



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

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Prior Lake, Minn. Feb. 19/45

LeVesconte, Lillie

FEB 21 1945

Mr Jacob Hodnefield
St Paul, Minn.

Dear Mr Hodnefield,

Under separate enclosure I am sending you the copy of The Pioneer Press of Sept. 1876 - I'll be glad to have this copy cared for, in your duplicate collection.

I will be eighty years old my next birthday. It is time to "set my house in order"; my children and grandchildren are not prepared to take care of old-time newspapers.

Mr Beeson has visited my childhood home out on West Carpenter Ave. (where I found this paper). The house the garden, etc. are the property of the University, now.

10,799 I was a child ten years of age when the Raid occurred. Our folks took especial interest in all that happened in Northfield at that time, for our relative, Mr Skinner, owned a store directly across the street from the bank. It was riddled with bullets.

I remember when this paper was new, and how I studied the pictures of the Outlaws. The story is finished, as to what became of the Youngers and of Frank and Jesse James.

The thought comes to me, that perhaps my brother, (Ex. Co. Commissioner Gibbs) and I, are the only ones left to tell what became of "Charlie" Pitts. His body was brought to St Paul. Just a few years ago, I met a woman who was a little school girl the time of the Raid: she lived in St Paul and attended a school near Rice St. She told me, "All us school children were ordered to go and look at that dead man. We had to walk by where he lay stript to the

waist, and that awful bullet hole in his breast" (Perhaps that was the way, in those days, of curbing juvenile delinquency.)

Mr Hodnefield, the story does n't stop here.

Charlie Pitts body was sold to Dr Murphy - (I think 'twas Murphy & Quinn.) They needed a skeleton. The body was put into a box and with weights, it was lowered into Lake Como. This happened at a part of the lake usually covered with water lilies and rushes. Joshua Robertson's farm bordered that part of the lake too, and during the winter, his boys chopped holes in the ice; the cows drank there. Now it happened the ice was clear - boys and men could "see a box down there". The mysterious box was brought up and ours was a horrified community. The St Paul police were notified; the the somewhat embarrassed doctors explained everything.

Then the box and its contents was placed somewhere in Mr Hoyt's field to bleach the bones.

An intimate friend of mine had the nerve to peer in, and told me what was to be seen, but perhaps I've told enough; in fact, this is as far as I know, of the fate of Charlie Pitts.

It is altogether possible that his bones are still in St Paul. If the walls of the Lowry Bldg. could speak perhaps they "might a tale unfold".

Very Sincerely

Lillie LeVerconte