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From the collections of the Minnesota Historical Society: Northfield (Minnesota) Bank Robbery of 1876 Selected Manuscripts Collection.

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Recollections of a nine year old boy
concerning events following the
Northfield Bank Robbery.

I was an orphan boy of nine years, living with relatives on a farm, three miles east of the town of Madelia. The news of the raid on the Bank at Northfield, the killing of the Cashier and the escape of the gang quickly spread, and I can remember vividly how terrified my sister, four years older, and I were, because at the time we were alone on the farm, and knew the robbers were being hunted. At night we huddled together in a big chair, fearing at every noise, (once the prop under a window fell down) that the wicked men were at the door seeking shelter and meaning harm to us children. The family returned and the hunt for the fugitives continued several days. We were

told by a man, who was in North
field and saw the raid, that the gang
all from Missouri was composed of three
Younger brothers, two James brothers - Charlie
Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Clel Miller
who served as guide in Minnesota, a
strange country to the others. In the
attack on the Bank, the cashier was
killed and Clel Miller, the guide.
Bob Younger was shot and fell from
his horse and Cole Younger missing
his brother turned back, helped
Bob to mount his horse and they
escaped with the rest. At a high
way crossing over R.R. tracks, one mile
south of Killbuck, it is said they
disagreed. Some wanted to return to
Missouri, now their guide was dead
but the Youngers decided to go on.
Years later when I worked as a
brakeman on the M & St. L. R.R. that
crossing was still called Younger
Brothers Crossing. They went on to
Mankato and posing as cattle buyers,
all wearing long linen dusters, had

dinner at the old Clifton House. From Mankato they went towards the small town of Madelia and near there were finally surrounded by the Sheriff's Posse and captured. Charlie Pitts was shot and killed. After they were disarmed, Willis Bundy, one of the posse, came close to Jim Younger and shot him badly wounded him in the chin. This was in the afternoon and my personal observations begin here. I was herding the farmer's cows about a quarter of a mile from Madelia and I heard the train I called the four o'clock go through. That was my signal to collect the cows and start for home. In a short time I heard the train backing up to the station and I hurriedly turned the cows into an enclosure and ran to see what had happened. A team and wagon with a double box and the end gate out was backed up to the platform and men were bringing out the body of Charlie Pitts and putting it in the wagon, then came

the three Youngers and Sheriff Glispie. The armed posse stood around the wagon. As the wagon started towards the town $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the station, boy like I followed. Jim Younger who had been shot in the chin and was bleeding badly, had his face over the wagon side. When we passed one house, a woman hurried to the wagon and gave him a white handkerchief which he held to his chin.

I went back to my cows and drove them two miles home and told my story.

The next morning the farmer told me to leave the cows in the barn yard, that we were all going to Madelia to see what further had happened. We drove in in the lumber wagon. We were told the prisoners were guarded in the Voats Hotel and the body of Charlie Pitts was in the very small jail and the door open so any who chose could go in and see the body, which we did. He was lying on a rough table covered with a sheet, and a sheet over him to his waist leaving his chest bare

the bullet hole plainly visible. We went back to Voats Hotel and Cole Younger was standing bare headed and handcuffed under a big Cottonwood tree and a photographer took his picture then he stalked and this part I remember well. "I want to tell these people that I think your Sheriff and the Posse are brave men excepting one, who after we had surrendered and thrown down our guns and I was the only one standing, Willis Bundy, one of the Posse shot my Brother Jim, who was lying on the ground, in the chin, a cowardly thing to do and if I live to be a free man, I will hunt that man down and kill him." All of these unusual, at that time, and exciting events were told over and over and have been repeated at various times over the years, so keeping them fresh in my memory, and the picture of what I saw as a boy, is as clear as if it had only just occurred. Charles Armstrong.