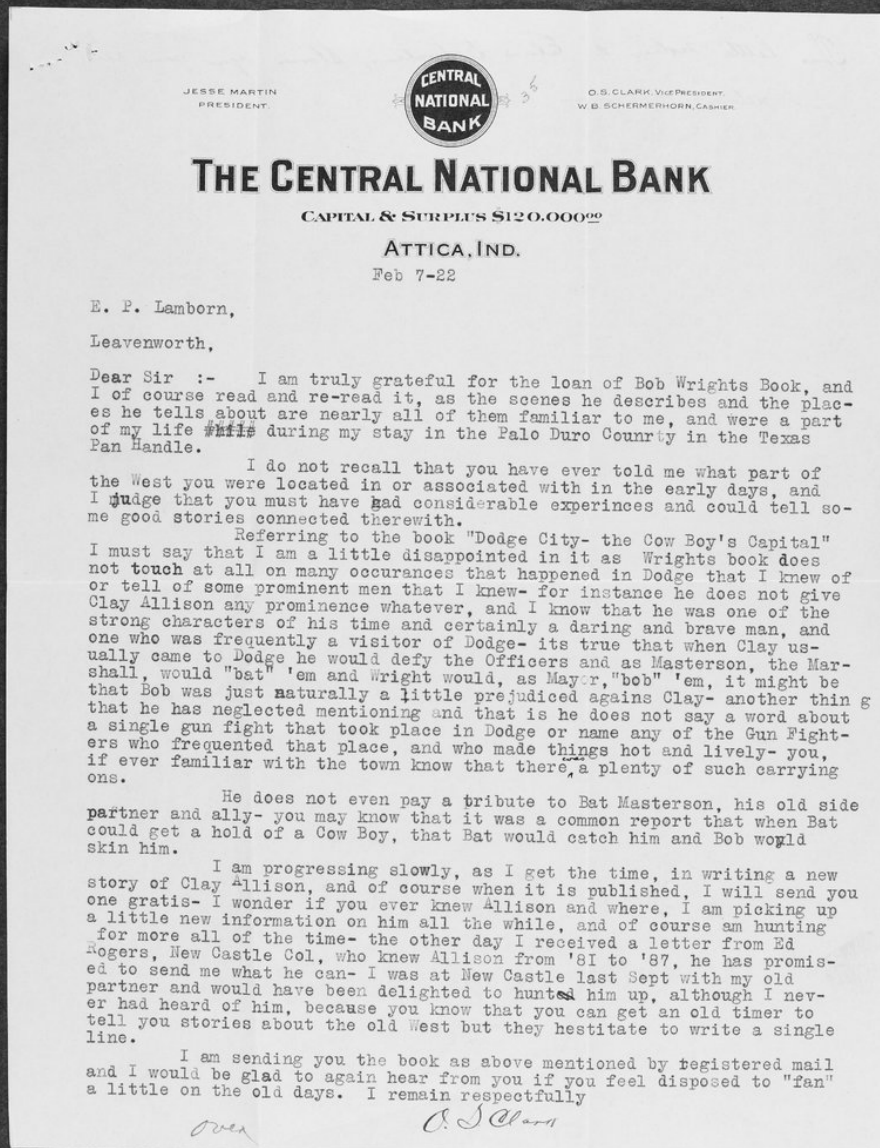
interested in all that is west and is considerable of a writer himself,
has at times helped me a great deal and I think could tell you just where
you may find these books.

I will of course be much pleased to receive the list of your books and as
I have said before I would like very much to visit your Library for about
a week and read these interesting works of the old days.

I will close and I wish to say in conclusion that I would be glad indeed
to hear from you at your leisure, with a wish for your success during the
new year I remain respectfully,

A. J. Clark

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

This little notice of Eliza S. Watson, shows you can read
and return of your business

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Stories of Great Scouts

The attention of the readers of the Ledger-Tribune is especially called to the series of "Stories by Great Scouts" which will shortly appear in this paper. In order that our readers may have an insight into the makeup and quality of these stores, we have asked our friend, O. S. Clark, to write a short review of the stories. Mr. Clark's early life was spent upon the Western plains. He has a correspondence acquaintance with the author, Mr. Elmo Scott Watson, was acquainted with some of the characters of the stories and the territory where the episodes took place. Therefore Mr. Clark is eminently qualified to write the review. He writes as follows:

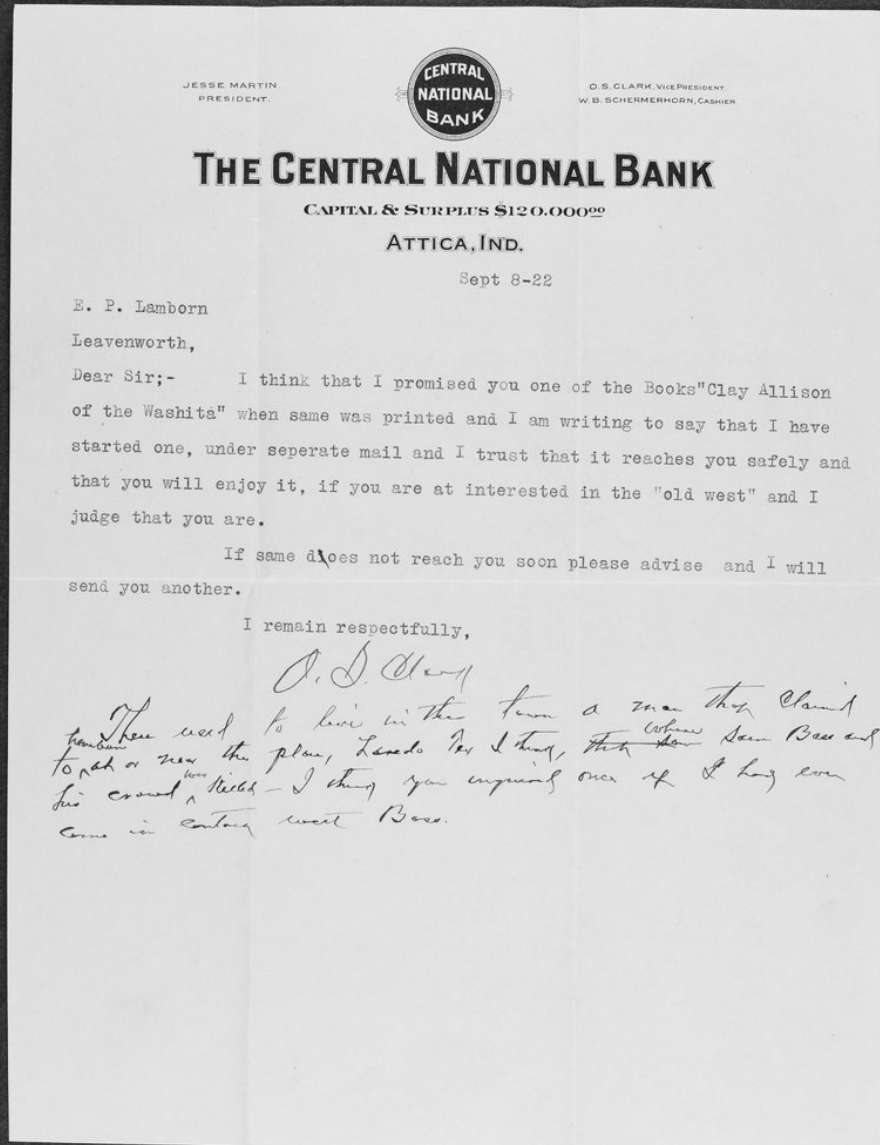
"To the readers of the Attica Ledger-Tribune I wish to call your attention to a series of Scout Sketches which will appear in the Ledger-Tribune from time to time. The articles have been obtained at a considerable expense by Mr. McDermond, the publisher, through a news syndicate called The Western Newspaper Union. The news syndicate from which he has obtained them, have really compiled these stories from articles written by Elmo Scott Watson, who is considerable of a writer of Western anecdotes and who, like myself, has become a "nut" on all that happened in the wild and woolly West in the early days.

