

He Died With His Boots Off

by Janice

The cluster of five oak tree limbs generously extends out creating a makeshift bench in which to rest the weary traveler's alcohol-sapped body. The creek flowing alongside would offer him a refreshing drink, not necessarily what he wanted, but definitely what he needed. After enjoying the 4th of July festivities in Tombstone and then riding for several days in the July heat, taking those tightening boots off to cool his aching feet in the flowing water close by would be refreshing - and oh how he dreaded putting them back on again. It had been a while since he owned a pair of socks, but he wasn't going to put his boots back on, so he improvised a way to cover his wet feet and walk back to that welcoming tree.

Even his horse was pleased as she could lazily graze on the nearby green grass after quenching her thirst in the rippling creek. He was pleased that he made the decision to stop at this spot after the long ride, and preparing to rest in the natural chair before him, he leaned his rifle up against the gnarly trunk of this old oak tree. His 6-foot-tall body leaned back into the fork of this tree and gave out a sigh of refreshing ease. It had been a long ride and the Arizona sun had taken a toll on this traveler. A week's worth of drunk had compounded the need for rest. And it was here that he closed his blue eyes and contemplated his journey. He was not thinking of the journey from Tombstone to this shady resting place - his thoughts went much deeper and further back, perhaps more than he wanted to go. So much had taken place in his short



32 years; most of it tragic and a lot of it violent.

The clouds were rolling in from the west bringing a cooling to the muggy air. The summer monsoons crouching on the horizon prepared to bring a quick but blasting rainstorm. The wind was whipping up and stirring the birds to flight. The saddled chestnut colored mare lazily snipped at the green grass underfoot - oblivious to nature's threatening approach - the rider's boots loosely hanging over the stirrup.

The traveler's rest was interrupted by the sound of leaves crunching under foot. Prepared to defend, his hand grasped the pistol. The fog cleared from his languid eyes enough to see his beloved mare move past him. Oh, his head hurt! And now it hurt even more with the sudden reflex jerk to his pistol. He needed a drink,

he thought. That would help his condition for sure. Whiskey was the cure or was it the cause? He did not know, nor did he care. His thoughts were on his journey - his life's journey.

Laying back into the fold of the tree he looked up into the heavens. He thought of his family he left many years earlier in his quest for adventure - his mother and his sisters, but mostly about his father. His hat blocked the view and so he tossed it over to the side. The sky was becoming bold with different hues of blue. The light, wispy clouds were moving quite fast and right behind them were legions of darker clouds deep with moisture ready to spill. Brilliant displays of lightening would be followed by echoing thunderous retorts. He had been in a couple of these Arizona monsoon storms during his time in Arizona and he

knew that they didn't last long. He was bound to get wet, he thought, but the limbs of this tree will break the path the raindrops will take to his resting place and give him a semblance of protection for the short time he would need to rest up and wait out the storm. Plus, the storm is bringing a cooling to the air, he realized. It will be good to rest just a bit more he thought as he closed his eyes, yet again - this time his destiny occupied his thoughts.

The sudden crack of thunder broke the silence. Louder than the previous bursts of cloud-to-cloud echoes, this sound blasted through the peaceful afternoon and startled the horse to race through the canyon. The resting man did not move. His head lay to the side and his right hand loosely held the pistol. The raindrops found their way through the protective fortress of the leaves and his sleeping body was bathed in the monsoon of July 13, 1882.

The storm moved east and the sunset was aglow with multiple shades of red closely matching the radiance of red splashed over the bark of this tree the man had been resting his head on. The deer began gathering by the creek in the evening twilight and the bats started their night flights. The night sky became filled with copious amounts of stars and the owls began their nightly chat amongst the oak trees. The crescent moon barely cast a ghostly glow across the man whose head lay against the tree trunk. The night air chilled after the summer rainstorm and the man remained still to the cool breezes that swept over his body.

See He Died With His Boots Off on page 8

COMING EVENTS IN TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

Farmers Market July 6TH

Bull Riding July 27TH

Tombstone Family 4th of July - July 4TH

11th Annual Showdown in Tombstone
August 31ST - September 1ST

50 Years of Little House.. Aug. 16TH & 17TH

Tombstone Hellorado Days
October 18TH - 20TH

For more information on these
and other Tombstone events visit
TombstoneWeb.com

DISCOVER TOMBSTONE

GEORGE WHITWELL PARSONS, A TENDERFOOT IN TOMBSTONE! A MAN, A TOWN, AND A DIARY

by Bruce Burnett

George Parsons was a quite a fellow. Born and educated in the east, he practiced law. George went to Florida in 1874 to become a shipwreck salvage worker because he was done with the icy winters of New York. Whilst in the "Sunshine State", George nearly drowns in a hurricane, and he and a friend decided that California would be a better choice in 1876. They boarded a steamship to Central America, road horseback across the isthmus, and caught another steamship to Los Angeles. George moved to San Francisco for a short time, but soon ventured to the bustling and booming town of Tombstone, Arizona.



What really makes George stand out was his meticulous keeping of a diary. Following the death of his mother, he kept a daily diary from 1869-1929. Each year he noted the anniversary of his mother's death. This 60-year diary also covered his time living

in Tombstone from 1879-1887. He first worked as a mine laborer, then as a mining agent. He became friends with many famous people of Tombstone including, Mayor John Clum, Wyatt, Morgan, and Virgil Earp, Fred White, Pastor Endicott Peabody, and Johnny Behan. He was also acquainted with folks like Ike Clanton, "Curly Bill", Johnny Ringo, Frank Leslie, and many others.

During the Tombstone fire in June 1881, Parsons helped tear down a balcony to prevent the fire from spreading when he was struck by the falling wood.

See George Parsons on page 4

TOMBSTONE TIMES

Tombstone Arizona's Monthly History and Tourist Information Journal

CONTENTS:

- He Died With His Boots Off - by Janice - Page 1
- Discover Tombstone: George Whitwell Parsons - by Bruce Burnett - Page 1
- Tombstone Arizona's Clipped History - Page 2
- Cloudless Skies of Turquoise Blue Chapter 37 - by Karen Mazzeo - Page 3
- Jailbreak - by Rita Ackerman - Page 4
- They Died With Their Boots On - by Kathy Franz - Page 5
- Tombstone Directory & Town Map - Page 6
- Tombstone Arizona Mines - by Don Chaput & David D. de Haas, MD - Page 7
- Corral Shotgun Ads - Page 9
- Day Trip from Tombstone - Ringo's Grave - Page 10
- Comics - Page 11
- Sixty Second Snippets - by Karen Mazzeo - Page 12

July 2024 - Volume 22 - Issue 7 - No. 259 - 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.

Available for FREE online at TombstoneTimes.com

Mail your payment along with your Name and Mailing Address to:
Goose Flats Graphics - P.O. Box 813 - Tombstone, Arizona 85638

You can also subscribe online at: TombstoneTimes.com

©2024 Goose Flats Graphics and Publishing

"We are dedicated to preserving Tombstone's Historic Past"

All images and ad designs are copyright ©2003-2024 Goose Flats Graphics and Publishing unless otherwise noted. All information in this publication is thought to be correct at the time of publication, however typos do occur, printing errors happen, schedules, services and prices change. Be sure to use the contact information provided to verify venue availability as we cannot be held responsible for inaccurate or missing information. The opinions presented by the authors of our submitted stories are solely theirs and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of this publication. Please feel free to contact us for information on submitting articles, our current advertising rates or any other reason you care to. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. We reserve the right to refuse advertising and/or stories for any reason we see fit. Submitted material is copyrighted by the authors. Any unauthorized use or reproduction of ads, photographs, text, maps or images by any means is strictly prohibited without the express written permission of Goose Flats Graphics. Some images or text may be enhanced with AI.

Thank you for choosing Tombstone Times!

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.

Keith Davis

Publisher / Editor / Graphic Design / Research / Paper Boy / Webmaster
tombstonetimes@gmail.com

Janice Davis

Writer / Editor / Public Relations / Research / Writer Wrangler / Inspiration
tombstoneinformation@gmail.com

Our Wonderful Authors

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, Kathy Franz, Bruce Burnett, and Don Chaput & David S. de Haas, MD



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

July 23, 1880 - The Tombstone Epitaph

A FATAL GARMENT.

Tom Waters Resents a Good Natured Remark About His New Shirt and is Shot Dead by E. L. Bradshaw.

About 7 o'clock last evening the pistol was again used with fatal effect on Allen street, resulting in the death of T. J. Waters, from gunshot wounds inflicted by a weapon in the hands of E. L. Bradshaw. The causes which led to this unfortunate tragedy are brief. Waters was what is considered a sporting man, and has been in Tombstone several months. He was about forty years of age, powerful built, stood over six feet in height and weighed about 190 pounds. When sober he was a clever sort of a man but quite the opposite when under the influence of liquor. Yesterday he won considerable money and had been drinking a great deal, hence was in a mood to be easily irritated. Bradshaw was an intimate friend of Waters, but a very different character, being a man of medium size, over fifty years of age and very reserved and peaceable in his disposition. We understand that these two men had prospected together and when Waters first came to Tombstone he lived in Bradshaw's cabin. Yesterday morning Waters purchased a blue and black plaid shirt, little dreaming that the fated garment would hurl his soul into eternity before the sun had set. It so happened that several good natured remarks were made about the new shirt during the day until Waters had taken sufficient liquor to make the joking obnoxious to him, and he began to show an ugly resentment and was very abusive, concluding with: "Now if anyone don't like what I've said let him get up, G__d__n him. I'm chief. I'm boss. I'll knock the first s__ of a b___ down that says anything about by shirt again." This happened in the back room of Corrigan's saloon and as Waters stepped into the front room Bradshaw happened in and, seeing the new shirt his friend was wearing, made some pleasant remark about it, whereupon Waters, without a word, struck Bradshaw a powerful blow over the left eye, which sent him senseless to the floor. Waters then walked over to Vogan & Flynn's to see, as he said, if any s__ of a b___ there didn't like his shirt." He had just crossed the street when Ed Ferris made some remark about the new shirt, which Waters promptly resented in his pugilistic style. After some more rowing Waters went back to Corrigan's saloon. As soon as Bradshaw recovered from the knock down he went into the back room, washed off the blood, went down to his cabin, put a bandage on his eye and his pistol in his pocket. He then came up to Allen street and took his seat in front of Vogan & Flynn's saloon. Seeing Waters in Corrigan's door Bradshaw crossed toward the Eagle Brewery, and walking down the sidewalk until within a few feet of Waters, said: "Why did you do that?" Waters said something, whereupon Bradshaw drew his pistol and fired four shots, all taking effect, one under the left arm probably pierced the heart, two entered about the center of the back between the shoulders, and one in the top of the head ranged down toward the neck, anyone of which would probably have resulted fatally. Waters fell at the second shot and soon expired. Bradshaw was promptly arrested and an examination will be had this morning before Justice Gray. ☺





TOMBSTONE ANTIQUE MALL

ANTIQUES,
COLLECTIBLES, HOME
DECOR, FURNITURE,
ART, JEWELRY &
MORE!

OPEN DAILY 10AM - 6PM

DOZENS OF VENDORS!

You Never Know WHAT you may find!

Something for Everyone with new items arriving all the time!

