**Chronological Order**

**The San Francisco Call, Sunday April 3, 1989**

Rounding Up Outlaws in the Colorado Basin

Active Campaign by the Governors of Four States Against “Butch” Cassidy and His 500 Freebooters.

Salt Lake, Utah, March 29, 1988 – “Butch” Cassidy is a bad man. He is the worst man in four States. These States are Utah, Colorado, Idaho and Wyoming, and when the four Governors met in secret conclave on Monday it was far the purpose of deciding upon a plan of campaign against the most notorious outlaw the West has ever had to cope with. The achievements of Jesse James and his followers pale into tawdry insignificance before those of “Butch” Cassidy and his five hundred. For several years—in fact, ever since the Live Stock Commission drove the Wyoming rustlers out of business in 1892 – “Butch” has proven a thorn in the flesh of the authorities of the four States in which he carries on his operations. He has laughed the militia to scorn. Sheriffs and deputies he regards with pity and contempt. He is a power unto himself.

After the ordinary methods of hunting outlaws had been tried unsuccessfully it was decided that drastic means must be employed. Rewards have been repeatedly offered for “Butch” Cassidy, dead or live, and after each fresh outbreak these rewards have invariably been increased. If all the offers which have been made from time to time hold good, the slayer of “Butch” should he ever live to claim his reward, would be entitled to upward of $20,00 in blood money.

But the rewards have proven as futile as have the efforts of the militia and the deputy sheriffs. And that is why Governor Wells of Utah, Governor Adams of Colorado, Governor Richards of Wyoming and Governor Steunenberg of Idaho got their heads together to see what could be done. Just what the result of their conference was has not been divulged.

The Governors believe in still hunt methods, and it is thought that a large number of experienced mountaineers and bandit hunters will be placed in the filed, each State to furnish its quota, and that the bandits will be rounded up in much the same fashion that cattle are. Any attempts to exterminate this desperate band is certain to be attended by bloodshed.

“Butch” and his band are the outgrowth of the rustlers of six years ago. Since then they have broadened their field and increased their numbers. It is no idle boast to say that the leader of this notorious band has five hundred men at his beck and call.

Their depredations are upon a scale never before reached in the history of frontier crime. All the conditions are favorable to them. They know every foot of the vast territory in which they operate, taking in, as it does, the wildest and most inaccessible portions of four states. Every man of them is thoroughly familiar with frontier life in its rougher phases.

The forces are subdivided into five Utah, and almost ot the Arizona line. Marauding and murderous bands conduct their raids without restraint. The thefts of livestock run into the millions. Ranchmen are murdered and driven out of business, and the officers of the law are powerless.

There are five camos where the various bands maker their headquarters, each of which is well nigh inaccessible except to the bandits themselves. Two of the most famous are “Robbers’ Roost” and “Hole in the Wall.” The former is in South Central Utah on the San Rafaele River, a few miles west of the Green River. The latter is hidden away somewhere in that wild, mountainous district to the northwest of Casper, Wyo.

The other camps are located in Teton Basin, near the eastern border of Idaho and south of the Snake River; Powder Springs in Southwestern Wyoming, near Colorado, and about fifty miles east of the Utah line; and Browns Park, taking in the northwester corner of Colorado and the northeastern portion of Utah. It is not definitely known in just which State the Browns Park camp lies, but it is thought to be across the line in Colorado.

Never before in the record of border outlawry have Western States been forced to form an offensive and defensive alliance against bandits such as was entered into last week at Salt Lake by the Governors of these four States. The situation had become desperate and a desperate remedy was required.

The five camps form a chain extending for hundreds of miles. Between these posts communication is maintained by a regular system of couriers and cipher dispatches, facilitating the co-operation of two or more bands when an enterprise of more than usual magnitude is undertaken.

