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[Wyandotte] Jesse JAMES - shot - 3 April 1882 - St. Joseph, MO

"The Kansas City Daily Times" (Missouri) Tuesday, April 4, 1882

THE TRAGEDY.

St. Joseph, Mo., April 3. --- About 10 o'clock this morning a hurried report was made in this city that Jesse JAMES had been shot and killed at his home in the south part of this city, where he has been residing for the past six months, under the assumed name of HOWARD. In a few minutes, an immense throng was on its way to the place designated, and on arrival there, found the report verified, and Jesse JAMES dead, he having been assassinated by two members of the gang, Charles and Robert FORD, of Ray county, both of whom immediately surrendered themselves to the authorities. One of them confesses having wounded the express messenger in the Blue Cut robbery.

The house where the great outlaw was killed is a frame building, a story and a half high, setting in a little grove of fruit trees on one of the round ridges back of the World's hotel. It commands a view of the approaches for a long distance.

The wife of the outlaw at first insisted that the name of the dead man was HOWARD, but later made a full confession of the whole

affair, along with a history of the robberies in which her husband had been engaged. She said they resided last summer in Kansas City, but had removed to this city where Jesse hoped to reside in peace and earn an honest living. They brought with them the two FORD boys who had since been living in their house. These boys are mere youths, apparently between 15 and 20 years age. This morning, after breakfast, Robert FORD and Jessie went into the sitting room to do some work about moving a stove, and Charles was assisting her in the kitchen washing dishes. After a little, Charles also went into the room where the two men were, soon after she heard a shot and rushing in she found her husband laying on the floor shot to death, while on a chair lay his pistol, belt and cartridges which he had removed while at work with the stove. The FORD boys both ran from the house, one jumping over the rear fence, the other running around by the front way. They both returned again and then started to the city to deliver themselves up and claim the reward offered for Jesse JAMES.

They first come to the marshal's office, but finding him out, went direct to the sheriff and gave themselves into custody. Soon after the shooting, the reporters were informed by Coroner HEDDENS that a man had been shot and killed on Thirteenth and Lafayette streets. Reaching the place indicated, and on approaching the door leading into the front room, a man was found lying upon the floor cold in death, with blood oozing from his wounds. From the few who had gathered around the door, more from curiosity than anything else, it was inquired what was the cause of the shooting. None of them knew, but said we could find out from the man's wife, who was in the rear room. Walking into the room and passing around the dead man's body, we opened the door leading into the kitchen, where we found the wife and two little children, a boy and a girl. When she discovered us with note book in hand, she began to scream and said: Please do not put this in the paper. At first she refused to say any thing about the shooting, but after some time she said the boys who had killed her husband had

been living with them for some time, and that their names were JOHNSON, but no relation. Charles, she said, was her nephew, but she had never seen Robert until he came home with her husband a few weeks ago. Robert was an old friend of her husband, and when he met him upon the street he invited him to come and see them. He came home with them that night and had remained ever since.

When asked what her husband's name was, she said it was HOWARD and that they had resided here about six months.

"Where was your home prior to moving here, Mrs. HOWARD?" asked the reporter.

"We came from Baltimore here and intended to rent a farm and move to the country, but so far have been unsuccessful."

"Had your husband and the two JOHNSON boys ever had any difficulty?"

"Never. They have always been on friendly terms."

"Why, then, did they do the deed?"

"That is more than I can tell. Oh, the rascals!" And at this she began to cry and ask God to protect her.

"Where were you when the shooting was done?"

"I was in the kitchen, and Charley had been helping me all morning with my work. He entered the first room, and in about three minutes I heard the report of a pistol; and upon opening the door I discovered my husband lying in his own blood upon the floor. I ran to the front door and Charles was getting over the fence, but Robert was standing in the front yard with a pistol in his right hand. I says: Oh you have killed him, and he answered: No, he didn't kill him, and turning around, walked into the kitchen and then left with Charles, who was waiting for him outside the fence."

At this juncture the two JOHNSON boys made their appearance and gave themselves up to the officers, telling them the man they had killed was Jesse JAMES and now they claim the reward. Those who were standing near by drew their breaths in silence at

the thought of being so near Jesse JAMES, even if he was dead. Marshal CRAIG said: My God, do you mean to tell us that this is Jesse JAMES?

Yes, answered the two boys in one breath. That man is Jesse JAMES and we have killed him and don't deny it. We feel proud that we have killed a man who is known all over the world as the most notorious desperado that has ever lived.

THE WIFE'S FINAL CONFESSION.

"How are we to take your words for this?" asked the marshal.
"We do not ask you to take our words. There will be proof enough. The confession of the wife will be enough."

The marshal then took Mrs. HOWARD, as she called herself, into the room, and told her the name of her husband was not HOWARD, but JAMES. She denied it at first, and when the marshal left her, the reporter entered the room, in company with three or four other gentlemen and one lady, who was present.

"Mrs. HOWARD, it is said your name is not HOWARD, but JAMES, and you are the wife of Jesse JAMES."

"I can't help what they say. I have told the truth."

"The boys who killed your husband have come back and given themselves up, and they say that he is Jesse JAMES and your husband."

"Oh, is it possible they have come back. I can't believe it," and placing her arms around her little boy and girl, who were standing by her side, she wept bitterly. All present told her it would be much better for her to tell the truth, that the public would think more of her and that she would not want for any thing. "My God, can it be that they have come back."

She was told that they were standing outside the house near the fence, and she should go and see them with her own eyes. Walking

through the room by her dead husband she caught sight of the ones who had killed her husband, and screaming at the top of her voice, she called them cowards, and asked them why they killed the one who had always befriended them. Then turning to the body of Jesse, she prayed that she and her children might be in death's cold embrace by his side. She then left the room, followed by the reporters, who told her that the boys were not mistaken, that it certainly must be Jesse. She uttered not a word, but the little 7 year old boy who stood by her side said: "God Almighty may strike me down if it is not pa."

"The boys say their names are FORD and not JOHNSON as you said," continued the reporter.

"Do they say so, and what else do they say?"

"That they killed him to get the reward."

Holding her dear little children closer to her bosom, she said:

"I can't shield them long. Even after they had shot my husband, who has been trying to live a peaceable life, I protected them and withheld their names, but it is all true. My husband is Jesse JAMES, and a kinder hearted and truer man to his family never lived."

This confession from the wife of the most notorious outlaw known to the annals of criminal history created a profound sensation. The thought that Jesse JAMES has lived among us for the past six months, and walked our streets daily, causes one to shudder with fear. When the wife had made her confession, we asked her to tell all about Jesse, Frank, and the FORD boys who had killed him. She said she would, but begged us to do all for her we could to keep them from dragging her husband's body over the country. We promised to do this and also told her that she and her children should be taken care.

[Wyandotte] Jesse James - A Mother's Grief - 3 April 1882

"The Kansas City Daily Times" (Missouri) Tuesday, April 4, 1882

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

Kearney, April 3. --- There is great excitement here over the reported killing of Jesse JAMES. The subject is the sole topic of conversation, and the probabilities of its truth are discussed on all sides. Some believe it and others again doubt it. These latter, however, were put to confusion some little time after the report reached us by the arrival of Mrs. SAMUEL, the mother of the boys, in town, and her departure for St. Joseph. I had only time to catch the old lady just before her departure. She seemed greatly excited and manifested not only great concern, but gave signs of much distress. She was surrounded by numerous friends at the depot, and much excitement prevailed in town when her arrival became generally known. I had some difficulty in getting to her, and when my purpose was made known, she showed no desire to talk about the affair. On insisting, she blurted out in a most vehement kind of a way:

"Mrs. SAMUEL had just this to say: If "The Times" wants to interview me, it can not do it unless I am paid for it, as I will need money to bury Jesse if he is killed."