720 EAST FREMONT STREET - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA
(520) 457-8538 - TOMBSTONEANTIQUEMALL.COM

TOMBSTONE MINERSCABINS.COM



787 E. Allen Street ~ Tombstone, AZ

Tombstone's Newest Lodging Choice

All the amenities of a modern hotel room but in a perfectly rustic setting.

Each room offers unique views of Tombstone's Mining District from your private balcony.

Just 2 blocks from all the major Attractions!

787 E. Allen Street ~ Tombstone, AZ
MinersCabins.com - 520-910-7982

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 37 A Hanging in Tombstone

In November 1900, the 21-year-old William and 18-year-old Thomas Halderman who were accused of killing officers Teddy Moore and C.L. at the Wilson Ranch in the Chiricahua Mountains were sentenced to hang. The story of the Halderman brothers was a complicated one. John had read about it in the papers and didn't know what to make of it. The story began in April 1899, when Buck Smith owner of the Smith Ranch accused the boys of stealing and killing cattle in the Chiricahua Mountains. On April 7, 1899, eighteen-year-old officer Teddy Moore and Chester L. Ainsworth were sent to investigate at the Haldeman Ranch. Finding no one there, they headed over to the Wilson Ranch where they boys were. They were read the arrest warrant and at first appeared to give up peacefully but shooting ensued. After Teddy was hit both boys fled.

A week later they were arrested camping out in New Mexico. After being taken to the jail in Pearce they were relocated to Tombstone for trial. Found guilty on June 11, 1900, they were sentenced to hang August 10th however, President William McKinley granted a respite until October 5 to gather more evidence. Troubled by the verdict, the Halderman family accused the trial of being rigged and unfair as the prosecuting attorney for the case was Attorney General Charles F. Ainsworth - brother of officer Chester L. Ainsworth.

The family wanted to gather more evidence to prove that the claim of cattle rustling was not at the hands of the Halderman brothers but rather by Teddy Moore. There were rumors of bad blood between Teddy and William over Rena Wilson the daughter of John W. Wilson of Wilson Ranch. It was also claimed that Teddy accused of killing William on several occasions. The family wanted to show that the shootout at the Wilson Ranch was a result

of a feud initiated by Moore who stole the cattle to frame William and get him out of the way so that Teddy could court Rena. Governor Murphy agreed and extended the stay, but with no evidence siding on behalf of the Haldermans, the execution was rescheduled for November 16, 1900.

John took the stage from Gleeson to Tombstone that day; one of 100 invited guests of the hanging at the courthouse.

Anna could not understand why he would even consider attending such an event but John thought otherwise. "This case is fishy," he said. "First the girls agree the Haldermans shot first then they retract their story. And Chester Ainsworth's brother Charles is the prosecuting attorney for the case? It sounds like the jury simply wants a hanging because an officer who was involved was killed."

"But why go, John?"

"To be there for support," John said. "If the boys are guilty then they will reap the consequences of their actions but if their being hanged innocently then I want to be a witness just in case. Besides, Scott White's a good guy. I know this will be hard on him."

"Anna shook her head. She didn't question his actions and figured that he would only go if he had a good reason to do so."

John met David and Mr. Yaple in front Yaples Candy Factory on Allen Street. Down the street Bert Schuster, Frank Wolcott and Martin Costello were heading toward the court house.

"What are you thinking, John?" David asked quietly.

"I don't know what to think," John said. "Thomas Halderman has insisted he never fired a shot. And then there's Teddy Moore who was said to have threatened to kill William Halderman more than once."

"And the Wilson sisters who have retracted their stories," Mr. Yaple said. "There's some funny business going on there if you ask me."

"Too little too late," John said.

"Whether they're guilty or not they're going to hang at high noon today."

The courthouse was already crowded with men when John, David, and Mr. Yaple arrived. They stood toward the rear of the courtyard as the gallows stood tall and menacing in front of the crowd. The windows of the courthouse were wide open and lined with people who waited to watch the horrific death of two young men. Soon after, Thomas Halderman walked out with Deputy Johnson while William Halderman walked out with Deputy Sheriff Bravin. Sheriff White followed with Reverend Elliott to the gallows where the condemned men were quietly waiting. Thomas, who quietly walked up the stairs to the gallows, stood on the immense platform. Looking out amongst the large crowd of onlookers he said, "hello hombres." He took his bound wrists and shading his eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun he added, "Hot ain't it?"

William took his place in front of his noose and with a wave of his hand said, "nice looking crowd." He chuckled for a moment and said, "Some of you fellers are shaking already!" Thomas took his noose and placed it loosely over his head.

Turning to his brother he said, "Those people look all right."

"Those boys are acting pretty brazen, ain't they?" a man in the crowd mentioned.


Sheriff White walked up the narrow steps to the platform and in his loud and clear voice read the charges of the two condemned men. Thomas listened intently but William, uninterested in the sheriff's remarks, engaged into quiet conversation with Deputy Bravin.

"White's reading his death sentence and William is unconcerned? What's he pulling?" David whispered to John.

When Sheriff White asked if they had any last words, Thomas looked out over the crowd. "I have nothing to say and guess it would not do any good anyway. I forgive you all and hope you will forgive me." William took his turn and said, "This will be an experience that ought to benefit all of you. I hope I will meet you all. I pray for you and hope you will pray for me."

The crowd was dead silent; with the exception of the blowing wind and a few birds calling to one another, not a sound came from the courtyard.

See Cloudless Skies... on page 8



SMOKE SIGNALS
THE ALLEN STREET SMOKE SHOP
OUTLAW SOCIAL CLUB
TOMBSTONE ARIZONA

15
FIND US ON THE MAP

SMOKING ACCESSORIES
ZIPPO LIGHTERS
TURKISH CAMEL NECK LAMPS
UNIQUE METAL ART
SPURS - T-SHIRTS

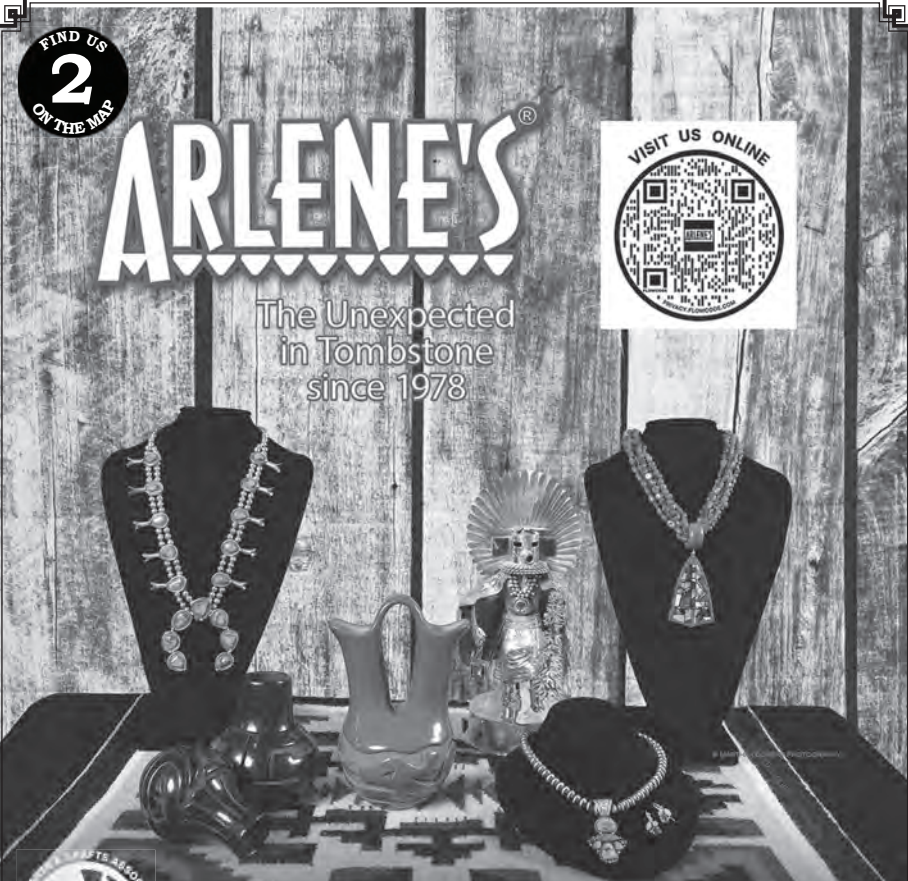
Premium Cigars by Plasencia, Espinosa, Oliva, AJ Fernandez, Casa Cuevas, Oscar Valladares, Hiram & Solomon, & Rojas.
Warfighter Black Powder, Frontier Handguns, Revolvers, Rifles, Carbines

Featuring one of the most extensive humidors in Southern Arizona including our own Signature Cigars, made in Esteli Nicaragua - Wyatt, Doc, Ringo and Curly Bill

Fine pipe tobaccos, quality pipes such as Vauen, Meerschaum, Imported Briar, and Corn Cob

411 E. ALLEN STREET - TOMBSTONE, AZ - ON THE BOARDWALK
(520) 457-9020 - SmokeSignalsAZ.com


FIND US
2
ON THE MAP



ARLENE'S
The Unexpected
in Tombstone
since 1978

© MARTHA LOCHERT PHOTOGRAPHY

VISIT US ONLINE



MEMBER

• **Arlene's Gallery** •
• **Southwest Trading Company** •
• **Southwest Silver & Gold** •

On Tombstone's Historic Allen Street Boardwalk

• **520-457-3678** • **520-457-3833** •
www.ArlenesSouthwest.com

JAILBREAK

by Rita Ackerman

March 30, 1892 was a dark and stormy night and the next morning citizens of Tombstone were surprised to learn ten prisoners had escaped the county lock up.

While Sheriff Kelton and others led various posses in all directions local officials and an Epitaph reporter investigated the court house itself.

Inside they found that eight prisoners remained – only one of them actually locked in a cell. The night before Jailer McDermott allowed the trustee, John McMullan, who was serving a 100-day sentence for petty theft at the San Jose House, to lock the cells as he'd done the previous three nights. Or so he thought.

Instead, McMullan made a lot of noise but left the cells unlocked so the men could gather in the rear cell and help to dig their way out. That cell was occupied by L. E. Mitchell and George D. Davis who were sent over from Willcox to wait trial for burglary.

The investigation revealed a hole about 12 x 14 inches square and about ten feet from the ground in the rear wall of the courthouse. The wall consisted of a lining of 2 x 4 scantling, thin pieces of lumber laid one on top of another and spiked so that they formed a solid piece of wood from the floor to the top of the jail. Between this

and the brick wall was a space of about an inch and next to this the 16-inch outer brick wall. Those investigating the site on the day after the escape were astonished the wall wasn't stronger.

It was later learned the space was meant for a metal sheet, which would have stopped the escape but had been forgotten or perhaps intentionally left out during construction. This was confirmed later by a gentleman who was involved in the courthouse plans who said a lining of boiler iron was supposed to have been placed in the walls.

The prisoners had tried digging through the floor and another place in the wall before hitting on the lucky find that the walls were far from sufficient for holding determined men. Their tools consisted of a thin piece of metal which was originally the handle of a stew pan flattened out into a strip two inches wide and six inches long. The prisoners also had a tin tablespoon and a piece of wire about the size of telegraph wire.