These reckless bands are composed of men of the most reckless and desperate character, long accustomed to deeds of crime. Whenever a murder is committed in the mountain States or a convict escapes from a penitentiary the criminal flees to the nearest of these retreats, where he is safe from pursuit. In this manner the ranks of the bandits have been recruited up to a strength conservatively estimated at five hundred. While each band has its chosen leader, “Butch” Cassidy exercises some sort of authority over the federation.

Each of the strongholds is both a rendezvous and a fortress absolutely impregnable. They can only be reached by traversing deep and narrow gorges, scaling lofty and rugged peaks and penetrating the wildest recesses of the Rocky Mountains. In many places the only trail lies over a narrow shelf or precipice. Holes have been drilled, into which in case of close pursuit dynamite can be placed and the trail blown from the face of the cliff into the chasm below, thus baffling all pursuers.

There are also many places where one robber can hold fifty officers at bay, and as the bandits are armed to the teeth and will fight to the last man, any effort to exterminate them by the ordinary processes of law is regarded as a useless sacrifice of life. In their retreats are numerous caves, luxuriously fitted up and containing subsistence sufficient for months. Thus are the bandits enabled to set at defiance all the forces of law and order.

The outlaws roam the adjacent country and smaller settlements without molestation. Many settlers purchase immunity by extending assistance in various ways, and the robbers even attend country dances and other functions, occasionally “shooting up” the town or indulging in other forms of recreation. It is only when closely pursued by officers of the law that they retire to their mountain retreats.

“Butch” Cassidy however, by reason of the price upon his head, considers the higher altitude more conducive to his health and seldom ventures into the towns, unless he is making a raid or is surrounded by a band of this trusty men, in which case he never fears molestation. As a killer he has earned a reputation during the last ten years probably equaled in the West only by that of “Wild Bill” Hickok, peace to his ashes.

Few men who know him would care to rouse his ire, for although a man of wonderful nerve, unlike most of his class, he is possessed of a fearful temper. Sometimes it gets beyond his control, and then he throws all caution to the wind and becomes utterly reckless.

About four years ago he was shot at from ambush near Green River by a cowboy known as “Hackey” Hughes, whose only object was to secure the reward offered by the State authorities of Utah. The bullet pierced the lobe of his ear, and the blood streaming down his face acted upon Cassidy as a red flag might to a maddened bull.

With a howl of rage he turned his horse just as another bullet passed through the rim of his sombrero. A puff of smoke from a clump of bushes showed where the assassin was concealed. For picturesque profanity “Butch” Cassidy hasn’t his equal in the States, and on that occasion he is said to have fairly surpassed himself. Ripping out a string of oaths that would reach from Dan to Beersheba he jumped from his horse and dodged behind a boulder.

He waited for twenty minutes, and then the cowboy shot the outlaw’s horse, which had been grazing the open. That was more than “Butch” could stand. Throwing caution to the winds he ran toward the clump of bushes, with a pistol in each hand barking at every step.

But Hughes, considering discretion the better part of valor, had jumped on his horse and succeeded in making good his escape. But the vindictive nature of “Butch Cassidy asserted itself. He had recognized his assailant, and every member of the band received instructions to be on the watch for him. Hughes left the Green River country, and it was not until six months later that he was located, on the north fork of the Powder River, up in Wyoming.

Cassidy was notified, and with a dozen picked men he reached the ranch where Hughes was working. It was during the spring roundup. The two men met face to face. Hughes knew what was coming and pulled his gun. But he wasn’t quick enough. Cassidy’s pistol cracked first, and the cowboy dropped from his saddle with a bullet through his right eye.

“That’s the way I serve any skunk that tries to shoot me in the back” remarked Cassidy. “If any of his friends want to take up the quarrel I’m ready.”

But if the dead cowboy had any friends they railed to respond. “Butch” Cassidy was well known, and it wasn’t safe to pick quarrels with him. So he road away with his escort, cursing the cowboys for a pack of cowardly coyotes.

Cattle-stealing is the chief source of income to Cassidy and his followers. One company alone in Central Utah has lost 200 head during the past two years, worth at present prices $80,00. These were driven through Colorado and into New Mexico. It is in driving these stolen cattle from one State to another and out of the country that their system of co-operation is beneficial.

