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FROM SALT POND ROAD TO PASO ROBLES

On 22 Nov. 1873, the *St. Louis Dispatch* contained a sizeable supplement under the title, 'A Terrible Quintette.' Penned by John Newman Edwards, friend and supporter of both the James brothers and the Southern Cause, the article contained details of interviews with five known and uncommon men – Arthur McCoy, Cole and John Younger, and Frank and Jesse James.

OUTLAW TALES



BY MICHELLE POLLARD

A small part of this interview was dedicated to the events of 15 May, 1865, when Jesse and a group of fellow guerrillas were fired upon while searching for a possible place to cross the Missouri river. "On the 15th of May 1865," Jesse is recorded as saying, "I was wounded near Lexington, Mo., in a fight with some Wisconsin cavalry men – soldiers, I believe, of the Second Wisconsin... I was in a dreadful fix. A minie ball had gone through my right lung and everybody thought that the wound would prove mortal." Jesse had been left for dead by both friend and foe and was forced to spend the night in Tabo Creek before being spotted the next day by a passing farmer. The farmer "borrowed a carriage from Mrs Early" and hauled the wounded guerrilla into Lexington, where he surrendered with a group of his comrades on 21 May 1865.¹

On 15 July Jesse started the long journey to Nebraska and the home of his exiled family but so severe was his wound that the trip was made in two stages, taking

full advantage of his uncle's home in Harlem, north Kansas City, and the relative comfort of the Missouri river.² Once in Nebraska, Jesse was cared for by his step-father, Dr. Samuel, but his condition did not improve. Believing he would die, the family began the long journey back to Missouri on 26 Aug. Once again, Jesse was forced to stop in Harlem, being nursed there by Doctors Lykins and Wood, and by Zee, his cousin.

By the spring of 1866, Jesse stated that he was "just able to mount a horse and ride about a little," a statement substantiated by Cole Younger, who saw Jesse "early in the summer of 1866" and noticed that "he was still suffering from the shot through the lung he had received in the last battle in Johnson county in May 1865."³

In June of that year, "although my own wound was still very bad," Jesse traveled to the aid of his brother, Frank, who had himself been wounded at Brandenburg and was then staying at Alexander Sayer's house in Nelson County, Ky. Frank had "got in a fight with four Federal soldiers. Two of these he killed, the third he wounded badly, and the fourth shot Frank in the point of the left hip." The pair left for Logan county in September before Jesse returned to Missouri alone in October. "During the winter of 1866 and '67 I came almost to death's door," he recalled. "My wound would not heal, and I had several hemorrhages."

It was recommended that Jesse seek the advice of "celebrated Confederate surgeon, Dr. Paul Eve, of Nashville, Tenn. I went there in June 1867, and remained under his care for three weeks. He told me that my lung was so

badly decayed that I was bound to die, and that the best thing I could do was to go home and die among my people." But Jesse had been shot in this same lung before, by George Heisinger in the summer of 1864, and did not believe he was going to die.⁴ Nevertheless he returned to family in Logan county before heading back to Missouri in November 1867. A month later, he was back in Logan county, Ky., before traveling to Chaplin, Nelson County, in the early part of 1868.

"In May, 1868, being recommended by Dr. Joe Wood, of Kansas City, to take a sea voyage, I went to New York to find a ship going to San Francisco. The *Santiago de Cuba* sailed on 8th of June and I took passage on her." Having stayed at the home of uncle Drury Woodson James in Paso Robles, Calif., and having taken full advantage of the

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FOJF heading in a new direction

I hope that everyone is enjoying their summer and not suffering too much in the heat! It's been an interesting seven months for the Friends of the James Farm Board. After careful consideration, the Board decided to not have its Annual Friends of the James



Farm Reunion in June. We needed some time to step back and re-evaluate the Reunion. We are in the process of restructuring the event for 2016 and will follow with more details as we solidify our plans for next year's event.

We have had two very successful Old West Revolver Shoots. It's always fun to see familiar faces return and new faces join us at each shoot. In an effort to increase safety at the shoot, we eliminated the metal woodpecker targets and replaced them with cardboard. We also changed the fee structure so it's a flat fee that allows each shooter four targets at each shoot. The "special target" is now included in the fee and isn't charged separately. We have also added an Anna James category for Cap and Ball and Cartridge. Ladies – it's your turn!

After the June Shoot, we held our Annual Meeting, which the Board is required to have every year. Members of the Friends of the James Farm are always invited to attend and voice their opinions. We enjoyed a BBQ lunch and reviewed the necessary



FOJF Board member Larry Butcher and former FOJF Board President Christie Kennard at the Annual Meeting and Picnic. (Photo by Beth Beckett)

business.

The Board can only be as effective as our members allow us to be. By that, I mean we really encourage suggestions and participation from our members as to what we can offer that is meaningful. It's more important now, than it has ever been, to support the James Farm and maintain and preserve its historical significance.

Your support as a member and the input you provide the Board allows us to focus on those areas that you feel are most important to the legend of the James Family. We welcome your comments. You can email me directly or submit them via the website at www.jessejames.org. Either way, I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Monte Griffey, President

montegriffey@yahoo.com

WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS ISSUE?

You may have noticed this issue is entitled: Spring/Summer 2015. Due to board changes, we didn't put out a Spring newsletter, so we combined the Spring & Summer issues into one LARGE issue with some excellent articles by writers Michelle Pollard, Martin McGrane and Liz Johnson. A Fall issue will be published later this year!

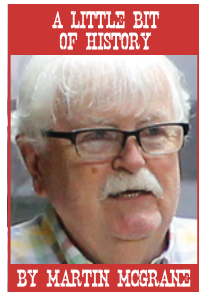
The short, savage life of the notorious William T. Anderson

You can learn a lot about the Civil War in Missouri by looking at the photo of William T. “Bloody Bill” Anderson that accompanies this article. He looks haughty and commanding, but most of all he looks dangerous – and he was.

Anderson was the leader of one of the most effective (and feared) Confederate guerrilla bands roaming Missouri from 1862 until he was killed two years later. His influence, however, on the James brothers or certain other ex-guerrillas lasted far longer – and in the opinion of some, even into the 20th century.

Anderson, technically, fought under the command of William Clarke Quantrill, western Missouri’s most notorious guerrilla leader. In reality, though, he and his minions often broke off from the pack, terrorizing, burning, killing and scalping Unionists (soldiers and civilians) unfortunate enough to come into range. Their preferred victims were Union military personnel, but even Confederate-supporting civilians occasionally felt the heat of their wrath if no other suitable targets could be found.

Anderson was born in 1839 in Kentucky, into a rootless family. His father, also named William, was 19. His mother, Martha, was only 17. After leaving Kentucky when young Bill was just a baby, the Andersons moved to Missouri, then to Iowa, then back to Missouri. They were living in Council Grove, Kan. in 1860, where the senior Bill was dabbling in horse trading (and horse stealing) when Martha was killed by lightning. That seemed to make him and his near-adult sons (young Bill was 21) lightning rods for trouble. Two years later, in a showdown over a dispute with a neighbor (who was also his daughter Mary’s former lover), the senior Anderson stormed into the man’s house where he was greeted by



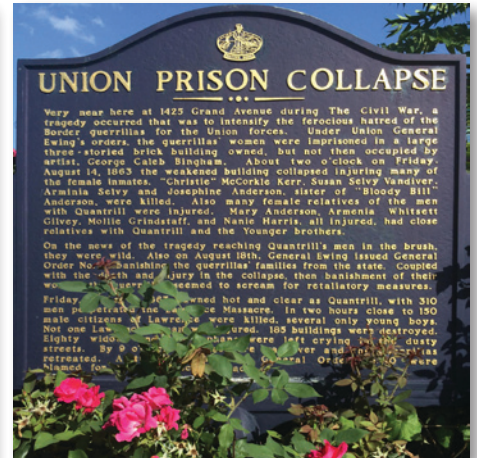
This photo is believed to be of a young William T. Anderson. Certainly the facial structure, mouth, nose and eyes resemble photos of Anderson in his 20s. Note the fancy guerrilla shirt.

shotgun fire. Soon afterwards, in revenge, young Bill and his brother Jim had the neighbor lured into the basement of his own general store. There, they locked him inside and set fire to the place, burning him alive. A tough bunch, those Andersons.

At loose ends, Bill and Jim Anderson began wandering the unsettled counties of western Missouri in search of people to rob. In the process, they came under the gaze of Quantrill, who told them to stop robbing southerners or he’d put them out of business in a permanent way. They got the message and quickly became part of Quantrill’s outfit.

