

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

### Section 45, Pages 1321 - 1350

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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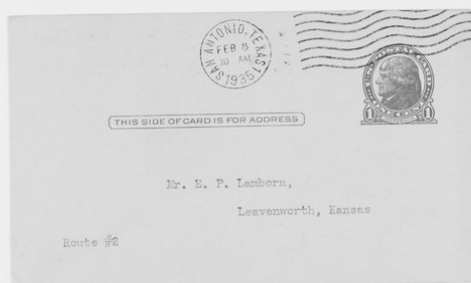
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## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



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N. H. ROSE, Photographer, P. O. Box 463, San Antonio, Texas  
*The Famous Rose Collection of Old Time Photographs*

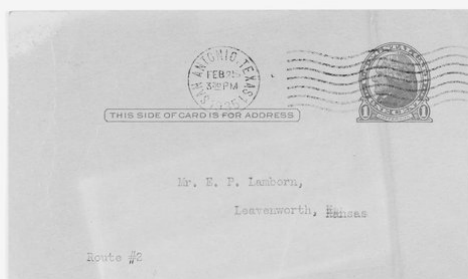
February 7, 1935

Dear Mr. Lamborn :

I am about ready to mail the large pictures back in a few days. Have copied all but the Buffalo Bill group. That one is really not clear enough to copy. Some of the others have really faded too much also, but as soon as I can copy some more of the small prints I made from the big ones to copy, and make the prints, will return all with a print of each to show what sort of a job I did. Have been working on a \$35.00 job for a club at San Diego, California, and want to finish so I can ship them tomorrow if possible. Kind regards  
Sincerely yours

*N. H. Rose*

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers





## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

N. H. ROSE, Photographer, P. O. Box 463, San Antonio, Texas  
*The Famous Rose Collection of Old Time Photographs*

February 24, 1935

Dear Mr. Lamborn :

Thought you would be interested to know that Sam Beeson, at Dodge, never replied to my letters. I told him if he wouldn't give me the right to copy and sell the pictures I traded mine to him for, I didn't want them, so I guess that made his feathers ruffle. So of course, I will not be able to get a few from him that I did not have, and I think not so very important after all. I don't believe now that he intended to give me a square deal when he started in. Let me know if he gets any of mine to copy, as my negatives are private property, and I am getting dupe on all sides for future use. Sincerely yours, *N. H. Rose*

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

N. H. ROSE, Photographer,  
The Famous Rose Collection  
of Old Time Photographs  
P. O. Box 463,  
San Antonio, Texas

P.S.

[May 13/1935]

Never heard of that hoof Mexican gal  
bull fighter - I know lots  
of other Mexican gals here  
that can "sling the bulls," though

Dear Mr. Lamborn :

[POSTMARKED MAY 13, 1935 WIS]

Your letter to hand, and as I have a few moments to spare will try to dash off a few lines this Monday morning. No, there is nothing of special interest to write about, so just didn't "been" writing. You can be sure, when I get something that I think you will buy, I'll be letting you know about it. That's my business.

Haven't had any word from Mr. Streeter in a long, long time, but guess he hasn't needed any of my stuff. He is a good scout, and we can always depend on him. Pink Simms, cousin to Billy Simms, of San Antonio-Ben Thompson fame, wrote me that he helped furnish some of the matter for Mr. Streeter, in that article. It is the best I ever saw on the Thompsons. It sure makes old Lake out to be a liar and a faker. Simms sure lays it onto Lake, in his letters. Not long ago Simms, wrote me some bunk about Billy the Kid being left-handed and said he had a picture of Billy holding the guns just opposite to the picture I have. The first ones I sold was backwards to the one I now sell. I told him the reason was the first one was copied just like the tin-type, and tin-types are always backwards, everybody knows that. A man by the name of Ogden came here about three years ago, and asked me why that picture was backwards, and I told him it was because it was first taken on a tin-type, and he said he understood it then. Ogden was the best posted man on Billy the Kid I ever saw. He has been all over the grounds where the kid was and talked with people about him. I made the picture for him in reverse to the others and he said it was as it should be then, and showed me by the belt buckles, and watch chain, that they were exactly right. In the other pictures these are backwards. I changed the picture then in it's right way, and everybody likes it. It proves that Billy the Kid was not left-handed. I always thought old H. Cody Blake started that stuff, he is such a faker and liar.

While I was reading your letter at the postoffice My Dibrell came along and poked me, saying Good Morning. I showed him your name and his name in the letter, and he laughed and said he had answered the letter you had wrote to him. He told me some time ago, that he was going to do so. You asked him about how Capt. Ransom was killed. He told me all about it, but I have forgotten it, but he will not tell or write about it for some reason or other. I will ask him again, and see if I can get enough of it so I can tell you. It was an accident, but there is a woman mixed up in it, but not connected with Capt. Ransom. Will try and get it from him again.

The ranger picture you speak of at Alice, Texas, and the little man on the end is Buster Jones, who captured Machine Gun Kelly. He did not serve a term in the pen, but was some sort of a warden, maybe it was warden (or something). I will see if I can get that for you. Dibrell knows all about it, if I can get him to talk. He is my very good friend, and has helped me a lot, but he don't tell all that he knows, sometimes, you see. He can't even get old Judge West to talk, much less for me to try. Old Judge West won't answer questions, nor answer letters. He has promised to give his life story to Hunter, but whether he ever does, that is yet to be seen.

Mr. Dibrell hasn't yet secured the picture of Capt. Samson, but if he gets it he will surely bring it right out to the house to me. He comes to see me a lot and I see him at the office lots of times. I am always welcome, but he don't encourage some folks to visit him in the office, he is too busy for them. He has many of the old ranger boys to visit him, they all hunt him up when they come along.



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N. H. ROSE, Photographer,

*The Famous Rose Collection  
of Old Time Photographs*

P. O. Box 463,  
San Antonio, Texas

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Seems to me that you could get the right dates about Jim Miller from his wife at Fort Worth. I can't tell you a thing about those dates, and don't know who does. No luck with Clay Allison picture. Mr. Douglas, at Fort Worth, wrote me that he called on one of Clay's daughters there, and she balled him out for some of the things he had wrote about Clay Allison, and told him her husband wanted him to go the bank to see him, etc. He went to see the gentleman and got some more, but he kept talking them out of it, until he said he thought he would get all right with them again. He may be smooth enough to get them going his way yet. But that has been two or three months ago, and I've not heard any more from him.

Gene Cunningham has never paid me a cent for those pictures in his book yet. He wrote me that he was having trouble with the publishers, that they had not paid him and he was still out a lot of money on the book, and that he may have to go to the courts with it. He wrote for more pictures, for Mrs. Poe, wife of the Poe that was with Garrett when Billy was killed. She is getting out a book now. No money for them, and no word again. I guess it will all come out O. K. in the final washing.

I see that Fred Sutton has out a new book now. That guy sure is close fisted. He never orders anything from me much. Always digs me, if he can, but he don't make the ~~same~~ I think he is another one of those Karp glorifiers. I doubt if his book is worth anything much for facts.

