

## Doc Holliday in Tombstone: The Gambler with a Deadly Reputation

by A. I. Hendricks

In the dusty streets of Tombstone, a figure emerges from the haze, clad in a mix of rugged clothing and Victorian attire. This is none other than John Henry "Doc" Holliday, the infamous gambler and gunfighter, whose presence alone commands respect and fear.

Doc stands at approximately 5 feet 10 inches, with a lean and slightly stooped posture, perhaps a consequence of his ongoing battle with tuberculosis. Despite his frail appearance, there's an unmistakable aura of authority and danger about him. His piercing blue eyes, set beneath a broad forehead, convey a sense of intelligence and a hint of volatility.

He sports a well-groomed mustache and a carefully trimmed goatee, which adds to his sophisticated and somewhat dapper appearance. His dark, unkempt hair falls just above his collar, and strands of gray give away the toll that his turbulent life has taken on him.

Doc's clothing reflects a blend of practicality and fashion. He wears a well-fitted, dark frock coat, adorned with a vest beneath, exhibiting a touch of refinement even in the rugged West. A cravat is tied neatly around his neck, and his shirt, though dusty, appears to be of high quality. Despite the warmth of the Arizona sun, he never seems to shed his stylish black gloves, hinting at a touch of theatrical flair.

On his hips rest a pair of Colt revolvers, their gleaming steel reflecting the sun's rays. These weapons are not just for show; they have earned Doc a reputation as a deadly shot and a man not

to be trifled with. His hands seem to hover close to the holsters, ever ready for any confrontation that may arise.

As he walks, there's a noticeable limp in Doc's step, a reminder of a life filled with violence and hard living. But despite his physical limitations, his determination and indomitable spirit shine through, making him a formidable adversary.

The streets of Tombstone know the legend of Doc Holliday all too well, a man known for his skill at cards and his lethal proficiency with a gun. He may have come to the town seeking respite from his battle with tuberculosis, but instead, he found himself embroiled in one of the most infamous conflicts of the Old West—the gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

~\*~

In the annals of the American Wild West, few names evoke the aura of mystique and peril like that of Doc Holliday. Born as John Henry Holliday on August 14, 1851, in Griffin, Georgia, he would go on to become an infamous gunslinger, gambler, and a figure forever entwined with the history of Tombstone, Arizona.

Born to a prosperous family, John Henry Holliday displayed remarkable intelligence and graduated as a dentist from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery at the young age of 20.

See Doc Holliday in Tombstone on page 8



Doc Holliday in Prescott, Arizona ca. 1879

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## DISCOVER TOMBSTONE

DOC HOLLIDAY AND OVERHOLT'S "OLD RYE" WHISKEY, WAS IT HIS DRINK? WE ASKED THE SOURCE!

by Bruce Burnett

Since the outset, Tombstone Arizona has been drinking Old Overholt (officially called "Old Rye" until 1888). Local tales are that Doc Holliday had an affinity for the drink but did he really? It's difficult to say because normally someone's choice of drink wouldn't be something that would show up in records of any kind. Former Tombstone City Historian, Ben Traywick once talked about the oral history of an area being nearly as important at times as the written history. So, in this case we'll go with Ben's suggestion with a wee bit of supporting data!



If John Henry Holliday was an Old Overholt drinker, then let's have a look.

America's oldest continually maintained brand of whiskey was founded in West Overton, Pennsylvania, in 1810. Old Overholt is a rye whiskey distilled by A. Overholt & Co. It has been called a "foundation stone of American whiskey" because of its long history.

Abraham Overholt (1784-1870) took over management of the family distillery in 1810, and made it into a business. By 1843, newspapers were advertising the rye as Overholt's "Old Rye."

In 1888, Charles Mauck, one of the three main shareholders, adopted the name "Old Overholt," as customers had been using it as a nickname for Overholt's Old Rye for a number of years. Old Overholt became the official name of the company, adding a picture of Abraham as the logo. Old Overholt is now distilled in Kentucky by Jim Beam.

Wondering about the reach of the brand, I spoke to both a whiskey historian and representative of the company that worked with the company's history. She indicated that one of the top questions they receive is, was Doc Holliday truly a fan of the whiskey? She did say that there would likely be no way

See Old Overholt on page 8

# TOMBSTONE TIMES

Tombstone Arizona's Monthly History and Tourist Information Journal

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**August 2023 - Volume 21 - Issue 8 - No. 248 - ISSN 1942-096X**

Published Monthly in Tombstone, Arizona by Goose Flats Graphics & Publishing  
P.O. Box 813, Tombstone Arizona - (520) 457-3884

U.S. Subscription rate is still just \$22.00 per year postpaid (12 issues)  
Canada/Mexico Subscription rate is \$34.00 per year in U.S. funds.  
Foreign Subscription rate is \$38.00 per year in U.S. funds.  
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Published Monthly in Tombstone Arizona since January of 2003 and written by a whole mess of great folks who love the history, the stories and the people of Tombstone, Southern Arizona and the West. This Publication is made possible by the continued support of our wonderful Advertisers and contributing Authors. We couldn't do this without them! Please patronize their fine businesses (or purchase their books) while in the Tombstone area.

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A heartfelt thanks goes out to all of our contributing authors for telling us about the people, the stories and the varied history of Tombstone Arizona and the West!  
**THEY'RE THE BEST!**

Stories and additional material supplied by:

Karen Mazzeo, Rita Ackerman, Bruce Burnett, Statia Button Dougherty, and A. I. Hendricks



*Interesting historical tidbits of news and information about the Town Too Tough to die.*

February 13, 1882 Tombstone Epitaph

Wyatt Earp, Morgan Earp, and Doc Holliday were arrested yesterday on a warrant sworn out at Contention before Justice Smith, at the instance of Joseph Isaac Clanton. The charge upon which they were arrested, we are informed, was but a renewal of the one under which they were arrested last fall for the shooting affray in Fremont street. They were taken before Court Commissioner Drum last night to effect their release on a writ of habeas corpus, and the matter taken under further advisement until this morning. If it is a fact that this warrant has been allowed to issue without new evidence to warrant it, the code of rights that protects all alike has been violently infringed. Cleared by a lengthy examination before a magistrate and then by a grand jury, it is only in the province of another grand jury to take up the case, unless new evidence is brought forward before the issuance of a warrant. These are cold facts and not contingent turkey.