Jim Anderson didn’t figure prominently as a Quantrillian, but Bill quickly did. He had a lust for fighting, and Quantrill, who early in the war had led his unit as the captain of a recognized ranger unit of Confederate cavalry, appreciated the muscle Anderson brought into the outfit. Rather quickly he elevated him to a leadership position (a move he would later regret).

At this point, a note about the nature of the Civil War in western Missouri is warranted... Missouri was a Union state, but not an entirely enthusiastic one, es-



Historical sign at the site of the Aug. 14, 1863 Union jail collapse, 1425 Grand Ave., Kansas City. Anderson’s sister, Josephine was killed; his sister Mary was injured.

pecially in counties that bordered territorial Kansas. Indeed, a large swath of central and western Missouri was known as “Little Dixie” in recognition of the fact that so many of residents had come there from the South, including the family of Jesse and Frank James.

The regular Confederate army never held territory in Missouri, except for only the briefest of times. But because the state’s southern-leaning population was so downright hostile (in their view it wasn’t the Civil War, it was “The War of Northern Aggression”) the Union was forced to police it heavily with Federal troops and federal militia. Men and boys (some as young as 12) who wanted to fight for the Confederacy couldn’t reach regular Confederate forces to the south, so they joined guerrilla outfits like those led by Quantrill.

1863 was a pivotal year for guerrilla warfare in western Missouri. Quantrill allowed Anderson, George Todd and his other leading subordinates to roam at will, destroying telegraph lines and other Union tools of communication, building up their own networks of support, and killing all the Union and Missouri Militia soldiers they could find. In frustration

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April and June Old West Revolver Shoot Results



Participants in the June 20 shoot pose in vintage clothing on the side porch of the James farmhouse.

The weather for our April 11 shoot couldn't have been better. It was cool enough for the people in heavy Western garb, but warm enough so that no one was cold.

Having two sets of woodpecker targets seems to speed things up. As usual our shooters helped us set up, move targets and put them away.



The shooters who came the furthest to participate were: Mike and Patrick Clark. They brought us some literature from Northfield, Minn. The Clark's are from Anoka, Minn.

Anna James

This shoot was our first for the Anna James classification. We had two contestants.

Tammy White – First Place
Pam Allison – Second Place

Standard Course, Cartridge Guns

Randy Webber – First Place
Bruce Houston – Second Place
Terry Barr – Third Place

Cap and Ball Guns

Les Hunt – First Place
Bill Allison – Second Place

Paul Weller – Third Place

Special Target, Cartridge – Bob Ford

(so chosen because April 11 is close to the anniversary date of Jesse's death – April 3)

Randy Webber – First Place
Terry Barr – Second Place
Bruce Houston – Third Place

Special Target, Cap and Ball

Les Hunt – First Place
Ron McCormick – Second Place
Bruce Houston – Third Place

Our next shoot was June 20 and preceded the FOJF Annual Meeting. The Board of Directors provided a complimentary meal for members who came to the meeting, which included the shooters.

Again, the weather was wonderful. And the morning donuts were great, but the afternoon meal was even better.

Standard Course, Cartridge Guns

Terry Barr – First Place
Bruce Houston – Second Place
Dave Triplett – Third Place

Cap and Ball Guns

Randy Webber – First Place
Les Hunt – Second Place
James Snyder – Third Place

Special Target, Cartridge

Bruce Houston – First Place

JESSE JAMES OLD WEST REVOLVER SHOOT Saturday, Sept. 19, 2015

Registration 8 a.m. • Shoot 9 a.m.
James Farm, 21216 Jesse James Farm Rd.
Kearney, MO 64060 • 816-736-8500

Test your skills on the favorite targets of Buck & Dingus, aka Frank & Jesse, and win a prize! This ain't no tea dance so shooters are encouraged to dress accordingly.

Cartridge Revolver • Cap & Ball

Fixed sights and dueling stance only

Cost is \$25 per shooter and includes the special target, AND, a year's membership with the Friends of the James Farm

PLUS OUR NEW CATEGORY ...

ANNA JAMES

(FOR WOMEN)

Cartridge Revolver & Cap & Ball

Visit the website: www.jessejames.org
and click on the link for the shoot for rules and regulations

Sponsored by Clay County Parks, Recreation & Historic Sites and the Friends of the James Farm

Terry Barr – Second Place
Mark Goodloe – Third Place

Special Target, Cap and Ball

Kevin King – First Place
Randy Webber – Second Place
Les Hunt – Third Place

We had a couple of shooters from far away this time. Jim Mason came from Washington, Ill., and Jim Fornoff came from Havana, Ill.

Information for our final shoot of 2015 is above.

See you all in September!
Bryan Ivlow

More Shoot photos on page 15

How to determine which historic information is the truth

You've been researching an ancestor, a person from history and you begin to come across conflicting information. What do you do? How do you determine what is fact or fiction?

Unfortunately, the answer isn't always black and white.

When I first began a history column for the *Excelsior Springs Standard* in 2011, I



found myself making loads of mistakes. I took everything I found on a subject as truth. I got immersed in a subject and then made bad judgment calls and assumptions within articles.

And it didn't take long for the mistakes to be apparent.

It was a hard lesson to learn, but one that has served me well over the ensuing years. I now thoroughly research a subject, take the contradicting points and decide how I will present them.

As a newspaper columnist, I found I had a following. People began thinking I was an expert. They look up to you for the right answers and take your word verbatim. In order to serve the public correctly as a writer and historian, integrity must come first.

You just can't form an opinion and make it fact. But, you can inform the public that what you've stated is your hypothesis, so there is no confusion when your article or story is read. You can also state the source of your theory to substantiate your opinion.

When I wrote about Jesse James' death in my series of articles at that same paper, I knew I had delved deeply into his character, visited the St. Joseph house, talked with fellow historians and researched the farm's archives. I had plenty of facts to write about and there was truly no question as to their authenticity.

The question still remained, "why did Jesse take his gun belt off that fateful day, climb

on a chair and turn his back on Charley and Bob Ford?"

I have an opinion as to why Jesse did that, but that's just my theory. It's not based on fact, and I'm very clear when stating that the theory is my opinion only.

I've recently come across a discrepancy regarding the actual date of the death of William "Bloody Bill" Anderson that has sparked much debate over the years between historians.

I now write for a different newspaper and had listed Anderson's death date in a publication as Oct. 26, 1864. Every periodical, newspaper and Internet article I had read all said he died on Oct. 26. Nevertheless, someone who has studied him thoroughly contradicted the date, stating he died on Oct. 27.

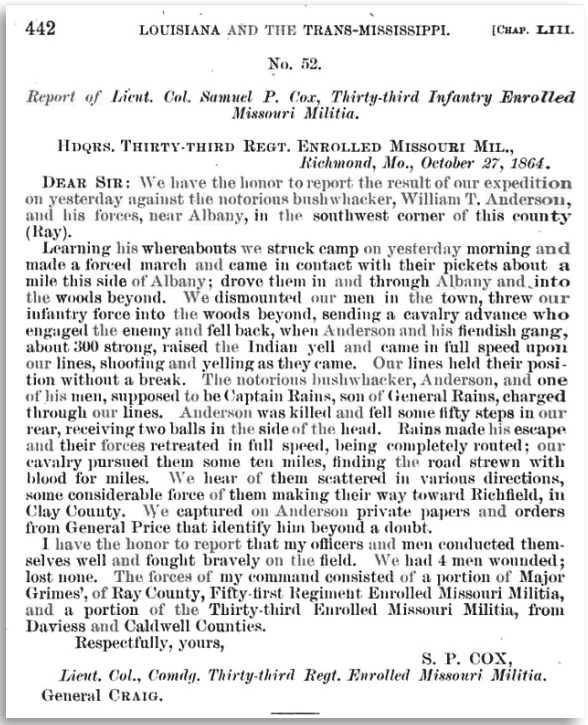
A flurry of research ensued. I do love a good mystery, and after all, isn't genealogical and historical research just that? Research, accumulate information and theorize. But is the mystery solved? For example:

After you've done your research and listed the data supporting a death date of Oct. 27 on one side of the page and the data supporting a death date of Oct. 26 on the opposite of the page – you must decide which way your theory will go.

In this case, I chose the Oct. 26, 1864 date based on the *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, written by Lt. Samuel Cox, where he dates his report as Oct. 27, 1864, then proceeds to state that everything happened "yesterday." (Oct. 26)

Historians still dispute the fact of the date of death even though an official report from the Union officer in charge, who was also a witness, was written describing Anderson's death.

In all my research over the years, I've found many newspapers from the 1800s rarely got everything right. Often one paper would get their facts slightly skewed



and then other newspapers would pick up the story and there you have it – a number of papers are running the wrong story.

