MEEKDUKE BOOKS

WHAT SPRINGFIELD BURIED

Tim LaDuke

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

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What Springfield Buried

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The material in this book is sorted as it is printed: **RECORD** — what documents, courts, and the contemporary press establish; **SAID** — what people said, carried as their words, attributed; **LEGEND** — what is told, labelled as told.

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INTRODUCTION

How a City Buries Things

Every place on this planet has a dark past. Every single one. There's not a city, not a town, not a wide place in the road that doesn't have dark in its history. Things that happened, people who got hurt, people who got wronged, things that got done and then quietly never mentioned again. It's not just ours. It's everywhere. The only difference between one place and the next is how much of it people are willing to say out loud.

And mostly, people aren't willing. That's the real rule, everywhere you go: the past has dark in it, and the deal

a place makes with itself is to not talk about that part. Springfield made that deal like everybody else. This book breaks it, for here. For our own backyard.

Not some distant place, not somebody else's sins, ours. The square where our festivals are held. The creek the schoolkids learn about on field trips. Streets and neighborhoods where families have lived for a hundred years not knowing, or half-knowing, what happened there before them. Things happened here, documented things, provable things, things that were in the newspapers of their day, and then, slowly and deliberately, they got brushed under the rug. Generation by generation. Until the story the city told about itself was just the clean parts, and the rest was treated like it never happened at all.

Nobody wants to admit it. Nobody wants to talk about it. Say it out loud at the wrong table and watch the room change temperature. Because admitting it means admitting the story this city tells about itself is missing

chapters, and some of those chapters have names in them that are still on the street signs.

But here's the thing nobody wants to hear: brushing it under the rug doesn't make it disappear. It never has. What's under the rug is still in the house. You walk over it every day. It changes the shape of the floor whether you look at it or not. A lynching on the public square that took 113 years to get a marker. A poor farm where the dead went into the ground under numbers, and then the book that matched the numbers to the names disappeared. Whole neighborhoods, whole communities, written down to almost nothing. That's not ancient history sealed in a vault somewhere. That's this city's past, and a past doesn't stop being true just because people stopped saying it out loud.

So we said it out loud.

What follows runs on the record. Court files, newspapers, coroners, commissions, the paper a city keeps on itself whether it wants to or not. Where the record runs out, this book says so, out loud. Some of what Springfield knows, it knows because people carried it in their mouths when the paper failed them, and that's in here too. Labeled for what it is. And where a record should exist and doesn't, we print the empty space where it ought to be, because half the time in this town, the missing paper is the story. We are not only looking for what can be proven. We are looking for what is known. There's a difference, and this city has been hiding in that difference for a hundred years.

One more thing, and it matters. The people in these pages were people. Not props, not local color, not atmosphere for a scary story. Some of them have families still living here, families I know. Where the record shows somebody dropped the ball on them, this book says who and how, and it says it with the evidence

on the page. Where judgment appears in this book, it's ours, and we stand on it openly. If that makes some people uncomfortable, good. Discomfort is what a rug feels like when somebody finally lifts the corner.

This is what Springfield buried.

It didn't stay buried. It never does. It was here the whole time, under everything, waiting for somebody to say it out loud.

Here's saying it.

PART ONE

THE GROUND

PART ONE — THE GROUND

1

1906 & THE 113-YEAR SILENCE

HORACE B. DUNCAN · FRED COKER · WILL ALLEN

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

PLATE 1.1



Clear, cooler. Frost tonight. Fair tomorrow.

The Washington Times

LAST EDITION

NUMBER 4326. WASHINGTON, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, 1906. PRICE ONE CENT.

D. A. R. CONGRESS INAUGURATED WITH PATRIOTIC FERVOR

National Songs and Brilliant Addresses Were Features.

MRS. McLEAN'S ADDRESS

It Teemed With Interest and Attracted Attention of Large Audience.

OVER TWO MILLION CUT FROM DISTRICT EXPENSE BUDGET

House Committee on Appropriations Makes Drastic Changes in Recommendations of Commissioners.

Features of the Bill Which Cuts the Estimates of the Commissioners Two Million Dollars

Amount appropriated in new bill..... $9,369,433.15
Asked for by Commissioners..... 11,625,686.15
Appropriations for this current year..... 9,939,197.42
Amount by which Commissioners' estimates were reduced by the committee..... 2,256,253.00
Necessary reduction in Commissioners estimates as stated by Secretary of Treasury..... 224,422.15

Board of Charities given absolute control of all money appropriated for medical charities, which appropriation is reduced by over $2,000.

No increases of teachers' salaries. Six appropriations for new school buildings, or sites, or extensions of buildings.

Members of the Board of Education forbidden to receive compensation for their services.

For equipment and maintenance of playgrounds, $10,000 as opposed to the $7,000 allowed for the present year.

Baltimore and Ohio railroad to pay $14,000 and the Anacostia and Potomac River Railroad Company to pay $12,500 toward construction of new Anacostia bridge.

Installation of water meters in private residences and a charge for water used.

Police estimates reduced by over $50,000.

Item of $750,000 asked for high-pressure fire service system stricken out.

Appropriations made for following bridges: Highway bridge, Connecticut avenue bridge, Anacostia bridge, Sixteenth street bridge across Piney Branch, and K street bridge across Rock Creek.

For the erection and equipment complete of a hospital for treatment of indigent tubercular patients only on the site now owned by the Government, $100,000.

Estimates of Fire Department cut down by over $650,000.

Number of justices of the peace reduced from ten to six.

For street cleaning an increase of $24,000 is made.

The District of Columbia appropriation bill, which provides the money necessary for the local government for the first fiscal year, was reported to the House today by the Committee on Appropriations in such form that it carries a total of $7,250,453.15, which is $2,505,253 less than the amount asked for by the District Commissioners.

Exclusive of the revenue from the Water Department, the new bill appropriates $9,131,287.15, which is less than the Commissioners asked for, exclusive of the water revenues, by $2,130,213.

ESTIMATES CLOSELY SCRUTINIZED.

So closely were the Commissioners' estimates scrutinized and cut down that the Committee on Appropriations has not been able to report to the House today to the Committee on Appropriations in such form that it carries a total of $7,250,453.15, which is $2,505,253 less than the amount asked for by the District Commissioners.

Exclusive of the revenue from the Water Department, the new bill appropriates $9,131,287.15, which is less than the Commissioners asked for, exclusive of the water revenues, by $2,130,213.

Surprises in the Bill.

But there are in the new bill certain provisions which may be a benefit to the District and which certainly make up in some measure for the way the Committee on Appropriations has slashed the estimates. The bill, which was prepared after many weeks' labor by the subcommittee consisting of Representatives Gillett of Massachusetts, Gardner of Michigan, Madden, Burleson and Fitzgerald, is, by long odds, the most economical piece of legislation ever reported to the House.

No change is made, however, in the present forms of expenditure now carried over such conventional institutions as the Board of Charities, the Reform School and the Industrial Home. The hospitals already provided for by the Government are liberally treated by the bill, the appropriations for the Board are Providence Hospital, Columbia Hospital and Lying-In Asylum, Garfield Memorial Hospital, Children's Hospital, Emergency Hospital, Children's Home for Incurables and National Homeopathic Hospital.

Another section is so framed that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company shall pay $2,000 toward the construction of the new Anacostia bridge, and the Anacostia and Potomac River Railroad Company shall contribute $12,500 toward the same end.

Street Railways Hit.

Street railway companies owning tracks and operating cars in the city of Washington are hit en masse by another provision, which stipulates that the Commissioners shall require their companies to keep in repair the streets, avenues and roadways within the five limits of the city occupied by their tracks at such times as may be deemed necessary.

The appropriations set down for the public school system show a material increase of salaries for teachers, and many of the requests of the Commissioners for new school buildings are granted. The total sum for which the bill reported to the House District Committee to increase the teachers' pay is raised to $130,000, the system will be almost under the appropriations framed in this appropriation bill.

A drastic section reduces greatly the fees for the various grades of street lighting in the District of Columbia. The Commissioners had asked for a lump sum, however, whereby about 1,000 lamps may be added to the present number, but they only fill per annum instead of the present $75 per annum for each lamp, and give $50 per annum for each lamp hereafter installed. A separate provision requires that they must pay only $3 per annum instead of the present $4

On the night before Easter, they hanged three men from a tower in the middle of town, under a statue of Liberty.

That sentence is RECORD. Every part of it is documented. It happened in the centre of Park Central Square, Springfield, Missouri, on the night of Saturday, 14 April 1906. The tower was the Gottfried Tower, the iron streetcar-wire tower that stood in the middle of the Square, topped with a replica Statue of Liberty. The men were Horace B. Duncan, Fred Coker, and Will Allen. Duncan was twenty years old. Coker was twenty-one. Allen's name is also given in the record as William Allen.

What happened to them is the gravest event in this book. What happened afterwards, the century of quiet, on the exact ground where it occurred, is the reason this chapter comes first. Springfield did not merely fail to punish a lynching. It failed, for 113 years, to mark one.



The Gottfried Tower on the Public Square, from a period postcard, before its demolition in 1909. The tower stood at the centre of the Square, topped with a replica Statue of Liberty.

Public domain (author unknown).

THE RECORD

> “The men were Horace B. Duncan, Fred Coker, and Will Allen. Duncan was twenty years old. Coker was twenty-one.”

The accusation

RECORD **Duncan and Coker were labourers for the Pickwick Transport Company. They were accused after Mina Edwards and Charles Cooper claimed the two men had**

assaulted (raped) Edwards on Good Friday, 13 April 1906.

Their employer vouched for them: they had been loading freight all night.

They were released. Then they were taken again, re-detained, in the language of the time, "for their own protection", and held in the Greene County Jail near Central and Robberson. Will Allen was in that jail too, held on suspicion of an unrelated murder. He had nothing to do with the Edwards accusation. That matters, and the record is clear on it: Allen was not a suspect in the case that brought the mob to the jail. He was simply there, and Black, and within reach when the mob came back for more.

Hold those facts in order, because the order is the indictment. Two men accused. An employer saying they were at work. A release. A re-arrest dressed up as

protection. A jail. And then a crowd that the authorities, by the findings of their own grand jury, had every reason to expect.

The night

RECORD **On the night of Saturday, 14 April, a mob broke into the Greene County Jail, took Duncan and Coker out, marched them down Boonville Avenue to the Public Square, and hanged them from the Gottfried Tower.**

Then the mob went back to the jail.

They took Will Allen. They gave him what the record calls a "mock trial." Then they hanged him from the same tower. The bodies were burned. Remains and fragments were taken as souvenirs.

Read that again, slowly, because the sequence is documented and it is worse than the summary word "lynching"

allows. This was not a single spasm. It was an operation with a return trip. Men were taken, killed, and displayed; the crowd's work was judged unfinished; the jail was entered a second time; a third man, a man accused of nothing in the matter at hand, was processed through a parody of a trial and killed the same way. The burning and the souvenir-taking are in the record too. In its own day, the lynching was also commemorated the other way: souvenir postcards of the lynching were made and mailed, a fact noted by Lyle Foster at the marker dedication in 2019, as reported, and recorded in this book's research for what its existence proves. The image itself is not reproduced in this book. It does not need to be. That it existed, and was mailable, is the evidence.

How many people were in the Square that night? Here the record refuses to give one number, and this book will not invent one. **RECORD, with the conflict**

flagged: estimates of the mob range from 400 to 4,000; other accounts say at least 1,000, and up to 5,000 watching. The range itself is what the sources support, so the range is what stands. Even at its lowest documented end, hundreds of people participated in or watched three killings in the centre of their city, on Easter weekend, and went home.

The state responded, after the fact. RECORD: the Governor offered a $300 reward, reported in the *New York Times* on Easter Sunday. The National Guard was sent in on Sunday evening, the evening after the three men were dead.

And the nation knew. This is worth establishing in full, because the 113 years that followed are sometimes excused as the fog of a less documented age. There was no fog. On Monday, 16 April 1906, within forty-eight hours, the lynching was front-page news in Washington and in New York. The *Washington Times* carried it on its front page, promising a jury investigation and patrolled streets; the *New-York Tribune* carried it on its front page under a Springfield dateline naming Duncan, Coker, and Allen. The silence that followed was not an absence of record. The record existed, nationally, immediately. The silence was local, and it was a choice, or, more precisely,

a hundred and thirteen years of choices, most of them made by simply doing nothing.



New-York Tribune.

Vol. LXVI...No. 21,701. NEW-YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1906.—TWELVE PAGES. PRICE THREE CENTS.

PARADERS IN DRIZZLE.

SOFT HATS TO SHOWERS.

Sizes Easter Discourages Pittsburg Critic with Mock Rake.

GLIMPSES OF THE EASTER PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE YESTERDAY.

A view in front of St. Thomas's. Looking up the avenue from 51st street.

PLAN TO WORK MINES.

TO IMPORT WORKERS.

Operators on the Aggressive—Mounted Police Called Cossacks.

TWO WEEKS' STRIKE LOSSES.

THIRD NEGRO LYNCHED.

MOB FREES PRISONERS.

Militia Guards Springfield's Streets —Governor Folk Acts.

RECORD FLOOD OF IMMIGRANTS.

BY THURSDAY 32,000 WILL HAVE REACHED PORT—TWO WEEKS NEEDED TO EXAMINE THEM.

THE GORKYS DISAPPEAR

MAY HAVE GONE WEST.

Baggage Sent to Chicago—All Hotels Refuse Accommodations.

RECORD COIN SHIPMENT.

Twelve Tons of Specie Coming Here on the Campania.

TWO VICTIMS MAY DIE.

Lieutenant Greene's Death Reported—Others Doing Well.

BEAT NEGRO WITH BATS.

Ball Players Chase Him for Insulting White Girls.

TWENTY CAUGHT AT COCKFIGHT.

Justice Held Court on a Barrel and Levied Fines on Whole Crowd.

THE MUTINY AT LISBON.

Battleship's Officer Reported Killed by Crew—Trials.

TRAIN GOES THROUGH ICE TUNNEL.

FOUR HUNDRED IN PANIC.

Big Sidewheel Steamer Strikes Snag in Ohio River.

COAL MEN TO STAND PAT.

Will Refuse to Change First Offer to Mitchell, It Is Said.

REPORT LUDLOW BETTER.

Aeronaut Will Reach Here To-day —Mother Hastens to His Side.

NEW MOROCCAN REVOLT.

Serious Insurrection Reported Under Way in the South.

TWO DIE ON LIFE WIRE.

Mother Killed Trying to Save Life of Her Son.

Front page of the *New-York Tribune*, 16 April 1906 — "THIRD NEGRO LYNCHED / MOB FREES PRISONERS," under a Springfield dateline naming Duncan, Coker, and Allen. The headline's language is the period's, printed as it ran.

Public domain — Library of Congress, Chronicling America. Courtesy credit shown.

What the grand jury found

If this chapter rested only on the horror of the night, it would be a chapter about a mob. It rests equally on what Springfield's own legal process concluded, in writing, about five weeks later, because the grand jury's findings convert the story from atrocity to verdict.

RECORD A grand jury reporting about five weeks after the lynching concluded three things.

First: the alleged assault was likely fabricated.

Second: the victims were innocent.

Third: law enforcement had been grossly negligent.

Sit with those findings. The accusation that put Duncan and Coker in the jail, the accusation their employer's alibi already contradicted, was, in the grand jury's judgement, likely invented. The men hanged from the Gottfried Tower, burned, and carried away in pieces as souvenirs were, in the grand jury's judgement, innocent

men. And the officers in whose custody they sat, "for their own protection," were, in the grand jury's judgement, grossly negligent in that protection. The phrase "for their own protection" does not survive the record. It is the record's own refutation of it.

Then came the law's answer to the law's own findings.

RECORD **Eighteen men were indicted.**

One was tried.

None was convicted.

That is the whole arithmetic, and this book asks the reader to refuse a corruption of it that is already in circulation: a modern reference entry for the 1906 marker states that all eighteen indicted men "were eventually acquitted." They were not. Acquittal means a trial happened and a jury spoke. For seventeen of the eighteen, no trial happened at all. One tried, none convicted, those are the numbers. The distance between "acquitted" and "never tried" is exactly the distance this book exists to measure. Even the correction, a century later, gets blurred in the direction of vagueness, and vagueness is never neutral about whom it serves.

CLIPPED FROM THE RECORD

“One tried, none convicted — those are the numbers.”

18 INDICTED · 1 TRIED · 0 CONVICTED — THE GRAND JURY’S ARITHMETIC

No one was ever punished for the Easter weekend lynching of Horace Duncan, Fred Coker, and Will Allen. Not the men who broke the jail. Not the men who worked the rope. Not anyone. The grand jury had said the victims were innocent and the accusation likely fabricated. The legal system's final output, in full, was zero.

The rehearsal, three years earlier

Springfield had been warned, by its own state's highest court, in print, less than a year before.

RECORD Shortly after midnight on 27 October 1903, Tom Brown, a forty-two-year-old Black man, sat in the Black section of the Queen City Restaurant on College

Street, just off the Square, and ordered oysters. The restaurant's one-legged dishwasher, William W. Weir, argued with him, called him a racial slur, ordered him out, and poked him with a crutch. Brown drew a pistol and shot him. Weir died the following afternoon. What the *Springfield Leader* did next is preserved in its own words: it campaigned. Brown was "a vicious and dangerous negro," of "the worst type of bad negroes," and the paper printed, without verification, that he was wanted for a murder in Indian Territory. There was mob talk on the streets. The authorities whisked Brown to a neighbouring county's jail for safekeeping. Tried in April 1904, he was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to hang.

The Missouri Supreme Court reversed the conviction, in an opinion decided 16 May 1905, *State v. Brown*, 188 Mo. 451. The ground the opinion supports is an evidentiary one: testimony about a pistol in a separate incident hours before the shooting was, the court held, incompetent and irrelevant. Its admission in a capital trial was presumptively prejudicial error. And on the jury, the same opinion said

something colder, which this book prints exactly because it is colder than the legend that later grew around the case: a juror who admitted on his voir dire that he had "some prejudice against the negro race" was held, in the opinion's first headnote, to be "qualified to serve", with only the rider that it "would be more in harmony with absolute impartiality to select a panel of jurors which have no unkindly feeling towards the class to which defendant belongs." The court did not disqualify the prejudice. It accommodated it, politely, in print. On retrial in July 1905, the prosecution waived the first-degree charge for a guilty plea to second-degree murder and ninety-nine years; a governor commuted the sentence in 1916. (Chapter 23 tells the whole of it.)

So by Easter 1906, every element of the weekend was already on file somewhere

official: the press incitement, the mob talk, a Black defendant moved out of the county for his own protection, a capital process the state's highest court had to reach down and reverse. Springfield did not drift into the Gottfried Tower in ignorance of what its justice looked like from the outside. It had been shown, eleven months earlier, by judges. It proceeded anyway.

The city that was there before

To understand what the silence buried, the reader has to know what Black Springfield was before that night, because the terror only makes sense against what it was aimed at, and what it cost.

RECORD Before 1906, Black Springfield was a community with institutions and standing: Black lawyers practised in the city; Alf Adams, a Black man, had sat on the city council; Black residents had served on the school board; Black-owned businesses, among

them the Hardrick/Hardwig Brothers grocery, traded in a town regarded as a relative safe haven. This was not a marginal population living at the city's sufferance. It was a civic community, built over decades, inside a segregated order that was already unjust. It had lawyers, officeholders, and businesses of its own.

The lynching was done to that community as much as to the three men on the tower. That is not rhetoric; it is what a public killing in a public square is *for*. The Square was the centre of the city's life. The tower stood at its centre, crowned with Liberty. The message required no printing.

The exodus — and the honest conflict in the numbers

What happened to Black Springfield next is documented in its direction and contested in its numbers, and this book prints both facts rather than choosing the more dramatic figure.

RECORD terror, and flight. Families left. A community that had regarded Springfield as a relative safe haven learned, in one night, what the haven was worth.

CONFLICT, flagged and unresolved in the sources: how many left, and how fast, the accounts do not agree on. KSMU's 2010 account, drawing on historians, put Springfield's Black population at roughly 10–20 percent before 1906 and said it "dropped from about 20% to 2% almost overnight," with people leaving "in droves." KSMU in 2021 gave 10–15 percent falling to about 2 percent "in about two days." Against that, historian Kimberly Harper's census-based account puts the Black population at 6 percent by 1910 and finds that a majority either stayed or moved back. The *News-Leader*, in 2017, gave 10 percent falling to about 5 percent. Springfield's Black population was 4.3 percent in the 2023 Census.

Those cannot all be right, and the book does not pick one. What is documented beyond dispute is the terror and the flight, a population sharply reduced, and, in Harper's account, which is also record, the stubbornness of those who stayed or returned and rebuilt. Write the terror as fact. Write any precise "overnight" percentage as contested. That is this book's instruction to itself, printed here so the reader can see the seam.

What can be said without a percentage is this: a community with lawyers, a councilman, school-board members, and businesses was reduced, frightened, and thinned by an act of public murder that the law then declined to punish at all. The people who left took their Springfield with them. The people who stayed lived in the town that had done it, among neighbours who had watched it, under a Square that said nothing about it for 113 years.

And there were graves. Hazelwood was the public cemetery, and even there the order held: Black

Springfieldians buried at Hazelwood were separated from the white graves by a fence. **RECORD:** Duncan and Coker lay in an unmarked grave at Hazelwood Cemetery until 1996, ninety years, when Hillcrest High School students of Carolyn Hembree, after hearing Katherine Lederer speak, got a grave marker placed. Schoolchildren. In 1996. The un-burial of 1906, when it came, came from below, from students and a teacher and a professor, the same pattern as everything else in this chapter.

The 113 years

Now the silence itself, which is this chapter's second subject and in some ways its first.

RECORD No public marker stood on the Square for 113 years.

It is important to be precise about what kind of fact that is. The research behind this book found no evidence of an active suppression campaign, no order, no edict, no conspiracy of clerks destroying files. What it found is named in this book's introduction: inertia with a beneficiary. The lynching dropped out of the story Springfield told itself because the people who wrote

that story (beginning with the white newspapers of the era, continuing through local, county, and state histories) omitted and distorted Black history as a matter of course. That is Dr. Katherine Lederer's argument, made from two decades of interviews and an archive she built herself (some 35,000 items and more than 2,500 photographs, gathered over nearly a hundred interviews, now held at Missouri State University's Duane G. Meyer Library) and it is the mechanism the record supports. Nobody in power had to lift a finger. Forgetting was the default setting, and the default held for more than a century on the most public ground in the city.

Consider what stood on the Square in the meantime. Springfield commemorates other things about itself readily enough, this is a city that marks its famous duel, its Route 66, its founders. The ground where three innocent men, per the city's own grand jury, were hanged and burned in front of hundreds carried no public word of it. A person could live a whole life in Springfield, walk the Square daily, and never be told by the city itself what had

happened there. Many did. That is not an oversight. An oversight gets corrected when it is noticed; this was noticed, by Black Springfield, continuously, for 113 years. What it lacked was not witnesses. It lacked an institution willing to say it.

THE SILENCE

“Springfield did not merely fail to punish a lynching. It failed, for 113 years, to mark one.”

SAID In Black Springfield's own telling, carried in families and in the community's memory, and recovered on the record by Lederer's interviews with the families who fled and those who stayed, the knowledge never went away. The town's Black residents did not forget 1906; they were never permitted the luxury. The silence this chapter describes was the *official* silence: the histories, the Square, the civic voice. The knowledge lived where buried knowledge usually lives, with the people it was done to. This book states that as what it is, community knowledge, attributed, consistent with everything the paper record holds

around it, and not as a claim the paper record alone could carry.

A related saying belongs here, labelled just as carefully. SAID, shading into LEGEND, and printed under this book's careful-wording rule: Springfield is widely described, in Black Springfield's own telling and in local conversation, as a place Black travellers and residents understood to be dangerous after dark well into the twentieth century. The name for that, in the literature, is a sundown town. This book's research found no Springfield ordinance, no redlining map for Springfield, Missouri, and no entry in the retrieved sundown-towns scholarship establishing that status on paper; on paper alone, the flat claim is unverified, and this book does not print it as fact. What the record does hold, without any label, is the behaviour the name describes: a public lynching, a flight,

segregated schools, libraries, and burial ground, and exactly one park Black residents could use, Silver Springs Park, established in 1918 on the old Fairbanks pasture, land of a former school superintendent who had sheltered Black people in his home during lynchings. The only public park designated for Black residents through the whole segregation era. No ordinance survives, and none may ever have existed. The reputation was the enforcement. The absence of a sign is no evidence against the knowledge. It is evidence of how the burial was done.

2019

RECORD On 2 October 2019, 113 years after the lynching, a marker was finally dedicated on the Square's southeast corner, telling the story of the Springfield lynchings. It came through the Springfield Community Remembrance Coalition and

the Equal Justice Initiative, with Mayor Ken McClure speaking at the dedication. A soil-collection ceremony followed on 19 September 2020. Duncan, Coker, and Allen are also named at the National Memorial for Peace and Justice in Montgomery, Alabama.

Note who did it. Not the city acting on its own initiative, on the retrieved record. Citizens, organised, working with an outside organisation from Alabama, the same outside organisation that has had to do this work in community after community, because community after community would not do it for itself. The pattern of this whole book is in that sentence: the burial runs on default; the digging never does. Every recovery in these pages was somebody's deliberate labour, Lederer's twenty years, Hembree's students, the Coalition's organising. Forgetting required nobody. Remembering required names this book can print.

Even the dedication was not safe from the decay described in the introduction. The local student newspaper reported the marker under a lede that misdated the

lynching to 2 October 1906, the marker's date, transposed onto the crime. A century later, the record still slips, in print, in the direction of error. The work is not finished by a bronze panel. It is only begun by one.

And a necessary correction, so that this chapter does not itself commit the flattening it condemns: **RECORD.** 1906 was not the only lynching in Greene County's history. This book does not claim it was. Mart Danforth was lynched in 1859 and Bud Isbell in 1871, both Black men, near Jordan Creek and Benton Avenue; a later jail-door lynching, in 1886, belongs to another chapter. A claim in circulation that the 1906 victims were the "only recorded lynchings in Greene County" is contradicted by the record. 1906 stands in this book because of its scale, its ground, and its documented innocence findings, and above all because of its 113 years of official quiet. No earlier case had so public a stage to be forgotten on.

Horace B. Duncan was twenty. Fred Coker was twenty-one. Will Allen was taken from a jail cell where he sat accused of something else entirely, tried by a mob as

a formality, and hanged beside them. Their employer, their grand jury, and eventually their city's own history scholars said the first two were innocent and the accusation likely fabricated. Nobody was convicted. Their graves went unmarked for ninety years. Their Square went unmarked for a hundred and thirteen.

The marker is there now. It is small, and it is bronze, and citizens put it there. Stand in the Square and read it, and then look up at where the tower stood, and understand the actual subject of this book: not that Springfield once did a terrible thing, every city in America has a page like that. That Springfield then built a century on top of it without saying so. That the saying, when it finally came, had to be done by hand.



The Square today: the Woodruff Building stands on the Gottfried Tower site.

PioneerOutdoor, CC0 public domain dedication — no attribution required; credit shown as courtesy.

THE LONG RECORD — CHAPTER 1

1859 Mart Danforth lynched

1871 Bud Isbell lynched

1903 The rehearsal: Tom Brown

1906 Duncan, Coker & Allen hanged, 14 April

2019 The marker, 2 October

2020 Soil collection, 19 September

PART ONE — THE GROUND

2

THE SPRINGFIELD THREE

SHERRILL LEVITT · SUZIE STREETER · STACY MCCALL

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

The house gave up nothing.

That is the fact at the centre of this case, and thirty years of investigation have not moved it. On the morning of 7 June 1992, three women were gone from a house at 1717 E. Delmar Street, Springfield, Missouri, and the house itself, searched and re-searched by police, the FBI, and the Missouri Highway Patrol, contained no sign of a struggle, no crime scene anyone could find, and no answer. Their purses were there. Their money was there. Their clothes, their keys, their cigarettes, their cars, and the family dog were there. One bed appeared slept in. Three people were not.

Springfield still talks about this case in the present tense. This chapter is written to the same standard as the rest of this book (RECORD first, theory labelled as theory, and nothing upgraded because a city has repeated it for three decades) and in this case the discipline matters more than usual, because the Springfield Three is a case in which almost everything the public "knows" beyond a short official core is theory, tip, or retelling. The official

core is damning enough on its own. It does not need help.

Graduation night

RECORD, the following stands on the Springfield Police Department's official case page, verified in this book's research, with widely reported secondary detail marked as such.

Sherrill Levitt was forty-seven. Her daughter, Suzanne "Suzie" Streeter, was nineteen. Stacy McCall, Suzie's friend, was eighteen.

On 6 June 1992, Suzie Streeter and Stacy McCall graduated from Kickapoo High School. Levitt was last heard from at around 11:15 p.m. that night; she had been painting a chest of drawers. The two graduates were last seen at around 2:15 a.m. on 7 June, leaving a graduation-night party.

They were going to Levitt's house on Delmar Street. By every account the record holds, they got there, the cars were there, the belongings were there. And then, in the early hours of 7 June 1992, all three women disappeared from that house.

