

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, November 10, 1926

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5:30 P.M. (4:30?)

Dodge City Kansas

November 10, 1926.

Dear Bess:

We had a fine meeting at 10 A.M. It lasted until 3 o'clock this afternoon with time out for lunch. We succeeded in getting Larned and Kinsley to let the wind dispose of their signboards tonight and all the towns from Garden City to Herington have buried the hatchet and are now pulling hammer and tongs for the National Old Trails Road. I also got them to pass a resolution favoring a State Highway Commission for Kansas, similar to ours in Missouri. That was a real accomplishment because the Kansans are 'agin' it on general

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principles. The president and sec. of the Chamber of Commerce wanted us to stay two days more and do some more fixing, but I told them we had some to do at Marshall Missouri and Dayton, Ohio.

I met Ham Bell, who was mayor of South Dodge at the same time Bat Masterson was mayor of North Dodge. One lies south of the R.R. and the other north of it. They tell me that the Hon. Ham was not so pious in those days as he is now. He's a pillar of the Methodist Church and places a bouquet on the altar every Sunday now, but they tell it on him that in days gone by, when he ran a dance

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hall in the part of the city of which he was the presiding officer, he was pitched bodily over into his part of town by the invincible Mr. Masterson when he came across the track to meet some ladies from Wichita who were going to work for him. It seems that inhabitants of the two sections were supposed to stay in their own bailiwicks and if they ventured into strange territory, they did so at their own bodily risk. It seems that Mr. Bell thought he could get over to the train and back without attracting attention, but a long scar on his face shows that he failed. He's forgotten it and no

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one can persuade him to mention it, but gossipy neighbors spilled the beans.

We went out to old Ft. Dodge, southeast of here on the Arkansas River, just to say we were there. It is now a soldier's home and not interesting to look at except that it was an Indian frontier about sixty years ago. The fort is four miles from town because it was against the law to sell booze within that distance of a government post in those days and when the R.R. came they had to start the town four miles away.

They showed us "Boot Hill," where they buried the gentlemen who were slow on the draw in

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an argument. It has a schoolhouse on in, a large brick structure which the city has outgrown. It has been abandoned as a school for a better one and is now vacant. The Catholics built a fine

hospital here and some of the "Sheet Bros." bought "Boot Hill" to build a finer one but fell out among themselves, as usual, and it's still Boot Hill with an old schoolhouse on it. I am enclosing you a picture of it.

We're leaving at 7 P.M. and will be home Friday. You really don't know how awful glad I was to hear from you. I'm sorry you were so uneasy about me but I was never better

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in my life. I hate it because you had a poky Sunday. I hope the time will soon come when you never have one. Be sure and kiss my baby and take a carload of love for yourself.

Your Harry