To be accurate, we have to research as many reports and records as possible – those that at least prove, if not narrow down, the facts. Census records are known for their mistakes, but often we can find those mistakes and see the truth. Names are often misspelled, or even transcribed incorrectly.

Courthouse records and deeds can often be relied upon – but can contain mistakes. Certainly, Cox's report could contain inaccuracies. But then again, who, if anyone from that day when Anderson was killed, would have the ability to know the date correctly? A bushwhacker, camping in the woods, riding for his life, or a military man who has the full support of an army encampment.

As writers and historians, we owe it to those who read our words and will someday use our research to determine their own conclusions – to phrase our findings appropriately.

For instance, I've decided to stick with the

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nearby sulphur springs, Jesse returned to his home in Missouri in October 1868, renewed.⁵

So ends Jesse's narrative of his post-war activities before the 1869 robbery and murder at Gallatin. It is a tale of pain and suffering, quite literally supported by a resolute family and bolstered by an army of concerned physicians. But historians have rarely bought into the idea of Jesse's long recuperation, their acknowledgment of it as "a compelling story, halloved by tradition" suggesting a distinct condemnation for those who opt for nostalgia over common sense when repeating it. This tale, like so many others, must surely deserve no greater glory than the label of "fact-based narrative greatly exaggerated."⁶

Penned by a man who made fact-based narrative greatly exaggerated somewhat of a trademark, *A Terrible Quintette* was littered with careless inaccuracies that undoubtedly caused little if no concern to its author. The circumstances regarding each of Jesse's war wounds, seven in number according to this interview, were never as dramatically documented than within the pages of Edwards' 1877 book, *Noted Guerrillas or The Warfare of the Border*.

The following is his version of the 15 May fight –

Mounted on a superb black horse, a single Wisconsin trooper dashed ahead of the balance and closed in swiftly upon James, who halted to court the encounter. At the distance of ten feet both fired simultaneously, and when the smoke cleared away the brave Wisconsin man was dead with a dragoon revolver ball through his heart. Scarcely had this combat closed, however, before another Wisconsin trooper, equally as resolute as his stricken comrade, rushed at James firing rapidly, and closing in as he fired. James killed his horse, and the Federal in turn sent a pistol ball through James' right lung, the same lung that had been before so severely wounded. Then the rush passed over him and beyond. Another volley killed his horse, and as the Johnson county militia galloped by, five fired at him as he lay bleeding under the prostrate animal ... Extricating himself with infinite toil and pain, Jesse James left the road for the woods, pursued by five Federals, who fired at him constantly as they followed. At a distance

of two hundred yards he killed the foremost Federal and halted long enough under fire to disencumber himself of his heavy cavalry boots, one of which was a quarter full of blood. He fired again and shattered the pistol arm of the second pursuer, the other three closing up and pressing the maimed Guerrilla as ravenous hounds the torn flanks of a crippled stag. James was getting weaker and weaker ... when he attempted to lift his trusty dragoon pistol to halt the nearest trooper, he found it too heavy for his hand. But reinforcing his right arm with his left, he fired finally at the Wisconsin man almost upon him and killed him in the saddle ... Terrified at the prowess of one who had been so terribly wounded, and who killed even as he reeled along, the militiamen abandoned the chase, and James, staggering four or five hundred yards further, fell upon the edge of a creek and fainted.⁷

John Newman Edwards was a lot of things, but he was not an out-and-out liar. True, he was on a selfless quest to create heroes but his tales always had some basis in fact and in this case the actual fight between bushwhackers and men of the Wisconsin cavalry can be verified by Major Davis, who sent a triumphant report to his superiors on 16 May, 1865, stating with confidence "that [Arch Clement] and his party were fired upon yesterday, six miles out on the Salt Pond Road on the return from the river."⁸ In customary contradiction to Edwards' assertions of Jesse's quite remarkable part in the 15 May fight stands Major Davis' version during which he makes no mention of him. Such flamboyant recording of history by Edwards, and the lack of contemporary sources to substantiate it, has long manifested a distinct possibility that the fight did not go quite as Edwards had portrayed it. Despite the fact that the scar left by the wound, alongside the one inflicted by George Heisinger, can be plainly seen in death images of Jesse James, and that the existence of a photograph, which hangs still in the James family home, is large enough to suggest the family planned to place it next to his coffin when he finally succumbed to the wound, Edwards' vision of Jesse's heroic escape, the seriousness of the wound, and the distance he traveled under heavy fire, draws into question the legitimacy of all aspects of the story so that ultimately it "reeks of invention." Perhaps the "bullet

through the lung was not necessarily as grave an injury as common sense and Jesse's own account would make it seem," a conclusion bolstered by the realization that "no witness outside of the James family and [Jesse's] circle of friends and defenders ever supported" the idea of his long recovery.⁹ At a time when 62 percent of lung wounds proved fatal, the fact that Jesse survived at all provides further cause to doubt the severity of the wound; a wound that was not chronicled at the time, either because Jesse wasn't famous enough to draw such attention, or his suffering was so slight no one noticed he had been wounded at all. Is it possible then that "Jesse James's multi-year recuperation was a retroactive alibi, manufactured after he had become famous to hide his activities in the years immediately following the war's end?"¹⁰

Those activities, of course, included robbery. Banks at Liberty, Lexington, Savannah, Independence and Richmond were all robbed during Jesse's alleged convalescence and none are mentioned by him in *A Terrible Quintette*. "It was to get to the question of these robberies," Jesse explained, "that has caused me to be so minute in introducing my career since the close of the war. The first robbery with which our names have been connected was the robbery of a bank at Russellville, Kentucky, which took place on March 20th, 1868." His name not being connected to those earlier robberies does not necessarily mean he was not involved in them, but being wounded just eight months before the Liberty robbery of 13 Feb. 1866, has long forced historians to acknowledge that "the seriousness of the wound and his recuperative powers make all the difference as to whether Jesse could or could not have survived the exertions of the hard riding entailed in the robbery."¹¹ A fact that, according to his own narrative, could apply to all robberies before Gallatin. So how serious was the wound and could he have committed such physically challenging crimes while nursing it?

When Judge James R. Ross included details of the Liberty raid in his book, *I, Jesse James*, he managed to both continue family lore regarding Jesse's wound while at the same time maintained the integrity of the Legend. It was a plan that would

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make a minor wound appear incapacitating and hinted at the possibility that Jesse was using the wound as an alibi long before the 1873 interview. In his version, Ross had Jesse follow the doctor's instructions precisely before the Liberty robbery so that Jesse was more than well enough to take part in the raid. Then, "for the next three days I did not drain the pus from my wound. I allowed it to become inflamed and swollen. On the third day, Dr. Lankford arrived and saw with his own eyes what bad shape I was in. He determined that I was unable to walk, even to the outhouse. The concern in his eyes told me that my plan had succeeded because I looked worse than I had just four days before. My alibi was working perfectly."¹²

Of the multitude of Liberty suspects, some forty in number, Jesse was never a contemporary contender and although he had cause to attack Lexington, the place where his friend Arch Clement had been killed, his name was not mentioned after that robbery either.¹³ His name has never been officially connected to the Savannah robbery, nor does it appear on any of the warrants sworn out after the Richmond robbery.¹⁴ Retroactive allegations requiring retroactive alibis.

Dr. Paul Eve had been born on a rice plantation in Atlanta, Ga., on 27 June 1806, and, having graduated in 1828, he traveled to Europe in hope of learning more practical skills from the best surgeons Paris and London had to offer. He was an ambulance surgeon during the French 'July Rebellion' of 1830 and secured funds for the subsequent uprising in Poland. He served as a surgeon in Warsaw, was commissioned Major of the Polish Army and was awarded their highest honour, the Golden Cross of Merit, for his services.¹⁵

Four years after the publication of his greatest work, *A Collection of Remarkable Cases In Surgery*, and as Civil War ripped through the United States, Dr. Eve was appointed Surgeon General for the Provisional Army of Tennessee. He spent his time "in Nashville hospitals, treating casualties, until Forts Henry and Donelson fell in February 1862" after which he deemed it too dangerous to stay and he "fled Nashville on

16 Feb., taking his surgical instruments with him."¹⁶ His surgical skills did not go unused for long, however, and just "six days later he was Commander and Surgeon of the Gate-City Hospital in Atlanta." This hospital, located in a second rate hotel of 32 rooms, was constantly overcrowded with patients and yet despite these difficult conditions, "Eve was able to treat and return to duty a high percentage of casualties."¹⁷ He served on the medical examination board and was with the army at the battles of Shiloh, Columbus, Atlanta and Augusta.¹⁸

When the war was over, Dr. Eve returned to Nashville before removing to St. Louis in 1868 to accept chair of surgery at the University of Missouri. He remained there a year before being "obliged to resign for climatic causes."¹⁹ He returned to the University of Nashville, where he remained until his death on 3 Nov., 1877.²⁰

Jesse James would not have needed to consult such a man with a minor wound, but is there any evidence to support the idea that he sought the celebrated surgeon's help in 1867, two years after his fight on the Salt Pond Road?

