

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

### Section 60, Pages 1771 - 1797

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.

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## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

STATE OF WYOMING  
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY  
CHEYENNE

MRS. CYRUS BEARD  
STATE HISTORIAN

June 14, 1932.

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

Dear Mr. Lamborn:

This acknowledges receipt of your letter of June 6. I think if you write to J. Cecil Alter, Salt Lake City, you will get in touch with historical work in Utah. You might also write to the Historian, Mormon Church, Salt Lake City. Between the two you will probably find what you wish.

I do not know when Jeff Carr died. We pay very little attention to crime and criminals in this office. Nothing that is not absolutely necessary to keep straight the records of the state along those lines is of special interest to us.

Should you be in Cheyenne we would be very glad to open our files to you, and to give you any assistance in our power to help you in your research work. We have no typewritten manuscripts such as you refer to. Jesse Brown in his Black Hills book has given everything we have. ~~when~~ we were a part of Dakota during the period covered by his story.

Cordially yours,  
Mrs. Cyrus Beard.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard,  
State Historian.

*I did not intend to imply that Jeff Carr was a criminal. What this very young dept. needs is to do more constructive history.*  
B:MRH  
Mrs. Beard.

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

STATE OF WYOMING  
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY  
CHEYENNE

MRS. CYRUS BEARD  
STATE HISTORIAN

May 27, 1932.

Mr. Lamborn,  
Leavenworth, Kansas.  
Rural Route No. 2.

Dear Mr. Lamborn:

The manuscripts which we have loaned to you, together with the list of books which you have upon Wyoming history, were received this morning for both of which we thank you. We ourselves own the same library. May I call your attention to *Hard Knocks*, by Col. Harry Young? That is not a very reliable book, it has a number of errors in it, while not of a very great consequence do however retract from the book. If you are interested I will check up on the errors and send you a list of them.

Mr. Duncan Aikman did research work in this department when he was assembling information for his *Calamity Jane and Other Lady Wildcats*. If you do not have the *Cowboy*, by Phillip Ashton Rollins, I feel sure you would be glad to add it to your collection of western history. Mr. Rollins is a very accurate writer, and I use that particular book very frequently for reference. Edgar Beecher Bronson had ranch interests a short distance out of Cheyenne, and had many friends in the town. What he writes about Wyoming we have verified.

Cordially yours,

*Mrs. Cyrus Beard*

Mrs. Cyrus Beard,  
State Historian.

B:MRH

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

STATE OF WYOMING  
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY  
CHEYENNE

MRS. CYRUS BEARD  
STATE HISTORIAN

May 16, 1932.

Mr. E. P. Lamborn,  
Leavenworth, Kansas,  
Rural Route No 1 2.

Dear Mr. Lamborn:

We are returning the newspaper clipping which you loaned to us. We have that copy of the Sentinel in our files. I was nevertheless glad to see the clipping. We are unable to learn exactly when Jeff Carr died. I am quite sure it was in 1890. We are lending you the only available material which we have about "Butch" Cassidy. We have a little information about Cassidy in a scrap-book but we cannot lend our scrap-books as we need them for reference.

I would like to have the titles and authors of the books which you have on early Wyoming history, as a check up to compare with our own.

Thanking you for this courtesy, I am,

Cordially yours,

*Mrs. Cyrus Beard.*

Mrs. Cyrus Beard,  
State Historian.

B:MR

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

*Return to me.*  
*April 17, 1939*

**A Newspaper of 1870 Published  
In Laramie, Wyoming Advertised  
A List of Curious Commodities**  
*April 17, 1939 - April 17, 1939*

Curious commodities ranging from Rocky Mountain bitters and ready made coffins to gold dust and choice imported whiskies are displayed conspicuously in advertisements carried in the issue of the Laramie, Wyo. Sentinel of November 1, 1870, a copy of which is in the possession of Mrs. J. A. McQuire, of Kansas City, Kas.

The Sentinel was a 5-column, 4-page evening paper published by Hayford & Gates, regarded as one of the earliest journals of that land of wide open spaces and wide open saloons.

The scanty news columns chronicled the proposal of a new courthouse, the first of the lecture course series, loss of a hay farm inflicted by a passing locomotive, the building of a bridge over the Platte river at Grand Island, Neb., "by telegraph" news from the front in the Franco-Prussian war, and the news of a boy in Hannibal, Mo., committing suicide because his father had received the Democratic nomination for Congress.

"Such things are hard to bear," the Sentinel admits, "but boys should learn to stand up manfully under such discouragements and by an upright life try and overcome the disgrace."

Frontier advertisements and professional "cards" occupied four of the five front page columns. One of the first to catch the reader's eye is that of the H. J. Rogers & Co., the only banking establishment between Cheyenne and Salt Lake valley dealing in coin, gold dust, government securities and exchange. We pay the highest price for all kinds of Union Pacific R. R. paper.

Every item of frontier necessity was prominently advertised, such as boots, provisions, dry goods, fish, tobacco, miners' tools, gunpowder, caps, shot, lead, needle-gun cartridges, beaver traps, farm and garden implements, fence wire, ax handles, well buckets, lamp burners and wicks.

Fraternal orders listed were: Odd Fellows, A. F. & A. M. and the Independent Order of Good Templars.

**Liquor Advertisements.**

The Sentinel carried four liquor advertisements, the most flamboyant of them being set verily in the column, and reads as follows: "The oldest and most reliable house on the Union Pacific railroad Dawson & Brother, imported and domestic wines, whiskies, brandies, gin and ale; also the finest and largest lot of Meerschaum and briar bow pipes and pipe fixtures."

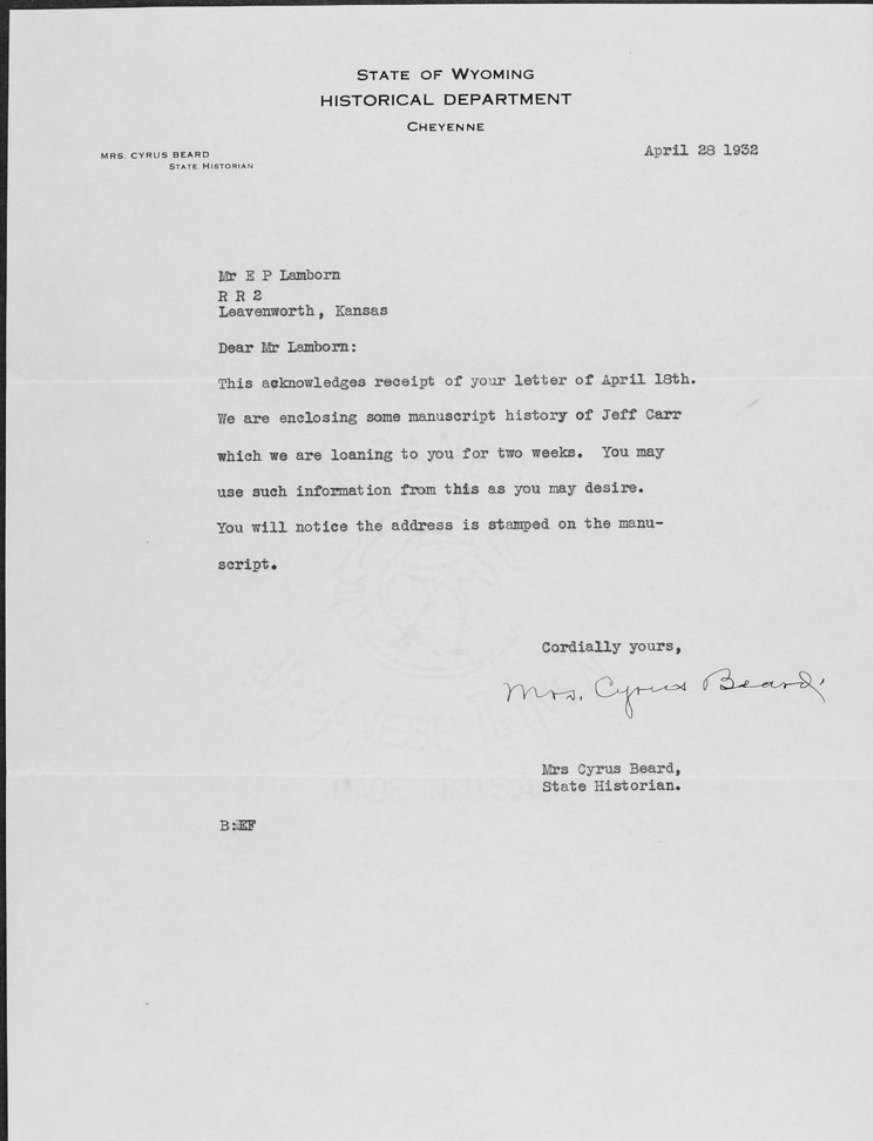
The Union Pacific railway, the town's chief industry, used space liberally, carrying one land development and one excursion advertisement. The 1500-mile trip from Omaha to Sacramento could be made in the "unexpected time of four days" on an "all rail route," according to T. E. Sickles, general superintendent.