"Do you believe he is killed, Mrs. SAMUEL?" I persisted.

"Well if he is, he has been hounded to this death by your newspapers."

"If you don't believe he is dead, that Jesse has not been killed in St. Joe, what are you going there for?"

"I am a going to see, young man."

"How did you learn he was killed?"

"How did you learn, she queried," and on saying by telegraph, she jerked out: "So did I."

“Well, Mrs. SAMUEL -----.”

"Well, sir, you just can't get any talk out of me without paying for it, as I have said."

” But I would like to know -----?”

"So would I, when the train is coming," and turning to a friend she asked "How long will it be?"

“I don't wish to intrude on your grief, but I would like to know”

"I know it is your business to know, but I have got nothing to tell you."

“When did you see Jesse last!”

"I am going to see him now."

“ Do you know the FORD boys, who are said to have killed him?”

"I do."

“After all, do you believe it is Jesse who has been killed?”

Before a reply could be made, some one said:

"Aunt Zerel, the train is coming," at which she turned and made for the door, accompanied by quite a concourse of people for our little town. On getting on the cars, she was visibly affected, but bore up under her grief very bravely and in a determined way. John SAMUEL, a step-brother of Jesse's, who was shot some time ago, is said to be very much affected by the news of Jesse's death, and is said to be much worse in consequence. The telegraph office is crowded with people anxious to learn the particulars of the tragedy.

[Wyandotte] Jesse JAMES and his family - 3 April 1882

"The Kansas City Daily Times" (Missouri) Tuesday, April 4, 1882

JESSE AND HIS FAMILY.

Jesse JAMES was about five feet eight inches in height, of a rather solid, firm and compact build, yet rather on the slender type. His hair was black, not overly long; blue eyes, well shaded with dark lashes, and the entire lower portion of the face was covered by a full growth of dark brown or sun browned whiskers, which are not long and shaggy, but are trimmed and bear evidence of careful attention. His complexion was fair, and he was not sun burned to any considerable extent, as the reader is generally led to suppose. He was neatly clad in a business suit of cashmere, of a dark brown substance, which fit him very neatly. He wore a shirt of spotless whiteness, with collar and cravat, and looked more the picture of a staid and substantial business man than the outlaw and robber that he was.

The woman, his wife, is a neat and rather prepossessing lady, and bears the stamp of having been well brought up and surrounded by influences of a better and holier character than the reader would at first suppose. She is rather slender, fair of face, light hair, blue eyes with high forehead and marks of intelligence very strikingly apparent. She was clad in a neat fitting calico and at the time of the shooting was attending to her household duties in the kitchen. When she stood face to face with the awful deed and had realized what had really occurred, she took the matter in a cool and philosophical manner and acted as if she was not surprised at what had occurred, and that she lived in expectation of something of the kind occurring at any time.

The two children, a little boy and girl, aged 4 and 7 years, were brought, neat and intelligent and seemed to grieve much over the deed which had in one short moment deprived them of a father's love and protection.

[Wyandotte] Jesse James - The Coroner's Inquest - 3 April 1882

"The Kansas City Daily Times" (Missouri) Tuesday, April 4, 1882
St. Joseph, April 3.

When the FORD boys appeared at the police they were told by an officer that Marshal CRAIG and a posse of officers had gone in the direction of the JAMES' residence, and they started after them and surrendered themselves. They accompanied the officers to the house and returned in custody of the police to the marshal's headquarters, where they were furnished with dinner and about 3 p.m. were removed to the old circuit court room where the inquest was held, in the presence of an immense crowd.

Mrs. JAMES accompanied the officers to the house, having previously left her two children, aged 7 and 3 years, a boy and a girl, at the house of a Mrs. TURRED, who had known the James's under their assumed names of HOWARD ever since they had occupied the adjoining house. She was greatly affected by the tragedy, and the heart rending moans and expressions of grief were sorrowful evidence of the love she bore for the dead desperado.

The report of the killing of the notorious outlaw spread like wildfire through the city, and as usual the report assumed every variety of form and color. Very few accredited the news, however, and simply laughed at the idea that Jesse JAMES was really the dead man.

Nevertheless, the excitement ran high, and when one confirming point succeeded the other, crowds of hundreds gathered at the undertaking establishment where lay the body. At the city hall, at the court house, and in fact on every street corner, the almost incredible news constituted the sole topic of conversation, to the exclusion of the barely less engrossing topic of the coming election.

Coroner HEDDINS was notified, and undertaker SIDENFADEN instructed to remove the body to his establishment. This was

about 10 o'clock. A large crowd accompanied the coroner to the undertaker's, but only the wife and the reporters were admitted. The body lay in a remote room of the building.

It had been taken out of the casket and placed upon a table.

The features appeared natural, but were disfigured by the bloody hole over the left eye. The body was neatly and cleanly dressed; in fact, nothing in the appearance of the remains indicated the desperate career of the man or the many bloody scenes of which he had been the hero. The large cavernous eyes were closed as in a calm slumber. Only the lower part of the face, the square cheek bones, the stout, prominent chin covered with a soft, sandy beard and the thin, firmly closed lips in a measure betrayed the determined will and iron courage of the dead man. A further inspection of the body revealed two large bullet wounds on the right side of the breast, within three inches of the nipple; a bullet wound in the leg and the absence of the tip of the middle finger of the left hand.

After viewing the remains the coroner repaired to the court house, whither soon after Mrs. JAMES, in custody of Marshal CRAIG, and the two FORD boys, both heavily armed, followed. They were kept in separate apartments until the jury announced itself ready to hear the testimony.

The jury was empanelled as follows: W. H. CHOUNSING, J. W. MOORE, Warren SAMUELS, Thomas NORRIS, Wm. TURNER, Wm. H. GEORGE. The witnesses examined were Mrs. JAMES, the FORD boys, and James A. LITTLE.

The inquest began with the examination of Mrs. JAMES."

"What is your name?" was the first question.

"Mrs. Jesse JAMES."

"How long have you lived here?"

“Came here the 9th of last November.”

“Were have you lived since then; at what place in this city?”

“We lived two months at Twenty-first and Lafayette streets; since then in the house where my husband was killed”

“What kin was this man to you?”

“He was my husband.”

“What was his name?”

“Jesse W. JAMES”

“How long have you lived at this place where your husband was killed?”

“We moved there on Christmas evening.”

“Who lived with you beside your husband?”

“Charlie FORD.”

“Any body else?”

“Nobody until last Sunday morning.”

“Has he lived with you ever since you have been here?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Has any one lived with you since last Sunday, besides Charlie FORD”

“Yes, sir.”

“Whom?”

“Robert FORD.”

“What did this man live with you for?”

“They were afraid to stay at home, and my husband told them they could stay with us.”

“Why were they afraid to stay at home?”

“There were charges against them. They were afraid to stay at home.”

“Where were you born?”

“In Kentucky.”

“What is your age?”

“Thirty-five.”

“When were you married to Jesse JAMES?”

“Eight years ago, April 24.”

“Where in?”

“In Kearney, Missouri.”

“Where have you lived since then?”

“Well, in different places.”

“Name some of the places.”

“Well, we have lived in Nashville, Tennessee.”

“Where else?”

“Kansas City.”

“When did you live in Kansas City?”

“Well, we left there the 27th of last March.”

“Well, now, Mrs. JAMES, begin where you were married and tell us where you first went to and where you have been up to this time.

“When we were first married we went to Texas.”

“Did you go there first?”

“Yes, sir.

“How long did you live there?”

“About five months.”

“Where did you go after that?”

“Kansas City.”

“How long did you live there?”

“Until the next November. From the time I went there it was about a year.”

“What year was that?”

“I don't remember about what year. I can not remember the date well.”

“Was it five or six years ago?”