It is difficult to say with any degree of certainty. What is known is that Dr. Eve was in Nashville at the time Jesse claimed to have been under his care, and the existence of a photograph, taken by C. Gires of Nashville in 1867, serves to prove that Jesse was in the area and potentially suffering from some kind of malady. The jacket, which Jesse can be seen wearing in other images of later dates, appears hopelessly too big for him and the rest of his attire suggests he was considerably underweight; not necessarily indicative of a serious lung wound but, under the circumstances, a credible possibility. Furthermore, details of Jesse's meeting with Dr. Eve were not exclusively contained within the columns of *A Terrible Quintette*. In a letter printed by the *Nashville Banner* on 10 July, 1875, Jesse James wrote, "I will close by sending my kindest regards to old Dr. Eve and many thanks to him for his kindness to me when I was wounded and under his care."



Fletch Taylor, Frank and Jesse James. Note how thin Jesse appears. (Photo by C. Gires, Nashville, 1867)

By 1873, and the publication of *A Terrible Quintette*, Jesse stood accused of involvement in the Russellville robbery of 20 March 1868, a crime for which he provided an unsatisfactory alibi. Apparently in Chaplin, Nelson County, home of George Shepherd and the place where the latter was arrested for participation in the crime, Jesse's alibi appeared more like a confession. On 3 March 1875, Detective Delos Bligh sent a letter to the Governor of Missouri providing details of the Russellville robbery. "Jesse and Frank James were at Chaplin, Nelson Co., Ky. at the time unable to participate in the affair," he wrote. Subsequently, it was assumed that the brothers had been involved in the planning of the raid but did not actually take part in it. William Settle, in his book, *Jesse James Was His Name*, commented that both brothers were "incapacitated by wounds," but Jesse's wound being three years old and Frank's bullet in the hip being two, Settle wondered if "possibly the injuries that kept them at Chaplin had resulted from bullets shot at bandits."²¹ The plot thickened when Major George B. Hite testified, "I don't think [Jesse] was in the Russellville robbery. He

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SALT POND ROAD

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was sick at the time at our house.”²² Of the 22 wounds doctors expected to find on Jesse’s body after he was killed in 1882 they found just five – the two gunshot wounds to the chest, one wound to the leg supposed to have been taken at Northfield in 1876, a wound to the hand which took off the tip of a finger, and the bullet in the back of the head which killed him. If he was suffering from a wound at Chaplin, it was of Civil War origin.

Demarcus Green Simmons was a doctor in Adairsville, Ky. He was not a member of the James family, nor can he be characterized as friend or ally, but nevertheless he was called early one January morning in 1868 to the home of Major George Hite. He found Jesse James “apparently in the embrace of death, in a profound stupor, insensible to his surroundings, except under the influence of the strongest excitement; pulse slow, full and very forcible, and respiration of that heavy, slow and stertorous nature characteristic of opium poisoning.” Conveying his story to the pages of the *Kansas City Journal* of 6 May 1882, Dr. Simmons assessed the situation as follows:

“At the time of which I write, Jesse was suffering from the effects of a gunshot wound to his right breast, and from the long continued discharge was rather thin and in feeble health, and was spending some time with his uncle, Maj. Geo. B. Hite, who lived within two or three miles of Adairsville.

In a fit of despondency, produced partly by his low state of health, and partly, as I afterward learned, by his bitter opposition to the prospective marriage of his sister Susie to Allen Palmer, whom she afterward married, Jesse determined to commit suicide, and, impelled by his impetuous nature, lost no time in his efforts at executing his desire.

The doctor’s assertions that Jesse was sick, depressed and unwilling to accept his sister’s choice in husband has long been the reason behind Jesse’s attempted suicide, but Jesse’s apparent dislike of Allen Palmer has never been successfully justified. A governess called Jennie, who was employed within the Hite household, recorded her version of events in 1885:

My charge consisted of Woot, [sic] the oldest, a boy of sixteen; George, a boy of fourteen;



Death photo of Jesse James showing chest wounds from unknown newspaper. (Author’s collection)

Nellie[Nancy], a sweet faced girl of twelve; Lucy, a fair-haired child of ten, and Clarence, or Jeffie, as he was familiarly called, a bright little fellow of six. Besides these, there was Mary, the oldest, an old school mate of mine, and last but not least, a nephew of Mrs. Hite – none other than the notorious Jesse James.”²³

As the narrative continued it became clear that Jesse, a metaphorical light in the room, was either in perfect health or Jennie was so over-awed by him that she failed to notice any ill health. What she did recall, however, was the deep fondness Jesse felt for his cousin, Mary. In the governess’ version, it was Mary’s plans to marry that caused Jesse to spiral into despondency, not Susie’s. And while Susie did not marry Allan Palmer until 1870, Mary E. Hite married Rufus S. Tully, a local farmer, on 21 Jan. 1868.²⁴

The governess’ omissions regarding Jesse’s physical condition may also have been a result of Jesse attempting to conceal them, or an unknown acknowledgment that morphine had been providing some measure of pain relief. Dr. Simmons noticed that “there had been some degree of tolerance to the drug, acquired by a resort to it some weeks previously.”²⁵ Morphine,

like any drug, possessed both advantages and disadvantages. Undoubtedly adept at suppressing pain, there was also a series of unpleasant side effects some of which actively produced pain. The drug was also potentially lethal as the patient had no way of determining just how much morphine he was taking. Grains of the same size could contain varying amounts and accidental overdose was so common, manufacturers included instructions on what to do in that event on the side of the bottle. Whether or not Jesse James accidentally overdosed or attempted suicide has long been cause for discussion.

“I found willing and capable assistants in Frank and Susie,” the doctor recalled later, “whose attentions and ministrations were unremitting throughout the night,” although in light of the governess’ story, it may be prudent to replace Susie with Mary. “It was imperatively necessary to combat the narcotic influence of the poison by all sorts of mental and physical excitement that could be brought to bear,” the doctor continued. “When appeals and circumambulatory stimulants had been used for some hours, till finally he failed to respond to them, then I appealed to Frank to know if there was anything or any subject that would, more than anything else be likely to excite him, suggesting that unless he kept aroused for some time longer, till the drug had been partially eliminated from his system, he would necessary die.

“Then the force of habit manifested itself in a striking degree. I shall never forget the powerful excitement he evinced, and the prompt response he continued to make when Frank would whisper certain warning words to him, as if certain persons who were very obnoxious to him were coming and it was very necessary to escape or defend to the death.” Whenever Jesse appeared to be sinking into “fatal narcotism” Frank would, for hours, “bring him to his feet.”

At 4 a.m., “all efforts to keep him awake proved futile; his pulse had reduced in volume to a mere thread, his breathing was feeble and very slow and it seemed the death angel was hanging over him.” The doctor thought it likely Jesse would die, but advised they leave him to rest. Frank and other members of the family kept up the vigil until morning when, at 6 o’clock, Jesse roused himself “and recognized his friends.” By breakfast, he was

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SALT POND ROAD

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able to sit and eat a little and “when consciousness was thoroughly aroused, he expressed considerable emotion of joy that he had failed in his efforts at self destruction.”²⁶ It appears the event was never spoken of again and Jesse decided not to mention how close he came to death in *A Terrible Quintette*.

