



William Watts Folwell and
Family Papers.

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[undated]



*J. M. Kuhn, Stillwater,
MINN.*

The original photograph was transferred to the
Minnesota Historical Society's Audio-Visual
Library, June 8, 1989.

Jim Younger

Presented to the Minnesota Historical
Society, June 7, 1921 by Dr. A.E.
Hedbach of Minneapolis, who was prison
physician at Stillwater in 1897.

Copyrighted By.
Miss H. Younger

"Younger" Campaigns"

[undated]

Skirmishes 1884-9

1889. Gov. Merriam rebuts.
See 94. Jones. + Papers.

1896. Clough rebuts.
See 94. Jones. + Papers

1897. Board of Pardons rebuts.

1899
See Record & Board, Managers

1901. Cole + John Parker
See Record.

1903 Cole pardon. Condition
See Record.

But to extend parole to life - failed, see Jones.

NEW ISSUE

\$15,000,000
United Drug Company
8% 20-Year Convertible Gold Bonds

Dated June 15, 1921

Due June 15, 1941

Interest payable June and December 15. Principal and interest payable in United States gold coin at the Chase National Bank, New York. Coupon Bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, which may be registered as to principal. Registered bonds in denominations of \$5,000 and multiples thereof. Registered and coupon bonds to be interchangeable. Redeemable at 115 and accrued interest at the option of the Company as a whole but not in part, upon sixty days' notice.

Interest payable without deduction for normal Federal Income Tax not in excess of 2%.

THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, TRUSTEE.

Convertible at the holder's option on any interest date prior to June 15, 1931, into common stock of the Company at \$110 a share, which stock, under the present laws, will be exempt from taxation in the State of Massachusetts.

Further information in regard to this issue is given in the accompanying letter of Mr. L. K. Liggett, President of the United Drug Company, from which we summarize as follows:

BUSINESS: The business was originated in 1902 by forty (40) retail druggists, to manufacture and distribute, under controlled trade-marks, medicinal preparations and other articles usually sold in drug stores. They named their stores "The Rexall Stores." The present Corporation, incorporated in 1916, now has approximately eight thousand (8,000) stockholder agents (Rexall Stores) in the United States, and it owns, through subsidiaries, 227 Liggett Drug Stores. The combined sales of the Company and its subsidiaries for the year 1920 were \$68,428,179.42.

PURPOSE OF ISSUE: The Company has now outstanding and maturing on June 15, \$7,091,000 of Notes which are convertible into 5½ Year 8% Notes maturing June 15, 1926. The proceeds of the present issue, together with available cash and the liquidation of the inventory, which has already taken place, will enable the Company to provide for the payment of such of the Notes due June 15th as are not converted, and for the payment of the present outstanding bank loans and other notes as they mature.

The total authorized issue is \$15,000,000, but will be proportionately reduced by any 5½ year notes taken by the present holders of the notes maturing June 15th.

EARNINGS: Since the Company's incorporation in 1916, the net earnings of itself and its subsidiaries after payment of all taxes, interest due by subsidiaries, dividends on outstanding preferred stocks of subsidiaries, and after deducting all charge-offs, have exceeded the amount of this bond issue. For the past three years the net earnings have averaged, before taxes, \$4,800,125, or more than four times amount of interest requirements of this issue, and after taxes, \$3,894,630, or more than three and one-quarter times.

SINKING FUND: The Company shall annually pay to The Chase National Bank of the City of New York, as Trustee under the Indenture securing the convertible bonds, an amount equal to 5% of the largest amount of the convertible bonds of this issue at any time issued. The Trustee shall apply the money so paid to it for the purchase in the open market of the convertible bonds at or below 115 and interest. Any money not so used shall be invested in securities legal for Savings Banks in Massachusetts or New York until such time as the bonds can be purchased at or below 115.

SECURITY: The convertible bonds will be a direct obligation of the United Drug Company, and together with the 5½ Year Notes will constitute the sole funded debt of the Company and its subsidiaries, with the exception of certain real estate mortgages aggregating \$1,022,480.

The indenture under which the bonds will be issued will provide that:

1. No new mortgage shall be placed upon any of the property or on any of the assets of the United Drug Company or its subsidiaries unless the present issue of bonds is equally secured thereby.
2. The Company agrees that the ratio of quick assets to quick liabilities as described in this Indenture (and including the present issue of bonds and the 5½ Year Notes) of the Company and its subsidiaries shall be maintained at at least 125%. In case such a ratio is not maintained, no dividends shall be paid on the common stock of the Company until it is restored.

EQUITY: The present market value of the preferred and common stocks of the United Drug Company outstanding indicates an equity of approximately \$45,000,000 for these convertible bonds.

Motion on Parker Rule of 1901

[undated]
over

House Journal 1901

142 Feb. 9. introduced by Deering H. F. 234, amended § 4
Ch. 9. Sess 1893-

313 Feb. 27. Read 2d.

Date when made sp. order not found

408 Mar. 7. Up on sp. order -

Wallace moved p. q. but withdrawn -

Smith offered amend. - not adopted until - agreed to.

Debbin " for content of body of amendments -

Referred § 3/58

Deering moved call of house - Rule com.

Proper disposed -

P. q. ordered into underwriting that amended rule
be valid on

Deering moved. 30 in read of 35. reported

House agreed on unanimous consent 130 Amendments 34/57

Rule p. 80 to 87

Senate Journal 1901

399 Mar. 8. From Ho

401 " 8 Read 1st & Com Stat Division

500 " 14 Com. sp. reserve pass.

517 " 15 Read 2d

600 " 23. C/w recom pass

712 " 28 Rule p. 40/17

< Ho. Jour.

895. Apr. 5. Pursuant to request Gov. Van Sant
returned H. F. 234 to House
Motion Denning. comⁿ table to table

897. Apr. 6. Bill & table. Carry House -
Smiths (? Sherman, S.) moved out
out "Union Committee in meeting of body
Parsons" & insert. Gov. ally Gen. and
State Auditor.

Whitford moved and. judge of court. Ch. of Co.
when friends connected. Referred

Smiths moved then referred. 49/53

Kelly moved indef. postponement - p. q. ordered.

Motion to postpone indef. agreed to, 53/50

950. Apr. 9. Bill moved reconsidered. Carry House.

Bill reconsidered 69/41

Denning moved, return to Governor. Agreed to
no vote can

House Agreed Apr. 12, 1901

from over.

Jan 1921

- 129+ Governor Meriam refused. Sister of Y's made pathetic appeal. P. 132
With Gov. Marshall and Ex. warden Reed went to Mnpls to get Judge Rea
to plead with Meriam. "Meriam could not be moved."
135. Chap. 14. Effort to get release of Bob Y. Marshall cooperating. Marshall offered himself as a hostage. No use.
- 141 Bob Y. D. Sept. 16, 1889.
161. 1890 went to Minn. at request of Petta G. and Gov. M. decided no use
to try Meriam after his reelection. Expected nothing from Lind.
161. Got signatures of every member of the Mo. Legislature. laid them and
hundreds of letters before Gov. Clough, among letters those of William
Warner ex-commander G.A.R. Webster Davis asst Sec. Intr under McKinley
David DeArmond M.C. MO. C.G. Burton of Nevada, L.V. Stephens tres, Mo.
S.P. Elkins U.S. senator from Mo. 3/4/96
171. Appearance before Gov. Clough Oct. 1896 with R.C. Dunn, Wolfer and H.A.
Jones. 172 Dunn said... Clough refused but advised reference to new
board of pardons. Advised P. to get another petition. Wolfer and Dunn advised
more letters. Success in letters beyond expectations.
178. Whole chapter of letters from persons of importance. Crittenden, Wad-
dill, Cockrell ~~US~~ #. senator) Vest (Sen.) Pannerman, Champ Clark, Bar-
clay, Benton, Stone (Sen.)
198. July 8, 1897 filed documents with board of pardons. Board met July 12.
Arguments pro and con.. Judge Start voted NO, Childs and Clough agreed.
statement of board follows
208. Letter of P. July 14 1897 to Pioneer Press
220. Newspaper comments; Northfield News; St. Paul Globe. 225 P's fight.
- 227+ Failure of parole 1899 Bill failed; sen 28 to 6 no, defeated. Statement
Clough that he made a mistake in not pardoning Cole and Jim. Will regret
it all his life.
229. Parole bill of 1901, text. Required approval of board prison managers.
June 6, 1901 board approved. 232 letter ~~Deming~~ July 9, 1903
- 238+ July 10 1901 Cole and Jim paroled, 241 Pioneer Press July 18, 1901 for
255 Actual release July 11, 1901 Wolfer Kilbourne & Co took boat ride aftern.
257 text of parole agreement
266. Van Sant had to be satisfied before signing. Missouri letters for E's.
- 275 Letters favoring different dates. One of Wolfer June 9, 1897, Bob Dunn
Mar. 22, 1897, Geo. P. Wulson n d
- 285 Horace Greeley Merry Story. Editress St. Peter Journal.

[Jan. 1921]

Notes on Pronaugh, Youngers' Fight for Freedom.

- 33 In August 1861 B. met Cole Y. as a picket after the battle of Lone Jack
38. 1876 B. with bride mad trip to Minnesota proposing to see the Y's. Saw them in prison. Recognized Cole as the picket.. Cole asked him to be his friend. had already decided to aid in getting the Y's out. p. 45.
47. Found no encouragement in St. Paul.
- 50.+ 1885 had correspondence with Mr. Twyman aunt of 6's in Jackson Co. Po. paid hrr a visit. She gave him letters from Gov. W.R. Marshall. These had been received in previous year during which both were at work to secure release.
53. June 1886 met Gov. Marshall in Jefferson City, Mo.. Interview with Gov. Marmaduke, who was ready to pardon the Y's. Marshall and P? went on to Kansas City. Saw Gov. Crittenden and others. All favorable to release.
58. Gov. Marshall's letter to Pioneer Press July 26, 1886. Argument for Y's.
76. Second letter of Gov. M. to Pioneer Press Aug. 9, 1886.
75. B. continued agitation throughout 1886 and 1887. In 1888 (McGill, Gov) to Kansas city on request of Maj. John N. Edwards, who introduced him to Liberty Hall (native of Minnesota,) . With Edwards B. made satisfactory terms with Liberty hall, who "did honest, earnest and effective work,"
88. John N. Edwards petition to Governor Meriam.
92. In 1889 got signatures of nearly all members of the Mo. House and 28/34 of the senate, and letters from every state official but the governor.
- ✓ 95. Letter of Ignatius Donnelly July 18, 1889.
- ✓ 98. Letter of Gen. Sibley, July 8, 1889.
- ✓ 100. Letter of John C. Wise, July 12, 1889.
102. Letter of Dr. David Day, with endorsement by William Lee.
- ✓ 106. Letter n.d. Dwight M. Sabin, and of Horace W. Pratt and E.G. Yates
108. Writing to W.W. Murphy captor of Y's
110. About middle of June 1889 B. to St. P. with two Rogers and Reagan.
116. Interview with Judge Mott in Faribault, through Mott got 23 letters recommending pardon. Mott's letter, June 22, 1889.
120. Geo. A. Pillsbury, promised not to oppose.
122. W.D. Washburn turned him down.
- ✓ 126. + Interview with Davis.. got letter in strong terms.

Notes on Bronaugh second sheet, two sheets.

- 291
2285 Employments after parole Jim in love. not legal to marry
- 296 Jim suicide Sunday Oct. 1902
- 297 Feb. 1903 Cole pardoned
299. Cole Younger and Frank James Wild West Show same year financially profitable. 300 Bob Dunn wrote Cole ... Cole replied will keep promise and not exhibit himself. Show like that of Buffalo Bill.. See Princeton Union 1903
- 306 Letters of Cole Y. Free silver Democrat in Bryant campaigns. 316 his description of a cyclone. 321 size up of John Lind Oct. 4, 1896.
- 329 Cole says in letter Fishoo Whipple ... wrote several letters to General Sibley. Bishop Gilbert appeared very friendly always.
331. the old mayor said Bronaugh told him he had spent ten thousand dollars, traveled ten thousand thousand miles and worked ten years in Missouri, and would put in the same in Minnesota. But I knew he lied.
337. Warden Wolfer's work. Letter of Wolfer Jan. 26, 1897. W. had seen Clough, and knows his attitude. Clough advised waiting till after the adjournment of the legislature. 339 another May 14, 1897 advises strengthening forces for pardon.. had talked with Clough. C. sorry had not pardoned Y's. ther June 22, 1897 had fiked papers. had seen St. Paul editors. Will keep quiet till time of application July 12. Will see Mnpls editors
342. Wolfer to Bronaugh Cole and Jim have offered their services to fight for Uncle Sam, if conditional pardon. Advises no public use of this.
345. Nov. 26, 1898 No chance of favorable action under present administration. Judge Start not changed. Lind mild &c. but firm. Also Douglas. Wolfer to Bronaugh Feb. 10, 1899. doubts getting bill for parole of lifers. F. had better keep away. Public sentiment changing but time not ripe.
350. Capt. Reagan and his aid. sketch of Cole as school boy

and in a conference with Stockwell decided ^{May 9}
and received checks from the Pacific Meat & Seafood
Stock Company amounting to \$750.00

May 10 1958

of him he added some of \$750.00. On
the next day May 24 he

Jan 3 1921

Notes on Cole younger's bank raid story from the Northfield News of November 26 1915, reprinted from the Minneapolis Tribune of Nov. 21. The tribune printed from AMS in pisseession of Dr. A.E. Hedback who was physician at the Stillwater prison in 1897. See end of notes.

Left Mankato Sept. 2 for Northfield... informed that Gov. Ames of Miss and Gen. Benjamin Putler had deposited \$75,000 in the Northfield Nat. Bank.... hence selected that bank... were not frightened away from Mankato... considered other banks but decided that the farmers had been troubled with grasshoppers too much to be troubled... went for the \$75,000 at Northfield.

Took different routes... four inc Jim went the southern way... Jim and the other two took the northern route... on Sept 6 we stayed at Janesville(sic) ... following morning went to Northfield... met there the other party... got dinner in other poaces... some inc self at restaurant on west side... early in afternoon rode back on Janesville road 2 or 3 miles for consultation. plan to rob bank before alarm shooting just to frighten people.. three to ride ahead... and enter bank when Miller and Cole had crossed the bridge ... these two to take position before bank... 1/4 mile behind Cole and Miller the remaining three inc. Jim Younger... if men in bank came out men at bridge were to mount and the whole party to ride through town and out on the Dundas road.... first part carried outas we (Cole and Miller rode into Division street the three men went into the bank... Cole saw the last three coming over bridge,... Cole and M. took position before bank... door had been left open got down to tighten saddle girth... told Miller to shut bank door, which he did...some one shouted "Robbers in the bank"... Cole jumped into saddle and fired pistol to let men at bridge know of alarm ... man came to bank... Miller drew pistol and cried out "stop or I will kill you" Man moved off, Cole called out "dont shoot him"... Miller mounted ... man ran down road... men at bridge then came on full run... Stiles met man running (Allen) and threatened to shoot him... Cole shouted to Stiles to let the man go... man on buckskin horse passed up the street ... Jim stopped before bank with me

Cole jumped off horse ...ran to bank door and told boys to hurry... Bob came out... Cole mounted and started to corner of Fridge square.. saw a man upstairs with a gun... thinks it was Dr. Wheeler... Cole fired into corner to scare people from horses... people ran round the corner... noticed that only Bob had come out of bank... ran back to bank and shouted to those inside " For God's sake come out.",,

Just then Miller called he was shot... firing now general ... Cole ran to

to bank third time and call men out.. they did so... meantime Miller had been shot again and had fallen from his horse... Cole jumped off and ran to Miller... while turning him over Cole was shot in left hip... took Miller's pistols, remounted and rode towards Bob who was near the stairway, Jim being with me (Cole.) ... at this moment Bob was shot in right arm... Cole called Bob to come from there and told Jim to catch Miller's horse for Bob this was done... Bob ran up the street and Jim helped him to mount... Cole told man called Pitts to help me (Cole) get Miller's body up on my horse... we saw he was dead... told Pitts to lay him down and get out of range and I would take him up behind me.

Cole then called out to others to move on... they started, Jim leading the horse Bob was on... Pitts ran up the street about 100 yards and mounted behind Cole... all rode out on Dundas road... Cole did then know that any citizen had been shot or that any one of the gang meant to kill... Cole never fired to hit any one.