“About six years, I think.”

“Where did you live after that?”

“Went to Nashville, Tennessee.”

“How long did you live there?”

“Until last March.”

“Where did you go then?”

“I went visiting some friends in Kentucky.”

“Where was your husband then?”

“He was there part of the time.”

“Has your husband been with you all this time since you were married?”

“Yes, sir, the greater part of the time.”

“Where has he been at other times, can you tell?”

“Yes, I could tell, but I don't feel disposed to do so.”

“Who was the party that married you?”

“William JAMES.”

“Who was he?”

“A Methodist preacher.”

“Where did he live?”

“Kansas City.”

“Were you married in Kansas City?”

“No, sir; in Kearney.”

“Did he come from Kansas City to marry you?”

“Yes, sir.

“How many children have you?”

“Two”

“Are they both living?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How long did you say you have been living here?”

“Since last November.”

“What induced you to come here?”

“We came here to live as other people do.”

“What occupation has your husband been in since you came here?”

“He has not been doing any thing.”

“How did he get a living?”

“He had a living without getting it.”

“Have you had plenty all this time?”

“Yes, sir, and never suffered for any thing.”

“From whom did you rent this house?”

“Mr. THALLTON.”

“Has he always been at home?”

“Yes, sir, except about two weeks. He went to see his brother, and then went up into Nebraska.”

“Who is his brother?”

“Johnson SAMUEL. He was wounded and was very low.”

“Where was he wounded?”

“At Greenville, at a party.”

“Was he gone two weeks to see him?”

“No, sir, only one.”

“Mrs. JAMES, now please give us all the details of your husband's

death.”

“I was in the kitchen. My husband had gone into the room, and had not been in there more than three minutes when I heard a pistol shot. I went right in and he was lying on the floor. I looked at the door before I went up to him, and saw Bob JOHNSON or FORD get over the fence. Charlie was standing in the yard. He came back and said he did not do it, he would swear before God that he did not; that it was Bob. He was the one that shot him I think, and then Charlie came in.”

“Where was your husband when you went into this room?”

“I saw him lying on the floor.”

“On his face?”

“No, sir; on his back.”

“Was he dead when you went up to him?”

“No, sir; I could see signs of life.”

“Did he breathe or speak?”

“I can not tell whether he breathed or not; he did not speak.”

“Has your husband always been friendly toward these boys, or had they had some trouble --- fight or words?”

“No, sir; not a word that I ever knew of.”

“Why were these boys living with your husband?”

“There was charges against them and they were afraid to stay at home.”

“Do you know what any of the charges were?”

“They were charged with robbing a stage and being in a train robbery, and had been in the Blue Cut robbery; had robbed a stage between Lexington and some spring, I don't remember now what the name of it was.”

“How do you know they were in these robberies?”

“I heard them say so. I heard Charlie say so.”

“Which is the older of the two?”

“Charlie.”

”The inquest ended until to-morrow.”

[Wyandotte] Jesse James - Arrival of Mrs. SAMUEL - 4 April 1882

"The Kansas City Daily Times" (Missouri) Wednesday, April 5, 1882

Mrs. SAMUEL did not arrive from Kearney until 3 o'clock this morning, and at once she was driven to the residence of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jesse JAMES, where her son had been killed. Not until after she had asked many questions would she think it was Jesse who had been shot, and would not believe it until she had seen him. Shortly after 9 o'clock she drove to the undertaker's establishment, with the widow of Jesse and the two

children, and it being known who she was, every one made to leave the building, and she entered and looked at the body. After a long look, she exclaimed:

“Oh, yes, it is my poor boy, would to God that it was not. Why was he killed? The traitors, to kill such a good man.”

Mrs. JAMES tried to quiet her, and for a time succeeded, but the mother broke out several times, and remained in the room with the body for about half an hour before she could be induced to leave for the court house, where she gave her testimony. After the coroner's inquest a "Times" reporter met Mrs. SAMUELS in the prosecuting attorney's room, and was granted an extended interview.

WHAT SHE SAID.

“Of course, Mrs. SAMUEL, you believe the dead body to be that of your son?”

“Why, of course, it is; wouldn't a mother know her own boy?”

“You have seen the remains then?”

“Yes, I came from there a short time ago. Oh, my poor boy, to be shot down so.”

“You do not believe him guilty of all that has been charged?”

“I know he has not done it all. He never told me when he robbed a bank or train, if he ever did those things as has been charged.”

“When did you get the news that he had been shot?”

“It came to me at Kearney from his wife. I could not believe it at first.”

“You came at once upon receipt of the news?”

“Yes, and when I met Zee she said it was Jesse. He was so good to us all. Why wouldn't they leave him alone?”

“Do you believe he wanted to reform?”

“Of course he did, but the officers and newspaper men would not let him, and at the close of the war they made him take to the brush.”

“Do you remember the report that George SHEPHERD had killed Jess at Joplin?”

“I remember he said so, but George SHEPHERD is a lying scoundrel and always was. Jesse never did trust him, and he knows it. No one will believe him, and all the officers know how he has lied about Jesse, and when he said he shot him, Jesse was no where near Joplin.”

“It has always been said that Jesse killed WICHER, WESTFALL and Dan ASKEW.”

“I don't believe he did any of it. They always laid every thing onto him. But I don't know anything about that.”

“What will be done with the body?”

“Governor CRITTENDEN has telegraphed that it must be turned over to us, and we want it. What does any one else want with the body of our boy?”

“Where will it be buried?”

“I don't know any thing about that. Mr. TIMBERLAKE will look after it for us and do what he can.”

“Did not Jesse have a spite against Sheriff TIMBERLAKE?”

“Not that I know of. Jesse always said that if he was killed by Sheriff TIMBERLAKE it would be all right. He said he would never be taken alive, however.”

“You, of course, know the FORD boys, who are charged with killing Jesse?”

“I have seen them and, oh, to think that they would betray him. Why, he would have done any thing for them.”

“When did you see Jesse alive last?”

“It was not long ago, and he was so well then. I did not know what he was doing, and am sure it was not so bad as they have said.”

“You were very severe upon LITTLE in the court room?”

“He is a traitor also, and dared to stand there and look me in the face, the coward, and to think that they did it after all.”

“I presume you don't know where Frank is?”

“Do you think I can answer that question? But I will though. He is far from here, and will feel terribly when he hears of the death of Jesse, they were so fond of each other. Now the newspapers need not pitch into my young man. They are always doing that and telling what ain't true. I loved my boy as all mothers do. Now mind, don't you say any thing mean, or I will remember it.”

“But, Mrs. SAMUEL, you are always pitching into the

newspapers.”

“They began it against me because I was mother of the boys. I didn't do it.”

“Where will Jesse's wife live now?”

“How do I know? She will be taken care of, though; you needn't worry about that.”

And with this parting injunction the interview terminated.

[Wyandotte] Jesse JAMES – The Wake 5 April 1882 - Kearney, MO

"The Kansas City Daily Times" (Missouri) Friday, April 7, 1882

Kearney, April 6. --- Yesterday was a holiday at Kearney, near which is the home of Mrs. SAMUEL, mother of Frank and Jesse JAMES. Kearney is a town of between 400 and 500 inhabitants, situated on the Hannibal and St. Joe railway, twenty-four miles from Kansas City. At an early hour from all directions came people on the trains, on horseback and in vehicles, anxious to gaze upon the remains of the dead bandit. The metallic casket containing the body was taken to the Kearney house upon its arrival at 2:45 a.m. It was placed upon chairs in the office, and during the forenoon and a portion of the afternoon, was surrounded by friends, relatives and strangers anxiously peering into the pallid features. No one who claimed to know him in life doubted that the remains were those of Jesse JAMES. Photographs of the deceased in possession of "The Times" correspondent were compared with the corpse, and admitted by many of his friends to be genuine.