But after sixty years one line of advertising chatter still sounds familiar: "Nevermore can the coarse gritty tooth powders and tooth destroying chemical fluids find a place on the tablets of sensible people. So-so-dent has superseded them all."

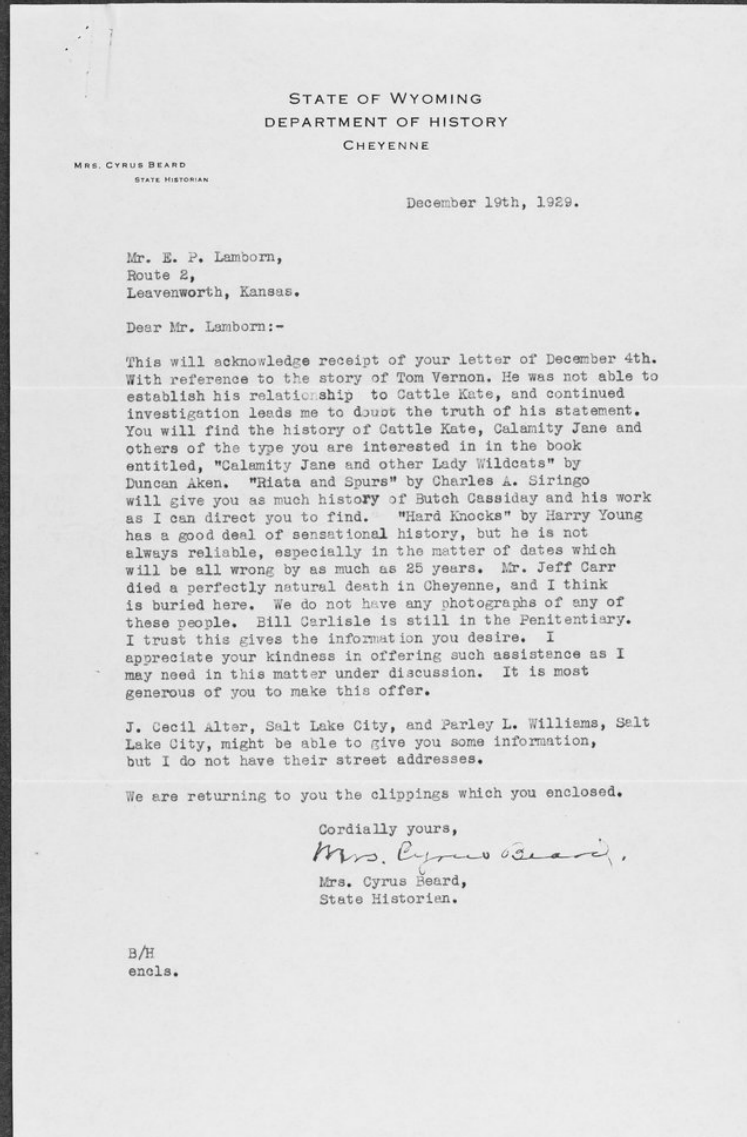
Aye, "No harmful grit or str-e-natives."

Retirement pay of a federal civil service employ is not exempt from income tax.

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



*Please Read and Return to me.*

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1929.

### RODEO RIDER IS BANDIT

CALIFORNIA TRAIN ROBBERY ADMITTED BY TOM VERNON.

He Tells Sheriff He Had No Accomplices in Causing Wreck—A Holdup in Wyoming Is Denied.

(By the Associated Press.)

PAWNEE, Ok., Dec. 2.—Tom Vernon, former rodeo rider, who was arrested here last night in connection with the robbery of a train in California, and another, later, in Wyoming, tonight confessed to the wrecking and robbing of the train in California, Allen N. Jones, Pawnee County sheriff, said.

Vernon, Sheriff Jones said, denied any part in the holdup a week ago today, near Cheyenne, Wyo., however, and said he would fight extradition to Wyoming on that charge. He told the sheriff he was willing to go to California to face a charge of robbing a train near Saugus, Cal., November 10 and would not oppose extradition to that state.

In his confession, Vernon told the sheriff he robbed the train because he was out of work and needed money. He had been promised a job by the railroad company, he said, and "had been disappointed."

Playing a lone hand, Vernon said, he wrecked and robbed the train and made his escape without aid.

### SON OF HANGED COUPLE.

Alleged Cattle Rustlers His Parents, Tom Vernon Says.

(By the Associated Press.)

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Dec. 2.—Tom Vernon, arrested in Pawnee, Ok., last night in connection with the robbery

of the Portland Limited east of Cheyenne last Monday night, says he is the son of Jim Averill and "Cattle Kate," who were hanged in the Sweetwater County of Wyoming, south of Casper, July 20, 1889, as cattle rustlers, Mrs. Cyrus Beard, state historian, told the Associated Press today.

Vernon has been corresponding with Mrs. Beard since December 17, 1928, from prison in California, in an effort to establish his identity, and made three visits to the capitol building in Cheyenne the week before the robbery. The last was the Saturday before the holdup when he asked employment from the state.

In a letter from prison in Repress, Cal., January 9, 1925, to Mrs. Beard, Vernon said his name was Tom Averill, but that he had used the name of Tom Vernon because he had not learned his correct identity until recent years.

Rifle Kills Kansas Child, 2.

EX. DORADO, Kas., Dec. 2.—(A. P.)—John D. Lawyer, 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lawyer of Casso-

### TWO STATES SEEK FUGITIVE.

Alleged Train Robber Is Wanted in California and Wyoming.

1929 (By the Associated Press.)

PAWNEE, Ok., Dec. 2.—A skirmish was in the making today between Wyoming and California authorities for the custody of Tom Vernon, 43, rested here suspected of train robberies in the two states.

Vernon, former cowboy, rodeo performer, trainman and convict, was arraigned today before Charles Bealy, county judge, on a charge of being a fugitive from justice in connection with robbery of a Southern Pacific passenger train near Saugus, Cal., November 10, after the train had been derailed. Hearing on the charge was set for December 12.