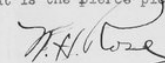
That man Beeson never replied when I told him, if his pictures that he wanted to trade or sell to me, was RESTRICTED, that I did not want them. If I got them, I would copy them and put them up for sale to the public. He never got any from me, but I guess he gets somebody to order them for him. I will get him. I have too many friends on the official side of things. I have a good picture of Dillinger now, but haven't copied it yet. Also two of his pals.

Mr. Dibrell hasn't got the names all straight yet, of those rangers at El Paso that you sent the names of. He says they have been crossed up, and wrong, but he has most of them. When I get the names right, I will put the names on, or make an extra slip to go with the pictures when I sell them. He knows many of the men and knows they have the wrong names by numbers.

Mr. Streeter wrote me a long time ago, that the men who had the Jesse James gun pictures were reliable, and that his friend at Kansas City had investigated for him about them. Streeter will get someone to get the pictures. I haven't had time to fool with it yet.

My cousin's wife is here with us yet, Gip Clements daughter. She has just had me copy a picture of her father and mother together. Gip has a Masonic pin on lapel of his coat. Gip and Joe both were Masons, and Marmen was an Odd Fellow and buried by them. Yet, they were terrors according to Lak. How such terrors could be Masons and Odd Fellows in the seventies and eighties when they lived, is strange to me. I have no more time now, hope I have got all the questions out that you wanted and that it will get you straight on the ranger group and everything else. Will send you two of my Indian girls to place at the head of your bed to look at the first thing when you wake in the mornings. A group of the rangers since names have been put on, and the Pierce pictures. Will put them on book, that is the Pierce pictures, the others not charged for.

Sincerely yours,



San Antonio, Texas, May 13, 1935



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

March 16, 1936

Dear Mr. Lamborn :

Was surprised to get a postcard from you, as I thought you surely must have dried up and blown away with some of those dust storms last year, but I am glad to know that you still hang on by your eye-brows and toe-nails. I have never been able to get any WPA work because I sell a few old photographs now and then, and people think I am getting rich at it. Just why people think that a man who takes photographs don't have to eat the same as other people is strange to me. Some how I have been lucky enough to get some old clothes that others threw away, to wear. (*I am not lying*)

From the way these cheap-skates who run the Texas Centennial, try to chisel me out of my stuff, it looks as if I will have to go out of business. I wonder if they have written to you to ask you to loan them all your pictures to copy. They have done everybody else that, and they are gathering hundreds of my pictures and copying them. They tell me I can sue them for copying my prints, that is the most of them, because people have sent them to me for my own special benefit. If they would get the original pictures same as I copied and make negatives for themselves, then I would have nothing to say about that, but they want my pictures after I have repaired them and fixed them up from old faded and broken originals, etc., and save themselves all the hard work doing that. Well to make a long story short, I am going to get a lawyer to look into their doings and make them stop robbing me out of my rights. If they write to you, tell them you may let them have the originals you furnished me to make copies just like I did, but that it won't do them any good to copy from my pictures, as all such negatives ~~that~~ my prints are made from is my personal property.

Take for instance the John Wesley Hardin picture in his 20th year. I have papers from the family that the picture was furnished to me and to me only, and nobody shall have a right to sell or even use a print of it, except myself and the paper is signed before notary public and sworn to. I cannot even give permission for the picture to be published in a newspaper, magazine or a book, until I get the permission from the family. I managed to get permission for two books, so far, but for no others. The books are Triggernometry and They Died With Their Boots on, by Gene Cunningham and Thomas Ripley. You may have both of those books. They sent me autographed copies free, when they were first out. I can let people have them for their albums, but not to be printed, and if it is done, those who do print that picture is liable to damages to the family, that is written in black and white, on my papers. I have other papers to prove my claims, that are not sworn to, but good enough for proof. I have never let but two persons have Wes Hardin picture in 20th year for albums, and one of them is yourself and the other man is Franklin Reynolds. Reynolds started to have it printed in All Western, but the folks that own it stopped him, and he has never ordered any more pictures from me, and has not written to me any more. So you see, some people can get awful mad just about an photograph that isn't worth anything, and blame me for it all. Sometimes I think I will stop selling these old pictures to the public, and sell only to a few friends and let the rest of the world go to. The only orders I get for these are collectors. Newspapers and books are not worth fooling with. That Centennial outfit wants me to sign a contract that they can take the best and choicest of my collection, pay me 25 cents each for the prints, and they



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have the privilege of furnishing the pictures to newspapers and magazines, and me get nothing else. Not even a credit line. Just think a poor devil like me is supposed to eat dirt, wear rags and make pretty pictures for big rich corporations to use and make money off of, not even to recognize where they get them, just simply hog everything for themselves. I am going to fight that sort of cattle to a finish. My friend Hunter has tried to land me and my stuff to that gang, but I told him where to go to. Nobody is a friend to me, that will do a dirty trick of that sort. I don't care who he is, nor what his color is.

Why can't that Centennial outfit be as nice as the San Diego Club and order 150 pictures, sixe 11x14 and pay me \$225.00 like they did, and give me a chance to make a living, instead of chiseling me out of my stuff. They spend more money trying to keep from paying me anything, than if they paid me for the pictures, bought a decent right to use them, and was decent and gentlemanly about it. About five different men and women from that Centennial at Dallas has been to see me, made all sorts of promises, what they was going to do, and said I had the most wonderful collection in the world, and that they would surely buy hundreds of pictures from me, and YET THEY HAVE NOT BOUGHT ONE PICTURE. Neither has a Dallas newspaper. Fort Worth paper, has bought \$22.00 worth the past six weeks. Big difference, isn't it?

I have been getting in several new photos, but haven't even numbered them, on the book yet, more than a hundred. I have been thinking I would have a new list printed, but not yet, until I make up my mind whether I can or will go on with them and keep them on the market. So many swindlers and copyists, that it just robs me of every thing and it don't pay to use expensive material, and work like I do on them, for some dirty biped to copy and sell for a nickle. One man in Kansas may have to turn a lot of his negatives over to a lawyer, pretty soon. That man at Dodge City, never answered my letters, when I told him I didn't want his pictures, unless I could sell them, that I would give him privilege to sell mine, and we would make a fair square trade. I guess maybe he thinks I will copy some of his stuff, but I won't, and he better not copy any of mine. I will take a check up some of these days. It's better to play fair and square, but some people think it is better to hog everything for themselves. Things are taking on a different turn now. If I am not protected by law in my work, then I quit, for I certainly will not work up old pictures for cheap-skates to copy and use as they want to do. NEVER.

I have only looked at the Webb book at a book store one day. They tell me it is very fine. I have just received the new book, "The Real Billy the Kid," by ex-Governor Otero, but haven't read it yet. Gene Cunningham don't like Otero. Mr. Wilson sent me an autographed copy, and also the drawing of the Maxwell house they made for it, so I could sell it to others, and maybe some guy will copy that and say they have as much right as I do, when I have Mr. Wilson's letter to prove it was presented to me, the original drawing, and I am going to frame it for my front room. Some folks think I am just here to fix things up nice for them to make money off of, but, we'll see about that later.