March 24, 1882 *Sacramento Daily Record - Union*

**ARIZONA**

**Another Murder by the Earp Party**

Tombstone, March 23d, -- This afternoon Theodore D. Judah came in from Pete Spencer's wood camp in the south pass of the Dragoons, and gave an Epitaph reporter the following information: Yesterday morning, about 11 o'clock, Wyatt and Warren Earp, Doc Holliday, McMasters, Texas Jack and Johnson, came into camp and inquired for Pete Spencer and Indian Charley, the number of men there and their whereabouts. Judah informed them that Spencer was in Tombstone, and a Mexican named Florentina was looking for some stock which had strayed away. Judah indicated the direction taken by the Mexican, and the party immediately left as directed, passing over a hill which hid them from view. In a few minutes ten or twelve shots were heard. Florentina not returning this morning, Judah proceeded in search of him, and found his body not far from the camp, riddled with bullets. Judah immediately came to town with the news.

June 3, 1882 *Tombstone Epitaph*

**Holliday Released.**

Denver, Col., 29. -- Doc Holliday, the Arizona outlaw was released today on a writ of habeas corpus. Governor Pitkin refusing to notice the requisition from the Governor of Arizona. The Tribune's Santa Fe special says, Arizona rustlers have appeared in this Territory and are committing extensive depredations. Capt. Fountain, with a company of soldiers are in the field under orders of Governor Sheldon, and are doing efficient work. Two of the cattle thieves were wounded.

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# Cloudless Skies of Turquoise Blue

In the Heart of Old Cochise  
by Karen Mazzeo

*Karen Mazzeo shares her family's history connected to Cochise County and other parts of Arizona in this series that will take you through the trials and tribulations of her great-grandparent's journeys and experiences with splashes of true history associated with the times and places added in for the true feel of life as one century came to a close and another began. Hope you enjoy these stories of John and Anna Kelly as we present them through the pages of the Tombstone Times.*

## Chapter 26

### Tombstone's Saint Patrick's Day

On February 15, 1900, John walked in with the weekly edition of the Epitaph. "There's been a train robbery in Fairbank," he said. He went on to tell Anna that the crime had been committed by Constable Burt Alvord and that Deputy White was going to bring the alleged robbers to the town jail.

Later that day, John Bravo and Burt Alvord arrived in chains and were locked up. A few days later a confession was made from a man named Billy Stiles who implicated Burt Alvord and William Downing a local cattleman in Cochise County for helping plan the robbery and providing the dynamite used to blow up the safe. The Cochise County sheriff however, believed Stiles to be a credible witness to the train episode and let him go. That act would later prove to be a most unfortunate mistake.

Saint Patrick's Day was just around the corner. There was going to be a huge celebration that day, compliments of the Ladies Aid Society. The money raised would help toward building repairs and supplies needed at the school. The day before, Anna baked loaf after loaf of her Irish soda bread and apple pies. She was busy all day. In went the dough and out came the bread. When those were done, she made her famous mile high apple pies. She carefully rolled out the dough and placed them into her pie pans. Adding the spice mixture, apples and small cubes of fresh butter, she latticed each pie, brushed them with egg wash, and put them into the oven. Browned to perfection, she placed them on the window sill. The excitement was growing for the celebration.

On March 17<sup>th</sup>, the birds were singing the morning away. Anna got up early and hurried like a little magpie. She wanted everything

finished and in order before heading out to the celebration.

The loaves of fresh Irish soda bread were packed into her large basket and covered well with a clean cloth. The pies were sitting on the table, covered with clean cloths, too. In the front room John was tuning his violin. He was going to play in town that day so he best be in tune.

Both Schieffelin Hall and Fremont Street were decorated with banners of orange, green, and white. A gazebo was set up in the middle of the hall for the band and running the length of both sides were tables covered with white cloths.

Mrs. Yaple was thrilled to see Anna. "Oh, good dear, you're here. We need a pair of extra hands to help set the tables. The dishes are all in the covered baskets on the table," Nellie Hughes said. "Lydia Thiel, Mary McHugh, Lady Lyons White, and Minnie Miller were gracious enough to lend us their supper ware and plates for the occasion," Mrs. Yaple added.

Lydia Thiel hurried past Anna as she said, "Remember not to mix any of the supper ware ladies! We need to put them back into their proper baskets."

John smiled at Anna. He handed her the baby sleeping in the basket and, walking to the rear of the hall, he met up with the band. Taking his violin from its case, he along with the other men in the band began playing.

Elizabeth, Johnnie, and the other children began jumping up and down and dancing to the music. Anna's toes were tapping as she set the tables. Nellie Hughes, Nella Yaple, and Lady Lyons came to help, too and soon their toes were in time to the music.

"I love Irish music," Lady Lyons said. "It's so festive and full of life."

"For the Irish, their music is all they have to hold on to," Anna said. "There's not much else to

be happy or carefree about in Ireland."

The ladies swiftly set the table. When they finished, they stepped back to admire their work.

"That is one good job, if I do say so myself," Lady Lyons said.

Just then, Anna heard one of her favorite Irish tunes. She turned her heard and looked toward John who smiled and winked at her.

A drunken man had staggered into the hall and sat down.