No ill will was engendered or if any existed, those possessing it

were careful not to let their passions get the better of them. It seemed to be understood by every one except the mother and wife, that the solemnity of the occasion demanded that everything be done decently and in order. Mrs.SAMUEL, however, showed by her conversation, her gestures, and her declamations, which were loud and vehement, and given with a view to the climax, that she is a woman of great dramatic power, which, had she been educated for the stage, would have placed her in the first rank of tragediennes. The JAMES family are nothing unless dramatic or tragic.

Following close upon the heels of the mother came the wife. Both used the occasion not to give vent to their grief in tears, but to orate upon every opportunity. Both showed a familiarity with the Great Ruler of the universe that one would hardly expect to discover in the near female relatives of bandits.

Amid sobs and wails, which on the part of the mother were unaccompanied by tears, at least to the reporter's gaze, who looked very scrutinizingly for them, they lauded the deceased, denounced his slayers and the officers of the law and sought to stir the hearts of their friends until they would boil over with righteous indignation and anger. But all had the good sense to keep cool and no trouble resulted. These women who had condoned the lawless deeds of the dead son and husband and sided and abetted him in his crimes; who felt no pity for the many mothers, wives, sisters and children of men who had been hurried into eternity by his bullets, talked volubly of "cold blooded murder," "assassination" and "wickedness" that "God will surely punish."

They seemed more touched in their pride, than shocked in their tender feelings for the deceased. He was their idol, not for his virtues and manliness, but because of his daring in attempting and accomplishing desperate deeds, and his skill in slaying his fellow men, and his luck in escaping unharmed.

The mother had boasted that he was "so quick that no man could get the drop on him." To have him shot from behind while

unarmed by one of his pupils in crime, whom his suspicious nature did not mistrust, was too much for her to endure. Over his coffin she announced as much. That she is humbled in her pride, her hopes shattered and her feelings outraged is also apparent.

[Wyandotte] Jesse JAMES - Funeral 5 April 1882 - Kearney, MO

"The Kansas City Daily Times" (Missouri) Friday, April 7, 1882

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Kearney, Mo., April 5

Long before noon the town was full of people. The funeral procession started for the Baptist church, in which Jesse was converted in 1866. The edifice was filled, and for many there was standing room only. The pall bearers were J. D. FORD, Deputy Marshal J. T. REED, Charles SCOTT, James HENDERSON, and William BOND. There was another, a sixth pall bearer, a rather mysterious character, whom none of the other five seemed to know. He seemed to have charge of the cortege and directed the movements, but neither his fellow pall bearers or the by standers knew who he was. He was a stout and well preserved man, of perhaps 40 years, and seemed to understand what he was about, but no one could say who he was or where he came from.

The relatives, consisting of Mrs. SAMUEL, Mrs. JAMES and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Luther W. JAMES, Mrs. HALL and Mrs. MIMMS, were seated beside the coffin, placed in front of the altar. The services were opened by singing the hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Rev. R. H. HONES of Lathrop, read a passage of Scripture from Job, commencing, "Man born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble." Also the 4th and 5th verses of the 39th Psalm, beginning, "Lord make me to know mine end." He

offered up a touching and pathetic prayer for the grief stricken mother, wife and children, and asked the Lord to make their bereavement a blessing to them, by leading them to a true knowledge of himself.

THE FUNERAL SERMON

Rev. J. M. P. MARTIN, pastor of the church, as an introduction to his discourse said: We all understand that we cannot change the state of the dead. Again it would be useless for me to bring any new information before this congregation respecting the life and character of the deceased. The text which I have chosen to day is the 24th chapter of Matthew, 44th verse:

"Therefore be ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

(Sermon continued for several more paragraphs.)

Rev. J. M. P MARTIN's final comments:

Before the coffin is taken to the house, I have been asked to make one or two requests. As John SAMUEL is very low on account of the shock caused by the death of his brother, and as the grave is very near the house, Mrs. SAMUEL asks that those who are here will not go out to the house. It is feared that the excitement of seeing so many persons present will injure him. It is therefore requested that none but the friends and relatives go to the grave.

[Wyandotte] Jesse JAMES - Burial 5 April 1882 - Kearney, MO

"The Kansas City Daily Times" (Missouri) Friday, April 7, 1882

SCENES AT THE GRAVE.

Kearney, April 5.

During the services, the women were all visibly affected. The mother moaned and groaned aloud. From the church the procession, composed of fifty or sixty persons in buggies, wagons and horseback, moved out over the country to the SAMUEL farm, which lies about four miles nearly northeast of Kearney.

It is a rough road, through vales, over hills and across streams, and, in the neighborhood of the family residence; the country is heavily timbered and covered with a thick growth of "brush." Adjoining the SAMUEL farm is the farm owned by ASKEW, with whose untimely taking off the deed, Jesse was charged. The "bush," as it is called, which consisted mostly of large growth trees, on the Kearney side of the farm, has within the past two years been mostly cut down.

Arrived at the house, the coffin was taken into the room where the wounded son, John SAMUEL, lay in bed. It was turned on edge and he was raised up so that he could see the features of his dead brother. He wept bitterly and cried: "Oh, oh, God! Oh, Jesse, that ever I should see you brought home this way."

The mother approached the bedside and assuming a dramatic position, raised her only hand aloft and said in a loud tone of voice:

"Johnny, my boy, look upon your sainted brother Jesse, your murdered brother Jesse! Look upon him and then look upon your poor, broken hearted, shattered mother. He is dead --- they have killed him --- your poor brother Jesse. He is in heaven. He has gone to God, and God will judge him. He is taken from me and I have no one now to lean upon. Johnny, live for your mother, your poor, heart broken mother."

Johnny made no response except to groan.

The coffin was placed upon chairs in the yard and the lid opened. Mrs. SAMUEL came out sobbing:

“My heart is broke, my heart is broke; broke! broke! broke! Oh, my heart is broke. They have killed my sainted son.”

She was followed by Mrs. JAMES, who amid her sobs and with tears streaming down her checks, called on God to avenge the death of her good, kind husband, who was slain by a cowardly murderer for money. She clung to the coffin, bowing her head upon the glass, declaring that she would not let him go. Like Mrs. SAMUEL, she repeated over and over the expressions:

"He has gone to God. He is in heaven. God will condemn and punish all who had a hand in murdering him for money."

Raising her voice and standing erect she exclaimed:

"The governor offered \$50,000 to have them killed. He was killed for money, and may God punish them for it."

She asked:

"Why did they kill him? Why did they take him from me and my children? He would not harm them."

The climax was reached when Mrs. SAMUEL, standing at one end of the coffin, looked Sheriff TIMBERLAKE in the face, and pointing her finger at him, said:

"Yes, they killed him for money --- for gold and greenbacks; for money! For money! But let them take their money, their gold and their greenbacks. It will do them no good. The officers of the law have done this. They have hired murderers to do it. God will judge them for it. I have no money, I want no money. I shall not judge

them. I will leave that to God. If he can forgive them, I can."

Sheriff TIMBERLAKE, although surrounded by men who were known to have been intimate friends of Jesse JAMES, never flinched.

"Last week," she continued, "he was at my house. He said to me when he was going away: 'Mother, you may never see me again, but I am not as bad as they would make me out to be'."

This was said sobbingly. By this time several women were weeping over the coffin, and not a few male eyes were moist. Becoming calm, both Mrs. SAMUEL and Mrs. JAMES wanted the glass lid removed. At first Mrs. JAMES pretended that she wanted a lock of Jesse's hair, but it was finally developed that she had come to the conclusion that his arms and legs had been taken off and wax ones substituted for them. Sheriff TIMBERLAKE, having no screw driver large enough to turn the screws, offered to go to a farm house and borrow one, but the women were finally satisfied, and the body was committed to the grave in the yard while they stood and watched the fresh earth thrown upon the board box, seemingly inconsolable.