It has took me several years to get acquainted with Judge DuVal West, but now we are friends, but he won't tell even his friends, the questions you want to know. He is a strange old Duck, but a fine fellow, too. I am fixing up a big lot of old Supreme Court Judges pictures for my collection. One of them is his father. There are 24 of them. I have two good pictures of him, and he doesn't care for my selling them, and that is fine. Well, you wanted a fat letter, so here it is, but I can't write this way often, as I have more letters than I can handle, and have to forget some of them, or make the answers mighty short and sweet. Don't ever get it in your mind that I am getting rich. Had a spotter the other day, stayed two hours, asked me a thousand questions, I suppose to report to some rich corporation that think I am getting rich. The guy never asked to see any of my pictures Gee, I could tell a lot more, but just have to stop now. Your friend, *N. K. Rose*



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

FROM: P.O. BOX 463 - SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS (MAY 8/1936)  
The Famous Rose Collection of Old Time Photographs

Dear Mr. Lamborn :

Your letter came, right when I was very busy. The Flower Battle was on, and because one of the photographers was sick in bed, I helped him out, and worked most of the time in a dark-room, printing pictures for him. Then, on top of that I had the good luck to make a picture of seven brothers who had not been all together in thirty-five years, and they brought in the proofs and ordered 132 pictures and paid \$69.00. I paid, the next day, \$37.00 for material to finish them with, and have about eat the rest of it up since, and so the world goes, and so does our money, when we happen to get our hands on it. About the only difference, in the regular starvation way of living, and good luck like that, is we have the pleasure of having some money in our hands to get rid of. When I sent the pictures to them, there was two packages, and both weighed 51 pounds, and cost \$1.25 transportation.

I don't know whether Mr. Forrest will allow me the regular discount on his book or not, I suppose that will be the business of the publishers, and those Caxton Printers, have never offered or favored me with anything yet. They never warm-up to me on anything. Mr. Forrests address is : Earl R. Forrest, 205 North Main street, Washington, Pennsylvania.

Don't get many train-robber pictures lately. Am working on some Mormon pictures now, and will have them made up in two or three weeks. Brigham Young, the Tabernacle, and Temple, old views, like Tithing Store, City Hall, courthouse, in the long ago, a Mormon with five wives, John D. Lee, in his coffin, (not very plain of his face) Lee's grave stone, some markers put up by Mormons on Mountain Meadows massacre ground, and other massacre places, etc. I have a picture of Ed. Putnam, alias Sibley, the devil killed at Del Rio, while I was there, and made the picture after he was killed. It took me ten years to find a copy of that picture, as the original negative was burned with the studio.

I have been getting affidavits to show my right and title to old time pictures, in fact will send a copy or two, so you can see what it is like, and a lawyer tells me this is better than a copyright. You will note this states the pictures are mine to use, sell, or barter in any way I may wish, and that nobody is permitted to copy or re-sell them, etc., except for their own use. This puts the old pictures in my collection more safely for my own use, under the law's protection. My cousin is getting one up for the Wes Hardin picture. I have five affidavits, and these will cover many old time pictures. I am going to try to get one from old man Gannaway who made most of the Oklahoma outlaws, if he is still living. I have to do this, to keep that Dallas Centennial bunch of robbers, a bunch of Jews, that have bought the photographic concession, so nobody can sell pictures there but them, and they will then charge three dollars for an 8x10 print. That is what they did at Chicago fair. They sure throwed it into me on my rangers pictures, but these affidavits may do me some good with them yet. A publisher in Chicago has been writing me for six months wanting me to turn him over a lot of my outlaw pictures to print a small book that would sell for a dime, or 25¢, and go partners with me, but I don't like to trust him. He will tell me he will print a thousand, but instead print ten thousand and sell them for himself. That is the way they do business these days. I put him off from one thing to another.



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Fred. Stone never bothered me much. He was afraid I would get a few pictures that he happened to have. The same way with Nordin. These old pictures is not a money-making scheme, and when they have to hire them finished for them, it is still less worthwhile for them. That is how I get by, I can make them for myself. The old picture business is not worth anything to anyone, except a photographer, who can and does do his own work.

I had a letter from Charles Siringo, asking me for my catalog, and I sent it, and never heard from any more, and about three months after that saw in a paper that he was dead. If he hadn't died, I suppose I would have made some good trades with him for many good pictures, but alas, my luck as usual.

Have letters from Mr. Brininstool, now and then, and while he is always very nice and genteel, he seems quite distant about pictures, although sent me a few good ones, and presented me with some nice books. He is a printer and has a private printing outfit for his own use, although his books, the larger ones, he doesn't print. I am also a printer, was raised in a country print shop and can still set type fine. Been trying to figure out a way to get me some type and small press for my own use, but can't make enough money to get started.

Newspapers have been writing me up again, as usual. Looks like it would bring me some new business, but it doesn't for some cause or other. Maybe, some day, they will take a notion to buy some old time pictures. People think my prices are too high, and yet, my prices are five times cheaper than they would get them to have them copied in regular photo shops. I can't make anything much as it is, much less sell cheaper. I have thought out on all lines, just how to get them going better. Maybe when I get all the affidavits, and have it tested out, and it proves safe, then maybe I can sell at a less price, which I will do, for I will be safe from copyists.

My cousin, who is cousin to Mrs. Miller, is staying with my brother down the street and I will get her to write to Mrs. Miller, and see if she will answer. C. L. Douglas, of the Fort Worth Press was in to see me a few weeks ago, and bought some pictures. He has been to see Clay Allison's daughters, and their husbands, but they won't warm-up to him, and allow him to have the Allison pictures. They are rich, and in the Lumber Yard business, at Fort Worth. The Allisons are too rich for Mrs. Miller now and don't have anything to do with each other any more. I believe I have covered about all the questions, you asked. If I get anything real good, will let you know in due time.

Very sincerely yours,

*N. H. Rose*  
N. H. Rose

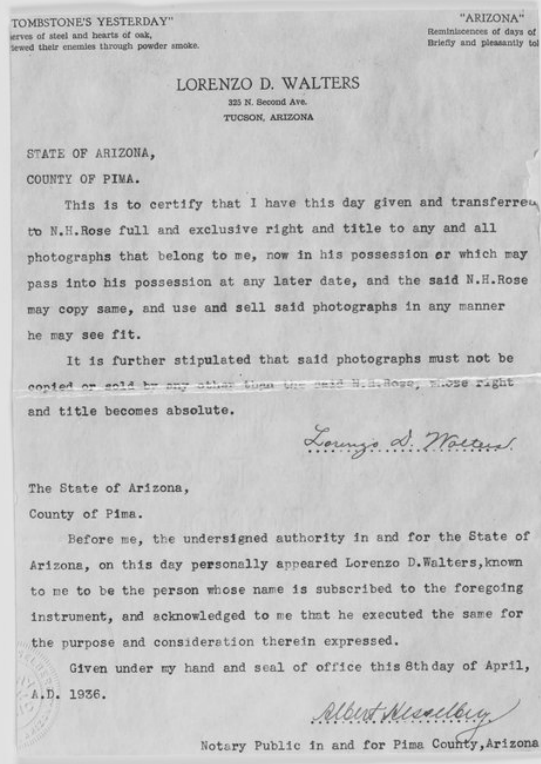
San Antonio, Texas  
May 8, 1936

*I have trimmed all the edges off of this letter  
& the photo clippings. So the price will be 3¢  
postage*