Frank left Kentucky, according to Jesse, on 25 Jan. 1868, and caught a steamship at New York City for California the following day, “which the books of the United States mail lines of steamers will show.”²⁷ Jesse made assurances that “Frank was at work on the Lapousa [La Panza] Ranch in San Luis Obispo County, California, for J. D. P. Thompson,” when the Russellville robbery had taken place, contradicting Bligh’s ideas that they were both in Chaplin. Jesse further believed that his assertions could “be proved by the sheriff of San Luis Obispo, and many others.” Furthermore, Jesse stated that “if D. B. Blackburn [sic] ex-sheriff of San Luis Obispo Co. Calif., will say Frank was not at work on Mr Thompson’s ranch on that day in California I will say Frank James is guilty [of the robbery.]”²⁸

Daniel Drew Blackburn was born in Virginia on 8 April, 1816. In June 1857 he purchased the Paso de Robles Rancho with his brother, James H. Blackburn, and Lazarus Godehaux for \$8,000. Later, in 1860, the ranch was divided by the firm and Daniel took possession of one league of the land, which included the springs.²⁹

Drury Woodson James, the James brother’s uncle, had gone to California in the 1850s and settled in San Luis Obispo county, buying La Panza Ranch with John D. Thompson. Three years later, California was hit by a devastating drought which threatened the livelihood of every farmer in the area. Drury, however, was able to use his knowledge of farming in the East to drive the cattle out of the area and to safety. A much more difficult task was to protect his livestock and family from bandits. The area around Paso Robles was the home to an army of bandits and in 1858 the local Vigilance Committee made D. D. Blackburn their sheriff. It was a role which extended to the entire county when Sheriff

Castro stepped down, giving Blackburn full power. This added responsibility may explain why, in 1865, Blackburn sold one half of his interest in the springs to Mr McGreel who, in turn, sold out to Drury Woodson James for \$11,000 four years later. Drury’s wife, Mary, who hated La Panza Ranch, relished the move to the Paso De Robles Hotel with their children.³⁰

Paso Robles is recognised as one of California’s oldest watering places; documents dating as far back as 1795 comment on it. In 1864, a local reporter commented that the springs could become the principle watering place for the entire state. People traveled from across America to take advantage of the iron or sand springs, which bubbled and healed. The 1882 pamphlet for the springs, published by Blackburn and James, advertised “El Paso de Robles Hot and Cold Sulphur Springs and the Only Natural Mud Baths in the World.” Although there was no first class accommodation in 1868, no reading room, or barber shop, no telegraph office or railroad station, Frank James may well have seen the effects of the Springs on those who stayed there and encouraged his younger brother to join him there.³¹

Jesse had been mistaken when he said he had been shot by men of the 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry, it being men of the 3rd, and he was equally mistaken when he said the Santiago de Cuba sailed from New York on 8 June 1868. According to contemporary advertisements, the ships of the North American Steamship Company set sail from Pier 46 on the North River, at the foot of King’s Street, on the 5th and 20th of every month, unless one of those days fell upon a Sunday. The Santiago De Cuba was due to set sail on the 5 June 1868, with the Guiding Star following on the 20 June.³²

The Santiago de Cuba was built in 1856 by Jeremiah Simonson at Greenpoint, Long Island, for Valiente & Co., for the purpose of being a commercial vessel. A 1,567 ton, wooden side-wheel steamship, she was “purchased by the U.S. Navy in September 1861, converted to a cruiser and commissioned as SS Santiago de Cuba in November 1861,” proving herself to be a “very successful blockader.” For the next two years, she

operated mainly in the western Atlantic, capturing blockade runners, pausing only when she was brought in for an overhaul from December 1863 to June 1864. She captured the steamer, Advance, on 10 Sept. 1864 and the Lucy in early November. “During December 1864 and January 1865 she participated in two attacks which ultimately captured Fort Fisher, N.C., thus bringing to an end most Atlantic Coast blockade running.”

The USS Santiago de Cuba was decommissioned in June 1865 and, after being sold at auction in September, she entered service between New York and San Juan de Nicaragua for the Central American Transit Company. She continued the same route for the North American Steamship Company after August 1866 but changed to the New York to Aspinwall run in December, 1867. Withdrawn in October, 1868, she made one voyage to Havre in 1870 and was converted to a screw steamer in 1877 and then into a barge in 1886. She was renamed Marion and passed out of service in 1899.³³

Jesse’s journey on board appears to have been uneventful. Having left New York on 5 June 1868, the Santiago De Cuba arrived in Aspinwall, now Colon, Panama, on 14 June. For many the journey was not yet over. Opened in January 1855, the 47 mile long Panama Railroad was a necessary, but expensive way to get to connecting ships on the other side of the Isthmus. The charge for first class passengers was an extortionate \$25, with second class passengers paying \$10. Personal baggage was charged at 5 cents per pound and express at \$1.80 per cubic foot. These rates had been established in 1858 and remained the same for two decades.³⁴

Having crossed the Isthmus, the passengers boarded the Oregonian, which left Panama at 8:35 p.m. on 14 June. The Oregonian had been built in 1866 by Lawrence and Foulkes of Williamsburg, N.Y., for the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. Weighing in at 3,000 tons, and complete with her wooden hull, side paddle wheels and two masts, she could carry over 1,000 passengers, 160 of which were accommodated in first class. She first arrived at San Francisco on 3 Dec., 1866,

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SALT POND ROAD

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and was purchased by the North American Steamship Company on 22 Jan., 1867, providing service for them on the San Francisco to Panama route until mid-1868 when she was sold to Pacific Mail Steamship Company.³⁵ The Oregonian was “fitted up with all modern luxury,” wrote a passenger in 1868, “and the state rooms are spacious, and a good table kept. In addition to the usual saloons, there is a smoking room aft on the hurricane deck.”³⁶ Such luxury had to be paid for and passage from New York to San Francisco, on board a pair of North American Steamships, was charged from \$125 in first class to \$40 in third.³⁷ Romantics, who have long accepted that Jesse’s struggle with old war wounds made it impossible for him to take part in those early robberies, suggest that the gang handed over a portion of their takings from the Russellville robbery to pay for Jesse’s passage to California. Others see the irony in the idea in that if Jesse wound was insignificant enough for him to have taken part in those early robberies, he would have had the funds to go but not the need. Traditional wisdom suggests the brothers went there to bury as yet undiscovered gold and that they searched for the grave of their father who died there in 1850.

At 11.40 a.m., on 21 June, 1868, the Oregonian arrived at Manzanillo. Leaving there at 2 p.m. on the same day, all passengers and crew arrived safely in San Francisco at 7:53 a.m., 28 June, 1868.³⁸

According to Jesse, the waters at Paso Robles cured him “in three weeks as if by a miracle. My wound healed,” he told Edwards, “my lung got strong, and from that day to this I have never felt any inconvenience from it in any manner.” This seems unlikely. Perhaps both Edwards and Jesse were lying – Edwards to provide his readers with a southern hero, wounded, persecuted, outlawed, but then restored, resilient, strong; and Jesse, to provide an alibi for robberies at Liberty, Lexington, Richmond and Independence. It was a complex smoke screen that far out-performed the alibi he provided for Russellville or the affidavits he collected after Gallatin in which seven months of supposed local intimidation relinquished statements

that failed to prove he didn’t commit the crime. The Santiago de Cuba remained on his chosen route from December 1867 to October 1868, just 10 months, and would have been almost impossible to have been selected, within two days of its actual sailing date, at random, retroactively. The ruse called for preparation and a desperation of character that allowed Jesse to confidently name participants of his lie while knowing none would dare challenge him.

Most likely Jesse was telling a comparative truth when he said his wound was ‘cured’ by the waters at Paso Robles. Time away from Missouri, the lack of morphine, and the restorative powers of the sulphur springs must have done wonders for his body – but these effects would not last forever. In a private letter to Mrs. Robinson, dated 7 Oct. 1896, Mrs. Zec James, Jesse’s widow, provided further proof that the wound had lifelong side effects. “If you had met my husband in that year after we left Humphries county [1880] you would hardly have known him. Because when you knew him he weighed about 35 lb. or 40 lb. less than he [sic] natural weight. When you knew him he was suffering from a terrible bullet wound through the right lung.”

A lack of documentation on San Francisco passenger lists before 1895 means finding positive proof that Jesse actually went to California remains impossible. Newspapers list those traveling in first class only, meaning the 133, 5 June, 1868, passengers who traveled in the Santiago de Cuba’s second class cabins and the 278 in steerage remain unknown. And even these lists proved untrustworthy. The *Californian Daily Alta* of 29 June 1868, reported that the passenger list for the Oregonian, the ship on which Jesse was traveling and furnished by their New York correspondent, “contained upwards of 70 names more than the list furnished by the Purser on the arrival of the steamer.”

To believe that Jesse James did not travel to California on board the Santiago de Cuba, however, would be to accept the impossible - that the 15 May 1865 fight left Jesse relatively unscathed and that, as a result, he had no need to go. It would be to disregard the significance of naming a ship, traveling from New York to Califor-

nia, to within two days of when it set sail, five years after it was retired from that route. It would be to ignore the evidence of two gunshot wounds in images taken in 1882, the letter from Jesse’s wife noting a continued difficulty with the wound in 1880, the near fatal morphine overdose in 1868, and the referral to a specialist physician in 1867. It would mean that all of those friends and family who reported that he had been “shot twice in the same place ... and continued under the doctor’s care four or five years, until he went to California in 1868,” lied.³⁹

But worst of all, it would be to accept that those who know us the best must often be relegated to those who can be trusted the least, sacrificed on the say so of someone who does not know us at all.