RECORD **Inside, police found no signs of struggle. The scene had the appearance of an abduction. Purses, money, clothing, cars, keys, cigarettes, and the family dog were all left behind. Levitt's bed appeared slept in.**

That inventory deserves to be read as slowly as the one in Chapter 1. An abduction of three people (two of them teenagers on the most ordinary celebratory night of their young lives, one of them a mother in her own home) that leaves the purses, the money, the keys, the cars, and the dog, and disturbs nothing that investigators could point to as a struggle, is a scene that refuses every ordinary story told about it. One person can be taken quietly, sometimes. Three people, from a house, leaving everything, breaking nothing the record can show. The case has been Springfield's open wound for more than thirty years because it begins with a scene that should not be possible and then offers nothing after it.

The FBI and the Missouri Highway Patrol assisted Springfield police. The case is listed in the FBI's ViCAP system. Age-progressed images of the women were reissued in 2022, thirty years on, the system still generating new faces for women it has never found.

The Springfield Police Department's own page, in the present day, states that there are **"no positive leads."**

The case remains open. No bodies have ever been recovered. No one has ever been charged.

Secondary detail, widely reported and marked here as reported rather than as findings of the official page: friends entered the house and cleaned it before police secured it, with possible evidence loss, a fact, if the reporting is accurate, that belongs in this book's larger argument as well as this chapter, because it means the one scene the case ever had was handled, by people who meant no harm, before the professionals reached it. A broken porch-light globe. An answering-machine message reportedly erased. More than 5,000 tips, over the years, that figure is widely reported and consistent

across accounts. This book prints it as the reported scale of the response rather than as a counted police statistic. Searches were conducted at Lake Springfield, Forsyth, Joplin, and Stockton. They found nothing the record reports.

Sherrill Levitt and Suzie Streeter were declared legally dead in 1997; secondary sources say the declaration did not cover Stacy McCall. In 1997 a memorial bench was placed in the Victims Memorial Garden in Phelps Grove Park. The law, in other words, has buried two of these women. The ground has not produced any of the three.

There is a reward. Even that, the record states two ways, and this book flags it rather than fixing it: **CONFLICT, the current SPD page gives $43,000; older SPD copy and mirrors of it give $42,000.** A thousand dollars of drift in the official paper of an open case. It changes nothing about the investigation. It belongs here anyway, because this book's subject is how records hold and how they don't. An open case's own reward figure is a small, exact example: even the number meant to

keep a case alive cannot keep itself straight across the department's own pages.

The man who said he knew

Every long-unsolved case collects a man who says he knows. This one collected his early, and his name has attached itself to the case in the public mind so firmly that this chapter must do the unglamorous work of separating what is documented about him from what he said about himself.

THEORY, labelled as theory, never fact. Robert Craig Cox lived in Springfield in 1992. The documented facts about Cox are these: he is a convicted kidnapper and robber; a 1978 Florida murder conviction, in the killing of Sharon Zellers, was overturned by the Florida Supreme Court in 1989; a girlfriend of his recanted an alibi she had given him placing him at church. In a Texas prison in 1997, Cox told journalists that the three women had been murdered and that their bodies "would never be recovered."

And then the facts stop, and they stop completely. RECORD about the theory: Cox has never been charged in this case. No physical evidence publicly links him to it. Investigators are quoted as not believing his credibility.

Secondary reporting says his parole was denied in June 2025, with a next hearing in 2030. This book prints that as secondary reporting, no more.

A convicted man's statement, from prison, to journalists, that bodies "would never be recovered" is precisely the kind of material this book's standard exists to handle. It is sayable, it was said, publicly, by a named man about a named case. Springfield has heard it for decades. It is in this book, labelled THEORY, attributed to its speaker. What it is not is evidence, and no sentence in this chapter treats it as any. A man who knows where three bodies are. A man who knows that claiming to know is a currency in prison

and in print, produce the identical quote. The record cannot tell them apart. Neither can this book, and it will not pretend otherwise.

The garage

The most durable claim in the case is also the one the record contradicts on its own timeline. It gets a section of its own because it is the clearest example in the modern chapters of how a burial story gets manufactured to fill a hole.

CLAIM (unproven, and presented here only as a labelled claim the record contradicts. It has been said) the tip, in some accounts, routed through a reporter and a psychic. That the three women are buried under the parking garage at Cox South Hospital in Springfield. In 2007, a private ground-penetrating-radar scan of part of the garage found three anomalies described as "consistent with a grave site."

RECORD, against the claim: The Springfield Police Department declined to

excavate. Its stated grounds were, first, that the tipster offered "no evidence or logical reasoning", and second, decisively, the construction timeline. Construction of the garage began in September 1993, more than a year after the women disappeared in June 1992, on a site that was first excavated and bulldozed. Bodies buried there in 1992 would have had to survive, undisturbed and undetected, the excavation and bulldozing of their own grave site before a garage was built over it. Radar anomalies are not graves. They are variations in the ground, of the kind any built site produces, read, fifteen years after the fact, on a psychic-routed tip, as the thing a desperate case most wants to find.

This book's verdict on the garage claim is the dossier's verdict. It is printed without hedging because the timeline, unlike so much in this case, is not ambiguous: **unproven and structurally implausible.** It survives anyway. It will probably survive this book. A claim that

gives three missing women a *place*, a specific, local, drivable-to place, under concrete, under a hospital a Springfield resident may park in weekly, answers a need that "no positive leads" never will. The hole in this case is total: no bodies, no scene, no charge. Holes of that completeness do not stay empty in a city's imagination. They fill with garages.

The other material in circulation is thinner still, and is recorded here in one paragraph so that its status is unmistakable. UNVERIFIED, no charges rest on any of it: a green van; a "don't do anything stupid" witness account; a caller to *America's Most Wanted* on 31 December 1992 who disconnected and never called back; and names that recur in the case's penumbra, among them Gerald Carnahan, Larry DeWayne Hall, and Tommy Lynn Sells. Carnahan is a convicted murderer in a different Springfield case, treated elsewhere in this book; he has been *scrutinised* in connection with other missing-women

cases, and scrutiny is not evidence. He has never been charged here. None of the names in this paragraph is printed as a suspect. They are printed as what the record says they are: unverified material attached to an open case, in a city that has been generating it for thirty years.

Why it has never loosened its grip

RECORD about the case's place in the city: the dossier behind this book calls the Springfield Three the bridge case, the hinge between Springfield's historical record and its modern era, and ranks it second only to 1906 among the book's subjects, for a reason that is itself documented in the shape of the investigation: everyone in Springfield knows this case in the present tense. It is not recalled the way 1906 is recalled, as history recovered. It was never allowed to become history. The police page is live. It

sits, as this book's research verified it on 1 November 2026, under the health department's web address on the city's site (the file of the city's most famous disappearance shelved, by the accidents of municipal web-keeping, in an unlikely corner of the archive. The reward) whichever of its two figures a reader finds, is live. The age-progressed images were reissued in this decade, which means the state's own artists are still drawing these women's faces older, on the premise that someone, somewhere, may yet see one of them alive. A case the system itself refuses to file as finished cannot be finished by the city around it.

The ordinariness is the other half of it, and it is all RECORD. Nothing in the official account is exotic: a mother, a daughter, a friend; a graduation; a party that ended at a quarter past two; a house on an ordinary street, in a city that thought of itself as safe. Cases with a scene can be narrated to an end, even a terrible one. This one offers a beginning, purses, keys, a slept-in bed,

a dog, and then a blank that five thousand reported tips, three decades, federal assistance, and searches in four named places have not filled in by a single verified fact. Springfield does not retell the Springfield Three because it enjoys the mystery. It retells it because the case is the one place where this book's pattern runs in reverse and still holds: here it is not the record that was buried. It is the women. And nobody, not the mob of Chapter 1's century, not an institution, not a named man the record can charge, has ever been shown to have done the burying.

What the case actually is

Strip the theories back to the official core and the Springfield Three is, in the end, a chapter of this book in the strictest sense: a burial with no grave anyone can find.

Chapter 1 is about a burial of memory, a documented event, on documented ground, that the official story declined to carry. This chapter is the inverse. Here the event itself is missing. Three women were in a house on Delmar Street on graduation night, 1992, and then they were nowhere, not in the lakes and towns the searches covered, not in any grave the record has produced, not

in any courtroom, ever. The investigation's own custodians say, in the present tense, on their own page: no positive leads.

What Springfield buried here, it buried without meaning to, or, at least, without any record this research could find that says otherwise. If the house was cleaned before it was secured, evidence was buried by kindness. If a message was erased, a voice was buried by a fingertip, and no record establishes whose, or what it said, and this book offers no guess. What is documented is the result: the most investigated disappearance in the city's modern history, more than five thousand reported tips deep, federally listed, age-progressed into a fourth decade. The file resolves to a house that gave up nothing, a reward figure its own department states two ways, and three names the law has partly buried and the ground never has.

Sherrill Levitt was forty-seven, painting furniture the night she vanished. Suzie Streeter was nineteen, a graduate of one day. Stacy McCall was eighteen, sleeping over after the biggest night of her school life. Their purses are still, in the record, exactly where they left them, in a house on Delmar Street, with the money in them. The keys beside them, and the dog waiting, in a city that has never stopped saying their names and has never once been able to say where they are.

The bench is in Phelps Grove Park. The case is open. Those are both RECORD, and between them they are the whole chapter: Springfield built a memorial to three women it cannot find, in a case it cannot close, and goes on living next door to the house.

PART ONE — THE GROUND

3

HAILEY OWENS

HAILEY OWENS

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

RECORD — A fourth-grader

Hailey Owens was ten years old and a fourth-grader at Westport Elementary School in Springfield. She had attended Bowerman Elementary the year before. In the penalty phase of the trial that followed her death, the people who knew her, a friend's mother, her teacher, her great-grandmother, two aunts, a pastor, testified, in the words the Supreme Court of Missouri recited, that she was "a happy and loving child," and that her death left an "unfillable void" in her family. Her classmates struggled afterwards. Her brother was traumatised. Those are the court's words for what was taken, and they

are enough. The graphic specifics that appear in court opinions and in contemporaneous reporting are deliberately omitted here.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, 18 February 2014, Hailey was walking home from a friend's house. She was abducted on the 3200 block of West Lombard Street, in front of witnesses, by a stranger to her. She was killed that evening.



The Jefferson Avenue Footbridge at sunset — the bridge at the end of Commercial Street, where the march of 22 February 2014 ended.

ColletteParker, 'Jefferson Avenue Footbridge', CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jefferson_Avenue_Footbridge_Sunset.jpg)

That is the minimum the record requires. It is all this chapter will use about the act itself. What follows is what happened around it: what ordinary people did in the first minutes, what a system did in the next two hours and nineteen minutes, what institutions said and did not say

afterwards, and what more than ten thousand of Hailey's neighbours did with their grief four days later. On those questions the record is long, specific, and, in places, damning in a narrower and therefore stronger way than anger at the time allowed.

RECORD — The witnesses

The first response was not institutional. It was two neighbours in a garage. Carlos and Michelle Edwards saw the abduction. Mr. Edwards ran toward the truck, yelling for the driver to stop. Mrs. Edwards called 911, at about 4:47 p.m., and gave the dispatcher the truck's licence-plate number. Before police arrived, the Edwardses had begun contacting people in the area to try to identify the girl. Another neighbour, Ricky Riggins, chased the truck by car and could not keep up.

On 2 July 2014, the Springfield Police Department formally recognised Carlos and Michelle Edwards. Chief Paul Williams said their actions showed "positive examples of citizens working with law enforcement" and assisted the department with the arrest of the suspect. That recognition was earned: they intervened, they called, they gave the one piece of information, a plate number, that makes a search specific instead of general. They kept working after the truck was gone.

What followed, in the investigative chain, also moved. Police traced the plate that same evening. The truck was registered to the parents of Craig Michael Wood. Wood was its primary driver. Officers set up surveillance at his home in the 1500 block of East Stanford Street. At about 8:30 p.m., a matching tan Ford Ranger pulled into the driveway at 1538 East Stanford. Wood got out, was approached, and agreed to accompany officers for questioning. He was arrested and booked into the Greene County Jail about two hours later. A search warrant was obtained in the early

hours, signed at about 1:28 a.m., and Hailey was found during the ensuing search, reported as about 2:15 a.m. Charges of first-degree murder, child kidnapping and armed criminal action were filed on the evening of 19 February.

None of that is the failure in this story. Two timelines ran side by side that night. They must not be confused. One, neighbour to police to suspect, moved as fast as anyone could have asked. The other did not.

RECORD — Two hours and nineteen minutes

A witnessed abduction, with a licence-plate number reported to 911 at about 4:47–4:48 p.m., did not produce a statewide Amber Alert until 7:07 p.m.

That interval, two hours and nineteen minutes, is the one delay in this case that is fully documented. It was treated as fact afterwards by the Missouri House Newsroom, by the *Springfield News-Leader*, and by the legislators who spent five years trying to change the

system that produced it. Alerts were also issued for Kansas and Oklahoma, at the same late hour.

One detail of those two hours survives only in Marc Klaas's account of the night. It is printed here as exactly that, his account, from an advocacy source, uncorroborated by any second source located. On his telling, Springfield police issued a news release and posted the abduction to social media at 6:00 p.m. If his timeline is right, it sharpens this chapter's point rather than softening it: a department able to speak through its own channels by six o'clock still could not make the statewide system speak until 7:07. What was slow that night was not the willingness to sound an alarm. It was the machine built for sounding it loudest.

The reason for the delay, so far as the public record establishes it, was not a person. It was a process.

In 2014, Springfield police could not issue an Amber Alert itself. Issuance was the

responsibility of the Missouri State Highway Patrol. To get an alert issued, a local agency had to get a form to the Patrol. Representative Curtis Trent, who later carried the reform bill, described the old process at the 2019 signing: "When you wanted to issue an Amber Alert, you had to either phone it in or fax in a physical piece of paper to the Amber Alert system." The *News-Leader*, in September 2014, specified the form: three pages, faxed. The Patrol afterwards worked to move reporting to an online system.

That is the centre of this chapter. In a witnessed child abduction with a plate number, Missouri's public-alert system ran on a telephone call or a faxed piece of paper. A system built for an emergency, moving at the speed of office equipment.

RECORD — What the record does not show about those two hours

Precision matters here more than anywhere else in this book, because the temptation to go further than the record is strongest where the grief is greatest.

No timestamp for the moment Springfield police requested the alert from the Highway Patrol was located in the public record. That absence means the two hours and nineteen minutes cannot, on this record, be divided between Springfield police, the Highway Patrol and the process itself. No official review located adjudged any named individual at either agency to have violated protocol, and no contemporaneous statement by either agency specifically defending or explaining the 7:07 p.m. timing was located.

This chapter therefore does not say that either agency sat on the alert. The record does not support that sentence. What it supports is harder to excuse: nobody had to sit on anything for the system to fail. The system, as designed, was slow.

Following it correctly still produced an alert two hours and nineteen minutes after a child was taken in front of witnesses.

SAID — The criticism, attributed

The strongest contemporary criticism came from outside Missouri. Marc Klaas, whose daughter Polly was murdered in 1993 and who founded the KlaasKids Foundation, wrote on 24 February 2014 that Hailey was "the victim of a broken Amber Alert system," that the alert "should have been issued in minutes," and directed his anger at the National Center for Missing & Exploited Children, whose protocols he blamed for the system's design.

Klaas must be quoted whole or not at all, because the same piece expressly refuses the local blame that many readers assumed it carried: "That the Amber Alert failed to save Hailey Owens is not the fault of Springfield PD

or the Missouri State Highway Patrol. They were simply following a protocol created by the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children."

Legislators described broad public anger in similar, system-directed terms. Trent, in 2019: "I think there was a lot of concern and outrage over the length of time it took to issue the Amber Alert. People were questioning the efficiency of that system, and so there was just a lot of uncertainty, a lot of confusion, and a lot of anger…" Those are attributed criticisms, SAID, by named people, on the record, not official findings. No official finding in that form was located.

RECORD — The sentence this chapter will not write

There is a sentence that grief wants this chapter to write. The record forbids it: that an earlier alert would have saved Hailey. Klaas implied it. Jim Wood, the

convicted man's father, who became one of the reform's most remarkable advocates, testified that he had been minutes from his son's house that evening and believed that, had he been informed, he possibly could have interceded. That is testimony of belief, and it is recorded here as belief.

Against it stands the assessment of the very legislators who carried the reform, recorded by the Missouri House Newsroom: "Legislators then and now said that faster issuance of an Amber Alert is unlikely to have changed the outcome in Owens' case — she is believed to have been killed too soon after her abduction." The 2017 House summary put it still more plainly: "it is now known that an earlier alert would not have saved her." No court and no official review located for this book made a finding either way.

The honest statement is therefore the uncomfortable one. The counterfactual is unknowable. The men and women who fixed the system disclaimed, on the record, the claim that fixing it sooner

would have saved this child. They justified the reform by future cases, by the next child, whose abduction might run on a different clock. A fax machine is not an emergency system, whether or not it would have changed this one night.

RECORD — The school district, and what its checks could and could not find

Craig Wood had been employed by Springfield Public Schools since 18 August 1998, first as a temporary employee working as a substitute teacher, then, from 2006, full-time. At Pleasant View K-8 School he was a paraprofessional supervising in-school suspension, a seventh-grade football coach since 1998, and an assistant boys' basketball coach. Hailey did not attend Pleasant View; she was a Westport student, and police

established no connection between Wood and Hailey or her family.

The question the city asked, immediately and understandably, was how such a man came to be employed around children. The documented answer is less satisfying than the question, and it must be given whole.

Wood's documented record before February 2014 consisted of a 1990 guilty plea to possession of a controlled substance, marijuana, in Chief Williams's characterisation, in Greene County, for which he was fined $100, and a 2001 misdemeanour conviction for the illegal taking of wildlife, relating to the illegal killing of a turkey. A careless-and-imprudent-driving matter also appears in later reporting, without a date or disposition in the material located. Williams said on 19 February 2014 that Wood had no prior violent criminal history. No pre-2014 arrest, charge,

complaint or school disciplinary warning signalling a risk of violence to a child was located. The alarming material found in Wood's home, a folder containing photographs and schedules relating to two Pleasant View students, was discovered in the search after his arrest. It was not something the district knew before 18 February.

The district did run background checks on Wood. Spokeswoman Teresa Bledsoe said on 19 February 2014: "He met all of our qualifications for employment," noting a requirement she described as more rigorous than state law. Reporting the following September established that Wood underwent both types of check, name-based and fingerprint-based, because, although first employed before fingerprinting became policy, he was rehired in 2006, after the change. What his record contained was minor and non-violent, and nothing in it was identified, under the policies described, as disqualifying. This chapter therefore does not say the district should have known Wood was a danger to children. On this record, there was nothing of that kind for it to know.

What the district's own audit did find, in an internal audit ordered by Superintendent Norm Ridder after Hailey's death and reported in June 2014, was a general, structural weakness. Fingerprinting did not become district policy until 1 January 2005; before that, the district ran name-based checks only. More than 1,000 employees hired before 2005 and still employed had never been fingerprinted. Staff who left and returned within a year were not required to be re-screened. The auditor recommended fingerprinting the pre-2005 cohort, at about $45 per employee; the district put the cost at about $63,000. The same audit rated the district's then-current hiring checks "Effective," finding they met and exceeded state requirements.

Both halves belong in the book. The gap was real and systemic. It also did not apply to Wood, who had been fingerprinted, and fingerprinting him revealed only the

record described above. Whether the district ultimately completed fingerprinting of all pre-2005 staff was not verified in the sources located. In September 2014, the district also said it had no plans to change its student-records access procedures.

RECORD — What leadership said

No institution in the record located accepted responsibility for any part of what happened. None was officially assigned it. What leadership offered instead is preserved in its own words.

Mayor Bob Stephens, on 24 February 2014, praised the vigil and the witnesses, and thanked police for their "quick response and professional investigation." He framed the killing as the act of one of the "800 bad people" in a city of 160,000, and urged citizens to honour Hailey by involvement in youth programmes: "If we make this long-lasting commitment today and moving into the future, then Hailey's legacy will be one of beauty and love." He made no reference to the two hours and nineteen minutes, and accepted no city responsibility for any aspect of the response.

Chief Paul Williams, on 19 February, said he was proud of the work his officers had done, work which, in the investigative chain described above, deserved pride, and that in more than thirty years of law enforcement he could not point to a case like this. No statement by Williams accepting fault for the alert timing was located. Neither man addressed the alert interval at all. That silence is documented here as a fact about the record; characterising it further would be opinion.

Superintendent Ridder's statement of 19 February offered support to Hailey's family, confirmed Wood's employment and his suspension "until this matter is resolved," assigned additional counselling staff and school police officers to the three affected schools, confirmed full cooperation, and closed: "Because this is an ongoing investigation, I will not be making any further comments about the situation at this time." No apology or acceptance of district responsibility was located. Ridder did, however, order the background-

check audit, the one institutional self-examination documented in this story.

Reform, when it came, did not come from any of these offices. It came from the legislature, from the Highway Patrol's move off the fax, from the district's audit, and, most remarkably, from the families.

RECORD — Ten thousand people

First, though, the city itself answered. On Saturday, 22 February 2014, four days after Hailey was taken, Springfield held a candlelight vigil for her. It marched on Commercial Street. The estimate given by city spokeswoman Cora Scott and reported by the Associated Press. The estimate Hailey's aunt later gave in trial testimony, agree: more than 10,000 people attended. The march ended at the Jefferson Avenue Footbridge. The bridge was lit in purple, Hailey's favourite colour.



The Commercial Street Historic District — the vigil’s street as it stands.

Diedrichb, 'Commercial Street Historic District', CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Commercial_Street_Historic_District,_Springfield,_Missouri.jpg)

Ten thousand people is not a crowd a city assembles by instruction. Later reporting recorded that the playground at Westport Elementary was dedicated to her. A community that could not undo the afternoon of 18 February refused, in the only way left to it, to let the evening of 22 February belong to the man who had caused it.



The footbridge in its Commercial Street setting — the street the vigil moved through.

Suzanne English-Walker, 'Jefferson Avenue Footbridge', CC BY-SA 3.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Footbridge_along_Historic_Commercial_Street.jpg)

There is no LEGEND lane in this chapter. Hailey's story is too recent, and too close,

for folklore. Springfield does not tell stories about Hailey. It remembers her.

RECORD — Five years to pass a law

The reform that bears her name took five years. The delay is itself a documented failure, the third, after the alert interval and the dormant oversight described below.

Hailey's Law was first proposed in 2015 by then-Representative Eric Burlison of Springfield, who also secured funding in the 2015 budget to begin moving alerts away from the fax. The Highway Patrol was appropriated $120,000 in fiscal year 2015 toward integration with the Missouri Uniform Law Enforcement System. The bill did not become law in 2015. In 2017, carried by Representative Curtis Trent as House Bill 697, it passed the House 141–1. The language ended up attached to different vehicles in the two chambers and stalled. Law enforcement, the House Newsroom noted, had already made the integration change administratively; the statute was sought to lock it in.

It became law only in 2019, and even then, not as itself. Carried again as House Bill 185, its provisions were added to an omnibus child-safety bill, House Bill 397, which passed the Senate unanimously on 16 May 2019. Governor Mike Parson signed it on 11 July 2019. It took effect on 28 August 2019, codified at Missouri Revised Statutes § 210.1014(7), as the "Honing Alerts Issued by Law Enforcement for Youth Safety Act," or "HAILEY'S Law." The Amber Alert system must be integrated into MULES and the Regional Justice Information Service, so that entry of a child-abduction report makes it available to the alert system, replacing the phone-and-fax step. Alerts may include an embedded link to additional information.

Inside that reform story sits one more documented lapse. The Amber Alert System Oversight Committee (charged, under the pre-2019 statute, with regularly

reviewing the system, though the old law specified no frequency) had not met since 2015, as the *News-Leader* reported on the day the law finally cleared the Senate in May 2019. For four years, spanning most of the period in which Hailey's Law was failing in one chamber or the other, the committee charged with overseeing the system did not meet at all. No source located names individual members responsible, and this chapter names none. The 2019 law corrected the design weakness: the committee must now meet at least annually, and must report to the General Assembly annually.

Trent explained the purpose plainly: "The speed is really what matters in these cases. The faster the Amber Alert can be issued, the faster we can find the child, the lower the chance of having a tragic outcome."

Burlison (who had first offered the bill in 2015, and carried it in the Senate in 2019) said at passage, recalling that the alert in Hailey's case "didn't go out until more than two hours after the initial 911 call": "It's nice to possibly find some good outcome from the horrible event that happened." Trent stated the naming's purpose outright, as the House Newsroom

recorded it: the law was meant "to honor Owens by naming that law after her", "we call the bill 'Hailey's Law' because [we] want to create a legacy and memorial for the girl that lost her life."

SAID — Two families, one bill

The advocacy that carried that law across five sessions belongs to two families who had every reason never to be in the same room.

In January 2017, Hailey's parents, Stacey and Jeff Barfield, and Craig Wood's parents, Jim and Regina Wood, went to the Capitol together to promote Hailey's Law. Jim Wood said he had contacted the Barfields the previous August, "recognizing that we both are suffering an immense crisis."

Testifying for the bill in 2017, Jim Wood put the interval in his own words, as the House Newsroom recorded them: "It was two-and-a-half hours later before the Amber Alert was released… We all know if we look at child abductions that children are usually dead within 45-minutes. We

need to fix this problem, and Hailey's Law will enhance the Amber Alert system that will protect these children." His figure is his own; the documented interval stands in this chapter as the record gives it. What the quote carries is not arithmetic. It is a father of the man who did this, standing in a hearing room, arguing for the law named after the child.

Jeff Barfield, Hailey's stepfather, had made the case for the reform at an earlier hearing in words notable for what they do not claim: "We're not talking about it's going to make it instant and I understand that and so does the public, but if we can shave off some time — anytime you're taking some time off of that, it doesn't even matter how much. As long as you're improving and take some time off of it, we're improving our chances of returning children home safely."

On final passage, on 16 May 2019, Markus Owens, Hailey's father, said: "It's a little bit of closure, a little bit of peace. Nothing can ever bring my daughter back, but I pray that this can help save lives of other

children." He thanked the governor at the signing that July, on behalf of his family.

Nothing in this book's record quite matches that: the family of a murdered child and the family of the man who murdered her, lobbying side by side for a law named after the child.

RECORD — The legal end

For completeness, and no more: Wood was convicted of first-degree murder in November 2017 by a jury drawn from Platte County because of pretrial publicity. The jury found six statutory aggravating circumstances but deadlocked on punishment. Under Missouri law, the decision passed to Greene County Circuit Judge Thomas Mountjoy, who imposed the death sentence on 11 January 2018. The Supreme Court of Missouri affirmed on 16 July 2019, in *State v. Wood*, 580 S.W.3d 566.

The law that carries Hailey's name was signed eight days before that affirmance. It does not mention Wood. It mentions a system, a database and a committee that must now meet. That dryness is, in its way, the point. Springfield could not give Hailey back the afternoon of 18 February 2014. What it could do, what, after five years, it finally did, was make certain that the next afternoon would not be spent waiting on a fax.

The bridge still crosses the rail yard at the end of Commercial Street. On one night in February 2014, a city lit it purple for a ten-year-old girl, and more than ten thousand people walked to it.



The footbridge over the former Frisco — now BNSF — rail yard: the working geography under the vigil’s route.

Doug Wertman, 'Jefferson Avenue Footbridge (rail yard)', CC BY 2.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Frisco_Pedestrian_Footbridge.jpg)

PART ONE — THE GROUND

4

YOUNG BROTHERS + THE 2020 ECHO

HARRY YOUNG · JENNINGS YOUNG

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

What Springfield Buried, Tim LaDuke



Springfield, 1916 — a Lewis Hine street scene, sixteen years before the Young Brothers massacre. An era plate: the city as it stood, not the case.

Library of Congress, Prints & Photographs Division. Public domain — Library of Congress item record: 'No known restrictions on publication.'

RECORD — 2 January 1932

Six officers died in one afternoon.

That is the whole fact, and everything else in this chapter is an attempt to stay worthy of it. Not to decorate it. Not to turn it into legend. Six men went out to a farm outside Brookline, in the ground the dossier now calls Brookline, now Republic, and none of them

came home. It was, on the record, the worst single killing of United States police officers in the twentieth century. The grim superlative stood until 9/11.

Springfield kept that record for eighty-eight years without adding to it. Then, in a single night in 2020, it added one more name. This chapter holds those two dates together, because the record holds them together. The second killing is unintelligible in Springfield without the first. The first killing is unfinished, as a piece of the city's memory, without the second.

Begin where the record begins. Not at the farm. At a stolen car.

Harry and Jennings Young were wanted men. [RECORD] Harry Young was wanted for the 1929 murder of Republic Town Marshal Mark Noe. The brothers were running an interstate auto-theft ring. The immediate trigger for the day that killed six officers was smaller and more

ordinary than murder: their sisters, Lorena and Vinita, were arrested in Springfield trying to sell a stolen car without a title.

Hold that detail at its proper weight. A missing title on a stolen car is paperwork. It is the kind of arrest that fills a blotter and is forgotten by the weekend. In this case it told law enforcement where the family was. It brought a posse to the family farm. The record does not dress the cause up, and this book will not either. Catastrophes in Springfield, again and again, arrive through an ordinary door.