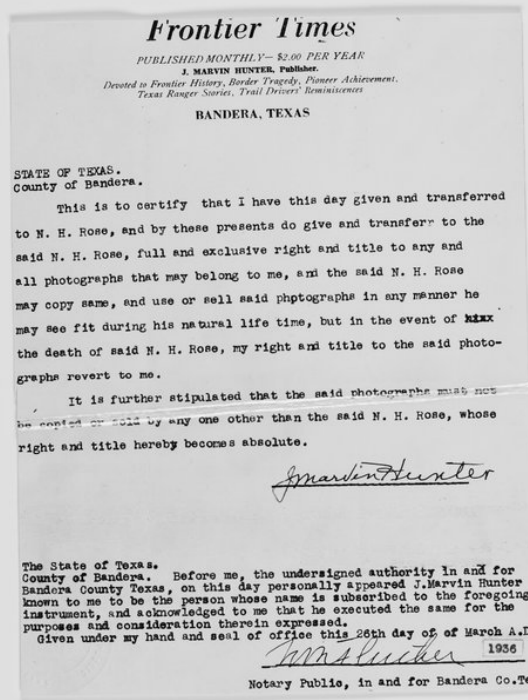
*Thanks for the clippings*



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

The following article was clipped from the Evansville Press, Evansville, Indiana, April 8, 1936

Touring With a Hoosier Vagabond

### Pictures of Southwest's Bad Men Yield Photographer Living

By ERNE PYLE

SAN ANTONIO, April 8. — Noah H. Rose was born in Texas, and he has never been out of Texas, except across the border into Mexico a few times. He's 42 now.

"I did sit on the bank of the Rio Grande and look across into Oklahoma," he says. "But I never got over there. I'm just an old authority. Don't know nothing. Never saw nothing."

He was born poor and he's still poor. He went to work in a print shop when he was 15, at 12 a month. He can still set type.

"I wanted to take fiddle lessons so bad I was crazy," he says, "but we couldn't afford it. When I grew up I did take lessons for four months, and now I play in the church choir."

When Noah Rose was 17 he won a box camera by selling. The Youth's Companion. He still has the first negative he ever snapped—a shot of his sister, taken 40 years ago. From then until today he has been a photographer.

**Starts Collection**

He married young. It lasted three months, and he has never tried it again. His two sisters and a brother-in-law live with him

now. For 15 years he ran a studio at Dal Rio, down on the Rio Grande. Without really being conscious that he was making a collection, he began gathering old prints and negatives of Southwest lore—Indians, outlaws, peace officers, landings, buildings, graves, state-memorial battle scenes.

Today Noah Rose has the greatest collection of historic Southwest photographs in the world. There is hardly a name or a place you can think of, that he doesn't have. His collection is recognized as supreme by museums, libraries and universities.

It ought to be worth a million dollars. He can hardly pay the rent with it.

**Exhibits Collection**

Fifteen years ago Rose came to San Antonio. He didn't have a studio any more. He was hard up. So at last he decided to commercialize his collection.

He has been living off it, after a fashion, for 15 years now. Last year was his best year so far. He took in \$600. He has no other income.

He rents a little unpalatial house in the west end of San Antonio,

where the streets aren't paved or even graded. Two rooms he has fixed up as a darkroom and workshop. He sleeps in one of them. A few pictures, are in a box.

He has 1500 negatives in all.

His most valuable picture, he says, is of John Wesley Hardin, slain in life. The only one known to exist. People in the East don't care much of Hardin, but he really was a top. "Billy the Kid" was a poor compared with him.

**Knew Southwest**

Thru all these years of collecting historic pictures, Rose has picked up an immense knowledge of the Southwest. He knows the history (and usually the descent) of a lot of every famous land mark here in California.

He has all the books on the Southwest outlaws. He has places outlined where the authors make mistakes.

Rose is a great talker. He talks all the time. If you had a couple of days with him, you wouldn't need to read any books to get your Southwest lore.

Most of Rose's business (what there is) comes from individuals making collections. He sells some to libraries too, and book

publishers. He has a nice letter from Zane Grey, who used some of his photos.

**Needed Money**

His favorite customer is a Major Sanford of Washington. The major dropped in one Christmas a couple of years ago. Rose was sick in bed. The rent was due. Taxes due. Last money gone for medicine. Not a cent in the house. It sounds like a movie, but it isn't. The major ordered \$150 worth of pictures, and left a big Christmas present besides. And Rose had never seen him before.

Pictures of bad men are the best sellers. Indians next. In the last few months, because of the censorship, there has been a demand for Texas Ranger pictures. He has plenty of rare ones. Took most of them himself.

**Not Discouraged**

With all these pictures around, Rose has none of himself. He's a pretty good looking man, too. Bald, with a rim of grayish hair fluffing out like a hedge all around his head. He wears tortoise-shell glasses.

He won't let strangers come to the house if he can help it. Doesn't want them to see how poor he is. I just hunted him up in the city directory and walked in. Once there, you're welcome. He never gives his address to anybody. He rents a post office box, so nobody will know where he lives. The box is 462.

He gets terribly discouraged. People who can afford to pay try to cheat him down on his price. And him making \$600 a year.



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

EMBEZZLEMENTS  
FRAUDS  
CONVERSIONS  
KIDNAP  
REPOSSESSIONS  
AUTOS DELIVERED  
ANYWHERE IN U.S.  
BY LICENSED MEN  
Effective Dragnetting  
by Mail, Air Mail,  
Wire and Phone

**DICK W. McCONNELL**  
Cooperating with NATIONAL CREDIT ASS'N and NATIONAL ASS'N OF FINANCE COMPANIES

QUICK ACTION  
FANNIN 7772

Special Investigator  
representing  
INSURANCE  
FINANCE and  
AUTOMOBILE COMPANIES

117 REVEL BLDG.  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS  
April 20th, 1938

STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF BEXAR

Statement of Dick W. McConnell, Formerly United States Mounted Inspector of Customs, who was stationed at Valentine, Texas in the Big Bend Country. I wish to state that while scouting for smugglers in the vicinity of Candelaria, Texas, in 1916, we captured 106 head of smuggled sheep that had just been smuggled across the Rio Grande River. We drove the sheep to Candelaria, Texas which is situated on the Banks of the Rio Grande River. We penned the sheep in a Mexican's corral, and as the Government demands sheep to be dipped and held sixty days, I was detailed by the Inspector in charge to guard the sheep and to assist in dipping them. While guarding the sheep, I became acquainted with Mrs. Roy Bean Jr., wife of Roy Bean Jr., son of Judge Roy Bean. She was at that time running a little Mexican restaurant. Her husband, Roy Bean Jr., having died and she was trying to make a living for her children, which I think was five. One day while eating at her restaurant, I noticed an old picture of Judge Roy Bean holding court hanging on the wall. She said this was the original of the picture that had been taken by N. H. Rose. I asked her if I could have a copy made of it and she would like to have it to hang on my wall at home. She finally agreed to let me have the picture if I would return it after getting a copy, which I agreed to do. I also took a picture of Mrs. Roy Bean Jr. on my horse, wearing my cartridge belt and six shooter. Upon my return to the Mounted Station at Valentine, Texas, I was transferred to Marfa, Texas and then to Del Rio, Texas. In the confusion of transferring I forgot to have a copy of this picture made. One day I was discussing old time pictures with N. H. Rose, the Border Photographer. He asked to see the picture, also several others, including Mrs. Roy Bean Jr.'s, which I had taken of various scenes while stationed in the Big Bend Country. After looking at the pictures, he asked my permission to add them to his old time border collection. I turned the Judge Roy Bean Holding Court and Mrs. Roy Bean Jr. on my horse, and several other pictures I had made while stationed in the Big Bend Country to N. H. Rose. All of these photographs except for my own personal use are exclusively personal property of N. H. Rose, and are not to be copied or sold by any other without his permission or consent. The photo of Judge Bean Holding Court has marks of identification well known to myself and N. H. Rose and positively no authority to use these pictures in any manner has ever been given, leased, or sold, except as stated here in during the natural life of N. H. Rose, but in the event of the death of N. H. Rose, my right and title to the said photographs revert to me.