"How about a little food over here?"

The ladies watched as the man drank his beer and laughed.

Lady Lyons walked up. In a polite voice she said, "If you would like something to eat, you need to pay first," she said.

"What's this? I have to pay!"

He took his bottle of beer and took a large gulp. It ran down the front of his beard and shirt.

"I've seen you before pretty lady," he said looking at Anna. Taking the back of his arm, his wiped his beer stained mouth. Anna cringed. The smell of beer was more than she could handle.

"Mrs. White is correct," she told him. "We're raising money for the school." She took her hand and waved the air in front of her. It was not polite to do so but she couldn't help it. He really smelled bad.

"Ain't that nice. You're raising money for the young'uns."

John stopped the music.

"Call Sheriff White," he said.

Putting his violin down, John hurried over to Anna. Paul Smith ran over, too.

"You need to leave," John said.

The man let out a big belch. "I'm simply talking to this pretty lady here."

"This pretty lady happens to be my wife," John said.

"Now ain't you a lucky leprechaun," the man said. He took another big gulp of his beer.


Deputy Bravin came hurrying from the jail.

"What's all this?" he asked.


The man waved his beer in front of the sheriff's face.

"This man here is telling me I have to leave."

See Cloudless Skies... on page 7



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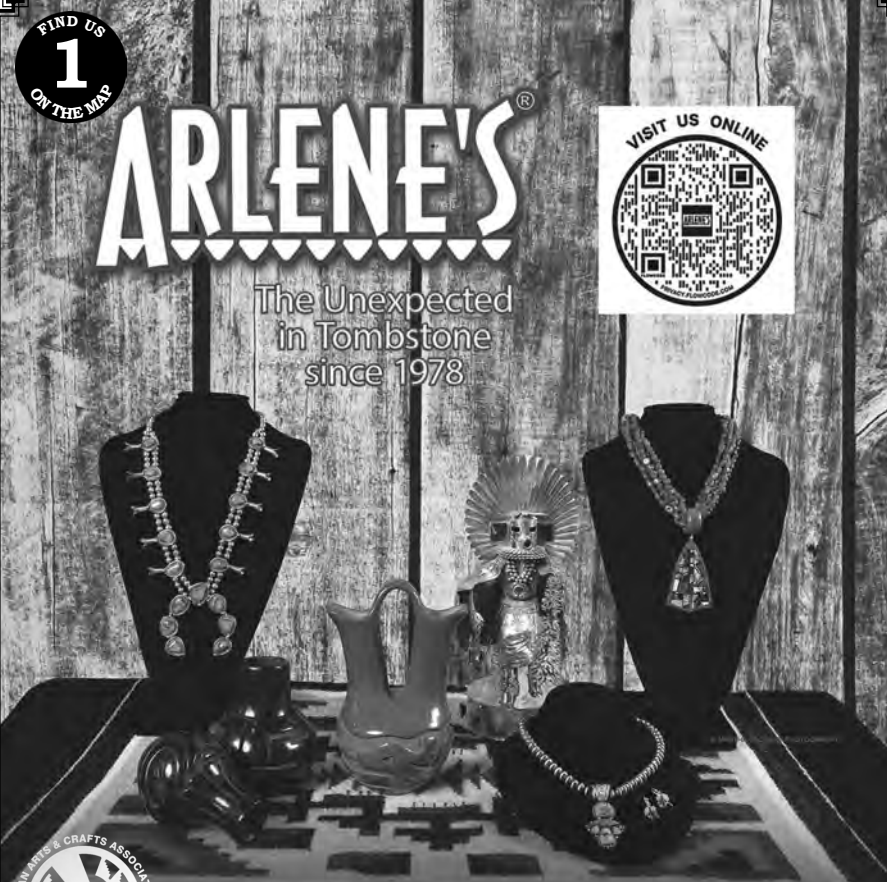
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# "Sheriff Slaughter's Residence"

by Rita Ackerman

More often than not, researching buildings in Tombstone only leads to more questions instead of answers. Such is the case with the John Horton Slaughter house on the northeast corner of First and Toughnut Streets.

John Horton Slaughter was born on October 2, 1841 in Louisiana but spent his childhood and young adult life in Texas. He fought for the Confederacy in the Civil War and later was a Texas Ranger. John ranched for a while with his two brothers but soon had his own cattle ranch. He married in 1871 to his neighbor's daughter, Eliza Adeline Harris.

John moved to Phoenix, Arizona Territory to start a business leaving his wife and young children to follow. Soon after they arrived, Eliza died of smallpox and John nursed the two youngsters back to health himself. Still trailing cattle back and forth from Texas, John Slaughter was in Holbrook, Arizona when he met the young Cora Viola Howell. They were later married in New Mexico and the families moved to Arizona together. By 1879, the Slaughters and the Howells were in Southern Arizona.

In 1884 John Slaughter purchased the San Bernardino Ranch near Douglas, Arizona. He supplied beef to the San Carlos

Indian Reservation and the new boomtown of Tombstone. A few more moves and then according to Ben T. Traywick and others they moved into Tombstone and the "Slaughter House" on the corner of First and Toughnut Streets. It was common during this time for ranchers to have homes in town so the children could attend school and for a break from the dusty cattle ranch life.



This move was apparently before 1886. This is where trouble starts as the house does not show up on the 1886, 1889 or 1904 Sanborne Fire Insurance maps. It is there in 1909.

In 1886 the Democratic party asked John to run as sheriff of Cochise County. He ended up serving two terms. He quickly became known as a man who had his own form of judgment as most of the men he went after never returned; or returned over the back of a horse.