Besides Davis, Mitchell, and McMullan the other escapees were Arthur Mendez being held on charges of burglary, Ignacio Valesquez, Jacob Nemo involved in prior escape attempt, Alcanta Dematrio held for grand larceny, Whitefield Oldham, Antonio Vega

for horse stealing, and Marie Estrada held for assault with a deadly weapon.

The first one out may have used an axe found nearby to enlarge the hold to make it easier for his followers. At first it was believed the escape happened around 11 o'clock at night but further questioning led to the information the prisoners hadn't escaped until around daylight. This was corroborated by Mrs. Holland's daughter who said that around 6:30 she saw a group of men walking rapidly toward the lime kiln on the ridge back of their house, which is located on the outskirts of town.

The first one captured was "Davis, the little opium fiend, who was the instigator of the battle for freedom . . ." He was found in an adobe house on the corner of Fifth and Bruce Streets by Chief of Police Ryan. Some of the gaps in the escape story were filled in by Davis.

Victoriana, the prior trustee was discharged so night guard McDermott handed the keys to John McMullan to lock the cells at night which he only pretended to do. The men made it through the first bit of wood the first night. It took two more nights to make it through most of the brick wall leaving just a thin layer for the actual night of the escape.

They were finished in time for a break on Wednesday but for some reason decided to wait until Thursday. However, Davis was in such bad shape for want of

opium he threatened to "squeal" if they didn't make the break on Wednesday, which they did. Davis was the first to crawl through the hole. He found an axe which he passed to the others to enlarge the hole but he didn't think they bothered as they were all quickly through the hole and with him in making their way out of town.

One clue as to the direction of at least some of the men came when the home of William Tomlinson at Pick-Em-Up was burglarized. Clothes, blankets, food, and a shotgun and ammunition were taken.

Nemo and Oldham were caught in Crittenden by two section hands who telegraphed the news to the Sheriff's office. Kelton sent William Ritchie after them. Tired from three days of searching for the escapees, Ritchie shackled the men together and kept a weary eye on them. When the two men started going at each other about who was to blame for them being captured he didn't have the energy to separate them. Nemo and Oldham beat each other until they both looked like "beefstakes" according to the paper. Ritchie got them to Tombstone where they were put in separate cells. They soon became old friends again.

News of the jailbreak made the newspapers throughout Arizona and surrounding states. Investigations were to follow on the inadequate construction of the courthouse and the capture of the remaining escapees. ☒



George Parsons from page 1

Parson's upper lip and nose were pierced by a splinter of wood, severely flattening, and deforming his nose. Dr. George Goodfellow devised a wire framework and in a series of treatments and plastic surgery successfully restored Parson's nose to his pre-injury profile. He refused payment because Parsons had been hurt as he was assisting others.

George also became the first city librarian in Tombstone in 1885 until he left in 1887. His diary

has become a researchers dream, covering not only large events like fires, the famous shootout, the success and failures of the mines, but also kept detailed notes about everyday life in Tombstone. George Whitwall Parsons was also a pall bearer for Wyatt Earp. George went on to join Wyatt in the hereafter in 1933.

Speaking of Tombstone, in his diary on May 27, 1886 George wrote "The Devil Is foreclosing his mortgage". ☼

5
FIND US
ON THE MAP

PERIOD AND WESTERN:
SHIRTS ★ PANTS ★ VESTS
BOOTS ★ HATS
PURSES ★ BELTS
SUSPENDERS ★ JEWELRY
AND MORE

**YOUR COMPLETE
 WESTERN CLOTHING STORE
 IN HISTORIC
 TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA**

**Tombstone's Finest Western Wear
and Accessories for Men and Ladies**

Featuring styles from

410 E. Allen St. - Tombstone, AZ
 (On the Allen Street Boardwalk)
 (520) 457-9220 ~ (800) 537-5040
BroncoTrading.co

HOTEL TOMBSTONE
 HOME OF ALLEN STREET PIES

**BOOK
YOUR
ROOMS
ONLINE!**

**HOTEL ~ ARCADE ~ PIZZA
PIES ~ GENERAL STORE & MORE!**

The only Tombstone Hotel with a balcony overlooking Historic Allen Street!
Eat, Play and Stay at Hotel Tombstone!

530 E. ALLEN STREET - TOMBSTONE, AZ
HotelTombstone.com - (520) 457-2405

They Died With Their Boots On

by Kathy Franz

The inquest of the O. K. Corral gunfight was held in November 1881. Thomas Keefe, a carpenter, testified that he saw Tom McLaury lying on the corner of Third and Allen Streets after the shooting. He and two or three other men took him into a house. Keefe unbuttoned McLaury's clothes, pulled his boots off and gave him some water. Billy Clanton was there dying, too, and he was injected with two shots of morphine.

So, what was the significance, if any, of Keefe taking off Tom McLaury's boots? Was it just to make him more comfortable or was it because of the well-known phrase "they died with their boots on?"

Eleven years earlier, California newspapers wondered the same thing.

The Los Angeles Daily News of February 11, 1870, printed the following: Can any one tell us, says the *Call*, why it is that many persons have apparently a superstition about "dying in shoes?" "He died with his boots on," is a common expression, but seems to intimate a superstitious feeling in the speaker. Even criminals, murderers, often exhibit it. [*The Call* was a newspaper in San Francisco.]

That same month, Mark Twain in his article "Curiosities of California" used this phrase. Under the subheading Desperadoes, he noted: "They robbed, and gambled, and killed people for three or four years, and then "died with their boots on," as they phrased it that is, they were killed themselves – almost invariably – as they never expected any other fate, and were seldom disappointed."

So, how much earlier did newspapers use that phrase?

On December 2, 1863, the Deseret News in Salt Lake City reprinted several stories from the November 18 issue of the Rocky Mountain News of Denver, Colorado. In one story, Mr. Slade, formerly a Division Agent on the stage route between here [probably Denver] and Salt Lake, got shot a few days ago "somewhere on the road between the latter city and Bannack. He was freighting on that road, had a trouble with one of his drivers whom he fired at and killed, after which he himself "died in his boots" from the effect of a pistol immediately shot at him by

a brother of the employee he had mortally wounded." (See Footnote 1 below for more on Mr. Slade.)

Three years later, the Memphis Daily Post of July 3, 1866, wrote: "Charley Duane – Dutch Charley, an old "chum" of Tom Hyer – recently shot dead Col. Ross in the streets of San Francisco . . . He is one of the Sullivan, Mulligan, Lily, Casey, Cora crew – all of whom died violent deaths, or as a New York paper puts it, "died in their boots." So, here we have New York City using the phrase, too. (See Footnote 2 below.)

Three more years later, a Correspondence Columbus Journal reporter with the initials A. E. L. was visiting Hays City, Kansas. He wrote of his experiences and called his article "The Kansas Excursion." The Delaware Gazette in Ohio of November 12, 1869, printed the article. In part, it read: "It is a healthy place, very healthy. In its brief but brilliant history, there have been barely sufficient deaths to "start a graveyard," and out of some twenty-five interments therein, some twenty-two were persons who, in the expressive language of their country, "Died with their boots on," while only three gave their parting kick to the whisky-tub in the natural and Christian manner. The favorite method of disposing of an individual who "makes himself a nuisance," is to hang him . . ." Incidentally, Wild Bill Hickok's death was foretold in this column: "A stray bullet will do [sic] doubt find him during one of the midnight gambling brawls which frequently enliven the happy denizens of Hays City, and Wild Bill will then pass into history as the Louis Wetzel of the border." [Louis Wetzel was a frontiersman, scout and Indian fighter who died in 1808.]

By now, "dying with his boots on" was to be avoided – if, at all possible. On March 15, 1870, the Weekly Columbus Enquirer of Georgia published an article about "Buffalo Bill," but the story was not about the famous "Buffalo Bill" Cody. Although no location was given, the article stated: "Buffalo Bill" died "while attempting to reverse the decision of a court which had given a disputed mule to a Dutchman." After shooting Bill's partner in the arm, the Dutchman hit the mule with his revolver. The gun went off, and the bullet passed through the

Dutchman's clothes and hit Bill in the heart. Bill fell to his knees and then to the ground. "Some of his friends rushed for the body and seized his feet, but it was too late – he died with his boots on."

The Sacramento Bee printed the following on May 16: Again, on Monday last, as we learn from the Colusa Sun, two others "died in their boots," to use a common phrase of that locality. Colusa is 65 miles northwest of Sacramento, and the two men were Niley Manahan and John Wright. Wright shot Manahan, and then the Sheriff shot Wright.

So, it seems that one of the first published usages of the phrase came from Denver, Colorado. Three years later, the phrase is not only used in San Francisco but is used by a New York newspaper. Soon, Western towns came to know the phrase and use it often. The phrase "died with their boots on" eventually led to some Western towns calling their graveyards "Boothill."

Footnote 1. It is possible that Mr. Slade did not die as stated in the November 18 report. In October 1863, "Wm." Kiskadden had just returned to Denver after several months. He left with a large train

of goods to sell at Salt Lake, but he decided instead to go to Bannock, Montana. On his return, he had 75 lbs. of gold dust. Joseph "Jack" A. Slade had been the superintendent of the Overland Stage Line in 1861 and 1862, first at Julesburg (named after Jules Beni, trading post agent) and later at Virginia Dale, Colorado (named for Jack's wife.) He lost his job and drifted in 1863 to the Montana mines with a small freighting outfit (perhaps, Kiskadden's.) Jack bought a ranch eight miles out of Virginia City, Montana. He was often intoxicated and involved in brawls for which he was hung on March 10, 1864, by a Vigilance Committee. A year later, on March 22, 1865, in Virginia City, Jack's widow Maria Virginia married James Henry Kiskadden (perhaps, the same freighter as in October 1863.) They divorced in 1868. Kiskadden remarried, and his child Maude Adams became a famous actress who played Peter Pan. Jack Slade was famous for killing Jules Beni in August 1861.

Footnote 2. Col. William G. Ross was shot in the back on a San Francisco main street over a property dispute. See findagrave.com, memorial #107418522 for

See Died With Their Boots On on page 12

All types of Liquors and Beers
OPEN DAILY Mon. - Sat. 8AM - Sun. 9AM

101 S. THIRD STREET
TOMBSTONE ARIZONA
(520) 457-3231
fourdeucesaloon.com

TOMBSTONE FIRE COMMUNITY TAILGATE

MEDIGOVICH FIELD FROM 4PM - 8PM

MUSIC GAMES HOT DOGS

FIREWORKS 8PM

WHAT TO BRING

- CAR TRUNK OR TAILGATE
- POP UP TENT OR SHADE (NO STAKES)
- DRINKS
- CHAIRS OR BLANKETS

Classic Cookout Collection

- 4 Butcher's Cut Filet Mignons (5 oz.)
- 4 Air-Chilled Chicken Breasts (5 oz.)
- 4 Omaha Steaks Burgers (4 oz.)
- 4 Gourmet Jumbo Franks (3 oz.)
- 4 Individual Scalloped Potatoes (3.8 oz.)
- 4 Caramel Apple Tartlets (4 oz.)
- 1 Omaha Steaks Seasoning (3 oz.)
- 8 FREE Omaha Steaks Burgers (4 oz.)**

76946YQS separately \$279.93 **\$129⁹⁹**
SPECIAL PACKAGE PRICE

Go to OmahaSteaks.com/OneBite2702
1.888.982.4054 Ask for Offer 76946YQS

Savings shown over aggregated single item base price. Standard S&H applies. Exp. 09/30/24. | 24M6502 | Omaha Steaks, LLC

TOMBSTONE ARIZONA

POINTS OF INTEREST

© Goose Flats Graphics
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

FIND OUR ADVERTISERS

1. Allen Street Antiques
2. Arlene's Gallery (2 locations)
3. Best of the West Antiques
4. Birdcage Theatre
5. Bronco Trading Co.
6. Butterfield Stage Stop
7. Crazy Annie's Bordello/Saloon
8. Fallen Angel Sweet Sin Parlor
9. Four Deuces Saloon
10. Mom & Pops Sandwiches
11. Gunslinger's Hideout
12. Hotel Tombstone
13. Larian Motel
14. Puny John's BBQ
15. Smoke Signals Smoke Shop
16. Smokey's Wild Ass Emporium
17. St. Paul's Episcopal Church
18. Tombstone Antique Mall
19. Tombstone Miner's Cabins
20. Tombstone RV Park
21. Tombstone Treasures Thrift Shop
22. Vintage Cowgirls of Tombstone
23. Wizard's Workshop
24. BOOTHILL GRAVEYARD

DON'T MISS THESE HISTORIC TOMBSTONE POINTS OF INTEREST:

Sacred Heart Catholic Church (1881)
St. Paul's Episcopal Church (1881)
Schiefelin 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)
Rose Tree Museum
Good Enough Mine (1879)
Old Tombstone Fire House (1880)
Ed Schiefelin's Monument (1897)

GET ON THE MAP!