*Dick W. McConnell*  
Formerly United States Mounted Inspector of Customs  
Like the "Mounties of the Northwest" we ALWAYS get our MAN'S Customs

Sworn and Subscribed before me this 20th day of April, A. D. 1938

*Dick W. McConnell*  
Notary Public, in and for Bexar County, Texas

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

**BRACK'S STUDIO**  
MAKERS OF EVERYTHING IN THE PHOTO LINE  
SAN MARCOS, TEXAS 4/7-36

STATE OF TEXAS.  
County of Hays.

This is to certify that I have this day given and transferred to N. H. Rose, and by these presents do give and transferr to the said N. H. Rose full and exclusive right and title to any and all photographs that may belong to me, and the said N. H. Rose may copy same, and use or sell said photographs in any manner he may see fit during his natural life time, but in the event of the death of said N. H. Rose, my right and title to the said photographs revert to me.

It is further stipulated that the said photographs must not be copied or sold by any one other than the said N. H. Rose, whose right and title hereby becomes absolute; except for my own use.

A. A. Brack

The State of Texas.  
County of Hays. Before me, the undersigned authority in and for Hays County Texas, on this day personally appeared A. A. Brack, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purposes and consideration therein expressed.

Given under my hand and seal of office this 7th day of April A.D. 1936

Dora Brack  
Notary Public. in and for Hays Co. Texas.



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

### The Famous N. H. Rose Collection OF OLD TIME PHOTOGRAPHS

Frontier Characters, Peace Officers, Rangers, U. S. Army, Indians, Outlaws,  
Train Robbers, Hangings, Gunmen and Women, and Other Historic Subjects

TEXAS—  
Gen. Sam Houston  
Benj. R. Milam  
David Crockett  
James Bowie  
Stephen F. Austin  
TEXAS RANGERS—

Bill McDonald  
John Armstrong  
Lee H. McNelly  
John V. Hughes  
James B. Gillett  
J. H. Rogers  
Jack Hays  
Dan W. Roberts  
Lee Hall

PEACE OFFICERS—  
Bill Tighman  
Pat Masterson  
Billy Breakenridge  
John Selman  
Pat Garrett

GUN-MEN  
AND WOMEN—  
Wild Bill Hickok  
Wes Hardin  
Ben Thompson  
Billy the Kid  
Pancho Villa  
Jim Courtright  
Belle Starr  
Boss of Cimarron  
Calamity Jane

Bill Longley  
Gen. Lee Christmas  
INDIAN CHIEFS—  
Sitting Bull  
Geronimo  
Red Cloud  
Victorio  
Satanstia  
Cochise  
Quannah Parker  
Spotted Tail

TRAIN AND  
BANK ROBBERS—  
George Sontag  
Chris Evans  
Butch Cassidy Gang  
Dutton Gang  
Henry Starr  
Bill Doolin  
Jesse James  
Frank James  
Cole Younger  
Billie Stiles  
Cherokee Bill

SCOUTS—  
Buffalo Bill  
Pawnee Bill  
Buckskin Bill  
Idaho Bill  
Jim Bridger  
W. F. Carver  
Texas Jack  
Deadwood Dick

OUTLAWS—  
Grant Wheeler  
Juan Cortina  
Harry Tracy  
George Newcombe  
Charlie Pierce  
Zip Wyatt  
Isaac Black  
Bill Cook

Over 2,000 Negatives  
to select from.

POSTOFFICE BOX 1265, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

September 14, 1938

Mr. E. P. Lamborn :

Was surprised to hear from you again. Sorry to know you have been having so much sorrow and bereavements. I went through the same when mother went away in 1931. Things have not been the same since she was in the home. I can sympathize with you, indeed.

Yes, the old timers are going fast also. I had a letter from Emmett Dalton about two weeks before he died. Fred. Sutton complimented me and my famous collection of old pictures to Mr. George Webb, in a letter a few days before he died, and Mr. Webb sent his letter to me. Often I met Col. Ike Pryor, on the streets, and also Capt. Gillett, but that will never happen any more. Capt. Gillett, gave me a bunch of his pictures to copy a few months before his going. I notice you spell his name with a small "e" at the end, after the two "tt's", but the Captain bawled me out for spelling it that way. He said no "e" was at the end of his name. So if you ever have his name in print, this will make sure that you can spell his name right. I did not know the others you mention, only in name.

The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, published Earl Forrest's book, "Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground." They sent me a copy free. Prof. E. D. Tussey, at Phoenix, 913 Willetta street, is writing another story along same line. Had a letter from his this week. Wants same pictures but I do not have any of them. I gave him Forrest's address and told him to write to him about them.

I know C. L. Douglas, but haven't seen him in over a year. Wrote him a month ago, but he did not reply. Busy writing a book about O'Daniel, which ought to be out now, and maybe he will answer yet. Don't think he ever got the Clay Allison picture, but he told me he sure got a good bawling out from one of Clay's daughters, when he went to the house to see her, who told him to go see her husband, which he did, and patched things up the best he could, and that is the last I ever heard from him about the picture.

I never hear from Mrs. Miller any more. Her cousin who married my cousin and who did the writing for me, moved to Southwest Texas, at Mission, and never writes to her any more. They just won't give out much any more. Newspaper writers have made such a mess of things, spoiled everything it seems. TRUE, a New York magazine, now for sale on the news stands, has a Hughes ranger story in it, and on page 122 they give me a write up about my pictures. Get a copy and read it. REAL DETECTIVE is another magazine with a story of Hickok and Wes Hardin, with my pictures. Both these magazines pay me three dollars each for every picture they use, now. But I don't sell any pictures to the public, they never order any more, guess everybody is broke. The sales I get from the magazines don't pay me after all enough to half live on, and things look mighty bad for the future. It looks like I will have to give up this picture business yet and try something else for a living. Have been trying to get me an engraving plant and make the cuts myself, and sell cuts instead of pictures, but simply

ADDRESS N. H. ROSE, P. O. BOX 1265, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Page two

can't raise the five hundred dollars to buy the outfit. If I ever do, then, I will make the cuts for all sorts of printing. Any photographer can make cuts with an engraving outfit.

I will see if I can think up a plan to get the dates that you speak of wanting. Will have to take time to get at it. You used to ask me to see Judge DuVal West. Judge West and I are good friends now and often meet. Some times he ~~xxxxxx~~ has me go to his office. I made some copies of fine pictures of him. BUT, Oh, BOY, I must not ask him any questions about his past. He simply won't tell a thing, no use to butt a fellow's head against a wall. I think he is planning on a story of his life in book form. Hunter hinted to me once the judge had talked to him about it, and Hunter, may edit the book, if it ever terminates into a reality.

