

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Section 47, Pages 1381 - 1410

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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E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

So I hope you are
still living and that
you will get this letter
and let me hear
from you and tell
me how the world
is using you. I do
hope you are well
and I am would
like to all you some
time and talk about
old times 40 years
ago or more when we
were in the Peon Valley
and down from of
Carlsbad. I haven't
been back there since
1907 - and it doesn't
look as different there
now as it used to.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

11 Well How far is
it from Omaha to
where you live, and
what are you doing
now? are you on a farm
or have you retired by
now. I am on my
own farm here. My
oldest son who isn't
married helps me run
the place. I am busy
most every day, we
have 6 head of horses
about 35 head of cattle
40 head of hogs and
13 head of sheep on a
160 acre farm here. We
live 4 1/2 miles N. East of
Pomeroy, better still to
give you our location on

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

your map. we are
just 30 miles
west of Fort Dodge Ia
if you look on your
map. I was to Omaha
in Apr. 1939 to the big
Golden Spike 50th
celebration. I have
a nephew living there
I had the time of my
life while there. Am
wondering if you were
there? I have a special
friend "Old Timer" there
his name is Chas. R. Nordin
frontiersman who owns
the "Doc Carver" wild
west collection. You may
know of it or make saw
it at some time.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

!!! Mr. Wordin has
a wonderful exhibition
of Frontier weapons
and everything you
can imagine. He has
also some good pieces
he got from me in
exchange for some I got
from him.
How is it old friend
cant we arrange some
way to have a visit
together sometime. either
you come up here or I
look you up. I sure would
like to chat with you
and we could talk
about those old Out-
laws of yens gone by
of Tex & New Mex.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

many of those we knew
and met while there
I enjoyed your letter
so much it gave me
a real big kick
and I still get a thrill
when I read your letter
which you sent me on
June-17-1937. Please
do write again.
Well old Emmett Walton
the Out-law died in
Los Angeles some time
ago (about 2 or 3 yrs) Did
you ever meet Pomeroy
Bill? You asked
you ever heard about Jim Miller
and Barney Riggs from
Beaver Texas I don't think
I heard much about them.

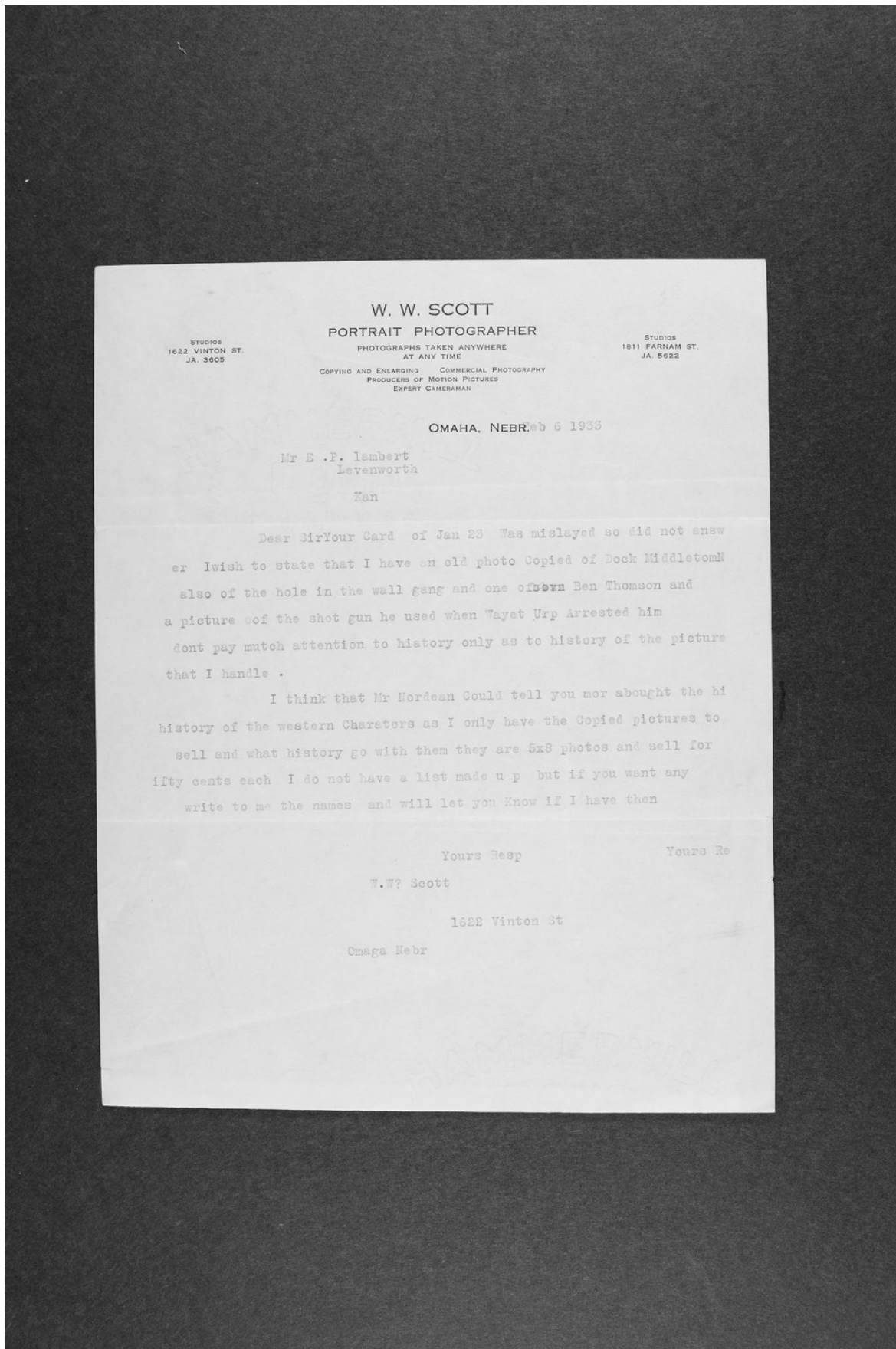
E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