"It has been my privilege to know Mr. Watson, through a correspondence only, and judging from a short perusal of some of the sketches which will appear in the Ledger-Tribune, I can say truthfully that he is telling true history and he can say it in a way that sounds good to an "Old Cow Puncher." like the writer. I wish to call the reader's particular attention to two or three of the sketches. One is a history of the life of Kit Carson, the famous Indian fighter and scout and a man of the Daniel Boone type. In fact, I think he was connected in some way with either the Boone family or their history in ol' Kaintuck. Mr. Watson will show that Kit Carson was at the famous Adobe Walls battle between the Buffalo hunters and Indians, but does not state this particular battle was not the one that took place in 1874, where Billie Dixon, Bab Masterson and the Cator boys and twenty other buffalo hunters and one woman "stood off" 800 Indians, all of the combined tribes in north Texas and other sections being present. He states in a recent letter to me that there was a former battle at Adobe Walls in the sixties when Kit Carson was at that battle and not at the one in 1874.

"The writer worked on a large cattle ranch in the San Luis Valley, Colo., in 1878 and rode the range with Kit Carson, Jr., son of the famous Kit Carson, Sr. The Adobe Walls battle ground was close to our ranch in the Palo Duro country, Pan Handle of Texas.


"One other article of Mr. Watson's will give a full description of the escapades of Juan Espinosa, and his brother, both desperate outlaws and who made the Sangre De Christe range on the east side of the San Luis Valley, Col., as their hiding place. I worked on the Adees and Durkee ranch in the San Luis Valley, in Colorado, and it was located at the foot of old Baldy Mountain, in the Sangre De Christe range. He will relate how Tom Tobin, partner and companion of Kit Carson, and who lived and died on the Trinchera creek in the San Luis Valley, and who was prompted by the large reward for the head of Juan Espinosa, trailed him for several weeks and finally got the drop on the two brothers in a camp and killed them both. He chopped Juan's head off and stuffed it in a gunny sack, which he had for that purpose, and walked to Fort Garland and demanded the reward from the provincial governor of Colorado, who at that time was a man from Attica, Indiana, John Evans. Watson does not, however mention Kit Carson as being with Tobin on that particular religious and necessary duty, but we fellows in the Valley had always understood that Carson was with Tobin when the two Espinosas were killed. I knew Tobin, but Carson had died and was buried at Taos New Mexico, before my time. The first sketch that will be published will appear in the Ledger-Tribune on next Monday.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

JESSE MARTIN
PRESIDENT

 39

O. S. CLARK, VICE PRESIDENT
W. B. SCHERMERHORN, CASHIER

THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$120,000.00

ATTICA, IND.

Oct 24-22

E. P. Lamborn,
El Paso,

Dear Sir:- I am in receipt of your letter and was glad to hear from you again and I note with a good deal of interest what you say regarding Mr David Franklin White, 303 Mills st., knowing Clay Allison- would you please interview Mr White and jot down just what he says regarding Allison and send it to me- he might have some new stuff that I would like to have on file, although I can not use it in the book now since it is printed and ready to give out- do you know whether or not Mrs Allison is still living- you say that she married Lee Johnson of Ft Worth. will

I think that when you read the book that you find that I have probably gotten together more stuff on Allison than any other person that ever undertook the job, and I find that when I get stuff from some one that it is nothing new, however even at that I am glad to get it since they confirm what I have.

Yes I had always understood that El Paso and San Antonio was full of old cattle men and that many old timers resided in both places, how I would enjoy getting around the camp fire with them- they no doubt could tell many interesting tales which I would enjoy- you mention many but I did not happen to know any of them, although I had heard of some of the names.

You mention being at Clayton, and perhaps you was close to Clifton, where Clay killed Chunk- I drove cattle from around Las Vegas east close to Clayton and on to the Pan Handle- you mention being at Sante Fe, saw Siringo- my partner and I had planned to make a trip to the Pan Handle by Automobile and from there up to Sante Fe but we neither of us could arrange for the time- we hope to make it next year- Siringo had invited us to the Fiesta- he writes me that he has been sick all summer.

Yes I have had you in mind to send a copy of the book when ready and I will have one at Leavenworth by Nov 1- I am receiving so many touching letters from the old fellows and occasionally from some of their friends which tell of the last drive of so and so- they getting scarcer and scarcer on this old earth, after while there be nothing but a memory left.

Watch out for Emerson Hough's story on the Pan Handle and the South West, which will be published in the Bat Eye Post soon, entitled "North of 36"- its possible that he may use some of my stuff from Clay Allison- in a copy two or three weeks ago he wrote in Out of doors, pub in Bat Eye Post, about some of the old fellows that I have mentioned in my book- you know that he is an old time newspaper man and was in White Oaks in an early day, and recently published "Covered Wagon" which is a grand story.


I will close hoping to hear from you soon, respectfully,

A. S. Clark

Perhaps White and Jake Owens would like a copy of the book, you might inquire

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

CHAS. L. MEHARRY, PRES.
O. S. CLARK, VICE PRES.



W. B. SCHERMERHORN, CASHIER.
H. W. NEWLIN, ASST. CASHIER.

THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$120,000.00

ATTICA, IND.

Oct 29-26

E. P. Lamborn,
Leavenworth,

Dear Friend;- It seems to me that I received a card from you some little time ago on which you asked for some information of some kind, but I certainly have mislaid it, and I am writing you at this time to beg your pardon and if you will again write me I will try to answer your question.

I might add that I have just returned from my annual trip "out yonder", and while I was making the rounds I attended the American Bankers Ass'n at Los Angeles.

It will be of interest to you when I tell you that I had splendid visits with Charley Siringo, Jim East, George W. Saunders and of course my old partner, Charley Shideler, at Rifle, and others, they all told me new stories and almost sung me new songs and told me what had become of some of the old hard boils, but at that none could tell me any thing about some of the fellows that I was wanting to get some stuff on.

For instance I used to hear a great deal about "Cropy Daniels" and had seen him in Dodge, but even Jim East did not know much about his history, except that he thought he was dead- Cropy was a yellow pup and I heard a story about him last fall when I was at Dodge, told me Mr States, an old timer who run the Corral just across the Ark River from Dodge, where we occasionally put up when we come up from Tex, I think there was a saloon close by called "the last chance"- Mr States told me how cowardly Cropy killed Ed Julian who had a restaurant on Front Street- Cropy went in ostentatively to shake hands with Ed and at the same time pulled his gun and killed him, for what reason no one ever knew- "Dutch Henry" was another fellow that I could get nothing on except that he was in the Dobe Walls battle and had to fight like ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ there to save his bacon.

Jim East told me that one of his best friends was a man by the name of Mabrey, this was when Jim was working for the L X and Mabrey was surveying government lands and making maps, these maps contained a accurate profiles of all of the old forts and trails and Mabrey had given him the original, I think, but Jim, after owning it many years, told me that he donated that to some Historical Society or Museum in Leavenworth Kan, perhaps you may have seen something of the kind- will take a search sometime when convenient and ascertain if there has ever been any reprints from it and where one could be obtained I am most anxious to trace some of the trails that we used to drive over in the early 80's.