However any operation that promises adventure and financial reward is never overlooked. Trains are held up, express companies and banks are robbed, and even individuals, when known to have money in their possession, are relieved of their possessions in true road-agent style.

There are women among these outlaws, too, who ride with them on their wild forays and take pride in their association with these bold and daring freebooters. Even “Calamity Jane,” in the old days of her association with “Deadwood Dick,” could not surpass these picturesque females in their wild career.

About a year ago “Butch” Cassidy and “Bill” Ferguson, one of this trusted lieutenants, dashed into the town of Price in broad daylight, held up the paymaster of the coal company and rode of with $8,000 before the crowed of bystanders realized what had happened. This is but a sample exploit.

Bank robberies are but side issues with them; merely incidental to their grand chief occupation of cattle-stealing. If a victim resists or an officer pursues murder is regarded as a professional duty, to be cheerfully performed, but they are not given to wanton slaughter. In several instances foolhardy officers who have invaded their strongholds have been disarmed, dismounted and set home.

An instance of this kind occurred just after the raid on the coal company at Price. Two deputies traced Cassidy and Ferguson to the lair at “Robbers’ Roost.” They were fully twenty-four hours behind, and their approach was known long before they arrived at the narrow trail leading up into the rendezvous. Cassidy was in a jovial mood, and he conceived that it would be more fun to capture the deputies and make sport of them than to kill them. So he acted accordingly.

The deputies were about half way up the trail when, just at a bend around a sharp point of rocks, they heard the sharp command “Hands up!”

Half a dozen guns were staring them in the face not twenty paces away. The deputies realized that not to obey meant sudden death. Up went their hands. Cassidy stepped up to them, roaring with laughter.

“You’re a couple of fine dubs to come and catch peaceable citizens, ain’t you?” he cried. “Gimme your guns. Here, Buck.” Calling to one of his men. “Search these tenderfeet, and if they’ve got any tobacco you can keep it.”

The outcome of it was that the deputies, relieved of everything but their clothing, were bound hand and foot to their horses, conducted to the foot of the pass and sent about their business. To add to their discomfiture a rudely scrawled not was pinned on the breast of each, which read: WE ARE DEPUTY SHERIFFS, Sent out to capture Butch Cassidy and his gang. When found send us home.

The Salt Lake Herald

June 25, 1889

A Bank Robbery in Colorado

Telluride, Col., June 24—This morning about 10 o’clock while C. F. Painter, cashier of the San Miguel Valley bank was out making collections, three men entered the bank and demanded the funds of the bookkeeper at the points of revolvers. After securing the bank funds they joined a fourth robber who was holding their horses just outside the bank. They left town on the run, firing shots in the air to frighten the citizens. It is not yet known just what amount they secured, probably only a few thousands. They are heading for the Arizona line, with the sheriff’s part in pursuit, and unless they have a change of horses, it is more than probably that they will be captured before twenty-four hours.

Elmore Bulletin

May 5, 1989

Northwest Notes

Report comes from Willows, Wyo., that the Butch Cassidy gang of outlaws have made a raid through that section of country and driven off over 200 head of horses. Mr. Watt, a sheepherder, saw them and tried to stop them, but their rifles drove him away.

The Salt Lake Herald

Thursday, September 17, 1896

Outlaws are in the South

Cassidy and Lay said to have been seen in Wayne County

Anxious for a Paper

Wanted to Read About the Bank Robbery

A herald correspondent meets with men at Loa who acts suspiciously while sheriff coons. of Richfield, makes the positive statement that the outlaws were seen in Thurber by persons who know them well.

LOA, Wayne Co., Sept 14, 1896.—Yesterday (Sunday) two young men on horseback rode into Loa, and put up at the Blackburn house for dinner.

Both men had fine grey horses, with new saddles, end each has a Winchester rifle and a revolver. After caring for their horses, they asked if they could get a late Salt Lake paper, remarking that they wanted to see the latest news concerning the Montpelier bank robbery.