On 2 January 1932, Sheriff Marcell C. Hendrix led a posse of ten officers and one civilian to the Young family farm outside Brookline. [RECORD] They were armed only with handguns. Most had no spare ammunition.

Read that sentence again, because the record put it there for a reason. Ten officers and a civilian. Handguns only. Most with no spare ammunition. Whatever the men who planned that afternoon expected to find at the farm, the equipment they carried tells you what it was,

an arrest, not a battle. They went to bring wanted men in. They did not go equipped for what the farmhouse held.

Hendrix and Deputy Wiley M. Mashburn were shot dead kicking in the back door, at about 4:05 p.m. [RECORD]

That is how fast it went. The first two men through the effort of entry were the sheriff himself and a deputy. They died at the door. There is no slow build in the record, no long siege to narrate. There is a back door, a time in the late afternoon, and two men dead at the threshold.

Also killed that afternoon: Springfield Chief of Detectives Tony Lee Oliver. Detective Albert Sidney Meadows, the sources shorten his name to Albert or to Sidney; they are the same man. This book prints his full name once so the shortening is never mistaken for two men. Officer Charles Houser. And Deputy Oliver "Ollie" Crosswhite, who was pinned behind a storm cellar and shot in the back of the head with a shotgun.

Six names. Say what each part of the record can carry and no more.

Marcell C. Hendrix, sheriff, dead at the back door. Wiley M. Mashburn, deputy, dead at the back door. Tony Lee Oliver, chief of detectives. Albert Sidney Meadows, detective. Charles Houser, officer. Oliver Crosswhite, deputy, behind a storm cellar.

Three more officers and the civilian were wounded. [RECORD] The dossier does not give this chapter their names in the Young Brothers entry, and this book does not invent names to fill a paragraph. The wounded are part of the record of that afternoon. Their absence from the summary the book was given is itself a small example of how memory thins: the dead are counted, the wounded are totalled. Six dead, three officers and a civilian wounded. The arithmetic survives better than the men do. That is not a criticism of any one source. It is the condition of the record everywhere in this book. The reader should feel it here, early, in a chapter where the main facts are not in dispute at all.

Consider, before the ending, who exactly was in that posse, because the

composition is part of the loss. This was not a patrol stumbling into fire. It was the leadership of Greene County and Springfield law enforcement walking onto one farm: the sheriff of the county, a deputy at his side at the door, the city's chief of detectives, a detective, an officer, another deputy at the storm cellar, three more officers besides. A civilian who had come along in a civilian's exposure to all of it. When six of them died, the county and the city did not lose six interchangeable uniforms. They lost a sheriff, their chief of detectives, and the middle of two departments in a single engagement, in a single afternoon, at a single address. The record lists the ranks without commenting on them. The comment the ranks make on their own is that Brookline decapitated local law enforcement and wounded what remained, three officers and a civilian

carried away hurt from a force of eleven. Departments rebuild. They rebuilt. But no rebuilding changes what the afternoon's arithmetic did to the institutions that had to do the rebuilding while burying their own heads.

The brothers fled. They stole a car. They reached Houston.

RECORD — Houston, 5 January 1932

Harry and Jennings Young were found in Houston on 5 January 1932, three days after the killings. [RECORD] The coroner ruled that they shot each other in a suicide pact, in a bathroom. Guns taken from the slain officers were found on their bodies.

That is the official ending, and this book prints it as the official ending: a coroner's ruling. [RECORD] as a ruling.

There is a second sentence the record requires, immediately beside it, in a different lane.

[SAID, contested, not resolved] Some later accounts questioned whether Houston officers fired the fatal shots. The dossier flags the question; it does not settle it, and neither does this chapter. No source in the record given to this book proves the alternative, and no honest telling can quietly erase the question either, because the question exists in the later accounts. So it stands here the way the principle of this book requires everything of its kind to stand: labelled, attributed to "some later accounts" in general because the dossier names no single author for the doubt, and left exactly as strong, and exactly as weak, as that attribution makes it. The coroner ruled a suicide pact. Some later accounts questioned it. Both sentences are true as statements about the record. Only the first is a ruling.

The farmhouse itself stood until it was demolished in 2024. [RECORD] For ninety-two years the building outlived everyone who died in and around it. Men who were not yet born when the shooting happened grew old while that house was still

standing. Then, in 2024, it was demolished, and the ground lost its last structure. Springfield is a city that does this repeatedly. This book will return to it: the building goes, the paper thins, and what is left is a date, a list of names. A commemorative habit kept by the people whose predecessors are on the list. The dossier notes, plainly, that the massacre is still commemorated by Springfield and Greene County law enforcement. That commemoration matters. It is the institution remembering its own dead when the farmhouse no longer can.

The interval — eighty-eight years

Between 2 January 1932 and 15 March 2020, no Springfield police officer was killed in the line of duty. [RECORD, the dossier states the interval through its conclusion: when Officer Christopher Walsh was killed in 2020, he was the first

Springfield officer killed in the line of duty since 1932.]

Eighty-eight years is not a statistic. It is three generations of officers who put on the uniform in a city where the worst day in American policing history, for its century, had happened on their own ground, and where it had not happened again. Every officer who served in Springfield in those years served in the shadow of a single afternoon and under the protection, if it can be called protection, of its not repeating. Anniversaries were kept. The names from Brookline were kept. The day stayed singular.

That is what makes the rhyme of 2020 a rhyme and not merely another killing. When the interval broke, it did not break over a traffic stop or a domestic call or any of the ordinary dangers of the work. It broke in a mass shooting, in the first week of the COVID lockdowns, at a gas station on Chestnut Expressway, in a sequence that began across the east side of the city late at night. The record of 1932 is a posse at a farmhouse door in the

afternoon. The record of 2020 is a gunman moving through a city after dark. The two events share almost nothing except the city, the profession of one victim in the second who joins six in the first. The eighty-eight years of silence between them that made the second one land, in Springfield, like an echo arriving.

RECORD — 15 March 2020

Beginning at 11:24 p.m. on 15 March 2020, a gunman fired indiscriminately from his vehicle at people and cars across Springfield's east side. [RECORD] He then crashed outside the Kum & Go at 2885 E. Chestnut Expressway, entered the store, and kept shooting.

Killed: store employee Troy Rapp, 57. Waste-management contractor Shannon Perkins, 46. Customer Matthew Hicks-Morris, 22. And responding Springfield Police Officer Christopher Walsh, 32, an Army veteran who had served with the department since 2016.

Four dead besides the gunman. Name them in the order the record gives their stations in that store and that night, and then refuse the hierarchy the order might imply. A store employee. A contractor. A customer. A police officer. Three of the four were not there in any official capacity. They were working a late shift, doing contract work, and buying something at a gas station near midnight. The horror of the modern entry, set beside 1932, is partly this: in 1932 the dead were all men who had gone deliberately to a dangerous place on duty. In 2020 only one of the four had come to confront the danger. The others were already inside the ordinary night when the danger came through the door.

Officer Josiah Overton was shot twice, one round stopped by his body armour, one tearing into his shoulder, and survived. [RECORD] Employee Jayme Gilson was shot five times and survived. [RECORD]

The perpetrator, Joaquin S. Roman, 31, died by suicide inside the store before officers entered. [RECORD] No definitive motive was established. [RECORD]

The survivors belong in the chapter at the same length as the dead, because the record kept them and because their survival is part of what the night was. Overton took two rounds and lived, one defeated by the armour Springfield issued him, one through his shoulder. Gilson, an employee, was shot five times and lived. Five times is a number that reads, on the page, like an error. It is the record's number, and this book prints it as the record gives it, without softening it into "multiple times" and without reaching for language beyond it. Between them, Overton and Gilson carry the modern chapter's version of 1932's wounded: in 1932, three officers and a civilian were wounded and the summary record did not keep their names in the entry this book was given; in 2020, the wounded are named, their wounds are specified, and their survival is documented. Record-keeping improved across the eighty-eight years. That improvement is worth one sentence of acknowledgement, because so much else in this book runs the other way.

The timing compounded everything, and the record notes it in a single clause this book will not expand into scene-painting: it happened in the first week of the COVID lockdowns. [RECORD] A city just closed down, its ordinary public life suspended by a different emergency, absorbed a mass shooting and the breaking of an eighty-eight-year line. The dossier gives the fact as context, not as cause, and the chapter keeps it exactly there: context. No claim is made that the lockdowns explain the gunman, the night, or the response. They are the documented weather of the week in which Springfield's longest interval ended.

That last sentence is the record too. It must not be improved upon. No definitive motive was established. This book supplies none. A man fired at strangers across a city's east side, crashed, entered a store, killed four people, wounded others, and killed himself. The documented record closes on motive with a negative. Springfield has lived since with a night it can sequence

minute by minute from 11:24 p.m. and cannot explain. The absence of a motive is not a gap in this chapter's research. On the dossier's record, it is the finding.

And then the sentence that joins the chapter: Officer Walsh was the first Springfield police officer killed in the line of duty since the Young Brothers Massacre of 1932, an eighty-eight-year interval that collapsed in a single night. [RECORD]

What the two dates do to each other

Written separately, 1932 is a closed atrocity and 2020 is a recent one. Written together, as this book writes them, each changes the other.

The 1932 record explains why 2020 struck Springfield the way it did. A city does not experience the killing of a police officer after eighty-eight years the way a city experiences it after eight. The long interval had turned Brookline into history, commemorated, taught within the profession, held at the distance that nearly a century provides. Walsh's death collapsed that distance in one night. Suddenly the worst afternoon in the city's

policing past was not past in the way everyone had assumed. It was the previous entry in a series that everyone had believed was closed.

The 2020 record, in turn, keeps 1932 from becoming folklore. [LEGEND, none claimed, and that is the point] There is remarkably little legend in this chapter, and the book notes the lack deliberately. Springfield invents ghosts for theatres and caves; it has not, on this record, invented any for Brookline. What it did instead was quieter: it let a farmhouse stand for ninety-two years, kept a commemoration inside the profession, and allowed the worst single killing of American officers in a century to become a local reference rather than a national one. The dossier's own source list for the massacre includes a long-form retrospective titled, in its address, around "forgotten history." Forgotten is too strong, Greene County law enforcement

did not forget. Unmarked for the rest of the country, and unbuilt into the city's public story of itself, is closer. The house is gone now. The names remain, if they are said.

So say them once more, with the seventh name the second date added, in two groups, eighty-eight years apart, because grouping them honestly is the whole argument of the chapter:

1932: Marcell C. Hendrix. Wiley M. Mashburn. Tony Lee Oliver. Albert Sidney Meadows. Charles Houser. Oliver Crosswhite.

2020: Christopher Walsh. And beside him, because they died in the same store on the same night and this book does not rank the dead: Troy Rapp. Shannon Perkins. Matthew Hicks-Morris.

The interval is over. What Springfield does with the fact that it can end, that eighty-eight years of not happening is not the same as never happening again, is not

in the record yet. It is the part the city is still writing.

A note on what this chapter could not say

This book's principle requires the seams to stay visible, so here are this chapter's seams, gathered in one place rather than scattered as doubts.

The record given to this book names the six dead of 1932 and totals the wounded without naming them. It does not, in the Young Brothers entry, reconstruct the Houston room beyond the coroner's ruling, the bathroom, the suicide-pact finding, and the slain officers' guns on the bodies, and it flags, without resolving, the later questioning of that ruling. It gives the 2020 night a precise start, 11:24 p.m., a precise address, the names and ages of the four killed, the wounds of the two named survivors, the gunman's name, age, and suicide, and then closes on motive with a documented negative. A writer who wanted a fuller chapter could fill those spaces. The fillings would be invention, or they would be other books' research

imported without this book's verification, and either way they would fail the standard the first chapter of this book set on harder ground than this. The gaps here are not concealments; nobody, on this record, hid the names of the Brookline wounded or the contents of the Houston bathroom. They are the ordinary thinness of summary records over ninety years, which is its own quiet finding. Even Springfield's worst documented afternoon, commemorated faithfully by the profession it decimated, reaches this book as a list of six names, a door, a cellar, a car, a city in Texas. A ruling some later accounts questioned. If the record is that spare for the event Springfield law enforcement itself keeps, the reader can measure, from it, how much sparer the record will be, later in this book, for the people nobody commemorated at all.

PART ONE — THE GROUND

5

BABY KEET & THE PRIVATE ARMY

JOSIAH LLOYD KEET

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

What Springfield Buried, Tim LaDuke

RECORD — the dates, worded precisely

This case is sometimes dated 1916–17, and the dating needs one careful sentence before anything else. The labour war at its back began in 1916: the Springfield Traction streetcar strike ran across 1916–17. The kidnapping and murder of the child at its centre happened in 1917. He was taken on 30 May 1917, and his body was found on 9 June 1917. [RECORD] The strike supplies the first date. The crime supplies the second. Printing "1916–17" over the baby, without that distinction, would blur the one thing this

chapter most owes him: his own dates.

His name was Josiah Lloyd Keet. The family called him Buddy. He was fourteen months old. [RECORD]


KIDNAPED INFANT SON OF WEALTHY MISSOURI BANKER AND HIS MOTHER.

—Photo from Underwood.

LITTLE LLOYD KEET AND MRS. J. HOLLAND KEET.

Lloyd Keet, heir to $3,000,000, 14-months-old son of J. Holland Keet, of Springfield, Mo., has not been found and his father now fears that the kidnapers will kill the little boy if hunt for them is not stopped.

The child was removed from its crib in its room in the palatial Keet home

Lloyd Keet in his mother’s arms. *Morning Oregonian*, 9 June 1917 — printed nationwide while Springfield still hoped he would come home.

Public domain (photo from Underwood, published 1917). Courtesy credit shown.

RECORD — a nursery, a dance, a note

On the night of 30 May 1917, fourteen-month-old Josiah Lloyd "Buddy" Keet, son of banker J. Holland Keet, was taken from his first-floor nursery at 1455 E. Meadowmere Place, between 10 p.m. and midnight. [RECORD] His nurse slept in the adjoining room. His parents were at a country-club dance.

Set those facts down without arranging them into blame, because the record does not arrange them into blame. A nurse asleep in the next room is the ordinary condition of a nursery at night. Parents at a dance is the ordinary condition of a young, wealthy couple in 1917 Springfield. A first-floor nursery is a room in a house. Nothing in the dossier's record says any of these things was a failure. What the record says is that someone came into that ordinary arrangement, in a two-hour window, and took a baby out of it. The ordinariness is not an excuse offered for anyone. It is the measure of what was breached.

A ransom note was left, or delivered, the dossier records its words and its demand.

This book reproduces the words exactly as the dossier gives them, because they are the only words from the kidnappers that survive in this record:

"We've got your kid"

The demand was $6,000. [RECORD]

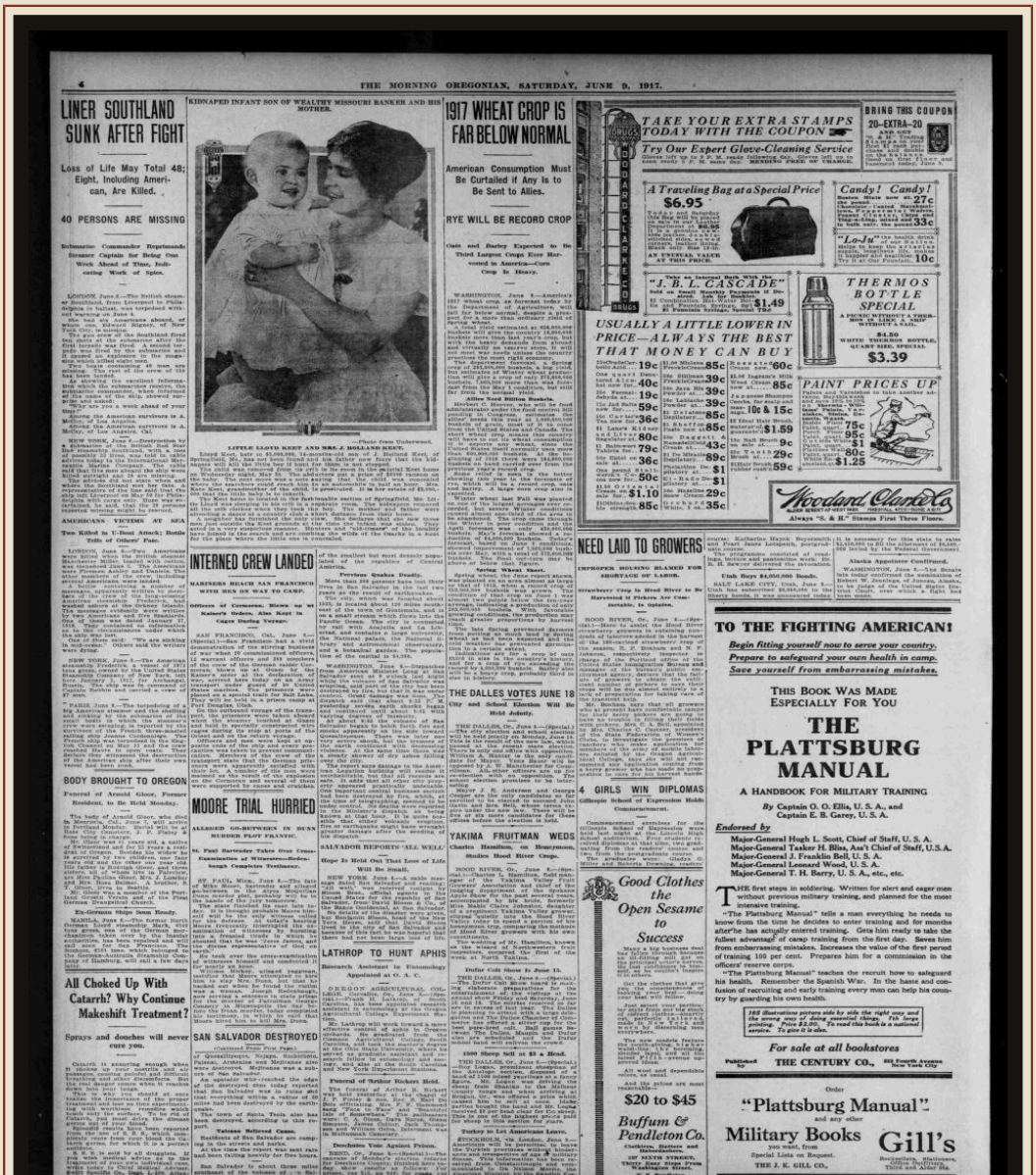
His father drove the Ozarks roads all night in an open roadster in the rain, following instructions. [RECORD]

Hold on that image, because it is documented, and because it is the centre of the family's night: a banker, a man whose power, in Springfield, was money and standing, alone in an open car, in the rain, in the dark, driving roads on the instructions of the people who had his son, with the money the note demanded at the heart of the errand. The ransom was never paid. [RECORD]

Why it was never paid, the dossier entry does not say, and this chapter does not guess. Instructions were followed through a night of driving. The money did not change hands. The next documented fact is the finding

of the body, and between the night drive and that finding the record, as given to this book, is silent. That silence is printed here as silence. Filling it, with a missed meeting, a wrong road, a failure of nerve or of directions, would be invention over a dead child, and this book does not do that.

On 9 June 1917, the baby's body was found in a cistern at the abandoned Crenshaw mansion, eight miles southwest of Springfield. [RECORD] He had died of a laudanum overdose. [RECORD]



4 THE MORNING OREGONIAN, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1917.

LINER SOUTHLAND SUNK AFTER FIGHT

Loss of Life May Total 48; Eight, Including American, Are Killed.

40 PERSONS ARE MISSING

Submarine Commander Reprimands Steamer Captain for Being Out Work Ahead of Time, Indicating Work of Spies.

LONDON, June 8.—The British steamer Southland, from Liverpool to Philadelphia in ballast, was torpedoed without warning June 5.

She had no Americans aboard, of whom one, Edward Bigney, of New York, was killed.

The crew of the Southland fired ten shots at the submarine after the first torpedo was fired. A second torpedo was fired by the submarine and struck the vessel in the engine room which killed eight men.

Two boats containing 40 men are reported missing. One of the crew of the boat has landed.

In showing the excellent forbearance which the submarine exercises, the submarine commander, when informed that the crew of the ship showed surprise and relief, said:

"They are two a week ahead of your time."

Among the American survivors is A. Mellor, of Los Angeles.

Among the American survivors is A. Mellor, of Los Angeles, Cal.

NEW YORK, June 8.—Destruction by a submarine of the British fruit liner Southland, which sailed from this port on or about 20 June, was told in cable advices today to the International Mercantile Marine Company. The cable message said that five men aboard the ship were killed outright and 24 are missing.

The Southland was a vessel 500 feet long and when the merchant ship met her fate, was on a voyage from Liverpool to Philadelphia with cargo only. Hope was expressed today that the 24 men who were reported missing might be rescued.

AMERICANS VICTIMS AT SEA

Two Killed in U-Boat Attack; Bodie Tells of Others' Fate.

LONDON, June 8.—Two Americans were killed when the British steamer Southland was sunk by a submarine, it was announced June 8. The Americans were Florence Ashley and Daniels. The vessel was unarmed. Eight of the surviving persons Americans were landed.

A bottle containing a number of messages apparently written by members of the crew of the Southland, one an American steward, Frederick, had washed ashore at the Orkney Islands. The messages evidently were written before the vessel was sunk. The bottle was found January 17, 1918. They contained no information as to the number of persons on board when the ship was hit.

One of them said: "We are sinking in the Channel. Others said the writers were drifting.

NEW YORK, June 8.—The American steamship Frederick, a vessel of 1914 tons, was sunk June 3 by a German submarine Commander of New York, sailed from January 3, 1917, for Archangel, Russia, with a cargo of general merchandise, Captain Nicholas and a crew of 27 men.

PARIS, June 8.—The torpedoing of a big American steamer and the shelling and sinking by the submarine of the small lumber in which the steamer's crew took refuge, were told today by survivors of the French three-masted sailing ship Joanna Cordeningue. The steamer was torpedoed without warning on the 15th instant and sunk after the crew reached Marsico in open boats. They were picked up by the small lumber of the American type after their own vessel had been sunk.

BODY BROUGHT TO OREGON

Funeral of Arnold Gloor, Former Resident, to Be Held Monday.

The body of Arnold Gloor, who died in Switzerland on May 15, arrived in Portland Monday. Burial will be at Rose City Cemetery. J. P. Finley & Son have charge.

Mr. Gloor was 41 years old, a native of Switzerland and for 13 years a resident of Oregon. Besides his widow he is survived by two children, one four years old and the other born after the father's departure. Gloor, and three brothers, all of whom live in Fairview, Or., Jacob Gloor, Gottlieb Gloor and Mrs. Rosa Kaufman. A brother, S. T. Gloor, lives in Seattle.

Mr. Gloor was a member of the Portland Gospel Mission and of the Pine Grove Evangelical Church.

Ex-German Ships Soon Ready.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Fourth of July celebrations will be held in 100 cities from coast to coast, it was announced today by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Plans for the celebrations are being made by the Chamber's committee on patriotic celebrations, of which Robert Lansing is chairman.

All Choked Up With Catarrh? Why Continue Makeshift Treatment?

Sprays and douches will never cure you.

Catarrh is annoying enough when you have a cold in the head, but when it becomes chronic, causing painful and difficult breathing and other discomforts. But you can't cure chronic catarrh with sprays, lotions and douches.

This is why you should at once begin the use of Hyomei. The pleasant, healing vapor is breathed through the mouth, reaching with worthwhile results every tender spot in the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, and in this way the disease germs are killed.

Hyomei costs but a few cents a day to use and is sold by druggists. If you wish further advice or in the treatment of your own individual case, write today to Dent Medical Laboratories, Perth Specific Co., Dept. L-100, Atlanta, Ga.

KIDNAPED INFANT SON OF WEALTHY MISSOURI BANKER AND HIS MOTHER.

LITTLE LLOYD KEET AND MRS. J. HOLLAND KEET.

—Photo from Underwood.

Lloyd Keet, heir to $1,000,000, is missing. Mrs. J. Holland Keet, of Springfield, Mo., has not been found and his father now fears that the kidnaping was the work of a band of white slavers.

The child was removed from his crib in the nursery of his home on Wednesday night, May 30. The abductors put a price of $5000 ransom on the child's head. Investigation by the police has failed to reveal where the searchers could reach him to an automobile is held as being implicated. Keet, grandmother of the child, is prostrated. It is her estate of $1,000,000 which is involved in the case.

The Keet home is isolated in the fashionable section of Springfield. Mr. Little Lloyd was sleeping in his crib in a separate room. The kidnapers removed all the crib clothes when they took the child. The mother and father were attending a dance at a country club a short distance from their home.

Mrs. Keet, who is prostrated by the disappearance of her baby, is now three days past outside the Keet grounds at the time the infant was stolen. They acted in a very suspicious manner. Hunters and "old-timers" of the locality are searching the woods for the kidnaped child. The wife of the Chief is a member of the place where the little one is concealed.

INTERNED CREW LANDED

MARINERS REACH SAN FRANCISCO WITH MEN ON WAY TO CAMP.

Officers of Germania, Blown up by Kaiser's Orders, Also Kept in Camp During Voyage.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 8.—(Special.)—San Francisco had a vivid demonstration of the stirring business of war when 59 commissioned officers, 17 warrant officers and 291 members of the crew of the German raider Geier were landed here today. The Geier, by the Kaiser's order at the declaration of war, arrived here today on an Army transport, after being interned by United States marines. The prisoners were placed on a special train for Salt Lake, Utah, where they will be given a prison camp at Fort Douglas.

On the outbound voyage of the transport, the prisoners were taken aboard when the steamer touched at Guam. Their voyage from Guam to San Francisco was a cargo during stops at ports of the United and on the return voyage.

Officers of the Geier were kept on top-side ends of the ship and every precaution was taken to prevent communication between them and the crew. Officers of the American guard over them were apparently satisfied with their lot. A number of the men remained on the ranch of the expedition and were supported by cases and crushers were supported by cases and crushers.

MOORE TRIAL HURRIED

ALLEGED GO-BETWEEN IS DUNN MURDER PLOT FRANTIC.

St. Paul Bartender Takes Over Cross-Examination of Witnesses—Sodemann Completes Testimony.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 8.—The fate of Mike Moore, bartender and alleged go-between in the Dunn murder plot, probably will be in the hands of the jury tomorrow.

Moore's trial was hurried today so that it is thought probable Moore himself will be the only witness called for the defense. Attorney Sodemann completed the cross-examination of witnesses for the state and a friendly finds in which it is shown that he was "Peter Jaxon, and Moore expressed a desire to see the earth."

He took over the cross-examination of witnesses himself and conducted it in person.

William Hickey, alleged paperhanger who Moore attempted to hire to kill Dunn, was the first witness called. He was followed by Joseph Reichenbach, now serving a sentence in state prison for the murder of Mrs. Dunn. Reichenbach is in Minneapolis for the purpose of testifying in the Dunn murder, today completing the testimony which will send Moore to the Moore hired him to kill Mrs. Dunn.

SAN SALVADOR DESTROYED

(Continued From Page 1.)

of Quezaltipeque, Nejapa, Sacalcoleva, Paleaca, Armenia and Mejicanos also were destroyed. Mejicanos was a suburb of San Salvador.

An operator who reached the edge of the destroyed area today reported that San Salvador was in ruins and that the cathedral, the national palace and the national theater had been destroyed by the earthquake.

The town of Santa Tecla also has been destroyed, according to this report.

Various Relieved Cause.

Residents of San Salvador are camping in the streets and parks.

At the time the report was sent rain had been falling heavily for five hours.

San Salvador is about three miles southeast of the volcano of ——— in that republic and is the seat of government of the smallest but most densely populated of the republics of Central America.

Previous Quakes Deadly.

More than 200 persons have lost their lives in San Salvador in the last two years as the result of earthquakes.

The city, which was founded about 1525, is situated about 19 miles south-east of the town of Guatemala, and is on a line of railway which runs to the Pacific Ocean. The city is connected by rail with Acajutla and La Libertad, and contains a large university, the National palace, the National library and a number of other public institutions and a botanical garden. The population of the capital is 54,000.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Dispatches received by the State Department today from Minister Gamboa at Managua, said while the veterans of San Salvador was destroyed by earthquake, the city was not destroyed by fire, but that it was under control. Great damage was done. The minister reported that the city of Santa Ana, formerly second in population in Salvador and continued until 11:45 with a varying degree of violence.

At about 8:45 the volcano of San Salvador broke into activity, and a huge column appeared on its side toward Quezaltepeque. There was later another eruption from the crater on the north continued with decreasing violence. At the same time there was a tremendous fall of ashes and volcanic dust, which covered the city.

The report says damage to the American legation building will render it uninhabitable, but that all records are safe. Minister Gamboa and his family are reported to be practically unscathed. One important central business section of the city was destroyed by fire at the time of telegraphing, second to be under control. No deaths were reported in the Minister's dispatch as being known at that time. It is quite possible, however, that there were deaths by fire or earthquake during the night.

SALVADOR REPORTS 'ALL WELL'

Hope Is Held Out That Loss of Life Will Be Small.