JUST RUN A LONG TERM AD IN TOMBSTONE TIMES
AND YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OWN SPOT ON THE MAP!
CALL TODAY! 520-457-3884

TOMBSTONE DIRECTORY

Courtesy of TombstoneWeb.com - Tombstone's Information Website

ATTRactions	MUSEUMS	MARKETS & GAS	LODGING	FEATURED
<p>Good Enough Mine & Trolley Tours <i>Tour Tombstone from Above and Below the ground.</i> 5th & Toughnut Streets - (520) 457-3333</p> <p>Gunfighter & Ghost Tours Daytime History & Night Ghost Tours Tombstone-Ghost.com (520) 255-8467</p> <p>Ike Clanton's Haunted Hotel <i>Tombstone's History told as never before.</i> 426 E. Allen Street</p> <p>OK Corral & Historama <i>Re-enacted Gunfight 3 times daily Historama during open hours.</i> Allen St. Between 3rd & 4th - (520) 457-3456</p> <p>Old Butterfield Stage Coach <i>Narrated stagecoach tours of Old Tombstone</i> 326 E. Allen St. in front of the OK Corral</p> <p>Old Tombstone Historical Tours <i>15 minute narrated stagecoach tour</i> Allen St. near 5th St. - (520) 457-3018</p> <p>Old Tombstone Western Theme Park <i>Gunfights, Mini Golf & more.</i> 4th & Toughnut Streets - (520) 955-3090</p> <p>Outlaw Zipline <i>a Zipline in Tombstone</i> 130 S. Seventh Street - (520) 240-1155</p> <p>Ponyland Trail Rides <i>Guided Trail Rides, Sunset and Moonlight rides</i> 643 W. Louis St. - (520) 409-7611</p> <p>The Saloon Theatre <i>Historical indoor gunfights.</i> 109 S. Third Street - (520) 457-8802</p> <p>Tombstone Trolley <i>20 min. tours w/service to Boothill!</i> 4th and Toughnut Streets - (520) 955-3090</p> <p>Wyatt Earp's Oriental Saloon Theater <i>Western style entertainment.</i> 500 E. Allen Street - (520) 457-2407</p>	<p>Tombstone Epitaph Museum FREE! <i>The west's most famous newspaper.</i> 5th between Allen & Fremont - (520) 457-2211</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; background-color: #333; color: white; text-align: center;"> <h3 style="margin: 0;">FOOD & DRINK</h3> </div> <p>Big Nose Kate's Saloon & Rest. <i>Entertainment, drinks & food.</i> 417 Allen Street - (520) 457-3107</p> <p>Crazy Annie's Saloon ⑦ <i>Belly up to the bar and have a beer.</i> 10th & Allen Streets - (520) 457-3847</p> <p>Crystal Palace Saloon <i>Liquor, beer & food.</i> 5th & Allen Streets - (520) 457-3611</p> <p>Doc Holliday's Saloon <i>Full Service Bar, Pool, Poker.</i> 513 E. Allen Streets - (520) 457-2247</p> <p>Fallen Angel Sweet Sin Parlor ⑧ <i>Fudge, Candy, Drinks and Snacks</i> 525 E. Allen Street - (520) 457-3057</p> <p>The Four Deuces Saloon ⑨ <i>Drinks and Snacks</i> 101 S. Third Street - (520) 457-3231</p> <p>Hitching Post Cafe <i>Sandwiches, Salads, Nachos & More!</i> 4th & Toughnut Sts. - (520) 226-7459</p> <p>Hotel Tombstone ⑫ <i>Hotel, Arcade, Pizza, Pies, General Store & More!</i> 530 E. Allen Street - (520) 457-2405</p> <p>Johnny Ringo's Saloon <i>All types of liquors & beers.</i> Allen & 10th Streets - (520) 457-3961</p> <p>Longhorn Restaurant <i>Breakfast, Lunch & Dinner.</i> 5th and Allen Streets - (520) 457-3405</p> <p>Mom & Pops Sandwiches ⑩ <i>Sandwiches, Salads & More!</i> 110 S. Fourth Street - (520) 457-8770</p> <p>O.K. Cafe <i>Breakfast/Lunch.</i> 3rd & Allen Streets - (520) 457-3980</p> <p>Puny John's BBQ ⑭ <i>Breakfast & Lunch ~ Closed Wednesday.</i> 11 S. Fourth Street - (520) 457-2396</p> <p>Shotgun Breakfast Cafe <i>Home Cookin' for Gun Slingers & Early Risers</i> Stampede RV Park. - (520) 457-3738</p> <p>Silver Strike Winery <i>Wines and Tasting.</i> 334 E. Allen Street - 800-352-0394</p> <p>Tombstone Brewing Company <i>Locally Brewed Craft Beers</i> 107 E. Toughnut Street - (520) 222-6781</p>	<p>U Scream 4 Ice Cream <i>Ice Cream treats, Coffee, Pastries, Gifts, Souvenirs.</i> 104 S. 4th Street - (520) 457-2265</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; background-color: #333; color: white; text-align: center;"> <h3 style="margin: 0;">MARKETS/GAS</h3> </div> <p>Apache Market <i>Food, frozen meats, vegetables, DVD rentals and more.</i> 10th & Fremont Streets - (520) 457-9294</p> <p>Circle K Food Store & Gas <i>Gas, liquor, beer, snacks, convenience foods.</i> Sumner & Bruce Streets - (520) 457-3941</p> <p>Family Dollar <i>Snacks, toiletries, toys, pet items etc...</i> 208 N. Sumner Street - 520-210-7010</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; background-color: #333; color: white; text-align: center;"> <h3 style="margin: 0;">LODGING</h3> <p style="font-size: x-small; margin: 0;">MOTELS / HOTELS / RENTALS</p> </div> <p>Allen Street Inn 101 E. Allen Street (520) 255-1159</p> <p>Cactus Rose Cottage 111 E. Fulton St. (520) 366-1909</p> <p>Earp & Holliday Vigilante Inn 116 N. 3rd St. (928) 358-2954</p> <p>Gunslinger's Hideout ⑪ 19 W. Fremont Street gunslingers-hideout.com</p> <p>Hotel Tombstone ⑫ Balcony overlooking historic Allen Street 530 E. Allen Street - (520) 457-2405</p> <p>Katie's Cozy Cabins 210 W. Allen St. (520) 457-3963</p> <p>Katie's Cozy Rose Tree Suites 118 S. 4th Street (520) 457-3326</p> <p>Landmark Lookout Lodge Hwy 80 North of Town (520) 457-2223 - (800) 652-6772</p> <p>Larian Motel ⑬ 410 E. Fremont Street (520) 457-2272</p> <p>Silver Spur Homestead 500 S. Skyline Circle 520-487-8787</p> <p>The Tombstone Motel 502 E. Fremont Street (520) 457-3478</p> <p>Tombstone Boarding House Inn 114 N. Fourth Street (520) 457-8075</p> <p>Tombstone Grand Hotel 580 W. Randolph Way (520) 457-9507</p> <p>Tombstone Miners Cabins ⑰ 787 E. Allen Street (520) 910-7982</p>	<p>Tombstone Sagebrush Inn 320 E. Bruce St. (520) 457-2311</p> <p>Trail Riders Inn Motel & RV Park 13 N. 7th Street (520) 457-3573</p> <p>Tombstone Monument Guest Ranch 895 West Monument Road, Tombstone, AZ 85638 (520) 457-7299</p> <p>Tombstone Silver Nickel Cabin 87 W. Rainbow Road, Tombstone, AZ 85638 (520) 508-1567</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; background-color: #333; color: white; text-align: center;"> <h3 style="margin: 0;">BED & BREAKFASTS</h3> </div> <p>Crazy Annie's Bordello ⑦ 95 S. 10th Street (520) 457-3847</p> <p>Tombstone Bordello B & B 107 W. Allen St. (520) 457-2394</p> <p>Virgil's Corner B & B 97 E. Fremont Street (520) 548-1025</p> <p>Wyatt's Hotel B & B 109 South Third Street (520) 678-7281</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; background-color: #333; color: white; text-align: center;"> <h3 style="margin: 0;">R.V. PARKS</h3> </div> <p>Silver Belt R.V. Park 10th & Allen Streets (520) 457-3961</p> <p>Stampede R.V. Park 201 W. Allen Street (520) 457-3738</p> <p>Tombstone R.V. Park & Campground ⑳ 1475 North Hwy 80 - (520) 457-3829</p> <p>Tombstone Dry Camping RV Park 365 S. 3rd Street (520) 412-1159</p> <p>Tombstone Territories RV Resort 2111 E. Hwy 82 - Huachuca City (520) 457-2584</p> <p>Wells Fargo R.V. Park 201 E. Fremont Street (520) 457-3966</p>	<p>Best of the West Antiques ③ <i>Antiques, Collectibles & More</i> 507 E. Allen Street - (509) 961-5420</p> <p>Bronco Trading Co. ⑤ <i>Western & Period Duds for Men & Women</i> 410 E. Allen Street - (520) 457-9220</p> <p>Butterfield Stage Stop ⑥ <i>Souvenirs Next Door to Boothill</i> 398 N. Highway 80</p> <p>St. Paul's Episcopal Church ⑰ <i>The oldest Episcopal Church in Arizona</i> 19 N. Third Street - (520) 457-8134</p> <p>Smoke Signals Smoke Shop ⑮ <i>& Outlaw Social Club</i> 411 E. Allen Street - (520) 457-9020</p> <p>Smokey's Wild Ass Emporium ⑯ <i>Jewelry, Fossils & Art, Oh My!</i> 321 E. Allen Street - (520) 405-5800</p> <p>Tombstone Antique Mall ⑱ <i>Antiques, Collectibles, Dozens of Vendors</i> 720 Fremont Street - (520) 457-8538</p> <p>Tombstone Treasures Thrift Shop ⑳ <i>Jewelry, Household Items</i> 7 E. Old Charleston Road</p> <p>The Wizard's Workshop ㉓ <i>Custom Jewelry, Gold, Silver Bisbee Minerals</i> 800 E. Fremont Street - (520) 457-3152</p> <p>Veronica's Restaurant Delivery <i>Local Food Delivered Locally</i> Call for more Info - (520) 224-8766</p> <p>Vintage Cowgirls of Tombstone ㉒ <i>Antiques & Collectibles</i> 510 E. Allen Street - (520) 678-2516</p>
<p>These listings are sponsored by:</p> <div style="border: 2px solid black; padding: 5px; background-color: #333; color: white; text-align: center;"> <h2 style="margin: 0;">TombstoneWeb.com</h2> <p style="font-size: x-small; margin: 0;">Tombstone's Information Website TombstoneWeb.com</p> </div>				
<div style="border: 2px solid black; padding: 5px; background-color: #333; color: white; text-align: center;"> <h2 style="margin: 0;">GET ON THE MAP!</h2> <p style="font-size: x-small; margin: 0;">JUST RUN A LONG TERM AD IN TOMBSTONE TIMES AND YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OWN SPOT ON THE MAP! CALL TODAY! 520-457-3884</p> </div>				
<div style="border: 2px solid black; padding: 5px; background-color: #333; color: white; text-align: center;"> <h2 style="margin: 0;">FEATURED BUSINESSES</h2> <p style="font-size: x-small; margin: 0;">Allen Street Antiques ① <i>Antiques & Nostalgic Americana</i> 725 E. Allen St. - (520) 349-7077</p> <p style="font-size: x-small; margin: 0;">Arlene's Galleries ② <i>The Unexpected in Tombstone</i> 400-402 and 415 E. Allen Street (520) 457-3678 and (520) 457-3833</p> </div>				