✓ As I never got
down to Pecos, I only
passed through Pecos
once and that was at night
going North to Carlsbad
on July 7-1899. I didn't
even see much of the
places. I would very
much like to take a trip
down there again and
see the old South West
just once yet before
I get too old, and take
a good last look at
the country just once
more. I like to see
more of Okla. and
Kansas and the Pan-
handle country to.
Well we are having a

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

long winter up here
its quite empty here
these days had a
mild spell last week
now we have some
snow and freeze up
solid. Times could
be better but every
thing in general I am
pretty fair.
Well I will close
and hope this letter
will reach you and
find you alive and
well and please
to write me soon if you
get this letter.
With best wishes from
an old timer & friend
Respectfully H. W. Schow

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company
COAST LINES

C. SELVY,
Superintendent Special Service

Office of Superintendent Special Service

C. E. ROTHENHOEFER,
Asst. Superintendent Special Service

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 22, 1924.
CS

Mr. E. P. Lamborn,
RFD #2,
Leavenworth, Kansas.

My Dear Sir:-

Referring to my letter of November 14th in answer to yours of November 10th relative to my taking the matter up with Ben Williams and trying to secure pictures of Black Jack and Bronco Bill: Ben Williams sent me two photographs, one of Bronco Bill and one of Black Jack.

The photos were so dim that it was impossible to get a good picture from them, but I am sending you the best that I could get. Mr. Williams asked the return of the photos when he sent them to me.

You will note that according to Mr. Williams Black Jack's proper name was Thomas Ketcham. The names of MacDonald and Bob Christian were aliases of his.

As to Red Pipkin, I believe that Pipkin is his proper name. I have known this fellow for a great number of years and I have never known him by any other name.

But in order for you to get the true information regarding Pipkin I would suggest that you write a letter to Harry Cottingham, Gallup, N.M. and Bob Roberts, Ex-Sheriff of Gallup, N.M. They have known Pipkin longer than I have, and no doubt one or the other of them will give you the information, and possibly they have a picture of him.

If you cannot get suited at this point, write to Tim O'Leary, Superintendent of Special Service of the Santa Fe at LaJunta, Colorado and ask him to secure from the Penitentiary at Santa Fe, the record and picture of Red Pipkin and others mentioned in your letter, as the penitentiary at Santa Fe is on the Territory of Tim O'Leary.

In writing Mr. Cottingham and Roberts at Gallup kindly refrain from using my name in any respect.

Yours very truly,

C. Selvy
Superintendent Special Service

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

~~Wichita, Kansas,~~

Martin, So. Dak.,
Febr. 2, 1923.

Mr. E. P. Lamborn,
Heavenworth, So. Dak.

Dear Sir;

Yours addressed to Mr. Shannon to Clifton was forwarded
to me here, ^{by Sam Abraham} and I have sent it on to Mr. Shannon at Wanamaker S. D. as
as he is on a ranch and I ~~am~~ ^{am} a job here ~~as~~ ^{as} but as times are
so hard that he stays there and I here.

We went broke in the cattle business came here rented this ^{high}
high priced land at 25cts an acre and had to sign a lease for 5 yrs. a
and are here yet. Bay was in Clifton for 5 mos last spring trying to
settle up my part of a ranch but a fellow who I had left my cattle with
ran ex. up so that he did me out of all I had so I lost them ^{as well as}
here. I happened to have a good education yrs. ago in Texas so I landed
the Supt. of Co Schools job and this keeps my only daughter in High School
School here.

In regard to the photos if Bay had any of these I have never
seen them since I married him. But I sent your letter on to ranch to him
and maybe he will write you. Am sorry that he cannot give you the pictures
you wish as I realize that they would add to the attractiveness of your book

I expect Bay would like to get the book after it is printed so let
us know about it when you print it.

We don't like this country as it is far too cold for us a blizzard is
on today and it is 109 below and I always worry about old Bay away out there

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

2

on ranch by himself with only some longhaired Sioux Indians for neighbors.

We lost our only boy 2 yrs ago he was 22 yrs of age and this is a sad old ^{and} like to us..

We expect to move back to God's country some day if we live and may meet you down there.

You may hear from Bay but I thought I'd wrote and let you know about why he did not write from here.