It is while sheriff that another mystery of the Slaughter house turns up. On February 14, 1889 gunshots were heard on Fremont Street in the neighborhood of the residence of Mayor Thomas. The shooting in which Wesley Fuller killed his brother-in-law occurred at the house adjacent to the corral and "three doors east of Sheriff Slaughter's residence on Fremont Street" (*Tombstone Daily Prospector*, February 15, 1889.) That would put Slaughter's house about mid-block and the scene of the shooting about where the gas station now stands. Most definitely not on Toughnut Street. The corral in question was the C. H. Thomas, West End Corral. There was a dwelling on the corner and an office along the East side of the lot. In the 1909 map the whole East half of the block is empty.

To continue the story Wesley Fuller was at his house with his wife, brother-in-law, Fortino, and Deputy Sheriff Burt Alvord. The story is confused, but Fuller

escaped down First Street and into the hills with Alvord's pistol. Fuller later turned himself in to Sheriff Slaughter.

The Slaughter family obviously owned or rented more than one house in Tombstone. The one on Fremont Street and the one which carries his name on Toughnut Street. They later moved to Douglas where John died February 16, 1922.

Did John H. Slaughter live in the home that bears his name today? We may never know for sure.

There must be records to sort all this out but I haven't found them. My theories are that John had different residences at different times, that history has been mixed up or that the Slaughter house on Toughnut was moved from Fremont at some time between 1889 and 1909. It is amazing how many buildings, even adobes, were moved around town.

The John Slaughter house on Toughnut Street sets back from the road and is surrounded by tall trees which keep the yard shaded. It is a cozy looking little house and just the place for John to have relaxed in between herding cattle and desert treks after numerous outlaws. ★



## Oh! You will, you will!

From the Tombstone Epitaph Excavations - August 11, 1955

Several persons witnessed a horsewhipping last night which was administered on Fremont street near the corner of 4th and for a few moments fur was seen to fly in all directions. Both parties were coming from opposite directions and met at the corner as each were about to pass. The lady, who by the way is fair, fat and forty, and judging from the way she wielded the whip, was very muscular, met her innocent-looking hubby and with the words, "Oh! You will, you will!" proceeded to do the great act, reigning blows thick and fast. Before "John" could regain his composure or fright

she had put in at least 10 lashes. Then there was an intermission of a few seconds and "John" tried to expostulate, reason and pacify his fair choice, which had the effect of making her even more angry, and she once more resorted to the use of the whip, but this time "John" remembered that he had a pressing engagement and he was in a hurry to fulfill it, leaving the lady alone with her whip. The whole affair lasted by a minute, during which time our society editor was passing, and thus an item which will furnish food for gossip is started on the roll. We refrain from giving the names of the parties for several reasons, the greatest of which is that we do not care to receive a visit from the lady who so dexterously handles the whip. ✦

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# The Dark Skies of the Southwest

by Statia Button Dougherty

It is no secret that the Southwest is bedecked with some of the most dramatic skies in the country. Clean air and vivid blue skies are the norm. In the summer, puffy white cotton balls grow steadily in the sky all day, and then come afternoon suddenly drench the thirsty desert. As the rain moves on, vibrant rainbows appear, sometimes double, sometimes triple! Springtime brings with its windy days wispy horse-mane clouds that appear to be painted onto the sky, leaving brush strokes on an unfinished pallet.

However, many might not know that the Southwest has some of the darkest skies in the country. In the 2020 census, the population for Cochise County was 125,447 for an area of 6,219 square miles. That computes to a whole lot of open space! Fewer cars on the road, and less industrial commerce, offer cleaner air and 100-mile views! Now, compare those numbers to Los Angeles County, just for reference. Los Angeles County is 4,752 square miles, with a population of 10,014,000 people, according to the 2020 census. That is 1,467 less square miles of area than Cochise County, with a population 9,888,562 greater. WOW! And now that old western song comes to

mind, *Oh give me land, lots of land under starry skies at night. Don't fence me in!* Of course, the area of water on these acres has not been deducted, but you get the picture!

The San Simon Valley lays on the eastern most border of Cochise County, Arizona, and the western most border of Hidalgo County, New Mexico. It is flanked on the east by the Peloncillo Mountain range of New Mexico, and on the west by the Chiricahua Mountains of Arizona. This valley has been designated as a "dark sky" area; an astronomer's dream! In fact, driving through the 100-mile-long valley one will notice homes with observatories on some properties. So, what is a dark sky area? It is an area that restricts artificial light pollution in order to preserve and promote astronomy. In these dark sky areas, there are ordinances and restrictions in place to minimize the light pollution. There will be no streetlights in towns and villages, or even bright porch lights. The small populations living in these places are encouraged to use low watt amber lighting on the exterior of their homes, if any at all.

Within the quiet, wooded hamlet of Portal, in the Chiricahua Mountains, sits a tiny village of about a dozen homes. All but one of these homes has their own

observatory. This village is aptly named Sky Village. A community of amateur and professional star gazers, they even have their own astronomy club. The village has all the normal ordinances of any dark sky area, and a restriction of trees being no taller than 26 feet. However, since all the residents are on the same page, this appears not to be a problem. Most of the residents are part timers, and a few are full time. There is even one property that is an Airbnb for vacationers and, all are privately owned. Portal is also home to four campgrounds in the Cave Creek Canyon, for nature enthusiasts, sky gazers, hikers, and bird watchers. There is one campground at a much higher elevation for those who want to be closer to the cosmos. Do not expect hookups. There will be potable water that comes from springs, and pit toilets. Bring a flashlight because the campgrounds are not lighted.

Folks visiting the area might also be interested in another dark sky campground in New Mexico. City of Rocks is about a four-hour drive from Tombstone. No need to be daunted by the miles, as they are breathtaking with interesting geology, wildlife, and scenic landscapes along the way. Keep an eye open for Pronghorn and be

sure to stop and read historical markers!