The lady of the house, Mrs. Thomas Blackburn, not having the latest paper, a neighbor kindly volunteered the use of his, which he hastened to get. Both men were noticed to be deeply interested in looking over the telegraphic news, which caused some little anxiety among those present. When asked to their business, they replied, “Cattle buyers,” and said they were on their way to Escalante, but immediately after dinner took down the Dirty Devil, in the direction of the Henry Mountains.

After finishing their dinner they were fallowed into the barn, where they were saddling their horses. They seemed to be uneasy and took considerable time in making ready to start, taking several drinks of whisky (of which article they seemed well supplied.) Then taking from where they had them concealed, their Winchesters jumped their horses and rode rapidly away.

Both were young men. One was light completed, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighted about 180 pounds. The other, about same height, but dark, nose and chin prominent. Neither had been shaven for a week or ten days. Whether they are of the robber gang or not, they acted very queerly.

**A corroboration.**

Ogden, Sept. 16. –Jacob Evans yesterday received a message from Richfield in Sevier County, saying that Cassidy and Lay were seen in that vicinity Monday. The message was as follows:

“To prosecuting Attorney Evans or Sheriff Wright –Cassidy and Lay seen in Thruber, Wayne county, Monday. 4 p.m., going east, riding Vernal horses, by parties who know them.

“J.W. Coons, Sheriff.”

**Cassidy Confesses**

(Special to the Herald)

Richfield, Sept. 16. –Joe Decker, a travelling man, has arrived here from Wayne county. He says he met two men over there who were buying cattle.

One said to him: “Mr. Decker, I am Butch Cassidy, the notorious outlaw, and I haven’t been near Ogden since September 7. In a little while we will go back to Vernal, where any officer with a warrant my arrest either of us with no trouble. I have led a reckless life of late years, and would do Matt Warner any good I could but I had nothing to do with that Montpelier bank robbery”

Butch then showed Decker what he could do with his rifle, and said he would surrender to any peace officer who came without a posse.

Montpelier examiner

January 27, 1897

Met “Butch” Cassidy

John Gitting, who used to be deputy sheriff in this country, and who is now generally riding down on the desert, says: “Last Sunday I was riding after cattle and when night fell I pitched camp near the Big Hole on the Green River road ad was surprised very shortly after dark to see a horseman ride up and dismount. I immediately recognized “Butch Cassidy, for it was non other than he, and he was loaded to the muzzle, carrying two six-shooters and a Winchester. I was unarmed, and he prepared to camp with me, though I believe others of his party were near by, and his sole purpose was to “pump” me about matters which he knew me to be acquainted with, but I would give him no satisfaction, and finally turned the conversation to the Montpelier bank robbery. He made no ‘bones’ about his connection with that affair, and laughingly averred that there was not much in that layout, but he was now ‘on’ to a bigger haul than that made at Montpelier. Cassidy was no at all nervous, and in the morning after breakfast he saddled up, adjusted his Winchester and rode off toward the Buckhorn Mountains, stating that he was gong to make for Colorado.”

Gitting claims he could have easily captured “Butch” had he been armed, but he thinks it was safer to not be hunting a man like Cassidy, anyhow. – Salt Lake Tribune.

The Salt Lake Herald

April 22, 1897

Desperadoes at Castle Gate

E. L. Carpenter Robbed of Over Seven Hundred Dollars

It was desperate work

Money belonged to the Pleasant Valley Coal Company

It was to have been used in paying off the coal minder—the outlaws made their escape on horses, closely pursued by posses—a crime that may be classed with the most daring exploits of the James Gang—Butch Cassidy and Tom Gissell Supposed to Have Done the Job.

A robbery which for pure daring and recklessness deserves to be classed with the exploits of the James gang, was committed yesterday at Castle Gate, the headquarters of the P.V. Coal company.