Wishing you success with your book,

truly,

Mrs. Baylor Shannon

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

ROBERT W. SHIELDS

648 East Monroe Street
Franklin, Indiana
May 15, 1942

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

*ordered, May 19,
1942,*

My dear Mr. Lamborn:

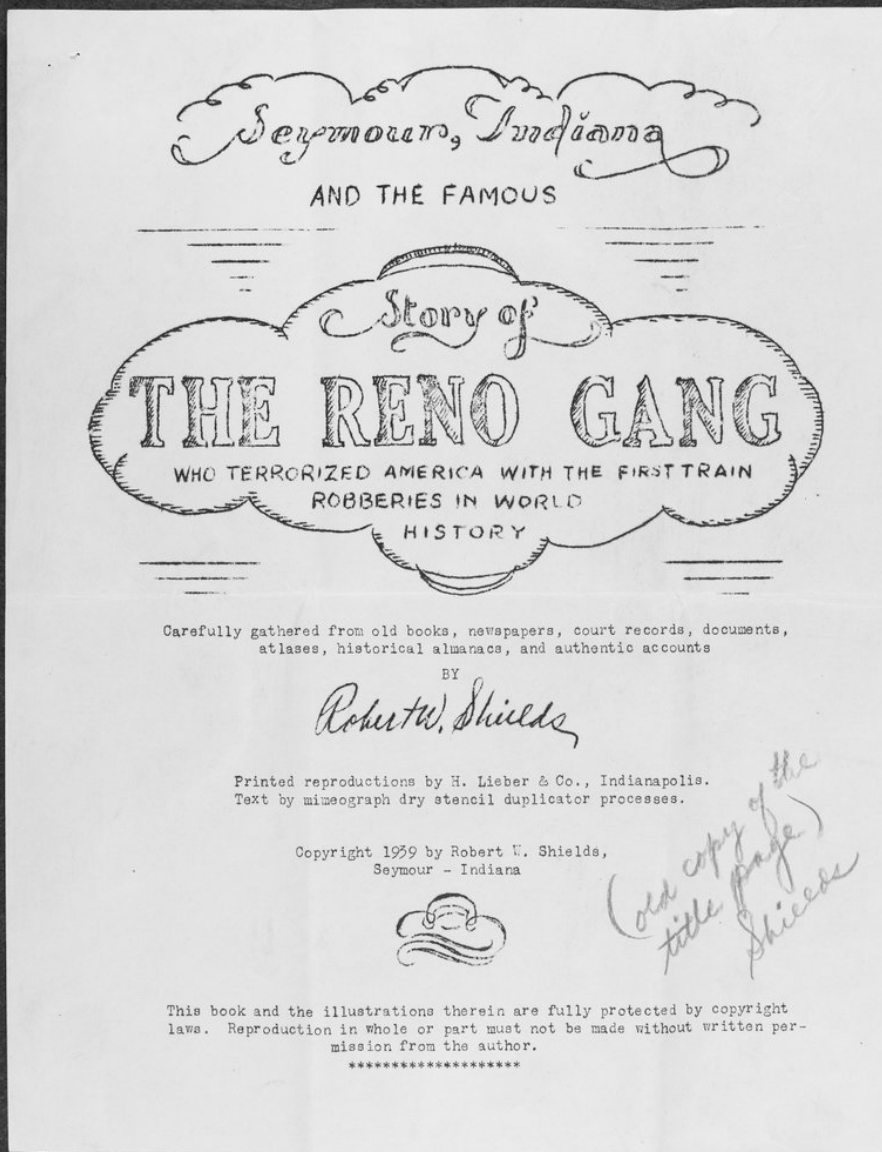
Thank you very much for your letter of May 11, which was forwarded to me here from Seymour.

"The Life of John Reno" (Nov., 1940) is still available but I have only a few copies left. It is illustrated and contains a frontispiece photograph of Abraham Lincoln furnished by the U. S. War Department, with his personal bodyguard Maj. Allan Pinkerton, who smashed the Reno Gang. Pinkerton was the first chief of the U. S. Secret Service and the Reno case was one of the first to be investigated by the Service. Please note that this book was written by JOHN RENO himself, before he died (1879 is the date of the autobiography) in 1892. It contains explanatory notes and editing by myself, with drawings and reproductions from the original book. Only \$1 postpaid.

"The History of Seymour and the Reno Gang" (1939) contains a much more comprehensive history of these men and their activities, with descriptions of the Jackson County hanging tortures, burning of Rockford, lynchings, and other dramatic episodes. These books sold out within 30 days of publication. I can obtain you a copy in good condition for only \$3. Some copies have sold for \$5, as this book is now in great demand and will not be re-issued. If you want one, I can get a copy for this price (\$3 postpaid). You will find it more than worth the price, and a valuable companion book to "The Life of John Reno". "The History of Seymour and the Reno Gang" contains details of the world's first four train-robberies, names of Reno men involved, how they were captured, stories of the hangings, and a remarkable chapter on what actually happened to the Reno moneys (I name a Seymour bank-director caught by the U. S. Secret Service with them in his possession!). This last chapter has caused seven members of this director's family to change their surname by suit in Jackson county court. I will be glad to hear from you and will fill any request promptly.

*Sincerely,
Robert W. Shields*

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

If Pinkerton's detectives suspected the delay had not been accidental they did not make their beliefs apparent. However, they realized they now were faced with a serious predicament. Sparks, Jerrell, and Moore were of course unsafe in Seymour. To house them in the local jail would have been suicide....the Vigilance Committee had become even stronger and bolder and the officials were afraid to even take charge of the prisoners.

There was only one thing left to do; get the men to Brownstown as soon as it could possibly be done. Captain Scott was wired to be on the lookout for Pinkerton's men coming with the prisoners and to take every precaution to prevent a lynching. Pinkerton's men armed themselves to the teeth and engaged several helpers armed with pistols and rifles to assist them in taking the men to Brownstown. Hiring a wagon with a pair of horses and a driver, the group set out for their destination in the middle of the dark. It was a clear moonlight night, however, and they were comforted by the fact they were heavily armored -- almost as impregnable from attack as a moving tank.