NEW YORK, June 8.—A cable message dated San Salvador and reading "All well," was received tonight by Consul-General Hanna from Consul Hood Hanna for the republic of San Salvador, from David Bloom & Co., of the Maine Cathedral, at San Salvador.

No details of the disaster were given, but the message was taken to mean that the city of San Salvador had not suffered to the city of San Salvador and that the loss of life would be small.

Consul-General Hanna said that he had not been able to get in touch with Mrs. Dunn.

LATHROP TO HUNT APHIS

Research Assistant in Entomology Appointed at O. A. C.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, June 8.—(Special.)—Frank H. Lathrop, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., has been appointed assistant in entomology at the Oregon Agricultural College Experiment Station.

Mr. Lathrop will work toward a more definite knowledge of the life histories of the Woolly Aphis and Pear Psylla. Clemson Agricultural College, South Carolina, and Mr. Lathrop will succeed Mr. Chidester, who has resigned to accept a position as research fellow in entomology, and also at the South Carolina and New York experiment stations.

Funeral of Arthur Rickert Held.

The funeral of Arthur H. Rickert was held yesterday at the chapel of R. U. Fisher & son, Fred A. Hart officiating. Mrs. F. F. Hammond sang "Abide With Me" and "Rock of Ages." Interment was in Multnomah Cemetery.

Deschutes Vote Against Prison.

PRINEVILLE, Or., June 8.—(Special.)—The election of October 5 resulted in the defeat of the proposition to locate a prison for Deschutes County, Hundred have been counted, and the following are returned: Yes 315, no 646; for roads, yes 315, no 641.

1917 WHEAT CROP IS FAR BELOW NORMAL

American Consumption Must Be Curtailed if Any Is to Be Sent to Allies.

RYE WILL BE RECORD CROP

Oats and Barley Expected to Be Third Largest Crops Ever Harvested in America—Corn Crop Is Heavy.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—America's 1917 harvest will be far below normal, the Department of Agriculture will fall far below normal, despite a prospect for a more than ordinary yield of spring wheat.

The crop is estimated at 628,000,000 bushels which leaves the country's wheat bushels more than last year's crop, but 200,000,000 bushels below normal. This has virtually no reserve stock, it will not meet war needs unless the country practices the most rigid economy.

Rye will be a record crop, with a crop of 121,000,000 bushels, a 20-year average of 41,000,000 bushels. Barley will be a record crop, and will be a record crop, and barley. A large corn crop also is forecast.

Some relief is seen in the better crop prospects, but the shortage of corn, wheat will be a record crop, and barley. A large corn crop also is forecast.

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The acreage of winter wheat, which is one of the largest acreages ever reported, was harvested under conditions which promised unusually high yields. The acreage of spring wheat was only 425,000,000 bushels, a decrease of 19,000,000 bushels. Today's forecast, based on June 1 conditions, indicates a yield of 11 bushels to the acre, or over 200,000,000 bushels. The final outturn may be above or below that figure.

Spring Wheat Short.

Spring wheat is the principal wheat sown, and planting was not delayed as much as that of 1916, when a record crop of 337,000,000 bushels was harvested. The crop of Texas was almost two points below the ten-year average, but the prospect is for a crop of 242,000,000 bushels. With favorable growing conditions, the prospect is for a much greater proportion by harvest time.

The late Spring prevented farmers from putting as much land in spring wheat as had been expected and the acreage is 10,000,000 acres less than in 1916.

Indications are for a crop of oats of 1,600,000,000 bushels, which will be a record crop, exceeding the crop harvested by 1,000,000 bushels. Barley also will be a record crop, probably third in size in history.

THE DALLES VOTES JUNE 18

City and School Election Will Be Held Jointly.

THE DALLES, Or., June 8.—(Special.)—The city election and school election will be held jointly on Monday, June 18. Two tickets are in the field for the city election, and a full city ticket is named. There is only one office with opposition. The ticket is headed by Mayor Lonergan, who is opposed by C. W. Mauldin for the office. Councilmen are up for re-election with no opposition. The school election promises to be interesting.

Mayor J. S. Anderson and George Crossen, of the school board, have announced to be elected in several districts and Mrs. Bell, whose terms expire this year. Mrs. Bell is the only one of the three candidates for these offices before the election is held.

YAKIMA FRUITMAN WEDS

Charles Hamilton, of Hoquinoun, Studies Blood River Crops.

HOOD RIVER, Or., June 8.—(Special.)—Charles L. Hamilton, field manager of the Yakima Valley Fruit Growers' Association and chief of the Yakima County exhibit at the Spokane land show last year, was married, accompanied by his bride, formerly Miss Ruth Hoquinoun, to Hood River at a reception held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hoquinoun, Saturday evening.

Mr. Hamilton, who is a graduate of the Washington State College, came to Hood River in the fall of 1915 as manager of the Hood River Fruit Growers' Association, and has since been engaged in studying the soil conditions and crops of the district.

The wedding of Mr. Hamilton, known to many Hood River people, took place on the first of the week at North Yakima.

Dufur Colt Show Is June 15.

THE DALLES, Or., June 8.—(Special.)—The Dufur Colt Show board is making preparations for the annual show to be held at Dufur on June 15. The annual show Friday and Saturday, June 15 and 16, and the colt show will be held on the 15th. Many horsemen are planning to attend with a large number of colts and fillies. Several cash prizes have been offered a silver cup for the best colt shown by any boy under 16 years. The Dufur, Maupin and Tygh Valley schools are scheduled and the Dufur school band will be on hand to furnish music.

1500 Sheep Sell at $8 a Head.

THE DALLES, Or., June 8.—(Special.)—Roy Logan, prominent sheepman of Wasco County, sold 1500 head of his fine yearling sheep to Ben Lonergan, of Antelope, at $8 a head. Mr. Logan's sheep are among the finest in Wasco County and when arriving at Antelope will be fed for a short time and then shipped to the Portland market. Other parties bought the band and Mr. Logan will purchase a new band for his ranch. This is one of the highest prices paid for sheep in this section for years.

Turkey to Let American Liners.

STOCKHOLM, June 8.—(Via London.)—American will be permitted to leave the Turkish provinces without hindrance and irrespective of age or military service, according to a telegram received from Constantinople and communicated to his friend Morris, the American Minister, by the Swedish Foreign Office.

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NEED LAID TO GROWERS

IMPROPER HOUSING BLAMED FOR SHORTAGE OF LARGE.

Strawberry Crop in Hood River to Be Harvested 3 Weeks Are Consumable, Is Opinion.

HOOD RIVER, Or., June 8.—(Special.)—Here to assist the Hood River strawberry growers in the harvesting of their crop, a lecturer added to the farmers of the 150-carload strawberry crop of the season, S. F. Buckman and N. F. Johnson, respectively inspector in charge of the Portland office of the United States Bureau and field manager of the bureau's public service agency, declared that the failure of growers to obtain the satisfactory results from their berry crops will be no slight evidence of a lack of preparation for taking care of the crop when it ripens.

Mr. Buckman says that all growers who at present have comfortable camps for their pickers will be able to obtain ten pickers to one who has failed with pickers. Mrs. C. A. Bell, appointed by Mrs. Charles C. Chester, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, to assist in the housing of pickers, who with Mrs. Buckman and members of the army of mobile laborers, will visit the camps of the several farms, says she will not recommend any application coming from a berry grower who has failed to provide within reason for his harvest hands.

4 GIRLS WIN DIPLOMAS

Gillespie School of Expression Holds Commencement.

Commencement exercises for the Gillespie School of Expression were held last night at the Lincoln High School auditorium, when four girls received diplomas that they have been studying from the leaders' course and two from the postgraduate course.

The graduates were: Gladys G. Taylor and Jessie Hamilton, leaders' course; Katharine Hayes Beyersmith and Pearl James Letapatch, postgraduate course.

The programme consisted of readings, lectures and pantomime work. Dr. S. H. Sawyer delivered the invocation.

Utah Buys $4,050,000 Bonds.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, June 8.—Utah has subscribed $4,050,000 to the liberty bonds, it was announced today.

Alaska Appointee Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The Senate has today confirmed the appointment of Robert W. Jennings, of Juneau, Alaska, to be judge of the United States District Court, over which a fight had been made.

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The full page: the portrait under the headline “KIDNAPED INFANT SON OF WEALTHY MISSOURI BANKER AND HIS MOTHER” (period spelling as printed). *Morning Oregonian*, 9 June 1917, p. 4.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.

Ten days. Taken on 30 May, found on 9 June. The record does not tell this book when, inside those ten days, he died, and the chapter does not claim a day it was not given. What can be said is what the record says: a fourteen-month-old was taken from his nursery, a ransom was demanded and never paid. His body was recovered from a cistern at an abandoned mansion eight miles from his home, killed by an overdose of laudanum, a drug given, in whatever amount and by whatever hand, to a child of fourteen months. There were no photographs of that place sought for this book. None are described beyond the record's own words. The reader meets this child, as the plate in this chapter insists, in his mother's arms, alive and grinning at a camera, in a newspaper printed while Springfield still hoped he would come home. The cistern gets one sentence of fact. The baby gets the chapter.

RECORD — the ring, and the war behind it

The ring, on the record, included the Taylor Adams family, of Delmar Street, the same street as the Springfield Three, seventy-five years later, and Claude

Piersol. [RECORD] And strikebreakers hired by Springfield Traction were implicated. [RECORD]

That word, implicated, is chosen by the record and kept by this book at exactly that strength. Implicated is not convicted. It is also not cleared. It means the investigation reached them. To understand what it reached into, the chapter has to leave the nursery and go to the strike, because the strike is not background colour for this crime. On the record, it is the crime's conditions.

[RECORD, the strike] The Springfield Traction strike lasted 252 days, with two riots and dynamited streetcars. It was settled on 16 June 1917, days after Baby Keet's body was found, amid public outrage that strikebreakers were implicated in his kidnapping and murder.

Two hundred and fifty-two days is most of a year. For most of a year, in the city where the Keets lived, streetcars were dynamited, riots happened twice. The traction company kept its system contested with imported men. The company imported strikebreakers.

Labour historian Stephen McIntyre describes them, in the dossier's quoted words, as essentially private armies. Armed men who "ran around in cars getting drunk, had guns," shot at children, and menaced the city.

Read McIntyre's description as the dossier presents it: a historian's characterisation, with quoted fragments, not a charge sheet against named men. Its strength is that it is the considered description of the force the company brought into Springfield, by the historian of the strike. Armed men. Cars. Drink. Guns. Shots at children. A menaced city. That was the private army of this chapter's title, private because a company hired it, an army because that is what the historian calls what it amounted to. And it was operating, tolerated, in Springfield in the months when a banker's baby was taken for ransom and killed.

The connection the record supports is precise and limited. This chapter states it no larger than the record does: strikebreakers hired by Springfield Traction were

implicated in the kidnapping and murder. The strike was then settled, within days of the body's discovery, amid public outrage at that implication. A city that had endured 252 days of dynamite and riots ended its labour war in the week it buried a baby, in outrage that the war's hired men had reached into a nursery. Whether the outrage caused the settlement's timing, the dossier says "amid," and amid is the word this book keeps. Sequence is documented. Causation is not claimed.

RECORD / SAID — what was done to Claude Piersol

After the kidnapping, vigilantes strung suspect Claude Piersol up three times until he was almost dead, near Stockton, in Cedar County. [RECORD, the stringing-up is documented in the dossier's pattern entry, §10.1]

Then the harder sentence, in its correct lane:

[SAID, reported, attributed] In Wood's and the *News-Leader*'s reporting, officers "agreed" to the mob's demand for the

"third degree." The dossier instructs, and this book obeys, that the officers' acquiescence be labelled precisely as *reported*. It is not carried in this chapter as a court finding, because the record given to this book does not carry it as one. It is reporting, by the county's principal crime historian and its newspaper, that the men holding a suspect agreed to hand him, in effect, to the rope, three times, short of death.

Even fenced in its lane, that report is one of the darkest sentences in this book. Three times is not a moment of lost control. Three times is a procedure. A man is strung up, brought back from almost dead, and strung up again, and again, while, on the reporting, the officers responsible for him agreed that it could happen. Springfield had done the jail-door version of this in 1886, when a mob took George Graham out of the county jail itself. It would do the full version again in 1906, eleven years before Piersol, when the mob took three men and no one was ever convicted. Piersol's ordeal sits in that documented pattern, 1886, 1906, 1917, three decades, three episodes, no accountability in

any of them. The pattern is stated here as documented episodes, not as a single conspiracy, because that is what the record supports. It is damning enough without being enlarged.

Piersol survived being hanged three times. Then the law, having let the rope speak first, spoke itself.

RECORD — verdicts that do not match the crime

Claude Piersol was convicted of kidnapping, on handwriting evidence. [RECORD] He was sentenced to 35 years. He served 21. He died in Kansas City at 65.

Two others received 15 and 10 years. [RECORD] The dossier entry does not name them in the sentence that gives their terms. This book does not supply names it was not given in that place.

And then the sentence around which this whole chapter turns:

Murder charges against all of them were dropped. [RECORD]

A baby was kidnapped and murdered. That is not this book's characterisation; it is the record's: taken, ransomed, found dead of an overdose in a cistern. Men were convicted of the kidnapping. A man served twenty-one years for it. And the murder, the laudanum, the cistern, the fourteen months of life ended, was charged against no one to a conclusion. The murder charges were dropped, against all of them.

This book names documented failures where the record names them, and here the record names one by its shape rather than by any official's confession of it: the legal system of Greene County, in the most sensational crime of its decade, secured kidnapping convictions and let the killing itself go uncharged to any verdict. Why the charges were dropped, the dossier does not say. This chapter does not invent a reason, not weakness of evidence, not a bargain, not the taint of a confession beaten out of a man by a rope, tempting as any of those explanations might be to a writer. The record given to this book states the dropping and is silent on the reason. So the fact stands bare, the way it stood for the

Keets: their son's kidnappers were punished as kidnappers. No one was ever punished, in law, for his death.

One thread in the ring's record asks to be handled with explicit care, because it is exactly the kind of rhyme this book refuses to mistake for evidence. The Taylor Adams family, named in the ring, was of Delmar Street (the same street from which, seventy-five years later, three women would vanish in the case Springfield knows as the Springfield Three. [RECORD) the dossier itself notes the shared street] That is the whole of it: a street name, shared across three-quarters of a century, between two of the city's defining crimes. It proves nothing. It connects no one to anyone. Streets are long and cities reuse their ground for everything. The dossier notes the coincidence because a Springfield reader will notice it. This book notes it for the

same reason, and then puts it down, labelled as geography and nothing more. A book about what a city buries has to be able to tell the difference between a pattern in the evidence and a pattern in the street names. The first kind fills this chapter. The second kind is mentioned once, here, and not used again.

The evidence that did convict deserves its own plain sentence. Piersol was convicted of kidnapping on handwriting evidence. [RECORD] In a case with a ransom note at its centre, handwriting was the thread the prosecution could tie to a man's hand, the note demanding $6,000, beginning "We've got your kid," matched, on the evidence the court accepted, to the man the vigilantes had already hanged three times. Note the order of operations the record preserves: the rope first, on suspicion and on officers' reported agreement; the evidence afterwards, in court, for the kidnapping only. Whatever the handwriting proved, it was never used to convict anyone of the murder, because the murder charges were dropped against all of them. The strongest documented evidence in the case attaches to the crime the child survived being taken for.

For the crime he did not survive, the laudanum, the record ends in a dropped charge.

He is buried in Maple Park Cemetery. [RECORD] His marker reads "Buddy."

[RECORD, a small flagged error, kept visible] One *News-Leader* piece erroneously says "Maplewood." The cemetery is Maple Park. The dossier flags the error, and this book repeats the flag rather than the error, a one-word instance of the book's whole method. Even a cemetery's name drifts in print if nobody corrects it. For a child whose murder no one was convicted of, the least the record can keep straight is where he is buried and what his stone calls him. Buddy. Maple Park Cemetery.

What Springfield buried here

Springfield buried a baby in Maple Park in June 1917, and then it buried the shape of what had happened to him.

What happened, on the record, was not a lone monster slipping into a nursery. It was a crime committed inside a labour war that a company had been fighting with imported, armed men for 252 days, men a historian calls a private army, in a city where dynamited

streetcars and riots had been normalised for the better part of a year. It was followed by a suspect hanged three times by vigilantes, with officers reported to have agreed to it. It ended with kidnapping convictions, substantial prison time. The murder itself unanswered in law. And it ended, too, with the strike settled within days, amid the outrage, the war closing over the child's grave as if the grave were its final negotiating table.

Corporate impunity is a phrase, and this book uses phrases carefully. Here is what it means, reduced to the record: a company imported armed strikebreakers who menaced a city; strikebreakers were implicated in the worst crime of the era; the strike was settled; and no entry in the record given to this book shows the company itself answering for the army it hired. The men who were punished were the ring. The force that supplied the crime's conditions went home when the strike did.

Josiah Lloyd Keet lived fourteen months. He was photographed, in that span, in his mother's arms,

smiling down at him while he grinned at the camera, a picture newspapers across the country printed while there was still hope, which is to say while lying about nothing: at the moment of printing, hope was still the fact. The hope lasted ten days. The convictions lasted twenty-one years, fifteen years, ten years. The dropped murder charges have lasted, unreversed and unexplained on this record, for more than a century.



The family intact: J. Holland Keet seated, holding Lloyd; May Keet standing beside them. *Eugene Daily Guard*, 19 June 1917.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.

Buddy. Maple Park Cemetery. That much, at least, is kept.



Page Eight. EUGENE DAILY GUARD Tuesday Evening, June 19, 1917

ALLEGED KEET BABY MURDERER ARRESTED

Announcement Made Dick Carter of Springfield, Mo., Has Been Taken Into Custody.

Hutchinson, Kansas, June 19.—Announcement was made by the police today that they had arrested Dick Carter of Springfield, Mo., assistant whom a warrant charging first degree murder has been issued in connection with the mysterious disappearance and death of Baby Lloyd Keet.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Springfield, Mo., June 19.—Dick Carter, reported to have been arrested at Hutchinson, Kansas, today, was the first man against whom a warrant was issued charging the murder of the Keet baby, the 24-months-old son of J.U. Holland Keet, whose body was found in an old well of a deserted farm about ten days after the baby was abducted.

Two other men, previously arrested in connection with the investigation of other alleged kidnaping plots, later were named in warrants similar to that against Carter. The two are Claude Friend and Cletus Adams, whom authorities took last night from the county jail at Kansas City to St. Louis to be questioned.

WAR REGISTRATION LIST IN LANE COUNTY

(Continued)

Wendling.

Herbert Calvin Adams, William Benefont, Herschel Elza Bailey, Roy Clifford Brewer, Joseph Walter Bly, Delbert Lee Bennett, Ralph Burgdorf, Frank Huey Burnett, Jay Henry Bolle, Dortie Glenn Bennett, Arthur Winton Caskey, Eli Lee Coles, Garland Harry Campbell, James Wagner Cole, Bertie Eugene Cox, Robert Gordon Campbell, James Weaver Cole, Bertie Eugene Cox, W. W. Carter, Louis Isaac Dengler, Cl. Taylor, Arnold Thomas Torbert, Burner Emmett Durrett, John Henry Downing, Elvin Biff Deadmond, Clinton L. Keels, Charles Hudson, Telfolle Estacadiglio, Ernest Rosco Endicott, Everett Elder, Forrest Elder, Lloyd Elder, Forrest Elmer Fritz, Arlo Andrew Fitzwater, Leslie B. Franklin, Guy Wilson Foy, Victor LeRoy Gillespie, Percy S. Higgens, Vernon Roy Hoek, Fred Ernestl Hartman, Charles Chicos Hoeflein, John Hill, Robert William Hughes, Harry Goodson Hamilton, Joseph Hennessen, Hiris Dallard Hudson, Henry Walter Howard, Walter Merrit Holt, Howard Humphrey, William Howard, Louis Walter Irvin, James Dorsie Jones, Elbert Cecil Jones, Ernest Johnson, Morris George Kloster, Bruce Edward Leasberry, Omear Sigfrid Larson, James Lowell, James Lewis Lajoie, Joseph F. Lemley, Paul Ervin Lansberry, Charles Elbert Linz, Roy Fremont Maxwell, Gordon Carol McLees, Louis Mosevich, Herman Hickman Mote, Joseph Parnell Maginis, Lloyd B. Moore, Clarence Elmer Noel, Robert Russell Neel, George Theodore Nelson, Joseph Sloss Phillips, Loren Russell Perkins, Gerald Leroy Perkins, Steve Pascuzzo, Domenico Quaglia, Ralph Ernest Rodgers, Ernest Ray Rodgers, Greater Redding, Roy Scarbert, Charles Leroy Sutton, Arthur Short, Charles L. Sigmon, William F. Sayles, Leo Alva Silver, Frank D. Spurger, Charles Lupt Shultz, Robert Charles Stanton, Milton Olin Hutchinson, Fred Ernest Thrasne, Jesse Winfred Tucker, Andrew Byron Taylor, Arnold Thomas Tarbert, Burton Gorham Thompson, Matt Vinlich, Walter Hamilton VanGelden, Andy Virdich, Albert Winfred Wooley, Wesley Walter Ware, Samuel Winstead, Jolin Emery Wallace, Roy Thomas Waggoner, Clyde Abbott Wendell, Byrne A. Young.

Wallace.

George Albert Allen, Edward N. Brisbee, Floyd A. Churchill, Arthur E. Cronin, Roy Ewing, Archie Lapoy Gilstrom, George William Gilcrist, John Harrison Gorman, Everett C. Grout, Leslie Thomas Grout, Walter Hamilton Lackey, Alfred Lee Lout, Walter Richard Leadwhit, Leslie W. McKibben, Guy Warren Mills, James Henry Powell, Edward William Powell, Harold Robert Phillips, Harvey M. Ritchey, Elmer Dinard Ritchey, Walter Robinson, Charles Henry Shirey, Lonzo Ray Shortridge, William Everett Small, Cecil Small, Cecil Small, James Glen Sutherman, Elsie Morse Shortridge, Otto Frederick Thun, Delbert Harris Wills.

Walnut.

Warren Bissel Boring, Claude D. Bedell, Walter Emmett Bogan, Matt Sidney Dibble, Mike Dowlan, William Lloyd Lyons, Edgar Jesse Moss, Brownl Dorsie Mote, Lonzine Sidney Porter, Francis Rogers Porter, Jesse Gilbert Porter, Emory George Risch, Henry Stewart Schels, Warren Erving Sarsaney, Roy B. Sarsaney.

Alpha

George Earl Acheson, Wayne C. Brock, Albert C. Pfaerth, James Downing Hunter, Arthur G. Pope, Luther C. Steinkiser, Helge B. Swanson, William Wesley St. Wilson.

Aora.

Archie D. Anderson, Nathan Louis Austin, Erwin Hugo Bernhardt, Ralph Irwin Bernhardt, Hubert Lee Bennett, Adolph Bock, Clyde J. Buck, Michael Bock, George Leroy Carter, Hugh Cleveland Cox, Ernest Lee Cooper, Lloyd M. Chetwood, Tyrone Upton Coulson, James Everett Dunn. (Name Fulton Dunn, Dunn Darnell Utley, Grant Peter Fisk, Carl Willington Fisher, Osborn Russell Gomez, Fred Delbert Herring-ton, Charles Lawrence Herrington, Carl Hereford Hill, William Andrew Hoffman, John Ernest Hoffstin, Raymond C. Judd, Hans C. Johnson, D. Joel Leggett, Fred Elroy Lane, Edwin E. Morris, Frank McElhergey, Cleil D. Reed, Frank Brady, Ernest Earl Reedy, William Albert Rose, Orville Rose, William James Sarbaugh, William Lloyd Seubert, Royal A. Seubert, John G. Stanbuke, Chas Stevens, Llewellyn B. Severns, Walter J. Strickfort, Don H. Tuft, Emery Clifford Taylor, Wayne R. Waite, Earl Ward, Lynn A. Wheeler, Asbiel Davis Wenger, James Amesbury Wenger, George Thomas Yost, William L. Fisk.

Aventure.

Norman Gendry Alexander, Seth Dean Byers, Fred Clemens Byers, Lewis Carl Bowdey, Lee Earl Emery, Ray Lewis Fisher, Clyde Arlington Holmes, Delridge Hobson, Clyde Albert Holcomb, Edwin Claiv Holmes, William Bernard Ryan, Edward Paul Saunders, Boston Conrad Schenck, Robert Rose Shinnein, George Elmer Terry.

Armitage.

Wilton Albert Ayers, Roy L. Adams, Claud Ivan Anderson, Thomas Ray Brabham, Walter Lee Bulley, Charley Walter Bogart, John R. Byers, Otis Earl Bishop, Alvie Barnett Brown, John Thurman Bogart, Paul Verdal Brown, Robert Jefferson Bradshaw, Merle David Chase, Robert Milton Combs, Homer Warren Chase, Hewitt Hale Clark, Marion Lorenzo Chase, Owen Calloway, Roy Earnest Corum, Harold Kingsley Chase, Truman Arlow Chase, Harry Leland Chase, Edwin Beady, Robert Fullerton, Ray Frost, Jesse Gates, Raymond Holmes, Ralph Hamilton Hall, Lawrence Horace Hisley, Frederick Lonzo Hughes, Elmer Price Horlow, Myron Hisley, Edgar Webb Jack, Floyd Lester Johnson Edwin Rollin Johnson, Thomas Asbury Keenan, Frank LaRue, Lloyd Leroy Lydick, Eugene Meaghs, Wade H. McFarmon, Herbert Yates Moon, Percy Monroe Moss, Clarence Dow McClintic, Cecil Meaghes, Frank Meaghs, William Cecil Meadder, Guy Delcine Meshler, Johnnie Meaghes, Hart Scott Powell, George R. Parsons, Saras Bentley Sneed, Arthur Harrison Sanderson, Carl William Terpening, Orestes Fred Thatcher, George Washington Taylor, Ralph Thurman Vinyo, Charles Elias Walls, Jess Walker, Walter Ray Yoest, Harry R. Knapke, Alfred Ernest Elmer, Garnie Wicker, Vincent C. Chase.

MONTANA FEARS HAIL.

(By The Associated Press.)

Helena, Mont., June 19.—The state board of hail commissioners have received applications for $167,000 worth of hail insurance. The applications come from 26 counties. The board also has been notified by two hail insurance policy holders of losses suffered by them.

WILL TAKE TRIP TO NEW YORK

Alva Baron, art supervisor of the University faculty, left Tuesday for Salem with his family. He will go from there to New York, returning here in August. The family will return to Eugene after a short visit in Salem.

WILL LIVE IN EUGENE

George Evans, a former Southern Pacific telegraph operator in Eugene, who has been working at Myrtle Point the past year, returned to this city Tuesday. He will be employed here in the future.

H.C. Friendly & Co. JUNE CLEARANCE H.C. Friendly & Co.
THE LEADING STORE THE LEADING STORE

White Sales—Household Linen Sales—Combined

Successful economy is the result of getting the most for your expenditures. In patronizing this sale and taking advantage of the many bargains offered, you attain true economy. Nearly everything reduced, except a few contract goods. We have large quantities o merchandise at old prices—particularly cotton goods, table linens, towels, etc.

FREE! with every dollar purchase or over, an AMERICAN SILK FLAG, 12 by 17 inches in size. Every person in Eugene should have one.

SPECIALS For Men

Men's and Young Men's suits, $20 to $25 values. This sale $17.50
Straw Hats, at $1.00
$1.00 and $1.50 two-piece underwear, at 50c
$3.00 Fall Hats at $1
65c work shirts, at 50c
75c neckties, at 55c
50c two-piece athletic underwear, at 25c
50c and $1.00 Children's straw hats at 19c

QUAKER CITY SHIRTS

$1.25 shirts at $1.00
$1.50 shirts at $1.25
$2.00 shirts at $1.65
$2.50 shirts at $2.00
$3.00 shirts at $2.50
$3.50 shirts at $2.95
$4.00 shirts at $3.35
$4.50 shirts at $3.95
$5.00 shirts at $4.15
$6.00 shirts at $5.00

Ladies Coats, Suits and Dresses for Less

ALL SILK STRET AND DINNER DRESSES, LESS 20%
Ladies and Misses suits at ..... 1-4, 1-3 and 1-2 off
All Sweaters for this sale less 20%
Tailored Waists, were up to $4, at 39c
Lingerie waists were up to $5.00 at $1.00
Various styles of ladies' wash skirts, at $1.00
All Fancy Parasols, LESS 25% ..... All Ladies' and Children's Coats ..... 1-2 OFF

Table Linens

$1.75 damask, at $1.50
$2.00 damask at $1.69
$2.25 damask at $1.89
$2.50 damask at $2.10

Napkins Separate and to match; 20 to 27 inch sizes.

$3.00 napkins at $2.50
$3.50 napkins at $3.00
$4.00 napkins at $3.29
$4.50 napkins at $3.85
$5.00 napkins at $4.15
$5.50 napkins at $4.65
$6.00 napkins at $5.00
$6.50 napkins at $5.35
$7.00 napkins at $6.15
$9.00 napkins at $7.50
20% off on Matched Sets.

Corset Clearance

Gossard Lace Front and Nemo Corsets. Less 10 Per Cent, this week only.