[Wyandotte] Zerelda MIMMS JAMES d. 13 November 1900 -
Kansas City, MO

"The Kansas City Journal" (Missouri) Wednesday, November 14,
1900

MRS. JAMES DEAD

Widow of the Famous Outlaw Passes Away

After an illness extending over eleven months, during most of the time of great severity, Mrs. Zerelda JAMES, widow of Jesse

JAMES, died at her home, 3402 Tracy avenue, shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday morning. About a year ago Mrs. JAMES suffered from pneumonia and she was not entirely recovered from this before she was taken with grip.

Complications arose and the long illness resulted. The end was not unexpected, as she had been gradually sinking for several days, and physicians gave no hope of her recovery. At her bedside were her son, Jesse, and daughter, Mary, besides several old friends of the family.

Mrs. JAMES was 55 years old.

Funeral services will be held at the home this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and the body will be placed in a receiving vault in Elmwood cemetery.

Later it will be taken to Kearney, in Clay county, Mo., for burial beside the grave of Jesse JAMES.

The pallbearers will be E. F. SWINNEY, R. L. YEAGER, Frank P. WALSH, F. C. FARR, L. S. BANKS, and T. T. CRITTENDEN, Jr.

The life of Mrs. Zerelda JAMES was closely interwoven with the wild border struggle in Missouri and Eastern Kansas, and in her earlier womanhood, she was intimately associated with many of the leading characters in that drama of war. Indeed hers was a romantic maidenhood, yet in her later life, she tried to put back the memory of that time and in her declining days, there was always a hesitancy in speaking of the past or to discuss her husband's exploits. She was thoroughly domestic and never left her home unless it was absolutely necessary, and she devoted herself solely to the care and education of her children. Her solicitude for the welfare of her son, Jesse, dominated her household and she was never at ease unless he was with her. She lived in the constant fear that young Jesse would fall into evil associations.

BORN IN KENTUCKY.

Before her marriage, Mrs. JAMES was Zerelda MIMMS. She was born in Kentucky of old Revolutionary stock. She passed her childhood days in the Bluegrass state, moving to Clay county as she blossomed into womanhood. She was a quiet, unassuming girl, with a loving nature, beauty and refinement. During the war, Clay county and this vicinity were the scene of much bloodshed, and it was amid these stirring times that she became attached to Jesse JAMES, the most daring of the border Quantrells. All during these wild war times, their courtship was carried on, the famous bandit often risking his life to see her for a few hours. Their wooing was a most romantic one. Even at the time the authorities were making every effort to capture him, dead or alive, and men who professed to be his friends would have slain him, to secure the large reward placed upon the heads of Jesse and Frank JAMES, had they had the opportunity. Once while the future Mrs. JAMES was in Kansas City, Jesse rode into town to see her. His presence was discovered, and a posse was hastily organized and had it not been for a man who is now one of Kansas City's most prominent citizens, Bob FORD would never have had the opportunity of killing the bandit. Jesse had left his bride-to-be and was riding south, out of the city.

He passed a man in the road and turned east toward the Blue. Although Jesse was not aware of the fact, he had been recognized. Hardly a minute later a band of men with shotguns drew rein and inquired if a man on horseback has passed.

"Yes," was the reply, "he just passed over the hill," and the party galloped on over the Brush creek hills and the much sought outlaw rode on in safety. Shortly after the war, Mrs. JAMES nursed him through a sick spell, after he had been badly wounded, and after that, although they were first cousins, they decided to be married. Her mother, who was living at the time, strongly objected, and also their uncle, Rev. William JAMES. But she refused to be dissuaded and insisted that Jesse was not as bad as he was pictured. So on

April 24, 1874, they went to Kearney, a little town on the Hannibal & St. Joseph, twenty-three miles northeast of Kansas City, and were married by Rev. William JAMES. After their marriage they went to Texas, and in June of 1881, rented a house on Woodland, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets in Kansas City, a white frame building on the west side. They went under the name of JACKSON.

After four months they moved to East Ninth street, between Woodland and Michigan. A month later they moved to 1017 Troost and in November went by wagon to St. Joseph, living at 1318 Lafayette, where Jesse was killed. In St. Joseph he was known by the name of HOWARD.

WHEN JESSE WAS SHOT.

On April 3, 1882, Jesse JAMES, while dusting a picture, was shot in the back and killed by "Bob" FORD. Mrs. JAMES was in the kitchen at the time and when she rushed into the front room, Jesse was lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He tried to speak but could not and soon died in his wife's arms. She was greatly affected by the tragedy, accounts of which filled the papers of the entire country, but she bore her great sorrow without a breakdown until the body of her dead husband was ready to be lowered into the grave. Then she completely gave way and with agonizing cries, fell across the coffin and called forth the wrath of God against those who had killed her husband.

After the death of Jesse JAMES, the widow moved to Kansas City. She was without money and was obliged to sell her furniture and other personal property. Everything that could be disposed of was sold and she started out in her lonely life with nothing but pluck and energy. She took in sewing and worked in the households of others, earning enough to clothe and feed her family. It was her determination through all these trying years to rear her children to

be honest and respectable and that no taint of the heritage left them by their father should cling to them. She was a member of the Methodist church.

Young Jesse had little opportunity for schooling and he was only 11 years old when he started out to make a living for himself and those dependent upon him. He was a delicate boy, but he had inherited the perseverance and energy of his mother and from the first moment that he began to earn money, he gave it to his mother, and during all the years that followed, he supported her and his sister, giving the latter an education that he had been denied. He was industrious and honest and made friends rapidly, and these friends always stuck to him.

The first position which the boy secured was that of office boy in the real estate office of Crittenden & Phister. T. T. CRITTENDEN did not know Jesse then, and when the applicants for the place were asked to write their names, Mr. CRITTENDEN was much surprised when he read the name of Jesse JAMES in a large boyish hand. Later Mr. CRITTENDEN became very fond of the boy, and has been closely associated with him in a business way ever since.

Mr. CRITTENDEN learned of the straitened circumstances of the JAMES family and he advanced them money and sold them a home on time, taking the note of Mrs. JAMES and the simple word of young JAMES that he would pay it all back. This he did and he has furnished the home and cared for his family out of his earnings.

AVERSION TO PHOTOGRAPHS.

One peculiarity about the JAMES family was the aversion of the members to having photographs taken. Jesse JAMES, Sr., had but one picture taken, and then the copies were distributed only among very intimate friends. This was for his own protection, as

detectives all over the country were looking for him, and they were baffled time and time again by the man whose face was unknown to them. Mrs. JAMES was always afraid that her picture would get into the papers in connection with some sensational story about her husband and she never had a photograph taken. She never left her house without wearing her widow's veil. She was remarkably quiet and was given little to conversation with any except the immediate members of her family. With her children she always discouraged conversation about the father's wild life, and she tried to get away from the influence surrounding the bandit's exploits. While others and thoughtless people in talking to young Jesse invested the deeds of his father with a glamour of romance, the quiet, faithful, Christian mother spoke only of the more tranquil periods of that former life when the bandit threw off the unconquerable spirit of restlessness for a short time and became a loving father and a kind and indulgent husband.

The boyhood of young Jesse was one long struggle between good and evil influences. In the world he was pointed out on the street as the son of the greatest bandit Missouri ever had. The vicious and the curious always wanted to shake hands with him and they never failed to speak of his father and recount some special deed of his. From morning until night, Jesse was never permitted to forget who or what he was, and there was closer scrutiny of his acts than of other boys.