Notes & Sources

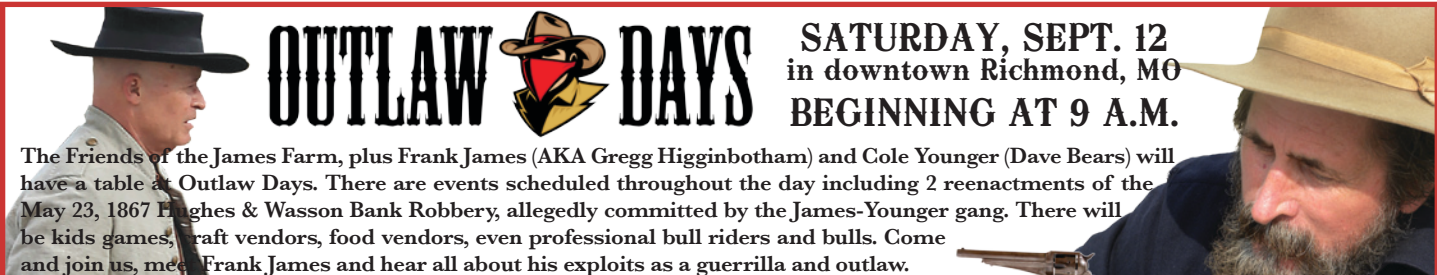
1. There are several stories about Jesse’s surrender. Some believe Jesse surrendered in good faith while others believe that, like Jim Anderson and Arch Clement, Jesse refused to surrender. Some consider the possibility that Jesse was unconscious by the time he reached Lexington and thus any decision to either surrender or refuse to surrender was not made by him. Still more record how Major Rodgers believed Jesse to be so severely wounded that he wasn’t worth the paperwork. A list of those who surrendered on 21 May 1865 exists and does contain a J. M. James, one of Shelby’s boys, hailing from Lafayette county. The middle initial is incorrect but the other details may be manipulated to fit Jesse. Most of the guerrillas stated they were with Shelby and, if Jesse was unconscious, then they may have merely recorded his current location as place of birth. Lexington is in Lafayette county.
2. The James/Samuel family was regarded as one of the ten most dangerous in the county and had therefore been forced to leave. “In Feb. 1865, the following Clay County families were served with notice of banishment from the County for ‘treason and notoriously disloyal practices’: John Ecton’s, Mrs J. H. Ford’s, Wesley Martin’s, Mrs Rupe’s, Dr. Rueben Samuel’s, Kemp M. Wood’s.” Samuel Anderson Pence, I Knew Frank, I Wish I Had Known Jesse, Edited by Daniel M. Pence, Two Trails Publishing, 2007, p262.
3. Cole Younger, Cole Younger by Himself, Minnesota Historical Society, 2000, p51-2.
4. George Heisinger shot Jesse in the chest while the latter was trying to steal a saddle from the front fence. Michelle Pollard, I Am Generally Where People Least Expect Me To Be, English Westerners’ Society Tally Sheet, Vol. 53, No. 1, Autumn 2006.
5. Jesse stated in A Terrible Quintette that he was back in Missouri on 28 October. Presumably this was in the year of 1868 as records for the Mount Olivet church show that he was in Missouri in September 1869 requesting his name be removed from their membership. Family lore, however, states that Jesse did not return to Missouri until the Spring of 1869, staying almost one year in California. This author has been unable to ascertain which time scale is correct.
6. T. J. Stiles, Jesse James – Last Rebel of the Civil War, Alfred Knopf, 2001, p155.

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NOTES & SOURCES *Continued from page 10*

7. John Newman Edwards, *Noted Guerrillas; or the Warfare of the Border*, Morningside Edition, 1976, p334-5.
8. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Government Printing Office, Volume 48, Part II, p470.
9. Stiles, op. cit., p 155.
10. Ibid.
11. Robert J. Wybrow, *Ravenous Monsters of Society – The Early Exploits of the James Gang*, English Westerners' Society publication, London, Vol. 27, No. 2, Summer 1990, p8.
12. James Randall Ross, I, Jesse James, Dragon Publishing Corp., 1988, pp67-8.
13. Robert J. Wybrow, *Horrid Murder and Heavy Robbery*, English Westerners' Society publication, London, Vol. 37, No. 1, Winter 2003. Arch Clement was killed at Lexington on 13 December 1866 by men led by Major Bacon Montgomery. Donald R. Hale, *Little Archie – The Death of Archie Clement, Missouri Civil War Guerrilla*, printed by the Blue and Grey Book Shoppe, Independence, Missouri, 2001.
14. The Savannah bank was robbed on 2 March, 1867, by five or six men. Richmond was robbed by a much larger group two months later, on 23 May. Robert Wybrow mentions several suspects of the Savannah robbery, collected from a variety of authors, and concludes that "in fact, there is little to link the James boys with any of the named personalities." The warrant for Richmond listed the following names – Dick Burns, Payne Jones, Ike Flannery, Andy McGuire, John White, James White and Allen Palmer. Wybrow, *Ravenous Monsters*, op. cit., pp10-11.
15. Michelle Pollard, Paul Fitzsimmons Eve – Physician and Adventurer, *English Westerners' Society Tally Sheet*, Vol. 60, No. 3, Summer, 2014.
16. *The Twentieth Century Biographical Dictionary of Notable Americans*, Vol. IV, edited by Rossiter Johnson and John Howard Brown, The Biographical Society, Boston, 1904, [online].
17. Harry S. Shelley, *The Military Career and Some Urological Works of Paul F. Eve M.D.*, *Journal of the Tennessee Medical Association*, Vol. 70, No. 4, April 1977.
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19. Ibid.
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21. William A. Settle Jnr., *Jesse James Was His Name*, Bison Books, 1977, p38.
22. Mary Christian, *George B. Hite's Libel Lawsuit Against the Courier-Journal*.
23. *The Kentucky Explorer*, August 1992.
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25. *Kansas City Journal*, 6 May 1882.
26. Ibid.
27. *Nashville Banner*, 10 July 1875. The assertion that anyone could check the records suggested that Frank used his own name during the crossing.
28. *Nashville Banner*, 8 August 1875.
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30. Ibid.
31. Online history of Paso Robles.
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34. Panamarailroad.org; correspondence with Paul Saeli.
35. theshiplist.com.
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With thanks to Gay Mathis and Paul Saeli.



OUTLAW DAYS

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12
in downtown Richmond, MO
BEGINNING AT 9 A.M.

The Friends of the James Farm, plus Frank James (AKA Gregg Higginbotham) and Cole Younger (Dave Bears) will have a table at Outlaw Days. There are events scheduled throughout the day including 2 reenactments of the May 23, 1867 Hughes & Wasson Bank Robbery, allegedly committed by the James-Younger gang. There will be kids games, craft vendors, food vendors, even professional bull riders and bulls. Come and join us, meet Frank James and hear all about his exploits as a guerrilla and outlaw.

HISTORIC INFO. *Continued from page 5*

Oct. 26, 1864 date of death for that of Anderson, but from henceforth the following phrase will be attached to it: "According to the official report by Lieutenant S.P. Cox, of the 33rd regiment enrolled Missouri Militia, of the War of the Rebellion, William "Bloody Bill" Anderson was killed Oct. 26, 1864."

We have an obligation as writers to always state our sources. Footnotes are also important as an explanation, citing sources and showing the integrity of your research.

If you don't want to bother with footnotes, be sure to cite your sources at the end of an article.

We can't just say, "all the newspapers said this or that" – list them. We can't say, "this or that historian believed 'this truth'" – list the historian, his/her sources – and why you came to that conclusion.

We can't side with the Union just because we're Union lovers. We can't side with the Confederacy just because our ancestors were southern sympathisers. We have to rise above that and show a level of integrity that best serves those who will read our research.

The Scouts Meet Frank and Cole



Recently, a group of Boy Scouts visited the Jesse James Farm & Museum. In addition to the museum and farmhouse tour, the boys got to hear all about the James-Younger Gang from Frank and Cole themselves. (Photo by Beth Beckett)

ANDERSON

Continued from page 3

and retaliation, Union forces had begun rounding-up female relatives of known guerrillas and holding them in makeshift prisons on the charge of aiding and abetting their rebel kin by smuggling arms and ammunition.

Two of Anderson's sisters, Josephine and Martha, were being held under guard (along with a number of other guerrilla's sisters and wives) in a ratty old brick building on Grand Avenue in downtown Kansas City. Under mysterious circumstances, the building collapsed, killing 15-year-old Josephine Anderson and crippling Martha.