Tombstone Arizona Mines

Did Depth Matter?

by Don Chaput & David D. de Haas, MD

Yes, it always matters. In a few cases, wonderful things happened. In Michigan's Lake Superior District in the 1840s, native copper boulders and rocks of various sizes were found on the surface. During the California Gold Rush, prospectors with pans and rockers frequently found sand mixed with gold in the American, Trinity, Tuolumne, and other rivers. On the other hand, in 1898, when the Anaconda Copper Mining Company in Montana was working the Green Mountain Mine (for copper), they were already at the 2,000 foot level. The planning, efforts, and costs vary widely if one has to merely bend over and pick up a pure copper rock, rather than hiring men, buying heavy machinery, and installing timbering in order to obtain silver ore.

Throughout the world, precious and base metals can be found at the surface, or at many thousands of feet underground, to an unknown depth. The earth's billions of years of geological changes has led to continents shifting, uplifts, erosion, the movement of huge ice bodies, and dozens of other activities that have determined or altered mountain, plain, and ocean. Prospecting was not an easy occupation.

The silver ores found by the Schieffelin team in 1877-78 were not found "on the surface," but almost so. Of the hundreds of gold and silver districts in the American West, Tombstone's metals would be considered near-surface finds. Geological studies then and later have confirmed this status. In itself this is an interesting point, but the depth of the Tombstone silver deposits figured in many decisions and judgments that would play havoc with finances.

From 1879 through 1884 there are hundreds of mine depth reports in the Tucson and Tombstone newspapers, as well as in the publications of the Director of the Mint and other federal agencies. In January of 1879, the Contention had a 115 foot shaft, and in December the Grand Central found good ore at 175 feet; the nearby Rattlesnake found solid ore at 70 feet. In July 1880 both the Contention and the Head Centre found rich ore at the 300 foot level. Even early on the leading journal, Mining and Scientific Press, made fun

of the Tombstone doubters, who claimed at depth the silver would disappear. A shaft of the Toughnut Mine went down to 80 feet and came to a well-defined vein, which led to the firm putting in a stamp mill.

These happy times, plucking away at the near surface ore, lasted a few years. A Tucson newspaper wondered in 1881, "Will the Tombstone prove permanent? Will they go down?" The editors predicted "A Great Future in Store for Tombstone." Gleed's important mining guide of 1882 poured on stronger prose: "The sneer at Arizona has been principally because the mines of the Territory lacked depth. Just there is the strength of the Arizona Mines. Tombstone is worth the played-out Comstock lode twenty times over, because the Tombstone mines are at trifling depths and yield dividends from the surface." And, with a puff of pride the Tombstone Epitaph of June 17, 1882, stated "The popular opinion which once obtained among Pacific coast operators, that the mines of Arizona were mere surface deposits, has been proven to be fallacious."

These optimistic words of mid-1882 came shortly after Tombstone's great nemesis, water, was noticed in the mines. The Sulphuret, Girard, Toughnut, and Grand Central were working at depths between 500 and 600 feet when seepage was noticed; the Sulphuret seepage was mentioned in the Arizona Weekly Citizen of March 20, 1881. A short time later substantial amount of water was noticed in the Grand Central just below the 600 foot level. The water could be handled, but not for long. By 1884 the water problem, the increased costs of pumping, and resulting labor problems would become chapters in the collapse of a rich mining camp.

There would be some mining at Tombstone through the 1890s, and there was, indeed, a successful revival (its second bonanza) from 1901 through 1910. But even the revival success was killed by inability to handle the water at depth. In all of Tombstone's mining history, good times and bad, the depth for obtaining paying ore was minimal. In 1907, rich copper sulfides were located, but they were several hundred feet below the water level. By 1910, the main shaft of the Tombstone

Consolidated finally cleared water and was resuming work at the 1,000 foot level, but the company went into bankruptcy; at that time the pumps were handling 5,000,000 gallons of water a day.

The depth of mines certainly varied throughout the world. In 1882, when Tombstone's Grand Central was making big bucks by going down 600 feet, the deepest mine in the world was the Adalbert, a silver-lead mine in Bohemia, working at 3,400 feet. California had many deep gold mines; the Kennedy Mine near Jackson, the nation's deepest gold mine, had a vertical shaft of more than 4,000 feet. When Tombstone was almost out of business in 1899, the Geyser Mine at Silver Cliff, Colorado, was hoisting from the 2600-foot level. Among the more famous deep mines of the West were in Nevada's Comstock group. In 1899, the Yellow Jacket worked a shaft below 3,000 feet. John A. Church, a key figure in Tombstone mining, had worked in the Comstock Mines, where he was an expert in accident prevention and control of high temperatures at depth. Special timbering systems were needed on the Comstock, largely due to extreme depth and soft rock. In 1878, when Tombstone first began production from its shafts of a few hundred feet, the Savage Mine on the Comstock was 2,430 feet deep.

Another mining depth oddity occurred around 1900, by which time the Tombstone shafts had been watered out at the 600-foot level. In that decade the deepest mines in the world were those same Lake Superior copper mines whose floats of raw copper appeared on the surface but continued down to forever. The Wall Street Journal pointed out that the mines of Cornwall were 3,000 feet below sea level, whereas the Calumet and Tamarack mines of Michigan were "4,000 feet below the bottom of Lake Superior, which in itself is 1,000 feet deep."

Closer to home, there was irony galore. In 1879, Tombstone was taking its place as one of the bullion producing centers of Arizona, led by E. B. Gage of the Grand Central, whose mine was turning up silver "at a comparatively trifling depth." At Tombstone's near-demise in the 1890s, E. B. Gage became president of the Congress Mine, a

gold operation in Yavapai County. Under Gage, "The Congress is the deepest mine in Arizona. It has an incline shaft 3250 feet in length."

In the whole scheme of things how important was it that the Tombstone mines were not deep? It could be that Tombstone over planned. Finding rich silver ores so near the surface apparently caused many prospectors, miners, assayers, and financiers to imagine that the rich stuff would prove to go much deeper. This type of thinking led to big spending, the erection of mills and smelters to handle the material, the hiring of many miners, freighters, and surface employees, and the creation of a community of many grocers, tobacconists, barbers, saloons, and clothing establishments, along with a near-flood of lawyers, judges, justices of the peace, educators, clergymen, and lawmen.

Such was the warning (too late) given by the Mining & Scientific Press of February 5, 1881. New mining camps usually were too optimistic. Some rich silver or gold led to huge expectations. Naturally, the good stuff would prove "to go down." Using Tombstone as an example, The Press pointed out that more than 1,200 structures fringed the streets, and the population was more than 3,000. At that time "the place only gives employment steadily to some 400 miners."

These statements were prophetic, but for the wrong reasons. Tombstone was a rich camp, and was guilty of binge-spending. By 1881, there were more than 70 saloons, breweries, wine houses, dancing halls, as well as a race track. On the other hand, nobody, certainly not the Mining & Scientific Press, knew that success would stop at the 600-foot level, where the water rushed in. Geology, geography, and history determined that Tombstone would be a mining camp of "trifling depth."

For further reading the authors recommend their new book, *Tombstone, Arizona Mystique*, Caxton Press, 2023.



Larian MOTEL
TOMBSTONE, AZ

CLEAN AND COMFORTABLE
"The Only place to stay in Tombstone!"

- AIR CONDITIONED • NON-SMOKING ROOMS •
- LARGE, CLEAN AND COMFORTABLE ROOMS •
- CONVENIENT DOWNTOWN LOCATION •
- ROOM PHONES WITH FREE LOCAL CALLS •
- FREE IN-ROOM COFFEE • FREE WI-FI •

TO RESERVE YOUR ROOM CALL
(520) 457-2272

410 FREMONT STREET - P.O. Box 224
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA 85638
THELARIANMOTEL.COM

13
FIND US ON THE MAP

CRAZY ANNIE'S
BORDELLO
BED & BREAKFAST AND SALOON

1880'S ROOMS WITH CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST
STEP BACK IN TIME TO THE 1880'S AT CRAZY ANNIE'S

95 S. 10th Street (corner of 10th & Allen)
Tombstone Arizona ~ (520) 457-3847
CrazyAnnies.com

7
FIND US ON THE MAP

He Died With His Boots Off from page 1

The early morning light found him still resting in the arms of the old tree. The fish are starting their dawn feeding on the insects that swarm over the surface of Turkey Creek and their attempts to feed create a musical splash of sorts as they reach for their prey and fall back into their watery home. The song extended to the banks of the stream as the birds sing their greetings to the new day, chiming in with the ever-present splashes of the jumping trout create and the bellowing guttural notes of the bullfrogs having been revived from the previous day's storm. The bees are busy buzzing their way through the tall grass that this man's horse was feeding on before the thunderclap yesterday. This symphony of nature resonates throughout the canyon and yet does not disturb the resting man.

The afternoon sun begins to beat down on the man. There will be no break from the high temperature this day. Yesterday's storm left behind a sweltering heat that begins to sear his body. The morning coolness has gone now and the flies noisily swarm toward the smell that envelopes his body. A circling of hungry vultures overhead gives notice to others that a meal awaits them by the creek.

Up the trail a man and his team of horses winds his way down the rocky road that leads out of Turkey Creek Canyon. Loaded with lumber, he carefully directs the team of horses down the incline and brings them to a swift halt when he notices the man leaning against the tree 20 yards

away by the creek. Stepping down from the wagon, he edges closer to the figure in the tree. The scene, a bit of a puzzle to him as he notices the man has no boots on. His feet wrapped in what appears to be pieces of an undershirt torn into strips. A rifle is leaning up against the tree. The man has two cartridges belts on. Curiously, one of these is attached around his waist upside down.