$1.50 Parisianna Corsets At $1.19.

FANCY BATH TOWELS

and wash cloths. Just too nugnerous to describe.

Wash Cloths ..... 5c to 19c
Towels ..... 25c to $1.10

Extra Specials

42-in percale tubing at 34c
9-4 percale sheeting at 69c
42-inch Hague tubing at 25c
42-in. Hague tubing 25c
9-4 Pepperell sheeting at 35c
Mill Ends of Muslin 15c
20 yards, at 15c
15c Fine India Linen at 10c

HIGH ART PILLOWS

filled with fine feathers and down; fancy covering. Special at $1.00 each.

AMERICA FIRST IS POLICY OF URUGUAY

Nations of Continent to Be Given Privileges Not Granted to Europeans.

(By The Associated Press)

Montevideo, Uruguay, June 18.—President Viera has decided to make a declaration that Uruguay will not regard as a belligerent any American nation at war with nations of another continent.

A dispatch from Montevideo last week said American warships in Uruguayan waters would not be considered as belligerents.

Three Buildings in Town of Alpine Destroyed by Fire

(By The Associated Press)

Corvallis, Or., June 19.—Three buildings housing a garage, blacksmith shop and bakery were destroyed and several adjoining structures damaged in a fire early today at Alpine, a small town 22 miles south of here, according to messages telephoned here. For a time the entire village was threatened as conservation with sparks was carried by the fire. The police think the fire is of incendiary origin.

THE STORY OF THAT Summer Vacation AS TOLD BY A KODAK

It's always an interesting story, made doubly interesting where your friends and yourself or the family are made the subjects. Vacation time is here—you will be starting soon. Surely you are not going without a Kodak of some kind, not when they sell at 75c and up. Step in and see our line any day this week. We have them all sizes and all prices.

Expert Developing and Finishing

Do not let the thought of finishing the pictures keep you from investing in a kodak. The work is easy to learn and to many is half the pleasure in kodaking. If you desire we will finish your pictures in our modern finishing room where none but experts are employed. Our prices are very reasonable.

There's No Excuse for a Vacation Without a Kodak.

THE KODAK STORE

LINN DRUG COMPANY

"The Kodak Service Station"

O. B. PENNINGTON STANLEY STEVENSON

Telephone 217

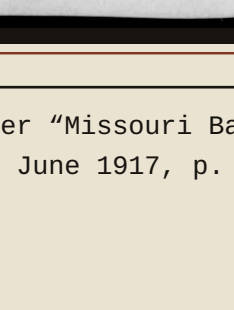
THE KODAK STORE

CUT GLASS AT ATTRACTIVE Prices—Appropriate June Bride Gifts

Schaefers Bros

Appropriate June Bridal Gifts

Nothing more acceptable could be given the bride than a set of this aristocrat of silverware. Our stock represents three popular plates in the following patterns in the renowned Community Plates; Patrician, Sheraton, Reliance Plate, La Rose, Exeter and Par Plate Bridal Wreath.



PAR PLATE BRIAL WREATH

Knives and forks, set $4.00
Cold Meat Forks, each 75c
Teaspoons, set 95c
Desert Spoons, set $1.75
Berry Spoons, set $1.19

WOMEN'S $25 SILK DRESSES $12.50

GINGHAMS Specially priced for Wed. & Thursday Yd. 10c

"This Quality would sell regularly at 15c on today's market."

Wednesday and Thursday we place on sale fifty pieces 36-inch dress gingham in a variety of durable patterns for your selection.

New Numbers of Buster Brown Hose for Women and Children, the pair 25 Cents

Just received a big shipment of Buster Brown Hose which enables us to sell them at 25c the pair. An exceptionally good line, good weights, all sizes. Women's black and white, children's tan, black and white.

Repleted Stock

Women's Fibre Silk Hose at same Special Price, pair 59 Cents

Several new shades have been added to this popular line of women's fibre silk hose, full fashioned, reinforced toe and heel. Cadet sage, polin, ivory, tan, black, white, and silver.

The full page: the family portrait under “Missouri Baby Killed by Kidnappers.” *Eugene Daily Guard*, 19 June 1917, p. 8.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.

PART ONE — THE GROUND

6

EMMA MOLLOY

EMMA MOLLOY · SARAH GORHAM GRAHAM

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

What Springfield Buried, Tim LaDuke

The victim's name comes first in this chapter, ahead of the famous woman's, because the record buried it under hers: Sarah Gorham Graham.



Emma Barrett Molloy — the nationally known temperance orator, the public face audiences in two countries knew.

Emma Barrett Molloy portrait, digitized by Michiana's Women Leaders, CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Emma_Barrett_Molloy.png)

RECORD — who Emma Molloy was, before Springfield

Emma Molloy was, on the record, a nationally famous temperance revivalist. [RECORD] That fame is not colour for the scandal that followed; it is the scandal's precondition. A woman known across the country as a voice of temperance and revival, an orator whose public face was moral authority, stood at the centre of a case containing bigamy, a dead wife, a well, and a lynching. The distance between the portrait and the well is the story.

A note on her name, at the start, where names belong. The dossier's preferred spelling is **Molloy**, and this book uses it throughout. [RECORD, variant flagged] The History Museum on the Square's account spells it "Malloy." The variant is logged here, once, so that a reader searching the museum's telling under the other spelling finds the same woman, and so that no later editor mistakes two spellings for two people.

They are one woman, in a stronger sense than the spelling question. Research for this book's illustrations established, against an early assumption that a temperance and suffrage figure of the same name and dates might be a different person, that Emma Barrett Molloy is the Springfield Emma: one person. The standard book on this case, Larry E. Wood's *Bigamy and Bloodshed* (Kent State University Press, 2019), gives her birth as Emily F. Barrett, on 17 July 1839, in South Bend, Indiana. The portrait reproduced with this chapter is that woman: the lecturer audiences knew, in an oval studio frame, at interior-column size, the only verified portrait of any principal in the case. Sarah Graham has no portrait in any public source this book could find. George Graham has none. The famous woman kept her face. The murdered woman did not. That asymmetry is in the record of

images just as it is in the record of names. The chapter flags it now so the plate, when the reader reaches it, is read correctly: it shows the survivor, not the victim.

Emma Molloy kept a homestead southwest of Springfield, on the Brookline Road ground this book has already visited in 1932 and will not stop visiting. Living in her household, as her foster daughter, was Cora Lee. [RECORD]

Into that household came George Graham.

RECORD — the bigamist

George Graham was an ex-convict. His conviction had been for forgery. [RECORD]

In July 1885, at the Molloy homestead southwest of Springfield, George Graham bigamously married Cora Lee, Emma Molloy's foster daughter. [RECORD]

Bigamously is the load-bearing word, and the record earns it in the next sentence.

George Graham already had a legal wife. Her name was Sarah Gorham Graham.

In September 1885, Sarah Gorham Graham arrived in Springfield. [RECORD] Then she vanished.

Two months sit between the marriage and the arrival; an autumn and a winter sit between the arrival and the finding. The dossier's record, as given to this book, does not fill Sarah's Springfield weeks, where she stayed, what was said to her, who saw her last, and this chapter does not fill them either. A woman travelled to the place where her husband had married another woman in a famous revivalist's household. She arrived in September. She vanished. The next fact the record gives is February, and a well.

RECORD — February 1886: the well

In February 1886, Sarah Gorham Graham's nude body was found at the

bottom of an abandoned well on the Molloy farm. [RECORD]

This book prints the condition of the finding in the record's own plain terms, nude, at the bottom of an abandoned well, because those terms are evidence, not atmosphere. A well is not a grave a person falls into by the ordinary accidents of a farm. An abandoned well on the property of the household her husband had married into is a place of concealment. Someone chose it. Someone carried her there. The sentences that follow in the record prove the choosing was more than one person's work.

George Graham confessed. [RECORD] He claimed he acted alone. He claimed he stabbed her.

The body contradicted him twice.

First: the body showed a gunshot wound. [RECORD] Not a stab wound, a gunshot wound. The confession's method and the body's method do not match.

Second: the body had been carefully lowered into the well, a lowering that, on the record, required at least two people. [RECORD] Carefully. The dossier's word is

kept here because it is an evidentiary word: a body carefully lowered is not a body thrown. Lowering a dead woman carefully down an abandoned well is labour. It is labour for more than one pair of hands. George Graham's confession, alone, with a knife, cannot account for a gunshot or for a two-person lowering. His confession, on the record, was false in its method and false in its solitude, whatever else in it may have been true.

Hold that at its exact weight. It does not prove, by itself, whose was the second pair of hands. It proves the confession of sole action fails against the body. In a book that runs at the record, that distinction is everything: the record convicts the confession of lying. It does not name the other person or persons at the well. Emma Molloy and Cora Lee were arrested as accessories. [RECORD] Arrest is not conviction, and this book keeps the categories as separate here as it demands they be kept everywhere.

The *New York Times* covered the case. [RECORD] Springfield's well was national news in 1886, as its lynchings would be again in 1906. Whatever else Springfield buried later, it did not bury this story for lack of witnesses. The country read about it at the time.

From his jail cell, Graham also produced the strangest artifact of the case. It survives as a newspaper page this book can print: the *Fort Wayne Sentinel* of 15 March 1886 (Fort Wayne, Indiana, Sarah's hometown ground in the telling preserved by the case-image research) carried on its front page what it headlined as a remarkable biblical confession: George Graham, jailed in Springfield, marking Bible passages to spell out his confession. [RECORD, period newspaper artifact, described in the case-image research] A confession encoded in scripture citations, printed six hundred miles from the well. This book makes no claim for what the coded passages prove beyond what the front page itself shows, which is a

confessed wife-murderer choosing to confess in Bible verses and a hometown paper choosing to print it on page one. In a case that began in a revivalist's household, the confession arrived dressed as devotion. That is the artifact. The reader can hold it without this book adding a word of embroidery.



The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1886. PRICE THREE CENTS

HAHN!

The Louisiana Congressman Dead.

And Is Found Prostrate in a Pool of Blood in His Hotel Room.

The House and Senate Adjourn Out of Respect to their Colleague.

WASHINGTON.

The Senate at Work—The House Adjourns.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The senate agreed to a resolution to appoint Rev. J. G. Butler D. D. of Washington, chaplain of the senate.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—The president to-day sent the following nominations to be postmasters: Carbondale, Pa., Joseph Powderly; Athens, Pa., Henry C. Baird; Defiance, O., John M. Hospetler; Danville, Ind., Archibald P. Pomider; North Vernon, Ind., Fred W. Verbarg; Absinthe, Ill., C. E. Greene.

HOUSE.

Immediately after the reading of the journal the house adjourned out of respect to the memory of Representative Hahn, of Louisiana.

DOUGLASS AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The resignation of Frederick Douglass from the office of recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia calls attention once more to this line of the colored people, who, though in his 70th year, appears as strong and healthy as when he first received notice from a master, or to possession of about $30,000, and he has a beautiful home surrounded by large grounds on the other side of the Potomac, overlooking Washington. It is said that Douglass has been offered a rented negro slave, who, when he divided up his lands for sale, put into every deed a stipulation that the purchaser should in no case sell to a negro. Fred Douglass owns it to-day, and the whole of the estate, so divided, is dotted with the homes of colored men. Douglass was, you know, a slave, and he fought as a boy with the dogs for the crumbs that fell from the master's table. He commands his money chiefly by lecturing, and for a paper called The North Star, which he used to edit. He got $100 a night lecturing and he invested his money in government bonds and Washington real estate. He married a white woman in Washington this fall, and his white wife is a beautiful and accomplished lady.



Mr. Douglass' successor is also a colored man, Mr. James C. Matthews, of Albany, N. Y. He is 39 years old and a very successful lawyer. In 1876 he graduated from the academy of Albany academy over thirty white boy applicants, and graduated from there with great honor, carrying away the valedictory and the medal for the best

JAMES C. MATTHEWS.

English essay. He is like Douglass, a natural orator, and is regarded as one of the coming leaders of his race. The office to which he is appointed is said to be worth from $6,000 to $10,000 a year. THEO. HARDIN.

DEMPSEY AND LE BLANCHE

One of the Pluckiest Fights Ever Witnessed.

By Telegraph to the Sentinel.

NEW YORK, March 15.—What those who witnessed the encounter designate as the greatest middle-weight fight on record took place yesterday morning at Hyer Junction on the border line between New York and Connecticut. The contestants were George La Blanche, of Boston, and Jack Dempsey, of New York. The stakes were $1,500 a side and about $2,000 of a purse made up by certain gentlemen of this city. Jack Dempsey was the winner, thirteen rounds being bitterly contested, and it is declared that a better and more manfully fought fight was never witnessed.

Congressman Hahn Dead.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Ex-Governor Michael Hahn, representative from the second district of Louisiana, died suddenly this morning from hemorrhage of the lungs.

When the fireman at the Willard hotel went to the room occupied by Mr. Hahn at 6 o'clock, he attired to the door, he was informed that Mr. Hahn was in bed, blood out on the floor dead in a pool of blood. He had died alone from hemorrhage.

Mr. F. H. Bernard, local agent of the Nickel Plate road, has leased the handsome residence just erected by Mrs. Dawson, on East Berry street.

RICH MRS. MORGAN.

She Refused Recognition to Her Sisters, and They Now Inherit Her Wealth.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Civil Service Commissioner Edgerton was talking to me the other day about Mrs. Morgan, whose sale of pictures and bric-a-brac in New York is now attracting so much attention and money. I remember well, when she was a little girl I was her Sunday school teacher. Together with her two sisters, they came every Sunday to my class and said Sunday-school lessons. Then they lived with their father on Day street in New York. Since that time many things have happened, and I am sorry to say that I am afraid the principles and precepts I tried to impart did not have much weight. After her marriage, when she became wealthy she forgot she had two poor sisters, and went so far as to refuse to speak to them. But there is a retributive justice in it all. She died without a will, and all her money goes to the poor sisters whom she refused to notice in her life. She was a good Sunday-school scholar, but I am afraid the lessons she learned there did not impress themselves on her mind if she refused to know her sisters because they were poor and she was rich.

Suspected Express Robberies.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

CHICAGO, March 15.—Two men suspected of being two of the principals in Saturday's express robbery and murder are under arrest near Joliet, Ill.

CHICAGO, March 15.— The stenographer who took the notes in the cross-examination of the brakeman concerning the express robbery, mysteriously disappeared on his way from the hotel to the office to write out the notes.

The petition of the government accomplices for a stay for over time, and an amendment to the constitution making April 30 instead of March 4 inauguration day were referred and the pension bill for the orphan children and widows of soldiers went over until to-morrow on receipt of news of Mr. Hahn's death.

American Tract Society.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, March 15.— At the annual meeting of the American Tract society last evening, addresses were made by ex-Justice Strong, Dr. Dr. Robinson, of New York, Senator Harrison, of Indiana, and Rev. Dr. Bartlett. The report shows receipts of $357,395, expenditures of $392,141, leaving a balance in the treasury of $5,966; grants of publications, 37,260; colporteurs employed, 106, and families visited, 154,410.

A Young Man Drowned

MIDDLEPORT, March 15.— Young Shiloff, of the firm of Shiloff & Son, who celebrated last fall and came here from Chicago, and after a week's disappearing dropped out of sight, was found in the river to-day. It is supposed he fell in accidentally.

Parnell's Plea.

By Cable to The Sentinel.

DUBLIN, March 14.—Parnell publicly urges the members of the nationalist party in Clare[?]o refrain from attending St. Patrick's day by demonstrations, such as parades, likely to anger the ontagonists.

British Ministers Resign.

By Cable to The Sentinel.

LONDON, March. 15.—Trevyin, secretary for Scotland, and Edward Hamilton, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has resigned on account of their dissatisfaction to support the bills policy outlined by Gladstone.

Cheap Travel.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

ST. LOUIS, March 15.—Yesterday the Union Pacific railway company announced first class tickets between the Missouri river and California for $25, and $12 for second class.

Condition of Hon. W. H. Barnum.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

BARNUMVILLE, Conn., March 15.— A dispatch from Lime Rock, Connecticut, says that Hon. W. H. Barnum's condition is steadily improving. He has been very sick.

APOPOS of the recent London riots, it may be interesting to recall the fact that the famous Earl of Surrey was once arrested before Sir Nicholas Conway of rioting in London streets and breaking windows with a mace. His defense was a singularly ingenious one. "My motive," he said, "was a religious one, though I confess it lies open to misconstruction. It grieved me, my Lords, to see the licentious conduct of the citizens of London. Was I to suffer those unhappy men to perish without warning? Common charity forbade. I therefore went at midnight through the streets and shot from my crossbow at their windows, that the stones passing noiseless through the air and breaking in upon the quiet sorcery might remind them of the awfulness of the punishment which the Scriptures tell us divine justice will inflict on impenitent sinners, and so lead them to a reformation of manners."

WHAT WE HEAR.

The News of the Neighborhood Gathered Here.

Mrs. Quinn Evans, of Lafayette, has become hopelessly insane.

William Friedly, father of Judge Friedly, of Madison, died at Scottsburg yesterday.

The little daughter of Nathan Palmer, of Seymour, died of strangulation from a grain of corn which had lodged in her windpipe four days previous.

Willis Steinbaugh, the son of a well-known citizen of Colburn, Tippecanoe county, lost an eye by sticking a knife in it while playing mumble peg.

A four-year-old daughter of Hon. John Kennedy, of Peragon, Morgan county, died yesterday from the results of a scalding occasioned by the upsetting of a kettle.

A petition is being circulated for the pardon of Joshua T. Rosebery, formerly of Lafayette, who was sentenced for forgery to five years imprisonment in the northern prison.

A. B. Kirkpatrick, of Kokomo, has been nominated for prosecuting attorney for the thirty-sixth judicial circuit, composed of Howard and Tipton counties, by the republicans.

Alfred Carpenter, a farmer, brooding over financial embarassment, deliberately blew his brains out. He resided on Ryker's Ridge, four miles east of Madison. He leaves a widow and three children.

The postoffice at Greenfield and the dry goods house of C. M. Jackson were set on fire yesterday morning. The postoffice was seriously damaged, and the building was made a wreck. Loss, $1,000; insured.

The material for $5,000 blenses will soon be received at the quartermaster's depot, Jeffersonville, and the work of making them will be given to the sewing women of Jeffersonville and New Albany, among whom $5,000 will be paid out.

David Shaken, charged with admitting a drug to Miss Amanda Loudon, of Lake Maxinkuckee, on the 12th of November, was found guilty and sentenced to three years in the prison north. Miss Loudon came near dying from the effects of the medicine.

Indiana men are prominent in Dakota. O. C. Moody, one of the senators-elect, will be remembered as the member of the legislature who challenged Horace Heffron to fight a duel in Kentucky just before the war, and Governor Mellett is an Indiana product, having also served in the legislature.

The Madison county commissioners have appointed Mr. Thomas Boland janitor of the court house for a period of five years for $1,825 per year. Three years ago Boland was promoted for the work all of which were from $900 to $990 lower than Boland's, and hence an attempt will be made to overcome the contract.

Mr. Sparks, an old gentleman living near Charlestown, in packing up his household property found a number of parts filled medicine bottles, and thinking they would be broken, he poured the contents into a glass and drank the mixture. He soon became unconscious, and it took the doctors ten hours to resuscitate him. He is now in a very critical condition.

Samuel Archer, one of the famous Archer gang of Martin county, has been acquitted eight miles south of Dillsboro, where he was working in a sawmill. He knew nothing of the lynching of his brothers. He was going under the name of Buffington. He was taken to the jail at Covington, where he will make he knows of the crimes of his family, but took no part in them.

The Indiana attorney Friday gave an opinion that the mortgagee of property to the college had no right to redemption if the property has been forfeited to the state for non-payment of interest and sold for principal and interest by the auditor and treasurer of the state at public sale. The state statute does redemption if sold under a judgment decree or other judicial proceedings. The case does not come under this statute.

Sarah Hassett and Joseph Heffner, employed at Myers' restaurant in Logansport, were literally burned up before between forty and fifty horrified spectators Saturday. The woman was filling a gasoline stove with oil from a pitcher, when it exploded, saturating her clothing and that of Heffner. They ran into the street, flames ten feet high streaming above their heads. They ran for three minutes and at last each exhausted to the ground, when they were dragged and placed under a pump spout. Neither can live.

GRAHAM

Again Makes a Biblical Confession.

Dempsy and Le Blanche Have the Neatest and Hardest Glove Fight on Record.

An Ocean Steamer Wrecked but the Passengers are Miraculously Rescued.

THE GRAHAM TRAGEDY.

A Remarkable Biblical Confession Made by the Springfield, Mo., Wife-murderer.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., March 13.—On the third day of this month George Graham, the alleged wife-murderer, seized the sheriff for a bible, in which he marked the following passages, indicating the order in which they should be read, as given below. It above considerable ingenuity and a close familiarity with the Scriptures, and if the reader will borrow a Bible and follow the directions he will have an entertaining story.

Ecclesiastes, third chapter, verses 1 to 8, inclusive, and verse 22.

Ecclesiastes, seventh chapter, verses 25, 26 and 27.

Acts, twenty-seventh chapter, verses 21 to 26, 12 and 13.

Acts, twenty-fourth chapter, verse 13.

Thirty-first Psalm, verses 13, 14, 15, 22.

Seventeenth Psalm, verses 12, 13, 14.

Proverbs, sixth chapter, verses 30, 34, 35.

Proverbs, seventh chapter, verses 21, 22, 23, 26, 27.

Proverbs, fifth chapter, verses 15, 2, 20.

To those who are familiar with the generally accepted theory of the murder this will be accepted as a confession of the crime, and a reproach to the women through whose machinations it is believed he was induced to do it.

The assassination of Mrs. Bailey and Cora Lee has as yet developed no striking incident. David Anderson, a neighbor, testified that Cora evidenced much uneasiness when Stone and two constables approached her house, and that she remained a prisoner under her agony and went out to the gate. The progress was slow, as the prosecution is moving deliberately and with caution, with a determination of driving home every point and stimulating it, the state insists on hovering around the well, and, notwithstanding the legal objections interposed by the defense, one exception no witness has yet been allowed by the state to leave the stand without a repetition of the details of the pitiable story that was woven out of the startling revelations given up by the gloomy cavern on the Molley farm on the 25th of last month. It is determined that no incident, however, apparently trivial to a public awaiting with impatience the result, shall be lost in the summary of evidence which the prosecution is confident will culminate in holding the women to answer before the grand jury to the complaint upon which their present arraignment is based.

TOLEDO NEWS.

The Orphan Boys—The Big Fire.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

COLUMBUS, March 15.—Governor Foraker has sent a message to the legislature to-day stating that the boys of the Toledo home of refuge, which was burned Saturday, would be transferred by Lancaster to-morrow morning, and recorded real estate transfers.

Condition of Hon. W. H. Barnum.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

BARNUMVILLE, Conn., March 15.— A dispatch from Lime Rock, Connecticut, says that Hon. W. H. Barnum's condition is steadily improving. He has been very sick.

APOPOS of the recent London riots, it may be interesting to recall the fact that the famous Earl of Surrey was once arrested before Sir Nicholas Conway of rioting in London streets and breaking windows with a mace. His defense was a singularly ingenious one. "My motive," he said, "was a religious one, though I confess it lies open to misconstruction. It grieved me, my Lords, to see the licentious conduct of the citizens of London. Was I to suffer those unhappy men to perish without warning? Common charity forbade. I therefore went at midnight through the streets and shot from my crossbow at their windows, that the stones passing noiseless through the air and breaking in upon the quiet sorcery might remind them of the awfulness of the punishment which the Scriptures tell us divine justice will inflict on impenitent sinners, and so lead them to a reformation of manners."

A BIG SUIT.

Mrs. Catorine E. Cutler Sues L. M. Jones for a Clean $300,000.

Catherine E. Cutler, through her attorneys, Morris & Barrett, this morning filed suit against L. M. Jones, Emma A. Jones, Owen E. Hill and Wilson R. Payne for $30,000. The complainant is now a resident of Logansport. Her maiden name formerly was Catherine Lossells. She was the wife of Thomas Morgan, deceased.

The complaint alleges that while agent for Mrs. Cutler, Mr. Jones induced the lady to convey almost all of her property to Mrs. Jones, and Hill and Payne, who afterward transferred the real estate to Jones, or, at least, the most of it. For this property Mrs. Cutler received no consideration and the proceedings now are to declare a trust set aside the alleged fraudulent conveyance and otherwise compel Mr. Jones to render an account of his stewardship to Mrs. Cutler. Judge O'Rourke ordered the defendants to appear before Morris & Barrett from day to day and be examined in the case. The Judge also made the real estate of the defendants subject to all future judgments in the cause. The property involved includes some of the Jones and Hill additions.

POLICE COURT.

An Old Time List of Offenders Before His Honor.

Police court looked itself again this morning and Mayor Mahler smiled on the assembly. The roll call proceeded this way:

Felix Lordine, Academy station, drunk; mulcted out for $11.

Robert Hamilton, bar tender and fish man; jail.

Wm. Kaylor, driver for James Ryan, drunk; jail.

Henry Brown, recently from prison, drunk; jail.

Thomas Marshal, a mere kid and deril at the Newspaper union, drunk. Let go for swearing against Gieschler, who sold him liquor. Gieschler was arrested.

Michael Chambers was fined for drunkenness.

Louis Thompson and Minnie Small, arrested by Officer Hunkerehr in a Clinton street hovel, were represented by cash, which they put up and forfeited. The man is Louis Hornbmeyer and the woman's name is Henna. Her father lives in the country and the name is familiar since the famous Hamm-Romine case.

A Lively Mill.

A scene not announced in the papers occurred in an old ice house in the residence portion of the city near White's spoke factory yesterday morning. About 10 o'clock two young men named John J. Voirol and William Praeger with unbridled lechery and friendly admires gathered at the above named place where a rug was hastily improvised and the boys put on soft gloves, governed by Marquis of Queensbury rules, and with George Trautman as referee, went at it with the intendtion of seeing who was the "best man." Twelve rounds were fought at which the "mill" was decided in favor of Voirol on a foul from the other contestant. Both boys were pretty well used up, but it was conceded that Praeger got the worst of the fight.

Real Estate Transfers.

Olds Bros., real estate agents, room No. 5, Foster block, report the following recorded real estate transfers.

Elizabeth Mauch to Perry A. Randall, by warrantee deed, lot 151 Northside addition, for $600.

Ceresa Anna Miller to Allen and Warren Hartzell, by warranty deed, part of section 11 Adams township, for $900.

Jacob Sigler to John W. Dunten, by warranty deed, 40 acres in section 20, Perry township for $700.

ANSON HOUGH, of Shackberry, Ills., says he owes his life to Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir. Try it.

MR. A. HIGGINS, of Wyoming, N. Y., says he had the piles for nearly 40 years, and was cured by using Gilmore's Pile specific.

WHY WILL YOU SUFFER from agne and malaria when Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will cure you?

GILMORE'S NEURALGIA CURE is a positive cure for neuralgia in the face, side and stomach.

JOHN H. YATES, of Batavia, N. Y., says:

"[illegible] consumption. I did not live [illegible] to live, and was given up. Through the work [illegible] of wine. I am now [illegible] than ever before. More than the doctor and his pills."

For sale by Dreier & Bro's, and G. H. Campion.

For full particulars, read the circular and consumers relate certificate, which is wrapped around each bar of Ceylon Red Letter Soap. Ask your grocer for it.

GOULD!

Gives His Views on the Great Strike.

The Company is no More Able to Redress the Grievance than the Strikers.

Developments in the Railroad Controversy To-day—No Settlement so Far.

ALL OPEN

The Texas Pacific Ready for Business.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

GALVESTON, Texas, March 15.—A special to the News from Dallas says: "Governor Brown and Sheldon have received notice from the United States marshal that the Texas Pacific railroad is now open from end to end."

ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

St. Louis, March 14.—The company will again make an attempt to renew its freight traffic to-day. The minerbus accommodation trains departed and arrived on time this morning. The engineers have already expressed their intending of staying at their posts, when ordered until they become convinced they go out at their own risks. The firemen have been instructed to do the same.

JAY GOULD TALKS.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 14.—Jay Gould says: "The present strike is made up of an issue with which we do have nothing to do and which we cannot possibly arbitrate or control. It originates in the discharge of an employe named Hall, on the Texas and Pacific, which road is in the hands of the United States court. We have no more right to attempt to control the workings of that system than the workmen themselves said we would be as completely in contempt to do so as any other outsider. It is our intention to resume operations until as soon as the protection of the civil authorities is offered.

A NEW RAID ANNATTED.

St. Louis, March 15.— Five strikers boarded a new switchman in the Missouri Pacific yards this morning, and knocked him senseless. One was arrested.

GOOD TO WORK.

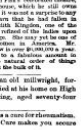
DENVER, Col., March 15.— Striking Knights of Labor on the Central Branch of the Union Pacific railway have accepted the company's terms and returned to work.

The Studebaker Strike.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., March 15.—Studebaker Brothers have secured a rate on the basis, giving the history of the strike, their reasons for not making a general increase in wages, and announcing that the whistles will be blown March 29th for a resumption of work. All employes are invited to return. The pay roll will be revised, and wages increased where justice demands it.