Charley Siringo, I am sorry to say is not at all well and seems prostrated and wabby, but still full of fight and vim- he has his last book "Rialta and Spurs" contracted for by an eastern publisher and thinks it will come out in the spring.

Saunders told me that he furnished the steer that took the part of old Alamo in the play of north of 36- by the way I wrote that play up and had rather an interesting write up up- you know I know who furnished the stuff over

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

for some of it, Saunders said that he found old Alamo on his ranche ther near San Antonio- he also said he knew Reed the man that drove the herd in '67 that Hough speaks of and also knew Mc Coy the boomer fro Abaline, Saunders drove herd up to Abaline in '69 so he says.

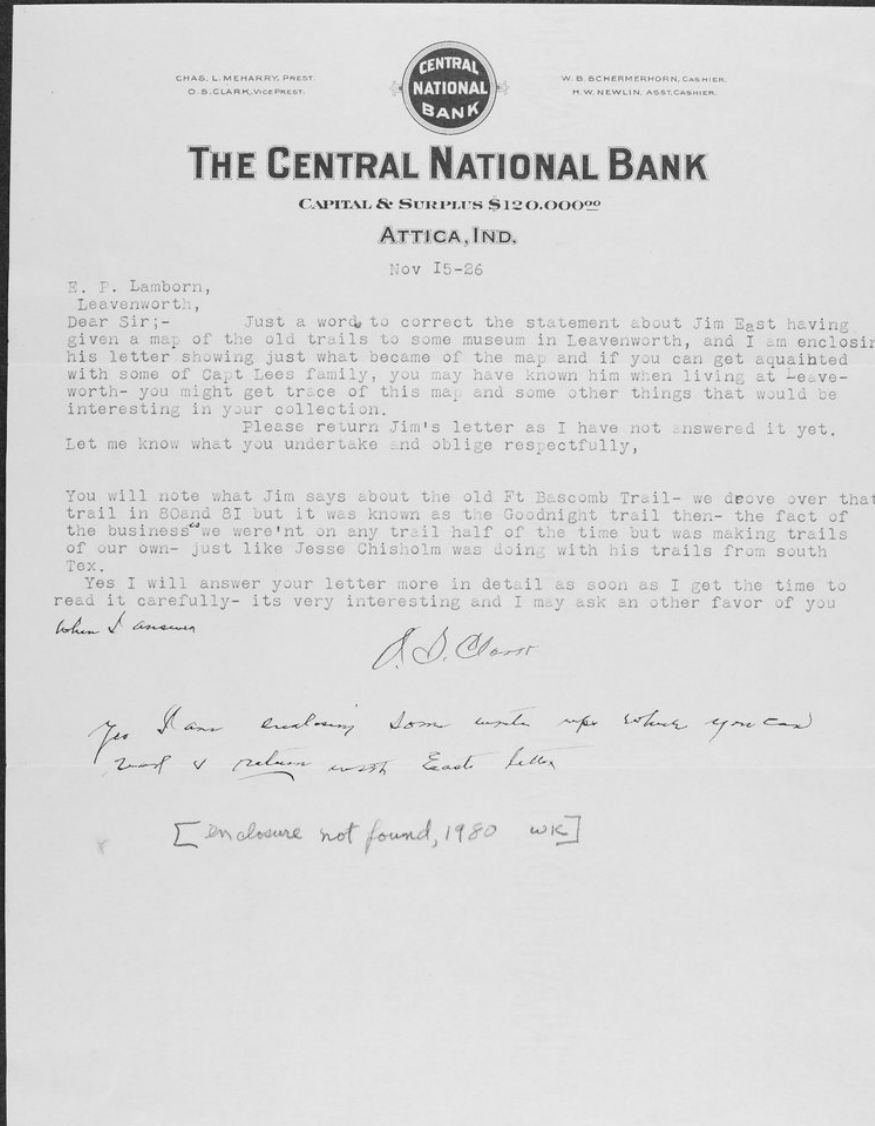
I have just recived a letter from Frank Caldwell, Austin Tex, and he like many others wants a copy of Clay Allison of the Washita and as usual I am out of them he says that he knows you, I do not know just what he wants with it, maybe to steal some stuff like Owen P White did in his article in the Colliers Aug 28 by the way if you get Oct Number of the Elks you will find rather a good article by a fellow named Chapman which trys to tell some of the story of Billy the Kid but on the whole it is garbled up- he does not mention Jim East at Stinking Springs where the posse captured bill and his outlaws, Jim was there alright and took as prominent a part as Pat Garrett.

Well I have run on here with a stop and I will stop now.

Let me hear from you at your liesure

J. S. Clark

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

[CLARK]

ATTICA IND APRIL 23-27

Dear Friend;-

You will notice that I have been having
a little fun with His Honor, The Mayor of Beverley
Hills, Will Rogers.

This is my latest card which I am send-
ing around to some of the boys.

With regards I remain

A. D. Clark

[CLARK]

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

O. S. Clark Hears Rogers at Lafayette

O. S. Clark of the Central National Bank was in Lafayette Thursday to see and hear Mayor Will Rogers at the Lafayette armory. During the afternoon Mr. Clark handed to Mr. Rogers the following letter:

Attica, Ind., April 14, 1927.
Mr. Will Rogers,
City.

Dear Friend:
This is to let you know that I am in town too. I'll be at the Big Show this evening about six or seven rows back. I'll be there in time to start the applause, as you come in—They say down in our country that you'll need it.

You, of course, will be careful with your stories on us old cow punchers for there are some things that are better left unsaid. There are some things that no man can say enough mean things about, and I claim to be a "billy white" so keep quiet, and don't get noisy.

We know the "way backs" in the 70's and 80's and saw many old trail men at Dodge City and other towns—Shanghai Pierce, Ike Pryor, and John Chisum were on our calling list. We've "been out" with Bat Masterson, Bob Wright, and Clay Allison, all masterful runmen. We saw the Karp boys, Lesie Short, Crompty Daniels, and Doc Holliday. Doc had consumption and he had a convenient rattlin' good cough so that when he had a poor hand in a poker game, he'd start coughing, that was so they wouldn't crowd him on the bets. Being around with some of them fellows we got so we too, could "rustle" cattle a little. We got so we could drink plenty of it, but we wouldn't want to sell you "Old Jordan" whiskey. We learned to ride the range in No Man's Land without being arrested. We were general ly under the protection of Clay Allison and no officer of the law ever arrested him, any where, for anything.

Since then we have reformed a little, we never took to the stage like you did. We went in for banking, where you can look a man in the face and he'll tell you the D— to him in a finished dip-



O. S. CLARK

lomatic sort of way. We've been selling a little money over the counter and acting as guardian angel for the people's money for a good many years and are still makin' a living at it, but we wouldn't want to sell you any without security—since you have not into politics you're not a good risk.

I believe you claim to be some honibre with the rope, too. I'd like to meet you down in the Pan Handle country at old Tascosa. By the way, they say the last of Tascosa is Mickey McCormick, her shack and her dog, living down close to the shore of the old Canadian river. If

we could call in a few of the boys from off the L. X. outfit, Charley Sorin, Jim East, Monroe, Emery or all they could show how it was done in Texas. We used to work for the Dicky Bros., on their old Part Can-tonment Ranch. Charley Plowman, an Attica Boy, foreman,—the most of those fellows were "throwin' a wild loop" too. This all happened down in your country before you were born so don't get any dates mixed in your statements, and don't undertake to tell anything on the Indians that you know, because we knew a few Indi-ans ourselves.