All the trouble was caused by a quart of whiskey... the three men who went ahead had concealed the whiskey on their way... Cole had no use for whiskey.

When we got out of town last man to leave bank told Cole that as he was leaving the bank and jumped over the counter he saw Miller lying in the street and at the same moment saw one of the clerks spring up and run towards the desk... ordered him to stop and sit down... but he kept on... informant fired... man fell ... we learned after capture that it was Heywood.. Cole sorry about killing ... never intended... but being of the party we were to that extent responsible....

After on road learned that Jim had been shot through shoulder... Cole had been shot in left hip... Bob's arm broken at elbow.

Will not describe flight ... suffered death almost wading through mud and water under downpour of rain. near bank early met man ... made him go a mile ... turned him loose ... learned from him that One man had been killed at Northfield and two wounded... knew nothing of that himself... thought man was wounded by a citizen firing at us... left to Bob whether or not to kill Dunning ... he would not have the man killed... man swore he would never reveal party

" That night we crossed the Blue Earth river on the railroad bridge, and the next night we separated, Pitts staying with Youngers."

Were captured by about 50 citizens led by sheriff Gillespie and Capt. W. W. Murphy. Capt. Yates was one of the party... Pitts was killed.... Knows not of what happened in the bank except what was told.

NORTHFIELD NEWS

NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1915

COLE YOUNGER'S BANK RAID STORY

FIRST PUBLICATION OF ACCOUNT
OF THE RAID WRITTEN BY
ONE OF THE GANG.

STATEMENT WRITTEN IN 1897

Its Object Was to Aid in Securing a
Pardon for Which Application
Had Been Made.

While enroute to New Orleans last week to attend the conference at which the Jefferson Highway association was organized to promote the New Orleans to Winnipeg trail the editor of The News met a number of Missourians. On several occasions the raid on a Northfield bank made by a group of Missourians in 1876 was the topic of interesting discussion. On one occasion when the conversation centered around the activities of the

in the best possible light. However, it is an extremely interesting document and we are sure News' readers will enjoy reading it.

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From Lees Summit, Mo., the other day came word that Cole Younger is about to step over the line which separates this world from the beyond.

When Dr. A. E. Hedback, 1006 Donaldson building, heard this he inserted the key to the little strong box in which he keeps the precious things about his office and drew forth an aged manuscript.

Dr. Hedback glanced thru 17 pages.

"No need for me to read this again," he remarked to a fellow doctor who happened to be in his office.

"This is the story of the raid on the bank at Northfield by the Younger gang. This manuscript is in the handwriting of Cole Younger. It was Cole himself who handed it to me when I was prison physician at Stillwater in 1897.

"I remember well the occasion. Cole had made his first application for pardon. The application then was pending before the pardon board. At the instance of the warden, I believe, Cole set down in his own handwriting the story of the raid.

"It is all here, every detail from the time the boys started from Mankato on horseback until they were taken by the posse.

"Miller Cole tells us here, lighted his pipe as they crossed the bridge and was going to keep on smoking thru the whole show. Miller soon lay dead in the gutter before the bank doors, his pipe smouldering on the ground beside him.

"And there is the comment here of the 'man on the buckskin horse.' Cole never would tell who the man on the buckskin horse was. I think it was because he would not tell this that his first application for pardon was turned down. Of course, the story is that the chap on the buckskin horse was Frank James, but the Northfield affair was never fastened on Frank, and Cole kept his counsel.

"And then there is the incident of the bottle of whisky. There is a sermon there for these temperance folks. It seems, according to this story which Cole gives in his own handwriting and which I never have exhibited before, that the three members of the gang who went into the bank to do the business had 'killed' a quart of whisky on the way. Cole tells us here that had he known that he would have

(Continued on page 2.)

James and Younger boys a gentleman residing in Liberty, Mo., which is not far from the home of the Youngers, voiced the sentiment of several members of the party when he said: "It is to be regretted now that Cole Younger is virtually on his deathbed and the last surviving member of the old gang is due to pass into the Great Beyond that he does not leave an authentic record of the Northfield raid, telling how it was planned and giving the facts from the viewpoint of one of the gang. Such a statement would not only be of unusual interest but it would have a historic value."

It seems a remarkable coincidence that just such a statement has now come to light. In the Minneapolis Tribune of last Sunday there appeared a statement prepared by Cole Younger in 1897 when the first plea for the pardon of the Younger boys was made before the state pardoning board. It has never been published before. How it was resurrected at this time is told in The Tribune story which The News reprints in full below. In reading it the reader should realize that Cole would perhaps not tell all he knew in a statement prepared for the purpose for which this was intended. Very naturally it would be so drafted as to present his case

[2]

I will leave it to Sheriff Bartan and the wardens of this institutions to speak of us during the past twenty years. I have often met Captain Gates, and also most of the men several times that were directly concerned in our capture. They have been most kind in word and feeling toward us, and since our capture we have never felt toward them any other feeling but that of friendship. The above is a true statement in so far as I can speak from personal knowledge; what occurred in the bank I can speak of only as it was told to me, Cole Younger, Stillwater, Minn.
1897

Part of the last page of Cole Younger's 17-page story of the Northfield raid in which he took part in September, 1876.

COLE YOUNGER'S BANK RAID STORY (Continued from page 1.)

called the whole job off before it started."

Dr. Hedback was persuaded to give the original manuscript to The Tribune for publication. It appears here in full:

"Sir—for the first time, I will now write out and give the facts of the raid made on Northfield Sept. 7, 1876. We left Mankato Sept. 2 for Northfield. We had been informed that ex-Governor Ames of Mississippi and General Benjamin Butler of Massachusetts had deposited \$75,000 in the National bank of that place, and it was the above information that caused us to select the bank of Northfield. I have seen it stated several times in newspapers that we were frightened away from Mankato owing to the recognition of one of the members of our party, but such was not the case.

"That we talked about the banks of that part of the state, is true, but we came to the conclusion that they had enough to do to care for the farmers, who had already suffered too much from grasshoppers to be troubled by us; therefore, we went to Northfield in expectation of getting the \$75,000 belonging to ex-Governor Ames and General Butler.

#

"In going to our destination we went by different routes. Four, including Bob Younger, went the southern way. Jim Younger and the other two, by the northern route. On Sept. 6 we stayed at Janesville and on the following morning we went to Northfield, where we met the other half of our party. We got our dinner in different places. Some, including myself, at a restaurant on the west side of the river. Early in the afternoon we rode back on the Janesville road two or three miles to consult and arrange our plans. We agreed, by a majority vote, to rob the bank. Our plan, as agreed on by all the party, was to get into the bank and make our retreat before the alarm was given. What shooting was to be done should be for the purpose of frightening the people from the street, and in no case was there to be an attempt to kill.

"In order to carry out the above agreement the following arrangement was made: Three were to ride ahead and enter the bank as soon as Clell Miller and myself had crossed the bridge leading into the square, provided too great a crowd was not on the streets. One-fourth of a mile behind the first were Clell Miller and myself, who were to take our position directly in front of the bank in order to call the three in the bank out in case the alarm was given.

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"Another quarter of a mile behind us the remaining three, including Jim Younger, were to take up their stand near the bridge. In case the alarm was given, when the three men in the bank came out, the men at the bridge were to mount their horses and we were all to retreat on the Janesville road, but, if the alarm was given, I was to signal those at the bridge and they were to give the rebel yell and fire their pistols in the air to scare the people off the street. It was understood that I was to remain in front of the bank during our stay in town, so that in case the citizens began to get together and arm themselves I was to call the men out of the bank and we were to immediately retreat, for there was at no time any intention of making a fight of it. The first part of our plan was carried out up to going into the bank, but it was at this point that the first mistake was made, for, as I said, if any people were on the street the attempt was not to be made, and the three men were to ride straight thru the town on the Dundas road.

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"When Miller and myself crossed over the bridge I saw a crowd of citizens about the corners, also our boys sitting there on some boxes. I remarked to Miller about the crowd and said: 'Surely, the boys will not go into the bank with so many people about. I wonder why they did not ride thru the town.' We were half way across the square when we saw the three men

arise and walk up the sidewalk towards the bank. Miller said: "They are going in," and I replied: "If they do the alarm will be given as sure as there's a hell, so you had better take that pipe out of your mouth."

"The latter part of my remark was called out because Miller was so sure that there would be trouble that he had lit his pipe just before we crossed the bridge, saying as he did so that he was going to smoke thru the entire proceedings. As we rode into Division street the three men ahead entered the bank, and I looked back and saw the other three crossing the bridge.

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"As we took our position in front of the bank, I noticed that the bank door had been left open, and I could hear men talking inside. I got down from my horse to fix my saddle girth, and while doing so I told Miller to get off his horse and close the door, which he did. Just at this time some one across the street shouted, 'Robbers in the bank!' I jumped into my saddle and fired my pistol in the air to let those at the bridge know that the alarm was given. At this moment a man came up to the bank, and then started to run away, whereupon Miller drew his pistol down on him and cried out, 'Stop, or I'll kill you!' The man halted, but soon began to move off slowly, and I called out, 'Don't shoot him; let him go.'

"Miller then turned and mounted his horse, the man meanwhile running down the road.

"This happened as the three men left at the bridge entered the street on a full run. Stiles, as he is called, met the man whom Miller had permitted to go, and commanded him to stop, threatening to shoot him if he did not. I shouted to Stiles to let the man go and the man on the buckskin horse passed on up the street 50 or 100 yards south of the bank, Jim stopping in front of the bank with me.

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"Now, to return to the man who first discovered what was going on in the bank. I told him to get off the street, which he did. I have since learned that the gentleman was Dr. Wheeler, and the other gentleman was J. S. Allen, both of them heard me call to Miller not to shoot, and both of them could have heard me repeat the command to Stiles.

"I will now return to my narrative where I broke off by this digression. Jumping off my horse I ran to the bank door and told the boys to hasten out as the alarm was given and I thought the citizens were arming themselves. Bob Younger came out and I, thinking all were coming, got on my horse and started north to the corner of Bridge Square when I saw a man upstairs across the street with a gun. To frighten him I shot out a pane of glass above his head, whereupon he stepped back out of sight. This man was, I think, Dr. Wheeler. I then fired into the corner of the building on

Bridge Square to frighten the people away from our horses, and they ran around the corner out of sight. Bob went on down the sidewalk to the stairway intending to get his horse at that point. I noticed that Bob was the only one that had answered my call, so I again turned and ran back to the bank, and shouted to those inside, 'For God's sake come out!'

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"Just then Miller called to me, saying he was shot, and looking at him I saw the blood running down his face. The firing by this time had become general, and as the two men in the bank had not yet come out, I was forced for the third time to ride to the bank and call to them to come out. And this time they did so. In the meantime Miller had been shot again and had fallen from his horse. I jumped from my horse, ran to Miller to see how badly he was hurt, and, while turning him over, was shot in the left hip. I took Miller's pistols, remounted my horse and rode towards Bob, who was standing near the stairway, Jim being with me. At this moment Bob was shot. I saw him change his pistol from his right hand to his left, and the way his right arm hung I knew that it was broken. I called to him to come from there, and turning to Jim I told him to catch Miller's horse for Bob. This was done. Bob ran up the street and Jim helped him to mount. I then called to Pitts to help me get Miller up on my horse in front of me. On lifting him up we saw that he was dead, so told

(Continued on page 9.)

COLE YOUNGER'S BANK RAID STORY (Continued from page 2.)

Pitts to lay him down again and to run up the street out of range and I would take him up behind me.

"I then called out to the rest of the party to move on ahead and they started, Jim leading the horse that Bob rode. Pitts ran up the street about a hundred yards before he mounted behind me and we rode out of town on the Dundas road. Up to this time I did not know that a citizen had been shot, nor did I know that any of our party had shot with the intention of hitting anyone. I know that I never fired a shot at anyone intending to hit, nor did Jim. The fact is, all of the trouble was caused by a quart of whisky which I learned afterwards one of the three men had concealed, and between where they left us in the woods and town they had drank most of it and were drunk. That accounts for them not shutting the door of the bank and not coming out according to our agreement when I called to them that the alarm was given. Had it not been for the whisky there would not in all probability been a man killed, and I can truthfully say had I known they had whisky I never would have gone into the town; for with all my faults, and I am sorry to say they were many, whisky drinking was not one of them, and I never had confidence in a man who drank.

#

"When we got out of town the last man to leave the bank told me that as he jumped on the counter as he was leaving the bank he saw Miller lying in the street, and the same moment one of the clerks sprang up and ran towards the desk. Thinking he was going for a pistol, he ordered him to stop and sit down, but he kept on, and as my informant jumped from the counter he leveled his pistol and fired. The man fell, but how badly he was wounded he could not say; we learned after we were captured that it was J. L. Heywood. I can truthfully say that thruout the retreat it was my most sincere wish and hope that no one was seriously injured, not that I expected to be captured, nor thru fear of personal safety, but because I did not want to be connected with the death of any man who had never harmed me or mine. The death of Mr. Heywood was never considered in our plans, and neither my brother nor myself were connected with the deed, either in thought or act; we were of the party and to that extent responsible.

#

"After we had got out on the road I learned Jim had been shot thru the shoulder, and as it was a large bullet I presume it came from the gun of Dr. Wheeler or Mr. Manning. I was shot in the left hip; it was a pistol ball and was probably fired at me from upstairs, north of the bank. Bob's arm was broken thru the elbow joint by a large ball, presumably fired by Dr. Wheeler, and two of our party had been killed.

"Now I saw a good deal in the newspapers at the time about our friends or ourselves wishing to retaliate upon those who did the shooting. Statements of that nature were not true.

#

We never had an ill will toward those who shot us. Had I been in the position of those citizens I should have acted as they did, that is, if I could. I will not give a description of our long, weary flight to Mankato during which we suffered death, almost, wading thru mud and water under a continuous downpour of rain.

"In the vicinity of Mankato, between daylight and sunrise, we met a man whose name I forget. We compelled him to go with us for about a mile and then realizing the risk we took, but not knowing what else to do with him, we turned him loose. We learned from this man, for the first time, that there had been one man killed and two wounded at Northfield.

"Of this I knew nothing only on hearsay, but I knew that neither Jim nor myself fired a shot in that part of the city. We were in front of the bank and our stray bullets went north over the bridge square; I believe the bullet that wounded him was fired by a citizen at us, the ball passing up the street southward.

"Now as to the man we took prisoner near Mankato. The story he told in the presence of Capt. A. Barton at Faribault was true. He said that my brother and myself had saved his life. The question of how to dispose of this man was discussed and in view of our desperate situation it was proposed by one of our party that we shoot him, to which I said, 'No, we will not kill him.' The one who made the proposition compromised by leaving the man's fate to Bob Younger. We walked up to where Bob and Jim Younger were sitting with the man and the following statement of the situation was made to Bob: 'If they turn this man loose he will have the whole country after us in 12 hours, and with your broken arm we cannot possibly get away.' To this Bob replied: 'I would rather be shot dead than to have that man killed for fear his telling might put a few hundred after us; there will be time enough for shooting if he should join in the pursuit.'

#

"In the meantime the man was swearing by all the gods that he would never speak of having seen anyone.

"We saw no more of the man until he came as a witness before the grand jury at Faribault.

"That night we crossed the Blue Earth river on the railroad bridge and the next night we separated, Pitts remaining with myself and brothers.

"In regard to our capture at Madelia (September 21, 1876,) I wish only to say that the account which appeared recently in certain newspapers to the effect that a Sheriff McDonald with 150 men of Sioux City, Iowa, took us prisoners is incorrect. We were captured by about 50 citizens of Watonwan county, led by Sheriff Gillespie and Capt. W. W. Murphy of the same county.

"Capt. B. C. Yates, now of St. Paul, was also one of the party. At the time of our capture Pitts was killed and my brothers and myself were badly wounded. Bob has since died and Jim and myself, for more than 20 years, have been prisoners. I will leave it to Sheriff Barton and the wardens of this institution to speak of us during the past 20 years. I have often met Captain Yates, and also most of the men who were directly concerned in our capture. They have been most kind in word and feeling toward us.

"The above is a true statement insofar as I can speak from personal knowledge; what occurred in the bank I can speak of only as it was told to me. (Signed)

"COLE YOUNGER,

"Stillwater, Minn., 1897."