George Gould's Estate Heard.



While Jay Gould and his family are off on a pleasure trip down in the Old Dominion, George Gould, son, has been left at home to look after the old father's affairs. He is a well built, handsome fellow of about 20 years. New York papers have been publishing considerable attention to the person of Mr. Gould, and the couple are engaged to be married for two years very much sought after by the young ladies in upertendom, but he seems to have cautiously kept aloof from them. He has always taken a fancy for theatrical matters. It is also recognized this, gave him Jim Fisk's celebrated theatre, the Grand Opera House, on Eighth avenue, and manager. So it was not a surprise to many of his friends to learn that he had fallen in love with Miss Edith Kingdon, one of the prettiest and most refined of the ladies upon the New York stage. She may be known as the washblond women in America. Mr. Gould's attachment for her is said to be real. This will become a fabulous account of time, and in the natural order of things will marry her and inherit the bulk of the

EDITH KINGDON.

John Stoner, an old millwright, formerly well off, died at his home on High street, this morning, aged seventy-four years.

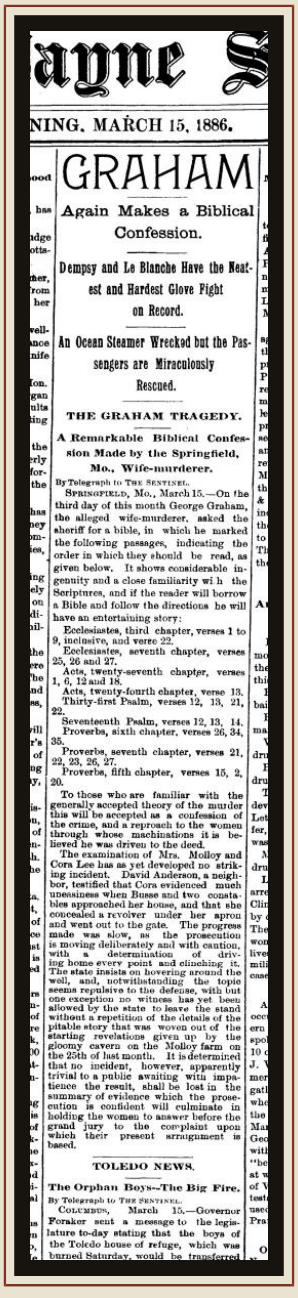
St. Jacobs Oil is a cure for rheumatism.

Red Star Cough Cure makes you secure against cold.

By purchasing the celebrated Ceylon Red Letter Soap you will have the satisfaction of using the best, purest and cheapest soap in the world for the laundry and all general purposes. Say nothing of the elegant present awaiting every person using it. Ask your grocer for it.

Front page of the *Fort Wayne Sentinel*, 15 March 1886: "THE GRAHAM TRAGEDY — A Remarkable Biblical Confession" — George Graham, jailed in Springfield, spelling out his confession in marked Bible passages, printed 600 miles from the well.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.



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NING, MARCH 15, 1886.

GRAHAM

Again Makes a Biblical Confession.

Dempsy and Le Blanche Have the Neatest and Hardest Glove Fight on Record.

An Ocean Steamer Wrecked but the Passengers are Miraculously Rescued.

THE GRAHAM TRAGEDY.

A Remarkable Biblical Confession Made by the Springfield, Mo., Wife-murderer.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., March 15.—On the third day of this month George Graham, the alleged wife-murderer, asked the sheriff for a bible, in which he marked the following passages, indicating the order in which they should be read, as given below. It shows considerable ingenuity and a close familiarity wi h the Scriptures, and if the reader will borrow a Bible and follow the directions he will have an entertaining story:

Ecclesiastes, third chapter, verses 1 to 9, inclusive, and verse 22.

Ecclesiastes, seventh chapter, verses 25, 26 and 27.

Acts, twenty-seventh chapter, verses 1, 6, 12 and 18.

Acts, twenty-fourth chapter, verse 13.

Thirty-first Psalm, verses 12, 13, 21, 22.

Seventeenth Psalm, verses 12, 13, 14.

Proverbs, sixth chapter, verses 26, 34, 35.

Proverbs, seventh chapter, verses 21, 22, 23, 26, 27.

Proverbs, fifth chapter, verses 15, 2, 20.

To those who are familiar with the generally accepted theory of the murder this will be accepted as a confession of the crime, and a reproach to the women through whose machinations it is believed he was driven to the deed.

The examination of Mrs. Molloy and Cora Lee has as yet developed no striking incident. David Anderson, a neighbor, testified that Cora evidenced much uneasiness when Busse and two constables approached her house, and that she concealed a revolver under her apron and went out to the gate. The progress made was slow, as the prosecution is moving deliberately and with caution, with a determination of driving home every point and clinching it. The state insists on hovering around the well, and, notwithstanding the topic seems repulsive to the defense, with but one exception no witness has yet been allowed by the state to leave the stand without a repetition of the details of the pitiable story that was woven out of the starting revelations given up by the gloomy cavern on the Molloy farm on the 25th of last month. It is determined that no incident, however, apparently trivial to a public awaiting with impatience the result, shall be lost in the summary of evidence which the prosecution is confident will culminate in holding the women to answer before the grand jury to the complaint upon which their present arraignment is based.

TOLEDO NEWS.

The Orphan Boys--The Big Fire.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

COLUMBUS, March 15.—Governor Foraker sent a message to the legislature to-day stating that the boys of the Toledo house of refuge, which was burned Saturday, would be transferred

The confession column itself, legible — the scripture-coded confession the front page announces.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.

RECORD — April 1886: the jail door opens again — for the first time in this book's pattern

In April 1886, a mob of 100 or more masked men stormed the Greene County Jail, took George Graham out of it, and hanged him from a tree near the ground that is now Grant Beach Park. [RECORD]

No trial for the murder of Sarah Graham ever concluded. The man who confessed, falsely as to method, falsely as to acting alone, was taken from the county's own jail by masked men and hanged, and whatever else he knew went with him. Who else was at the well. Whose the second pair of hands was. What the gunshot meant, and who fired it. A confession already proven unreliable was not tested, supplemented, or replaced. It was terminated, with its author, from a tree.

No convictions for the lynching are reported in the record. [RECORD, dossier §10.1: no convictions reported] Masked men, a hundred or more of them, entered the county jail of Greene County, removed

a prisoner, and hanged him. The record given to this book reports no one punished for it. Twenty years later a larger mob would do the same thing at larger scale, from the same county's custody to the tower on the Square, and meet the same legal consequence: none. Eleven years after that, officers would be reported to have agreed to a suspect being strung up three times short of death. Graham's hanging is the first entry in that documented pattern. This chapter, which falls early in the book, asks the reader to learn the pattern here, at its first occurrence, in 1886: the jail door in Greene County opened outward, for mobs, and no lock was ever fitted afterwards that the record can show.



Abbeville Press and Banner, 12 May 1886, p. 2: “A REVIVALIST LYNCHED — The Quick Work of 400 Armed Men in Missouri” — the jail-door climax in period type, including the warning note pinned to Graham’s body. The headline’s number is the paper’s, printed as it ran.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.

A period newspaper page preserved in this book's plates reports the lynching under the headline "A REVIVALIST LYNCHED," and describes, in the telling of the *Abbeville Press and Banner* of 12 May 1886, a warning note signed "Citizens of Greene County, Mo." pinned to the body. [RECORD (period newspaper artifact] The same period telling puts the mob at 400 armed men. The dossier's researched figure is 100 or more masked men. [CONFLICT) flagged, not resolved] The book prints both numbers in this paragraph, attributed to their own sources, and resolves neither into the other: a South Carolina paper's account, published weeks after the event, says 400; the dossier's synthesis of the case record says 100+. Either number describes a force no jail staff resisted to any recorded effect. The discrepancy is noted because this book notes discrepancies; it does not change what either source agrees happened in substance. A mob took a man out of the Greene County Jail and hanged him, and said, in a note on his body if the period paper is credited, that the citizens of the county had done it.

SAID — the allegation, in its lane, at its strength

Now the sentence this chapter exists, in part, to handle correctly.

[SAID, allegation, attributed to critics, not proven] Critics alleged that temperance friends instigated the lynching to silence Graham, specifically, to silence his claim of an affair with Emma Molloy.

Every word of that paragraph's framing is load-bearing, and the book asks the reader to notice the framing rather than glide past it. Critics alleged. Not: the record shows. Not: it was later learned. The dossier carries this as a labelled allegation, and this book carries it no higher. No document in the record given to this book proves that any temperance friend instigated the mob, and no document in it proves the affair Graham claimed. Both halves of the allegation, the

affair, and the silencing, stand as allegation.

And yet the allegation belongs in the book, in its lane, because the book's principle is explicit: what is known and said is the territory, worded with care, not only what can be proven. The allegation was made, by critics, at the level of public controversy, about the most famous temperance woman in America, whose household a murdered wife had been found in a well behind. Its existence is a fact about the case's history. Its truth is not established, and the text has not established it. There is a further, colder observation the record *does* support. The book makes it separately, in the record lane, so it is never confused with the allegation: whether or not anyone intended the lynching to silence Graham, silencing is what it *did*. A dead man names no second pair of hands. The effect is documented by the empty space where a trial record should be. The motive alleged for producing that effect is not documented. Both sentences stand. They are not the same sentence.

RECORD — the endings the law did reach

Cora Lee was acquitted. [RECORD]

The charges against Emma Molloy were dismissed. [RECORD]

Those are the only legal endings this case ever produced. They are both endings for the women who survived it. For Sarah Graham there was no trial of her killer, because her confessed killer was lynched. For George Graham there was no completed trial either, and no legal answer, ever, to the two contradictions his own victim's body raised against his confession: the gunshot, and the second pair of hands at the well. For Emma Molloy, dismissal: she walked out of the record of the case with her name spelled two ways in the sources and her fame permanently carrying a well inside it.

The book-length treatment of the case is Larry E. Wood's *Bigamy and Bloodshed* (Kent State University Press, 2019), and this chapter defers to it as the standard account the dossier names. What this shorter chapter can do, inside this book's argument, is fix the case in the pattern the city kept repeating: a body

concealed where the household's respectability would not be looked for; a confession that the physical record contradicted; arrests that ended in acquittal and dismissal; and a mob, admitted through a jail door, that ended the questioning forever and was itself never questioned in any court the record reports.

Sarah Gorham Graham arrived in Springfield in September 1885 because the man married to her had married again. She was found in February 1886, in a well, with a gunshot wound her husband's confession did not explain and a careful lowering his claim of solitude could not have performed. In April her husband was hanged by the county's citizens, or by a hundred masked men claiming their name. Nobody was convicted of her murder. On this record, nobody was convicted of his lynching either. Between those two unanswered killings, hers in the well, his on the tree, stands the whole case. The city learned, for the first time in the pattern this book traces, how much

could be buried in the space between a confession and a rope.

One more absence belongs to the record of this chapter, stated plainly so no reader mistakes it for an oversight. There is no image of Sarah Graham in any public source this book's research could find, no portrait, no photograph, nothing. There is none of George Graham either. None of the well or the farmhouse in any freely usable source; the newspapers of 1886 carried no photographs of them, because newspapers of 1886 essentially did not carry such photographs. The principals a modern reader most wants to see are precisely the ones the nineteenth century did not preserve. Emma, the professional public figure, sat for a studio portrait in the ordinary course of a public career, and so Emma survives visually. Sarah, who arrived in Springfield as a private person with a private catastrophe, sat for nothing that survives. The archive keeps the faces of the famous as a by-product of fame. It keeps nothing for the woman at the bottom of the well except her name, her husband's confession contradicted by her body. The two facts that body testified to after she could not: a gunshot, and more than one person's hands. This book prints Emma's portrait because it is the only face the case left. It prints this paragraph

beside the portrait so the face that is missing is on the record too.

Her name is Sarah Gorham Graham. The famous name in the chapter title is the other woman's. The book knows which of them it is for.

PART ONE — THE GROUND

7

BLANCHARD

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

The House Everybody Helped Build

RECORD **On 10 June 2015, Clauddine "Dee Dee" Blanchard, forty-eight years old, was stabbed to death in her own home in Springfield, Missouri. The man who held the knife was Nicholas Godejohn. He had been let into the house, and supplied, by her daughter.**

That sentence is the whole crime. It is not the whole story. The crime took a night. The story took years, and it was performed in public, in waiting rooms and at charity events and on a quiet Springfield street, in front of doctors, charities, neighbours, and a housing provider, and almost everyone who saw it responded the way decent people are supposed to respond. They helped.

RECORD **Dee Dee's body was not found for four days. It was a Facebook post, "That Bitch is dead," published to her own**

account. That brought people looking, and on 14 June 2015 the body was found in the house. Godejohn and Gypsy-Rose Blanchard had taken more than $4,400 and fled to Big Bend, Wisconsin. Both were arrested on 15 June.

RECORD And then the detail that rearranged everything the public thought it knew: Gypsy-Rose Blanchard, who had been presented to the world for years as severely disabled, was seen walking unaided.

She had not needed the wheelchair.

The Performance

RECORD **The court and media record establishes what the years before the murder actually were. Dee Dee Blanchard had subjected her daughter to what the record names factitious disorder imposed on another, Munchausen by proxy. The disabilities were fabricated. The wheelchair was not needed. The medications and procedures Gypsy**

underwent were unnecessary. The performance drew financial and social gain. It was sustained for years in full view of the institutions whose entire purpose is to notice exactly this kind of thing.

Sit with the mechanics of that, because the mechanics are the chapter.

A fraud of this kind cannot be run alone in a room. It requires an audience, and not a passive one. It requires doctors to keep treating what is put in front of them. It requires charities to keep giving to a case that presents as heartbreaking and deserving, because it was presented, carefully, as heartbreaking and deserving. It requires a housing provider to house. It requires neighbours to know the family as the brave mother and the sick daughter, and to organize their kindness around that picture. Every one of those responses was, on the evidence available to the

person making it, reasonable. That is what makes the case unbearable, and what makes it belong in this book. Springfield has a long record of institutions failing by cruelty or by neglect. This is the rarer and more uncomfortable entry: institutions failing by generosity, each one doing the kind thing, the sum of all that kindness building the walls of a room a young woman could not get out of.

The house in this chapter's title is not a metaphor stretched over the facts. The record includes a housing provider among the systems that housed this family. People helped build the setting of this crime with donations, with treatment, with shelter, with goodwill. Nobody in that chain set out to harm Gypsy-Rose Blanchard. The harm was done by the one person who controlled the story everyone else was told. The story was believed, and funded, and housed, for years, because it arrived in the shape of a story no one wants to be the first to doubt.

RECORD That is the documented shape of it. How many individual opportunities to intervene existed along the way, and which specific professional saw what on which specific date, are questions the sources assembled for this book do not answer in detail, and this chapter does not invent answers for them. What the record establishes is the outcome: for years, no intervention came. The performance ran until it ended in a killing.

The Four Days

RECORD Consider the interval between the murder and the discovery, because the interval is diagnostic. Dee Dee Blanchard was killed on 10 June. Her body lay in her own house, in her own neighbourhood, in a house the whole street knew as the home of a devoted mother and a very sick daughter, until 14 June. What ended the

interval was not a welfare check, not a clinician's concern, not a charity's follow-up, not a neighbour's knock. It was a post on the dead woman's own Facebook account. "That Bitch is dead", a message so out of character, so plainly wrong, that it did in hours what four days of absence had not: it made people go and look.

And when the arrests came the next day, 15 June, in Wisconsin, the case produced the image that undid a decade: the daughter, walking. Not walking with difficulty. Not walking with assistance. Walking unaided, in custody, in front of cameras, a young woman whose entire public existence had been built on the claim that she could not do the thing she was now doing on the evening news. The record does not need this book to explain what that footage meant. Everyone who had ever donated, treated, housed, or waved at that family understood it at the same moment, and understood it the same way: the story had been the crime scene all along. They had all been standing in it, kindly, for years.

The money tells the same story in miniature. RECORD: the pair took more

than $4,400 when they fled. Set that figure against the scale of what the fraud had drawn in over the years (the treatment, the donations, the housing, the goodwill of an entire community, none of it totalled in the record assembled for this book) and the flight money is almost nothing. The killing was not a financial crime that escalated. It was an exit. The record supports reading it that way and this book reads it that way carefully: a young woman raised inside a fabricated illness, medicated and subjected to procedures for conditions she did not have, reached adulthood inside a house where every institution that touched her life had accepted her mother's account of it. The door she finally found was a terrible one. None of that acquits anyone of a stabbing. The courts weighed it, and their weighing is in the sentences below. But a book about what Springfield buried has to

record what was buried first: not a body. A childhood, in plain sight, with paperwork.

Two People in a Courtroom

This chapter has living people in it. A convicted person who is also a documented victim of the abuse that preceded the crime. The book's rule here is precision and restraint, and it costs the narrative nothing. The facts, stated exactly, are worse than any embroidery.

RECORD Gypsy-Rose Blanchard pleaded guilty to second-degree murder in 2016. She received ten years. She was paroled on 28 December 2023, after about eight and a half years in custody.

RECORD **Nicholas Godejohn was convicted in 2018 of first-degree murder and armed criminal action. He was sentenced to life without parole, plus twenty-five years.**

The law, in the end, sorted the night of 10 June 2015 into two very different judgments. The difference between them is itself part of the record. One defendant planned and carried out a stabbing and took the money and ran; the courts gave him the rest of his life. The other defendant let him in. The courts, weighing the documented decade that preceded that act, gave her ten years, of which she served about eight and a half. Neither sentence is this book's to argue with. What is this book's to note is that both sentences were necessary only because every earlier, cheaper, kinder intervention had failed to happen. The criminal justice system was the last institution to meet this family. It was the only one that ever looked at them closely. It arrived, as it usually does in this book, after the body.

RECORD **Gypsy-Rose Blanchard was paroled on 28 December 2023. The date matters to this chapter for one reason only: it closed the last file the system had open on the Blanchard house. The doctors' files, the charities' files, the housing file. Those had all closed years earlier, quietly, without findings. The criminal files were the only ones that ever contained an accurate**

account of the family. They were opened by a murder. A parole date is an unremarkable administrative event. Here it marks the end of the only intervention that ever actually intervened: the one that began with a body, eight and a half years after the plea that followed it, in a case where a decade of gentler systems had produced not one page that described the family truthfully. The woman who walked out on parole in December 2023 was the same woman who had been wheeled through Springfield's clinics and charity events as a child who could not walk. Both of those public facts are in the record. The distance between them is this chapter, and no one in Springfield should be comfortable about how much of that distance was travelled in full view.

What Springfield Buried Here

Springfield did not bury Dee Dee Blanchard. She was found, the case was prosecuted, the sentences were handed down in open court. In the narrow sense, nothing in this chapter was hidden at all. That is precisely what makes it a *What Springfield Buried* chapter. The burial here happened in plain sight, over years, and it was the burial of a living girl inside a false diagnosis.

RECORD For years, Gypsy-Rose Blanchard lived a life her mother had scripted: disabled, medicated, wheeled through the world, presented to doctors and donors and neighbours as a child who could not do the things she could, in fact, do. She was seen constantly and known by almost no one. The real girl (walking, thinking, eventually desperate enough to help arrange her own mother's killing as the exit from that room) was buried under the performed one so completely that when she finally appeared in public on her own two feet, walking unaided beside the police account of a murder, it read

to the world as a plot twist. It was not a plot twist. It was the first accurate public fact about her in years.

And there is a second burial, quieter, and the book will name it without flinching: Dee Dee Blanchard herself is now remembered, almost everywhere this case is told, only as the villain of it. The record assembled here supports the central charge against her without qualification. The abuse is documented, the fraud is documented, the unnecessary procedures are documented. A woman was also stabbed to death in her own home. Her killer will die in prison for it. The system that housed and funded her household for years had exactly as much success protecting her in the end as it had protecting her daughter at the start. Both failures belong to the same ledger. To say the first is not to excuse anything. It is to refuse the simpler story, because the

simpler story is how the next performance gets believed.

The lesson Springfield keeps relearning, in chapter after chapter of this book, is that its institutions are best at responding to the story they are handed. Hand them a fabricated assault in 1906 and they will jail the accused "for their own protection" while a mob warms up. Hand them a brave mother and a dying child in the 2000s and they will open their wallets and their schedules and their housing lists, and ask nothing harder. The tell is never the institution's heart. The tell is whether anyone, anywhere in the chain, was assigned the job of checking. In the Blanchard house, for a decade, no one was. The doctors treated. The charities gave. The neighbours admired. The housing provider housed. And the one person who knew the whole story was the person telling it.

RECORD (about what this chapter cannot say. The dossier assembled for this book establishes the architecture of the Blanchard case) the fraud, the systems it ran on, the killing, the sentences, and it does not establish the interior detail that popular tellings of this case are full of: the

specific diagnoses claimed on specific dates, the named charities and the named sums, the contents of particular hospital visits. Those details circulate widely, but they are not in the record this book verified, and so they are not in this chapter. That restraint is not a lack. It is the chapter's own argument, applied to itself. This case happened because people repeated a story they had not verified, because it arrived in a convincing shape from a convincing teller. A book that proposes to expose that failure does not get to commit it in the telling, not with a living victim, not with a dead woman who cannot correct a single line, not with a man in prison for life whose conviction rests on a record that deserves to be quoted exactly or not at all. What is documented is damning enough. The rest is left where it belongs: in the lane marked *not established here*, which in this

book is a place of honour, not a confession of weakness.

On 14 June 2015, a Facebook post did what ten years of professional and communal attention had not: it made somebody go and look in the house. Everything in this case that was finally true, the walking daughter, the documented abuse, the two prosecutions, the parole, began at that moment and not one hour earlier. The years before it belong, in the record, to the performance and to everyone who applauded it in good faith.

PART ONE — THE GROUND

8

THE MODERN COMPOSITE

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

The Slow Disaster

There is no single morning for this chapter. No fire, no mob, no gunshot that a marker could be bolted down beside. The largest body count in this book accumulated slowly, a death at a time, in a motel room, in a cell, under a bridge, each one small enough to file and forget, until somebody at the Greene County Commission added them up and read the total into the record.

RECORD In Greene County, over the last five years, there have been 581 drug-intoxication deaths, most involving opioids alone or in combination with other drugs. That figure was released by the Greene County Commission on 2 October 2026, the county counting its own dead, in its own words. Five hundred and eighty-one people in five years is roughly 116 a year. It is more Greene County dead than every famous case in this

book combined, several times over. It produced no trials that anyone remembers, no vigils of ten thousand, and no marker anywhere.

RECORD **The wider frame, from the same county release: more than 24,600 Missourians have died of drug overdoses in twenty years. In 2023 alone Missouri recorded 1,948 overdose deaths, more than 70 percent of them involving opioids.**

How It Was Built

RECORD **Before it was a death toll, it was a prescribing rate. Greene County's opioid prescribing rate stood at 143.8 per 100 residents in 2010, against a national figure of 81.2, and it was still 108.9 in 2016, per the City of Springfield's own release. The city recorded its overdose death rate climbing from 17.9 per 100,000 people in 2012 to 31.6 per 100,000 in 2015. The overdose rate for Springfield residents under fifty ran at almost twice the**

national average. The number of opioid-addicted infants born in Springfield surpassed that of any other Missouri city.

Those are the city's and county's own numbers, published by the city and county themselves. No one hid them at the time; they were simply absorbed, year by year, as a town absorbs its weather.

RECORD **Then the supply changed underneath the habit. By the middle of the last decade the deaths were increasingly fentanyl deaths, and increasingly polysubstance deaths, fentanyl and methamphetamine together. Missouri's Department of Health and Senior Services, in its Greene County fact sheet covering 2018–2022, counted 135 fatal overdoses in the county in 2022: nearly three-quarters caused by opioids, fentanyl involved in 64 percent, methamphetamine in 61 percent. The county medical examiner has identified that meth-plus-fentanyl pattern as the leading local**

overdose category. A secondary compilation of official figures puts Greene County's 2023 overdose deaths at 113.

RECORD The scale of what was moving through the county can be read in a single comparison, carried in a letter from Senator Josh Hawley to federal drug officials: heroin seizures in Springfield rose from roughly 400 grams in 2015 to over 4,000 grams in 2016. In a single week, Greene County saw 40 overdoses attributed to a suspected fentanyl batch, with four deaths.

RECORD **And then, in October 2026, the money arrived, a fraction of it. The Greene County Commission awarded $257,822 in opioid-settlement funds to six local organisations. The settlements behind that money were the national ones, struck in 2021–22 with the distributors McKesson, Cardinal Health, and AmerisourceBergen, the manufacturer Janssen, the pharmacy chains CVS, Walgreens, and Walmart, and the drugmakers Teva and Allergan.**

Missouri's participating governments may receive up to $900 million over eighteen years. Against 581 dead in five years in one county, the first local award works out to a few hundred dollars a death. The book does not offer that arithmetic as an accusation; the settlements were not designed as compensation for the dead. It offers it as scale. This is what the largest killing field in modern Greene County is worth, settled, on paper.

RECORD, and a note of change, stated as carefully as it deserves. A commercial treatment-sector summary, citing KSMU reporting from February 2026, reports that Southwest Missouri recorded a 53 percent decline in overdose deaths in the first half of 2025 compared with the same period in 2024, attributed to expanded harm reduction and treatment access. That figure reaches this book second-hand and has not been verified against the state health department's own tables. It is printed here in its proper lane, reported, attributed, unconfirmed, because if it holds, it is the first good number in this chapter. The people doing the harm-reduction work that

produced it deserve to have it said accurately rather than loudly.

The Jail

RECORD The Greene County Jail sits at the other end of the same pipeline. The drugs moved through the county; the county arrested people, as counties do, for the drugs and for everything that travels with them; and some of the arrested did not come out.

The documented cluster begins early. **RECORD:** Winston Eugene Holt, a federal prisoner held in the jail, died of a heart attack there in July 2005. His widow's federal civil-rights suit alleged that medical staff knew of his heart conditions and took inadequate action. The suit settled on 3 June 2009 for $75,000, half from the county, half from Doctor's Hospital and the former jail doctor, David Weems. The county denied liability. That is the template, set nearly twenty years before the recent deaths: a death, an allegation, a settlement, a denial, a closed file.



The Old Calaboose, Springfield’s historic city jail (1891), at dusk — the only jail Springfield ever built that still stands. It is NOT the modern Greene County Jail and not a site of the 2023–24 deaths; no public-license photograph of the modern jail exists.

Gillsfan01, 'The Old Calaboose, Springfield', CC BY-SA 3.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Old_calaboose_Springfield,_Missouri.JPG)

RECORD **Then came the winter of 2023–24: four deaths in four months, as reported by the *Springfield News-Leader*. Austin Bond, thirty-two, died on 12 November, after what was reported as a seizure, he fell from a bunk. Jeffrey L. Gilmore, forty-four, died on 5 December, of an**

unspecified medical issue. Michael Hill, forty-nine, died in January, found unresponsive in his cell. And Darrell Thorne died in March.

Darrell Thorne

Darrell Thorne's death is the most fully documented in the cluster. It is documented in a way that should make any reader of this book sit up, because the record of his death corrected itself, in public, in stages, and each stage was worse than the one before.

RECORD Thorne was booked into the Greene County Jail on 11 March 2024, on a trespassing charge. He kicked out a patrol-car window. He was combative. A nurse determined he was overdosing. He was placed in a restraint chair. He was given Narcan, and CPR. He died in hospital five days later.

RECORD **His death was first publicly framed as an overdose. Then the medical examiner ruled, and Sheriff Jim Arnott himself announced the ruling at a press**

conference in April 2024: the death was accidental, mechanical asphyxia during forcible restraint, with methamphetamine use, arteriosclerosis, and hypertensive heart disease as contributing conditions. Read that sequence plainly. The first account the public received named the dead man's own body as the cause. The autopsy named the restraint.

RECORD At that same press conference, the sheriff noted that the jail's restraint chair had been used more than 300 times in 2023. That he had asked the county prosecutor to review the death. Ten staff members were placed on leave. By 22 May 2024, the *News-Leader* reported, eight of the ten had returned to work, in different roles. One had left employment; the sheriff called the departure a personnel matter and gave no detail. The prosecutor's review was still pending at that reporting. There was also, the earlier reporting notes, an outside-agency investigation.

[Thorne's age is reported inconsistently in the sources, 54 in the *News-Leader*, 53 in KWTO's medical-examiner coverage. The

conflict is carried unresolved, here and in the fact-check fragment, because the record assembled for this book does not settle it.]

RECORD, about the record. And there the public trail stops. The prosecutor's final decision on the Thorne death was not retrieved by this book's research, not in the first round, not in the second, two years on. A man died restrained in the county's jail; the county's sheriff announced, on camera, that he had sent the death to the county's prosecutor for review; and the disposition of that review is not readily findable in the public record this research could reach. Under this book's governing principle, that absence is not a gap in the chapter. It is a finding in it. The paper should exist. It does not surface. What the gap protects is whatever the review concluded, in either direction. If the review cleared everyone, its publication would cost the county nothing and end the question. It has not been produced where a researcher can find it. The book states that plainly, in the record lane, because the hole is checkable even where the answer is not.