Just a word of caution before I close. I warn you not to get into any game of "stud" in Lafayette. You know what happened to Charley Sorin in the Peoria country, 1881, he and Jim East were sent out with a posse to capture Billy the Kid, and bring back to the L. X. outfit the cat-tle he stole. Well Charley ran into a stiff game of stud and lost all the money that belonged to the outfit, that "set 'em" a foot, so you'll not get to Cleveland if you "set in" with any of that Lafayette gang.

Well so long, I'll not hawl you out on any misstatements you make so you can feed 'em all you've got. Luck to you.

Barnes Noches,

Your friend,

O. S. CLARK.

After the show Mr. Clark makes a review and gives his impression of Roger's "Little Show" as Will calls it. You did your stuff all right, and didn't kill any of us except a poor old woman on our left who laughed herself to death. Your first crack at philosophy was fine, when you announced that you loved everybody and that you hoped that everybody would like you, if everybody loved everybody else, we would all like one another. This little piece of sentiment was superb and I endorse it even if I am a heaner. I want you to know that I liked you, even if there wasn't another darn one in the house that did—us Cow-Punchers, you know, must stand together.

What impressed me most was the

cow-punchin' atmosphere, you'd sprawl down on the stage with your legs crossed just like we used to in the old cow camps and a lot of us fel-lows, in our imagination would be perched around the camp fire takin' it right off the bat, what you had to say. It was so natural that I ex-pected Ol' Paddy Welch, the cook on the round ups, to call "dinah" and get out the coffee pot and then we'd all circle around while Paddy would announce, "Here it is boys, as pure as an angel, as sweet as love, as black as the devil, and as hot as k—"

I liked the way you dismissed us, not sayin' anything of the way you wore us out. You said, "You all go on home now and go to bed, I'm all tired out, with you fellows not "sa-voynin' ropin'." So we went home be-fore the show was half out.

How did you recognize me so quickly? I think I know. You and Mrs. Rogers go over to Charley Soringo's shack pretty often and you must have seen my picture hangin' up beside Jim Miller's picture and three of his gang hanging from the rafters of a barn, that was taken some place in New Mexico after they killed the cashier and robbed the bank, and were strung up. I wasn't with 'em that time. I've got other ways of robbin' a bank, and I think Charley has hurt my reputation, hangin' me up aside of ol' Jim Miller that's dead now and can't do his stuff no more. Jim, you know, killed from ambush, Pat Gornett, one of the fin-est and bravest men in the "ol' West." He did it so raw, the cow-boys never liked him afterwards.

Well, Will, if I ever go to your show again, I'm going to buy a cheap seat because the house is hardly ever filled and you always move the cheap settlers up in front anyway so to make it look like a big audience. Well, I'll meet you out at Rife Colo-rado, Winchester Hotel, when they have the Rodeo in September and I'll bring my rope too.

So Long,

O. S. C.

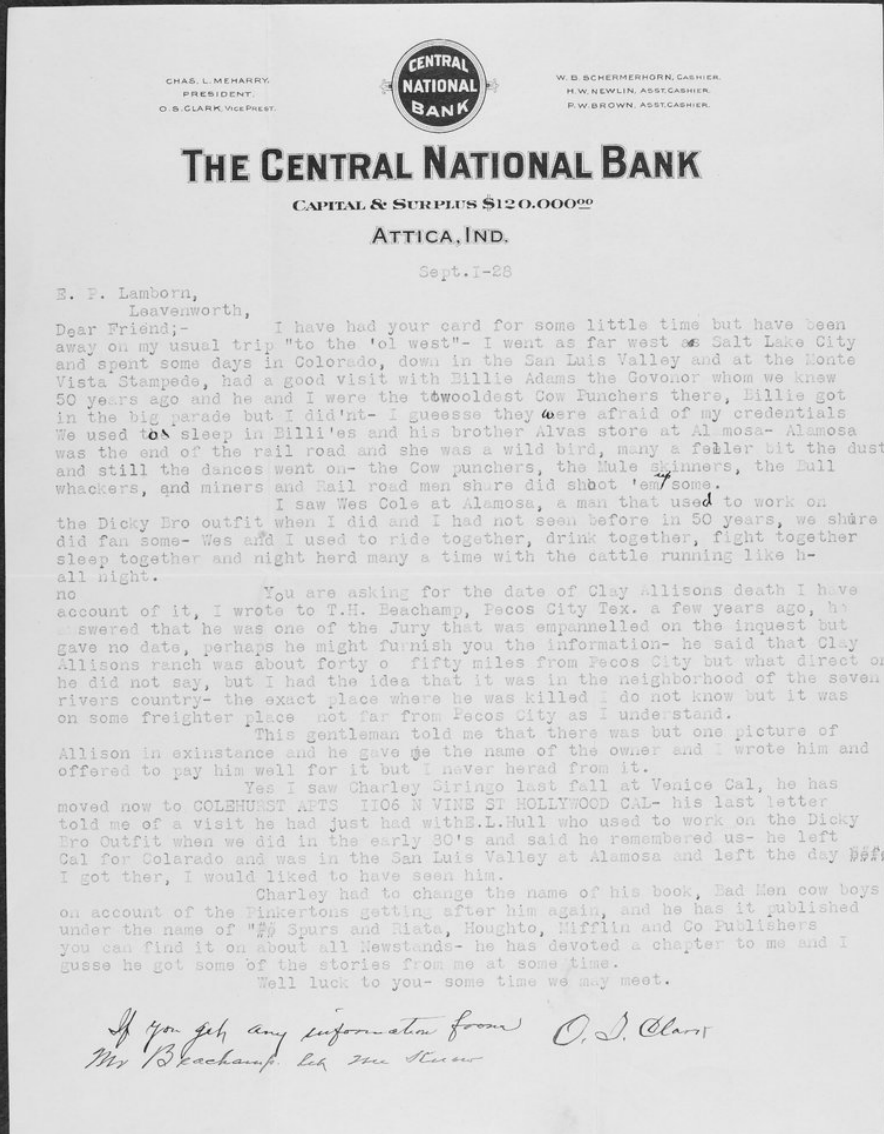
Attica Ledger and Tribune.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



O. S. CLARK, ATTICA IND.
"throwin a wide loop"

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

E. P. Lamborn
Leavenworth,

Attica Ind Sept 28-33

[CLARK, O.S.]

Dear Friend;- I was glad, indeed, to hear from you again since you and I are about the last ones living that can tell about the 'ol trail days.

The last trip "outwest", I was at the Old Trail Drives Convention at San Antonio, and very few of the old boys were there that could tell of the old days, Col Ike Prior (Prior), George W Saunders, W.L. Haynes, who was personally acquainted with Clay Allison- Mr Haynes mentioned my account of the meeting on the head waters of Beaver in 1881, and he mentioned my description of the horse that Allison rode, a magnificent Black Gelding- Mr Hayes told me that he sold that horse to Allison.

You ask if I read Stuart Lakes book on the Barp Brothers I have read it, and dambded it because it was the most unfair mention of Allison that has ever been written, and was used to put Allison in yellow and the Barps in the red.

When we used to frequent Dodge City we saw and heard a good deal about the Barps, the Mastersons, the Gropy Daniels, the most cruel of all, Dutch Henry, Doc Holliday, Dog Kelly, Bob Wright, and many others who were the top notchers in shooting fellows in the back, and not one of them had the guts to stand fire and take it in front like Clay Allison always did.