Meanwhile Governor Frank C. Emerson of Wyoming telegraphed Governor W. J. Holloway of Oklahoma asking that Vernon be held for Wyoming authorities until requisition papers could be transmitted. The prisoner is wanted in Wyoming for the wrecking and robbery of the Union Pacific railroad's Portland Limited near Cheyenne last Monday night.

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ROBERT L. WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT  
THOMAS H. DOYLE, PRESIDENT EMERITUS  
EMMA ESTILL-HARBOR, VICE-PRESIDENT

CHARLES EVANS, SECRETARY

WILLIAM S. KEY, VICE-PRESIDENT  
JESSIE R. MOORE, TREASURER  
GRANT FOREMAN, DIRECTOR  
OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH

OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
HISTORICAL BUILDING  
OKLAHOMA CITY 5, OKLAHOMA

June 19, 1945

E. P. Lamborn  
Route #2  
Leavenworth, Kansas

Dear Mr. Lamborn:

Your letter to the Oklahoma State Historical Society received sometime ago has recently been referred to me for a reply.

Replying to your inquiries, there is no card index referring to the death of Billy Reidler at Lenora, Dewey County, Oklahoma.

The sister of the Dalton brothers lives at Kingfisher, Oklahoma. A letter addressed to her-- Miss Leonora Dalton--would likely bring you the answers to some of your questions, particularly the date of Mrs. Dalton's death and probably information with reference to old photographs of outlaws in early days.

A small paper bound book of 138 pages, entitled Outlaw Days by Zoe A. Tilghman (Oklahoma City: Harlow Publishing Company, 1926) gives a lot of information and has a number of photograph illustrations of early day outlaws. Mrs. Tilghman has not completed and published the story of Bill Tilghman's life.

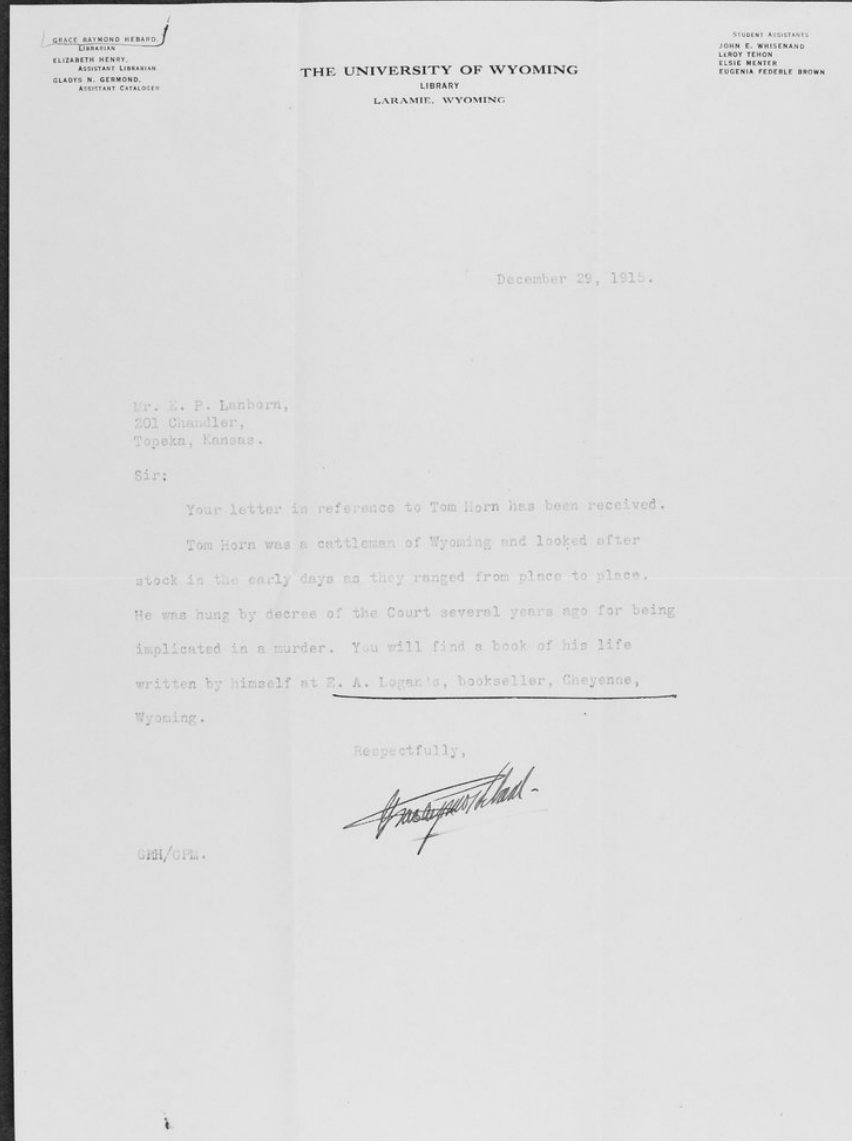
The dates of the land openings were as follows: Unassigned Lands ("Old Oklahoma"), April 22, 1889; the Iowa, the Sac and Fox, and the Potawatomi-Shawnee reservations, September 22, 1891; the Cheyenne and Arapaho reservation, April 19, 1892; the Cherokee Outlet ("Cherokee Strip"), September 16, 1893; and also the Pawnee and the Tonkawa reservations on this same date; the Kickapoo reservation, May 25, 1895; the Comanche-Kiowa-Apache reservation and the Wichita-Caddo reservation, August 6, 1901; the "Big Pasture" (Comanche-Kiowa reserve), half million acres, sold in 160-acre tracts in 1906.

Under the provisions of the Organic Act (organization of Oklahoma Territory), May 2, 1890, the Attorney General of the United States brought suit against the State of Texas to determine the disputed ownership of old Greer County. The U.S. Supreme Court rendered its decision on March 16, 1896. A Congressional Act approved by President Cleveland on May 4, 1896, provided for the organization of old Greer County as a part of Oklahoma Territory.

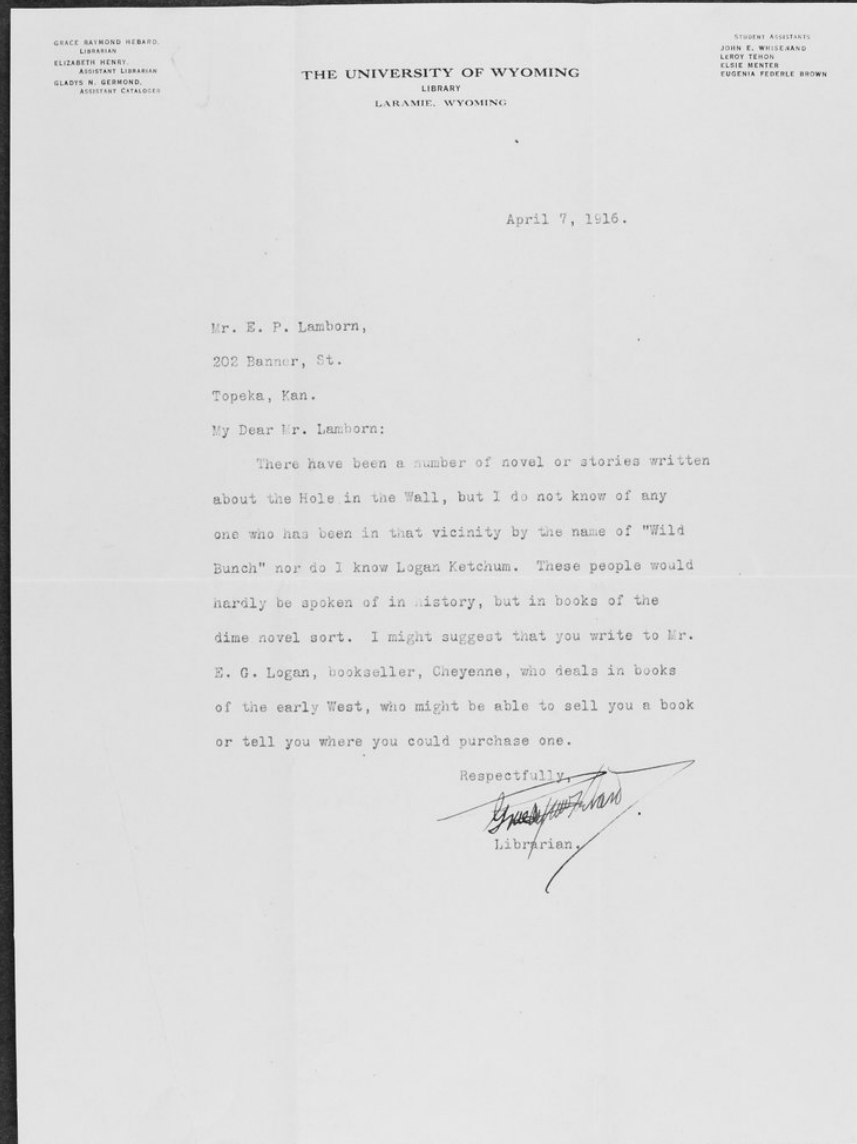
I trust that the above will serve the purposes of your inquiries.