Joe Clements, who was a prosperous ranchman and president of a bank at Roswell, saw Joe Townsend many times out there before he died, but it seems that Townsend never knew who Joe Clements was, and that he was a brother to Manning, Sr. Townsend went from Texas to New Mexico. Those Clements boys were all peacache men. Manning killed two cowboys because he had to in self-defense. Never killed anyone else. Here is a funny thing about those boys being so bad. Manning, when he was killed at Ballinger, was buried by the Odd Fellows at Milburn, near Brady. He belonged to the Brady lodge. Joe was an Odd Fellow. Jim and Gip (the youngest boy) were Master Masons, and belonged to the Junction lodge. How the devil did such bad boys as those Clements brothers were, ever get into lodges like that ? ? ? ? ?

Will see about getting back numbers of the magazine you speak of and see those stories. So much stuff in those magazines that is lies, sometimes I am disgusted. The one of Hickok and Hardin in REAL DETECTIVE, now on news stands, I spoke of, is a lot of bunk. They sent me advance copy of the story six weeks ago. The writer says Wes Hardin threw two guns in the air, and when they came down he had them in Hickok's belly. Ha, ha. What do you think of that ? Gip Clements was standing by and saw Wes do that stunt. He twirled them on his trigger-finger, and only ONE GUN. We have to be merciful with these modern writers. They have no better sense than that.

At Houston, Texas, attending the National Frontiersmen's Association, last November, I met Al. Jennings, and talked with him many times during five days. Chris. Madsen, and of course Col. Ed. Nix, but I knew him ~~many~~ years before. Had a postal from him this week. He and Al live at Hollywood. I made pictures of them. Nix, Jennings and Madsen. One was a U.S. Marshal, Jennings outlaw, and Madsen Deputy U.S. Marshal who put Al in the pen. Here they were all old cronies and telling yarns of the past. We had several dinners by differed things like Y.M.C.A. and C. of C. and clubs, etc., and they made speeches every time. Al made a talk at the Baptist church on Sunday evening to a big crowd. He poses as a Baptist but told me he was not even a Christian. I met Pawnee Bill, Kit Carson III and LIII, and Elfago Baca, B. F. Harbert, and a bunch of others, like Capt. Aldridge and J. Frank Norfleet. I rode with Norfleet in parade. Gee boy, that was a crowd on that Houston's streets that day. Rev. Airey, is an Episcopal preacher at Houston, comes to see me every now and then. Is the ram-rod for the association. They elected me Official Photographer. My name is printed on the association stationery. They made a failure finding Billy the Kid, so the Reverend wrote me. He wrote their trip and purpose up in Houston paper, and said he sent me a copy, but I never received it.

I have a mighty good friend living in New York who has been with me a lot, and he keeps me posted on a lot of stuff here and there. LIFE magazine, has ordered all my Jesse James pictures, and his companions. Expect they will use some of them this winter or late fall, in connection with the new film being made of Jesse James gang, now filming in Missouri. Guess you know all about it. I get letters from several, some from Missouri asking for James pictures, but no sales yet. If I live until next April 9, maybe I can get an old-age pension, as our new Governor says he is going to give everybody at 65, old, poor rich, or what not, just so they are SIXTY-FIVE.

Yes, I have a lot of pictures now, but don't have any list of them. Just simply too poor and can't afford to have one printed. It costs too much. Well, I must stop. Excuse this mess, as I have had to write it in a hurry. Kind regards. Very sincerely yours, N.H. Lamborn

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

SOUTHWEST CALLER SAN ANTONIO, TEX

Noah Rose, of San Antonio, has received more newspaper publicity in recent months than, we believe, any other photographer in the country. We have become so accustomed to seeing "Photographs from the Rose collection" in almost any Sunday newspaper, that we take it somewhat for granted. In truth, Noah has the greatest collection of old and historic photographs in America. He has 2,000 negatives ranging from Sam Houston and David Crockett to Jessé James and Billy the Kid. Just two weeks ago, his picture appeared in the *San Antonio Light* along with a write-up describing him as "America's most unusual photographer."

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

**true** Is the name of a story magazine, for sale, on news stands each month in which every now and then are seen many old time pictures from the FAMOUS N. H. ROSE COLLECTION OF OLD TIME PHOTOGRAPHS of San Antonio, Texas. In October number, (for sale now through September,) the Editor very kindly shows his appreciation of this picture service, (page 122) in the following paragraph: directing the reader to Captain Hughes Texas Ranger story AND THE PICTURES:

On pictures of the Old West, however, we have one unfailing source. He is N. H. Rose of San Antonio, Texas, who supplies most of the illustrations for CAPTAIN HUGHES — TEXAS RANGER, Page 58. Rose is an old Texan himself, and he has spent a good part of his life collecting photographs of the famous characters who made history in the cattle country. They aren't just pictures to him. His collection, extensive as it is, is more of an album of old friends than a commercial venture. He knows most of his subjects personally, and those who were before his time he has become acquainted with through their friends and relatives. He finds it not too difficult to secure good photographs of Texas' heroes, but when it comes to her badmen, that is a hoss of different hue. Most families were quick to conceal photos of the black sheep in the tribe. Try locating a picture of Uncle Willie who was hung as a horse-thief back in 1890 and you will appreciate Mr. Rose's difficulty.

If TRUE cannot be secured from the news dealers send 25¢ to COUNTRY PRESS, Inc., 1100 Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky, or to 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

SAN ANTONIO EVENING NEWS

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1938

### *Texas Frontiersmen Seek to Discover if Billy the Kid Lives*

RATON, N. M., June 23 (AP).—Is Billy the Kid, New Mexico's notorious outlaw before the turn of the century, still living?

That recurrent question popped up again with a group of old frontiersmen, headed by Maj. Gordon W. (Pawnee Bill) Lillie of Pawnee, Okla., hunting an answer.

Billy the Kid, whose six-guns carved history in the grim Lincoln County war, was trapped and killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett in 1881—according to all known accounts, which have nevertheless been questioned repeatedly.

Maj. Lillie's group left for Albuquerque, where they plan to question Elfego Baca, territorial gun man and feared peace officer of the old cattle days.

With Lillie was Eddie Botsford of Littlefield, Tex., the Rev. J. W. E. Airey of Houston, Tex., and B. F. Herbert of Taos, N. M. They are members of the National Frontiersmen's Association, which is seeking to verify reports the kid escaped to Mexico instead of falling under Pat Garrett's guns.

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## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

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**SKETCH**

By  
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"Without or with of-  
fense to friends or foes,  
we sketch your world  
exactly as it goes."—  
Byron.

**MENARD NEWS, MENARD,  
TEXAS MAY 13, 1937**

Menard was also glad to meet N. H. ROSE again. He was a photographer in Menard in the 1890's and 1900's and has some interesting old pictures of this section. He was also a printer in the old days and was employed on three of Menard's pioneer newspapers: the Menardville Monitor in 1888 and 1889, the Menardville Record in 1891 and 1892, and the Menard Enterprise in 1894 and 1895. Mr. Rose has won nationwide fame during his career as a photographer particularly for his collection of pictures of the Old West. Among his customers are Zane Gray. And, crowning delight of all, Mr. Rose showed Sketch his albums full of pictures of Wild West neck-tie parties, photos of Belle Starr, Big Foot Wallace, Jesse James, John Wesley Hardin, Billy the Kid, the Dalton Gang, Pancho Villa, Quantrell and any other bandit you can name.