E. L. Carpenter of this city, the cashier of the company, went down to Castle Gate yesterday to pay off the men, and on the train with him went $9,800 needed for that purpose, the cash going by express. The robbers secured all of this but $2,000, and the manner in which the job was done clearly shows that they were acquainted with Mr. Carpenter by sight and knew the object of his visit, for they went about their desperate work without the least hesitation. Fortunately, the cashier escaped without injury, but it is possible that one of the desperadoes was wounded in the melee that followed the robbery.

Mr. Carpenter is well known in Salt Lake and is as plucky a little man as walks. He resides at 198 S Street and his wife, who is at home, last night expressed her satisfaction to a Herald reporter that her husband escaped without injury. That he did so is doubtless due to the suddenness of the attack, which gave him no opportunity to put up a fight.

The story of the affair is told in the following specials to The Herald:

STORY OF THE ROBBERY.

Price, Utah, April 21. –One of the most daring and successful hold-ups on record, occurred today at about 12:30 o’clock at Castle Gate. This is or should have been pay day for the coal miners there and $9,800 came down on No. 2 Rio Grande Western which reached here at 12:26 p.m. When the train reached Castle Gate the money was delivered by the express agent to E. L. Carpenter, paymaster of the P.V. Coal Company, who was with T.W. Lewis, an employee of the company. They crossed over the tracks and went onto the platform in front of the Wasatch store. The passenger train pulled out for Helper and about 100 men or more were congregated around the store and in the road near the post office, which is closed at hand. Two rough individuals who had been loitering around town an din the saloon all day yesterday were also there with their horses. Just as Mr. Carpenter was nearing the outside stairs at the east side of the building leading up to the P.V. Coal company’s office over the store, one of these individuals dismounted and placing a six-shooter in Carpenter’s face said: “Drop them sacks,” and “hold up your hands.” At the same time the second robber was whirling a six-shooter in his hand an firing shots promiscuously to create consternation. Carpenter and his deputy compiled with the highwayman’s request when the bold outlaw immediately secured the money and handing it to his pal, stared off down the canyon. The horse belonging to the man who did the work got loose during the excitement and he had to run 300 yards down the road to catch it, but in the meantime the other hold-up was riding at breakneck speed away with the boodle. Mr. Lewis managed to escape into the store with one sack of silver containing $1,000 and the other sack of silver was either dropped or thrown away by the departing robber and was picked up a short distance from the store, but the satchel containing greenbacks and gold amounting in all to $7,800 was successfully made away with.

ALL WERE RATTLED

No one in all that crowd of men had a gun and everybody was rattled and did not hardly realize what had happened until too late. Three shots, however, were fired at the retreating highwaymen from upstairs windows of the office to no effect. Down the canyon they rode fully half a mile through the thickly settled part of the town before getting away from the houses. Just north of the Half Way house the fugitives cut all telegraph wires, apparently to keep the news from reaching Sheriff Donant at Price, and in this, for a time all least, they were successful.

On thev spend and with no on in pursuit until they reachel Spring creek canyon, half a mile north of Helper. Crossing the mouth of this canyon they evidently took the trail leading across the foothills and came down past Garden creek, keeping two or three miles away and back from the railroad and farms in Price canyon, making a straight cut across the country, striking the main Price and Huntington road in Emery county at about 2:30 p.m., in Washboard flat, for just about that time the telephone wire running south to Price through Emery county was also cut. This was done too late for their purpose, however, as word had already reached here and messages were sent to Cleveland, Huntington and Castledale to at once organize posses and be in readiness to intercept the robbers. By this time, 7p.m., they are well out of reach and in the vicinity of their rendezvous in San Rafael county, if not overtaken or intercepted by some of the numerous posses sent out. In about 30 minutes after the robbery at Castle Gate an engine was secured and Mr. E.L. Carpenter and Mr. Robert Dickson of Price, and eye witness to the robbery, and other boarded t and began a chase down the canyon, but they got no sight of the men and came on the Price.