City of Rocks is a campground nestled within volcanic boulders where ancient indigenous tribes called home. Upon entry, stop at the visitors' center to learn about the history, biology, and geology of the campground. Rangers host nighttime sky viewing for campground guests, with educational talks about constellations, stars, and planets, and they even provide a telescope. There are 5.5 miles of hiking trails that offer views, a bird watching station, and a close encounter with grinding holes and water catch systems that were used by local tribes of the past. Off-road vehicles are prohibited. The camp sites are named for constellations.

After all that clean air and exercise, visit the hot springs right next door. There is also additional camping and rental cabins at Faywood Hot Springs. If you plan to camp at City of Rocks, reservations are recommended. City of Rocks State Park - State Parks (nm.gov) The park is about a mile high in elevation, and temperatures may vary, so be prepared for warm days and chilly nights. ☺



## Dear Miss Society

In our early society, manners were an important measure of a person.

In this column we will explore the proper manners and dress of 1880's society.

**Dear Miss Society:** It has been an unseasonably warm summer. Can I dispense with my corset and corset cover in the privacy of my home?

**Dear Reader:** To do so would be scandalous behavior!! A lady is always fully clothed from the skin out, as you never know when your husband or a caller may come by.

**Dear Miss Society:** Can you inform me on the proper way to thank a gentleman who has given me his seat on the trolley?

**Dear Reader:** A lady should always say "Thank you" to a gentleman who gives up his seat to her in any public conveyance as his voluntary relinquishment of it is a matter of personal courtesy on his part. A woman who takes the seat offered without acknowledging the obligation is very thoughtless and may be considered quite rude.

**Dear Miss Society:** We have several picnics scheduled for the month of August, so please refresh my memory as to what can be eaten with fingers and what requires a fork?

**Dear Reader:** The rule of thumb when partaking of picnic fare is thus; if the item is large and cannot be cut easily, use your fingers, but always take off your gloves first! What this implies is that items such as fried chicken or cookies can be eaten with fingers, while most other items should be eaten with a fork.

**Dear Miss Society:** My fiancé's family is requesting that they supply the invitation cards to our wedding. I hear that this is not proper. What are the facts?

**Dear Reader:** Invitation cards to a wedding are issued in the name of the bride's parents, or, if she is an orphan, by her guardian, or some relative or friend who gives her the wedding. All expenses are paid by the bride's family.

It is not etiquette for the groom to bear any of the expense, except the fee to the clergyman; nor to furnish anything for his own wedding, except the ring and the bouquet for the bride, presents for the brides-maids and best man, and some little token for the ushers.

**Dear Miss Society:** My fiancée is requesting that I remove my beard prior to our wedding. I like having a beard. What are your thoughts on the matter?

**Dear Reader:** In my humble opinion the full beard is most natural, comfortable, healthful and expressive. Nature gave man a beard for use and beauty. Shaving the face renders it effeminate. Who would think of a close-shaven Jupiter, or Hercules, or Jesus? The gods and heroes wear beards as should all men of character.

**Dear Miss Society:** During a picnic, how should a lady sit?

**Dear Reader:** How do you normally sit? The true answer is that a lady should keep her legs together and completely covered, you should never show too much ankle as this is provocative and implies that you are a loose woman. If at all possible, a lady should always

be seated on a chair or a blanket, as a proper lady never sits directly on the ground.

**Dear Miss Society:** I have been invited to a cotillion at the summer house of a friend. What is the proper way to accept or decline the offer of a dance with a gentleman?

**Dear Reader:** Always have your dance card. If a gentleman asks for a dance make sure he signs up on your card. Never dance more than one waltz with a young man - unless you are a fiancé to him. Always decline with courtesy if asked and if such dance is taken on your card and most importantly always curtsy to your partner before beginning the dance. ✨





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- Sacred Heart Catholic Church (1881)
- St. Paul's Episcopal Church (1882)
- Schieffelin Hall (1881)
- Old City Hall (1882)
- Epitaph Newspaper Office
- Tombstone Congregational Church (1903)
- O.K. Corral
- Crystal Palace Saloon (1882)
- Oriental Saloon Building (1880)
- Tombstone Visitor Center (1879)
- Bird Cage Theatre Museum (1881)
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# TOMBSTONE DIRECTORY

Courtesy of TombstoneWeb.com - Tombstone's Information Website

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# Kate – Doc Holliday’s Paramour

by A. I. Hendricks

**B**ig Nose Kate, whose real name was Mary Katherine Horony-Cummings, was a fascinating figure in the American Old West during the late 1800s. She was a Hungarian-born prostitute and dancer who became widely known for her association with some of the most infamous outlaws of the time, particularly her relationship with the legendary gunfighter and lawman, Doc Holliday.



Kate was born on November 7, 1850, in Pest, Hungary (now part of Budapest), and her family immigrated to the United States when she was just a child, settling in Davenport, Iowa. Tragically, her parents died during a cholera outbreak when she was around 16 years old, leaving her an orphan.

In the early 1870s, Kate moved to Kansas, where she began working in a brothel in the rough and lawless frontier town of Dodge City. It was here that she earned the nickname "Big Nose Kate," though historical records suggest that her nose was not unusually

large but rather average in size. The origin of the nickname remains uncertain, but it's likely that it was given to her as a playful or derogatory nickname, common in those times.

Kate's life took a dramatic turn when she met the infamous Doc Holliday in Fort Griffin, Texas, around 1877. The two became

romantically involved and remained together for several years. Doc Holliday was a well-known gambler, gunslinger, and close friend of Wyatt Earp, another iconic figure of the Wild West. Kate and Doc's tumultuous relationship was marked by periods of intense passion and frequent separations, often fueled by Doc's struggles with alcohol and his involvement in various conflicts.