The wagon rumbled hurriedly out West Second Street in the direction of Brownstown. When they reached the crossing of the O. & M. a little west of the city their spirits were at the height of apprehension. The fatal bedfellow of their unfortunate companions, the huge beech tree, was outlined in the weird moonlight a few hundred yards ahead. The men all suffocated with shuddering forebodings as they passed the beech, which had dangled three men from its branches only five days before.

Irritably they dribbled admonitions to the driver to crack the whip and hurry ahead. All must have breathed a sigh of relief as the great tree's branches slipped behind in the darkness.

But their relief was ill founded. Scarcely had the wagon gone a few hundred yards than a rustling crowd of men rose up out of the night at the side of the road and surrounded the wagon. The detectives leaped up and drew their arms but were overpowered before they could fire at the great mob, which numbered over two hundred men, nearly four times the size of the lynching party that had hung Elliott, Clifton, and Roseberry.

Without ceremony the horses were seized by the bridles and turned about; the driver was commanded to run the wagon under the beech tree back up the road, which rustled its leaves expectantly as it awaited the companions of the dead three. The men were asked if they had anything to say before they were hung. They were all defiant; Sparks and Moore jeered at the crowd while Jerrell looked sullenly on. In a few moments the lynchers tired of this talk, threw ropes about the three men's necks, and whipped the horses into motion. The wagon jerked forward and the bandits were at once launched into eternity, kicking and struggling against their horrible fate. The bold and reckless Moore had reguaded the mob's anger by refusing to remove his hat -- the furious crowd refused to let anyone take it off his head even after he had strangled to death.

The following morning at seven o'clock a large assembly of curious people had gathered at the crossing -- now known today as "Hangman's Crossing" throughout this vicinity -- to view the bodies. There was Johnny Moore with his hat still on; Sparks and Jerrell's corpses swung loosely in the early morning breeze. The coroner arrived, and the bodies were cut down. The amazing verdict, "These men met death at the hands of parties or parties unknown" was announced and all the legal requirements had been met. Relatives came to claim the bodies.

*soiled from
page 1939 book*

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

It was November, 1892, snowing days lazily drifting by. The four prisoners were ~~perhaps~~ ^{perhaps} ~~telling~~ ^{telling} over old crimes or shuddering in the shadows as they thought of the six men who had swung in the wind at Seymour. They did not know that at that very moment a strange and suspicious looking passenger car was sitting on a siding in Seymour. All blinds in the car were closely pulled and no lights shown through. Inside was a party of about fifty men, many dressed in masquerade uniforms, a number as Scotchmen in kilts. All were masked as if they had been preparing to attend a ball. They talked little and everything was pervaded with an oppressing air of veiled secrecy.

The night train on the J. M. & I. rolled in to the Seymour depot. The engineer without a word backed onto the siding -- the strange coach was hooked to the rear of the train by unseen hands. Soon the train was on its way to New Albany with the gain crowd.

At the New Albany jail the turnkey, Thomas J. Fullenlove, was aroused shortly after midnight by a boisterous pounding on the jail door. Upon opening a small grated window in the door, he was amazed to see in the torchlight an angry mob of men demanding entrance. Hastily he shut the grating and placed heavy bars against the door. He called his assistants and desks, chairs, and assorted heavy objects were rolled immediately against the entrance. The officers armed themselves and cried threats to the furious crowd outside. The Reno and Charles Anderson begged to be released that they might help in the fight but Fullenlove answered that their help wasn't needed and if it should be, it wasn't wanted.

Meanwhile the stormy group outside had begun battering the door -- the heavy gearings of the door were bursting loose from the terrible pounding. Splinters flew in all directions and the monstrous hinges weakened. Within an incredibly short time the great door gave way to the fierce onslaught and the mob rushed angrily inside. Fullenlove and his helpers had no opportunity to fire a shot; they were forced to the wall and disarmed by strength of numbers. The wiser Fullenlove had hidden the keys to Reno's and Anderson's cells.

Fullenlove was mercilessly beaten and tortured to make him reveal where he had hidden the keys. He refused to tell. The crowd was unable to get into the cells without them so Fullenlove was hung to the ceiling in a repetition of the old Reno Gang's "Hanging Torture" system, but he still gaspingly refused to surrender the keys. His wife, who saw he was seriously injured and could not withstand more treatment, ran and got the keys and surrendered them to the mob, who released Fullenlove, who was so severely beaten he was unable to stand or see. His bravery can be remembered with pride.

It is said the Reno and Anderson fought the mob desperately but to no avail. The masked crowd overpowered them and hung the screaming men to the high rafters of the jail, where their jerking, strangling bodies soon quivered into stillness. Thus ended the lives of the last of the Reno Gang -- Frank Reno, the leader, Bill Reno, the young adventurer, Sam Reno, the over ready brother, and Charles Anderson, the gang's reputed "head-tenant." Of all the Reno brothers, only John and Clinton remained alive; John in jail in Missouri -- Clint engaged in honest farming at Rockford.