You ask if I ever knew Frank Hyatt at Alamosa in the 80's who captured Chas Allison said to be a brother of Clay- I did not know Hyatt, I do not think this could have been true- we knew Hank Doris, the Sheriff who, in a gun fight on the streets of Alamosa killed Johnny Van Pelt- a few weeks after the killin' Doris hung himself.

I do not remeber Lou Perkins, Henry Watts Et Al that you mention but they may have been connected with the Ike Stockton gang and perhaps ran with the Johnny Van Pelt crowd- Stockton however run his outfit over in the Durango Country West and so from the San Luis valley- it was said that Clay Allison might have been associated with them since he often visited his Brother- in law, his brother in laws name Mc Laughlin, I think- Stockton was finally hung to a Cedar- it was contrary to Allison's nature, to steal cattle- you know in my book I tell about how Allison broke up the biggest and best organized gang of cattle rustlers that was ever in the great South West- the Anderson Brothers at head of it.

You speak of my trip to El Paso 4 years ago and ask if I went to Pecos City at that time I did not for the reason that I got on the trail of a man who was a Merchant and Cattle man in Pecos City at the time Allison was running cattle in the 7 Rivers Country and who afterwards married Dora Allison, Clay Allison's widow, Mr J. L. Johnson a prominent and wealthy man of Ft Worth, and I spent a couple of days with him during which time he told me many stories and tales of history connected with Allison's life.

T. H. Beachamp, a banker at Pecos, put me in touch with a man who claimed to have a picture of Allison, and I wrote him and offered to pay him for it for a copy of the picture but never heard from him.

Yes I knew about Chaley Siringos death- a wonderful man and a very entertaining writer and sure of his stuff, dates and circumstances- you speak of his collections of guns, pictures &c &c I have seen this collection in his shack at Hollywood- his collection of pictures was big and he happened to have mine next to Jim Miller and those three fellows hanging in a barn- Jim Miller killed Pat Garrett from ambush- Charley had many other scenes and while I was with him he pulled out from under his cot the rifle that Billie the kid killed so many people with.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

###-2-----

The son of Charley Sirengo that you speak of was never able to get along with his father, I think he did not approve of the kind of a life his father led- in the collection was a wonderful display of relicts, photos, pictures &c &c, the last time I saw it he brought out from under his cot a rifle with a short barrel which he said Billy used in killing so many people- it was said Billy never killed a ~~man~~ only with love grief- he was quite handy with the women, they all loved him- on the walls of the shack was pasted the collection of pictures, photos &c among them was my picture next to the picture showing Jim Miller and three others hanging to the rafters in a barn, besides that picture was my photo, I remonstrated with him but he said I was a banker and two or three of the fellows hanging with Jim Miller were Bankers, Charley finianly Charley said he guessed I belonged there. You know Jim Miller was the fellow that killed Pat Garrett from ambush a cowardly killin'. You speak of Charley's books that he wrote, that includes his "Spurs and Riata", you know he had two additions printed on account of some trouble with the Publishers, in the last addition he has a couple of chapters on me, and some stories I told him about Clay Allison- I wonder if you have Dr Henry ~~Hoyle~~ Hoyle's book "The Pioneer Doctor" published by Houghton Mifflin & Co- a wonderful story by a wonderful man- he was a part of the L X Outfit in the early 30's when Jim East was Foreman, and when Bill Moore succeeded Jim, Charley Sirengo was there so was Tom Monroe, Jack Ryan, Billie the Kid and many others when Tascosa was a little hell with the lid off. Dr Hoyte tells much of the history of those times, and when Charley Sirengo was his last fight for his life Dr Hoyte took Charley in at Long Beach and took care of Charley until he died- Charley had just finished his book Riata ~~and~~ and spurs and Doctor Hoyte told me at Long Beach Cal. how Charley spent his ~~first~~ first check from the Publishers it was for \$1350.00- he did not have it a week and was set afoot in one week.

You speak of some man telling you that Clay A Allison's name was Robert C Allison, and that he also saw Allison kill Chunk, well there were lots of fellows that saw that fight who were not within 100 miles of the place- in 1880 or '81 my partner and myself took our outfit from the Pan Handle to the San Luis Valley Col. to round up a remnant of our cattle we had there expecting to drive them to the Pan Handle we were in the neighborhood of the Clifton Hotel or House where it was said that Allison killed Chunk- we run into a band of Indians and right away there was horse races and other sports, we thought we had some good horses and were keen for some easy money- I was the lightest man in our party, so I was to do the riding bareback the ~~the~~ track was a straight away for a quarter of a mile- when the races were over we found ourselves "set a foot", we lost our best horses, our beddin', and about every thing we had in camp- but we had a hell of a good time while it lasted, but we, of course, were short of horses when we got to Colorado- while we were in that neighborhood, that's where we got the true story of the killin' at the Clifton house or restaurant, as told me by the natives, and the same was verified by Ferd Davis who was a partner of Clay Allison in the cattle business and was running cattle in the Sunflower Valley near Trinidad Col. at that time. You speak of the killing of Charley Faber at Las Animas Col by Clay Allison and his brother John- I have a full account of that fight in my book as told me by a man who saw the fight, a banker, a Mr Scott- I never knew much about the fight at Cimmaron although I heard at one time that a son of Dick Whooten, a Sheriff of that county was telling some fancy stories of the killings that took place when his father was Sheriff

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

(3)

It may be this son of Lamberts has got his histroy mixed- you mention about Allisons behavior when he was living in the Pecos Country- Mr J. L. Johnson whom I mentioned as having married Allisons Widow, Dora Allison, told me that Allison did try to behave himself but invariably when he got to drinking he would get quarelsome and on occasions threatened to kill Mr Johnson on account of disputed Bill- it was said that at the later period of his life he regretted killing so many men- he told us that he never killed any body that did not need it- I guesse he was right because so many of those cheap killers wanted the name of killing Clay Allison, but he always beat them to it. Lamberts account of the many killings at Cimmaroon may be true but it all happened before our time or over in the next County- we landed in the San Luis Valley Col in 1873, two green boys with four tender feet but it did not take long until we got a little tough ourselves when we would go into Alamosa, Dodge City, Las Vegas and once to Fort Worth when she was nothing but a cow town, to have a little fun after some weeks on the Round Ups- I never killed any body but I have been shot at and I have been half shot.

Well Adios, Mi amigo adios,

(good by my friend goodbye)

I am sending you a write up that some fellow gave me in a Los Angeles Magazine but I think he put me in the red to much.

Trusly yours,

J. A. Clark

THE TRAIL'S ENDING

Orrie S. Clark, Cowboy Author
By Raymond W. Thorp
In
Sports and Hobbies

It seems, to the uninitiated, that all the old trail have long ago come to an ending; and with them the lives of the men who rode the wild, free range in the days long dead. It has, therefore, become a practice with many writers to refer to the happenings of a few generations ago, when saddle, riata and sixgun held sway over the untamed west, with an aura of mystery, something akin to an obituary, as if, in truth, those men, of those times, have passed into the Great Beyond before our time.

It is true, in many instances, that this is a correct view to hold—we know that Wild Bill Hickok is dead, as are many other famous characters who yet live in song and story. But, what may seem to many to be a stupendous assertion—thousands of these same men of the old trails, whose fictitious initiators cross the vision of millions of readers daily—still in reality tread the land! They



are here, there and everywhere, about us; in offices, banks, and many other prosaic places, and still others yet ride the range which is now fenced and plowed; the same range that they rode in rhythm of savage war-whoop in days gone by, when buffalo and wild antelope graced the western prairies.