In the early 1880s, the couple moved to Tombstone, Arizona, which was in the midst of a silver boom and a hotbed of lawlessness. It was in Tombstone that the infamous Gunfight at the O.K. Corral took place in 1881, involving Wyatt Earp, his brothers, and Doc Holliday. Although Kate was not present during the gunfight itself, her relationship with Doc and the Earp brothers solidified her place in the history of the event.

As the years passed, Kate and Doc's relationship began to deteriorate, partly due to Doc's declining health. In 1887, Doc

Holliday passed away due to complications from tuberculosis. After his death, Kate struggled with alcoholism and experienced a series of unfortunate events, including some legal troubles.

Despite the hardships she faced, Kate managed to outlive many of her contemporaries, eventually settling in Arizona. She lived into her 90s and passed away on November 2, 1940, in Prescott, Arizona.

Big Nose Kate's story is a compelling glimpse into the rugged and lawless era of the American frontier. While history often romanticizes the lives of famous outlaws and gunslingers, Kate's experiences shed light on the challenges and hardships faced by women during that time, particularly those working in the brothels of the Wild West. Her name has become synonymous with the legends of the Old West, leaving a lasting legacy in American folklore and history.

Cloudless Skies... from page 3

"You're drunk, Stan, and you're causing a disturbance," Deputy Bravin said.

"So, what's new?" he staggered. He tried to hit the deputy, but he missed. He twirled around in a circle and nearly fell to the ground. He laughed. "Caught myself just in time, I did!"

Deputy Bravin took a hold of the gun in his holster. "Oh my!" Lady Lyons said. She was shaking.

Sheriff White walked in. He put his hand on the deputy's arm.

He looked at Deputy Bravin. "There's no need for that."

"Stan, why don't you come along with me and sleep it off in the jail?" the sheriff offered.

"I ain't tired, sheriff!" he slurred. He blinked his eyes several times. Everyone in the room seemed to be spinning. He blinked several more times. The spinning was getting faster.

"Hey, stop your moving! You're making me dizzy!" he said.

"Give him a minute," the sheriff said.

Stan's eyes began to roll into the back of his head. He couldn't keep his balance. Forward and then backward he wobbled. Finally, as if someone took their forefinger and gently pushed him from behind, he fell onto the floor with a thud.

"I'm sorry for the disturbance ladies," Sheriff White said. "It won't happen again."

"Just take that disgusting man to jail, Scott," Lady Lyons said.

"Yes, dear," he replied.

Sheriff White and Deputy Bravin each took an arm. Picking him up, they dragged him out the hall. Stan's boots made train tracks in the dirt as he was dragged.

Mrs. Yapple, Lydia Thiel, and Mary McHugh came hurrying over.

"Are you, all right?"

"We're fine," Anna said.

"That awful Stan Fitzpatrick was giving Anna trouble," Lady Lyons said.

"Well, all well that ends well," Mrs. Yapple said. She turned to Lydia Thiel and Mary McHugh. "Put the pitchers on the table, girls. The food is ready, so we can start as soon as the doors open."

John Montgomery and William Cowan graciously donated some of their pigs for the celebration. Roasting for nearly a day, they were juicy and browned to perfection. Carefully carving the meat as not to waste one bit, they carried the heavy platters into Schieffelin Hall. Anna hurried from table to table filling endless cups of coffee. When her pot was empty, Nellie Hughes gave her a full one. John brought the children over and

let them eat while he continued playing with the other men in the hall.

After the supper was over, a small parade commenced off Fremont Street. John took the children over to see it while Anna continued to help wash and clean up with the ladies. As the sun set over the shaggy Cochise Mountains, everyone walked back to Schieffelin Hall. The music and dancing went well into the evening. John and the men played tune after tune. The Irish music filled the hall with laughter and excitement.

The Saint Patrick's Day celebration was a huge success, and a lot of money was raised for the school. Anna was exhausted but felt good in knowing she had helped a worthy cause.

...to be continued...



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Doc Holliday in Tombstone from page 1  
 However, life had other plans for him. In the early 1870s, a diagnosis of tuberculosis, which was then considered incurable, set him on a path of wandering across the American West, seeking relief from the disease's symptoms in the dry climate of the frontier.

By the early 1880s, Doc Holliday found himself in the bustling silver mining town of Tombstone, Arizona. The town, which had recently experienced a silver boom, was a hotbed of lawlessness, rivalries, and simmering tensions that would soon erupt into one of the most infamous events in the history of the Wild West - the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

On October 26, 1881, the streets of Tombstone witnessed a deadly clash between lawmen and a group of outlaws, including Holliday's close friend, Wyatt Earp. Doc Holliday stood by Earp's side during the notorious Gunfight at the O.K. Corral. The 30-second shootout, which claimed the lives of three ranchers, left a lasting mark on Holliday's reputation and cemented his place in the folklore of the Old West.

Following the gunfight, tensions in Tombstone escalated, leading to a series of vendetta killings known as the "Vendetta Ride." Doc Holliday, along with the Earp brothers, sought justice for the murder of their brother and friend, Morgan Earp. They embarked on a relentless pursuit of the culprits, engaging in fierce gun battles

across Arizona, further fueling the mystique surrounding their names.

As the dust settled in Tombstone, Doc Holliday continued to roam the West, living a life of gambling, drinking, and dueling. He faced numerous legal troubles and health challenges due to his tuberculosis. Despite the lawlessness he was often associated with, Holliday's reputation was not entirely negative. Accounts from the time also paint a picture of a man known for his charm, intelligence, and loyalty to his friends.

On November 8, 1887, at the age of 36, Doc Holliday passed away in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. His life had been a tumultuous journey of adventures, violence, and hardship. While his name would forever be synonymous with the lawless days of the Old West, his story continues to captivate historians, authors, and filmmakers, ensuring his immortality as one of the Wild West's enduring legends.