The University of Minnesota
Minneapolis

May 25, 1921.

Librarian of the Public Library,
Northfield, Minn.

Dear Sir:

May I ask you to send me a memorandum of the "literature" in your library relating to the Northfield robbery-murder of 1876?

I am making quite a careful study of that event.

Very truly yours,

Wm. W. Folwell

May 27, 1921

Dr. Wm. W. Folwell
Minneapolis Minn.

Dear Sir:

A short time ago Prof. Gray of Carleton called and I gave him a memorandum Neill - History of Rice County p 401
Curtiss-Wedge - Rice and Steele Counties p 434

I also let him take a copy of Huntington-Robber and Hero. This was written by the late Prof. George Huntington and in the introduction gives the source of his material.

On further search I find that we have a bound volume of the Rice County Journal of that date. The book is very cumbersome measuring 20x25 inches but contains valuable material.

Yours truly

Mary L. Southworth

Librarian

Younger brothers
Huntington, George
Robber and hero. Christian Way Co
c1895

Curtiss-Wedge, Franklyn comp.
Rice and Steele counties. H. C.
Cooper, jr. & Co, Chicago, 1910 vol 1
pp 434-443

Bryant, Charles S.
Rice county. Minn. Hist. Soc. c
1882. pp 401&402

In Perkins
Public Library

JOHN H. GRAY
NORTHFIELD
MINNESOTA

May 25, 1921

Dear Inell Billy,

You are much neglected
but much loved - I did not
forget your request but had
some difficulty in finding
anything of interest to you
I enclose four newspaper
clippings, and three letters -
two originals and one copy -
each of two of them with two
pages. The other in two

I have on my desk
the little book by George
Huntington, entitled,
Robber and Hero:

(over)

the story of the Raid on the
First National Bank of North-
field Minnesota by the James-
Younger Band of Robbers in 1876

I shall be glad to send
you the book if you have
not seen it

The only other references
I can find to material in
local libraries are on
the enclosed slip. To this
should be added a chapter in
The History of Carleton
College

All the matter to be returned
at your early convenience
I think that Stiles letter
may be new and that it will
interest you
with personal devotion John H. Kay

CARLETON COLLEGE LIBRARY
NORTHFIELD, MINN.

WALTER M. PATTON
DIRECTOR
ALMA M. PENROSE
ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR

May 27, 1921

Dr. W.W. Folwell,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 25th is before me, and I am very glad to comply with your request.

This library has not a great deal of material on the Northfield bank robbery; our files of the Northfield papers do not go back far enough to include the accounts of this event. We have, however, the following:

Huntington, George. Robber and hero; the story of the raid on the First National Bank of Northfield, Minn. by the Younger band of robbers, in 1876. cl895. 119p.

Curtiss-Wedge, Franklyn. History of Rice and Steele Counties, Minn. 1910. v.1, pages 434-443. Northfield bank robbery.

Neill, Edward D. History of Rice County. 1882. pages 401-402. Murder and attempted robbery.

I dare say you have access to all of these in the State Historical Library, but if not we shall be glad to send them to you if you wish.

I notice that Dr. Huntington, in the preface to his book, refers to a pamphlet by J.J. Lemon, entitled The Northfield tragedy. This pamphlet, however, is not in this library.

Very truly yours,

Alma M. Penrose

[June 7, 1921]

A. E. HARRIS, M. D.
HARRIS, M. D.
HARRIS, M. D.

Dr. Harris's Story of the Harrington Case
in the 19th Century.

History of the Case.

The case of the Harrington family, which was
the subject of the above mentioned story, is a
very interesting one, and one which has been
the subject of much discussion and controversy.
The case is one which has been the subject of
much discussion and controversy, and one which
has been the subject of much discussion and
controversy. The case is one which has been
the subject of much discussion and controversy,
and one which has been the subject of much
discussion and controversy. The case is one
which has been the subject of much discussion
and controversy, and one which has been the
subject of much discussion and controversy.

W. P. Harris

[Originals at Reserve 17]

[Folwell Papers]

A. E. HEDBACK, M. D.
DONALDSON BUILDING
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Cole Younger's Story of the Northfield Raid
in his own handwriting.

History of the Document.

In 1897 I was Prison Physician at Stillwater and Cole Younger was assigned to help in my office and occupied a cell in the hospital.

At that time, the first effort to secure a pardon for the Younger brothers was made. Warden Henry Wolfer, who I believe started, and certainly favored this action, advised Cole to break his silence of twenty-one years relative to the raid at Northfield and tell his own story of what took place. This he did, and when later he was about to throw the original into the waste basket, I asked for it and have kept it in my possession up to the present. At the solicitation of Professor William W. Folwell, I am now pleased to turn it over to the State Historical Society.

There was much curiosity and conjecture about the "man on the buckskin horse" in this story. Cole never told me who he was but stated that the James brothers were not there.

Cole Younger had a charming personality, was a giant intellectually as well as physically and had a good command of the English language frequently using quotations from Shakespeare in conversation. I shall never forget his admonition: "You can run away from everybody else but you can never run away from yourself".

June 7th, 1921.

A. E. Hedback

Sir:- For the first time I will now write out, and give the facts, of the raid made on Northfield, September 7th 1876:

We started Sept 2^d for Northfield. We had been informed that ex-Governor Ames of Mississippi, and Gen. Benjamin Butler of Mass, had deposited \$75,000 in the national bank of that place, and it was the above information that caused us to select the Bank of Northfield. I have seen it stated several times in newspapers that we were frightened away from Mankato owing to the recognition of one of the members of our party, but such was not the case; for, if anyone thought they recognized any of us at that time, we knew nothing of it. That we talked about the banks of that part of the State, is true, but we came to the conclusion that they had enough to do to care for the farmers, who had already suffered too much from grasshoppers to be troubled by us; therefore we went to Northfield in expectation of getting the \$75,000 belonging to ex-Gov. Ames and

Gen. Butler. In going to our destination we went by different routes. Four, including Bob Younger, went the Southern way, Jim Younger, myself and the other two, by the northern route. On the 6th of Sept. we staid at Ganesville, and on the following morning we went to Northfield where we met the other half of our party. We got our dinner in different places; some, including myself at a restaurant on the west side of the river. Early in the afternoon we rode back on the Ganesville road two or three miles to consult and arrange our plans. We agreed, by a majority vote, to rob the bank, our plan, as agreed on by all the party, was to get into the bank and make our retreat before the alarm was given, if possible, but if we failed and an alarm was given, what shooting was to be done should be for the purpose of frightening the people from the street, and in no case were there to be an attempt to kill.

Our order to carry out the above agreement
The following arrangement was made. Three were
to ride ahead and enter the bank as soon as
Clall Miller and myself had crossed the
bridge leading into the square, provided too
great a crowd was not on the street.
One fourth of a mile behind the first
Three were Clall Miller and myself who were
to take our position directly in front of the
bank in order to call the three in the bank
out in case the alarm was given. Another
quarter of a mile behind us the remaining
three, including Jim Younger, were to take
up their stand near the bridge. In case no
alarm was given, when the three men in the
bank came out, the men at the bridge were to
mount their horses and we were all to retreat
on the Gamewill road; but, if the alarm was
given, I was to signal those at the bridge
and they were to give the rebel yell and
fire their pistols in the air to scare the
people off the street.

It was understood that I was to remain in front of the bank during our stay in town, so that in case the citizens began to get together and arm themselves, I was to call the men out of the bank and we were to immediately retreat, for there was at no time any intention of making a fight of it. The first part of our plan was carried out up to going into the bank, but it was at this point that the first mistake was made; for, as I said above, if too many people were on the street the attempt was not to be made, and the three men were to ride straight through the town on the Dundas road. When Miller and myself crossed over the bridge I saw a crowd of citizens about the corner, also our boys sitting there on some boxes. I remarked to Miller about the crowd, and said: "Surely the boys will not go into the bank with so many people about. I wonder why they did not ride on through town." We were half way across the square when we saw the three men arise and walk up the sidewalk towards the bank.

Miller said, "They are going in," and I replied, "If they do the alarm will be given as sure as there's a hell, so you had better take that pipe out of your mouth." The latter part of my remark was called out because Miller was so sure that there would be no trouble that he had lit his pipe just before we crossed the bridge, saying as he did so that he was going to smoke through the entire proceedings. As we rode into Division Street the three men ahead entered the bank, and I looked back and saw the other three crossing the bridge. As we took our position in front of the bank, I noticed that the bank door had been left open, and I could hear men talking inside. I got down from my horse to fix my saddle girth, and while so doing I told Miller to get off his horse and close the door, which he did. Just at this time some one across the street shouted, "Robbers in the bank!"

I jumped into my saddle and fired my
 pistol in the air to let those at the
 bridge know that the alarm was given.
 At this moment a man came up to the
 bank, and then started to run away,
 whereupon Miller drew his pistol down
 on him and cried out, "Stop or I'll kill
 you!" The man halted, but soon began
 to move off slowly, and seeing that Miller
 intended to shoot him I called out, "Don't
 shoot him; let him go!" Miller then
 turned and mounted his horse, the man
 meanwhile running off down the sidewalk. As
 this happened the three men left at the
 bridge entered the ^{street} on a full run, Stiles,
 as he is called, met the man whom Miller
 had permitted to go, and commanded him
 to stop, threatening to shoot him if he did
 not. I shouted to Stiles to let the man
 go and not to shoot him, whereupon
 Stiles and the man on the buckskin
 horse passed on up the street fifty or a

hundred yards south of the bank, Jim
stopping in front of the bank with me,
then, to return to the man who first
discovered what was going on in the bank.
I told him to get off the street, which
he did. I have learned since that the
gentleman was Dr. Wheeler, and the other
gentleman was J. B. Allen. Both of them
heard me call to Miller not to shoot,
and both of them could have heard me
repeat the command to Stiles. I will
now return to my narrative where I
broke off by this digression. Jumping
off my horse I ran to the bank
door and told the boys to hasten out
as the alarm was given and I thought
the citizens were arming themselves.
Bob Younger came out and I, thinking
all were coming, got on my horse
and started north to the corner of
Bridge square when I saw a man up
stairs across the street with a gun.

To frighten him away & shot a pane of glass out above his head, whereupon he stepped back out of sight. This man was, I think, Dr. Wheeler, & then fired into the corner of the building on Bridge square to frighten the people away from our horses, and they ran around the corner out of sight. Bob went on down the sidewalk to the stairway intending to get his horse at that point. I noticed that Bob was the only one who had answered my call, so I again turned and ran back to the bank, and shouted to those inside, "For God's sake come out!" Just then Miller called to me, saying he was shot, and looking at him I saw blood running down his face. The firing by this time had become general, and as the two men in the bank had not yet come out I was forced for the third time to ride to the bank and call to them to come out,

and this time they did so. In the meantime Miller had been shot again and had fallen from his horse. I jumped from my horse, ran to Miller to see how badly he was hurt and, while turning him over, was shot in the left hip. I took Miller's pistols, remounted my horse and rode towards Bob, who was standing near the stairway, Jim being with me. At this moment Bob was shot. I saw him change his pistol from his right hand to the left, and from the way his right arm hung limp at his side I knew it was broken. I called to him to come from there, and ~~turning~~ ^{turning} to Jim I told him to catch Miller's horse for Bob. This was done, Bob ran up the street and Jim helped him to mount. I then called to Pitts to help me get Miller up on my horse, it being my intention to carry him before me. On lifting him up we saw that he was dead, so I told Pitts to lay him down again and to run up the street out of range and I would take him up behind me.

I then cried out to the rest of the party to
 move on ahead and they started, Jim leading
 the horse that Bob rode. Pitts ran up the street
 about a hundred yards where he mounted behind
 me and we rode out of town on the Dundas road.
 Up to this time I did not know that a citizen
 had been shot, nor did I know that any of our
 party had shot with the intention of hitting any
 one. I know that I never fired a shot at any
 one intending to hit, nor did Jim. The fact is,
 that all of the trouble was caused by a quart
 of whisky, which as I learned afterwards, one of
 the three men that went into the bank had concealed,
 and between where they left us in the woods
 and town they had drank the most of it
 and were drunk. That accounts for them
 not shutting the door of the bank and not
 coming out according to agreement when I
 called to them that the alarm was given
 and the people were arming themselves. Had it
 not been for the whisky there would not,
 in all probability, been a man killed,

and I can truthfully say had I known they had whisky I never would have gone into the town; for with all my faults, and I am sorry to say they were many, whisky drinking was not one of them, and I never had confidence in a man that he would do the right thing as what was expected of him when he was under the influence of whisky. When we got out of town the last man to leave the bank told me that as he jumped on the counter as he was leaving the bank he saw Miller lying in the street, and at the same moment one of the clerks sprang up and ran towards a desk. Thinking he was going for a pistol, he ordered him to stop and sit down, but he kept on, and as my informant jumped from the counter he leveled his pistol and fired. The man fell, but how badly he had hurt him he could not say; we learned after we were captured that it was Mr. J. L. Heywood. I can truthfully say that throughout our retreat it was my most sincere wish and hope that

the news had, nor have we now, any ill will toward those who shot us. Had I been in the position of those citizens, I should have acted as they did, that is, if I could.

I will not give a description of our long weary flight to Mankato during which we suffered death, almost, wading through mud and water under a continuous downpour of rain. On the vicinity of Mankato, between daylight and sunrise, we met a man, whose name I have forgotten, in a woodland pasture. We compelled him to go with us for about a mile, and then, realizing the risk we took but not knowing what else to do with him, we turned him loose.

We learned from this man, for the first time, that there had been one man killed and two wounded at Northfield, and we were at a loss to make out who the third one could be, but we learned after our capture that a man had been shot somewhere in the south part of the city;

The man's name I have forgotten. Dr Wood, of Faribault, examined the wound and said that it was caused by a bullet which had struck and glanced from a brick house near by. Of this I know nothing only on hearsay, but I know that neither Jim nor myself fired a shot in that part of the City. We were in front of the bank and our stray bullets went north over Bridge square; I believe the bullet that wounded him was fired by a citizen at us, the ball passing up the street southward.

Now as to the man we took prisoner near Mankato. The story he told in the presence of Captain A. Barton, at Faribault, was true. He said that my brothers and myself had saved his life. The question of how to dispose of this man was discussed and in view of our desperate situation it was proposed by one of our party that we shoot him, to which I said: "No, we will not kill him."

It will be easier to run away from all the men he can put on our track than it would be to get rid of the memory of having killed an innocent man who has never wronged us, and who said he had a wife and children depending on him for their support." The one who made the proposition compromised by leaving the man's fate to the decision of Bob Gounger.

We walked up to where Bob and Jim Gounger was sitting with the man and the following statement of the situation was made to Bob: "If we turn this man loose he will have the whole country after us in twelve hours, and with your broken arm we cannot possibly get away." To this Bob replied. "I would rather be shot dead than to have that man killed for fear his killing might put a few hundred men after us. There will be time enough for shooting if he should join in the pursuit." In the meantime the man was swearing by all the

gods that he would never speak of having seen any one, & cut the cords from his wrists and told him that we knew that no oath that we might administer to him would have the least weight, so that to swear him would be but a waste of time; but of course we would be glad and thankful if he would say nothing of having seen us. However, whether he would or would not he was free to return to his home, and we saw no more of the man until he came as a witness before the grand jury at Fairbault. "That night we all together crossed the Blue Earth river on the railroad bridge, and the next night we separated, Pitts remaining with myself and brother.

We regard to our capture at Madelia. (Sept 21, 1876) & only wish to say that the account of it which appeared recently in certain newspapers to the effect that a Sheriff McDonald with a hundred and fifty men of Sioux City, Iowa, took us prisoners, is incorrect.