His attire is the typical cowboy garb. A blue shirt, a vest, pants and drawers and his hat lay alongside the ground where he rests. His right temple gives evidence that this rest will be a permanent one. There is a bullet hole through the temple and what was once inside his skull has now found its way through the back of his head and onto the bark of the tree trunk - his right hand folded around the grips of a .45 caliber Colt.

The teamster recognizes this cowboy and immediately calls for help. As others arrived and testimony to this man's death is complete, a grave is dug close to where his body was found at rest and his remains laid to permanent respite along the banks of Turkey Creek. A wooden marker is nailed to the tree, continually laying claim as to who died here along the banks of the nearby rivulet.

Forever his grave remains a marker in history. Forever his death remains a mystery. And forever this oak tree will hold onto the story - the truth of that fateful day in July when John Peters Ringo stopped along his journey and rested under the old oak tree. Did he know his journey

would end here? Did he plan his last thought? Or was his destiny cut short by an assailant's bullet directed through his temple?

One hundred and forty two years have come and gone since Johnny Ringo took his last breath. And one hundred and forty two years of ponders and wonders, of claimants and deniers, and of mysteries and obscurities have followed his life and clouded his death, and subsequently kept his legend alive.

No one knows for sure just how Johnny died. Reports of suicide and claims of murder will forever surround the story of this man and his death. What makes a man worthy of such an epitaph? What is it about him that perpetuates the mystery of his death? Why would other legends of that time all want to claim a part in the death of this man? Only his shady resting place understands and will forever guard this mystery as the quest for the truth goes on - time immemorial.

Only the old oak tree will ever know the certainty of this story. The secret never to be revealed. The mysteries surrounding his death set in motion the future debates and discussions. His legacy was not necessarily the story of his life, but more precisely his death. A moment when his life ended and the story began.

His final thoughts will forever be pondered over. His final journey endlessly discussed and yet never exposed. His legacy would forever be the question - murder or suicide? ☹️

Cloudless Skies... from page 3

William and Thomas stood quietly as Deputy Bravin and Deputy Johnson securely tied their ankles and arms together. Standing over the trap door, William looked at Sheriff White and asked, "Before sending us to our deaths would you kindly give us time for a little prayer?"

"Of course," Sheriff White replied.

Reverend Elliott walked over to William and Thomas. "Take each other's hands," he said. Thomas and William held each other's hands tightly as Reverend Elliot addressed the crowd. "Please bow your heads."

Everyone bowed as the Reverend read Psalm 23:

Merciful Father, we ask your compassion upon the souls of Thomas and William Halderman. Please forgive any wrong they may have done in their earthly lives. Let your light shine upon them and grant them happiness in your eternal heavenly kingdom. Amen."

"Amen," the crowd answered.

He shook their hands and bid each one good-bye. Stepping back quietly, he stood as black hoods were placed over their heads.

"Goodbye boys. Pray for us," they said in unison.

The crowd answered in succession as a dead quiet extended over the grounds. At exactly 12:40 the trap doors were sprung, and the two boys fell. They squirmed as they each attempted to grasp a breath of air. Convulsions soon took; death was slowly taking its time. They fought hard attempting to grab the slightest breath of fresh cool air but the more they struggled the tighter

See Cloudless Skies... on page 12

BIRD CAGE THEATRE

One of the West's most
FAMOUS LANDMARKS!



1880
HISTORIC
**TOMBSTONE
AZ.**

"The
Town
Too
Tough
To
Die"

FIND US
4
ON THE MAP

OPEN DAILY
9:00AM - 6:00PM

**Tombstone's Most
Authentic Attraction!**

NIGHTLY GHOST TOURS

As seen on Travel
Channel's **Ghost
Adventures**
and Syfy channel's
TAPS Ghost Hunters

EVP Recordings!
EMF Readings!
APPARITION Sightings!

The Bird Cage Theatre "Ghost Tour" is a guided paranormal tour through the world famous Bird Cage Theatre!

7 DAYS A WEEK ~ 6:15^{PM} & 8:00^{PM}

Family Ghost Tour is at 6:15 pm for ages 7 and up.
Evening Ghost Tour is at 8:00 pm for ages 13 and over.
(Please Note: On Friday & Saturday there may be 9:30 and 11:00 Adult tours scheduled if the 8:00 slot has been fulfilled)

Purchase your tickets in advance at the Bird Cage 9^{AM} - 6^{PM}

Bird Cage Theatre ~ Tombstone Office of Tourism

(520) 457-3421

tombstonebirdcage.com

FALLER ANGEL

FIND US
8
ON THE MAP

SWEET SIN PARLOR

GELATO - ITALIAN ICE CREAM
ITALIAN ICE

50 FLAVORS OF HOMEMADE FUDGE
HAND DIPPED PRETZELS
HAND DIPPED COOKIES
CINNAMON GLAZED NUTS
ALL BEEF HOT DOGS



HOT DOG SPECIAL
Hurdy-Gurdy
Hot Dog w/Chips
\$7.49



PHONE: 520-457-3057
525 E. ALLEN STREET - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA
LOCATED NEXT DOOR TO THE
WORLD FAMOUS BIRD CAGE THEATRE

YOUR AD
HERE
FOR \$25
MONTH

(520) 457-3884



YOUR AD
HERE
FOR \$25
MONTH

(520) 457-3884

ALLEN STREET ANTIQUES

Our cozy shop features a variety of Antiques and Vintage Items including rusty yard art, wagon wheels, cast iron cookware, Pyrex and much more.

We're located just east of Tombstone's historic district so stroll on by for a visit.

725 E. Allen Street
Tombstone, Arizona
(520) 349-7077

BEST OF THE WEST ANTIQUES AND MORE

WEDNESDAY - SATURDAY
10AM - 5PM

GOLD/SILVER
SIGNS ~ ANTIQUE TOYS
VINTAGE HOUSEHOLD ITEMS
& SO MUCH MORE!

ALWAYS BUYING!

507 E. Allen Street
Tombstone, Arizona
(509) 961-5420

Mom & Pop's Sandwiches

110 S. 4th Street - Tombstone, AZ
520-457-8770

**SANDWICHES
SALADS & MORE!**

Made to order with your choice of freshly sliced meats and a large selection of cheeses.

Open 10am - 6pm
Take-Out or Delivery only

BUTTERFIELD Stage Stop

Next door to the world famous BOOTHILL GRAVEYARD

See our HUGE SELECTION of
Tombstone Souvenirs,
Baja Shirts & Jackets,
Mexican Blankets,
Western Decor,
Replica Guns &
Holsters, Fudge, Candy
and much more!

398 North Highway 80
Tombstone, Arizona
at Boothill Graveyard

VINTAGE COWGIRLS of Tombstone

MEN'S and WOMEN'S
VINTAGE & WESTERN
CLOTHING
WESTERN ANTIQUES
COWBOY
COLLECTIBLES
and SO MUCH MORE!

510 E. Allen Street
Tombstone, Arizona
(520) 678-2516

TOMBSTONE TREASURES THRIFT STORE

Wednesday - Sunday
10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

**JEWELRY
BOOKS - MOVIES
HOME ITEMS
WHATNOTS
& MORE!**

NOW OPEN AT OUR NEW LOCATION!
7 E. Old Charleston Rd.
Tombstone, Arizona
Find us on FACEBOOK

TOMBSTONE RV PARK

LARGE PULL THROUGHS
CAMPING CABINS
COWBOY SUITES
TENT SITES
PLAYGROUND
and Campground AND MORE!

DAILY
WEEKLY
MONTHLY
GROUP RATES

520-457-3829
CALL NOW

tombstonervparkandcampground.com

GLEESON JAIL
GLEESON, ARIZONA

VISIT THE HISTORIC
GLEESON JAIL & MUSEUM
in the ghost town of Gleeson, Arizona

VIEW JAIL RESTORATION
HISTORICAL PHOTOS
DOCUMENTS AND MORE!

RUSTIC RURAL SETTING - DRESS APPROPRIATELY

The Gleeson Jail is open to the public on the first Saturday of each month or by appointment

FOR DIRECTIONS OR MORE INFO:
GLEESONARIZONA.COM
(520) 609-3549

GUNSLINGER'S HIDEOUT
Tombstone, Arizona

Old West Gunslingers needed a quiet place to hideout near to where the action is, but, away from prying eyes and the law.

You may not be running from the sheriff, but **Gunslinger's Hideout** checks all the boxes of a peaceful hideout from the modern craziness.

Gunslingers Hideout is available for vacation rentals just a short walk to the historic Tombstone town center filled with food, shopping, and entertainment galore! When you've done enough people-ing, retreat back to your serene haven to enjoy the picturesque views and the breathtaking stars.

Find us on VRBO or AirBNB
Gunslingers-hideout.com

CROAKEY KARAOKE SHOWS!

WITH RICCI HARDT!

Private DJ Services for weddings, special events and private parties. Also available for bar gigs.

OVER 54,000 SONGS TO SING!
FACEBOOK.COM/CANUCROAKEY
Croakeyentertainment@gmail.com

Step into the Wild West's heartbeat in historic Tombstone, Arizona! Unearth the tales of Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday, stroll down iconic Allen Street, and relive the gunfight at the O.K. Corral. From saloons to vintage charm, Tombstone invites you to witness the spirit of the Old West. Saddle up for adventure!

Plan your Wild West Adventure at
DiscoverTombstone.com

The Tombstone Vigilantes

A 501c3 non-profit

Hope to see you on the 2nd & 4th Sundays of each month on Historic Allen Street for Street Entertainment, Mock Hangin's & More!

Donations are greatly appreciated to help the Tombstone Charities.

TombstoneVigilantes.com

"Have Petticoats Will Travel"

The Tombstone Vigilettes a non-profit charitable organization invites you to join them on Allen Street on the 2nd and 4th Sundays for a fashion show of 1878 -1929 attire.

All donations are appreciated and used in the Tombstone community for charitable giving.

Keep up with them on Facebook - Tombstone Vigilettes

YOUR AD HERE FOR ONLY \$25 / MONTH!

That's less than \$6.00 per week!

Reach thousands of Western Enthusiasts each month!

For more information contact us at:
(520) 457-3884
info@tombstonetimes.com

Veronica's RESTAURANT DELIVERY

Serving the Local Tombstone Area

We'll deliver your local Restaurant food order to your home, business, or hotel room in Tombstone for a small fee.

The ONLY Food Delivery Service in Tombstone!

For more information
(520) 224-8766

DISCOVER BOOTHILL TOMBSTONE

ATTENTION!
Boothill Graveyard & Gift Shop has a brand new website with photos, history and our new Online Store!
DiscoverBoothill.com

Stop by and check out our selection of Merchandise for you to purchase online!