*Soiled proof
pages from
book.*

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

ROBERT W. SHIELDS

P.S.: I also have a photograph of the house in which John Reno died, a photo of the Marshfield train they robbed, and other such pictures, that could be photostated. Sorry that I do not have the negatives, so the pictures could be made cheaper -- RWS

648 East Monroe St.
Franklin, Indiana
May 22, 1942

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

My dear Mr. Lamborn:

Your letter arrived, with your order, and payment. I am sending under separate cover "The History of Seymour and the Story of the Reno Gang". I had sold entirely out of this edition in December, 1939, but managed to buy this book back from a customer. I have only one copy now on hand, for my own use. I hope the trouble I went to to get this copy is worth it to you, since you seem to be very much interested in the Reno story. This book is the MOST COMPLETE story of the Renos ever assembled under one cover. The copy is in good shape, though the back is slightly loose; the book itself is securely and permanently bound. The covers could be re-fastened by any printer on a stitching machine for about 5%, if you care to have it stitched again.

The copy of "The Life of John Reno" will have to be ordered out of Seymour, as I have no more here. It will be mailed out not later than Monday morning. It is a new book and has a finer binding on it than the first book, although the first book contains much more in the way of valuable information.

I have spent about three years tracing down court records, old magazine and newspaper documents, etc., of the Reno brothers. It is my feeling that I have more information on them than any other person. When conditions permit, a complete book combining all maps, photos, Seymour history, Reno Gang history, the autobiography of John Reno, etc., will be published. There is much pictorial work that could illustrate such a book beautifully.

The only two places that you could get pictures of the Reno Gang will not help you. They refused to do anything. Only these parties have such photographs: (1) The U. S. Secret Service, and (2) Mrs. Apple Leffingwell (daughter of Frank Reno). The Secret Service does not permit any person to use their files, and Mrs. Leffingwell burned all the pictures she had, and destroyed the graves of the Renos, too. I have, however, very fortunately, photos of these items: (1) THE GRAVE OF FRANK RENO (before it was smashed and the tombstone taken); (2) THE GRAVE AND TOMBSTONE OF JOHN J. MOORE (Reno Gangman hung near Seymour), (3) THE CELL TIERS ON WHICH THE RENO BROTHERS WERE LYNCHED AND HUNG TO; and (4) The photo of the GUARD ON DUTY WHEN THE RENOS WERE LYNCHED, in 1868. If you want these, they can be photo-copied for about \$1 apiece. No negatives exist. Will help you any way I can. Also, answering your inquiries: The Renos never robbed any train near Cincinnati; the World's First Train Robbery was September (on the 20th?) in 1866, in Seymour, Indiana. Robbers were John and Simson Reno, and their helpers. Will be glad to hear from you anytime.

Very truly yours,

Robert W. Shields

HURRY! GET YOUR COPY NOW!

THE LIFE OF JOHN RENO

of Seymour, Indiana

THE WORLD'S FIRST TRAIN ROBBER

The Famous Reno Brothers Staged
The First Four Train Robberies In The World
At Seymour, Indiana.

Now is your chance to get John Reno's own life story of how
he cracked safes and counted out thousands of dollars.

WRITTEN BY RENO HIMSELF

Edited by Robert W. Shields

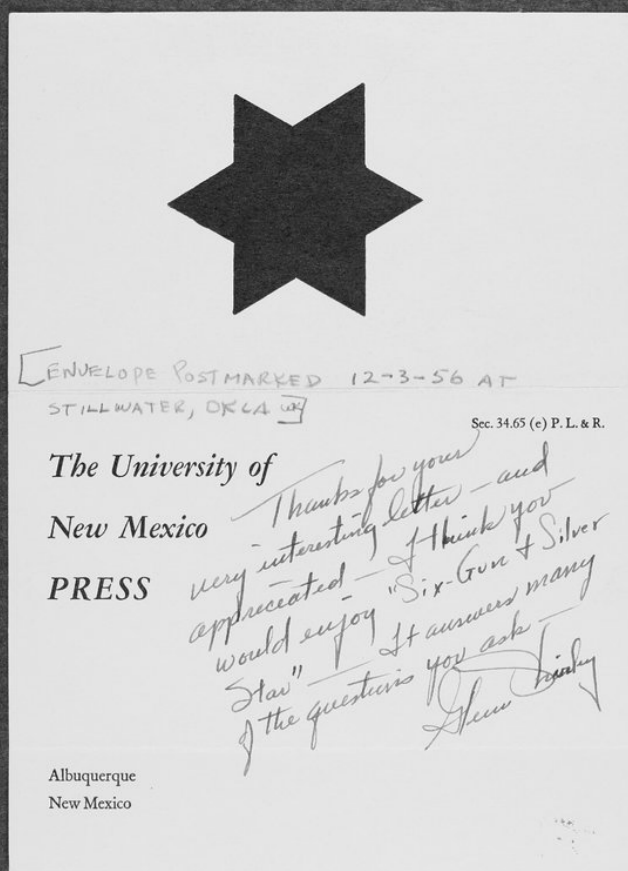
With many illustrations, including a rare Brady photograph
furnished by the United States War Department of
PRESIDENT LINCOLN and his Personal
Bodyguard MAJOR ALLAN PINKERTON, First Chief of the
U. S. Secret Service, who Smashed the Reno Gang.

They Can't Last Long at \$1.00 per Copy
The Supply is Limited! Get Yours NOW!

NOW ON SALE AT

WHITSETT PRINT SHOP
204 S. CHESTNUT SEYMOUR, INDIANA

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

*Boomers, . . . homesteaders, . . . politicians made
Oklahoma the wonder territory of the nation . . .*

. . . but it was the marshals and their deputies who paved the way for peace and statehood. These men, armed with Colts and courage, risked their lives daily to rout the train robbers, cattle thieves, whiskey peddlers, and murderers who plagued Oklahoma with the greatest outlaw menace known to the new frontier.