We were captured by about fifty Citizens
 of Watawan Co. led by Sheriff Gillespie and
 Captain W. W. Murphy of the same County;
 Captain B. B. Gates, now of St. Paul, was also
 one of the party. At the time of our
 capture Pitts was killed and my brothers and
 myself were badly wounded. Bob has
 since died and Jim and myself, for more
 than twenty years, have been prisoners.
 I will leave it to Sheriff Barta and
 the wardens of this institutions to
 speak of us during the past twenty years.
 I have often met Captain Gates, and also
 most of the men several times that
 were directly concerned in our capture. They have
 been most kind in word and feeling toward us,
 and since our capture we have never felt
 toward them any other feeling but that of
 friendship. The above is a true statement in so
 far as I can speak from personal knowledge;
 what occurred in the bank I can speak of only as it
 was told to me. Cal Younger, Stillwater, Minn
 1897

A. E. Hedback
(Keep)

Sir:- For the first time I will now write out, and give the facts, of the raid made on Northfield, September 7th, 1876: We left Mankato Sept 2^d for Northfield. We had been informed that ex-Governor Ames of Mississippi, ^[sic] and Gen. Benjamin Butler of Mass. had deposited \$75,000 in the national bank of that place, and it was the above information that caused us to select the Bank of Northfield. I have seen it stated several times in newspapers that we were frighten^[ed] away from Mankato owing to the recognition of one of the members of our party, but such was not the case; for, if anyone thought they recognized any of us at that time, we knew nothing of it. That we talked about the banks of that part of the State, is true, but we came to the conclusion that they had enough to do to care for the farmers, who had already suffered too much from grasshoppers to be troubled by us; therefore we went to Northfield in expectation of getting the \$75,000 belonging to ex-Gov. Ames and Gen. Butler. In going to our destination we went by different routs. Four, including Bob Younger, went the southern way, Jim Younger, myself and the other two, by the northern route. On the 6th of Sept. we staid at Janesville, and on the following morning we went to Northfield where we met the other half of our party. We got our dinner in different places; some, including myself at a restaurant on the west side of the river. Early in the afternoon we rode back on the Janesville road two or three miles to consult and arrange our

plans. We agreed, by a majority vote, to rob the bank, our plan, as agreed on by all the party, was to get into the bank and make our retreat before the alarm was given, if possible, but if we failed and an alarm was given, what shooting was to be done should be for the purpose of frightening the people from the street, and in no case were there to be an attempt to kill. In order to carry out the above agreement the following arrangement was made. Three were to ride ahead and enter the bank as soon as Clell Miller and myself had crossed the bridge leading into the square, provided too great a crowd was not on the streets. One fourth of a mile behind the first three were Clell Miller and myself who were to take our position directly in front of the bank in order to call the three in the bank out in case the alarm was given. Another quarter of a mile behind us the remaining three, including Jim Younger, were to take ~~up~~ their stand near the bridge. In case no alarm was given, when the three men in the bank came out, the men at the bridge were to mount their horses and we were all to retreat on the ^[e]Janesvill~~l~~road; but, if the alarm was given, I was to signal those at the bridge and they were to give the rebel yell and fire their pistols in the air to scare the people off the street. ~~#~~ It was understood that I was to remain in front of the bank during our stay in town, so that in case the citizens began to get together ^[sic] and arm themselves, I was to call the men out of the bank and we were to immediately retreat, for there was at no time any intention of making a fight of it. The first part of our plan was carried out up to going into the bank, but it was at this point that the first

mistake was made; for, as I said above, if too many people were on the street the attempt was not to be made, and the three men were to ride straight through the town on the Dundas road. When Miller and myself crossed over the bridge I saw a crowd of citizens about the corners, also our boys sitting there on some boxes. I remarked to Miller about the crowd, and said: "Surely the boys will not go into the bank with so many people about. I wonder why they did not ride on through town;" We were half way across the square when we saw the three men arise and walk up the sidewalk towards the bank. Miller said, "They are going in," and I replied, "If they do the alarm will be given as sure as there's a hell, so you had better take that pipe out of your mouth," the latter part of my remark was called out because ^[e] Miller was so sure that there would be no trouble that he had lit his pipe just before we crossed the bridge, saying as he did so that he was going to smoke through the entire proceedings. As we rode into Division Street the three men ahead ~~en~~tered the bank, and I looked back and saw the other three crossing the bridge. As we took our position in front of the bank, I noticed that the bank door had been left open, and I could hear men talking inside. I got down from my horse to fix my saddle girth, and while so doing, I told Miller to get off his horse and close the door, Which he did. Just at this time some one across the street shouted, "Robbers in the bank!" # I jumped into my saddle and fired my pistol in the air to let those at the bridge know that the alarm was given. At this moment a man came up to the bank, and then started to run away, whereupon Miller drew his

["]

pistol down on him and cried out, "Stop or I'll kill you!"

The man halted, but soon began to move off slowly, and seeing that Miller intended to shoot him I called out, "Dont shoot him; let him go!" ["] Miller then turned and mounted his horse, the man meanwhile running off down the sidewalk. As this happened the three men left at the bridge entered the street on a full run, Stiles, as he is called, met the man whom Miller had permitted to go, and commanded him to stop, threatening to shoot him if he did not. I shouted to Stiles to let the man go and not to shoot him, whereupon Stiles and the man on the buckskin horse passed on up the street fifty or a hundred yards south of the bank, Jim stopping in front of the bank with me. Now, to return to the man who first discovered what was going on in the bank. I told him to get off the street, which he did. I have learned since that the gentleman was Dr. Wheeler, and the other gentleman was J. S. Allen. Both of them heard me call to Miller not to shoot, and both of them could have heard me repeat the command to Stiles. I will now return to my narrative where I broke off by this digression. Jumping off my horse I ran to the bank door and told the boys to hasten out as the alarm was given and I thought the citizens were arming themselves. Bob Younger came out and I, thinking all were coming, [sic] got on my horse and started north to the corner of Bridge square when I saw a man up stairs across the street with a gun. To frighten him away I shot a pane of glass out above his head, whereupon he stepped back out of sight. This man was, I think, Dr. Wheeler. I then fired into the corner of the building on Bridge square to frighten the people away from our horses and they ran around the corner out of sight. Bob went on down the sidewalk to the stairway intending to get his horse at that point. I noticed that Bob was the only one who had

answered my call, so I again turned and run back to the bank, and
 shouted to those inside, ^[#] "For God's sake come out!" Just then
 Miller called to me, saying he was shot, and looking at him I saw
 blood running down his face. The firing by this time had become
 general, and as the two men in the bank had not yet come out I
 was forced for the third time to ride to the bank and call to
 them to come out, and this time they did so. In the meantime Miller
 had been shot again and had fallen from his horse. I jumped from
 my horse, ran to Miller to see how badly he was hurt and, while
 turning him over, was shot in the left hip. I took Millers pistols,
 remounted my horse and rode towards Bob, who was standing near the
 stairway, Jim being with me. At this moment Bob was shot! I
 saw him change his pistol from his right hand to the left, and from
 the way his right ^[t] arm hung limp at his side I knew it was broken.
 I called to him to come from there, and turning to Jim I told him to
 catch Millers horse for Bob. This was done, Bob ran up the street
 and Jim helped him to mount. I then called to Pitts to help me get
 Miller up on my horse, it being my intention to carry him before me.
 On lifting him up we saw that he was dead, so I told Pitts to lay him
 down again and to run up the street out of range and I would take him
 up behind me. I then cried out to the rest of the party to move on
 ahead and they started, Jim leading the horse that Bob rode. Pitts run
 up the street about a hundred yards where he mounted behind me and
 we rode out of town on the Dundas road. Up to this time I did not
 know that a citizen had been shot, nor did I know that any of our
 party had shot with the intention of hitting any one. I know that
 I never fired a shot at any one intending to hit, nor did Jim.
 The fact is, that all of the trouble was caused by a quart of
 whisky, which as I learned afterwards, one of the three men that

went into the bank had concealed, and between where they left us in the woods and town they had drank the most of it and were drunk. That accounts for them not shutting the door of the bank and not coming out according to agreement when I called to them that the alarm was given and the people were arming themselves. Had it not been for the whisky there would not, in all probability, been a man killed and I can truthfully say had I known they had whisky I never would have gone into the town; for with all my faults, and I am sorry to say they were many, whisky drinking was not one of them, and I never had confidence in a man that he would do the right thing or what was expected of him when he was under the influence of whisky. When we got out of town the last man to leave the bank told me that as he jumped on the counter as he was leaving the bank he saw Miller lying in the street, and at the same moment one of the clerks sprang up and ran towards a desk. Thinking he was going for a pistol, he ordered him to stop and sit down, but he kept on, and as my informant jumped from the counter he leveled his pistol and fired. The man fell, but how badly he had hurt him he could not say; we learned after we were captured that it was Mr. J. L. Heywood. I can truthfully say that throughout our retreat it was my most sincere wish and hope that he was not seriously wounded. Not that I expected to be captured, nor through fear of personal safety, but because I did not want to be in any way connected with the death of a man who had never annoyed me or mine. The death of Mr. Heywood was never considered in our plans, and neither my brother nor myself were connected with the deed either in thought or act; we were of the

party and to that extent responsible. After we had got out on the road I learned Jim had been shot through the shoulder, and as it was a large bullet I presume it came from the gun of Dr. Wheeler or Mr. Manning. I was shot in the left hip; it was a pistol ball and was probably fired at me from up stairs north of the bank. Bobs arm was broken through the elbow joint by a large ball, presumably fired by Dr. Wheeler, and two of our party had been killed. Now I saw a good deal in the newspapers at the time about our friends or ourselves wishing to retaliate upon those who did the shooting. Statements of that nature were not true; we never had, nor have we now, any ill will toward those who shot us. Had I been in the position of those citizens, I should have acted as they did, that is, if I could.

I will not give a discription of our long weary flight to Mankato during which we suffered death, almost, wading through mud and water under a continuous downpour of rain. In the vicinity of Mankato, between daylight and sunrise, we met a man, whose name I have forgotten, in a woodland pasture. We compelled him to go with us for about a mile, and then, realizing the risk we took but not knowing what else to do with him, we turned him loose. We learned from this man, for the first time, that there had been one man killed and two wounded at Northfield, and we were at a loss to make out who the third one could be, but we learned after our capture that a man had been shot somewhere in the south part of the city; the man's name I have forgotten. Dr. Wood, of Faribault, examined the wound and said that it was caused by a bullet which had struck and glanced from a brick house near by. Of this I know nothing only on hearsay, but I

know that neither Jim nor myself fired a shot in that part of the City. We were in front of the bank and our stray bullets went north over Bridge square; I believe the bullet that wounded him was fired by a citizen at us, the ball passing up the street southward.

Now as to the man we took prisoner near Mankato. The story he told in the presence of Captain A. Barton, at Faribault was true. He said that my brothers and myself had saved his life. The question of how to dispose of this man was discussed and in view of our desperate situation it was proposed by one of our party that we shoot him, to which I said: "No, we will not kill him. It will be easier to run away from all the men he can put on our track than it would be to get rid of the memory of haveing killed an inocent man who has never wronged us, and who said he had a wife and children depending on him for their support." The one who made the proposition compromised by leaving the man's fate to the decision of Bob Younger. We walked up to where Bob and Jim Younger, was sitting with the man and the following statement of the situation was made to Bob; "If we turn this man loos he will have the whole country after us in twleve hours, and with your broken arm we cannot possibly get away." To this Bob replied, "I would rather be shot dead than to have that man killed for fear his telling might put a few hundred men after us. There will be time enough for shooting if he should join in the pursuit." In the meantime the man was swaring by all the gods that [sic] he would never speak of haveing seen any one. I cut the cords from his wrists and told him that I knew that no oath that we

might administer to him would have the least weight, so that to swear him would be but a waste of time; but of course we would be glad and thankful if he would say nothing of having seen us. However, whether he would or would not he was free to return to his home, and we saw no more of the man until he came as a witness before the grand jury at Faribault. "That night we all together crossed the Blue Earth river on the railroad bridge, and the next night we separated, Pitts remaining with myself and brothers.

In regard to our capture at Madelia. (Sept. 21, 1876) I only wish to say that the account of it which appeared recently in certain newspapers to the effect that a Sheriff M^cDonald with a hundred and fifty men of Sioux City, Iowa, took us prisoners, is incorrect. We were captured by about fifty citizens of Watowan^[sic] Co. led by Sheriff Gillespie and Captain W. W. Murphy of the same county; Captain B G Yates, now of St. Paul, was also one of the party. At the time of our capture Pitts was killed and my brothers and myself were badly wounded. Bob has since died and Jim and myself, for more than twenty years, have been prisoners. I will leave it to Sheriff Barton and the wardens of this institutions^[sic] to speak of us during the past twenty years. I have often met Captain Yates, and also most of the men several times that were directly concerned in our capture. They have been most kind in word and feeling toward us, and since our capture we have never felt toward them any other feeling but that of friendship. The above is a true statement in so far^[sic] as I can speak from personal knowledge; what occurred in the bank I can speak of only as it was told to me.

Cole Younger, Stillwater Minn
1897

Minneapolis, Minn. June 11, 1921:

1020 5th st se

Miss Mary L. Southwick,

Librarian Northfield Public Library,

Dear Miss Southwick:

I am disappointed in not find in the newspaper files of the Minnesota Historical Society and parts of the Rice County Journal. I am not able to go to Northfield at present to consult your volume.

If your engagements will permit will you not be good enough to note on ~~the~~ on this sheet the issues of 1876 after September containing matter relating to the tragedy. A list of the ~~dates~~ ^{dates} with the short heading in each ^{issue} will serve. If there are signed communications it would be well to note them.

As I do my history work with ^{out} pay I am able to offer you the same compensation. Please help me if you can.

Very truly yours,

William W. Lovell

Miss Southworth asked me to look up the references which you ask for. I find that the following numbers are missing from the volume: Sept. 28, Oct. 19, Nov. 9, Nov. 16, Dec. 15, 22, 30. The discussion began in "East Sunday" and taken up by S.S. U. (Rev. S.S. letter, a Baptist minister, I think) throws an interesting light on the whole affair.

Yours truly, Mary Gr. Clark.

Sept. 14. Robbery and Murder. Desperate attempt to
Rob the Bank. (From Extra of Sept. 9)
Pursuit of Robbers (" " " 8)

a full account of the Robbery.

Robbers cornered.

Funeral of Joseph L. Heywood.

Sept. 21.

The Robber Pursuit.

Newspaper comments on Death of J. L. Heywood.

Latest from the Robbers.

The Raid of the Seventeenth.

Oct. 5. The Robber Hunt. (Verse) [Uniona Reporter.]

The Madeline Roll of Honor. (Names of
those who followed the robbers.)

"Last Sunday" (Discussion of Lynche Law) See 31

Oct. 12. Robber Rewards.

Comments from Voltaire in the Journal Pioneer Press
Reply to "Last Sunday" of Oct. 5. Signed S. S. U. (utter?)

Comments from St. Louis & Boston Papers.

Jesse James Safe.

Oct. 19. Frank James (Captured) two articles.

Reply to Mr. Utter's letter.

Oct. 26. Nothing.

Nov. 2. James and Younger Boys.

The Robber as a Show.

Nov. 23. Court at Fairbault.

Nov. 30. "Last Sunday" (references)

Dec 8. Capital Punishment, Two articles.

Benjamin 1st def May 1177

Minneapolis, Minn. June 15, 1921:

President of the First National Bank,

Northfield, Minn.

Dear sir:

I am asking you to help me out on a matter of history, not of first importance, but still one which I would like to clear up.

Cole Younger in his story of 1903 says "Gen. Benjamin F. Butler had a lot of money, we were told, in the first National Bank at Northfield, as also had J.T. (sic) Ames, Butler's son-in-law"

Adelbert In his story of 1897 published in the Northfield News of Nov. 20, 1915 Cole Younger says "We had been informed that Ex-Governor Ames of Mississippi, and General Benjamin Butler of Massachusetts had deposited \$75,000 in the National Bank at that place." This information he adds caused us to select the Bank of Northfield.

I would like to know what the books of the bank of the time, 1876, show about any such deposits.

If there was any such deposit could the members of the gang who were in Northfield some days before the raid have wormed the information out of some citizen?

R.I. Holcombe in his chapter on the raid in Minnesota in Three Centuries states that Heywood's widow and daughter signed one of the petitions for the pardon of Cole Younger. Have you any information on this point. Will you kindly note reply on this sheet?

Very respectfully

Rm. A. Folwell
1020 5th st se

JUN 17 1921

Mr. Wm. W. Folwell,

1020 - 5th St. S. E.,

Dear Sir:-

Replying to your letter of the 15th inst., will say the information you have is an error, as none of the parties mentioned had any deposit of any amount with us, and Gen'l. Butler and Gen'l. Ames had no deposit.