For Anderson, that was the breaking point. Ever afterwards, he seemed to live only for killing Yankees. His own men said he would ride into battle weeping and frothing at the mouth. On at least one occasion he used a dispatch to a newspaper to warn Unionist civilians against resisting him and his men: *"If you proclaim to be in arms against the guerrillas,"* the memo warned, *"I will kill you. I will hunt you down like wolves and murder you. You cannot escape."*

1863 was also the year 16-year-old Jesse James began riding with Anderson's unit, perhaps under the command of another Anderson sidekick, one-armed Fletch Taylor. The impetus was this ... Earlier that summer a squad of Missouri Federal militia had reined-up outside the James/Samuel cabin and ordered Jesse's mother, Zerelda, and his stepfather, Dr. Reuben Samuel, outside, where they were rudely interrogated. Frank James, Jesse's older brother was by then campaigning with Quantrill, and they wanted word of his whereabouts. They reserved their harshest treatment for Dr. Samuel. While Zerelda looked-on (as did Jesse, from a nearby cornfield) they threw a noose around the old man's neck then looped the other end of the rope over an overhanging branch on a nearby coffee-bean tree. Despite protestations that they knew nothing of Frank's activities, they hoisted him off the ground more than once (three times is the figure most often cited). They rode off, finally, leaving Dr. Samuel more dead than alive; thoroughly

rattled, Zerelda wasted no time in ordering Jesse to leave home.

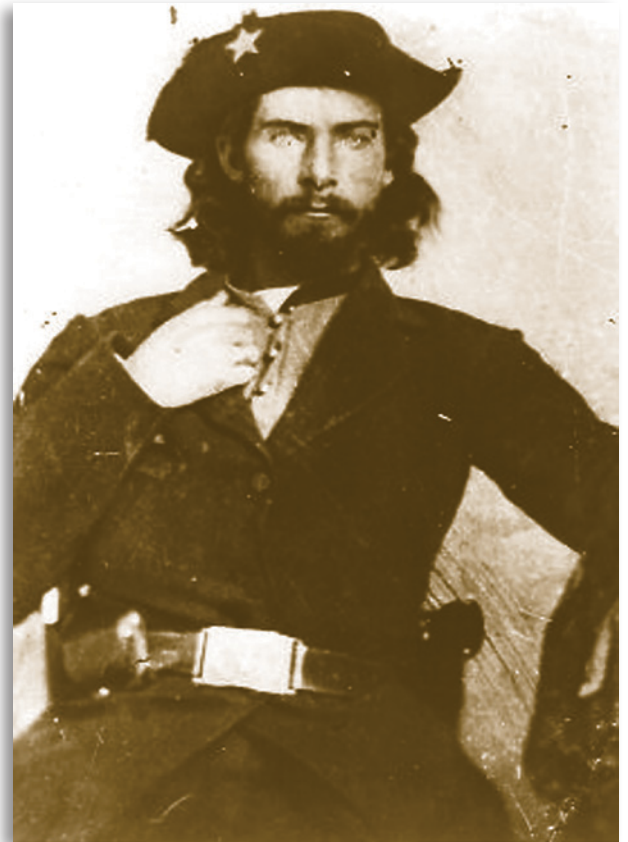
Let's pause for a moment of clear conjecture. Anderson's mother's maiden name was Martha Thomason. Zerelda Samuel's mother was married to a man named Robert Thomason. Coincidence? Possibly. Maybe even probably. But there it is. And then there's this ... Anderson's mother was born in Hopkins County, Ky. So was Robert Thomason.

To my knowledge, research has never constructed a clear link between the families of Martha and Robert Thomason, but the circumstantial suggestion of a blood relationship is interesting. And if there was such a connection, would that help explain why Jesse James, a downy-cheeked lad of only 15, might be so readily accepted into the ranks of a notorious brigand like Anderson? Was he sent there, at least initially, for his own protection? If so he would have had a lot to learn, and he got plenty of opportunities. The raid on Lawrence, Kan. by a merged force of about 400 guerrillas under the rather tenuous command of Quantrill, would have been one of his first, but it's said that Quantrill felt he was too young to go. About a year later, however, came another chance.

In late September of 1864, Anderson and his men, roaming central Missouri without much in the way of Federal opposition, rode into the little Boone County hamlet of Centralia. There they found a few stores to rob, loot, burn and pillage. Then, better yet, they heard the sound of an approaching train.

On board were 23 Union soldiers, uniformed but on furlough. After Anderson's men had stopped the train, they ordered the men to disembark and form a line on the depot platform.

Ominously, they were told to remove their uniforms. Some of them must have



Anderson at the peak of his guerrilla career, looking appropriately, like a pirate.

known that guerrillas often wore captured Union uniforms, the better to disguise themselves in advance of a raid or ambush.

Anderson himself took charge of what happened next. He asked the assembled Federals if there was an officer or a sergeant among them. One man stepped forward, a sergeant from Iowa named Goodman, and perhaps much to his surprise he was spared when Anderson ordered his young subordinate Archie Clements to "muster these men out." Later that same day the guerrillas lured a Union force into a grassy swale just south of town where, predictably, nearly all of them were slaughtered and many were mutilated. It was in keeping with a war that had become almost unimaginably horrific; after another such battle Clements pinned a crudely written note to a Federal corpse that read, *"You have come to hunt bush whackers, now you are skelpt. Clemyent skelpted you."*

Centralia was Anderson's last big action in the field, but in late October, riding in

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ANDERSON

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support of General Sterling Price's big cross-state march that culminated in the Battle of Westport, he'd been ordered to raise hell with anything Union he could find, and after skirmishes at Danville and New Florence (mostly against their civilian defenders) he found himself in the vicinity of present-day Orrick, Mo.

After arising the morning of Oct. 26 at the home of a supporter, Anderson reportedly groomed himself before a mirror and asked of his reflection, "Well how are you this morning, Captain Anderson?" to which he replied, "Damn fine, thank you." But if his day was off to a good start, it certainly wouldn't end that way. Not long afterwards he allowed himself to be lured into a Federal ambush. It's said that the Federals had been informed of Anderson's presence in the area by a local woman, who upon discovering that she was not his only girlfriend, tipped them off.

In any event, with Anderson at its lead, the guerrilla column rode along a trail whose sides were lined with a dense



Anderson in his death photo, taken in Richmond, Mo., shortly after his death.

growth of trees. Utterly unprepared, they came under a fusillade of fire from a Federal unit that had been sent into the field expressly to run Anderson and his men to ground.

As his followers fired in panic and scrambled to retreat, Anderson and one other man rode straight into the heart of the

ambush, and witnesses said they thought he'd made his escape. Running from a fight just wasn't in Bloody Bill's DNA, however, and he turned to charge back into the fray. It was a decision that cost him his life.

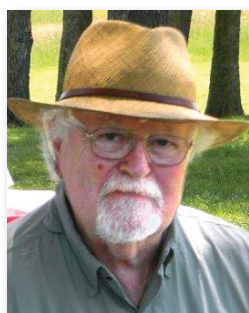
Federals examining Anderson's corpse and the contents of his saddlebags got quite a haul. He was carrying six Colt revolvers, personal correspondence, photos of him and his wife (a woman in Texas), military orders, a gold watch, a silver watch, a small Confederate flag and \$600 in gold and treasury notes. The bridle of his horse was decorated with a human scalp.

The body was thrown in a wagon and hauled to nearby Richmond, Mo. where it was put on display and photos were taken. He wore a heavily embroidered guerrilla shirt; his hair was unkempt and matted with leaves. Someone had shoved a Navy Colt revolver into his right hand. But he no longer looked dangerous — nothing at all like the warrior he'd been at the start of that day. He only looked dead.

Quantrill's strategic rise to guerrilla leader and downfall

Ohio-Born Schoolteacher Seeks Opportunity To Lead Missouri Confederate Guerrillas In Combat. No Experience, No References. Contact Wm. Quantrill, Lawrence, Kan.

By Marty McGrane



McGrane

known guerrilla commander in the entire western theatre during the Civil War, to

Pretty thin resume, most would agree. But if ever a young man was able to re-invent himself it was William Clarke Quantrill, perhaps the best-

during the tumultuous years leading up to the War Between the States (or the "War of Northern Aggression" as it was often called in pro-Confederate circles).

Quantrill's career was hardly on a meteoric rise prior to late 1860. But in December of that year, he led a small party of Quakers to the Morgan Walker farm near present-day Blue Springs, Mo. The Quakers thought they were there to liberate Walker's slaves and lead them to freedom in Kansas. Quantrill, though, had other plans. He'd already told Walker they were coming and he helped engineer

say nothing of Missouri.

It's true that Quantrill was born in Ohio and that he taught school, both there and in Kansas. His Kansas tenure came

a plan that would leave the slaves still in captivity, the Quakers dead and himself a hero.