Why then is it considered necessary to draw upon the imagination to picture the now vanishing trails of romance; the blanket Indian, with his twanging bow; the buffalo, in his countless millions; the hard-eyed killers, with their guns belching flame and death at the selfsame stroke—when we can talk, see, and listen to many of the men who tamed the West saw all of the above in its prime, knew and associated with those whose names we now revere, as we will likewise do THINGS in a generation or so? It is a condition which has come to be from the fact that our land has become peopled with all these races of the earth; they have multiplied, conglomerated, insinuated themselves into our lives to such extent that we have become blinded to our own history in a great many ways. Therefore, confusion and obliteration of things real has erected its ugly head among us.

We have read "best sellers," which have dealt with history in a way that left no outlet to the imagination but that the heroes of old were all gone, and left a flaming cross behind them. "The Old West is dead, but not forgotten," we say, "as are the races which peopled it, so let us think of the old order as one which has passed, but remembered." Little knowing that we may be speaking to one of the men to whom we refer! For these old "boys" look just like you and I, these

days. But up in some musty attic, or in some special den built for the purpose, they can take us and point to objects which were once a very great part in their lives.

A Sharp's Rifle, polished, dully gleaming, hanging in propped supports upon the wall, where it has been relegated since the passing of the buffalo. What tales of long extended hunts along the Cimarron of Niobrara it could tell! A Winchester .56 or .73, hanging underneath—the pioneer repeating death-dealer of the western plains and mountains, worn and shiny, now resting the long rest after years of hard use. What tales of lone ambushes and "circles of death," it could tell! Speaking, it would say "turkey-talk" of the days when it's owner sighted hard gray eye along it's shining length, and worked the lever while the steady staccato, snapping pinging of zipping bullets wended their swift way toward feathered robe or plumed head.

A brace of Colt's .45's, in an old worn belt which once graced the hip of your pioneer exhibitor. What tales of bar-room brawls and card-table disputes it could tell! Of the days when the action was kept as prime as that of a high-toned watch, and the heavy, black walnut or rosewood butts were always warm from the touch of lightning hand, when honor was honor, when the west was wild, when men were men! And here, stepping forward, is the owner. He carries no riata on his saddle-horn now, no guns on his hips, no knife just inside the neck of his shirt, but his eyes speak volumes on such matters. He is part of the cream of the old Frontier, the men who lived hard, died hard and stayed right to the end. The finger that once crooked on ready trigger now handles the business end of a pen. Though not analogous, the two are met.

Orrie Clark is one of the old cattle trailers of the Southwest. Back in the days of the "bad" cowboys and "killers" he was known as one of "the best young men on the trail." He has compiled one of the most complete and best-known narratives of the cow trails in his book; "Clay Allison of the Washita," a work describing the early cattlemen as well as this most notorious of "killers" and early-day desperadoes ever known along the trail—Clay Allison. This book has been out of print. Says Mr. Clark: "I doubt if any man living can give me pointers on the life of Clay Allison, or that there is anything extant about that gent that I do not know." And he ought, for his country was Allison's country, and Clark gave a good portion of his time, when not roping wild "nossey-horn" steers and breaking wild horses, to finding out everything to be known about this one most famous "bad-man."

"When I saw the book and moving picture play, 'North of 36,' I felt that I was indeed back in the cattle country of long ago," writes Mr. Clark. This book is true to life of the times and type of men presented as it is possible for a book or play to be. When I see the herd of cattle, I feel that I know every animal that's in it. I recognize the leaders, the drags, the little "dogies," the point riders, the drag wallowers, and I vision every cow, steer, calf and horse, and I know by heart every particle of the equipment. I know the mess-wagon, the Dutch ovens, the kettles and all the rest of the cooking equipment, and I know that they all simmered over a cow chip fire, since in that day there was no other kind of fuel to be found on the trail, and for many years afterward, I know every pitchin' horse in the remuda, and every outlaw, and the nightherdin' horses, the cuttin' horses, and I recognize the stampedes, because I have participated in checking many of them like. I know the old Chisholm Trail, though in my day, (the early eight-

ies), we did not use that trail, as most of our driving was done over the old highways variously known as The Santa Fe, the Jones & Plummer, the Charlie Goodnight and the Bascom Trail. These trails cut New Mexico, the Texas Panhandle and the Indian Territory." This Chisholm Trail, which was founded by Jesse Chisholm, (a squaw man), has often had its source and ending, and even the body of the trail itself, in dispute. Some say that it crossed the Red River, at Doans Crossing, but I have my doubts of this.

I happened to be at Doans Crossing on the Red River in 1882. It was a little settlement then, with a store and two or three houses, and the very day that I was at Doans they brought into the store the body of a Mr. McNulty, a cow-man of Dodge City, who had just been killed by one of his cowboys. They were preparing his body to be hauled in a wagon to Dodge, which was some 200 miles away. While this place I heard no mention of a Chisholm Trail crossing the river there, or did I see any signs of any trail there, and in that early day there would have certainly have been some marks of an earlier trail, if there had been one. Possibly it might have been a little farther down the river.

It now becomes the writer, in accord with established custom, to introduce a few "killings," or additions to Dodge City's Boot Hill, in which Orrie Clark participated. Unfortunately, as the case may be, this is impossible. No man, who writes biographically of the old-timers of the early West, necessarily many happenings of interest connected therewith must be left out of the narrative, as these men are close-mouthed when approached with inquiry as to their exact part in the taming of the West, and Clark is no exception to the rule. Suffice it to say, however, that he is one of the remaining plainsmen to whom the life and action of the good old days was a daily routine. He numbers among his old cowboy friends many early cattlemen, including "Charlie Siringo and Andy Adams. By a queer coincidence the three of them are writers on the early times which they have seen.

The business of killing and "killers," or any illusion to same, nearly all of these men fight shy of. For instance, a part of a letter is quoted from Clark is the writer, under date of June 13th, 1925:

"Died October, 1925.

"Siringo had the most daring and wonderful experiences of all the old-timers, and I knew most of them, he was one of the true type and was fearless—I had a splendid visit with him two years ago—he came down to my hotel in Los Angeles, all dolled up with his broad sombrero, high-heeled boots, bow legs, and his old cowboy manner, with the same old walk, with fancy beads on his hat-band, all dressed up for me, I asked: 'Uncle, do you still pack a Winchester?' He answered: 'Hell, no, I live in town now.' I also asked him one time if he had ever killed his man, and he said no, but that he had seen a lot of it done, but between us I could mention some occasions where some fellows had been with me, and I guess he done it." The writer put the same question to Mr. Clark that he put to Siringo, and he said, "Oh, no, but I have seen several kinds of fellows killed, the ones like me were very tender in the feet, young fellows with no gizzard or gall who just happened to be around when something of the kind occurred." Now, the question is, can the same imputation be placed on Clark as he placed on Siringo? It is a delicate matter to pursue, and no matter how many were killed by these two men, it is hardly probable that they had pictures taken of it, so we will have to take their word, even if

with a grain of salt. Each of the old-timers places flowers before the others, but refuse to come down with their own bit.

"I have long been acquainted with Charley Siringo, in fact, we were quite well-known to each other, as he was working with the LX outfit at Tascosa while I was with the 777 (Double Bar Seven), on the Palo Duro," says Clark. I am just in receipt of a letter from a banker in Pecos, Texas, who knew Allison when he lived down in that country, and sat on the inquest when Clay was killed by a wagon running over his neck. This man states that Allison's widow is still living."