Sheriff Donan hastily gathered a posse of four men who, armed with Winchester rifles and well mounted, started off south toward Cleveland at 2 p.m., so they were but a few miles behind the escaping desperadoes, but will probably not overtake them, as the outlaws were riding two good mustangs.

REWARD OFFERED

Mr. Carpenter immediately offered reward of $2,00 for their capture, or $1,000 for the return of the money. At 3 p.m. another posse left Price for Emery county, and they returned at 6 o’clock, upon hearing of the robbers being so far ahead of them.

At 4:30 p.m. the telephone wire was repaired. It had been cut nine miles south of Price. The first message received over the wire was to the effect that two men having white and bay horses and answering to the description to the robbers had been seen off east of Cleveland. At 6:30 p.m. the mall arrived from Emery county and the carrier stated that he met the two bandits just this side of Cleveland and about 15 miles from Price, and that those two men kept several rods away from him and the road, but he noticed them particularly. One man was smooth shaved and wore a blue coat and black hat, and the other a broad and light hat, so these were most assuredly the thieves. Mr. Carpenter returned to Castle Gate on tonight’s train and will again return to Price on the midnight train, when the expects a posse of officers from Salt Lake City. These parties are supposed to be Butch Cassidy and Tom Gissell.

ANOTHER VERSION

Another account of the affair wired by The Herald correspondent at Castle Gate was as follows:

Castle Gate, April 21. –E. L. Carpenter, paymaster of the Pleasant Valley Coal company, was held up and robbed of over $7,00 in front of the Pleasant Valley Coal company’s office at Castle Gate today at 12:45 p.m.

The deed was committed in the presence of two or three dozen spectators, who were too much surprised to realize what was going on until the hold-up was over, and the robbers far down the canyon with their horses on the run.

It is presumed a third man was left at the lower part of town to cut the telegraph wire, as the wires were found to be cut and communication stopped east a few moments after the hold-up occurred.

An armed posse was at once organized and started in pursuit, while another party boarded a light engine passing and rapidly covered the ground between here and Price.

All the mountain passes and places of egress are being protected and watched, and as the robbers had but a few minutes the lead they undoubtedly will have a hard time to make a successful escape. Both men were apparently under 25 years and general appearances indicate that they were cowboys or range riders.

One robber was about five feet five; wore blue overalls, brown coat, soft hat; had reddish hair and was sunburned in the face. The other robber was about five feet, eight inches, wore blue overalls, dark coat, soft hat, and was of rather light complexion.

One thousand dollars reward has been offered by the officers of the Pleasant Valley Coal Company for the capture of the robbers and $1,000 for the recovery of the money.

The hold-up occurred just as Mr. Carpenter started to ascend the stairs to the company’s offices with the several bags of coin. He was suddenly confronted by a man with two drawn revolvers, who ordered him to hold up his hands, which eh did without loss of time.

A boy, who held one sack, hesitated and was promptly knocked down by a blow across the temple with the butt of the robber’s revolver. Hastily gathering together the money, the robbers sprang on to their horses and beat a hasty retreat, amid a volley of fun shots between the robbers and citizens, some of the latter having by this time got on a scene with weapons.

A satchel that was dropped by the robbers had blood on it and it may be some of the shots took effect. One man was arrested this afternoon on suspicion, but it was decided he know nothing about it, although he is still held in custody awaiting developments.

But little information thus far has been received from the different posses, but some definite report is expected before morning, the latest rumors from the field being that the robbers passed through Cleveland at 3 p.m. on their way to Robbers’ Roost, and a posse, armed with Winchesters, is hot on the trail.

The robbers acted with the utmost coolness, and the affair was evidently well planned.