We are unable to say whether Mr. Heywood's widow or daughter signed a pardon for Cole Younger, but do not think they did.

Very truly,

H. O. Drury

[4]

good people of Northfield
signed any such petitions.
I am glad you did not feel
Mr. who "the best man in the
State" who signed such
petitions. They must have
been numerous in the
State & thus ignorant of
past history or else been
lacking in a sense of
justice. If I can be of
any further help to you

723 Duane Ave.
Scranton, Pa.
June 22. '21.

Mr. William H. Folwell.
1020 S. E. 8th Street.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Folwell: -
Your letter of
the 20th just received. I hasten
to write you that I did
not sign any petition for
the pardon of the Younger
Brothers. I only remember
one such petition having
been sent to me - I think that

was in 1889 - am not positive
as to the date - but I did not
sign it. I saw in an
Eastern paper some years
ago that I had "refused
ten times to sign" such a
petition - which of course
was not strictly true - though
near the truth than
the statement that I did
sign one. My Mother
died Mar 13. 1873.

My Father's second wife
died in March 1884. I have
no recollection of the subject being
brought to her attention. Of
course it is possible she was
approached on the subject & did
not speak of it to a twelve
year old child! However I
do not think the idea of
liberating the criminals had
been thought of before her death.
I feel sure none of the

in your work - please let me

I have made in recent years
a study of the history of my
Father & Mother's ancestors.
They both were born in New
England & both had six
generations of New England
Colonial Ancestors back of them.
My Father's ancestor John
Heywood came to Concord,
Mass. in 1632. Among

other names in Colonial
history among his ancestors
are— Major Simon Willard,
Capt. Jonathan Buttick,
John Coolidge, Leage Hubbard, (Mrs. Edmund C.)
Capt. Edmund Goldsack,
Rev. Samuel Skelton & Capt.
Anne Heywood.

But family history
probably does not enter
largely into your "History

of Minnesota" — which I shall
be much interested in.

Very truly yours
May Heywood Deane

✓
F. E. LEONARD, M. D.

PROFESSOR OF HYGIENE AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION
AND DIRECTOR OF THE MEN'S GYMNASIUM

C. W. SAVAGE

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
AND DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS

OBERLIN COLLEGE

WARNER GYMNASIUM (FOR MEN)

T. N. METCALF

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

L. F. KELLER

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

W. E. STELLER

INSTRUCTOR IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Oberlin, Ohio, June 23, 1921

Professor W. W. Folwell
1020 S.E. 5th Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 20th I am happy to be able to send in separate enclosure a copy of the Haywood funeral address which I found among my father's papers, and I have added a biographical sketch of the latter which I prepared for a local paper at the time of his death in 1917. Will you please return both when you are through with them, as I have no duplicates. At the time of the bank robbery my brother and I were boys in the grades at Northfield, and our memory of the affair is very vivid. I have no other original material relating to it, but some years ago I was much interested in the apparently authentic and detailed account given in Emerson Hough's "The Story of the Outlaw," along with the earlier and later history of the James-Younger gang. You are doubtless familiar with the chapter. Ever since I read it I have been on the lookout for a copy of the book for my own library.

Your "Minnesota" volume has been of so much value to me and given so much pleasure as I review the early years spent in that state that it is good to learn of your intention to add to its usefulness by carrying the story a little farther along.

Very truly yours,

F. E. Leonard

[ca June 23, 1921]

Notes on Funeral Discourse of Rev. D.L. Leonard on Joseph Lee Heywood.

printed by Johnson & Smith Minndzpolis Minn. 1876.

Account of the fight in Northfield similar to others. I note these variants. The two robbers passed up beyond the bank. The htree followed and entered the bank. Same moment the other thred crossed river and halted at bridge. Two began firing. At this signal the second three rode up to the corner.... Heywood rose stepped back gowadds his desk. Leading robber stood on counter hand on railing ready to leap.. turned and shot Heywood through head ball entering temple.... aprty shot the Swade as they were rdding away

Heywood had been City Treasurer and ttreasurer of Carleton College for two years.... No man in Northfield was more highly thought of than he by all that knew him, for business accuracy and faithfulness, as well as for his many social and moral good traits.

Discourse in public school building. Funeral proper in afternoon at the hose of Heywood.

Joseph Lee Heywood was b. Fitzwilliam New Hampshire August 12, 1837. At 23 went west first to Michigan and later to Illinois. Enlisted in 127 Ill. In 1863 brokdn in health detailed as druggist in dispensary in Nashville Discharged 1ay 1865. Came to Faribault 1866 and 1867 to Northfield. Book-keeper for lumber firm till 1872 when he became book keeper of bank.

Page 8. Why was thwt accursed deed permittred ? . No answer attempted. Doubtless the God of infinite Justice &c. saw it all. We may not wisely ask how, but wisely attend to the lessons of the event.

9. Bedlam had broken loose in our generation... powers of hell has escaped form their prison house... these last days are the carnival of vice and crime.... days of widespresd lyst and murder, theft robbery and burglary or forhery and defalcation. For some ten or fifteen years the horrid flood has been steadily rising... among cayses unparalleled progress of the nation excitements incident to the rebellion and ensuing politicwo and social revolution.

10. these evils are a part of the stern retribution for national transgression Our offenses... have brought on these evil days.... this commu ity, this commonwealth, this whole land is in part responsible for the fould deed enacted on our streets on Thursday last.... but some how God was in it all.

Heywood modest and timid... never absent from duty... honors had to come ununsought... was caught up from earth to heaven as ina chariot of fire. the glow of his departure will east back a halo of light over all his career.

THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$1,800,000.00

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E. W. DECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

AFFILIATED WITH THE NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL BANK

MINNEAPOLIS,

June 21, 1921

Mr. W. W. Folwell,
1020 S. E. 5th St.,
City.

Dear Mr. Folwell:

The present market on Canadian municipals offers investment possibilities which, due to the very conservative nature of the investment, coupled with an unusually high yield, are exceptionally attractive.

Canadian municipal and provincial bonds, with principal and interest payable in the United States in American gold, are available at prices which will yield from 7% to 8%, with maturities ranging from 2 to 30 years as indicated below:

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Province of Alberta) 30-Year 6% Bonds ----- 7.00%

We suggest you give these issues serious consideration and that you communicate with us at our expense if interested.

Very truly yours,

J. W. Groves
Manager of Sales.

JWG - H

Heywood's death warning of transgression and of the beauty of honor and faithful
ness. Something noble left on earth.. celestial stuff in the constitution of the
race. The dead men got their deserts., died like dogs and we said it is just rjgh
Not all gloom. call to fidelity . let us reverence his memory. God takk Hey-
wood... and is living and loving and rejoicing with other noble and
its on high ...

Minneapolis, Minn, June 26, 1921:
1020 5th st se

Postmaster at Clinton, Mo.

Dear sir:

To followup an historical inquiry of importance I need to get into communication with Mr. or (Capt.) W.C. Bronaugh author of "The Youngers' Fight for Freedom." if he is living, or if he is not, then with his executor or next of kin OR with some surviving relative likely to have possession of his papers.

Will you have the goodness to give me an address likely to enable me to get into such communication? And please note reply on this sheet, using enclosed envelope.

Respectfully yours

William W. Folwell

William W. Folwell

I am engaged on a history of Minnesota and hope to get in a true story of the famous Northfield raid of 1876.

*Clinton, Mo.
Rural Route #8*

F. J. WILCOX

116 S. EIGHTH AVE.
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

June twentyseventh ,1921.

Mr. Wm. W. Folwell,,
1020 S.E. 5th St.
Minneapolis ,Minn.
My dear sir;

Replying to yours of the 20th inst. I never wrote anything for Prof. Huntington for his book; all I gave him being by personal interview.

After this lapse of time, nearly forty five years it would be very difficult for me to write anything at all satisfactory to go into print in ^u your history of Minnesota.

It occurs to me that the best you could do would be to take the best extracts you could from Prof. Huntington's Rebber and Here.

Very truly yours,,

F. J. Wilcox

*Mr. W. died January 3 1922,
Mr. Dean, 26. 6. 23*

[ca. July, 1921]

3808 Ingraham St.
Los Angeles.
Calif.

Mr. W. W. Folwell.

Dear Sir,

Your favor of June 20th
rec'd. It was somewhat delayed I presume
by the omission of first figure in our
Lt. number, which is given above.

Mr. Bunker finds he has a
letter-press copy of his statement of
the Northfield raid which he sent to
Prof Huntington, at the time Prof Hunt-
ington was preparing his book "Robbers
and Heron"

This tissue copy he desires to keep
but will send you a copy as soon
as he can have one made. He is
unable to do it himself as he has
been more or less of an invalid since
his fall in Oct. 1917. Respectfully
Yrs A. E. Bunker

Muncie, Ind. July 2, 1921
1020 5th St. N.

Capt. W. C. Pennington
Union, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

The enclosed clipping is intended
for an introduction of the writer to W. Pennington
you to judge whether he has a right to your
consideration.

The kind volume of the history which
contains an account of the Northwood raid of
1876. My intention was to discuss it as an
episode to minor importance, but the ac-
cumulation of material has influenced me to
give it more space. In particular your
book. The Younger's Fight for Freedom has
enlarged my view of the matter. I am writing
just now to inquire whether your health
and other engagements will permit you
to reply to a number of inquiries which I
might submit to you.

I wish to mention one inquiry in this letter,
a nephew who was in Kansas City Mo. last
year may attended a movie show in which
the career of Jesse James was depicted. The
accompanying lecture was given by a grandson
of Jesse James. The Northwood raid was one
of the adventures included. Does this mean
that it is generally understood that the James
brothers were concerned in it?

The illustration shows what you were all doing in
and some, when Marshall Hurler in particular were friends,
I like this very best and most heartily, and I copy it off -
Very truly yours,

YALE COLLEGE

New Haven, Conn

My dear Miss Rose:

I am very much pleased by your letter of June 7th telling me of the proposed re-union of the class of '92 of the University of Minnesota, and extending to me and to my family, on behalf of the class, your cordial greetings.

Please convey to your classmates assurances of my appreciation of your thoughtfulness and courtesy. I am very much touched by the fact that you remember me and that you think of me on this particular occasion, when you come together again as in the happy days gone by.

The class of '92 I remember with particular pride and affection. As I recall it the first name on the list was that of Miss Bailey; the last that of John Zeleny. John is here at Yale, my constant companion and as you know, my nephew-in-law, so I have especial reasons for being attached to the class of '92. Between Miss Bailey at the beginning and John Zeleny at the end I could recall many names and the list that lingers in my memory is too long to include in this brief communication.

To one and all of them I send my affectionate greetings and congratulations on their success in life.

My best wishes for a most enjoyable re-union - "May it be well with you".

Faithfully yours,

Fred S. Jones.

601 Sixth St. S. E.,
Minneapolis.

To the Class of 1892, - Greeting:-

It was very gratifying to us to receive a greeting from the Class of 1892. From sincere hearts we thank you. We who have passed the 'three-score-and ten' milestone on life's journey live much in the past; and it pleases us more than you, at your age, can well understand, to know that we still have a place in the memory and affections of former students.

I have followed the history of the Class of '92 with pleasure and pride. When anyone of you has done "his bit" and made a hit", I have given him, or her three cheers, in my heart, and often with my lips.

As one looks over your record, one is impressed with the number of really talented men and women who graduated in your Class. I would by no means discriminate against the homemakers, teachers and men of affairs, who do honor to you in their domestic and civic work; but there are a few, whom I recall, who stand out prominently before their Colleagues and Alumni of the University of Minnesota; Who of us do not read with pleasure the inspiring lines of our gifted Poet, Gottfried E. Hult? Who has not heard of Mary Cheney, the artistic designer of beauty in so many forms? Who has not read with approval the court decisions of Judge Leary, the "Daniel come to judgment"? Would we not all listen with delight to the words of the brilliant linguist, Clara E. Bailey, she might speak in Latin, Greek, or Sanscrit, all the same to her? And are we not all proud of the Zeleny Brothers, scientists of international reputation? But time fails me, to speak of all in the Class whom I

3808 Ingraham St.
Los Angeles, Cal. July 7, 1921.

Mr. Wm. W. Folwell,
Minneapolis, Minn.

My Dear Mr. Folwell:

Herewith please find copy of the statement I made in 1894 for Prof. Huntington, touching the "Northfield Raid", at the time Prof. H. was writing the book, "Robber & Hero."

While I had told the story many times, this is the only time I have attempted to write an account of the event. This written statement seems more like a letter from me to Prof. Huntington, than a formal writing up.

I shall be glad if you can make any use of my effort. You are at liberty to "blue pencil" as much as you choose.

We are both young men yet, but I am wondering if your memory carries you back fifty years to the time of our first meeting. In the

(over)

2/
Spring or early summer of 1871, when you were President of the University, you had some conferences with Prof. Payne, in regard to his joining the faculty of the "U.", as Prof. of Mathematics, I think. At that time Prof. Payne was publishing the "Minnesota Teacher," and the writer was doing the mechanical work on the publication. The question of adding a printing plant to the equipment of the "U." was discussed. In the printing office could be published the "Teacher," which Prof. Payne would continue to edit, and in which office (if established) could be done the printing for the University, letting the students do the work. I was called into conference, to ascertain if I would assume the superintendency of the printing plant, if established. I assented, with the understanding that I would devote part of my time to studies in the "U."

While negotiations were pending, I think,

Prof. Payne disposed of his publication, and decided to go to Northfield as a professor in Carleton. I went with him, as a student in that institution.

I wish you abundant success in your history of Minnesota, in which State I have an abiding interest, as a Pioneer resident. In 1855, with my parents, I settled in Dodge County, coming from New Hampshire. I continued a resident of Minn. for about twenty-five years.

With personal regards, I am,

Very truly yours,
A. E.unker.

[August 24, 1894]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NORTHFIELD RAID.

On Sept. 7th, 1876, occurred one of the most daring attempts known to history to rob a Bank. The scene of action was Northfield, Minn., at that time a city of about 2500 inhabitants, located 40 miles south of St. Paul, on the C. M. & St. Paul Ry. The record of the crime, subsequent pursuit and capture of most of the perpetrators, has been handed down to history as

THE NORTHFIELD RAID.

As afterwards learned, the names of the desperadoes were: Jesse and Frank James, Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Bill Stiles (or Chadwell) Clel, Miller, and Charley Pitts, as reckless and daring a gang as could be collected. Some of these had been members of the noted Quantrells' Band, and were actively engaged in the Kansas and Missouri Border warfare between the Guerillas on one side, and the Jayhawkers on the other. Accustomed to scenes of blood, they hesitated at nothing to accomplish their purpose--even to the taking of human life. They had operated successfully in Missouri and other portions of the South (under the shield of a large Democratic majority) and had become a terror to all. For some reasons, they decided to make a tour North. It has been thought they were influenced to go to Minnesota by Bill Stiles, who had a half sister or step sister, then residing at Cannon Falls, about 16 miles east of Northfield, the adopted daughter of a minister named Merrill. She was known as Minnie Merrill, and was a fellow student of mine at Carleton College, Northfield, a few years before. It is claimed that Stiles had lived near Cannon Falls when a young man, and being somewhat familiar with the country, acted as a guide for the party.

Several cities were inspected with a view of robbing some bank in the place--among them Mankato--about 150 miles west of Northfield, where it was decided to attack the Citizens National Bank of Mankato. The plan was defeated by a mere accident. To show how slight a circumstance may prevent a crime, and scare away the would-be perpetrator, this incident is worth relating. The robbers had arranged to attack the Mankato Bank about noon, and mounted on their horses, rode to nearly in front of the Bank to commence operations, when they observed four or five citizens across the street, one of whom called the attention of another to the horsemen. The robbers took it for granted they were suspected and being watched, and deferred the attack till later in the day, when a second attempt was made. By a queer coincidence, the same citizens, or all but one of them, were standing in nearly the same place as earlier in the day, engaged in conversation. This was conclusive to the gang that the citizens were "onto their racket" and they "pulled out" of Mankato in short order, cancelling their engagement at that place. As a matter of fact, no one suspected their purposes, and the citizens referred to were in the vicinity of the Bank

at the time mentioned by the merest chance, and the one who was supposed to have called the attention of another to the robbers, only incidentally remarked that those were fine horses passing.