The photographs reproduced herewith show Clark as he is now, he still clings to the wide hat of the cattlemen, and can still swirl a loop with the best of them. But the open range has passed. Here is a part of the little improvised poem of the old days, written by Clark recently, after a roping contest in which he participated with another old-timer, coming out with first honors.

Yes, Ol' Pard, some things have changed,

Ol' Two-Gun, who was quick on the fire, Has gone to Boot Hill, so noted and famed,

What's different's preventin' killin' for hire.

Don't you see, Ol' Pard, Boot Hill at Ol' Dodge,

Ain't natural or familiar at all, no way?

They've builded a schoolhouse on sacred sod,

Made famous by many killin's in our day.

An' now, Ol' Pard, let's you an' I

Shut up our little shop an' store,

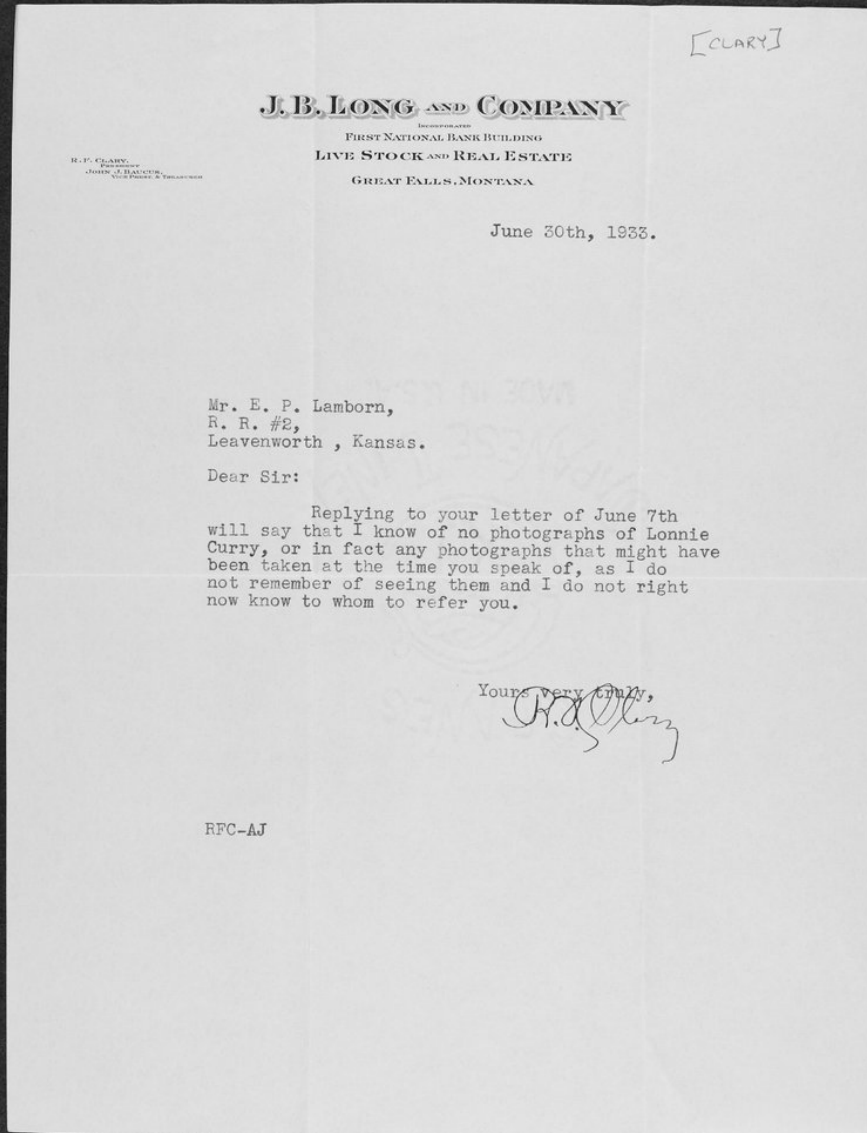
It'll soon be time for all cow-men to sigh,

We'll be goin' to the ol' cow-camps no more.

He sits there now, at his vice-Presidential desk in an Eastern city, far from the Pecos country and the Panhandle, signing his name to various documents. But no hardwood floors, no polished mahogany, can take his mind from the happenings of the days of old, when he rode, wild and free, the land of the cattle kings. For his life, epic and fruitful though it be, is not the life of the cowboy. There are times when he gazes into space, and sees many things not of this day and time. There are the old "pards" with clanking spurs and high heeled boots, coming into the bunk-house from a hard day of it on the range. They are tired, but amiable, hard words pass, from one hard man to another, and are brushed lightly aside. There is the recalcitrant steer, fallen from the main body of the great herd, wandering alone, seeking to become a "maverick," while Clark comes up the wind with wild shout and whizz of lariat and pounding hoofbeats.

There is "Rowdy Joe's" Dance Hall, in all its rip-roaring glory of tin-can, revolvers, and then a dead hush. For the door opens, and into the smoky, oil-given illumination strides a well-known figure—Clay Allison, the terror of the Washita. Behind him troops his fire-eating cowboys, all of whom line up to the bar at the always ready invitation of the far-seeing bartender, which personage hands out in stentorian tones a "Line up an' fill up, all. Clay an' his boys are here." It is one way to avoid new earth mounds at Boot Hill. The old visions pass as a clerk walks in and lays some papers on Clark's desk. He is all new-day business now. But—"Some day I mean to re-write my book; 'Clay Allison of the Washita,'" says Mr. Clark, casually, in a letter to the writer, under date of May 30th, 1925. "I wish to add some material to the story, and as I am out of the old issue now, I ought to at least have copy for myself and family, don't you think?"

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

File Mscl.

Galveston, Texas.
November 5th, 1924.

Mr E P Lamborn,
Route, No 2,
Leavenworth, Kansas.

COGGINS

Dear Sir:

I wish to acknowledge receipt of four pictures belonging to the Jennings Gang and kindly return to me the other two pictures of Bill Taylor and Pierce Keaton; also the printed matter which I sent with them, as it forms part of my file.

The Coleman Junction job was not the only job that the Bill Taylor Gang pulled in Texas. They pulled the Comstock job on the SP and two or three other hold-ups on the SP, but I have no personal knowledge of same.

The Chief Spcl Agent of the SP, Mr M H Bonner, at Houston no doubt can inform you on this or Mr C R McKenzie of the American Railway Express Company, Houston; also Mr G A Taft, General Manager of the American Railway Express Company, Houston.

They can give you both personal and record information on the subject of hold-ups on the SP.

I will try to get you a picture of Jeff Taylor from the Huntsville Penitentiary and if I succeed I will send it to you.

I do not know of any one who has a picture of Bud Newman. His wife probably has one. The last I knew of her she was living in San Antonio, Texas. Her brother used to be a policeman on the San Antonio Police force some time ago.

I know nothing of the Canadian City hold-up.

The hold-up that you refer to in 1894 was at Saginaw, north of Ft Worth. There was one man hung that was in this hold-up and three others sent to the penitentiary.

As I have not rounded up the whole gang yet I cannot give you any further information on that as it would not be good policy. The leader of the gang is still not captured. The gang that did this did not consist of old timers.

Yours truly,

J. D. Coggins
SUPT. SPECIAL SERVICE,
GCC&SF Ry., Box 292.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



COLCORD BUILDING

C. F. COLCORD, OWNER
L. D. CALLAHAN, MANAGER

OKLAHOMA CITY,

April 29th.
19 30

Mr. E. P. Lamborn,
Rural Route #2,
Leavenworth, Kansas.