But when he returned to his mother, there was a different and counter-acting influence. She talked of brighter things and read good books to him, and he in turn read his Bible. It was the mother against the world, and the mother lived to see her victory.

[Wyandotte] Robert Franklin (Bob) JAMES d. 18 November 1959
of Excelsior Springs, MO

Death of: Robert Franklin (Bob) JAMES

Date: Wednesday, November 18, 1959

Place: I.O.I.F. hospital, near Liberty, MO

Age: 82 years

Born: February 6, 1877, Nashville, TN

Residence: Excelsior Springs, MO

>

Occupation:

Clerk in grain offices in St. Louis & Chicago

Operated family farm in Kearney, MO until 1947

Affiliations: former member of the Clay County Farm Bureau

Military service: 2nd Calvary Unit in the Spanish-American War

Father: Frank JAMES - died 18 February 1915

Mother: Ann RALSTON JAMES - died 6 July 1944

Uncle: Jesse JAMES - died 3 April 1882

Survivors:

Wife: Mae SANDBOTH JAMES of the home

Services:

Funeral - 2:30 p.m., November 20, Prichard Chapel, Excelsior Springs

Burial - Fairview Cemetery

Reference: "The Kansas City Star" (Missouri) Thursday,
November 19, 1959

[Wyandotte] Samuel J. RALSON b. Ireland - d. 4 January 1899 -
Jackson County, MO

"The Kansas City Times" (Missouri) Friday, January 6, 1899

FUNERAL OF S. J. RALSTON

The funeral services over the remains of the late Samuel J. RALSTON, who died at his old home in Englewood, between Kansas City and Independence, Wednesday afternoon, will be held from the family residence Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The services will be conducted by Dr. MADESIRE.

The deceased was a charter member of Independence lodge A. F. and A. M. and was also a member of Royal Arch chapter, the members of which order will have charge of the funeral.

Interment will be made in the cemetery at Independence.

Samuel RALSTON was well known in Jackson County. He came here in 1840 and had passed the last fifty-eight years of his life in this vicinity. He was born in Ireland, where, at that time, there was a great deal of trouble. He was sent to the United States by an uncle when he was 16 years old. Upon his arrival in North Carolina, he began to farm, and a few years later married. With the opening of the west he moved to Missouri and settled in Jackson County, two miles east of Independence.

He was the father of one child by his first wife. That child, John, is now living in St. Louis. A few years after he had settled in this county, he married Miss Mary C. HILL and eight children were the result of this union:

Fedora, Sam, Annie (Mrs. Frank JAMES), Adam, Hugh, Kate, Harry M. and Margaret.

The deceased took no part in the civil war, with the exception of the fight at Rock creek, a few miles distant from this city. In that

fight, he was wounded.

Mrs. Annie JAMES, wife of the famous ex bandit king, Frank JAMES, who is a daughter of the deceased, arrived at Independence last night to attend her father's funeral.

"The Kansas City Times" (Missouri) Friday, February 19, 1915

THE DEATH OF FRANK JAMES.

Kearney, Mo., Feb. 18. --- Frank JAMES died at the old SAMUELS home, three miles from Kearney, at 3:40 o'clock this afternoon, following a final stroke of apoplexy at 10 o'clock this morning. He was 73 years old. He had been ill all winter, suffering a first stroke last November.

The funeral will be held Saturday with burial in the family lot here, beside the graves of his mother, Mrs. Zerelda SAMUELS, and his 8-years-old half-brother, Archie, who was killed by a bomb tossed into the SAMUELS home by Pinkerton detectives searching for the JAMES brothers.

The body of Jesse JAMES, which now rests under the sod of the SAMUELS farm yard, probably will be disinterred and buried with the rest of the family.

Mr. JAMES is survived by his wife, Mrs. Anna JAMES, 62 years old; his son, Robert, who lives on a part of the old place; a half-brother, John SAMUELS of Excelsior Springs; two half-sisters: Mrs. Fannie HALL of Kearney and Mrs. Sarah Louisa NICHOLSON, who lives on a part of the old farm; a nephew, Jesse JAMES, Jr., of Kansas City and three nieces, one of whom, Mrs. Mary S. BARR, lives on

the old place.

Frank JAMES owned all but six acres of the old SAMUELS farm, bequeathed him by his mother at her death, which occurred on a train between Chickasha and Oklahoma City, Ok., in 1911. Mrs. SAMUELS was returning to Clay County from a visit with Frank at his farm nine miles northwest of Fletcher, Ok. Frank JAMES rented the Oklahoma farm shortly afterwards and returned to the old home to live the year around, but continued to own the Oklahoma property.

The Kansas City Star" (Missouri) Sunday, February 21, 1915

ORATION AT BANDIT'S BIER.

A handful of ashes and a name engraved upon a copper urn is all that will remain tonight of Frank JAMES, Missouri's Robin Hood. Last night his body was taken to St. Louis. Today it will be cremated. Tomorrow the ashes of the former bandit will come to Kansas City and go into a box in a safety deposit vault in a bank, and there they will rest, behind great locked doors of armor plate, until --- well no one can tell; maybe until resurrection day. {Note: I will be sending another posting that will tell you more about his ashes.}

Yesterday the relatives and friends of Frank JAMES gathered on the JAMES farm, near Kearney, Clay County, for the funeral.

A strange funeral! Not a prayer. Not a song. No word from a minister. Just a short speech from a man who saved him from the gallows, and was his intimate friend --- that, and tears of real love and affection.

Maybe, after all, those tears coursing down the cheeks of old men who had fought with him, who had seen his loyalty and friendship

tested in the "dark days," who knew of his struggles to "beat back" to good citizenship, held greater promise for his soul than all the prayers, that might have been said, or hymns sung.

Frank JAMES was one guerrilla beloved and looked up to by all the others.

Those veterans of the days of the "red border" went long distances to be at his funeral yesterday. One came all the way from Oklahoma. One got up from a sick bed to go, and as he helped carry the body of his old comrade, he staggered under the weight.

When Judge John F. PHILIPS, in his funeral speech, standing beside the coffin, half turned and laid his hand upon it and said:

"Since his surrender he acquitted himself always as a man of high honor," a dozen voices, tremulous under the weight of years, answered: "Amen."

"From my many conversations with him I learned that he believed in the divine authenticity of the Bible," the judge said, "He believed in the divinity of Jesus and had sublime faith that his sins were forgiven and that he was the recipient of God's mercy and that his soul was saved. He told me that he did not join a church because that act would be misconstrued; the world would look upon it as some sort of hypocrisy, as being done for show. He did not believe that it was necessary to join a church. Knowing that he had been saved by grace, believing that this was a matter between his own heart and God alone, he did not think that religious services were necessary at his funeral. He met death serene and unafraid, confident of the future."

The whole countryside went to the funeral. The buggies lined the fence for a long distance each side of the road gate. Not one-fifth of the crowd could get into the house. And the country roads were thick with black, sticky mud, and there was promise of rain in the

lowering clouds. Those who went by train had to go three miles from Kearney to the JAMES farm and there they waited for hours, walking about the farm, standing in groups on the wet sod under the bare trees, talking of the old times.

There was Morgan MATTOX who was a comrade of Frank JAMES under Quantrell, the raider. He came all the way from Bartlesville, Ok., to be at the funeral, and, out under the big coffee bean tree, besides the grave of Jesse JAMES, he told stories that made the blood tingle, more thrilling than you'll find in any story book, and the hero of them all the man lying dead within the little cottage.

"Ah, he was the fighter for you --- never afraid, true always to his comrades, a fine soldier" said MATTOX.

There was William GREGG, Quantrell's lieutenant. who received Frank JAMES into the band when he was a beardless boy, his heart aflame with hate of the "blue bellied Yankee soldiers." GREGG is old and feeble now and it was a great effort for him to go from his home in Kansas City to the funeral.