And J. MARVIN HUNTER was here with a welcome collection of old time items from his Frontier Museum at Bandera. Some of Mr. Rose's pictures showed Mr. Hunter, then a fledgling newspaper man in Menard where his father was superintendent of schools, busily interviewing people on the streets of Menard. Mr. Hunter is no stranger here, just as he is no stranger wherever he goes, because this is his hometown.

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THE SAN ANTONIO LIGHT. September 12, 1937

## CAMERA ARCHIVES



ROSE HAS ABUNDANCE OF FRONTIER PICTURES.  
His collection drawn on for pictures of bygone days.

## COLLECTOR OF PHOTOS FAMED

"Photographs from the Rose Collection," a phrase you may encounter in nearly any article or book on frontier days in the Southwest, is a tip-off on one of the most unusual photographers in America.

N. H. Rose, who lives at 230 Cella street, started shooting pictures with a tin camera he received while a kid, for selling subscriptions to Youth's Companion. By

the turn of the century he had already started a collection of photos of frontier scenes and characters, and that collection is today the world's greatest of its kind.

He has 2000 negatives ranging from Sam Houston and David Crockett to Jesse James, Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, and Billy the Kid.

His clients include Zane Gray, Dane Coolidge, Gene Cunningham, Stuart Lake and other famous writers. He supplied the pictures for Frank Bushick's "Glamorous Days" and two dozen other books.

Some of Rose's pictures have been reprinted hundreds of times. Perhaps his most famous is his picture of Judge Roy Bean trying a horse-thief on the front steps of the Jersey Lily saloon.



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Dear good, W. Lee O'Daniel,  
You remind us of Nathaniel,  
In whom there was no politics, or any sort of guile,  
The Ten Commandments as your guide,  
No obligations out and dried,  
You'll soon bring home the bacon, in good old Texas style.

More than thirty thousand votes,  
In that land-slide, got their goats,  
And "republicans" now, decide to take a crack at you,  
But, watch your step and listen,  
It's their dirty spark-plugs missin'  
Which is nothing more than old tricks, that politicians do.

While everything is running fine,  
Don't let them trip you out of line,  
We need a man like you are, to be Governor of this State,  
When dear old dad is sixty-five,  
He'll need assistance to survive,  
And maybe get his old-age pension, before it is too late.

For the way things have been going,  
Had a mighty sorry showing,  
Investigated compensation, so unfair and very gruff,  
Is what made our dear old pappy,  
Look so sad-eyed and unhappy,  
For the biscuits we could pass him, was not hardly half enough.

Strange they cannot understand it,  
When no selfish motive planned it,  
The why, eleven others, was so easy put on skids,  
When us radio fans selected,  
Then our dads and moms elected,  
Please pass the biscuits pappy, to your fifty thousand kids.

Legislative double-crossing,  
Have their heads and tails a tossing,  
To prevent you, if they can, from doing what is right,  
But when that starts to brewing,  
You can count on something doing,  
For us kids all over Texas, will be joining in the fight.

Excitement you have geared in high,  
With Hughes and Corrigan on the fly,  
Chinese still a fighting Japs, and the Russians messing, too,  
It's time for us to keep our head,  
Play safe, and eat hill billy bread,  
And mind not what the Hitler's, or the Mussolini's do.

Let's be sure that nothing vexes,  
The good people here in Texas,  
And keep after every nuisance, racket, grafter, in the dell,  
Let politicians know it's risky,  
Since they brought back rotten whisky,  
In our dear old Texas sending, men and women down to hell.

---

Written by N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas, Aug. 10, 1938

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

### W. F. UHLMAN

PHOTOGRAPHER: MURPHY  
The Stock House for the Professional

100 FRANKLIN STREET  
ST. JOSEPH, Mo.

Sept. 14, 1927.

Mr. N. H. Rose,  
P.O. Box 463,  
San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of Sept. 12th, both the pictures of Jesse James, made by Rudolph Uhlman and Alex Loze, are genuine. Both my Father and Mr. Loze died about 25 years ago. I was a youngster at the time of the tragedy and helped to finish thousands of these pictures at my Father's studio.

If the pictures you have of Jesse James are with the eyes closed, they are as they were originally taken of the corpse. As I remember, the corpse was strapped to a board in the undertaker's morgue and stood upright, so that it could be photographed. All the local photographers, my Father among them, were privileged to take pictures of the corpse and thousands of these pictures were mailed all over the United States. I feel sure that the pictures you have of Jesse James are authentic. At that time, my Father sent a copy of this picture to a celebrated artist in St. Louis and had it reproduced with the eyes open. This picture was identically like the original, except the eyes of the corpse were open to make it look more lifelike.

Trusting this is the information desired, I remain

Yours very truly,

*W. F. Uhlman*

HP.



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

### A Real Texas Magazine You Will Like

Frontier Times is the only magazine in the world devoted to frontier history, border tragedy and pioneer achievement. Features stories of early Texas Rangers, Indian fights, battles on the frontier, history of Texas pioneers, etc. Now in its thirteenth year, and much sought after by public libraries, universities, colleges, writers of historical fiction, and students of history all over the United States. Published monthly, at Bandera, Texas, 48 pages. Subscription price \$2.00. Just fill out the following subscription order and send to N. H. ROSE, Box ~~445~~<sup>145</sup>, San Antonio, Texas.

N. H. ROSE, Box ~~445~~<sup>145</sup>, San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Sir:—Please order Frontier Times sent to the following address for one year. The regular subscription of \$2.00 is herewith enclosed.

NAME.....

Street..... Box or Route.....

Post Office..... State.....

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

San Antonio, Texas  
May 7, 1940

Dear Mr. Lamborn :

Ever since your letter came I've been busy. Had to move to another house, and I guess you know what it means to tear down and rebuild dark rooms, and everything that goes with it, and then had some work to come in, which is just accidental these days, for there is not enough to live on. I still sell a few old pictures now and then, but orders come far a part and few. Maybe I have supplied the world, I don't know.

If that fellow at Dodge has such a collection as you say he has, he must have swiped a bunch of mine, for it seems that I have about all that can be secured, for I can never get any more newer ones.

Never heard of Jack Hays Day, of Cuero, nor his book. If he has any of my stuff some one else has bought them from me and furnished them to him. What is the price of book? I may order one just to see what it's all about. Have a lot of trouble with guys who steal my stuff. The brewery here used my Roy Bean holding court, on calendars, printed 25,000 and paid four thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars for the printing, wouldn't pay me a cent for the picture, so I sued them, and they finally came across and paid me and the man who owned the picture and the lawyers. It cost them over six hundred dollars, when they could have bought the right from me for \$25.00 in the first place. I just have to tie into those guys. Other suits are planned against postcard publishers, etc.