The Salt Lake Herald

March 11, 1898

Cassidy’s Wyoming Career

Flush with Money when he entered the State in 1893

Cheyenne, Wyo. March 8. – While attempts are now being made to drive the “Robbers’ Roost” gang of outlaws out of northwestern Colorado and corners of Wyoming and Utah, it may interest the public to recall the history of Butch Cassidy in Wyoming, who is said to be the leader of this gang of desperate outlaws. Butch Cassidy came into Wyoming about 1893, accompanied by a desperate character known as Al Heiner. They made their headquarters at Lander, Fremond County, and had some $8,00 to $10,00 in money, which is now supposed to be the result of a bank robbery at Telluride, Colo., some months before. They spent this money lavishly in the saloons of Lander and elsewhere in the state, and made a great many friends among the tough element then living in west central Wyoming.

In the latter part of 1893, or early in 1894, Cassidy and Heiner were arrested for horse stealing and vigorously prosecuted at Lander by Judge Jay L. Towey, the manager of the Embar Cattle company. In the trial at Lander in 1894 Heiner was acquitted, but Cassidy was convicted under circumstances which entitled him to ten years in the penitentiary, as the limit of the law. It was feared at the time that an attempt would be made to rescue Cassidy before he could be taken to the penitentiary. However, much to the disappointment of the stockmen and law abiding citizens, the judge gave Cassidy only two years, and he went quietly and unmolested to the penitentiary at Laramie. But before his short term had expired Governor Richards pardoned Cassidy and turned him loose upon the people of western Wyoming. Leading citizens of western Wyoming reproached the governor for his act, but the governor claimed that the petition that he had received justified him in the pardon. Butch Cassidy’s career since getting out of the Wyoming penitentiary has been that of a desperado who has made nothing but care and expense for the officers of western counties.

The Salt Lake Herald

May 17, 1898

Butch Cassidy is Still Alive

King of Outlaws was Not Killed

Wyoming Sheriff Examines the Body

Asserts positively it is not that of Cassidy

Bears none of the marks or scars that he has seen on the outlaw—believes it is Bob Culp, a Notorious Cattle Thief –Detective shores agrees with him—the two captured alive have also not be identified as yet

Price, May 16. – Butch Cassidy, the famous outlaw, is still alive. The body of the man who was killed by the posse and buried with Walker was today exhume din order to forever settle his identity, and it is now certain that the body is not that of Cassidy.

Sheriff J. H. Ward of Evanston, Wyo., who is probably the best posted man in the inter-mountain states upon criminal matters, reached Price this morning in response to a telegram calling him here to identify the men in jail, and the corpse supposed to be that of Cassidy. Sheriff Ward for 13 years past has been a sheriff in Wyoming, and during that time had Cassidy in his jail for three months and was with him daily.

On inspecting the body, Sheriff Ward positively asserted that it was not Cassidy, and that while the complexion and build of the men were very similar, the body in no other particular resembled Cassidy, and bore non of the battle scars of the famous robber. Sheriff Ward is of the opinion that the body is that of Bob Culp, alias Red Bob, a notorious cattle thief, from Wyoming. Cassidy was in jail awaiting trial for horse stealing, and a close description was made by Sheriff Ward of all his peculiar marks, and he is absolutely positive that this is not the man.

Special Agent Shores of the Rio Grande Western railway, who has had many experiences in criminal matters, and who possesses a good picture of Cassidy and has an accurate description taken from the penitentiary records of Wyoming, where Cassidy was formerly confined, concurs in the opinion of Sheriff Ward and your correspondent, that Walker’s companion in the Price graveyard is no Cassidy.

Much regret is expressed by our citizens, who had hoped Sheriff Allred would be more adequately rewarded for his daring and bravery in going into the lair of the outlaws, through strange passes and dangerous trails, in the darkness of night, and so completely surprising the band of assassins, whose retreat would in all probability have never been trespassed upon had it not been for the intrepidity and determination of Sheriff Allred.

The two men who give their names as William Schultz and S. H. Thompson who were captured alive, are not so far fully identified, but Sheriff Ward is of the opinion that they belong to the Hole-in-the-Wall gang of cattle thieves in Wyoming, and will investigate their records further upon his return home.