Doc Holliday's time in Tombstone remains an iconic chapter in the history of the American West. His legend, shaped by the gunfights, the vendetta ride, and his defiance against a crippling disease, continues to be celebrated in popular culture. Whether seen as a romanticized figure or a fearsome gunslinger, Holliday's name lives on, etched into the enduring legacy of the Wild West and the legendary town of Tombstone. ★



Old Overholt from page 1  
 to find a written record as to if Doc himself drank the whiskey. However, she did say that you can deduce some points to that effect by looking at other sources. By 1881, Tombstone was in the top volume destination points in the country for Overholt's Old Rye, beating out some much larger cities like Boston in total shipment size. Her thought was that if someone were a whiskey drinker (which doesn't ever seem to get argued in Doc's case), and they lived in Tombstone in 1881, it would be nearly impossible to have not, at the very minimum, tried a few pours of "Old Rye."

She did mention that Old Rye would have been a premium, top shelf whiskey out west at the time, being more expensive than most of the "frontier whiskeys" in many western towns. There were "whiskeys" with ingredients like tobacco for color and chilis for spice and other things like rattlesnake, molasses, and various voodoo ingredients, and even those concoctions were often watered down. They were the favorites of ranch hands, drovers, ne'er-do-wells, and others, not because of the taste (obviously) but because of the price. But Overholt was manufactured back

in the civilization of the east where the process was more science and less a mish mash of unusual ingredients. Out west, Overholt became a top shelf brand, and establishments in Tombstone sure ordered a lot of it. Over the years, Old Overholt became more of a "entry level" rye whiskey, but with a renewed interest in rye whiskeys, Old Overholt is being looked at again and in a favorable light.

Was Old Overholt Doc's brand? There is no way to be sure. Doc, with a gambler's reputation (and often a gambler's money as well) would be more likely to drink a better brand (for appearances sake), and Overholt's "Old Rye" was just that in the old wild west. Tombstone was one of the largest volume destinations in the country for the product, and the oral history of the area has Doc drinking the rye whiskey on a regular basis. Indicators for this case possibly point to yes. If whiskey is your thing, I understand that there are a number of spots in town that you can enjoy a pour of Old Overholt.

Tombstone really is "The Town Too Tough To Die", and Old Overholt may in fact be, the rye too tough to die! ☺



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# DAY TRIP FROM TOMBSTONE

Destination: Queen Mine Tour

by Janice

Another summer visit with the granddarlins and another reason to explore some of the great attractions that Cochise County has to offer. It's been a really hot summer with little relief from the heat. The monsoon rains had yet to appear, and the heat just continued to build up. Any outdoor activities, aside from enjoying the Tombstone City pool, were just not on our agenda this visit. But I knew of one place that was way cooler than these hot July temperatures and that was going to be our destination.

Our destination would be the Queen Mine Tour in Bisbee! Bisbee is a short half an hour drive from Tombstone and is known to be the mile high city in Southern Arizona, so the temperatures are often a couple of degrees cooler, but the mine tour is definitely a lot cooler, and that is exactly what we needed on our July 2<sup>nd</sup> visit!

I sat down at the computer with the girls around me and showed them the incredible photos on



Queen Mine Tours - Bisbee, AZ

the website of the adventure that awaited them. They questioned if we also would have hard hats on and were delighted with the answer that, yes, they too will have hard hats on.

To show them a personal connection about the upcoming day of fun, their grandpa pulled up photos from 2004 when Ava's big sister and brother visited the mine tour with us. Two youngsters, all adorned in yellow jackets, hard hats and great big smiles, awaiting their turn to board the train into the mine – the same mine that we will enjoy with Pheebie, Haylee, and Ava!



Ava's big Sister and Brother in 2004

We arrived at our destination a half an hour before our noon tour time and, as suggested on their website, brought along our light jackets. The temperature in the mine can range from 45-65 in the cooler months and 60-65 in the warmer months – well, this is a real warm month and when I inquired as to the need for our outerwear, a firm shake of the head assured us that grandpa could take the jackets back to the car. We would not need to bundle up for a cold trip into the mine, and that was just fine with us; any drop in temperature would be most welcome.

After checking in, we were given tokens to attach to our shirts, each with a specific number that we noted on a sign-in sheet. Having arrived early, we were then able to enjoy the exhibits in their small museum. Each exhibit exposed a bit more about the underground world where miners spent the better part of their days or nights. The glassed-in enclosures give a cut-out view of the layers of earth the miners worked in and the various manners in which the copper ore would have been extracted. Having this time to look through the museum exhibits introduced us to what the copper miners of Bisbee over a century ago would have endured during their long hours underground.

We have color-coded name tags to easily identify the different groups entering the mine. When the announcement that it was time for the blue tags to line up, we took our turns getting our hard hats affixed to our heads and rope flashlights placed around our necks. We then move down the line to where we pick up a yellow vest and move on out the door to where the rail car awaits us.

Now this isn't like a train car where you have cushy seats to sit on – two to a row – no, in fact our journey into the mine will be aboard a narrow yellow-covered and padded plank seat where we are required to straddle it like a horse– no side-saddle riding allowed – and fit in behind the passengers of about 4 or 5 a section. Our group of five fit perfectly on the section we chose and, as we mounted up, the excitement grew to hear the engine start and feel the first jolt of many as our guide engaged the train to slowly move into the dark entry to the past.



All Aboard the Mine Train!