Yours very truly, *Muriel H. Wright*  
Muriel H. Wright, Editorial & Research

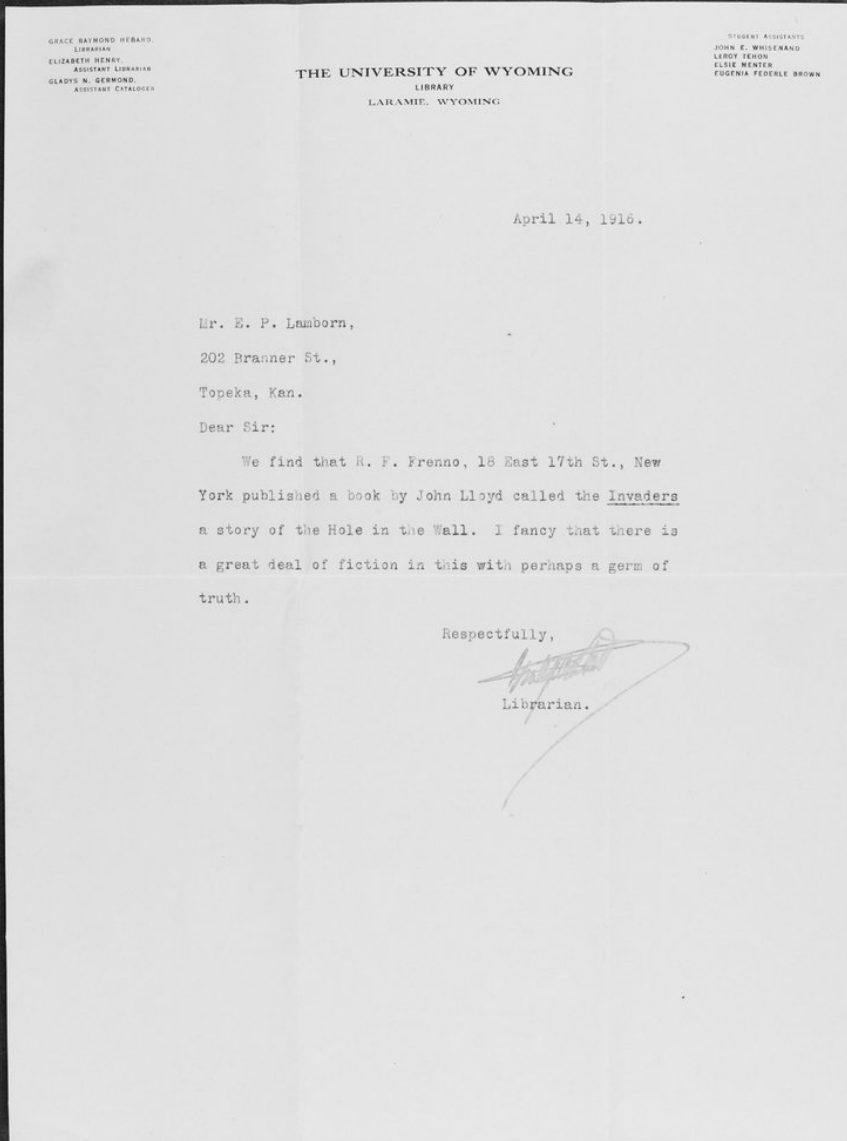
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OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN



THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING  
THE LIBRARY  
LARAMIE, WYOMING

May 4, 1945

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

Dear Sir:

Your letter of March 20th addressed to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association in Cheyenne has just been referred to me for answer.

All of the records of the Stock Growers Association have been given to the University of Wyoming, but I am sorry to say they are not yet ready for use. They are still packed in the boxes in which they came and will probably not be unpacked before some time in June. At that time, I shall be glad to send the information which you request, if it is available.

Very truly yours,

*Mary E. Marks*

MARY E. MARKS,  
Librarian

MEM/rf

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN



THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING  
THE LIBRARY  
LARAMIE, WYOMING

August 30, 1945

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

Dear Mr. Lamborn:

In compliance with your requests in your letter of August 20th, I am enclosing several items on the life of T. Jeff Carr which I have located and copied for you. I regret that I have been unable to learn for you the date of his death. I wrote the Bureau of Vital Statistics at Cheyenne to see if they had information on it. They made a search of their records from 1900-1909 but found nothing. As I progress with the organization of the archives here at the library, I may find more information for you, which I shall send on.

The book "Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff" by Robert B. David, was published by S. E. Boyer and Company, Casper, Wyoming, 1932. I know this book is out of print now and difficult to get. However, should you desire to borrow a copy and cannot do so at your local library, you may borrow it from the library of the University of Wyoming for a period of six weeks by writing the librarian here.

To date I have been unable to find any material on Frank Hadsell other than passing mention of him as Sheriff of Carbon County. I suggest you write Mr. John C. Thompson, Wyoming State Tribune, Cheyenne, Wyoming. He is the author of the daily column to be found in that paper, in which he daily gives a story of some phase of Wyoming history. You will note that the articles I have copied come chiefly from that source. He will undoubtedly have much material along the lines you are seeking that we do not have here.

We have no pictures of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang in our files that I can at present locate. Mrs. Marie Erwin, State Historical Department, Cheyenne, Wyoming, may be able to help you obtain these. They may have some of them in their picture files in the department.

I trust this information will be of assistance to you.

Very truly yours,

*Lola M. Homsher*

Lola M. Homsher  
Archivist,  
Library, University of Wyoming.

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

In Old Wyoming  
By Jehn C. Thompson

Taken from the Wyoming State Tribune, Cheyenne, Wyoming. July 28, 29, 30, 1942.

T. Jeff Carr was not a pleasant person. Even his closest friends-- if he had any close friends--didn't enjoy his society. A whaling hulk of a man with a Lincolnian fringe of auburn beard and bunion-studded feet which well might have inspired the original application of "flatboats" to exaggerated pedal extremities, he was morose, surly, abrupt and brutal. But he was, as everybody acknowledged, and especially the violators of law and ordinances duly made and provided, an efficient officer. He served as sheriff, United States marshal, city marshal of Cheyenne, and in each of these he established a record that made law-breakers shudder and think twice ere they perpetrated any shenanigans within his bailiwick.