Old man Col. Nix, Al. Jennings, or any of those guys never have any pictures, only when they get them from me, and they always want me to give them to them, but ----- I can't afford to do that, especially when material costs money, rent, and clothes and eats, etc. No those guys, ~~xxx~~ are most always a bunch of chiselers. The more I mix with them, the better I know them. Say, isn't this a devil of a world anyway? I was in the recording room when they made the records. I would like to have some of those records, but too doggone poor to buy them ever since. I think they want a dollar and a half each for them. They are double-faced records---two in one.

I can't find anybody that knows a thing about the picture of Hanks. It seems that all of those who had anything to do with that affair are dead. Some how, men have got the idea that old pictures have made me rich, and they won't let me have any more of them. The truth is I have almost starved out trying to keep them, but I have to begin and try some other line to make a living. Have started to making baby pictures in the homes, and which will cost me a sum of money to get the equipment, etc. I broke my old shutter, which cost six dollars and now they want nine dollars for a new one. Everything else in proportion. People have gone crazy for money. And I am crazy because I don't have enough to buy a soup bone once in awhile.

Beeson wrote a time or two, tried to work me, couldn't so he stopped. Never hear of him any more. Sutton is dead. Before he died he wrote a letter to Geo. Webb, at St. Jo and some of it about me. Will send a copy of the letter if I can find one. Mr. Webb is dead also, now. So many of my friends have passed on. I seldom ever hear of Mr. Walters, although did get a letter the other day, and must answer it pretty soon. Clay Allison's wife, who is a MRS. Johnson, of Ft. Worth, and their two daughters all live at Ft. Worth, and Mr. Douglass got a good cussing from one when he went to see one of the daughters and tried to get Clay's picture. Hunter's sister has two fine pictures of Geo. Scarborough. His sister married George's wife's brother. They simply will not let Hunter have it under any condition. He has had the pictures in his hand to look at, but no further. Guess it is out of the question to get one.



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

Page 2

I cut out all book selling. Got stung with some I couldn't sell, nor even give away. Sam P. Ridings, who wrote the CHISHOLM TRAIL sent me an autographed copy of that book, and bought several pictures to have it re-printed, and has secured Gene Cunningham to help him with it, but so far, I hear no more about it. The books they sent me to sell was on Mormonism, and other bunk about settlers in the northwest, etc. Only a few people will buy such as that, and especially people down in this section. I wish some of these Mormons would call around and give me another ~~lectur~~ lecture, maybe I could sell this book I have to them.

I can't get cowboy and ranch pictures it seems. Just now and then, a few of late days can be gathered, but the old timers seemed to have been afraid of a camera.

I never tried to see Mrs. Kipling about the gambling picture at Pecos, where Jim Miller is sitting in on the game. I have the picture. Gene Cunningham seldom writes to me, haven't had a word from him in two years or more, then just postcards, etc. He lives in San Francisco for past three or four years. Stuart Lake has no use for me any more. Earl Forrest never was very "hot" with me. His publishers gave me a copy of his book, Arizona's Dark and Bloody Days. Joe Milner has been dead about four years now. His sister sent me the news clipping. His brother has had me to do some copy work for him since a time of two, also his ~~sister~~ <sup>sister</sup> from Californi~~and he do some copy work~~

John L. Dibrell is still the same good old pal, but don't live here any more. He is stationed at Zapata, Texas, in U.S. Customs work. Judge West and I are good friends and he stops and chats every time we meet. Not very often though. Some times he sends for me to come to his office to do some little job or other, making pictures of himself for his friends. Last one was of he and Zapata, the Mexican bandit standing together. Pres. Wilson sent him to see Zapata during the war you know. He never tells me anything, by golly, of his exploits. I think he has a lot of notes, and once told Hunter he wanted him to put it together for a book, but I guess they have quit, as nothing is ever said about it anymore. Never read Webb's book, never heard of Clum's Apache Agent, and never saw Goodnight book. I know old Evett Haley, he is a chiseler, and suppose used a lot of my pictures, that he bought for the University of Texas. They let him out ~~at~~ three or four years ago, for fighting Roosevelt. He went up in the plains country and I think with some college up there now. Wayne Gard bought a few pictures, but he is another chiseler.

I have only the BUCKBORAD DAYS Gene sent to me. It is autographed and I doubt if they would let it go through the mails, without first class postage because of the writing in it I could ask and see if that is permissible. Guess it could be sent by express though.

I guess I have a lot of other photos in past three years, but they become a burden on me, and I never had a list printed and piles of them are not even numbered and placed in files. Just now and then I dig them out for some body who wants something for a book or a story in some bunk magazine. TRUE DETECTIVE ~~now~~ on the news stands has a story about Capt. Hughes. They will have a story about Capt. Gillett, this summer. They are using some of my pictures, but mighty "chinchy." Next month they only have two of mine. They sent me tear-sheets to show me what they will use.

I have a list of Sutton's pictures that he tried to sell before he died, and have a small photo negative. Will see if I can find it, and make a print for you later. Have to stop now. With good wishes and GOOD LUCK.

Very kindly yours,

N.H. Rose

## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

SOUTHWEST CALLER SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Noah Rose, of San Antonio, has received more newspaper publicity in recent months than, we believe, any other photographer in the country. We have become so accustomed to seeing "Photographs from the Rose collection" in almost any Sunday newspaper, that we take it somewhat for granted. In truth, Noah has the greatest collection of old and historic photographs in America. He has 2,000 negatives ranging from Sam Houston and David Crockett to Jesse James and Billy the Kid. Just two weeks ago, his picture appeared in the *San Antonio Light* along with a write-up describing him as "America's most unusual photographer."



## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

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THE TOWN CALLED  
'DON'T YOU WORRY'

"There's a town called 'Don't You Worry'  
On the banks of the 'River Smile'.  
Where the 'Cheerups and 'Be-happy'.  
Blossom brightly all the while.  
Where the 'Never Grumble Flowers'  
Bloom besides the fragrant 'Try'.  
And the 'Don't Give Ups' and 'Patience'  
Point their faces to the sky.  
In the valley of 'Contentment'.  
In the province of 'I Will'.  
You will find this lovely city  
At the foot of 'No Fret Hill'.  
There are thoroughfares delightful,  
In this truly charming town,  
And on every hand are shade trees,  
Named 'The Very Seldom Frown'.  
Rustic benches quite enticing,  
You'll find scattered here and there.  
And to each a vine is clinging  
Called 'The Frequent, Earnest, Prayer'.  
Everybody there is happy  
And is singing all the while.  
In the town of 'Don't you Worry'  
On the banks of the 'River Smile' ".  
—Author Unknown.

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## E. P. Lamborn correspondence and research papers

From FRONTIER TIMES, Bandera,  
Texas, December number, 1939 :

Among our visitors on October 30th were Mr and Mrs N. H. Rose of San Antonio, and Mrs. Rose's daughter, Mrs. Gladys Roach, of Rock Island, Illinois. Mr. Rose is known to our Frontier Times readers through his old time photographs, which are often used in this magazine, and of which he has the greatest collection in the United States. His collection of photographs includes pictures of Texas Rangers, peace officers, outlaws, gunmen, Indians, historical characters, frontier scenes, etc., and numbers several thousand different items. Mrs. Roach was here from Illinois on her first visit to Texas. She found much to interest her in our Frontier Times Museum, and says she hopes to return some time.