Quantrill had chalked-up more experience in duplicity at that point of his life than in any other endeavor. He'd reportedly spent a few years wandering western gold camps posing as gambler Charley Hart. And, he may or may not have worked as a "detective" for Indian tribes in eastern Kansas.

In Missouri, he told incredulous admirers after the Walker raid that his real name was Charles Quantrell, and that he'd taken their side in the border troubles to avenge himself for the murder of his brother at the hands of pro-abolitionist Kansas "Redlegs."

Vengeance was just what many Missourians were looking for. Redlegs, Jayhawkers

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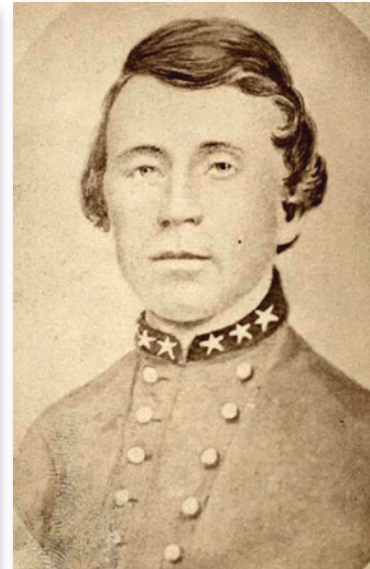
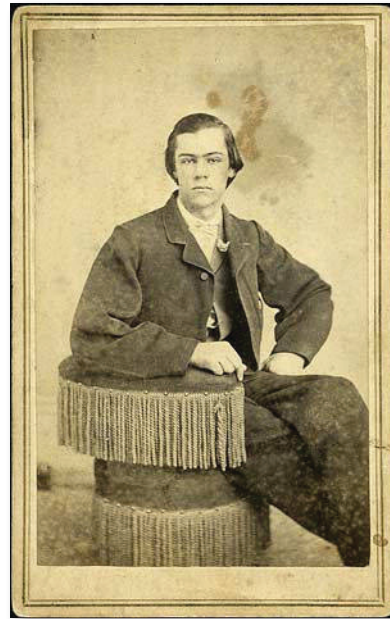
QUANTRILL

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and units of Kansas militia were staging almost continuous forays into west-central Missouri, ostensibly to liberate slaves but more in reality to “liberate” whatever they could carry back across the border – money, weapons, clothing, food, liquor ... even musical instruments. More than one Missouri piano found its way west. The invading Kansans took more than property, though; they also took lives. People in western Missouri were frightened and angry when Quantrill took the stage. They saw no one else willing or able to come to their defense. Local military and civilian authorities weren’t helping. If Quantrill would, they were more than happy to let him.

More than anything else, Quantrill was an opportunist. He parlayed his status as a protector of the pro-South southern citizenry of western Missouri into a captain’s commission in the Confederate army. That gave him enormous leverage in recruiting local men and boys (some as young as 12) to his cause. With few sanctions and not much opposition, during the next few years he led his band in attacks against Union army forces and Missouri Federal militia. In those early years of the conflict, both sides generally observed the niceties of civilized warfare in Missouri. But by 1863 and the emergence of charismatic, violent personalities, such as Bloody Bill Anderson and George Todd within his own ranks, things became much worse. Prisoner exchanges became the exception more than the rule, and both sides practiced the mutilation of their victims. Civilians of both Union and Confederate persuasions felt naked in the face of aggression by factions of both sides’ military wings. Whole sections of western Missouri were forcibly vacated by Union command on a scale practiced nowhere else.

Quantrill was still the unchallenged “top dog” among Missouri’s guerrilla bands when in August of 1863 he marshaled an army of more than 400 “bushwhackers” to raid a target that epitomized everything that drove pro-southern Missourians to anger and despair – Lawrence, Kan.



Far left: An early photo that is believed to be Quantrill from the Donnie Pence Collection.

Left: Photo of Quantrill in uniform from the Kansas Historical Society.

Quantrill knew Lawrence well; he’d lived there before the war. For him, the raid represented a chance for him to strut his stuff before a community that he thought had jilted him in the years before he decided to take advantage of opportunities on the Missouri side of the border. For men like Bill Anderson, revenge was the motive; only days before, a rickety makeshift prison in Kansas City had collapsed, killing one of his sisters and crippling another. For most of the others, the raid was about plunder. In the process of looting and burning the town, they killed some 150 unarmed men and boys.

Quantrill was too smart to have been entirely comfortable with the idea of raiding Lawrence. Besides the military resistance his men expected to face (but didn’t), he must have realized what the political fallout could be. There was every chance the raid might strike the more formal Confederate military structure as an out-and-out slaughter (which happened) and jeopardize his own plans for advancement.

It’s possible that he was goaded into the affair by “Bloody Bill” Anderson, who had no plans for advancement further ahead than killing his next Yankee. What’s beyond conjecture is that Anderson and the fellow-minded guerrilla leader George Todd, virtually stole Quantrill’s command the following winter at their



Left: Quantrill’s grave in Higginsville’s Confederate Cemetery. Only part of Quantrill is buried here. The remainder of him is in a grave in his hometown of Dover, Ohio.

warm-weather encampment near Sherman, Texas. Anderson claimed Quantrill had “lost his sand” after a showdown over a hand of

cards.

Quantrill was more or less a leader without many followers (although Frank James was one of them) from then until after the end of the war. On a foray into Kentucky, the purpose of which remains in dispute, he was shot by (ironically) Unionist guerrillas. He lived, paralyzed, for a month or so, and then “died game” as they say in the western movies. He was only 27 years old.

All his life, Quantrill had yearned for the spotlight, and he’d played many roles in the drama his life became. Perhaps, at the end, he was satisfied with having become one of the Civil War’s most perplexing, enigmatic characters.

You're invited to join us!

Included in the conference:

- ◆ Tour of the James Farm Museum
- ◆ Visit Jesse & Zee's grave.
- ◆ Learn more about the James family.
- ◆ Learn about the Pinkerton Raid that maimed Jesse's mother and killed his half brother.
- ◆ Learn about early photographic techniques and a behind the scenes tour of the "Outlaws & Gangsters" exhibit at the Nelson-Atkins Museum which houses the Hallmark 19th Century Photographic collection.
- ◆ Visit the Liberty Bank where the first daylight bank robbery was attempted- by "you know who."
- ◆ Learn about period clothing for soldiers and everyday people in the 1860-80's.
- ◆ Brian Ivlow will present "Guns of the Civil War" He is an expert on Civil War era guns including muzzle loaders and black powder.
- ◆ Comfortable bus tour!
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Conference Contact
Kathy Ness 507.581.9600
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Keep up with the latest news!

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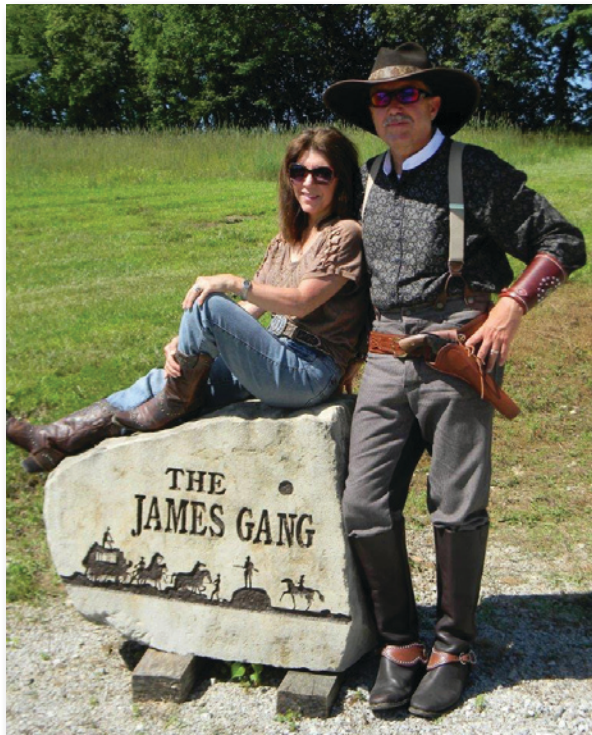
We're on Facebook too!

ANATOMY OF AN OLD WEST REVOLVER SHOOT



Left: Dan Carder in Confederate uniform.

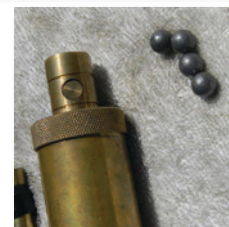
Below: Board member & shooter Paul Weller.



Left: A couple who came to the shoot as spectators remind us of what started it all ... The James Gang.



Photos courtesy of Beth Beckett, Jesse James Farm & Museum



Above: A young man learns how to shoot.

Left: Loading the pistol; four minie balls.

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James homestead cabin —
Original art by Jim Hamil

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