Boothill Graveyard & Gift Shop
408 N. Highway 80 - Tombstone
(520) 457-1450
DiscoverBoothill.com

Safe Step. North America's #1 Walk-In Tub. Comprehensive lifetime warranty. Top-of-the-line installation and service. **Now featuring our FREE shower package and \$1600 Off for a limited time!** Call today! Financing available.
Call 1-855-376-0449

Portable Oxygen Concentrator May Be Covered by Medicare! Reclaim independence and mobility with the compact design and long-lasting battery of Inogen One. **Free information kit!** Call 855-840-2246

Jacuzzi Bath Remodel can install a new, custom bath or shower in as little as one day. **For a limited time, we're waiving ALL installation costs!** (Additional terms apply.) Subject to change and vary by dealer. Offer ends 8/25/24
Call 1-888-354-6966

One Bite and You'll Know! Send **100% guaranteed**, delivered-to-the-door **Omaha Steaks!** This package comes with **8 FREE Burgers!** Order The Classic Cookout Collection! **ONLY \$129.99.** Call 1-888-982-4054 and mention code **76946YQS** or visit www.omahasteaks.com/OneBite2702

NO HIDDEN FEES. NO HIDDEN ANYTHING. FREEDOM CALLS.

Plans start at just \$20/month.

Consumer Cellular® 833-492-0594

© 2024 Consumer Cellular Inc. Terms and Conditions subject to change.

Jacuzzi BATH REMODEL

YOUR BATHROOM. YOUR WAY. IN AS LITTLE AS **ONE DAY**

CALL NOW 888.354.6966

SPECIAL OFFER
Waiving All Installation Costs

Add'l terms apply. Offer subject to change and vary by dealer. Expires 8/25/2024.

Breaking News! Nine out of Ten Doctors agree that one out of 10 is an idiot!

DAY TRIP FROM TOMBSTONE

The Secret in the Old Oak Tree in Turkey Canyon

by Janice

I looked out towards the base of the Dragoon Mountains and I visualized the path Johnny Ringo would have taken as he left Tombstone for the last time on July 8, 1882. Today we have a paved road with which to reach the Sulphur Springs Valley and on towards the Chiricahua Mountains, but in 1882, the road towards the other mining camps would have been through the South Pass, a few miles north of present day Gleeson Road. I have never been anywhere near that pass or the springs located along the route, so I was not sure what the landscape would have been other than what I saw today – open range land hugging the Dragoon Mountains. I visualized a hot and drunken man, perhaps with an attitude of anger, perhaps an air of despair, or perhaps too intoxicated to do anything but stay atop his mount.

Legend has it that this man could drink and drink with a tendency towards depression. His past held many secrets he may not have been willing to talk about, but nevertheless, held his emotions hostage. It has been said

that children witnessing or being part of severe traumatic events can struggle the rest of their lives; these traumas bringing into their future untold amount of emotional stresses. Are we to think that because it was in the so-called “olden days” such childhood trauma didn’t exist like it does today, I think not, and I cannot help but think that, perhaps, witnessing at the age of 14 the top of your father’s head accidentally being blown off would have some impact on how the consumption of alcohol exasperated any depression tendencies. As we drove along, I pondered on Ringo’s state of mind on this, his last journey through South Pass, on his way to his eventual shady resting place. Would he have been preparing himself for his fate, I wondered. I will never know, but I do know that his journey that early July day left more questions than answers as to just what happened five days later.

The curve in the road changed the angle at which I could look towards the area I believed he traveled, and as we approached the 15-mile point, our travels

took us through the ghost town of Gleeson, once known as Turquoise. I always think about my friend whose family played an integral part in the founding of this little mining spot in Cochise County. I look out over the land and try to imagine her grandmother baking pies or sitting on her front porch in the cool evenings waiting for her husband to return while trying to guess just where that home would have been. Her memories forever etched upon the harsh landscape of Gleeson and honored as we pass through.

The road leads on to highway 191 where a left turn takes us through the lush green farmland where stalks of corn are starting to reach towards the sky and fields of alfalfa, soy beans, and other crops glisten with the spray of water rotating its way around the crop circles of edible products. Silos dot the perimeter of the fields, ready to hold the grains that will be harvested at the end of each growing season. Round, tall, and silver these houses for the bounty of the harvest were certainly not part of the landscape of 1882 when Johnny Ringo would have been wandering towards our destination and his final sip of whiskey.

The turn at highway 181 is clearly marked for the Chiricahua National Memorial and though our destination is not that, this is the way to go, and we head on towards the base of the mountains where a curve in the road leads on to the entrance to the Memorial, but our travels will take us straight onto the dirt path of Turkey Creek Road. It was here, amongst the hillsides of oak trees, that John Peters Ringo found his final resting place. As we traveled along the dirt and bumpy road the foliage started to change into more of a mountainous type of greenery. Hearty Gamble oak trees took up residence while prickly poppies with their fried-egg-looking flower atop prickly stalks filled the sides of the road as well as all throughout the open range.

Watching the mile markers we knew we were getting close to this destination of our day trip. Four and a half miles in and just passing the cluster of mailboxes at Sun glow Ranch Road we find the pull-out on the left with signage stating Ringo’s Grave Site affixed to the fencing next to the gate. The sign asks us to keep the gate closed. From previous visits we



Gate to Ringo's Grave

knew this humble resting place of Johnny Ringo was on private property and there was a time when permission was needed to step upon the pathway toward the creek to see and be close to the mound of rock-covered earth. Today, however, it is clearly marked and regular inspections and tidying up of the grounds takes place with the help of any donations offered by those who found their way here.

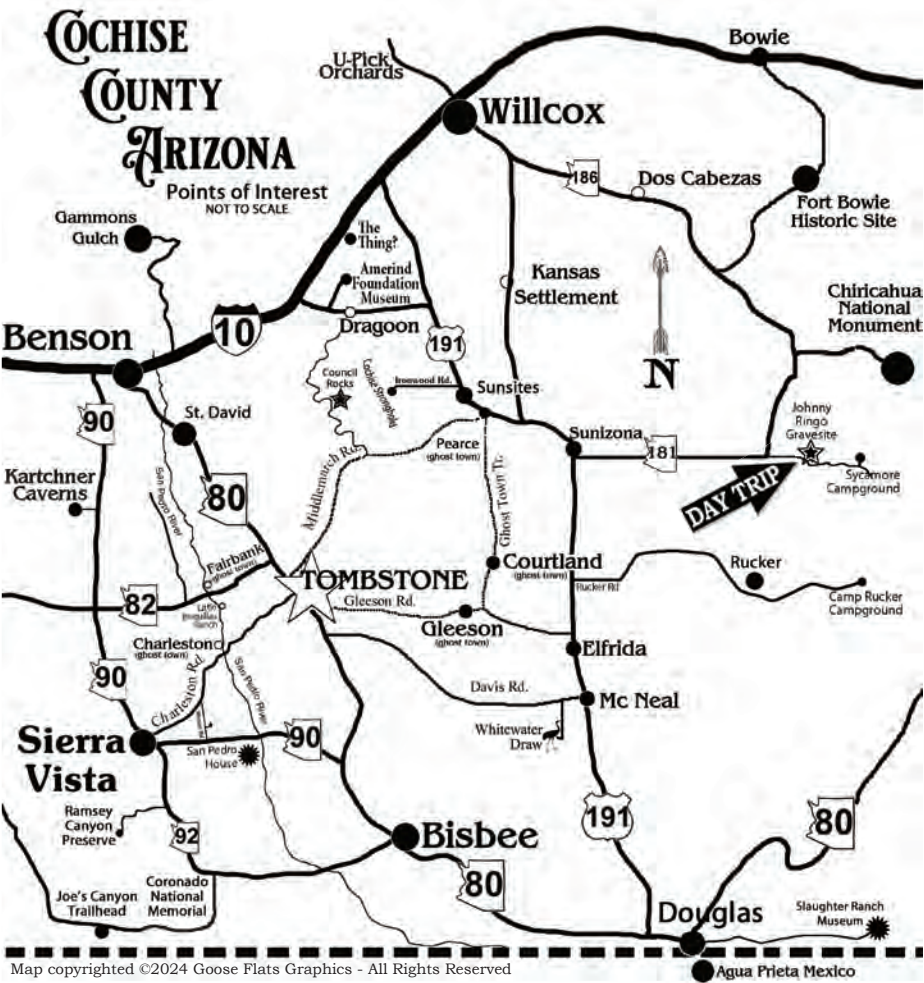
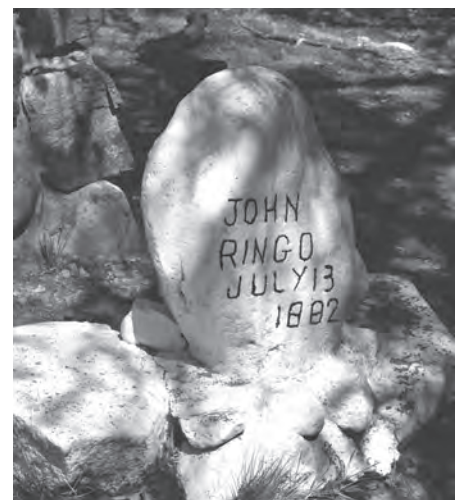


Donations are gladly accepted!

The rancher’s landscape is dotted with old farming equipment of all sorts as well as a plentiful supply of cow patties! This is ranch land and the cows have been known to spend time right where we were walking, so caution should be heeded to keep the bovines at a respectful distance should you not want to look eye to eye at them.

A few paces further and the mounded earth burial site comes into view. The white painted headstone as well as foot stone

Continued on next page



Map copyrighted ©2024 Goose Flats Graphics - All Rights Reserved



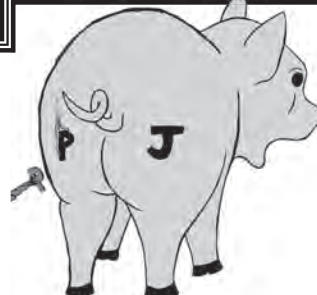
PORTABLE OXYGEN FOR YOUR ON-THE-GO LIFESTYLE

Call us toll-free at
1-855-840-2246

¹14-day risk-free trial- Return within 30 days of purchase for a full refund of purchase price.
PM230469 EN_EX_USA | Rx Only © 2023 Inogen, Inc. 301 Coromar Drive, Goleta, CA 93117
Inogen® is a trademark of Inogen, Inc. The usage of any Inogen, Inc. trademark is strictly forbidden without the prior consent of Inogen, Inc. All other trademarks are trademarks of their respective owners or holders.

CLAIM YOUR 14-DAY RISK-FREE TRIAL¹





PUNY JOHN'S BBQ

FIND US ON THE MAP 7

OUR MEATS ARE SMOKED ON THE PREMISES!
ST. LOUIS RIBS – PULLED PORK – CHOPPED BRISKET – HOT DOGS
SMOKED SAUSAGE – HUGE 1/2 POUND SANDWICHES
BEER & WINE – COFFEE DRINKS & PASTRIES
ALL AROUND AWESOME BBQ!

CLOSED ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY

DINE IN - TAKE OUT
11 South Fourth Street - Tombstone, AZ
(520) 457-2396 - PunyJohnsBBQ.com

From previous page

holds residence under the old oak trees that surround this piece of land near the now parched Turkey Creek. In previous visits here that creek was swelling its banks and large ponds of water were nestling closely to the drop-off from this graveside. But today the only semblance of water is a small muddy pond under the branches of the trees a few hundred yards away. Upon first stepping onto this monument to the legendary character of Tombstone's past I had thought there was absolutely no water to be found on this hot June day. But before long we were treated to a symphony of bull frogs, perhaps courting each other, and the sound of a large splash into the pond! We stepped nearer to the edge that surrounds this piece of land and saw where that frog song was coming from. It was the mud-filled bog in the creek bed where



Supposed Ringo tree

the amphibians were courting, undoubtedly anxiously awaiting the rains always promised in July.