Please send . . . copies of SIX-GUN AND SILVER STAR, \$4.50; . . . copies of TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL, \$3.50, an account of the less exploited bad men and women of the Old West.

To . . .

Address . . .

. . .

Fabulous names appear in this saga — names of both good men and bad. Here are the day-by-day, sometimes hour-by-hour, gun battles of such lawmen as John Hixon, Frank Canton, Heck Thomas, Bill Tilghman, and Chris Madsen. Their targets were the Daltons, the Doolins, the Caseys, the Wyatts — gangs boasting renegades like Black-Faced Charley, Arkansas Tom, Red Buck, Dynamite Dick, Cattle Annie, and Little Breeches. They all had their day, and then dropped from the picture as United States Marshal Evett Dumas Nix and his hand-picked men coaxed law and peace to this raw, violent country. Glenn Shirley, author of TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL, bases his story solidly on facts found in old court records and on intensive research, to bring proper distinction finally to the splendid moral and personal courage of this great force of lawmen.

SIX-GUN AND SILVER STAR

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Glenn Shirley

BOX 824
STILLWATER, OKLAHOMA

August 28, 1965

Dear Mr. Lamborn:

Thanks for your inquiry reference HENRY STARR, LAST OF THE REAL BADMEN. The book sells for \$4.50; if you are unable to obtain a copy from your local book dealer, I will be glad to have one, autographed, sent from here. Please add 15¢ to your check or money order for postage.

Reference your questions: (1) The mother of the Dalton brothers has been dead for years. I believe she died at Kingfisher, Oklahoma--I do not have the exact date. (2) I do not have the exact date of death of Bill Raidler. (3) The bank robbed in Texas by the Doolin-Dalton gang was at Longview, May 23, 1894. (4) As far as I have been able to find out, the Sness brothers never operated with Henry Starr. (5) I have been unable to locate any photos of the Christian brothers; I saw a bust photo of Bert Casey about ten years ago, but was never able to obtain a copy of it.

Sincerely,
Glenn Shirley

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MISSOURI
Columbia

October 16, 1917

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

Mr. E. P. Lamborn,
214 Lake Street,
Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Lamborn:-

Replying to your favor of October 13th, I take
pleasure in giving you the following information concerning
the books on Jim Cummins:

Jim Cummins' Book Written by Himself, published
by the Reed Publishing Company, Denver,
Colorado, 1903.

Jim Cummins, The Guerrilla. Excelsior Springs,
Missouri, published by the Daily Journal.
1908.

I trust that you will be able to obtain these
works, and that they will be satisfactory. If we can be
of further service to you, do not hesitate to call upon
us.

Very truly yours,

Frederick C. Thormayer
Secretary.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

FREDERICK SIMPICH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

National Geographic Magazine
WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 3, 1944

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

Dear Mr. Lamborn:

It has been so long since I wrote the Rio Grande story that I can not remember the name of the man I talked to in Creede, Colorado. If you write to the Mayor of Creede or to the Chamber of Commerce, I am sure they can locate the old pictures you desire. I saw post cards made from them on sale in drug stores.

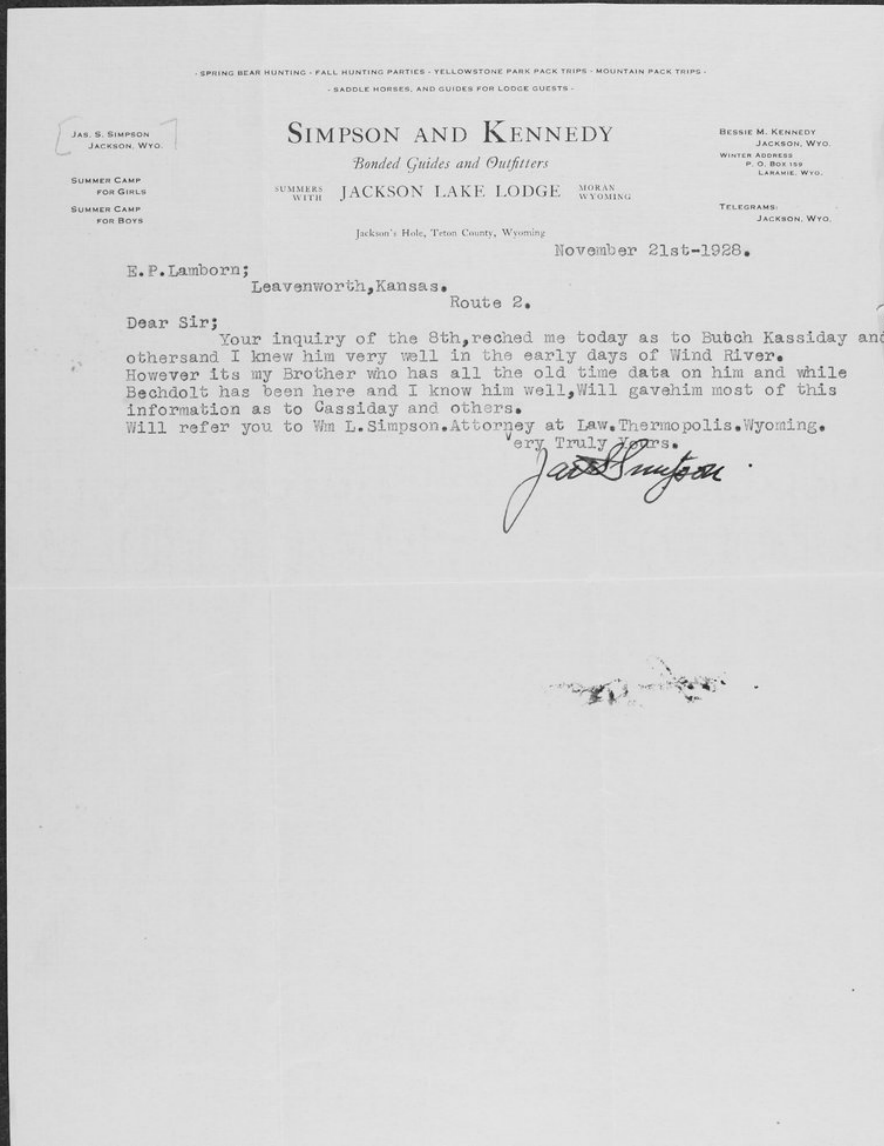
I enjoyed your letter. I want to buy your book. Please let me know where I can get it as soon as it is published.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick Simpich