It was then decided to rob the First National Bank of Northfield. With the exception of a small private bank, the First National was the only one in the city, and the raiders concluded the Bank would carry considerable cash in its safe, as a great deal of wheat was marketed at Northfield, and funds came through the Bank to pay for it.

Northfield, being a college town, has many inhabitants who are there for the purpose of educating their children. They are well to do, intelligent people, who spend more time in beautifying their homes and decorating their grounds, than they do in decorating their noses, as is common in communities where the "bum" element prevails.

The robbers reasoned that such a quiet, inoffensive class of citizens would offer little or no resistance to their attack. The result shows how well they reasoned.

For a day or two previous to the attack, the robbers reconnoitred the town, inspected the bank, and planned their route of escape. They represented themselves as cattlemen, and would pass as such anywhere. The only thing that attracted attention, was their horses and fine saddles, as there is very little travelling on horseback in Minnesota.

One citizen, Mr. J. S. Allen, a hardware merchant, for some reason, for which he cannot account, suspected the horsemen were there for no good purpose, and communicated his suspicions to another--Mr. Trussell, asking him if he did not think it would be well to tell "the boys at the Bank" to be on the look-out. Trussell laughed at the idea, saying he knew the men were looking for cattle to purchase, and there was no need of scaring the employees of the Bank; hence Allen said nothing about it. Reference will be made to him later.

At the time of the attack, the Cashier of the Bank, Mr. G. M. Phillips, was absent, having just reached Philadelphia that day, whither he had gone to attend the Centennial exhibition. His place was filled during his absence, by Mr. J. L. Heywood, the regular book-keeper. I was Teller of the Bank at the time, and had temporary charge of a portion of Mr. Heywood's work. The other employee was Mr. F. J. Wilcox, who was engaged temporarily, and had charge of collections, and assisted on the books.

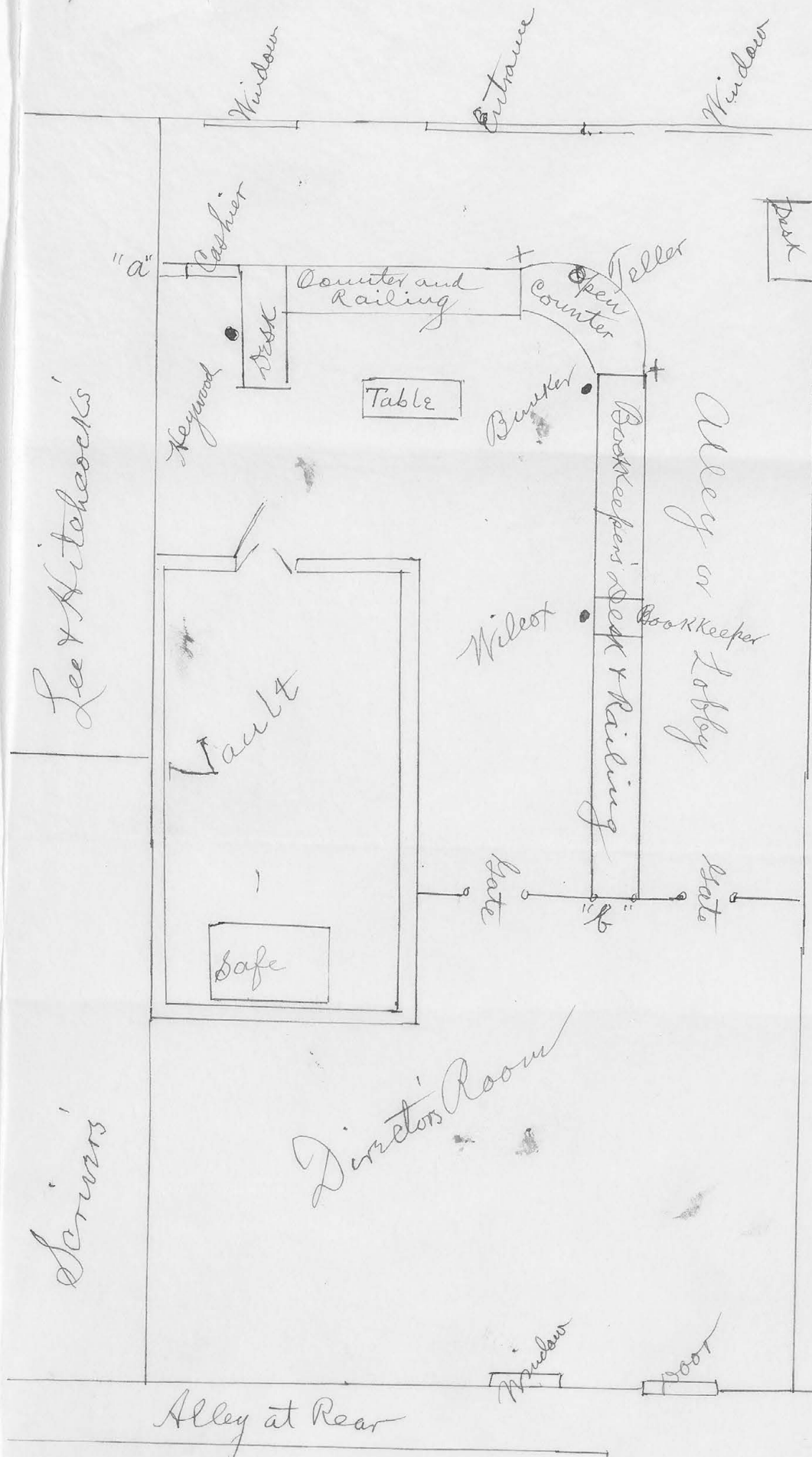
The main front of the building, called Sriver's Block, of which the banking room was a part, faced north on Main Street, the bank being at the south end, having an east entrance on Division Street. The two store rooms fronting on Main St., were occupied by Sriver and Lee & Hitchcock. The interior arrangement of the Bank was peculiar. The First National was organized a few years before by the consolidation of two private banks. The quarters of one of which were occupied by

the new corporation, and few changes were made in furniture and fixtures, as a removal to other and more suitable quarters would be necessary with the growth of the institution. The counters had been erected in the early days of banking in Northfield, and were fashioned more after the style of store counters, than those seen in banks at the present time. The rough diagram, made without any scale of dimensions or distances, may give you an idea of the banking office, and the location of those present at the time the attack was made. A counter extended as shown from "a" to "b". A high railing, containing glass panels, was placed on top and along the outer edge of the counter, except the points indicated by "x-x", which was entirely open above the counter, making it an easy matter for anyone to place his hand and knee upon the counter and spring through the opening, and behind the counter, an opportunity our callers took advantage of on the fateful day.

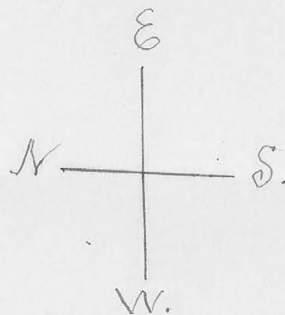
At the time of the attack, 2:30 P. M., Mr. Heywood was seated at the cashier's desk, attending to some correspondence; Mr. Wilcox and I were engaged in "writing up" the books. The day was warm, hence both front and rear doors were open, the latter opening being somewhat protected by a double blind, fastened on the inside, thus preventing anyone from sneaking in without making some disturbance; keeping out the sun, and permitting free circulation of air.

At the time mentioned, four horsemen rode across the bridge from the west, along "Mill Square"--which is north of Scriber's Block--turned south on Division Street, halted and dismounted along the east side of the building, throwing the bridle reins over some hitching posts, and entered the bank. These were Frank James, Bob Younger, Charley Pitts and Clel. Miller. They were followed across the bridge in a few moments by two more of the gang, who commenced shooting as they entered Mill Square, but did not leave their horses. Two others rode down Division Street from the south, meeting their pals nearly in front of the bank. 4

As the four entered the bank, Miller turned and closed the door, stepping outside, with the intention, it is claimed, of guarding the door, and warning his partners inside in case their plans were likely to be interfered with by citizens. The first warning we in the bank had of approaching danger, was when the robbers entered and I, hearing the noise outside the counter, supposing some customer had entered, turned from my work to wait upon him, facing the open space over the counter before referred to, which was called the Teller's window. Instead of meeting the expected customer, three revolvers were sticking in my face, and three "tough customers" were climbing over the counter. As I remember looking those revolvers in



Miller's



Manning's

the face, the hole in each of them seemed about as large as a hat. I was commanded to "throw up your hands". Under the circumstances, this seemed the most appropriate thing to do, and I "threw them up".

In relating this some years ago, when a darkey was present, he said: "I tell you boss, I'd a 'frowed up all de hands I had, and wished I had mo'".

My first impression was, that some of our friends were indulging in a practical joke, and endeavoring to scare us, but thought they handled their revolvers carelessly, and didn't see the point to the joke. Before taking in the situation, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the three robbers were over and inside the counter, and had us all covered with their weapons. By request we all threw up our hands, when one of the robbers said: "We're going to rob this bank. Don't any of you holler; we've got forty men outside." Then with a flourish of his revolver, James pointed to Heywood and said: "Are you the cashier?" H. answered "No." The same question was asked of Wilcox and myself, and we made the same reply. None of us cared for the honor of the position just at that moment.

As Mr. Heywood occupied the Cashier's desk, and as he was older than Mr. Wilcox or myself, the robbers naturally supposed him to be the cashier, and after asking the question as above, James and Pitts turned toward him, and James said: "You're the cashier. Open that safe d--d quick, or I'll blow your head off." Pitts ran to the vault, and stepped inside, but immediately returned. Just at this time Heywood had arisen from his seat, and stepping to the vault, caught hold of the outer door, and attempted to close the same, with the intention, no doubt, of keeping the robbers out. James and Pitts both grabbed Heywood, and sticking their revolvers in his face said: "Open that safe, now; or you haven't but a minute to live". Of course accompanying their threats with oaths. Heywood replied: "There is a time lock on, and the safe can't be opened now." "That's a lie", retorted James and Pitts, and repeatedly demanded that H. open the safe, coupling each demand with a threat, and commenced hustling H. about the room. Seeming to realize the desperate men he was dealing with, Heywood called "Murder! Murder! Murder!", whereupon James struck him a terrible blow on the head with his revolver, felling him to the floor. Some think this would have killed Heywood had no other injury been inflicted. He fell perfectly limp, and could not have been fully conscious after receiving the shock, as no word escaped his lips. Pitts then drew a knife from his pocket, and opening it said: "Let's cut his d--d throat", and drew the edge of the knife across poor Heywood's neck, inflicting a slight wound, while he was lying helpless on the floor. The two dragged Heywood from where he lay, just at the rear of his desk, to the

vault, and partly inside, repeatedly commanding him to open the safe, and while working with H. occasionally turned to Wilcox and me, pointing their revolvers at us, and demanded that we "unlock that safe". At each demand, we simply replied that we could not unlock it. The safe not being locked at the time, our answer was true. The door of the safe was closed, and the bolts thrown in place, but the dial not turned off the combination. While Heywood was in the reclining position, partly within the vault, probably to further intimidate him, Pitts placed his revolver close to H's head, and fired. The bullet went into the vault, and through a tin box containing some jewelery and valuable papers, left by some customer for safe keeping. This was the first shot fired in the bank.

During the time James and Pitts were occupied with Heywood, and torturing him, Bob Younger was paying particular attention to Wilcox and me. When I first threw up my hands, being in somewhat of a hurry, on account of the importunity of my guests, I did not wait to lay down the pen I had been writing with, but held it with the point projecting toward the intruder. It occurred to me however, that it was not as "mighty" as the revolver just at that time, and I attempted to lay it down. The act nearly cost me my life. Bob Younger, witnessing the motion, and perhaps thinking I was reaching for a weapon, sprang at me, and poking his revolver into my face said: "Here, put your hands up, and keep 'em up; or I'll kill you." He then commanded Wilcox and me to "get down on your knees, below the counter". I suppose this was so no one outside could see what was going on within, or possibly so we could not signal to anyone passing by. At any rate, we obeyed. All the robbers were very much excited, and after swinging his revolver from W. to me, Bob would turn and fumble among some papers on the table, or open some drawer in the desks on the counters, doubtless in search of something valuable to carry away. While on my knees, I happened to think of a revolver kept on a shelf just beneath the counter by the Teller's window, and edged along toward the place with the intention of getting possession of it, and making some defense. I turned to see if I was near enough to reach the weapon, while Bob's back was turned toward me, but Pitts happened to be looking my way at the time, and rushing across the intervening space, secured the revolver himself, and coolly stuffed it into his pocket, remarking as he did so: "You needn't try to get hold of that; you couldn't do anything with that little derringer any way." The revolver was a Smith & Wesson 32 calibre, and we considered it a good one, but of course it was not very formidable beside their "number 45, navies".

The revolver was found on Pitts at the time of his

capture and death, and appropriated by some one as a souvenir. It was well for me that I did not reach the weapon, as my assailants would have shot me before I could have used it.

I arose to my feet after this incident feeling that I ought to be making some effort at defense, or at least try to get outside to give the alarm. Turning to me, Bob said: "Where's the money outside the safe? Where's the cashier's till?" Pointing to a box with partitions in it, on top of the counter, in which we keep nickels, pennies and fractional currency, and perhaps a little silver then, as hard money had just begun to circulate; the box not containing more than \$100. at any time, I said: "There's the money outside." Below where this box stood, was a drawer underneath the counter containing about \$3,000. in bills, to which I did not call his attention, and which he did not find. Again telling me to "get down on your knees, and keep your hands up", Bob turned, and taking a grain sack from underneath a linen duster he wore (By the way, I believe all the gang wore these linen dusters, that they might the better conceal their weapons and cartridge belts,) proceeded to transfer to the bag the contents of the cash box. After putting in a handful or two it seemed to occur to him that the "claim he was working, panned out but little", and he turned to me again, finding me on my feet. With a wicked look and horrible oaths, he said: "There's more money than that out here. Where's that cashier's till? What in hell are you standing up for? I told you to keep down." He then caught hold of me and forced me to the floor, I offering no resistance. While hold of my coat, feeling a large pocket- or bill-book, I carried in the inside pocket, he said: "What you got here?" and pulling it out far enough to see what it was, pushed it back in place again. He may have thought I had some weapon there. Then pressing his revolver against my temple, and crowding my head to the floor, he said: "Show me where that money is, you ---!--- ---I'll kill you." At that moment I fully expected my time had come. I cannot tell the sensation I experienced, but I know many thoughts flashed through my mind. I thought of my wife, my mother and my Maker, and felt reconciled to die. I made no further answer to his threats or demands, and in a moment he released me, and renewed his search for the money he knew must be outside the safe. I again arose to my feet with the determination to get away if possible, as resistance was more than useless. I had witnessed the knocking down of Heywood, the cutting of his throat, and immediately after the shot had been fired close to his head, saw the blood trickling down his face and neck, and from my point of view, supposed the bullet had entered his head and killed him, as he was prostrate.

While Bob was examining the contents of a drawer, with his face turned from me, though his revolver, in his outstretched hand, was pointing directly at me, I thought my opportunity for escape had come. West of the bank building, across an alley, and fronting on Mill Square, was Manning's hardware store, the rear door of which was at right angles to the rear door of the bank. I reasoned quickly that I could get into Manning's store from the rear, and give the alarm, not knowing of course what was transpiring on the streets. Wilcox was on his knees in the passage between me and the door. I motioned to him with my hand to move a little forward that I might pass. He understood the signal, and I dashed past him and through the rear door, which seemed to be the best "opening for a young man" I had ever seen. I sprang the blinds by throwing my weight against them, turned to the left when outside, descending some steps to the alley, turned again at the bottom of the steps, and was opposite the rear door of Manning's store, when I was halted by a bullet. As I started to leave the Bank, Pitts, whose eyes seemed to be everywhere, saw me, and with a whoop rushed after me. He was in front of the vault, operating with Heywood, and before he could know my intention, I was out of range along the side of the vault, and making good time. As he turned the corner of the vault, and came in sight of me, he shot. The bullet whizzed past my ear, and through the blinds ahead of me, cutting half the size of the ball from each blind. He followed and shot again, about the time I reached the door, I think. Then standing on the steps he shot the third time, when I was about twenty feet away, hitting me in the right shoulder, barely missing the joint. The ball passed through the shoulder blade and came out just below the collar bone, within half an inch of the subclavian artery, traversing about six inches. The sensation of being shot, was as though some one had struck me a sharp blow with a piece of board. There was a jar and a sting as I felt the bullet going through the bones of my shoulder. It is said one nearly always falls when shot, no matter where the bullet hits him. I stumbled, but kept on my feet. Not knowing how badly I might be wounded, instead of entering Manning's I kept on west, through an open lot to Water Street and went south one block to Dr. Coon's residence, where I concluded I would receive proper attention. When Pitts returned from his chase after me, he did not go behind the counters again, but kept along the passageway leading to the front door, as about this time someone of the gang outside rode up to the door, and shouted: "The game is up! Better get out, boys; they're killing all our men." Bob Younger sprang back through the open counter where he had entered. When James released Heywood, the latter got on his feet

and was supporting himself by leaning on a table in the middle of the room, when James climbed upon the desk between the Cashier's desk and Teller's window, and turning, reached back as near Heywood as possible, and deliberately shot down into his head, killing him. There was no provocation whatever for the act, as he was offering no resistance, and could not have defended himself, after the cruel treatment he had already received at the hands of the assassins. They were simply foiled in their undertaking, and with a fiendish passion raging in his heart, James murdered poor Heywood in cold blood. After committing this deed, James leaped over the high railing to the floor, and joined his companions. Wilcox was threatened many times, but on account of his location, or because he kept quiet, was not injured.