Several oak trees surrounded the hastily dug grave on that hot and humid July 14th. Statements of the location of the blackened and bloated body of Ringo confirm that he was situated in the arms of an oak tree, facing west, with his head inclined to the right. The tree that stands tall, in spite of broken and fallen dead limbs upon the ground, is often thought of as "the tree." The specific tree thought to have held his body and part of his brain, but I had to wonder if this would have been it. Would 142 years have passed and "the tree" still be standing, I wondered. Quite possibly, as oaks are known to be slow growers and can live to



1920's image of Billy Breakenridge sitting in the crook of Ringo's tree. Does anyone else see the face in the tree?

be over 150 years old and older. A photograph of Billy Breakenridge, taken in the crook of Ringo's tree, leaves one wondering as well. Just another of the mysteries surrounding the death of Johnny Ringo, I guess.

A plaque erected by the Arizona Historical Society stands next to the graveside explaining that Ringo, a noted gunman and outlaw, was found dead in the fork of a nearby oak tree with a bullet



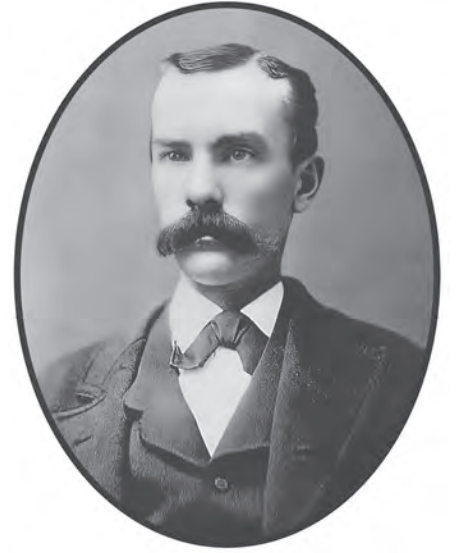
hole through his temple - which nearby oak tree, I still wonder, but matters not, the noted gunman and outlaw, John Peters Ringo, took his last breath here amongst the oak trees and cows of Turkey Creek Canyon. Here, a few yards from the road to Morse Canyon, where lumber would have been harvested and transported to Tombstone, as well as other newly formed townships, here is where a very hot, and most likely intoxicated Johnny Ringo met his death and here is where he forever will be remembered as the outlaw and gunman who either took his own life or whose life was stopped in the fork of the oak tree at the hands of others - be it Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, "Buckskin" Frank Leslie or someone else - a mystery for all time and a destination this July; 142 years from that hot July 13, 1882.

After paying our respects and pondering the questions about the death of Johnny Ringo we traveled further on up the canyon on the same road that the teamsters drove their lumber down from Morse Mill. Today the bumpy road takes us over a few one-lane bridges where the creek meanders its way downhill. A few summer homes can be seen alongside the road, a burned out cabin holds space alongside the road as well, and with some research we have learned that some of the older buildings once served as housing for the workers with the CCC, the Civilian Conservation Corp, in the 1930s. There is so much history amidst the beauty of Turkey Creek Canyon! Gotta love it!

We drove on up to the top and dead end of the road where a hiking trail takes you up to Morse Canyon and beyond. The creek, dry as a bone further on down the way, now meanders over the stones and pebbles in the creek bed. The sound of rushing water can be heard from this highest point along the road and the smell of fresh pine trees and mountain air is captivating my soul. Of course, we had to stop at the Sycamore Campsite where many memories have been made while

camping under the stars and pine trees. Today, however, it's only a picnic of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich that occupies our time and ends our day trip to the mysterious end of one of Tombstone's colorful characters, whose graveside is visited by people from all over the world, and us, from Tombstone!

If you go to Johnny Ringo's grave, please be considerate of the private property it sits upon and leave what you find there, including the stones upon his grave. It's the respectful thing to do. 🌿



John Peters Ringo
May 3, 1850 - July 13, 1882

SMOKEY'S
WILD ASS EMPORIUM

321 E. Allen Street - 520-405-5800

THE MOST UNIQUE SHOP IN TOMBSTONE!

21 JEWELRY, FOSSILS, FINE ART, KATSINA, MINERALS, TOMBSTONE ORE, DINOSAURS, FURNITURE, IRONWOOD CARVINGS, BONSAI POTS, AND MUCH MORE!

Featuring **Smokey's Wild Ass Creations!**

Smokey's Wild Ass Emporium
321 E. Allen Street - 520-405-5800
(Across the street from the O.K. Corral)

THE IRONY HORSE
by Dusty Carr

So my husband asked me why I don't tell him when I'm having an argument with him in my head.

Oh My! What did you say?

I told him I don't want to interrupt him while he's wrong!

SAY WHAT? by JERRY ATRICK
SHORT ROUNDS

The ONLY reason I play golf is to upset my wife...
...she thinks I'm having fun!

The Redundo Twins
By Jan First

Artificial Intelligence is no match..

...for Common Stupidity!

SMITH & WATSON by Kandy

Hello, how can I help you?

Hello, Mr. Gonzales. This is the principal at your daughter's school. I am calling because she has been caught telling lies, AGAIN!

Wow, she must be a really good liar! I don't have any kids!

Sixty Second Snippets

Boy Scouts Save the Day

by Karen Mazzeo

September 4, 1922

The quick work of three boy scouts saved the life of a young lad bitten by a rattlesnake while cutting hay along a roadside at Patagonia. The snake "which was sunning in the grass" alongside the road bit the boy on the right hand. His cries were heard by three scouts - Arthur Pattison, Arturo Valdez, and Fidel Valenzuela who ran to

the boy. Finding the puncture wounds one of the scouts pulled out his pocket knife, cut open "the wound and drew off as much poison as possible." Making a tourniquet they wrapped the hand tightly and rushed him to Dr. Hardtmeyer in Patagonia where he administered first aid. Thanks to the quick work of the scouts the young boy is out of danger and recovering nicely. ☺

Cloudless Skies... from page 8

the noose became. After very long 13 minutes Thomas's body ceased movement while William followed two minutes later. They were cut down from the gallows twenty minutes after the trap door was sprung and laid on the platform. An examination by Drs. Walter and Toney confirmed that Thomas died from a broken neck and William from strangulation.

As John and David quietly walked out of the court yard they heard many of the men talking. Many were not sympathetic as they

heard such comments as, "they deserved what they got" "hope they burn in hell," and "those two are as guilty as the devil." The rest of the day was sullen. John bid good-bye to David and rode back home to Gleeson. When he walked through the door Anna was sitting quietly in her rocking chair reading her bible. John never mentioned what went on or what he saw. It was pointless to say anything and nothing more about the Halderman brothers was ever mentioned after that.

...to be continued...

Died With Their Boots On from page 5

a biography on Charley Duane. Did you notice the word chum in quotes? It really meant enemy. Tom Hyer, a member of the New York City's Bowery Boys gang, had beat Yankee Sullivan in a boxing match in 1849. In 1856 Sullivan admitted ballot tampering in

California, and he was found dead in jail with his wrists slit. The rest of the Sullivan, Mulligan, Lily, Casey, Cora crew probably refers to an Irish gang in New York City, probably the Dead Rabbits, a rival gang of the Bowery Boys. ☺

23
OF THE MONTH

DON'T MISS!

THE WIZARD'S WORKSHOP
SINCE 1974

CREATORS OF CUSTOM SOUTHWESTERN & CONTEMPORARY
JEWELRY - HAND MADE ON THE PREMISES
CUSTOM GOLD, SILVER & LAPIDARY WORK
We Specialize in NATURAL Bisbee Material

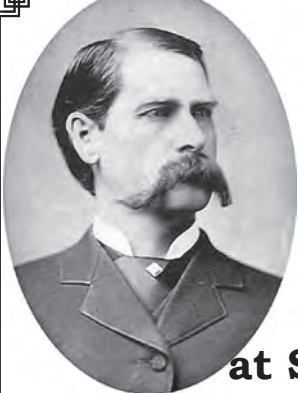
TURQUOISE ★ MALACHITE ★ AZURITE ★ CAMPELLITE

And we feature Arizona's Finest selection of High Quality
Slaughter Mountain Fire-Agate

(520) 457-3152


**800 E. FREMONT - Hwy 80 - P.O. Box 1122
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA 85638**
Tue - Sat 10:00 - 5:00 - Closed Sun & Mon
TheWizardsWorkshop.com

17
OF THE MONTH



After donating gambling winnings to the new Church, Wyatt Earp never went back to Tombstone to see it built.

But you can.
10:30^{AM}, any Sunday
at St. Paul's Episcopal Church



Since 1882,
Services every Sunday
at 10:30 AM

Get Married
in historic
St. Paul's
Episcopal
Church
520-457-8134

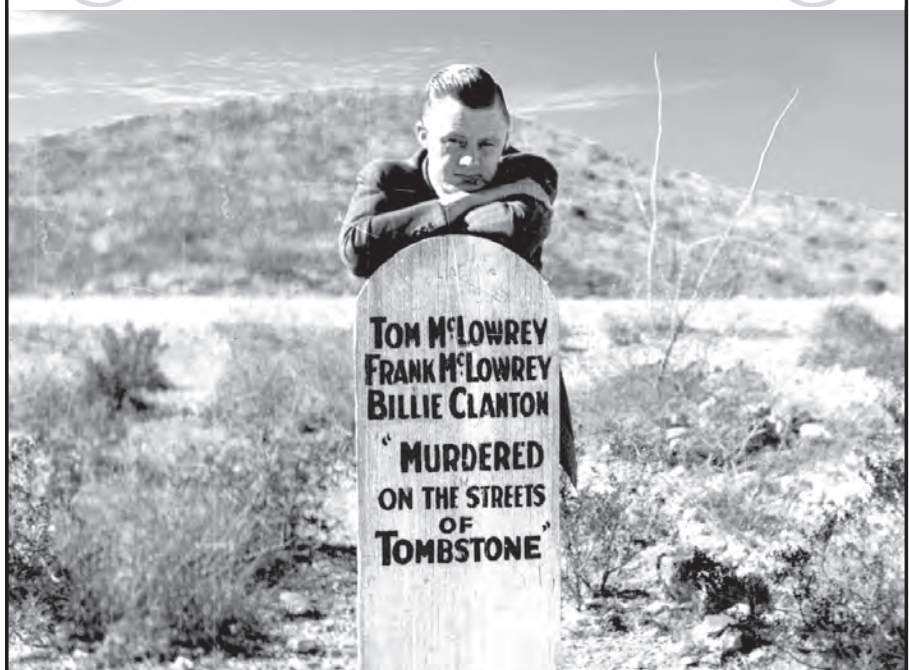
The ONLY Adobe Gothic Revival church in the world -- AND the oldest Protestant church building in Arizona!

TOURS!
CALL SUNNY
480-363-4381

"A local worshipping community with a national historical mission."
ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
[HTTPS://STPAULS.AZDIOCESE.ORG/](https://stpauls.azdiocese.org/)

DISCOVER
BOOTHILL
TOMBSTONE AZ

WHERE EVERY TOMBSTONE TELLS A STORY
DISCOVERBOOTHILL.COM



Boothill Graveyard & Gift Shop
408 N. Highway 80 - Tombstone
(520) 457-1450
DiscoverBoothill.com