RECORD **The cluster did not end with Thorne. Jessica McManis, forty, became**

unresponsive during a medical request at the Greene County Jail and died in hospital, as KWTO reported on 13 March 2025. Few details were published. The medical examiner investigated. As of the reporting assembled here, that is nearly all the public record holds of her death, a name, an age, a medical request, a hospital, a date. She is in this book because a death in custody that generates almost no paper is not a smaller death. It is the same size, with less said.

The County That Sued Its Auditor

The jail does not sit outside the county's wider institutional story; it sits inside it. The wider story is documented in court.

RECORD In 2017, State Auditor Nicole Galloway received a whistleblower complaint alleging Greene County had misused public resources to advocate for the half-cent sales tax on the 7 November 2017 ballot, county employees allegedly asked to advocate, PAC donations allegedly accepted in county offices. Eleven

more complaints followed. The Greene County Commission delayed and refused to authorise the audit, and hired a private law firm. Sheriff Arnott sued the Auditor, in late December 2017 and January 2018, seeking the whistleblower complaints under the Sunshine Law. The Auditor's office said the suit "appears to be an effort to discover the identities of whistleblowers."

RECORD **The Missouri Ethics Commission, on 26 April 2018, fined the county $100 for incorrectly disclosing who paid for informational pamphlets. The complaints against individuals (Presiding Commissioner Bob Cirtin, Sheriff Arnott, and Commissioner Lincoln Hough, with Hough expressly cleared of any role) were dismissed because the county entered a consent order. After the Commission's composition changed in January 2019, the audit was authorised and began that summer. In December 2019, Cole County Judge Jon Beetem ruled against the sheriff: whistleblowers may remain**

anonymous unless they consent. The sheriff said he would not appeal. The eventual audit rated county government "good" overall, and found more than $18,000 in questionable or unnecessary 2018 disbursements, including $15,000 for employee appreciation and $3,000 in highway-department Christmas gift cards, a practice since discontinued.

Set the two stories side by side, because they are one story. A county that went to court to learn the names of the people who had complained about it. A county jail whose dead are announced in stages. Neither is a conspiracy. Both are the same institutional reflex, documented in the county's own proceedings: protect the record of the institution first, and let the facts arrive later, in the order that costs least.

The Street

RECORD **The third panel of this chapter has no walls at all. Affordable housing and homelessness have been continuous "red**

flags" in Springfield's Community Focus Report since 2004, twenty years of the same flag, raised by the city's own reporting, in the city's own documents. Community Partnership of the Ozarks puts the local deficit at about 8,960 affordable housing units. Service providers describe the unsheltered population as having roughly tripled since the start of COVID, with not enough shelter beds to meet the need coming in. The Crisis Cold Weather Shelter system described by its own advocates as "a Band-Aid for a much larger problem."

RECORD Estimates of the unsheltered population itself conflict widely, from roughly 1,000 to an advocate's street census of roughly 3,000, including families and children. Both figures are estimates, not counts, and are printed as such.

RECORD, about what is not counted. **No official Springfield or Greene County count of deaths of unsheltered people was**

found by this book's research. Not a contested count. Not a low count. None. The county can tell you, to the dollar, what it awarded in opioid-settlement funds. It cannot tell you how many of the people sleeping outside in it die in a year. Under the principle this book runs on, that hole is a finding too: a population the record does not enumerate cannot embarrass the record.

SAID, allegation and denial, kept in their lanes. In February 2023, the *Springfield Daily Citizen* reported that unsheltered people cleared from encampments by the Greene County Sheriff's Office said they had been given only a couple of minutes to gather their belongings. That what they could not carry was burned. The campers alleged that deputies lit the fires. Sheriff Arnott denied, in a Facebook post, that his office was responsible for the fires, and refused interview requests, answering one request, per KSMU's headline of 9 March 2023, "No thanks." A more detailed account from four witnesses reached print through a pastor-advocate, published by an advocacy outlet, and is flagged here as exactly that. The allegation is an

allegation. The denial is a denial. Both are on the record, and the refusal to sit for an interview is on the record too. What is not an allegation is the contrast the same reporting documented: Springfield's own police department's policy is a minimum of twenty-four hours' notice before clearing a camp, with outreach to aid organisations. The county's campers described a couple of minutes. Those two numbers, twenty-four hours, a couple of minutes, are the whole dispute in miniature, and each side's version of it is preserved above in its own lane.

RECORD An earlier city clearance, in April 2021, under the Chestnut Expressway bridge near OTC, displaced about a dozen campers at that site and about fifty people that spring, under the city's 2014 protocol.

RECORD, one life, because the chapter owes the street at least one name. The *Springfield Daily Citizen* profiled Ronnie Morris, a deaf man, homeless since 2019, sleeping under a downtown bridge with his fiancée, in late 2024. He died on 31 May, 2025, per the report's context, at sixty-four. [That detail reaches this book through a mirror of the Citizen's story and is flagged in the fact-check fragment for verification against the original before print.] A man can be profiled

by his city's newspaper, die under its bridges at sixty-four, and still not be part of any count the city keeps of such deaths. He is part of this one.

The Composite

That is why this chapter is a composite. The overdose dead, the jail dead. The uncounted dead of the street are usually filed in three different offices, under three different headings, by three different sets of officials. The filing is the trick, because filed separately, none of them is a disaster. Together they are the modern history of Greene County: 581 drug-intoxication deaths in five years by the county's own count; four deaths in four months inside its jail, one of them a man restrained in a chair that had been used more than 300 times the year before; a prosecutor's decision on that death that two years of research could not retrieve; a county government that sued its state

auditor for the names of whistleblowers; and a street population that has tripled, by its providers' account, under an affordable-housing deficit of some 8,960 units that the city's own focus reports have flagged since 2004.

Springfield has buried people with ceremony in this book. It has buried them with silence. The modern dead are buried with paperwork, most of it accurate, some of it staged. The most important piece of it, in the case of a man who died in a restraint chair in the county's custody, missing from the public trail altogether. The disaster is slow. The record, where it exists, is not. What is known is said here as known, what is documented is said as documented, and what could not be found is named as not found, which, in this chapter more than any other, is not the same thing as not there.

PART ONE — THE GROUND

9

THE GROUND ITSELF

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

What the City Is Standing On

Every other chapter in this book is about something Springfield did, or failed to do, to people. This one is about the ground, because in Springfield the ground is not innocent either. The city burned its own centre flat in a single morning and rebuilt on the ashes. It took the creek that runs through its downtown, a creek that had flooded at least nine times in sixty-five years, and entombed it in concrete under the streets. And a generation before that, it closed its first cemetery, announced that the dead had been moved, and built houses and a parking lot over the ones who hadn't.

None of this is legend. All of it is documented. The horror of this chapter is not that Springfield hides its ground. It is that Springfield walks on it, every day, in the open, and has simply agreed not to think about what is down there.

The Morning the Square Burned

RECORD **In the early morning of 9 June 1913, between 5:00 and 5:20 a.m., in the record's best estimate, fire broke out in the basement of Heer's department store, on Park Central Square. The believed cause was broken insulation on a 500-volt wire.**

Heer's was the Square's anchor: the great dry-goods store of a booming railroad city, standing on the ground where this book's author now lives. What followed in the next hours erased a quarter of the city's heart. The fire wiped out the entire northeast quarter of the Square and roughly fifty downtown businesses. Losses exceeded $500,000, over $12 million in today's money.

RECORD **The *Springfield Republican* called it the "City's Worst Fire." The National Register nomination for the store that**

replaced it calls the 1913 fire the "most disastrous in Springfield history." Both judgments have held for more than a century. If a Springfieldian of a certain age says "the fire," this is the one they mean, the morning the Square itself burned.

RECORD, worded precisely, because the record requires it. No deaths were reported in the Great Fire. That statement is carried here exactly as the sources carry it: it rests on the *Springfield Daily Citizen*'s 2025 anniversary summary, a secondary source, and the dossier behind this book flags it accordingly. "No deaths" is a *reported* fact, not one proven to a primary standard. A fire that consumed fifty businesses in the small hours, in an era of rooming houses and night staff and live-in clerks, leaving no reported dead at all, is either a mercy or a gap. The book prints what the record says and labels the strength of it, and leaves the seam showing, because that is the rule for every number in these pages. What is certain is the material fact: the northeast quarter of Park Central Square ceased to exist in a morning. The city's commercial centre had to be invented again from the ground up.

It was not even the Square's first burning. RECORD: in February 1867, the Square's northwest corner had burned, the Union Press, a grocery, a saloon, a stagecoach barn, two warehouses, and a row of cabins in the Jordan Valley. The Square that burned in 1913 was itself, in part, a replacement for an earlier Square that had burned in 1867. Fire is not an interruption in this ground's history. It is one of its recurring conditions.

RECORD What rose from the 1913 ashes says something honest about the city, and the book will say it plainly because the record supports it: Springfield rebuilt, and rebuilt grandly. Heer's rose again on the site of the old courthouse, a seven-storey terra-cotta store that opened in September 1915 to 21,000 visitors on its first day. Twenty-one thousand people came to walk through a department store on the ground where fifty businesses had burned twenty-seven months earlier. That is not amnesia, exactly. It is the other Springfield reflex, the twin of the silence: rebuild on top, promptly, and let the new floor be the answer to the old fire. The rebuilt Heer's still stands on the Square. People shop and work

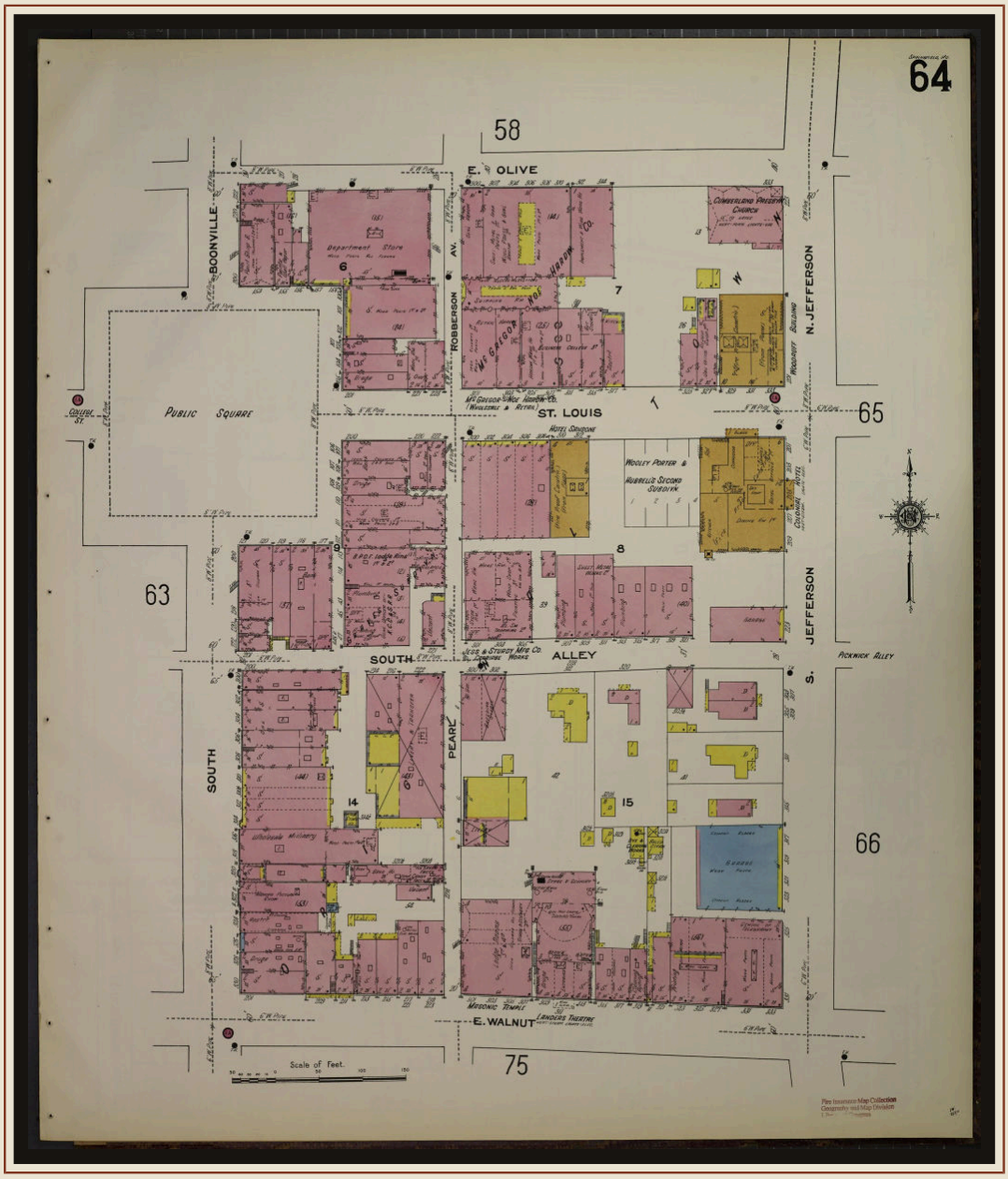
and live around it. The fire that made it necessary is a date in a nomination form.



Heer’s Building under construction on the Public Square, 1915 — the block Sheet 64 drew, rising again two years after it burned.

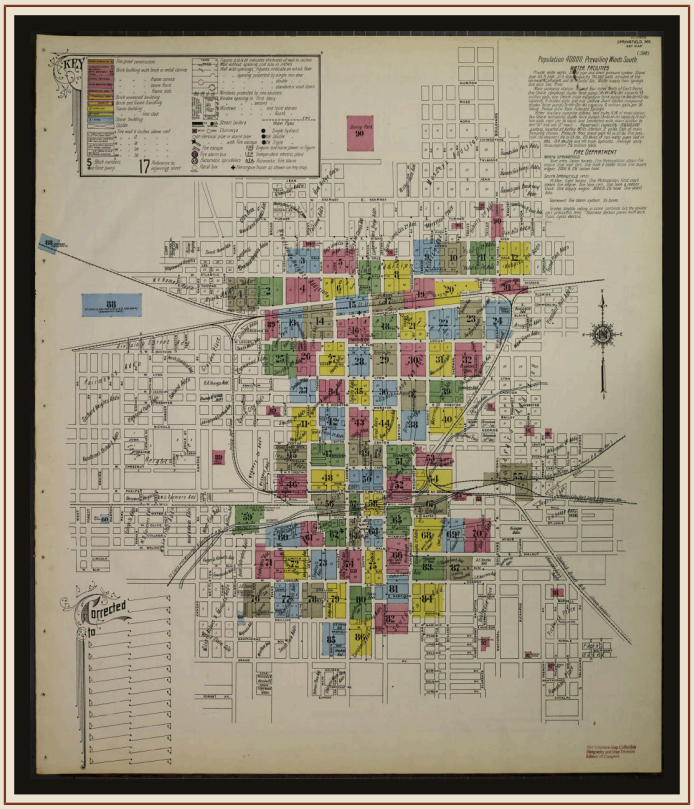
Public domain (author unknown).

The Sanborn fire-insurance maps let a reader see the "before" with a surveyor's cold precision. In 1910, three years before the fire, the insurance surveyors drew the Square block by block: the Heer's block on the northeast quarter, footprint by footprint, the very buildings the fire would take. Those maps were made so that insurers could price the risk of exactly what then happened. They survive. The buildings do not. [The plates fragment for this chapter recommends Sheet 64 of that atlas as the chapter's central image: the lost quarter of the Square, drawn complete, three years before it burned.]



Sanborn fire-insurance map, 1910, Sheet 64 — the Public Square and the Heer’s block, building by building, drawn three years before the fire of 9 June 1913.

Public domain — Library of Congress, Geography & Map Division. Courtesy credit shown.



The Sanborn atlas key map — how the atlas, and the city it surveyed, fit together.

Public domain — Library of Congress, Geography & Map Division. Courtesy credit shown.

The River in the Basement

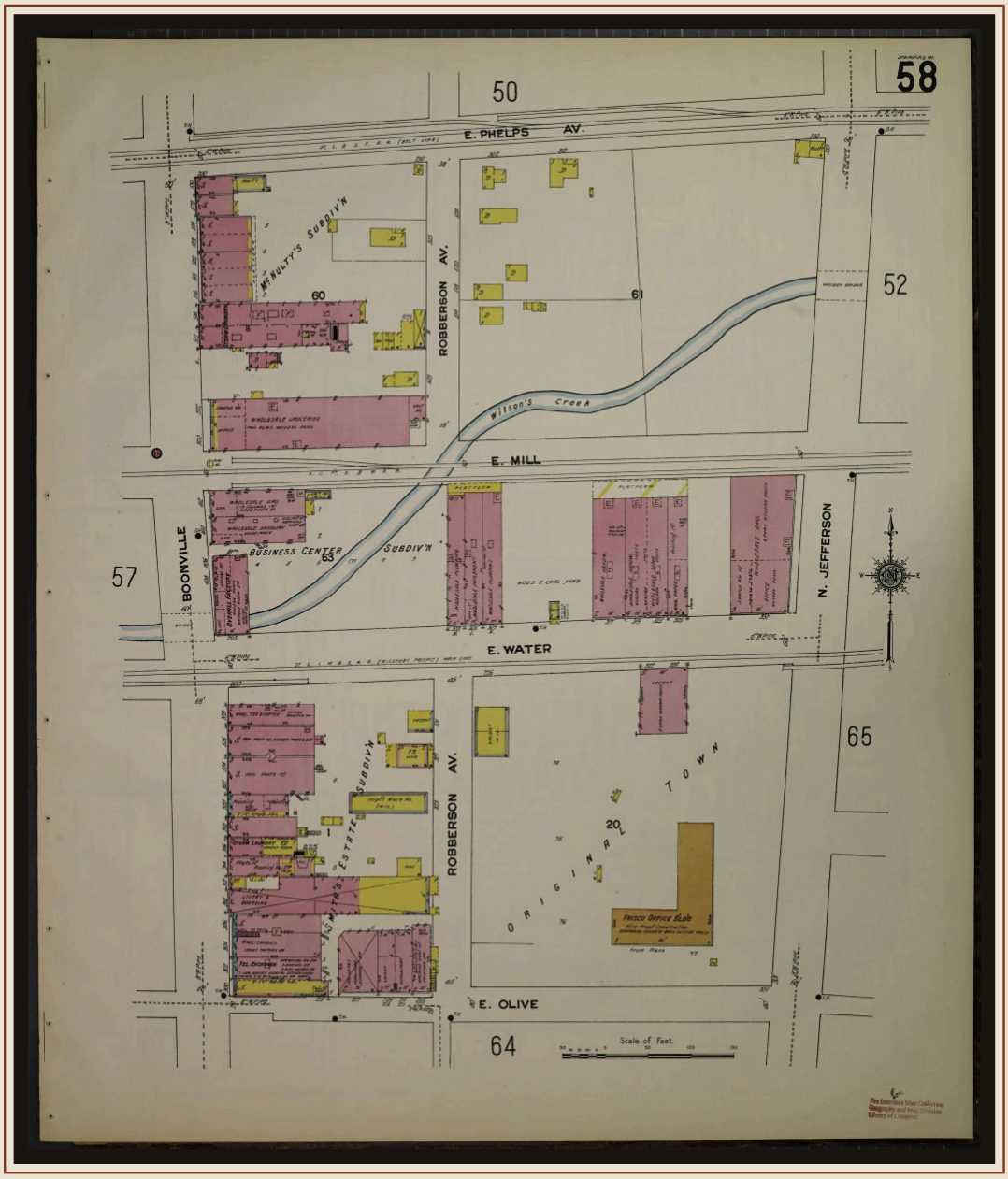
RECORD **Jordan Creek runs through downtown Springfield. Or rather, and the correction is the story, Jordan Creek runs *under* downtown Springfield, in concrete,**

beneath the streets and the buildings and the Square's own valley.

Before it was buried, it was a problem the city could set its calendar by. **RECORD:** Jordan Creek flooded at least nine times between 1844 and 1909. The overnight storm of July 1909 dropped more than six and a half inches of rain and produced, to that date, the most economically damaging flood in the creek's recorded history (with, the record notes, no human deaths. The creek kept coming up out of its banks into the Jordan Valley, into the cabins and warehouses of the city's low ground) the same valley whose cabins had burned in 1867. The city's eventual answer was not to leave the creek alone, or to leave the valley.

The answer was to bury the creek.

RECORD Jordan Creek was boxed in concrete in 1928, and further entombed after the record flood of 1932. A flood that arrived, it should be noted, *after* the boxing had already begun, the creek announcing from inside its first concrete that the argument was not finished. Downtown Springfield sits over a buried creek. That sentence, which sounds like the premise of a horror novel, is a documented fact of municipal engineering, sourced to the city's own stormwater history.



Sanborn, 1910, Sheet 58 — Jordan Creek, under its period name "Wilson's Creek," drawn as open blue water between Boonville and Jefferson. That reach is now entombed in concrete.

Public domain — Library of Congress, Geography & Map Division. Courtesy credit shown.

RECORD The burial did not retire the water. In the present day, Jordan Creek and Wilson Creek flash-flood warnings for Greene County recur every spring, the National Weather Service issuing, year after year, warnings over the same buried-creek geography the city concreted in 1928. No Springfield-specific flood death toll for recent years was found by this book's research. None is asserted here; the gap is stated, not filled. What is documented is the persistence: the creek is under the streets, the warnings are over the streets, and the two facts coexist every spring without anyone in Springfield finding the arrangement strange. The 1910 Sanborn atlas shows the other Springfield, Sheet 58 draws the creek as open blue water, under its period name "Wilson's Creek," crossing Mill and Water streets between Boonville and Jefferson, two blocks from the Square, in daylight, on the

map, where anyone could see it. Today that reach is concrete. The map is the memory. The city kept the map and buried the creek.

This is the purest form of the pattern this whole book documents, because here there is no villain and no victim with a name. Only a municipal decision, made for understandable reasons, whose consequence is permanent and faintly uncanny: a river flows beneath the downtown of a city that mostly forgets it is there, and reminds the city, every spring, that burial is not the same as gone.

The Bones Under Campbell Avenue

RECORD **The Old City Cemetery stood at the southwest corner of Mount Vernon, Campbell, South, and State, close ground, city ground, the burying place of Springfield's first generations. It had already seen war: during the Battle of Springfield on 8 January 1863, Union soldiers used the gravestones of the Old**

City Cemetery as cover while the fight ran through the town's own streets. Men fought behind the headstones of their own city's dead. Then, in 1876, the cemetery was closed. Its bodies were *supposed* to have been moved, to Hazelwood Cemetery, dedicated on 26 October 1867 out on East Seminole, sixty acres, the city's oldest surviving cemetery; and to Maple Park Cemetery, established in 1876 off West Grand, where Davis Tutt and, later, Baby Keet would be buried.

That word, *supposed*, is doing the heaviest work in this chapter. It is the record's own word, not this book's embroidery.

RECORD **In the 1930s, more than half a century after the cemetery closed and the removals were declared complete, workmen digging water and gas lines kept uncovering human bones. On Campbell Avenue, in October 1930 among other occasions, the digging for the ordinary**

infrastructure of a modern city turned up the dead of the old one: unmarked graves, and graves whose stones had been stolen, that were never moved at all. They had been under the street the whole time. They had been under the street while the street was paved, while houses rose on the cemetery's ground, while the neighbourhood filled in over them. The site of the Old City Cemetery is now a residential area and a parking lot.

Consider what the sequence actually is, stated without a single invented detail. A city buries its dead in ground it consecrates for the purpose. Within living memory of many of those burials, the city closes the ground, certifies the dead removed, and sells or builds over the plot. The certification is wrong, not maliciously, as far as any record retrieved for this book shows, but wrong in the way of all hurried paperwork: the unmarked were missed because they were unmarked. The stones that might have testified for the others had been stolen, and no one whose job it was to know could say afterward who, exactly, was still down there. Then the truth arrives the only way buried truth ever arrives in

Springfield: accidentally, in a trench, in front of workmen, who keep finding bones while laying pipe. And even then, nothing was un-built. The neighbourhood stayed. The parking lot stayed. The dead stayed where the digging found them, under a residential street, in a city that had already held the ceremony of moving them once and did not care to hold it again.

RECORD, about what does not exist. No photograph of the Old City Cemetery's ground as a burial place survives in any public holding this book's research could find, and no public-license photograph of the site exists at all. The ground itself is the only evidence. The ground is houses and a parking lot. The absence is not a research failure; it is the completion of the erasure. First the stones were stolen. Then the removals missed the graves. Then the century paved the lot. A chapter about this cemetery has almost nothing to show the reader, because showing was

never the point of what was done to it. Forgetting was.



Maple Park Cemetery — Springfield’s other historic cemetery. No photograph of the Old City Cemetery exists; its ground is houses and a parking lot. This is Maple Park, and it is captioned as nothing else.

Public domain (author unknown).

One Ground, Three Burials

Lay the chapter's three stories over one another and they are the same story told in three materials.

The fire: Springfield's centre burned to the ground in a morning in 1913, and the city rebuilt on the site within two years, seven storeys of terra cotta, 21,000 visitors on opening day, the new floor laid directly over the ashes.

The creek: Springfield's river flooded nine times in sixty-five years. The city boxed it in concrete and built its downtown on top of the box, and the river, being a river, still rises every spring against the inside of its tomb.

The cemetery: Springfield's first dead were declared moved in 1876. The declaration was wrong, and workmen found the proof in their trenches in the 1930s. The city kept the houses and the parking lot and the quiet.

Ash, water, bone. The ground of Springfield is not haunted, in any sense this book is prepared to assert, this book asserts nothing it cannot source. But the ground of Springfield is *occupied*, in the plainest documentary sense: occupied by a burned quarter rebuilt without a pause,

by a living creek in a concrete coffin, and by an unknown number of the city's first dead, unmarked and unmoved, under Campbell Avenue, in a neighbourhood where people park their cars. Other chapters of this book ask what Springfield did to the people in them. This one only asks the reader to notice where they are standing while they read it.

If you live downtown, and this book's author does, on the edge of the Square that burned, you are standing on all three burials at once. The city did not hide that. It just built over it, which, in Springfield, amounts to the same thing with better paperwork.



The 1908 Map of Springfield, by G. D. Weeks — the whole city in one artifact, five years before the fire.

Public domain. Photo courtesy Greene County Archives & Records Center (courtesy credit recommended).

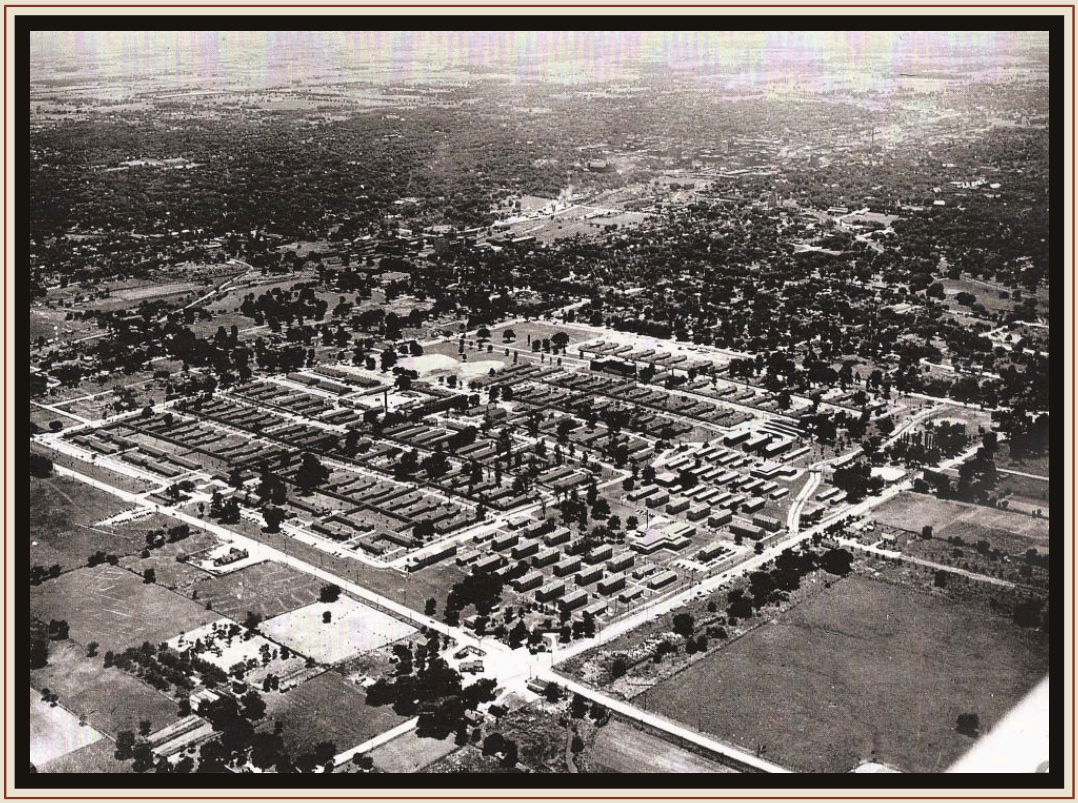
PART ONE — THE GROUND

10

THE MANUFACTURED HAUNTING

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Springfield sells ghosts.



The O’Reilly General Hospital city around the Pythian Home, 1940s — the entire federal hospital sprawled around the castle, photographed by U.S. Army T/Sgt. Edward Hurcomb.