While the tragedy was being enacted in the bank, a fierce battle waged on the street, the result of which showed the law abiding citizens had nerve and grit.

When the robbers crossed the bridge to make the attack, Mr. Allen, before referred to, happened to be standing in the front door of his store, next west of Manning's, and facing Mill Square. Again he was impressed with the thought that the men had evil designs on the bank, and going up the walk, turned the corner on Division St., as the men were dismounting. He followed and entered the vestibule of the bank as Miller closed the door and stepped outside, where they met face to face. Miller drew his revolver, and aiming at Allen said: "You git! Don't you holler." Allen stood not on the order of his going, but "got", and as he neared the corner of the building, returning, "hollered" loud enough to be heard up and down the street a block either way: "Get your guns, boys; they're robbing the bank." As he called, Miller shot, which was almost simultaneous with the appearance of the other four robbers, who put their horses to a run, and commenced shooting and yelling like savages. Dr. Wheeler in a drug store across the street, heard Allen's outcry, and responded nobly. He remembered having seen a rifle the day before in the Dampier hotel, on the corner below and across the street from the bank building, and immediately went by the alley at the rear of the building on that side of the street to "get the gun". As Allen passed Manning's store on the way to his own, he told the latter what was up, and M. lost no time in getting a few cartridges and a Remington rifle, with which he did good service. Re-entering his own store, Allen gave the alarm to his clerks, and one of them, Mr. Joseph Hyde, picked up a loaded shot gun and rushed up to the corner about the time Clel. Miller had remounted his horse. He was directly in front of the bank, and as he turned toward Hyde, the latter let him have the full charge of bird shot in the face, knocking him off his horse, but not injuring

him seriously. Hyde then retired, Miller again got on his horse; but by this time Dr. Wheeler had secured the rifle, and from an open window in the second story of the hotel, "drew a bead" on Miller, and shot him dead, severing the subclavian artery, the ball entering precisely the same part of his body that Pitts' bullet came out of mine.

The robbers were riding up and down Division street shooting and telling everybody to keep off the street. An innocent Swede, came onto Division St., from the next street south of the bank, and not understanding the command to "get off the street", was shot through the head by Cole Younger, it is said, from the effects of which he died a few days afterwards.

As Manning came to the corner, which was the battle center, he saw a horseman, (Bill Styles) dashing down the street from the south nearly a block away. He took quick but accurate aim, and pulled the trigger. The messenger from Manning's rifle entered Styles' heart, and he fell from his horse a corpse.

At this time the warning was given the robbers in the bank, by those outside. On leaving the bank James and Pitts regained their horses, and took part in the battle up and down the street. There was no horse at hand for Bob Younger, hence he ran along the side of the building and under the stairs leading to the second story. Manning held a position directly in front of the stairs, where he stood without any protection, calmly loading and firing, from the time he took part in the engagement till the finish. He and Bob played a desperate game of "hide and seek", from their respective positions. Bob would reach his arm around from beneath the stairs to get a shot at Manning, not daring to expose his body, when M. would fall back a step or two. Then Manning would poke his gun around the edge of the stairs, and Bob would dodge back to his shelter. The latter would occasionally shoot through the stairs, hoping to hit Manning, but no damage was done in this manner, except to the stairs. While they were engaged in this pastime, Dr. Wheeler was not idle. Looking from the hotel window, Younger was nearly concealed beneath the stairs, but, watching his opportunity, as Bob extended his arm, Wheeler shot, the bullet taking effect in Younger's elbow, and smashing his arm all to pieces. One of the gang came down the street, hanging to the side of his horse--Indian fashion--that he might get a shot at Manning, without exposing his person. Manning was on his guard, and coolly awaited the approach of his foe. As the man did not expose himself, Manning shot and killed the horse, when the rider hastily secured and mounted the horse of one of his companions. At least one other robber was wounded by Manning, and a second horse killed, I believe. M. was a quiet, unassuming citizen, and the last man a stranger would select to act the part he did that day. He certainly displayed true courage, and was "the man

for the emergency". Standing on the open corner he repeatedly loaded and fired, with telling effect, while the bullets from the attacking party fell round him thick and fast. It is said there must have been as many as thirty shots fired at Manning, none of which took effect. Many bullet scars were found in the stairs and about the corner where Manning so fearlessly stood. While it is claimed by admirers of highwaymen, that they are "dead shots" and brave, this incident shows that ordinary people are just as good marksmen, and as brave, when the advantages are equal. Unless the highwayman can take his victim at a disadvantage, the coward does not make an attack. During the fracas, a merchant or clerk would occasionally appear at a door, and shoot at some of the gang, which attentions were promptly reciprocated, as the broken windows bore evidence. Ex-Policeman Hobbs, being on the street, but not on duty, and consequently not armed, grasped the situation and shouted: "Give 'em stones, boys!" and displayed his well known courage by actually throwing stones at the desperados, injuring one of them quite seriously on the knee.

Shortly after Bob Younger was wounded, his brother Cole rode to the sidewalk near the stairs and told Bob to mount behind him. Springing to the edge of the walk Bob was assisted to mount by Cole, and the two went out of town on the same horse. The robbers departed by the south road to Dundas. They had intended to retire via the bridge and enter the woods west of the city, but afterwards stated "It was too hot at that end of town". Citizens immediately pursued the fleeing villians.

Dr. Goodhue was the first physician present after I reached Dr. Coon's residence, and commenced to dress my wound. I think he started for his office--a block away--for some instruments or bandages, when meeting some of his acquaintances starting after the robbers, the excitement was too much for him, and he joined in the chase, leaving me to others. Soon Dr. Hutchinson, my regular physician, assisted by Dr. Armington, cared for me, and Dr. H. took me to my home in his carriage. I insisted on his driving along the street and by the dead bandits, that I might see them. I witnessed women calmly surveying the carcasses of the robbers, expressing contempt rather than pity; while one said: "See those poor horses," pointing to the dead animals. Not one of those women would have entered the bank where lay the lifeless body of Heywood.

At the time of the raid I had been married about a year. My wife was a teacher, and had charge of the primary department in the public schools of Northfield, under Prof. Pattee as Principal. Almost as soon as the fighting begun on the street, rumors flew all over town. Mothers were solicitous for their children and rushed to the schoolhouse under great excitement. Little Maudie Dampier, a pupil of Mrs. Bunker's, had just

obtained permission to leave the room, and retired. She immediately returned; her face indicating she was very much disturbed about something. Her teacher asked what the trouble was, when Maudie replied that a boy in the hall (naming him) said the town was full of Indians. My wife comforted the child, and told her there were no Indians about, and stepping to the door asked the boy, still standing in the hall, what he meant by telling such a story to Maud. The boy answered: "Well I just heard one man tell another that, anyway." Two or three women entered the hall, and seeing Mrs. B. standing by the first door to the right, addressed her, telling her to keep the children in, as the town was full of desperados, who were "sacking the town". Mrs. B. said: "Are you sure?" A lady replied, "Yes, I saw them from the hotel window." Mrs. B., still doubtful, said, "Where could they have come from? If here, it must be money they are after, and they will attack the bank." A lady replied: "Yes; there has been firing at the bank." Mrs. B. suggested that they see Prof. Pattee about keeping the children in, and, addressing Miss Field, another teacher appearing in the hall, said: "They are firing at the bank." Miss Field, not understanding, replied: "Well, if there's a fire at the bank, why don't they put it out?" Then Mrs. B. hastily related what she had heard. About this time Mrs. C. A. Wheaton appeared, and told my wife that Mr. Heywood had been killed, and Mr. Bunker wounded. Sending word to Prof. Pattee that she desired to go to her husband, and obtaining permission to leave her room, Mrs. B. started from the building, when another woman appeared, and informed her that Mr. Heywood and Mr. Bunker were both killed. Mrs. B. said: "That is not true; Mr. Bunker is only wounded." During the progress of these events, all the bells in town were set ringing. Mr. E. F. Hunt, a college student, an intimate friend of my wife and myself, being on the street, and hearing of my accident, was thoughtful enough to take a team he saw, belonging to Capt. Ames, and drive to the school house for Mrs. B. He appeared just as she came from the building, and in such haste was she to make connections, that she crawled under the fence about the grounds, instead of mounting the steps, thus saving a few feet of travel. She found me at Dr. Coon's as above stated.

I was back to my work again in a few weeks, though it was several months before I regained the free use of my arm. I think the nervous shock I received affects me at times after all these years.

There were some humorous incidents connected with this serious affair, and as I am given to "seeing the unromantic side" I recall some of them, and give them as they came to me.

A German, named Miller, conducted a furniture store and repair shop next door south of the bank, living on the upper

floor of the two story building, and having a workroom in the basement. He had several boys growing up, who, like other boys, were not always at home when wanted, and Miller would frequently consult his neighbors as to the whereabouts of John, Robert or Albert--his sons. He was quite deaf. While the fight on the street was in progress, Miller came out of his store and stood on the walk. One of the raiders riding toward him said: "Get off the street, you --- --- ---." Not understanding what was said, or what was going on, M. stepped to the edge of the walk, and clapping his hand to his ear replied "What d'ye say? Robert on the street?" By this time the robber was near Miller; and with blood in his eye, fired off his revolver and yelled like an Indian. Miller took the hint, and saw there was some trouble at the bank; turned and ran through his store, down the rear steps, and up the rear steps to the bank, just as I started for that point myself. I distinctly saw him peeping through the blinds, and at first supposed him to be a member of the gang in reserve, but on recognizing Miller, and having an important engagement, I didn't stop. He didn't stop either. Not having time to go down the steps in the usual manner, he went heels over head, and the last I saw of him he flopped into his basement door. It seems he did not recognize me, as he insists to this day that on being attacked by a robber in front of his store, he ran to the rear door of the bank "to see what the matter was", when "another robber took after" him.

A Norwegian tailor, named Hamre, having a shop on the next street south of the bank, came up to Division Street, and noticing the horsemen shooting and yelling, waved his hand at one of them and said: "Come on! Come on!" The robber "came on" and Hamre took to his heels and paused not till he was safe within his cellar, taking his entire family with him. He said he "was not scared", but his wife was "nervous", and he thought the cellar would be the safest place for the children, and he remained with them "for company", till all danger was past.

John Archer, a horsetrainer, and something of a character in his way, when the disturbance arose, sought a place of safety. The first location selected was an ice house near Water Street, southwest of Allen's and Manning's stores. Into this Archer hastily climbed, and had nearly covered himself with sawdust, when some one else, seeking the same retreat, jumped in upon him. He reasoned if the party who came could find him, the robbers could, hence he was not secure. He left the ice house, and ran down to the river bank, hiding

among some bushes, where he claims he was routed out a second time. He reasoned as before, and was obliged to seek a third hiding place up the river. In describing his run from the ice house to the river, Archer said, in his drawling manner: "I struck a forty gait; but John Toaney (another citizen) took the pole, and went by me so quick, I thought I wasn't goin' at all, and felt they'd ketch me sure."

Mrs. Jno. T. Ames, was driving in her phaeton, and as she arrived at the corner of Water and ---- Streets, near Dr. Coon's, some one warned her of the danger, and she could hear the popping of the revolvers. She alighted from her carriage, and as I passed her, on my way from the bank to Dr. Coon's, she was frantically running around her horse and phaeton, screaming lustily: "Oh John! John! Where's John! Oh, I want John!"

Following the raid there was the largest sale of fire arms all over the country known since the civil war, and many rifle companies were organized. Banks fortified themselves with arrangement of counters and stored away arms and ammunition. At Kasson may be seen a bank railing surmounted by a row of wicked looking iron hooks, extending outward, on which, one attempting to leap over, would very likely be impaled. Capt. Ames, Vice Pres't of the First National, suggested an arrangement, whereby in case of attack a secret spring could be touched, and all within the bank counter would be enclosed in an iron cell. At last accounts he had not perfected his device so far as to get the bankers out of the cell again, hence no patent is yet issued.

For some months the nervousness of the citizens was somewhat augmented by the frequent receipt of letters containing all sorts of threats against the community and individuals. The bank had its full share of such letters. For a year after the raid not a day passed but some stranger visited the bank, to view the scene of the tragedy, and ask questions concerning the occurrence. In my nervous state, I eyed all strangers closely. Occasionally one would enter, and without introducing himself or asking questions, would proceed to look about the room. At such times I often stood watching the visitor, with my hand on a double action revolver underneath the counter, and had the caller made a quick move, I am sure I would have shot through the counter at him.

While I was laid up at my residence, some good brother in Boston sent me a bundle of tracts, accompanied by a friendly letter. Another favored me with a poem, though I didn't know I had an enemy in the world.

One day a telegram came to Mr. Phillip from St. Paul reading: "Three heavily armed horsemen headed for Northfield. Look out for them." Mr. Phillips notified a few citizens, who awaited developments. About dusk the horsemen appeared,

dressed in hunting suits, and armed with shot guns. Riding to Allen's stables, they attempted to dismount, when they were placed under arrest by the City Marshal, who with his assistants prevented the visitors from even dismounting till they could give an account of themselves. Explanations soon followed, proving the "armed horsemen" to be three well known citizens of St. Paul on a chicken hunt. The telegram was sent by their friends as a practical joke.

The pursuit and capture of all but two of the gang is another interesting chapter in the history of the crime. Without going into all the details, I will give a few of the principal events.

Leaving Northfield, the crowd took nearly a due West course, keeping near the timber all the time, and in it as much as possible. A few miles out, they rode into a field where a man was plowing, and unceremoniously "borrowed" one of his horses for Bob Younger, as up to this time he and Cole had ridden the same horse. A cold drizzling rain set in the day after the raid, and continued nearly every day for two weeks. During this time the robbers had no shelter and no heavy clothing and it is wonderful how any human being could endure the exposure they did, some of them seriously wounded as they were. It simply shows the desperate fight one will make for his life. They would occasionally call at some out of the way house and buy or beg food. They subsisted chiefly on green corn, taken from fields along the way, which they partially roasted. For a change they had a watermelon or a chicken, as the refuse in their several camping places indicated. The whole country turned out to chase the rascals, and several times their pursuers came in sight of them, when shots were exchanged. At one of their camping places, so near to being taken were they that their horses were abandoned and left tied to trees. Not far from Mankato, a farmer named Dunning, fell into their hands, who told them where they were, and how to reach points inquired for. They threatened to kill Dunning, but finally released him, on his promise to say nothing of their whereabouts. A fresh impetus was given to the chase, upon discovering that the fleeing party had recently crossed the railroad bridge at Mankato. Here the gang separated, the two Jameses bearing off south, while the three Youngers and Pitts kept on their westerly course. The Jameses stole two horses from a pasture, and mounted on them, having bags of hay for saddles and ropes for bridles, were riding along an unfrequented road in the woods, when a boy out hunting for them with a shot gun, spied his game. Not being seen by the robbers, the boy stepped behind a tree, till they passed him,

and he was sure they were not innocent men, when he blazed away with both barrels, the charge taking effect in Frank James' left thigh, inflicting a painful wound. Not knowing how many were in pursuit, the guilty ones lashed their horses to a run and escaped. The boy was alone.

