



“Bonnie” (Photo: Bonnie Parker from Bonnie and Clyde, standing in front of a Ford Model 18 (aka Ford V-8); public domain)

“Got married she did—just a few days shy of her 16th birthday to that no-good Roy Thornton. Well, that didn’t last long, and she was forced to take a job as a waitress in the café I used to go when I worked for the post office.”

Bonnie

Theodore Jerome Cohen

“**W**hat did you say your last name was again?” I asked as the big man lifted his coffee cup, signaling he needed a refill.

“Hinton . . . Ted Hinton.”

“And you knew Bonnie Parker?”

Our waitress filled Hinton’s cup, set our breakfast down on the counter, and dropped the check, which I grabbed before Hinton could touch it.

“Oh, yeah, knew her well. Back before she met Clyde. Got married she did—just shy of her 16th birthday to that no-good Roy Thornton. Well, he ran into trouble with the law, and she took a job as a waitress at the café I used to go to when I worked for the post office. As I recall, I don’t think she ever divorced Thornton.”

“Everything you read paints her as a really tough person . . . you know, a real gun-tottin’, cigar smoking killer.”

Hinton laughed. "Naw, she was nice gal . . . at least when I knew her. Never killed anyone. Lived with her mother early on, but seemed lonely. Impatient, too . . . always spoke about wanting to get away from Dallas. As I said, nice gal. Terrible thing that happened to her. I was there, you know."

"You were?"

"Yep. Joined the Dallas Sheriff's Department in 1932. Was a member of the posse in 1934 that ambushed her and Clyde out in Bienville Parish, Louisiana, on February 12th. We just kept shooting until we ran out of ammunition. Weren't taking any chances."