Dear Sir: -

In regard to photographs of Bert Casey, Charlie Bryant and Dan Clifton, I have made inquiry but cannot find anyone who has these photographs or knows where to get them. Neither have I been able to find out anything about George Lawson, the deputy you speak of.

If you have any further information about these boys I would be glad to assist you in any way I could.

Respectfully yours,

C. F. Colcord

C. F. Colcord - K

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

408 MYRICK BUILDING
TELEPHONE 847

MAX M. COLEMAN
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LUBBOCK, TEXAS
Sept. 3, 1931

Mr. E. P. Lamborn
R. R. 2
Leavenworth, Kansas

Dear Mr. Lamborne:

Am in receipt of your letter of August 31, and glad indeed to hear from you. One of the main joys in writing comes from hearing from people and knowing that they appreciate the thought and work which is necessary to put in, in order to prepare frontier literature.

In regard to the killing of Jarrott, will say that at that time I was only about fourteen years old. We came here in 1880, and at that time were hauling all of our supplies from Canyon City. I was on the road to Lubbock with a load of freight when I heard about it.

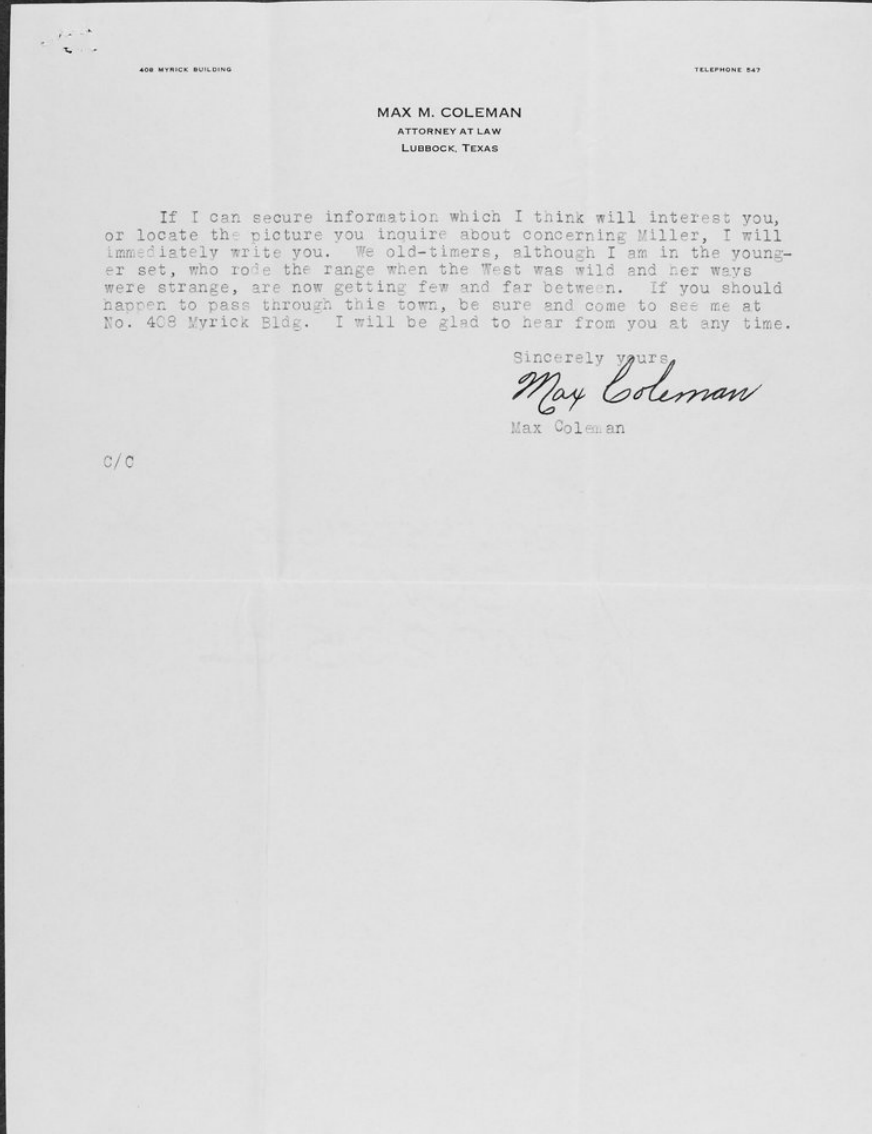
I was too young to know much about Miller, although of course, I have heard more or less about him all my life. If you will write to Will McPhaul, McGaffey, New Mexico, I imagine he can give you some accurate information regarding him. R. C. Burns of Lubbock also might assist you.

Yes, I have heard of Clay Allison. If you will write to The Cattleman, Fort Worth, Texas, and secure a copy of their publication for March 1930, on page 71 you will find an article by me, and mentioning Allison. Through a printers error the name was written "Cray" instead of "Clay." October and August 1930, also April 1931, will have articles by me which might interest you.

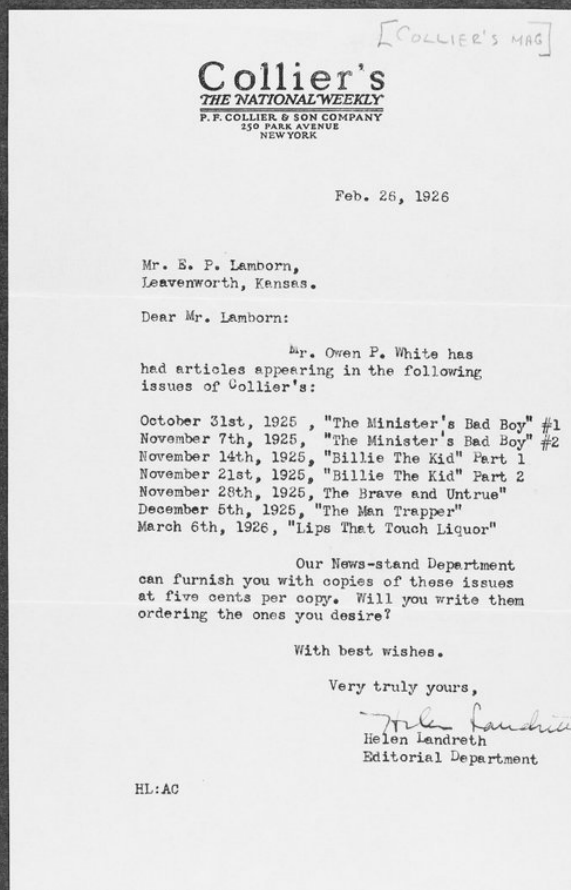
You mention W. D. Allison who, with Inspector Horace Roberson was killed at Seminole, Texas, in April, 1923. Both of these men were friends of mine, and have frequently stayed at my ranch. I knew Mr. Allison when I ranched east of Roswell, New Mexico. And while in northwest New Mexico, Mr. Roberson stayed three months at one time with me when attempting to stamp out cow-stealing in Socorro County. Mainly from his efforts, although it was after he left that country, we broke up the last old time gang of cow thieves. When Henry Coleman was killed, and his gang broken up, at the Hole in the Wall Fight, August 15, 1931, I was a special officer with the posse.

I knew Tom Ross fairly well, and Milt Good quite well. I stayed in line camp with Milt Good when we punched cows together for W. L. Elwood, on the old Spade Ranch in 1904-5.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