FS:s

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

[Simpson, OW]

Dodge City Kan.
Nov 8 - 29.

Mr E. P. Lamborn
Leavenworth Kans.

Dear Sir If you will excuse pencil
I will try to answer your letter of Oct 17.
You can get photos of all most all the
men you name by sending to the Aikin
Studios of this place or the Stovil Studio
Bill Delghman was marshall of Dodge
City in 1885 and set Bat Masterson was
sheriff before he was marshall - It was
reported that Dave Mathers went to the Pen.
in Canada. There is seven differant
photos of Luke Short. There is not
a single instance in which cow
boys or gun men ran their bluff on
old Dodge It is the only wild town

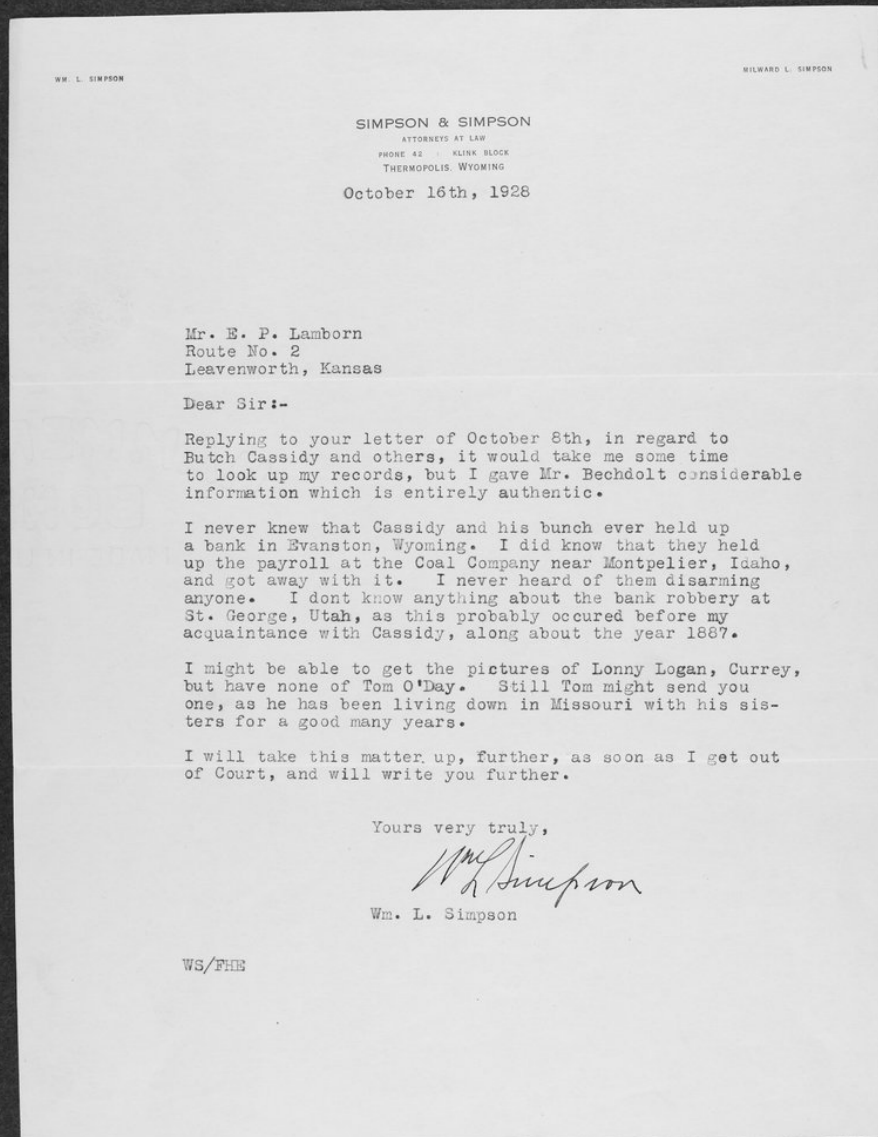
E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

of the west that was nevastaken, ~~Hoje~~
was like a large family. They would
fuss among them selves but if an out-
sider tried any thing the whole town
would fight together and we had more
real gun men than all the wild
towns of the west combined & they
had a pride never to let the town be
shot up and get away with it, and it never
was. I dont know where you can
get any information about Clay Allison
The story of him bluffing Bat Masterson
is all fiction