Carr, then around 50 years of age, was last a peace officer in the '90's when he officiated as marshal of Cheyenne for several years. The "hobo nuisance" then was acute. Thousands of men were "on the road" as a result of the Cleveland depression of 1893 and Cheyenne, being on the main line of the chief trans-continental railroad, the Union Pacific, was in the course of travel of a host of these. They learned, soon, however, to give the Wyoming capital a wide berth, for Carr had a method all his own of dealing with impecunious transients. It was to take any hapless hobo who fell into his clutches to the city limits, head him up the road and kick hell out of him so long as he was within reach. This formula worked well on all save one occasion when a canny knight-of-the-road put a stovetid inside his pants, then courted Jeff's attention, Carr's profane roars of anguish when his No. 14 shoe landed on the armor-plated posterior of the transient could be heard clear across the city.

Carr was a genuine Cheyenne pioneer; he came to the settlement at the end-of-track in 1867, soon after it was founded. Reminiscence concerning that period in which he indulged in the late '90's was published in the Pittsburgh Times. The Times article follows in part:

With the arrival of the Union Pacific Cheyenne sprang into existence as one of the most remarkable frontier towns of this country. The army of railroad employes numbered thousands--graders, bridge-builders, tie and timber choppers, men running the numerous sawmills, a small army quarrying and hauling stone, hundreds of teams bringing in ties and timber, the well-organized forces laying the ties, putting down the rails and completing the ironing of the road, made up a scene never to be forgotten.

Ft. D.A. Russell was erected two miles from Cheyenne that same summer, and soldiers were stationed there to protect the road builders and settlers from the Indians, and a little later Camp Carlin, a depot for all quartermaster and commissary supplies, was established. Thence thousands of wagons with supplies for the troops at Forts Fetterman, Reno, Phil Kearny and other posts celebrated in frontier history started on their long and often dangerous journeys.

Wyoming was then a part of the territory of Dakota; the seat of government was hundreds of miles distant; the appointed officers were little respected, and the laws were not efficiently administered.

But even amid these unfavorable surroundings, the American spirit of self-government asserted itself. The reputable elements of society took affairs into their own hands. The laws they enforced were unwritten, and their methods were crude and drastic, but all they did was based upon right and justice, and for the interests of the community at large.

Along in 1868 and 1869 the best citizens organized a vigilance committee

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and took charge of affairs. Judge Lynch held court, and from his decisions there was no appeal. A rope and a tree, a bridge or a telegraph pole, were all that were needed to execute his decrees, and lawbreakers were summarily taught that justice reigned supreme. Gradually law and order were established; the dangerous element was driven out, or followed the advancing railroad to new fields, and Cheyenne, in a comparatively short time, became what is today, an orderly, law-abiding, progressive city.

"To T. Jeff Carr" says one writer, "more than to any other man, belongs the credit of converting the lawless regions of this portion of the borderland into communities of law and order and civilization. His name, more than that of any other name known to the people of the Rocky mountains, strikes terror into the hearts of evil-doers, and as a faithful, vigilant and sagacious officer of the law, he, in reputation and deeds stands without a rival anywhere in the far west."

T. Jeff Carr, still a resident of Cheyenne, was born in Allegheny county, just across the river from Sewickley, on June 18, 1842. His family was one of the oldest in that section, and Prof. John K. Stewart, long a teacher of penmanship in Duff's business college, is his cousin. It was from this institution that Mr. Carr graduated in 1863, and he still preserves his written diploma. While in school that year he and many of his fellow students were enrolled in a company hastily organized when General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and he helped to make the fortifications constructed for Pittsburgh's protection in those exciting times.

Shortly afterward he went to Colorado, and then in 1867, located in Cheyenne. Taking part with the reputable element in preserving order, Mr. Carr, in 1869, was appointed sheriff of Laramie county by the legislature, and in 1870 was elected to that office. He was twice reelected.

"Cheyenne was a wild town in those days," said Mr. Carr to the writer. "Naturally a large part of our population, while not criminal or dangerous, was wild and impetuous and restive under the laws for the maintenance of due order. We could get along with those, however, to some extent, notwithstanding the fact that all the conditions were against us, but the gamblers, dance hall keepers, and the gangs that frequented them; the bunco steers, thieves, hold-ups and road agents, horse thieves and all the other representatives of the criminal classes, made the work of preventing the community from going into practical lawlessness and anarchy a most difficult one.

"The Vigilantes, who organized themselves in 1868, were made up of from 50 to 100 active, determined men. They had their officers and did everything systematically. There was a similar organization in Montana at the same time, and both were patterned after the famous Vigilance committee formed in San Francisco in the early '50's. In Cheyenne the Vigilantes knew their men and made no mistakes. Criminals of lesser importance were notified to get out of the country at once. They knew what would happen if they didn't, and left right away.

"The more flagrant violators of law were hanged. Sometimes they were given a trial, but generally all the circumstances in their cases were well known, and evidence wasn't necessary. They were murderers or thieves and were promptly hanged. A rope was thrown over a telegraph pole, a railroad bridge, a limb of a tree, or as timber was scarce, a wagon tongue would be raised up and then the body would be left hanging a while as a warning to others. The stories about the number hanged have been exaggerated. On only one occasion were three hanged in a batch. Sometimes there were two, but generally only one. In fact, after it became known that offenders would be summarily disposed of, there was less need for it. The criminals simply left for other places.

"Sometimes, too, the people, without any organization, wreaked swift justice on offenders. Several times prisoners were taken away from the officers and lynched. At Ft. Laramie, 'Billy' Mansfield and 'Andy' McLaughlin, two notorious stage robbers, against whom no case could be made in this county, and who were being taken to Deadwood,

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were taken from a stage by a crowd and hanged to a tree. The officers tried to prevent it, but the crowd just said 'We want those men,' and they took them."

Around the turn of the century big Thomas Jefferson Carr would sit for hours at a time on the front porch of a cottage facing Sixteenth street, just west of Turner Hall. His once huge corporeality was emaciated; anguish had etched deep lines in that portion of his face not hidden by his ruff of beard. He was starving to death. At the corner--Thomes and Sixteenth--near which he sat had eddied much of the turbulent life of Cheyenne in 1869 when, a whale of a youngster of 25, he was sheriff of Laramie county; when more than a score of years later he was city marshal there had been many a rough happening in that locality. Of what did he think, what dramas were re-created on the screen of his memory, while cancer gnawed at his throat, and death, he realized hopelessly, was but a matter of time. It would be interesting to know.

Did he think, for instance, of the time, in 1872, when, three blocks up Thomes street, he hanged young Tounant Kensler for the elimination of the false friend, who, doing and Enoch Arden for the Sioux half-breed, had estranged and married his sweetheart? Did he remember the dramatic moment when Kensler, with the noose about his neck, had vowed to come back and revenge himself upon the bridegroom? Did he recall, further, the gruesome seeming fulfillment of that promise--the drowning just one year later of the object of Kensler's hatred under circumstances which made it appear exceedingly strange, indeed, that he should be drowned?

Did his mind perchance turn to the time, in 1876, when he tried to run a rancid on a quiet mannered man whom no one ever successfully rancidbood, James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok. That happened only a block to the eastward from where the starving old-timer sat--at the corner of Sixteenth and Eddy. There Carr observed Hickok strolling with a bedizened floogie; stopped them; ordered Hickok to get out of town forthwith or take the consequences. "What consequences?" suavely inquired the noted gunman. Did the ex-marshal's face perhaps flush as he remembered that, wisely, he dropped the matter and Hickok remained in Cheyenne to get married and depart for the Black Hills when it suited his convenience?