"The last time I saw Frank JAMES was last spring when I was down with pneumonia," said GREGG. "He came out to my house to see me, and, as he was leaving he came up to me and laid a 10-dollar bill in my hand and said:

"Bill, take it, you need it, I know; and when you want more let me know and it will come to you."

And the tears rolled down the sunken cheeks of William GREGG as he told it, and his voice choked.

The pallbearers were:

Ben MORROW of Eastern Jackson County

George SHEPARD of Lees Summit
John WORKMAN of Independence
George WIGGLETON of Independence
William GREGG of Kansas City

(all old Quantrell men);

T. T. CRITTENDEN, whose father, while governor of Missouri, received the surrender of Frank JAMES.

Among those from Kansas City at the funeral were Judge Ralph LATSHAW, Charles POLK, Lynn S. BANKS, William M. CORBETT, Hal GAYLORD and "Dusty" RHOADES.

Immediate relatives of Frank JAMES who were present were:

Mrs. Betty PATTON, his aunt
Mrs. J. C. HALL, half-sister
Mrs. William NICHOLSON, half-sister
John SAMUELS, half brother
Jesse JAMES, Jr., nephew

and his family, and his sister.

"The Kansas City Times" (Missouri) Friday, February 19, 1915

HOW HE BECAME A BANDIT.

Frank JAMES and his mother, too, always did say he was driven to be an outlaw. It is certain that both Frank and Jesse JAMES, his brother, were driven to join the Quantrell guerrillas, who raided Lawrence, Ks., and which was the most terrible band of shooting and killing rough riders that ever existed anywhere.

The mother of Frank JAMES told the writer of this, not long before she died, the story of how her two boys were persecuted and hounded by Federal soldiers and sympathizers until, in fear for their lives, they had to run away from home. This part of Missouri was then "The Red Border." There were bands of Federal soldiers riding this way and that, harrying sympathizers with the Southern cause, shooting and hanging all who took part in aiding the soldiers of the Confederacy. Aiding them were the "Home Guards," composed of Federal sympathizers who had not gone to war.

The JAMES farm was in Clay County, a few miles east of Kearney, and a few miles west of Excelsior Springs. The elder JAMES was a preacher who moved with his wife and boys from Kentucky and settled there. He died and his widow married Doctor SAMUELS.

SAMUELS and his wife and the two JAMES boys were intense in their sympathy for the Southern cause, and this was well known in the community, where there were many Unionists. One day a company of Federals went to the SAMUELS farm and hanged Doctor SAMUELS until he was nearly dead and prodded the two JAMES boys, Frank and Jesse, with bayonets until blood soaked their clothing. Later those outrages were repeated, and, driven to desperation, Frank went from home.

At that time Quantrell, the raider, was camped near Independence, and Frank went to him, and was welcomed. A few months later Jesse joined the band too.

They became the two most daring raiders of the band. Their hearts were filled with hate of the Northern cause and its soldiers and friends, and they slew and reeked in blood. They lived only to kill and to avenge. They learned how to ride a horse at full speed, the bridle in their teeth, a revolver in each hand, which was the way of the guerrillas. They learned to shoot from the back of a galloping horse and never miss the mark. Their lives were spent in the

brush, hiding, or riding on long raids at night to be early in the morning at the massacre of some band of Federals. They hunted and were hunted. They knew no fear. They had great adventures and narrow escapes. They did daring things. They laughed at death and rode into the very face of it, screaming the Quantrell yell, which froze the blood of those that heard it.

The story of their adventures in this wild time has never been written, nor never will.

It is known that Frank JAMES was in the Lawrence raid and that there he was ferocious and merciless as a mad wolf. He was in the Centralia massacre, too. He was in a thousand mad raids in which quarter was not given and was never accepted.

Frank JAMES was with Quantrell when he died in Kentucky.

Then came the surrender of LEE and peace. Frank and Jesse JAMES returned to their home in Missouri. They always contended that they were driven by persecution into the career of outlawry that made them notorious as no other bandits have ever been. But others of the Quantrell band who returned had no such trouble in settling down.

More than likely it is nearer the truth to say that after their years of exciting adventure as rough riders, accustomed to know no law but that of the pistol, used to take by force whatever they needed, in love with the wild, roving life, they found existence on a farm too tame and monotonous.

They needed money. They robbed a bank in Liberty, got \$70,000 and escaped with it. That outlawed them. Thereafter there was no rest for them. When that money was gone they robbed and got more. They were ingenious as they were unafraid. They invented the daylight bank robbery, the riding into town at midday,

revolvers cracking, the old rebel screech of guerrilla days rending the air, the halt at the bank door, one man to hold the horses, two or three to stand in front and shoot at every head that showed, two to go in the bank and scoop the treasure into sacks. And then the mad ride out and away.

They invented the train robbery. A silent, lonely spot at night, a red lantern waving across the track, the train slowly grinding to full stop, then the wild, demoniacal screaming of masked men in the darkness, and the fusillade of revolver shots while one man guards the engineer and two overawe the express messenger, rob his safe and away again, to melt into the blackness of the night.

Their training in night riding and night hiding, in sleeping anywhere, in knowing how to make cover through a whole day for men and horses in a patch of hazel brush, learned in the guerrilla days, made escape easy for them.

For seventeen years they rode and robbed, and sometimes killed. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars their loot amounted to no one will ever know.

[Wyandotte] Jesse JAMES,Jr. d. 26 March 1951 - [Los Angeles, CA](#)

Death of: Jesse JAMES, Jr.

Date: Monday, March 26, 1951

Place: at home, Los Angeles, CA

Born: [31 August](#) 1875, Nashville, TN

Married: 1900, [Kansas City, MO](#)

Residence: Los Angeles, CA

Former residence: Kansas City, MO

Occupation:

Office boy (age 12) for T. T. CRITTENDEN, Jr., (lawyer & son of governor)

Clerk at Armour Packing Plant

Ran cigar stand at the courthouse,

Ran pawnshop & jewelry store at [207 E. 20th St., Kansas City, MO](#)

Author of: "[Jesse James, My Father](#)" (1899)

Lawyer (passed [bar examination](#) in June 1906)

Associated with firm of Latshaw & Latshaw
(Moved to West coast in 1926)

Practiced law

Education: Honor graduate, [Kansas City School of Law](#)

Father: Jesse Woodson JAMES - died [3 April](#) 1882

Mother: Zerelda MIMMS JAMES - died 13 November 1900

Sister: Mary JAMES BARR - died 11 October 1935

Grandmother: Zerelda COLE JAMES SIMMS SAMUELS - died
10 Feb 1911

Step-grandfather: Dr. Reuben SAMUELS - died 2 March 1908

Uncle - Alexander Franklin "Frank" JAMES - died 18 February
1915

Survivors:

Wife: Mrs. Stella JAMES of the home

Daughter: Mrs. Jo Frances ROSS of the home

Daughter: Mrs. Lucille LEWIS, [Los Angeles](#)

Daughter: Mrs. Estelle BAUMEL, Los Angeles

Daughter: Mrs. Ethel Rose OWENS, Los Angeles

Grandson: Randall ROSS, graduate of [Pennsylvania University Law School](#)

Grandson: James Curtis LEWIS

Grandson: Donald BAUMEL

Granddaughter: Diane BAUMEL

Services:

Funeral - [March 28, Forest Lawn Memorial Park](#) Glendale, CA

Reference: "The [Kansas City Times](#)" ([Missouri](#)) Tuesday, March 27, 1951

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[Wyandotte] Frank JAMES –

“When He Gave Up” - 19 February 1915

The Kansas City Times (Missouri) Friday, February 19, 1915

WHEN FRANK JAMES GAVE UP.