The San Francisco Call

June 12, 1898

End of the outlaws that Terrorized Four States

Last month a story appeared in The Sunday Call narrating that the Governors of Wyoming, Utah and Colorado and combined to run down the “Butch” Cassidy gang of outlaws that had been terrorizing five States for several years.

Since the publication of the story the outlaws have been run to earth, the chief members killed and the remainder put where they will do no further harm to the community.

The following special to The Sunday Call, dated Salt Lake, May 13, describes the end of the outlaws:

“Butch” Cassidy leader of the “Robbers’ Roost” gang, was killed this morning near Thompsons Springs, on the Rio Grande Western, 200 miles south of this city. George Walker, one of Cassidy’s Lieutenants, was also killed, while Lay, another leader, was taken prisoner, along with a fourth man named Thompson. The killing was done by a posse from Price, Utah, which has been on the trail since Sunday. There were eight men in the posse.

On Sunday the bandits, then five in number, held up two men in Box Canyon, near Price, and drove off a bunch of cattle. As similar performances have been frequent lately, a number of determined men resolved to run down the outlaws. They came upon them at 5 o’clock this morning, four miles north of Thompsons, on the Book Cliffs.

The bandits make a hard fight. Cassidy and Walker were particularly desperate in their resistance, and when both fell dead their rifles and six-shooters were empty. Lay, on the men captured, assisted Cassidy in holding up Sales Agent Carpenter of PV. Coal Company at midday at Castle Gate a year and a half ago. They secured $8,000 on that occasion. Though a dozen posses were sent in pursuit of them from different points, they eluded them all, and escaped to their mountain dens in safety.

The identification of Cassidy was accomplished through a picture taken when in the Wyoming penitentiary. Although Lay had been under suspicion for a long time, his connection with the cattle thieves was the first positive proof of his criminality. He has posed as good citizen of Vernal, whose occasional extended absences from home were never explained.

In all, rewards aggregating several thousand dollars will com to the men who fought the battle this morning and rid the States of Utah and Wyoming and Colorado as well of two of the most desperate men roaming their borders.

The Salt Lake Herald

August 10. 1898

Butch Cassidy Again

Passed through Emery going to the Roost.

Made some Social Calls

And Deported himself like a Man of Ease

Naturally amused at the obitual notices he receives from time to time—robbers are probably reinforcing, as strange outfits are seen heading for the rendezvous every now and then.

Castle Dale, Aug. 8. – There is no longer any doubt as to the whereabouts of Butch Cassidy, the notorious outlaw. He passed through this county last week on his way to the Robbers’ Roost, and made a social call on a few of his old acquaintances on the way. He spent a night at the ranch of Billy Bower, in Grand county, en route from Green River to his old stronghold, and send messages of regard to several of his old friends in this county A gentleman who is well known in this vicinity, and who passed through Castle Dale yesterday, had a lengthy consultation with the outlaw at the Bower ranch, and he says Butch was a greatly amused at the idea which prevailed in some quarters that his mortal remains were resting beside those of Joe Walker in the graveyard at Price.

He gave no information as to where he had been sojourning for the past few months, but that the people of this part of Utah will hear fro his again in the near future there is no doubt.

James McPhearson, the man who guided the sheriff’s posse to the sleeping place of Joe Walker and his companions on the morning of the tragedy, and who has a ranch in that neighborhood, is selling his cattle and horses as rapidly as possible and will leave this country without any unnecessary delay.

Thompson and Schultz, the two men who were arrested at the time Walker and Herring were shot and who were acquitted of any complicity in the crimes charged to these outlaws at the last term of court held here, are now working on the Bower ranch, in the neighborhood of the Robbers’ Roost.

It is supposed the outlaws at the Roost are being reinforced, as a number of mysterious outfits have been seen recently heading for Blake, the nearest supply point for the robbers’ headquarters.

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May be “Butch” Cassidy’s Gang

According to an Ogden dispatch railroad men of that city believe that “Butch: Cassidy and his gang of Wyoming “hold in the wall” country held up the Southern Pacific passenger train No. 10 near Port Costa, Cal., last Sunday.