Did the sick man's remembrance dwell upon the narrowest escape he, or any other frontier officer had, barely two blocks away where Sixteenth and Ferguson bisect. That, too, happened in 1876. Did he turn over in his mind the sensations when Capt. Nick O'Brien, out--as was not uncommon with gentlemen of the period--on a bender, resentful of the marshal's interference with his riotous hilarity, drew and shoved a six-gun into his midriff and twice pulled the trigger? Did he recall his relief, and that of onlookers who lost no time thereafter in moving in to disarm O'Brien, and when the weapon missed fire? And did he wonder anew at this, as he had a quarter-century earlier, when an immediately following test of the gun resulted in firing infallibly until every charge in its cylinder had been discharged?

Did he cull from memory's field amused recollection of the time, during the Black Hills gold rush, Calamity Jane created a disturbance, fled to the sanctuary of Camp Carlin, and there, in company with a soldier, was run to earth in a horses stall sans a bodice or any other covering for her torso. If so, he must have laughed, despite his distress, at the spectacle presented by the arresting deputy as, minus the shirt he had loaned the altogether unshrinking and unabashed Calamity, he brought his prisoner to town.

What memories, such as these, must have stirred in the dying man's mind in that final period when he had plenty of time to dwell on his turbulent past. Too bad that there isn't a complete record of his experiences: it would provide engaging

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reading in this time when folk are hungry for history of the frontier period. Concerning some experiences he reminisced a few years before his soul abandoned his starved body to go into the sunset.

"Things were pretty wild when I was first sheriff," he said: "I had to take chances of being killed almost every time I made an arrest. I was frequently fired at on such occasions, and in rows, but was only hit once, and that was not a serious wound.

"In 1871 a man named Stanley kept a dive here. It was a regular robbers' roost, into which men were enticed to be drugged, rebbed and thrown out into a back alley. The citizens organized to clean out these places, and a warrant was given me for Stanley's arrest. He was heavily armed, and swore no .....sheriff should arrest him. On the way his brother came up and demanded his release, drawing a gun and threatening to shoot. I had to hold Stanley's arms so that he couldn't draw, too, and a hundred men stood around afraid to lift a hand.

"Just then a policeman and one of my deputies came up, but the brother stood them off with his gun until someone rushed in behind him and grabbed his arms. Then he was knocked down and overpowered. Meanwhile I was holding Stanley and the time seemed a week. They searched him and got two six-shooters. I released my hold and said: 'Come on to jail!' Like a flash he brought a revolver from his sleeve, and I was looking into its muzzle. I dropped to my knees and the bullet cut my ear. The shot sort of dazed me, and when I came around they had Stanley on the ground, pounding his head with their revolvers, while the crowd was yelling yelling, 'Lynch him.' We got him to jail, and next day he was indicted for attempt to murder, the second day tried and sentenced to 10 years imprisonment, and on the third day I took him to the penitentiary at Detroit, Mich.

"Six years later he was pardoned--they were always pardoning criminals, many of whom were afterward hanged--and he came back to start the same kind of a dive. He had sworn he would kill the judge, the prosecuting lawyer and myself. The lawyer notified me he would kill Stanley on sight. 'Kill him,' I said, 'I won't cry. If I get an excuse I may kill him myself.' I went to Stanley and told him what I had heard. 'You've got a gall,' I said, 'to come back here to start a business against the law. If you do, I'll arrest you on the instant, and by the time you get to jail the chances are you'll be pretty badly smashed up.' He left town and I never saw him until three or four years ago, when I met him on the street, old and gray, but still tough.

"After this Stanley affair I publicly declared that I would not feel with any criminal. I said I would get my work in first, and take my man, no matter how. They knew I meant it, and I had little trouble after that. By 1873 we had got down to pretty good order. Wyoming had been made a territory and the courts were established. We got juries of good men and women who could be relied on to do justice. Women had the franchise, and Chief Justice Howe ordered me to draw them on juries. Sometimes a jury would be one-half or one-third composed of women, and they frequently sat on homicide cases.

"The lawless element had largely followed the railroad west, and in its place we had good citizens. But the gold excitement in the Black Hills broke out, and in 1875 most of that tough class, with others as bad, came back. There was a repetition of the days of joint gambling dens, confidence men, bunco sterrers and also stage robbers, for this was the outfitting point for the Black Hills, and the stage line started here for Deadwood, 250 miles distant. They brought back the bullion, together with passengers, and were accompanied by armed guards. But they were often held up.

"'Eddy Bob' McKinnon was a noted stage robber on the Black Hills road.

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He got a good haul out of one hold-up and went to Hillsboro, O., where he married and settled on a farm. The Deadwood people got after him and he was arrested, but there was trouble in extradition. His wife took a six-shooter into jail and he held up the sheriff and escaped. He went to robbing in the Scioto valley, and was finally surrounded in a log cabin by a lot of farmers and captured. The last I heard of him he was in the Ohio penitentiary on a 35-year sentence. 'Reddy' was a hard case, but only one of many in this section in those days.

"'Doc' Baggs, the preacher bunco sterrer, was a man of national reputation in his line. He was always well dressed, wore a silk hat, and was as gentle as a woman in his ways. In fact, he looked like a preacher. But in three card monte and every kind of bunco and confidence game he was almost without an equal. He and 'Canada Bill' ~~sy~~ used to operate at Omaha and Deadwood. 'Doc' Baggs would get in his work on trains and in saloons. While he was here I telegraphed to arrest him and five of his gang, and I had to handle them pretty roughly in doing it. In jail 'Doc' got saucy one day and I tossed him from one end of it to the other until he grew very weary. When he had money he lived like a king. Champagne was his drink, and nothing was too good for him. But he never kept his ill-gotten gains."

Thomas Jefferson Carr was not a forgiving soul. He had no sympathy with the tough hembres whom, in one or another capacity as United States marshal, sheriff of Laramie county or town marshal of Cheyenne, he brought to justice for violation of the law or the ordinances duly made and provided. Prisoners in "Jeff Carr's jail" didn't enjoy their sojourn--the huge, auburn-bearded, hammer-footed officer saw to that. If any wrongdoer ever found a soft spot in his heart the incident is not of record. He could hang a man or kick the living daylights out of him with equal facility, and in the specialty of scaring kids into the ways of good behavior he was a past master. Numerous old-time Cheyennaites, now wrinkled and gray, can testify concerning his capacity for the latter--their hearts still skip a beat or two when they remember how Jeff Carr talked to them.

Information concerning Carr's character and exploits have been appearing in this department recently. Further such information--concerning how one youngster whom Carr ~~fi~~ captured finally committed suicide and another, a murderer, fought conviction thru the lower courts to the United States supreme court four times--is related in the report of an interview with Carr which was published in the Pittsburgh Times about 45 years ago. This follows in part:

"In his office at Cheyenne Mr. Carr has a sort of 'rogues gallery' in a collection of portraits of noted criminals with whom he has had to deal. It comprises all grades of offenders, from common thieves and confidence men down to 'read agents' and murderers. Many romances and tragedies of crime cluster around these old photos and tintypes, which, if told, would proclaim again and again the unalterable fact that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

"One of these photographs has been cut in two. The part remaining shows the face of a handsome young man, a face in which no one would read the signs of crime. On the left shoulder rests a woman's hand, small and delicate, telling that in the original picture two persons had been portrayed. The photo bears this inscription: 'Charlie Ross, read agent and murderer on Black Hills route, 1877, and 1878. Captured at Eureka, Neb., Dec., 1878, by Sheriff T. J. Carr. Committed suicide in Lincoln, Neb., penitentiary, Feb. 16, 1885.'"