The men employed as tour guides into the mine actually once worked in those darkened pathways and are familiar with all the tools of the trade we will

Continued on next page



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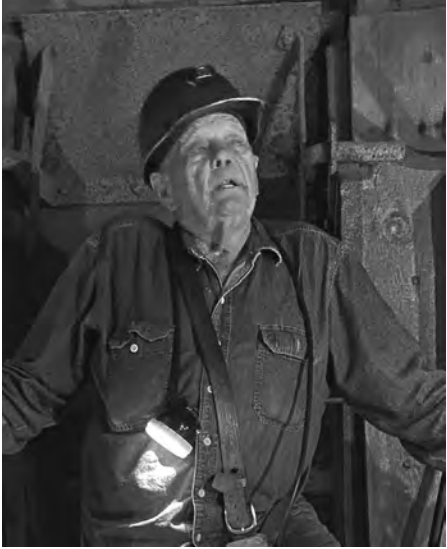
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From previous page

learn about on our journey that will bring us 1500 feet deep into the Copper Queen Mine. Coincidentally, the tour guide on our 2023 visit is the same one we had on our 2004 visit, Bennie Scott, who I would like to mention, received the "Spirit of Service" award at the Arizona Office of Tourism Governor's Conference in July 2023. A gentleman truly deserving of this award!



Our guide, Bennie

Bennie, as are all tour guides into the mine, is more than familiar with just about each and every inch of the mine, as well as nearly every other corridor or level. Their stories are real tales of a day when the numbered tags would have been logged by each miner in hopes that when the day was over, the tag would be returned - assuring that no man was left behind. Bennie's tales, told and retold, as each of the many tours are guided into his past, are vibrant with the enthusiasm of both the recollections recalled, and the new memories made on each tour of enthusiastic travelers into this town's historic past.

The rail car is bumpy as we cruise our way deeper, dozens of flashlights scanning the walls for the colors that reflect the beauty of the millenniums of creation inside the mountain's walls. We stop a few times to explore and learn more about the life of a miner so many years ago when the ability to extract the precious ore from the copper veins would have required an unbelievable strength to pound a hole into the solid earth so that the opening could then be filled with the explosive material that would blast another section of the deep and dark surroundings

they spent their days or nights in. The shifts were round the clock - working underground didn't require the light of the rotation of the sun - the light was always the same - mostly dark with a glow from a candle in the mine's early days. In 1915, the carbide headlamp came about, and by 1944, the electric camp lamps were used, eliminating the use of oil, wicks, or carbide to guide a miner's way during the long shifts of extracting and processing the valuable ore they spent their lives in search of - earning as little as \$3.00 a day in the early days of the Copper Queen mine. Imagine that - 12 hours a day underground, breathing in the dust and other particulates, straining your arms, shoulders, back, and nearly every muscle in your body, and earning such a small amount while the mine owners lived "high on the hog" as they say - imagine!

The crowd is always entertained when we dismount the railcar and step inside one of the chambers. Here our guide explains so many aspects of the mining industry, things that I would have never thought were a daily situation while hundreds or thousands of feet into the world of mining copper. Ever wonder how those miners handled the call of nature - well take this tour, and you will certainly find out! You will find out that and much, much more!

One of our stops had us climbing quite a few steps to a level that encapsulated us with brilliant glistening walls with colors and shapes to delight the imagination. As I was observing Bennie tell the tales associated with this chamber, I found myself more engaged in watching Pheebie, Haylee, and Ava take in the entire adventure. Wide-eyed and intent on listening to the history our former miner retold, they followed his flashlight as he directed it onto the cavern walls and heard tales of the mining days of long ago.

The temperature did not disappoint either! We spent an hour inside Mother Earth and found relief from the summer sun

as we had hoped. We traveled back in time to a place where hardworking miners would earn their daily wage and the precious ore would be transported into the future - a future we all live in now where, without the extracted copper, we would not have a lot of the 21<sup>st</sup> century's devices, such as the cell phone with which I booked our journey on the rails of the Queen Mine Tour! Imagine that!

What adventure would be complete without a perusal of the gift shop that awaited the young ladies? So many items to choose from and a bag of colored gems along with some crystal-wrapped earrings and copper dangle ones went home with the girls - that along with another memory of a visit to grandma and grandpa's house and the summer adventure of 2023!

For more information about planning your visit to Bisbee's Queen Mine Tour visit [QueenMineTours.com](http://QueenMineTours.com) or call 520-432-2071. ★



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IN TOMBSTONE

TOMBSTONE - ARIZONA

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**SAY WHAT?** by JERRY ATRICK  
SHORT ROUNDS

I used to have a handle on life.... then it broke!

08/23

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Golf is a simple game...

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Aug '23 Jan

**SMITH & WATSON** by Candy

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08/2023



# Sixty Second Snippets

## Brazen Burglary Attempt Landed a Bisbee Man in Jail by Karen Mazzeo

As the moon cast its luminous glow upon the sleepy town of Bisbee, John Keating who had stopped at the Mansion house for an overnight stay was abruptly awakened by a burglar last night who was attempting to rob him of his valuables. The burglar whom Keating recognized as a man named Oldham was perusing through his pockets in the hope of finding anything of value. When Keating awoke Oldham was startled and darted out of the room hell bent for leather. He ran down the stairs and out of

the hotel thinking he had averted any attempt at capture. But Oldham was wrong. Considering Keating had recognized him he went to Constable Bruner but who quickly and without incident apprehended the robber. Standing in front of Judge Perrin Oldham was "bound...in the sum of \$400.00." In the meantime Oldham who was taken to jail in Tombstone to await his fate with the grand jury has plenty of time to think of whether or not his burglary attempt it was worth the undertaking.



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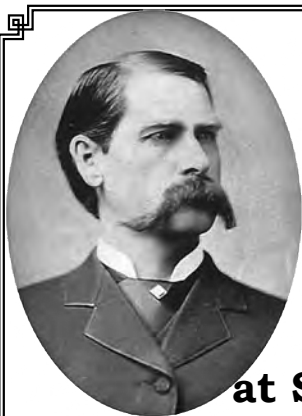
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**16**  
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