On the prairie north of Sioux City the Jameses captured a doctor, out on a professional visit, and after making him dress Frank's wound, forced him to exchange clothes; or at least took his clothes, and left him a few garments they had worn. Keeping on south, the James boys reached their old haunts in Missouri, where they had protection. Jesse lived in Kansas City for a year or two prior to the spring of 1882, when he removed to St. Joseph, where he was shot and killed in April of that year by Bob Ford, one of his own kind. It is said Ford received from the Missouri authorities immunity from crimes he had committed for putting James out of the way. Frank was arrested in Jackson Co., Mo., on some slight charge, but on his promise to behave himself and to leave Missouri, was permitted to go scott free. He went to Dallas, Tex., where he was employed for a short time in a clothing store, but honest toil did not agree with him, and he soon quit, and devoted his time to horse racing and gambling. I saw him in Dallas in 1892, but made no effort to renew our acquaintance, as I was greatly impressed at a former meeting.

On their journey the Youngers and Pitts saw a party of chicken hunters, with teams, and proceeded toward them with the intention of appropriating the horses. The hunters, divining their purpose, hastily exchanged the cartridges in their guns containing chicken shot, for some containing buck shot, and stood off the intruders by sending a few volleys toward them. When near Madelia, Watonwan Co., Minn., a Swede boy saw the escaping robbers, and riding into town, reported the fact to the citizens, who turned out en masse to effect the capture. After some skirmishing, the pursued were corralled in a dense plum thicket at a bend of a river. They were surrounded on all sides, but made a desperate fight. Shots were poured in upon them from all directions, but they would not come out. Finally the Sheriff of the county, a brave little Irishman named Gillespie, called for volunteers to go into the thicket with him and bring the robbers out. Six men stepped from the crowd, who, with the Sheriff formed a line abreast, and marched into the thicket, while the crowd breathlessly awaited the result. A short, sharp conflict ensued, and the Sheriff and party were victors.

Cole Younger, the only one standing, threw up his hands and said: "Don't shoot agin! we surrender, we're all shot to pieces." Pitts was dead, while Jim and Bob Younger were each seriously wounded in several places, and unable to arise,

and Cole had received no less than eight wounds. A ball from one of the robbers' revolvers, grazed the Sheriff's wrist, and another hit a briarwood pipe in the vest pocket of one of the Sheriff's party, glancing harmlessly away.

Cole Younger talked freely at the time of his capture, quoted Byron and Shakespeare, and said while he had lived in the south all his life, and thought he was familiar with warm weather, Minnesota was the hottest climate had ever struck. He complimented the citizens of Northfield and the Sheriff and party on their bravery, but said he had no use for detectives and policemen.

Pitts' body was taken to St. Paul, and turned over to Dr. Murphy, who now has his bones. I went to St. Paul to identify Pitts as the one who shot me. While viewing the remains, Dr. Murphy asked me if I would like the "finger that pulled the trigger as a keepsake". If I did, he would "cut it off and fix it up for me". I declined the kind offer, thinking I would remember the incident without such a memento.

The Youngers were taken to Rice County and placed in the county jail at Faribault, to await the action of the Grand Jury. They were charged with murder and speedily indicted. At that time the penal laws of Minnesota were such that if one charged with a capital crime plead guilty, the severest penalty was imprisonment for life. If the plea was "not guilty", and conviction followed, the death sentence might be pronounced by the officiating Judge. (The law has since been changed in this respect.) The murderers took advantage of the law, and to save their necks, (very likely with the hope of future pardon or escape) plead guilty, and were sentenced to the penitentiary at Stillwater for life.

While confined at Faribault, threats were received by mail that the prisoners would be rescued. There was also some talk of lynching them, hence a strong guard was placed about the jail. A public meeting was held in Northfield to discuss the propriety of taking summary vengeance on the Youngers, but calmer and wiser sentiment prevailed, as it was almost certain such an attempt would result in the death of innocent parties, so determined were the jail guard to both hold and defend their prisoners. A man appeared outside the jail one night expecting to meet a guard with whom he was acquainted, as he had done before. Another guard was on duty, who commanded the approaching party to halt. Not obeying, a rifle shot rang out on the midnight air, and the visitor fell dead in his tracks.

There was the usual sentimentality and slobbering on the part of weak minded women over these criminals. Bouquets of flowers were presented to the prisoners, and their signatures solicited for autograph albums.

Since they have been incarcerated in Stillwater prison, requests for pardon on the part of relatives in Missouri have been presented to different Governors, but without any apparent effect. Such action on the part of a Governor of Minn., would result in his political death, as the present generation will not forget the wanton murder of faithful Heywood.

Bob Younger died a few years ago. Cole and Jim are still "making buckets", this being the first and only useful employment of their lives.

The fact of Heywood's resistance and death, and the consequent failure of the robbers in their undertaking, was a protection to all banks against similar attacks in the future. The banks showed their appreciation of the services rendered by contributing to a fund for Mr. Heywood's widow. About \$15,000. was raised in this manner, thus placing her above want. Mr. Heywood was 39 years old at the time of his death. He was holding the position of City Treasurer, and was also Treasurer of Carleton College; was universally esteemed and respected. He left a wife and daughter. Mrs. Heywood has since died, and the daughter is attending Carleton College, at Northfield.

Heywood stood at his post in the hour of trial, and forfeited his life to save the property of his employers. He simply did what he considered his duty. I had worked with him every day for three years, and had opportunity to know him intimately. He was always ready to help a fellow worker; was faithful to every trust to the minutest detail, and kind and cheerful in disposition, though he had not enjoyed good health for years. The world was better for his having lived, and every bank in the country was benefitted by his heroic death.

Not so with the perpetrators of the crime. They counted without their host. They were overbold, and thought to surprise, frighten and overwhelm with fear, and the probabilities of success were ninety-nine to one in their favor. There were those in the bank as fearless and determined as they, and there were those outside cool-headed and brave hearted.

All the desperados were wounded before leaving Minnesota. Two were killed on the street at Northfield; another at the time of capture, near Madelia. A fourth met a tragic death at the hands of a partner in crime a few years later. A fifth died while under a life sentence in states prison. Only three of the original eight of as desperate a gang of cutthroats as banded together, remain. Two of these, Cole and Jim Younger are in Stillwater states prison for life, and Frank James in (perhaps a worse place) Texas. None of the murderous gang having a single good deed to his credit, to ease the way into eternity. Doing harm and injury while living, beloved and respected by no decent people, and dying in disgrace.

Chicago, Ill.
Aug. 24, 1894.

3

A. E. Bunker

OFFICE OF
CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT
OF RICE COUNTY

FARIBAULT : MINNESOTA

HON. ARTHUR B. CHILDRESS, JUDGE
ROBERT H. SIME, CLERK

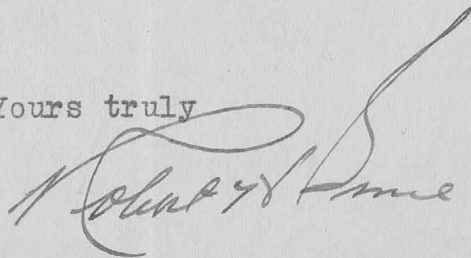
August 26th, 1921.

Mr. William W. Folwell,
1020 5th St. South,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sir:

In reply to yours of the 23th regarding the indictment of Frank and Jesse James in connection with the Northfield raid in 1876. I fail to find any record of the indictment of either of these persons in this connection.

Yours truly

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Robert H. Sime", written over the typed name "Robert H. Sime". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping flourish extending from the end of the name.

[Sept. 1921]

Professor Lyman B. Sperry,
119 West Avenue 52
San Angeles, California

Manila, Ilo

Sept. — 1921

Dear Professor Sperry:

I have the pleasure
of receiving your letter of the 22d. and the
number of Pitfalls. I had already got on the
trail of Billie Miller - a little address,
Way Up Ranch, San Bernardino County,
Cal. brought me across from "Highland"
simply. I am inclined to give you any in-
formation about this "up-country" with
the James brothers from Northfield, be-
cause the women were usually dealt the
preference - I do not remember that
the embargo was made in 1913 (214)
to Sam. & Mitchell made him an
assembly and participant in the crime.

My conclusion is that Billie is a
fraud, and that he conspired to about as
much participation in the raid as he
was out of Mitchell. Conversation
Mr. Huntington tells me that he

① Minnesota House Journal 122-5. ¹⁸³⁵ OK 243

② Minnesota House Journal 534, index to vice
Council Journal 286, index. ²⁶¹
~~44-45~~ 178 ~~178-178~~

③ Minnesota House Journal 176-83: Council OK
~~Journal 176-83~~

husband was inclined to credit his story
as published in 1914. He is to be noted that
in 1880 story he called William Walker
C. Styler - There is no doubt that a
certain Styler was killed at Northford.

Merely evidence is the matter of
this. That if this William Styler did
make connection with the James Burton
^{grand history}
the "man" a direct evidence of the presence
of the James Burton, yet found. The
Morgan Standbys agreed to interview
them and no evidence was found. No
ground to warrant a registration in
the ~~government~~ ^{public} records for their exclusion
from elections.

The University of Minnesota
Minneapolis

October 17, 1921.

The Honorable the Secretary of State,
Jefferson City, Missouri.

Sir:

For a serious historic purpose I desire to be informed whether a requisition was ever received for the extradition of Frank James and Jessie James to Minnesota to be tried for participation in the attempted robbery and incidental murders at Northfield, Minnesota on September 7, 1876. There have been newspaper statements that requisition was made and denied, but I am informed by the clerk of the county in which the crimes were committed that no indictment was filed against the James brothers. Your reply on this sheet will be appreciated.

Respectfully yours, &c.

Wm. W. Feltwell

President Emeritus.

*We have searched our files and only find one requisition for the James Boys and that was on the Gov of Texas in 1881. However a great many records were lost in the fire and we presume they were destroyed. The Minnesota requisition should be on file in your state. Sincerely,
Recording Clerk*

Minneapolis, Minn. Nov. 19, 1921:

The courteous reply on page 1 does not exactly touch the point on which I need information. May I therefor ask whether any requisition was received from the governor of Minnesota for the extradition of the James brothers one or both to Minnesota, to be there tried for crime ?? If any were received it would be late in 1876 or a later year. And may I have reply on this sheet ?

Wm. H. Folwell.

1020 5th st se

*Jefferson City
Nov. 22, 1921.*

Sir: The records you wish are not here. I know of no way it could be gotten unless such executive warrant or the agents authority, who carried the warrant can be found in the Secretary of States office in Minnesota.

Very truly

Charles H. Becker

C. M. A.

Secy of State

Minneapolis, Minn. October, 27 1921:

dear mr. Folwell:

As I said in the course of our late conversation Jim Younger attended ~~to~~ one of my addresses on Socialism (my kind) at the corner of the night before his death. 7th and Cedar streets, St. Paul. As I was speaking he came forward from the crowd, reached out his hand as if to shake hands. He had a half dollar which he left in mine. He wanted to say good bye, and added that he might not see me again. It seemed to me that he looked happy, even elated or exalted, and my thought was that he had got leave to go back to Missouri. I gave him a bunch of my printed material, and I have understood that he wrote his last words on the back of one of the leaflets.

Very truly yours &c

Adolph Grethen

Mr. Grethen, now in middle life, was a student in one of the preparatory classes of the University in the seventies. He is a well-known musician, but much interested in socialistic movements.

Wm. W. Folwell

man on

K, C, 270 Dec 24th 1922

Mr W Fildwell

Manchester, Tenn

My dear Sir

We have been moving your letter from
box without a find your envelope but no
letter & in view of this thought I would write
& know what I can do for you will be glad
to have you write me on receipt of this & tell
me what I can do for you if any thing will
be glad to receive you any I can do for
the name of the people am ready to act
Kindly let me hear from you at once my best office

Yours in envelopes

I hope to hear from you at once

Very truly W, C, Burroughs

My ~~again~~ 2704 E 31st

K C 270



W. C. BRONAUGH

MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDER MO. DIV.

2501 EAST 37TH STREET

KANSAS CITY, MO.

MY DEAR COMRADE:

“We have fought many battles,
Won victories---suffered defeat;
But in the home-stretch for heaven
May no comrade ever retreat.

May you and I stack arms together
In that bright and blissful land,
Where there'll be no surrenders;
No defeats---no disband.”

[ca. 1923]

Yvonne Wright

Dear Carl Prounough:

I have the pleasure of receiving your letter of December 24th, 1922 - Some months ago I was engaged on a story of the Northland and of 1896 ^(not yet published) and made for me, with due acknowledgment, a few books. "The Language of Rights in Freedom!" Not finding some good reasons I send you for information, I may not exactly please them, but I will put in a separate sheet a short list of questions, each of which may be briefly answered if you wish to be so good.

The persistence and fidelity with which you worked on the long-delayed edition of your ~~invaluable~~ neighbors country's annals I suspect that you have been more than time and labor.

If you are too good enough to reply to my questions, & return this letter (both sheets) you will put me under an obligation and add to the history.

Very truly yours

R. H. FOLWELL, PRESIDENT
EDWIN AHLKOG, VICE-PRES.
I. H. FALEIDE, TREASURER
W. F. VATTER, SECRETARY

INDUSTRIAL PLANTS
GRAIN ELEVATORS
FLOUR & FEED MILLS
COAL & POWER STATIONS
OIL REFINERIES
WAREHOUSES
DOCKS & PIERS

FOLWELL-AHLKOG COMPANY

SUPERVISING ENGINEERS

MUNICIPAL TERMINAL PROJECT

600 SEABOARD BANK BUILDING

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

November 27th, 1922.

Col. & Mrs. Wm. W. Folwell,
#1020 Southeast 5th St.,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

My dear Folks:-

I hate to write in long hand so much that my correspondence with you has been almost negligible since I left home four weeks ago.

We are very busy getting the elevator started up and an additional contract let on the Norfolk Terminal. On account of various reasons, including embargos on cars and shortage of labor and material, the work has been delayed but on the whole I think that very good progress has been made.

Irma and I will be here at least another week and, like a woman, she wants to go to New York for a few days before we return home. She may go there ahead of me as I may be detained here for more than a week. However we will be home in time to get up in Minneapolis for our Christmas visit.

There is no news to write.

R. H. Folwell. (Dictated)

RHF-f

Question in regard to the Memphis Brothers
arrest of Capt. W.C. Brinkley of Kentucky
Ind. Co. dated 7 _____ 1923

1. Date and place of death of Thomas
Edmund Thompson.
2. Date and place of death of Frank James
3. Date and place of death of Jesse James
4. Had the Memphis Brothers any money
or property when they came out
in the "flight"?
5. If it is your pleasure to say, how
much of your own money did
they spend?
6. How much did you pay out to
them when arrested?
7. What was the total cost of the
Flight?

LONDON
CHICAGO
DETROIT
MILWAUKEE
SAINT PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS



SHIRT MAKERS
IMPORTERS AND PURVEYORS
OF MEN'S FINE APPAREL

Capper & Capper

AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES
CAPPER, SON & CO., LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND
EST. 1779

HOTEL RADISSON BLDG.
MINNEAPOLIS.

November
28th
1922

Mr. W. W. Folwell
City

Dear Mr. Folwell:

You will receive under separate cover a copy of 'Correct Dress' - our miniature catalog - created especially to aid those who care to deal with Capper and Capper, yet do not find it convenient to get into our stores.

Many of our customers who have been receiving suggestions from us in the form of letters, samples, cuts, etc. have requested just such a book. Certain pages of this catalog will be used to supplement some future letters of suggestion. The Dress Charts may also serve you for reference. Further, you will be seeking helpful thoughts for Christmas - it is hoped you will find our booklet an aid in gift selections.

Please do not construe this as just an ordinary piece of advertising, to be discarded quickly - but, on the contrary, put it in some handy place so that you can refer to it from time to time.

Very truly yours,
CAPPER & CAPPER

CB/RC

Clarence Blomquist
Bob White

P. S. Christmas is not far off - all Christmas orders are handsomely boxed - if we can serve you, we shall be pleased.

Adolphe graduated at old High - & then at
New England Conservatory of Music -
never at University - his brother was
Mary O. Fisher Nov 12th 1923