"Some time prior to the dates first given, 'Charlie Ross'--his real name was never known--with a friend called Brown, boarded at the same house in Cheyenne with Sheriff Carr. They were pleasant young fellows and generally popular. The paths of crime enticed them, however, and in the summer of 1878 they held up the Deadwood stage. Ross had given the usual command, 'Hands up!' but a passenger, Dan Finn,

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opened fire immediately and shot the robber thru the liver. Ross shot him in the face, but was frustrated in his plan to plunder the stage, the he and Brown got away. Subsequently the latter was captured and lodged in jail at Cheyenne.

"Carr was sheriff, and one day when a young, pretty girl called to see Brown, listened to the conversation. His suspicions were aroused by hearing her mention a 'letter from Charlie,' and later he got the whole story from Brown. He demanded the letter from the young woman and it proved a request to send certain things to Ross under and assumed name, at Eureka, Neb. With the letter he also got the half photograph, the picture of the girl being cut off. Carr arrested Ross at Eureka, and he was tried and sentenced to 12 years in the Lincoln (Neb.) penitentiary, where Wyoming prisoners were then sent.

"Ross was but 21 years of age, well educated and evidents of good family. He possessed fine artistic tastes and talents, which, if developed, might have made him prosperous and well known. After five years imprisonment he wrote to Mr. Carr:

"'There is an old saying that he who makes his bed must lie upon it. The one I have made for myself is a hard one, indeed, and for a long time I had thought I would wait for the bitter end without complaining, but I have had ample time for reflection. The face of my poor old mother haunts me, and if I am ever free I would follow her teachings. She does not know where I am, for since the day I ran away from home I have never written her one word. My mother is a widow, with no one to comfort her old age. It was to me she looked, but what would she say if she knew the truth. If I could be free again, I am still young enough to carve my way in the world. Help me out, and you shall never regret it, nor hear of a dishonest act of mine.'

"Ross then repeated his appeals for pardon, but his crime had been one which called for stern punishment, and no steps were taken in his behalf. Consumption attacked him, and one night he severed the arteries of his wrist and was found dead in his cell. His real name or his former home was never known.

"In 1881 Mr. Carr arrested in Cheyenne 'Fred' Welcome, a young man hardly out of his teens, who, with a companion, had murdered, in cold blood, the son of Sheriff Turner of Park City, Utah. Welcome had been in jail at Park City, and immediately on his release enticed the son of his jailer away on an alleged gold mining venture and cruelly murdered him, solely, it is believed, for revenge on the sheriff. Mr. Carr again captured him at Cheyenne, and Welcome was taken back to Utah to figure in one of the most noted trials in the history of the west. Welcome was four times tried and convicted of murder in the Utah lower courts, ~~and~~ the territorial supreme court sustaining the verdict each time. Thrice the United States supreme court granted a new trial, but on the fourth appeal that tribunal declined to interfere...

"Finally, seven years after the murder, Welcome--his real name was Hept--was sentenced to death. The law permitted him to choose between being hanged or shot, and he chose the latter method. A tent was erected in the jail yard, in which five men, whose names were kept secret, and who were clad from head to foot in black robes, eyelets being cut in the hoods, were stationed. They were armed with Winchesters, four of which were loaded, not knowing, however, which had the empty gun. A patch of paper an inch and one-half square was pinned on Welcome's breast over the heart, and he sat in a chair facing the tent. He was calm and unconcerned and made no confession. His death was instantaneous, two balls piercing his heart, and two entering the body just below the heart.

"Many more stories might be told of T. Jeff Carr's adventurous career did space permit. In addition to his three terms as sheriff he has been twice marshal for Wyoming, a position which he filled until 1890. He has had a busy and eventful life, and he has the reputation of having 'caught' and handled more thieves and murderers than any other man in Wyoming, and only one man, and he was a tramp, ever got away from him and remained uncaught."

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From the correspondence files of the Archives of The Wyoming Stock Growers Association, Library, University of Wyoming.

Letter dated March 2, 1888 from Jim Parker, stock inspector of Wyoming Stock Growers Association, Lusk, Wyoming, To: Thomas E. Adams, Secretary of Wyoming Stock Growers Association, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

You have doubtless heard that Owen telegraph down ther to have J. P. Johnson arrested for killing beef. we dug up the Intries of a cow on his Ranch the Section Foreman Seen him Bury the Guts and Seen the hide when it was Burning and Seen harvy Lonebaugh at the House at the Same time we arrested Lonebaugh he denies knowing anything about it at all Johnson give Mr Sanders Some of the meat Sanders Folkes and Tomkins Folkes and others Smelt the hide Burning but Lonebaugh didnt Smell it we have never got any answer to the Telegram dont know whether Johnson is arrested or What to do with Lonebaugh. We have Strong Suspèion against E.E. Lonebaugh as being interested in the killing but what can we do they wont answer our telegrams....

(Copied verbatim)

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

"In Old Wyoming" by John C. Thompson  
Wyoming Tribune, June 10, 1944

D. C. Cook of the Douglas Budget digs back into the files of Bill Barlow's Budget for material for a weekly historical department, and finds much that's fight interesting. For example, less than 47 years ago lawlessness was so bold in some sections of Wyoming that "rustlers" and others not only defied duly constituted authority, but of occasion went to battle with its representatives. An incident of this character was sketched in a recent issue of the Budget by reprinting a series of clippings from the Barlow files of July and August, 1897. These have to do with the "Hole-in-the-Wall gang," concerning which information has appeared in this department from time to time. The clippings tell a serial story of the cleaning up of the Hole-in-the-Wall as a rendezvous for lawless men. They follow:

July 21 the Budget related as follows: "Word has been received that the remnants of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang have been gathered at their rendezvous in the Big Horn mountains, Johnson county, and George Currie who was reported captured in Crook county by South Dakota officers, is still at liberty. The round-up outfits of the CY and Ogallala cattle companies in charge of Bob Devine have gone up to work the Hole-in-the-Wall district to look for cattle stolen from the range herds of the two companies. There are thirty cowboys in the two outfits and all are well armed with rifles and revolvers and plenty of ammunition, and it is hoped they will find use for it."

In the Budget's issue of July 28 the following appeared: "A battle was fought last Thursday between a portion of the Hole-in-the-Wall band of outlaws, of central Wyoming, and a roundup force of cowboys belonging to the CY outfit and the Ogallala and Fugleley outfits, in which two of the cowboys were wounded, one of the outlaws killed and one captured. The fight occurred near the famous rendezvous of the thieves, near the line between Johnson and Natrona counties. It was the result of a meeting between cattlemen interested, held in this city about a month ago, at which time it was decided to invade the stronghold of the thieves, whether or no, and seize such stolen property as might be found there."

"Knowing that its publication would warn the thieves and probably defeat the object of the expedition, the Budget said nothing of the meeting or its object. As a result of that conference and of a subsequent meeting held in Cheyenne, a strong force of cowboys representing the outfits named was sent north."

