

# Clyde Barrow's sister says there's money stashed

**A**RTIE KEYS believes that her brother, Clyde Barrow, and his girl friend, Bonnie Parker, buried thousands of dollars taken in bank robberies "somewhere in a field along Abrams Road. Of course, this was when that stretch of Abrams Road was way out in the country."

Mrs. Keys is also pretty sure that Bonnie and Clyde never had time to recover the cache.

A few days before they were slain in that May 23, 1934, ambush in Louisiana, Clyde had his last meeting with his father, Henry B. Barrow. Bonnie was, of course, present.

"The rendezvous was out north of Dallas on a lonely road, and at night as usual. Three blinks of headlights were the signals," said Artie Keys. "Clyde told our father about all this money buried off Abrams Road. He said he wanted papa to have it if anything happened to him and Bonnie — and he knew something was likely to happen. He'd started sketching a map of the cache's location on an old envelope. Then a headlight of a car came on down the road. Clyde and Bonnie thought it might be a police car. (It wasn't.) And they took off without

Clyde ever finishing the map on the envelope."

Mrs. Keys is small and cheerful and well-dressed. She has never been in trouble with the law. And she said she would talk with me only on condition that I not tell her age or where she lives.

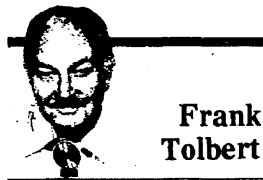
She said that Clyde and his brother, Buck, shot by the cops in Missouri, never got into trouble as long as they lived in the country.

"The trouble started when the family moved to Dallas. Buck and Clyde got in with some tough young people and wound up in prison. After they got out they were marked. Clyde was one of the most talented musicians I've ever listened to — he played the saxophone and sang in one of his uncle's cafes when the family lived in the oilfields near Corsicana. Everyone said Clyde belonged in one of those big name bands."

Artie Keys said that she saw Bonnie Parker in the daylight only once.

Bonnie had been working as a waitress at a cafe near the Dallas County courthouse.

"She lost her job, and she came to my beauty shop looking for work," said Mrs. Keys. "She was just another of



Frank Tolbert

those Depression kids like Clyde. One of Clyde's problems was that he was ashamed of being poor."

The only other times Artie saw Bonnie Parker were at those night-time visits, the family made with Clyde on lonely roads when the fugitives could come to the Dallas area.

"My dad had been a tenant farmer and we lived all over Texas," said Mrs. Keys. "His health got bad and he couldn't farm. I bought him a service station with living quarters on Singleton Boulevard. And sometimes Bonnie and Clyde would come by at night and just leave a message for us in a soft drink bottle."

Artie Keys amazes me. For one thing I was surprised when she spoke favorably of Ted Hinton. Mr. Hinton, who

died several months ago, was, like Ranger Bob Alcorn, one of the officers who killed Bonnie and Clyde in the Louisiana ambush.

"Ted Hinton was a good friend. We miss him," said Clyde Barrow's sister. "Ted was only doing his duty as a lawman in Louisiana. I think you wrote once in your column, Frank, that Ted Hinton, after chasing Bonnie and Clyde for more than two years, developed a kind of grudging admiration for Clyde as a high speed driver. Clyde had a talent for fast driving same as he had talents for saxophone playing and singing in a strong baritone voice. It's a shame he and Buck got on the wrong side of the law."

Several years ago Ted Hinton did tell me: "Clyde Barrow missed his calling. He could have been another Johnny Rutherford or A.J. Foyt. Once another officer and I took off after Bonnie and Clyde in a front-wheel drive Cord, then considered one of the fastest of motor cars. Clyde got away from us in a little Ford V-8 he'd stolen. For one thing we couldn't match his skill at spinning around corners on gravel roads. He was a truly great high speed driver."

Mrs. Keys has a copy, supplied by

Henry Ford II, of a letter Clyde Barrow wrote from Tulsa, Okla., on April 10, 1934, to Henry Ford Sr.: "Dear sir: While I still got breath in my lungs I will tell you what a dandy car you make. I have drove Fords exclusively when I can get away with one. The Ford V-8 has got other cars skinned. Even if my business hasn't been strictly legal it don't hurt anything to tell you what a fine car you make in the V-8." The fugitives were killed about three weeks after writing to Henry Ford — in a Ford V-8.

Mrs. Barrow, the former Cummie Teletha Walker, was the beneficiary of Clyde's two insurance policies each for \$820.

"Clyde thought a lot of his mother," she said.

As reported in this space about five years ago Clyde took out the two insurance policies in 1928 when he was a 19-year-old working at "the soap factory."

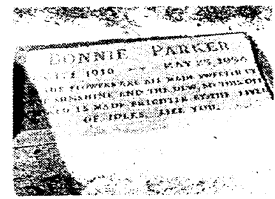
"Even when he was on the run Clyde never missed sending in those two 20c a week payments on that life insurance," said Mrs. Keys. (Bonnie paid 5c a week on an insurance policy that eventually returned \$108 to her mamma, Mrs. Emma Parker.)

Buck was killed several months

before Clyde was gunned down. And the brothers shared a gravestone at a little cemetery on Fort Worth Avenue.

As chronicled in this space several weeks ago the monument for the opt-law brothers has been stolen again. This makes the third time. "I paid a man \$140 to try and secure that gravestone with steel spikes and concrete," said Artie Keys. "He either didn't do the job or didn't do it well."

Bonnie is buried in another Dallas cemetery with this legend on her steel marker which is cemented flat in the ground: "Bonnie Parker, Oct. 1, 1910-May 23, 1934. As the flowers are made sweeter by the sunshine and dew so this old world is made brighter by the lives of folks like you."



Bonnie Parker's gravestone.