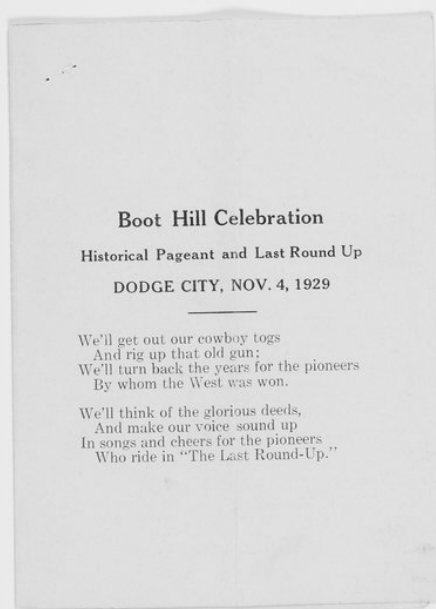
I am very truly

O. H. Kinsman

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

BOOT HILL (Dodge City)

Dedicated to those Brave Spirits of the Old West
Old Timers named this hill "Boot Hill"
For the men that were buried here
With their boots on and wearing a gun
The style of the gay frontier.
It was in the days of the cowboy
When the horse was the king of speed,
When there were rustlers of cattle and many a
battle
With gangs of the renegade breed.
The saloons were then the he-man's club
And in "The First" or the "Last Chance"
Keeping time to the roars of the Colt Forty-Fours
The tenderfoot learned to dance.
This was the hi-day of the gamblers,
Marked cards or dice filled with lead
Caused many a fight, and then thru the night
Old Boot Hill would gather her dead.
Old-Timers fought Indians and outlaws
And the wild beasts of the west,
Those brave pioneers pushed back the frontiers,
Their courage stood every test.
Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, and Bill Tilghman,
Heroes of early day strife,
Of grit these were fond, their word was their bond,
Their honor more sacred than life.

These old scouts had iron nerves,
And they were quick on the draw,
They were quick and sure, and they made life
secure
For those men who loved the law.
The prairie schooner was blazing trails
For the stage coach and the trains;
Then men did not try to ride in the sky,
But rode, content on the plains,
More than a million buffalo hides
Were shipped from the west one year;
Men came from the east to slaughter wild beasts,
The buffalo, the bear, and the deer.
In those old days the Cowboy Band
Played many a lively tune,
While some gent would call in the old dance hall
At the rear of Ryan's saloon.
Then Old Boot Hill gave up her graves,
For a better day had come;
Here men built a school, and the golden rule
Replaced the rule of the gun.
There are heroes in every clime
Of every race, of every creed,
But the world loves best those men of Our West
Who did such glorious deeds.
Then Old Boot Hill gave up her school
But there on that famous ground
By our city hall and a cowboy tail
Man's Grit, His Honor, is crowned.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



Dr. Simpson's Cowboy Statue
on Boot Hill.

E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



Texas Western College

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

Formerly the COLLEGE OF MINES AND METALLURGY

January 22, 1953

at El Paso

Dear Mr. Lamborn,

I have your very interesting letter and wish I could have had some talk with you before I did the book on feuds. Maybe we can get together yet before we get tired of talking.

The first version of the book you mention was over 700 pages long and I had a time to place it. Every publisher I sent it to made me cut it a little more, and the form that finally saw the light of day was just about half as long as the original book. One thing I had to do was leave out most of the smaller feuds, and that included the Miller-Frazier business. I dug out everything I could about it and had it ready to go, but had to be omitted.

I mentioned the killing of Miller's brother-in-law but was not able to date it.

You give me some information I didn't have when you tell me that he married Mannen Clements' daughter. That must be the old Mannen, who made some history up in Dodge City. Out here we always think Mannen Clements is the one who was killed here about 1908 (I have the date somewhere)--but that was old Mannen's son.

You would be interested to know that Sallie Clements is still around. I am a good friend of young Mannen's sister-in-law, and we went to see Sallie one time. She goes by another name now--maybe married again--and it took us some time to locate her. When we finally did and went to her house, she had gone to Roswell, New Mexico. Somebody told me not long ago that she is living in Roswell now.

I too would like to know more about Miller. One point that I shall always wonder about is what he had to do with the death of Pat Garret. At the time of Pat's death a lot of people thought Miller was the actual killer, and many still think so. I asked Pat's son Oscar, just before his death, what he thought about it, and he was sure Braxel and Adamson were the killers.

I have more about the Reese-Townsend feud than has ever been in print before. Reese's daughters are good friends of mine and I have spent some time in Columbus. I do not remember Joe Townsend's name appearing among the combatants, but I haven't checked my material for some time and he might be in there.

I can't locate the date of the second gun fight between Frazier and Miller in my notes, but it would be easy to check it in the court records. Frazier was brought into court in November of 1895 for that shooting, got a change of venue to Colorado City, and was acquitted on May 30, 1896. Frazier was killed September 14, 1896.

Yes, we know about Clay Allison out here. I understand that a Catholic priest named Stanley who has lived around Socorro and Las Vegas has dug up a tremendous lot of stuff about him and has written a book. He read some of his material to the Denver posse of The Westerners, of which I am a corresponding member, a few months ago.