"When nearing the 'Hole-in-the-Wall' a part of nine cowboys headed by Foreman Bob Devine, of the Carey outfit, met three of the thieves, Bob and Al Smith and Bob Taylor. The outlaws opened the ball with a shot fired by Bob Smith and Devine, but which killed his horse instead. Devine had pulled his gun and held it at his side as soon as the thieves were recognized, and he promptly returned the fire, wounding Smith. Smith's second shot just grazed Devine's side, cutting both shirts and burning the skin. Devine's second shot struck Smith in the groin, inflicting a fatal wound."

"The shooting became general and the remaining rustlers started to retreat. Al Smith succeeded in getting away, but Taylor was captured and is now in jail at Casper. Lee Devine, son of the foreman, was shot through the wrist, but his injuries are not serious. Five more outlaws appeared on the scene soon after the fight, but the cowboys held them up as they came over the hill and after disarming told them to leave the country or they would suffer a like fate."

"Messrs. Devine, foreman for Carey Bros., Ike Dedman, foreman for Fugleley Bros., and Bill Rogers of the Ogallala outfit, came in from the west on Saturday."

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The force of cowboys were left at Tisdale's ranch, north of Casper, but on Sunday arrived in town with the news that the entire Powder River country was under arms and they had been compelled to come to the railroad through fear of attack, leaving their mess wagon and outfit behind. Threats of a raid upon the town of Casper for the purpose of releasing Taylor were current, and Sheriff Patton has had pickets patrolling the river every night in anticipation of trouble.

"Surveyor Bradley was sent north by the Natrona county authorities to determine the exact location of the shooting, who returned on Monday night and reported that it was located in Johnson county. As the Johnson county authorities refused to prosecute Taylor and as Natrona county has no jurisdiction--because of the location of the trouble--Taylor will undoubtedly be released.

"Reports from the north are to the effect that the coroner's inquest held on the body of Smith resulted in a verdict that he was shot in the back, and that Bob Devine was charged with 'murder.' This, of course, was to be expected. It is further alleged that the Johnson county authorities will issue a warrant for Devine and arrest and take him up there for trial. Should they do so, the 'Hole-in-the-Wall' people and their sympathizers would doubtless assemble at Clearmont, and lynch him on his arrival there."

The serial news story was continued by the Budget August 4 with the following report: "Despite the armed opposition shown by the Hole-in-the-Wall thieves, related last week, the cattle outfits whose property is believed to be in jeopardy and whose losses have unquestionably been large through their depredations, sent another expedition into that country last week. The party comprised about thirty men, and left Casper on Friday about noon. Deputy sheriffs representing Natrona and Weston counties, together with several deputy U.S. Marshalls from South Dakota, accompanied the cowboys, and Sheriff Sproal of Johnson agreed to meet them in the neighborhood of the thieves' rendezvous, and render all assistance possible.

"The primary object of the South Dakota officials' trip is the capture of the four men who robbed the Bell Fourche bank recently, for whom a reward of \$2,500 is offered. It was expected that word would be received from the outfit Monday or Tuesday night, but nothing has been received as yet. It is universally conceded that there will be a fight."

August 11 the story was carried forward by the Budget with the following item: "The cattle outfits working the Hole-in-the-Wall country report that they have been unable to find the outlaws, although they will return with a large number of stolen cattle. The thieves evidently have decided that they are not strong enough to tackle the cowboys, and are in hiding."

"The roundup of the famous 'Hole-in-the-Wall' country is over, and no blood was shed," related the Budget on August 18, and continued: "About 400 head of cattle were found, quite a number of them bearing blotched and altered brands. The Ogallala outfit recovered twenty-eight head of this class, alone.

"The Belle Fourche bank robbers were not seen, but a battle between the roundup and the rustlers seemed unavoidable at one time. Twelve mounted men met the cowboys rather suddenly one day, and at once dismounted and kneeling on one knee presented their Winchesters as though about to shoot. The cowboys dismounted also, but Sheriff Sproal, of Johnson county, who was with them, spurred his horse in between the lines and ordered both parties to put up their weapons."

Final instalment of the serial was published by the Budget August 25.

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It follows: "A trainload of cattle gathered in the Hole-in-the-Wall by the recent roundup was shipped from Casper to Omaha on Saturday. The Keystone cattle with the brands cut out and the skin sewed up were not shipped, but were sent back to the Ogallala ranch. The CY cows with blotched brands were re-branded and the blotched brands vented. There were (-) cows, an MF cow, an ~~XX~~ EK cow with calves branded with rustlers brands. A Two-Bar was in the lot with a yearling steer following branded TS. The shipment consisted of Twenty-one cars with double that number of brands.

*(Copied verbatim)*

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
UNITED STATES MARSHAL  
DISTRICT OF WYOMING

Cheyenne, Wyo.,  
June 4, 1926.

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

Dear Sir:

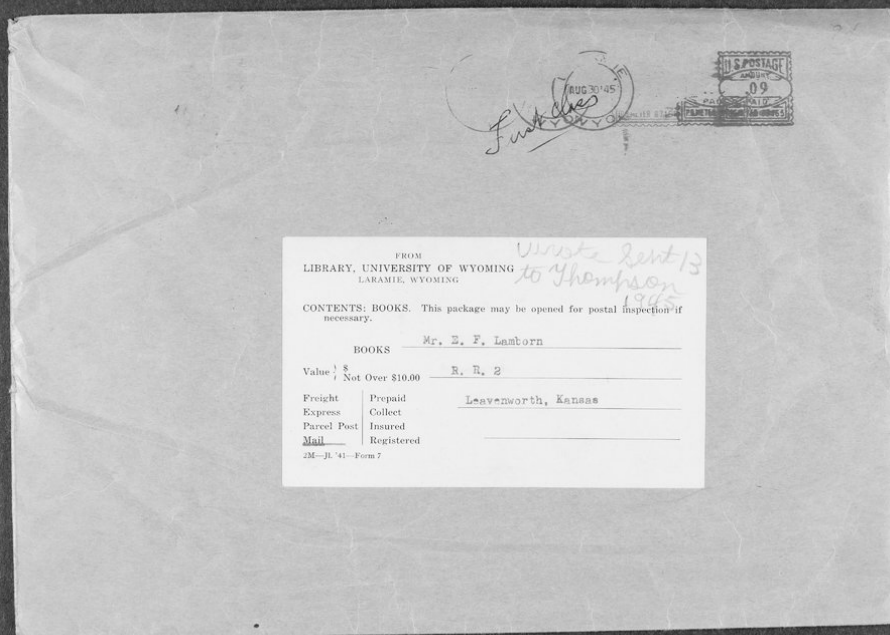
In reply to your letter of May 31,  
1926 I will state that I haven't any  
of these pictures.

Mr. Frank Hedsell's address is  
Warden, Wyoming State Penitentiary,  
Rawlins, Wyoming.

Respectfully,

*Hugh L. Patton*  
United States Marshal.

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Charles Vale  
Bookseller

971 EAST GREEN STREET PASADENA 1, CALIFORNIA  
SYCAMORE 2-5070

March 23, 1947

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

Dear Mr. Lamborn,

The copy of GLASSCOCK has gone forward,  
and we trust will reach you in good order.

We believe Frontier Fighter, by GEORGE  
W. COE, is still in print at \$3.00; also  
WALTER P. WEBB's The Texas Rangers is still  
available at \$5.00, from the publishers.  
Should you care to have us do so, we shall  
be glad to try to order these titles for you.  
Kindly advise.

We are unable to identify The Life and  
Adventures of William Eliza Layv (?) by him-  
self; also Law and Order, by E. Baca. Can  
you give us any further information on these  
titles?

We shall try to find second-hand copies  
of the other titles for you.

Awaiting your reply, we remain,

Sincerely yours,

*Charles T. Vale*

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