The JAMES boys robbed from the Mississippi to the Rio Grande, and no one could catch them. But in the late seventies the lines were tightening about them all the time. The country was filling up. It became more difficult to escape, to hide. Big rewards offered by states and corporations bred treachery in their camps.

It was this that brought the death of Jesse JAMES, shot down from behind by the FORD boys, in his own home in St. Joseph, in sight of his wife and two children, for a reward of \$50,000 offered by the state of Missouri. So many robberies within the state by a band of her own, had made Missouri infamous.

It injured business. Travelers were afraid to pass this way. Hence the big reward; the treachery, the death of Jesse JAMES.

Frank JAMES told the writer of this that long before the death of his brother, Jesse, he, Frank, had given up out-lawry, foreseeing the end that was sure to be, and that then he was living peacefully in a Southern state, with his wife and family, under an assumed name.

Frank denied that he was at the robbery of the train at Winston, Mo., one night in July, 1879, when the conductor, William WESTFALL, and John McMILLEN were killed by the bandits.

But Frank was under suspicion of having been there and a grand jury had named him in an indictment for the murder. He was a fugitive from justice.

The system of train robbery invented by him was yet being practiced and for each one Frank was blamed. He decided to surrender and take his chances.

T. T. CRITTENDEN was governor of Missouri. October 6, 1882, Frank JAMES, accompanied by a few faithful friends, went to the office of the governor in Jefferson City. What occurred is described as follows in Leonard's History of Missouri:

Maj. John N. EDWARDS advanced to the governor, shook hands with him and in an easy, matter-of-fact way introduced "My friend, Mr. Frank JAMES." They took one another by the hand, the chief magistrate and the brigand, and then the unlooked-for visitor unbuttoned his coat and, unbuckling his belt, handed it, with the pistol in it, to the governor as a token of surrender and delivery.

"Governor CRITTENDEN," he said, as he proffered the butt of the revolver ---a 44 caliber Remington --- which had been presented, muzzle foremost, on many a critical occasion, and made to do its part in many a fierce combat,

"I want to hand over to you that which no man living, except

myself, has ever been permitted to touch since 1861, and to say that I am your prisoner.

I have taken all the cartridges out of the weapon and you can handle it with safety."

Governor CRITTENDEN took the revolver by its butt and, turning to the company in the room, who had not understood what was going on, said: "Gentlemen, this is Frank JAMES, and I take pleasure in introducing him to you."

There was a look of surprise at the announcement, and then the party came forward and, one by one, shook hands with the outlaw.

"I came to Missouri last week," he said, addressing the party. "I have come in the hope that you, gentlemen, will let me prove that I am not nearly so bad a man as I have been represented. I have come back to Missouri to try and regain a home and standing among her people. I have been outside her laws for twenty-one years. I have been hunted like a wild animal from one state to another. I have known no home. I have slept in all sorts of places; here today, there tomorrow. I have been charged with nearly every crime committed either in Missouri or her neighboring states. I have been taught to suspect my dearest and nearest friend of treachery, and where's the end to be?"

"I am tired of this life of night riding and day hiding; of constant listening for footfalls, cracking twigs, rustling leaves and creaking doors; tired of the saddle, the revolver and the cartridge belt. The one desire of my life is to regain the citizenship which I lost in the dark days, when, in Western Missouri, every man's hand was against his neighbor, and to prove that I am not unworthy of it by submitting to the most rigid tests that the law may require."

Frank was taken to Independence, lodged in jail and in due time

tried for the murder of WESTFALL, the train conductor, in the court in Gallatin, Mo., and acquitted.

It was a famous trial. John F. PHILIPS, afterward United States judge, now a practicing lawyer in this city, defended JAMES. William WALLACE, now a lawyer in this city and widely known as prohibition candidate for governor in several elections, prosecuted JAMES.

[Wyandotte] Frank JAMES - d. 19 February 1915 - Ashes (7 July 1944)

"The Kansas City Times" (Missouri) Friday, July 7, 1944

LONG JAMES WAIT ENDS

The ashes of Frank JAMES will be moved from their place in a bank vault, where they have remained since his death in 1915, and will be buried with the ashes of his widow, Mrs. Ann RALSTON JAMES, 91, who died yesterday in a sanitarium in Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Services for Mrs. JAMES will be held at 3 o'clock today at the chapel of the Elmwood cemetery here. Cremation of her body will follow. A private funeral to be attended only by her relatives will be held later preceding burial of the two urns of ashes in a family cemetery at Hill Park, Twenty-third street and Rock Creek road.

Frank JAMES stipulated before his death that he wanted his body cremated, to be buried later at the time of his wife's death. The ashes were kept in the old New England Safe Deposit company until 1928. Then Frank's son, Robert Frank JAMES, who lives

now on the JAMES farm north of Kearney, Mo., had the ashes moved to a vault in the Kearney Trust company, where they have remained since.

Robert, the only survivor of his widowed mother, said yesterday his father had asked that his body be cremated after he saw the body of Jesse JAMES, his notorious brother, removed from its grave on the family farm in 1902.

After his violent death in 1882 in St. Joseph at the hands of Bob FORD, Jesse was buried on the JAMES farm. The body later was removed to the cemetery in Kearney, where curiosity seekers have chipped the monument down to the ground.

The double interment in the park, formerly belonging to the family of Mrs. JAMES's mother, will be in accordance with the direction of Mrs. JAMES. Her cousin, Mrs. Frank ABSTON, Independence, told her a place had been saved for the couple in the Hill park cemetery, Robert JAMES said yesterday. The body of Mrs. JAMES will remain until 1:40 o'clock today in a Kearney funeral home.

Two other cousins survive Mrs. JAMES. They are Adam HILL, an employee at the Independence post office, and Dr. W. H. HILL, a doctor at McCleary's sanitarium in Excelsior Springs. Their father was a brother of Mrs. JAMES's mother, Mrs. Samuel RALSTON.

[Wyandotte] Frank JAMES - Living It Down - 19 February 1915

"The Kansas City Times" (Missouri) Friday, February 19, 1915

"LIVING IT DOWN"

After his acquittal Frank JAMES went to St. Louis to live and for several years was doorkeeper of the Standard Theater there. He was acting in that capacity some ten years ago, when the writer of this, accompanied by a publisher of books, went to see him to try and induce him to agree to the publication of a book about his life and adventures.

"I promised the governor of Missouri when I surrendered that I would never write a book about myself or permit it to be done if I could prevent it. I am going to keep that promise," said Frank.

The publisher tried to get his consent, offered to pay him an enormous sum in cash outright, but Frank said:

"Gentlemen, if you should give me a million dollars in gold, I would not do it. I have got a lot to live down, and I can't help do that by writing books about myself." And that was the end of it.

Frank JAMES never wrote a word of his adventures and would not be interviewed about them. He was living in rather poor circumstances at the time the publisher made that offer to him, and \$10,000 would have been a fortune to him, but it did not even tempt him to break his promise.

He did add to his income by acting as starter at horse races in county fairs in many places in the Southwest, and for a brief period he appeared with Cole YOUNGER in a tent show, but he gave that up when he found that he was expected to pose as an actor in a border drama.

After the death of his mother, Mrs. SAMUEL, a few years ago, Frank JAMES inherited the farm near Kearney, and he went there to live quietly. He was a quiet, unassuming man, of irreproachable habits and character in his later years. He was devoted to his

family, never drank, talked little, and kept in the background. There was much that was pathetic and impelling of sympathy in him as he went quietly about his way, with one deep aim always uppermost --- the yearning, as he expressed it to the governor when he surrendered, "to regain the citizenship which I lost in the dark days, to prove that I am not unworthy of it."

Surely he did prove that, and no matter what he may have been and what he may have done in what he called the "dark days," no one will deny him the honor that is due him for his striving to make amends.