Public domain — U.S. Army (T/Sgt. Edward Hurcomb), via the Pythian Home NRHP nomination. Courtesy credit shown.

It sells them at a stone castle on Pythian Street, where tours move through the basement in the dark. It sells them at a theatre on Walnut, where the story of a man who died in a fire is still told more than a century after the fire, a fire in which, on the record, nobody died. It sells them, more quietly, at a cave north of town, where

the documented past needs no ghost at all: for years in the 1920s the cave was a speakeasy, and then it was a meeting hall of the Ku Klux Klan.

This chapter is about the difference between what Springfield charges admission to be frightened of and what Springfield actually did. The method is the book's method. What is documented is marked RECORD. What is only said, by guides, by lore sites, by people repeating what they were told, is marked SAID. What is folklore is marked LEGEND, and where a legend has been disproven, this chapter says so in plain words. The hauntings fail that test almost completely. The record underneath them does not. That is the finding: Springfield invents its ghosts. It invents them, again and again, in the exact places where the documented truth was already worse than anything a tour could script.

The castle

RECORD **Pythian Castle stands at 1451 East Pythian Street. It was built in 1911–13 by the Knights of Pythias, of Carthage stone, and opened in 1914 as the Pythian Home of Missouri. A home, that is, for the order's widows, its orphans, and its elderly members. Even the building's price will not sit still in the sources: figures of roughly $100,000 and roughly $150,000 both appear, and this book prints the range rather than picking the rounder or the grander number. The castle was listed on the National Register of Historic Places in October 2009 and opened to the public in 2010 by its owner, Tamara Finocchiaro.**

RECORD In 1942 the United States military took the building by what the record calls an "Order of Immediate Possession." The castle became Building 501 of the O'Reilly General Hospital complex. Its documented wartime use was as an Enlisted Men's

Service Club, a rehabilitation and entertainment space for injured American soldiers. German and Italian prisoners of war were treated and held within the wider O'Reilly system. That much is paper. A hospital city rose around the castle; wounded men were entertained inside it; enemy prisoners passed through the system it belonged to. It is a strange enough history, and it is true.

LEGEND **What the tours sell is something else: prisoner-of-war cells, a dungeon, an interrogation room in the basement. Set beside the documented use, a service club, the "POW prison" framing is largely tour lore. The castle's basement held what a service club's basement holds. The interrogation room is not in the record; it is in the script.**

The death count shows the same inflation at work. **RECORD, with the conflict stated:** sources give the deaths on the property as "80-plus," as "over 100," and as "105 documented," two of them children. Three numbers, no agreement. A responsible telling cannot choose one, because choosing one would be manufacturing a fact, the very practice this chapter

exists to name. What can be said is that the building housed the old, the orphaned, and the war-wounded across three decades. That people died in it the way people die in such places. The lore sites go further, and the further they go the thinner they get: claims of hundreds of suicides, and of torture, circulate on low-quality haunting sites and are unproven. No source this book could stand behind supports them. They are printed here only to be refused.



Pythian Castle as it presents today — the tour product's castle, printed against the orphanage-and-hospital record.

JERRYE & ROY KLOTZ MD, 'Pythian Castle (Pythian Home of Missouri)', CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:PYTHIAN_HOME_OF_MISSOURI,_GREENE_COUNTY,_MO.jpg)

The named spirits refuse just as cleanly. LEGEND: "Mr. Boots," an aggressive

presence said to occupy the boiler-room tunnel. LEGEND: shadow figures. LEGEND: soldier apparitions, and phenomena in the children's dormitory. None of it is documented; all of it is sold. Notice the shape of the transaction. The real children of the Pythian Home, orphans, housed by a fraternal order in a stone castle, left a thin paper trail and no gift shop. The invented children, the ones who supposedly still cry in the dormitory, work every weekend. Springfield did not preserve the orphans. It merchandised their ghosts.



The Landers Theatre, 311 East Walnut — the working theatre. Its December 1920 fire killed no one (the *Leader*/KSMU date is 18 December; a library postcard page says 17); the janitor-ghost tale is the manufactured part.

Rob Kinney, 'Landers Theatre façade, 311 E. Walnut', CC BY-SA 3.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Landers_Facade_311_E_Walnut.JPG)

The theatre

RECORD **The Landers Theatre, at 311 East Walnut, opened on 18 September 1909. In December 1920 it burned. The sources do not even agree on the day: the fire is dated 17 December in one account and 18 December in another (the *Springfield***

Leader, as carried by KSMU, supports the 18th; a library source gives the 17th) and this book flags the disagreement rather than laundering it into a single confident date. What the record does agree on is the event itself. Around 12:45 p.m. a boiler explosion, a coal fire, broke out in the basement. The fire burned the stage and the dressing rooms. The pipe organ, valued at $7,500, was lost, and fifty tons of coal with it. An asbestos curtain saved the auditorium. The theatre closed for about two years, and then it reopened, and it stands and works today.



The Landers marquee — the manufactured haunting's shopfront: what is actually for sale at the Landers today.

Rob Kinney, 'Landers Theatre marquee', CC BY-SA 3.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Landers_Marquee_311_E_Walnut.JPG)

RECORD, and a correction this book is glad to print in full: nobody died in that fire. No one. Not a performer, not a patron, not a member of the staff.

LEGEND, disproven. The beloved version, the one Springfield has told for generations, is that a janitor died in the 1920 fire and haunts the Landers still. It is false. KSMU reported on 31 October 2014, citing the *Springfield Leader*, that the fire was real and that no one was killed in it. The janitor is the single most useful

correction in Springfield's whole haunting catalogue, because he is not a matter of interpretation. He is not a cold spot or a voice on a recording that might be something else. He is a specific dead man, with a specific job and a specific death, and he never existed. Springfield mourned him, feared him, and sold tickets on him for decades. There was never anybody there.

He does not stand alone in the building. The Landers lore, taken together, is a catalogue of the undocumented. **LEGEND:** a baby dropped from the balcony, whose cries are still heard, comforted by its mother in an endless loop. **LEGEND:** a tall blonde figure in Elizabethan dress in a fourth-floor window, seen only from the street. **LEGEND:** a green orb, and a thing called the "Black Void." **SAID:** a stagehand is said, in a convention-and-visitors-bureau guide, to have hanged himself from the rigging. A claim carried by a tourism publication, with no death record produced beneath it. Not one of these stories arrives with a name, a date, and a document attached. They arrive with a tour.

And then there is the story that gives this chapter its title.

RECORD about a LEGEND. Among the Landers tales is one of a man stabbed in the theatre's segregated second balcony. Its teller is known. He is Chuck Rogers, a stage designer. Rogers admits that he invented it himself. Read that again, because it is the rarest sentence in the entire literature of haunting: a ghost story whose own author stands up and says he made it up. The stabbing did not happen. The balcony, in the years when it was segregated, held real Springfieldians enduring a real humiliation, Black patrons routed to separate seating in their own city's theatre, a documented arrangement of the era and no legend at all. Onto that true and ugly fact, a invented murder was grafted, because a murder is more marketable than a seating policy. The invented stabbing gets retold. The segregation that made the balcony a separate place to begin with gets a clause. That exchange, a fabricated death traded for a documented indignity, the fake horror kept and the real one footnoted, is the manufactured haunting in miniature. Rogers, to his credit, confessed. The story is still told.

Rogers also left a second account, from the 1990s, of a man vanishing in the

Landers lobby. SAID: that is his testimony, one man's report of what he believed he saw, and this book labels it exactly that, a report, not a record. The distinction matters, and it costs nothing to keep. A man may report what he saw. A city may not promote the report into a death certificate.

For contrast, Springfield owns a theatre with a real corpse in its record. It is instructive how little the legend industry has made of him. **RECORD:** at the Gillioz Theatre, opened in 1926, a projectionist died at his post on New Year's Eve 1962, before a midnight screening. No source retrieved states the cause of his death, and this book does not invent one. **LEGEND** has gathered around him since the 1960s, along with a ghost boy in a newsboy outfit and a woman in a yellow dress. But notice: the Gillioz death is a fact, so the lore stays modest. It is at the Landers, where the record is empty, where nobody died at all, that the haunting grows lush. Emptiness is the better soil. A documented death can be checked, and checking is bad for business.

The cave

RECORD **Fantastic Caverns was discovered in 1862, by John Knox's dog, in the standard account, and kept secret through the Civil War for fear the cave would be exploited for saltpeter. It was first explored in February 1867 by twelve women of the Springfield Women's Athletic Club, who carved their names in the rock. Hold onto that image, because it is the cave's best true story and nobody sells it: twelve women, underground, in 1867, signing the stone.**



The Hall of Giants, Fantastic Caverns — the cave’s real geology.

Public domain. Photographer: Nfarrow.

RECORD After Prohibition began in 1920, the cave was turned into a speakeasy. KSMU documents what happened in the big room, the auditorium: "drinking and gambling and all sorts of carousing," with a foot trail built in to reach it. After several years, local law enforcement shut it down. A cave is a nearly perfect illegal bar, one entrance, no windows, sound swallowed by stone. Springfield used it as one, in the open secret way that speakeasies were used everywhere. That is documented. It needs no embellishment.



Fantastic Caverns — a general view of the cave (photographed 31 May 2010).

Matt Howry, 'Fantastic Caverns', CC BY 2.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Fantastic_Caverns.jpg)

RECORD, and here the cave stops being colourful and starts being the darkest page in this chapter. The Ku Klux Klan held meetings in the cave's "Grand Ballroom." Even the dates will not agree. The disagreement is flagged rather than resolved: Wikipedia gives the Klan as owning the cave from 1924 to 1930; a showcaves timeline gives Klan meetings running from 1925 to 1937. Ownership or meetings, ending in 1930 or in 1937, the sources conflict on the frame. They do not

conflict on the fact. The Klan met in the cave.

And not in secret shame, which is the part a modern reader most needs to sit with. KSMU and Missouri State historian Brooks Blevins describe the 1920s Ozarks Klan as a movement of middle-class, "respectable" men, anti-union, fighting the era's culture wars, publicly endorsing candidates for office. The Fantastic Caverns meetings were a well-publicized staple of that Klan's life. Well-publicized. The hoods met in a commercial show cave. It was advertising, not exposure. The men who filed into the Grand Ballroom were not Springfield's outcasts. They were, by the account of the historian who studies them, its respectable class. The men who sat on the other side of every counter in town.

No period photograph of the Klan in the cave exists in any source this research could find. The Klan years at Fantastic Caverns are documented in text only. Consider what that means for the haunting economy. The cave today is sold as a wonder, geology, formations, a ride-through tour, and latterly folded into the region's general haunted-season

atmosphere. Its ghosts, such as they are marketed, are generic. But the cave does not need a ghost, because the cave has a record. The record is this: within living memory of people still alive when the tours were already running, an organization built on terror held its meetings in the big room. The town's respectable men were the membership. There is no orb in any cave in Missouri more frightening than a minutes-book that was never kept secret.

None of this is a folk accident, passed mouth to mouth by accident. **RECORD:** the manufacture has a distribution arm. Springfield's own convention and visitors bureau publishes a haunted guide to the city, the stagehand on the Landers rigging reaches the public through that official channel. The library's own haunted-Springfield materials circulate the same catalogue. The lore is not merely tolerated by the city's institutions; it is typeset by them. A janitor who never died thus acquires something no real Springfield victim of his era reliably got: an official publisher. The dead of the poor farm got numbers. The janitor got a guidebook.

What the ghosts are for

Step back from the three addresses and the pattern is plain. It is the pattern of this whole book, run in reverse.

Everywhere else in these pages, Springfield's failure is a failure to keep the record: markers unbuilt for 113 years, ledgers lost, verdicts unretrieved, names buried under numbers. Here the failure is the opposite and the same. At the castle, the theatre, and the cave, Springfield kept the stories and discarded the facts. It remembered a janitor who never died and forgot the orphans who actually lived in the dormitories above the boiler room. It remembered a stabbing its own teller confessed to inventing and reduced the segregated balcony, real people, real exclusion, in the same room, to set dressing. It turned a Klan hall into a family attraction and let the words "Grand Ballroom" go back to sounding innocent. The hauntings are not a distraction from the buried history. They are one of the burial methods. A ghost is a story a town can sell instead of a fact it would have to answer for; a haunting has no descendants, files no claims, and never asks why the minutes weren't kept.

RECORD, present tense: Pythian Castle and the Landers run commercial ghost tours today. The lore is not residue. It is product, manufactured in the present, from materials that fail inspection, a death count that comes in three versions, a fire date that comes in two, a janitor who comes in none, because he was never there. In February 2026, someone attempted to set fire to the Hotel of Terror, Springfield's working haunted-house attraction on North Main Avenue. The city's dark economy, consuming itself, in the present tense. Even that is documented, which is more than can be said for Mr. Boots.

The honest sentence is short enough to carve over all three doors. Springfield does not need to invent its ghosts. On the record, in the Square in 1906, in the Delmar Street house in 1992, in the jail, in the cave, what Springfield actually did, and actually let happen, is worse than anything it has ever made up. The

manufactured haunting is not the town's fear. It is the town's alibi.

PART TWO

THE LONG RECORD

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

11

SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK · DAVIS K. TUTT

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

RECORD

At about 6 p.m. on 21 July 1865, two men walked onto Springfield's public square, Park Central Square, and shot at each other in front of whoever happened to be there.

One was James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok. The other was Davis K. Tutt. They faced each other across the Square, roughly seventy-five yards apart, by the distance the town has repeated ever since. Both men drew. Both fired, near-simultaneously. Tutt missed. Hickok, his arm braced across his opposite forearm, did not. The coroner recorded the ball entering the right side of Tutt's chest, between the fifth and seventh ribs, and exiting the left. Tutt said, "boys I am killed," and collapsed on the courthouse steps.



James Butler “Wild Bill” Hickok in the 1860s — the closest surviving face to the 28-year-old who walked onto the Square in July 1865.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.

That is the documented core of it, and it is short. A man died on the courthouse steps over a gambling debt, in the early evening, in the middle of town.

Everything else Springfield knows about this event. Springfield knows a great deal about it, was built afterward, on top of those few facts, like a monument on a grave.

The debt had a specific shape. At a poker game at the Lyon House Hotel on 20 July, the night before, Tutt had seized Hickok's prized pocket watch as collateral. He then wore it, publicly. The wearing was the point. A watch taken privately is a debt collected; a watch worn in the open, on the man who owes you, is a humiliation performed for an audience. Hickok had warned him: "Don't you come around here with that watch." Tutt came around with the watch.

So the gunfight, when it came, was not really about the money. It was about who would be shamed in front of the town. It was settled in front of the town, which is worth sitting with. The Square was not a remote place chosen for privacy. It was the most public ground Springfield had. Whatever else the duel was, it was theatre with a real body at the end of it. The town,

having watched, then had to decide what the law would say about what it had watched.

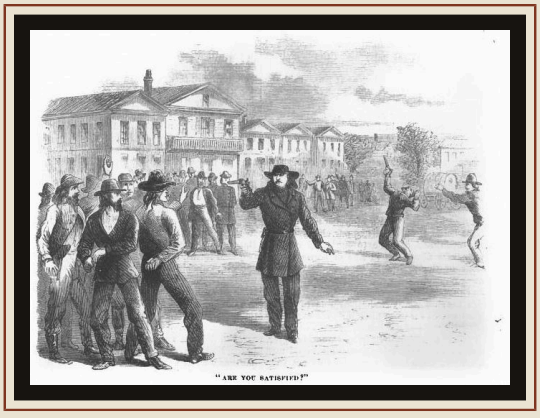
What the law said was: nothing. Hickok was charged with murder. The charge was reduced to manslaughter. After a three-day trial, he was acquitted, on self-defence and provocation. The coroner's inquest into Tutt's death then went into the Greene County archives, where it stayed until it was rediscovered during the Square's remodel, the paper outlasting, as paper in this book keeps doing, every version of the story told above it.

Davis Tutt is buried in Maple Park Cemetery. On the Square itself, markers do the remembering: one for "Wild Bill's Shootout," and one embedded in the pavement, "Here Dave Tutt Fell." Note the name on the stone in the ground. The man in the record is Davis K. Tutt. The man in the pavement is Dave. Even the marker shortens him.

LEGEND — labelled as such

The Square's markers promote this as "the nation's first one-on-one pistol quick-draw duel." That superlative is a tourism claim, not a settled historical fact, and this book does not print it as one. What the record supports is narrower and, honestly, strong enough: this is among the very few documented face-to-face quick-draw duels. The coverage that followed it created the template. In February 1867, *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* carried the story to a national audience, illustration and all (the duel as America first saw it, drawn less than two years after the fact. The Western duel of a thousand films) two men, a still street, a measured distance, a crowd holding its breath, descends from the telling of this one. Springfield did not just have a gunfight. Springfield had the gunfight that

taught the country what a gunfight was supposed to look like.



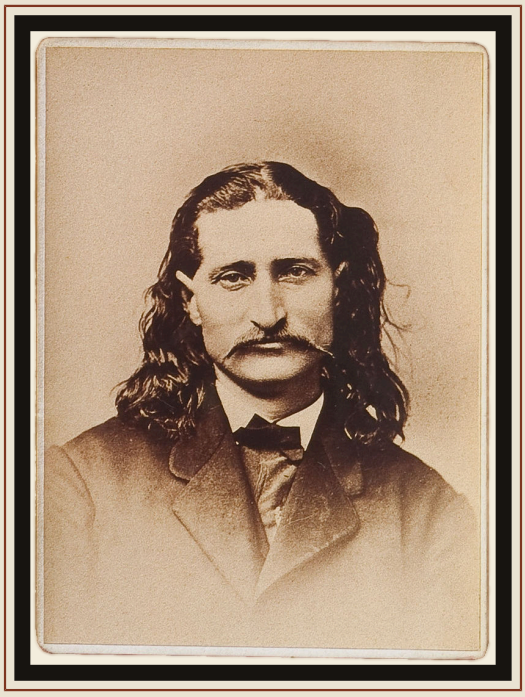
The duel as America first saw it — the illustration from the February 1867 *Harper's* telling that invented "Wild Bill."

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.

Other motives have been offered over the years, women; Civil War loyalties, Tutt an ex-Confederate, Hickok a Union scout and spy. They are contested lore. They may be true, in whole or in part; the record retrieved for this book does not establish them. They are printed here only so the reader knows they circulate, not because they carry weight.

And the seventy-five yards itself, the number in this chapter's title, the number that makes the shot extraordinary, is not as solid as the markers make it sound. Research published by the Springfield-

Greene County Library in February 2026 reports that the placement fixed by the markers put up in 1975. The seventy-five-yard distance with it, is not supported by the period evidence: eyewitness testimony and the court record point instead to the southwest corner of the Square, and to a shorter distance. This book keeps the traditional number in the title because the traditional number is the one Springfield chose to remember. But the reader should know it for what it is, the town's figure, contested by the town's own surviving paper. The legend needed a long shot. The record may only have had a shorter one.



The canonical sepia Hickok — the manufactured face, set against the 1860s portrait.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.

RECORD — the brother

There is a second Tutt in this story. Springfield bronzed the duel and forgot him.

Lewis Tutt was Davis Tutt's half-brother (the son of an enslaved woman and her white owner. In 1874, nine years after his brother died on the courthouse steps, Lewis Tutt became a Springfield police officer) the first minority officer in the department's history, on the

Springfield Police Department's own historical record. Springfield's first Black officer, in the older and plainer telling.

Hold the two facts side by side, because the record holds them side by side and the town's memory does not. One brother is a name cut into the pavement of the Square, misspelled into folksiness, attached forever to the most famous sixty seconds in Springfield history. The other brother did something no one in Springfield had done before (he wore its badge as a Black man in 1874, in a Missouri town nine years out of a civil war fought partly over whether men like him were property) and there is no portrait of him in any public holding this book's researchers could find. There is no portrait of Davis Tutt in public holdings either; the loser of the duel left no face. But Davis got the marker. Lewis, as of the research for this book, got a line in a departmental history.

That is the buried thing in a chapter that looks, at first, like the least buried story in Springfield. The gunfight was never hidden. It was marketed. What was buried was everything around it that did not fit the marketing: that the distance may be invented, that the dead man's name is Davis and not Dave. That his own brother went on to make a first in this town that no marker on the Square mentions.

There were witnesses. There had to be, it happened at six in the evening, on the square of a town, over a watch a man was wearing to be seen wearing it. Nothing about that day was private except the dying. The warning was public, the insult was public, the walk was public, the shots were public. The trial that absolved the survivor was public too. If Springfield learned anything on 21 July 1865, it was not marksmanship. It was that a killing done in front of the whole town, in the town's own front room, could be absorbed, argued over, tried, acquitted, illustrated, and finally bronzed, without

the town ever having to call it what it also was: a man shot dead over his pride, at dinnertime, while his neighbours watched.

A single shot was fired into a man's chest on the Square in 1865. The law called it self-defence. The magazines called it legend. Springfield has been telling that story for a hundred and sixty years. It just never got around to telling the one about the brother.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

12

BLOODY HILL

NATHANIEL LYON · STERLING PRICE

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

RECORD — Wilson's Creek, 10 August 1861

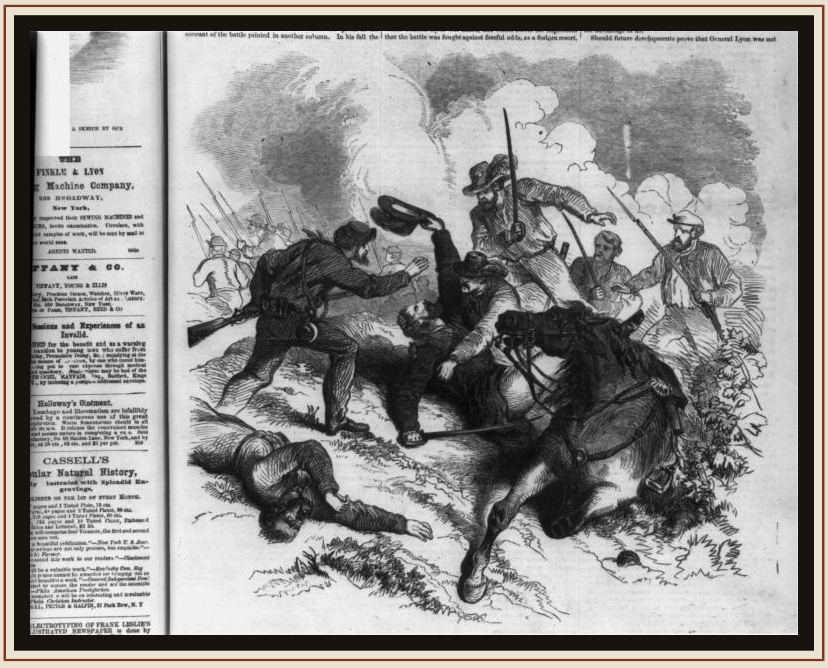
The first time the war came for Springfield, it came to a creek ten or twelve miles southwest of town. It killed a general before lunch.



Bloody Hill, Wilson’s Creek — the ground this chapter is named for.

Jo Naylor, 'Bloody Hill, Wilson's Creek', CC BY 2.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Bloody_hill.png)

The Battle of Wilson's Creek, fought on 10 August 1861, was the first major Civil War battle west of the Mississippi. It lasted, in its close fighting, some five hours. The ground where it was worst is called Bloody Hill. The name is not a later embellishment laid over a mild event; it is simply what the place earned. General Nathaniel Lyon, the first Union general killed in the war, died there.

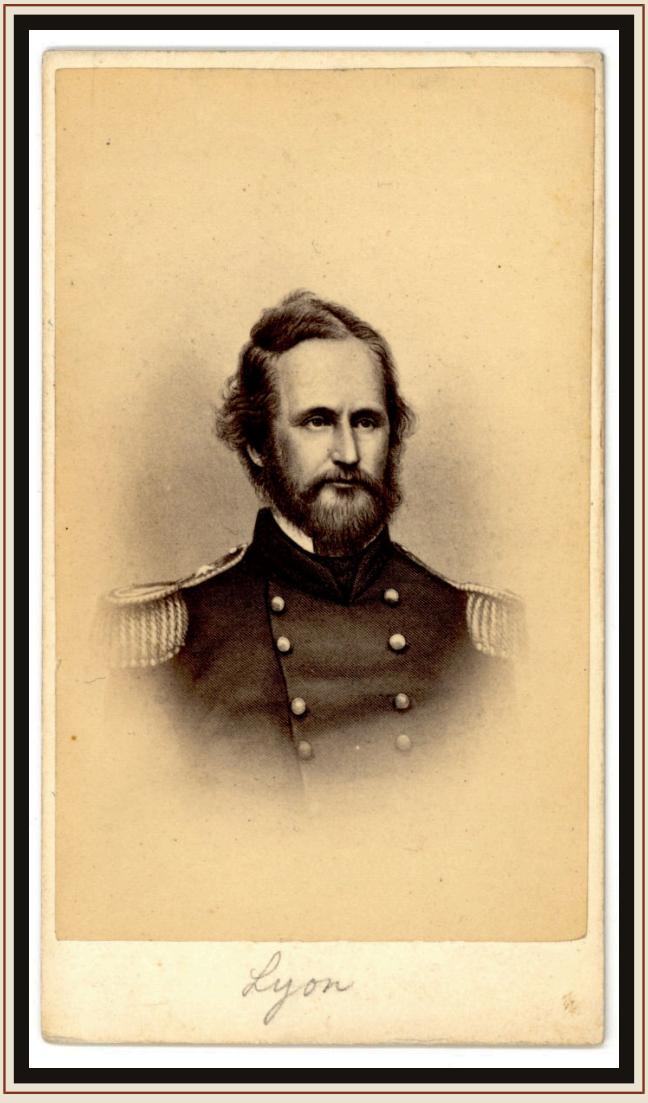


The Battle of Wilson’s Creek as its own year pictured it — the 1861 print.

Library of Congress, Prints & Photographs Division. Public domain — Library of Congress item record: 'No known restrictions on publication.'

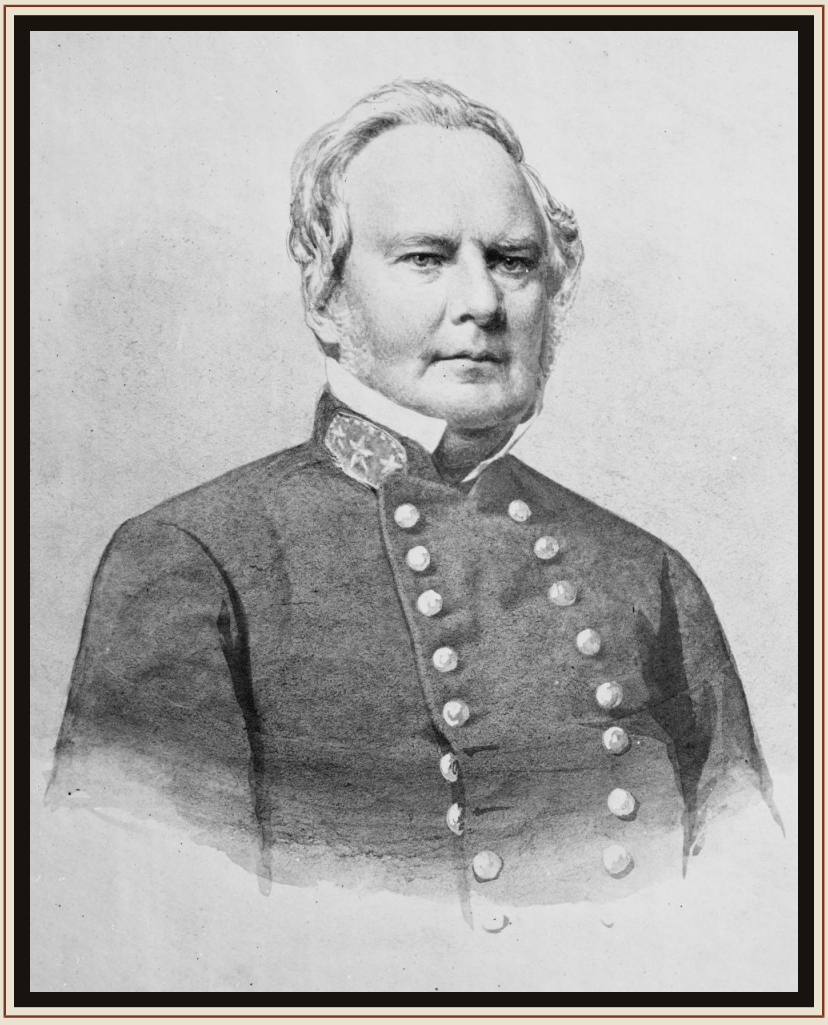
Lyon's body was carried to the Ray House, a farmhouse that became a field hospital. That is the image the battlefield keeps. It is a hard one to improve on: a house built for a family, taken over in a day for the work of sorting the wounded, with the body of the commanding general brought in among them. The fighting was done by armies, but it was received, as fighting

always finally is, by rooms, by floors and tables and doorways that had other purposes the day before.



Brig. Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, 1861 — the first Union general killed in the Civil War. His death is the hinge of the Wilson’s Creek story.

Public domain. Courtesy credit shown.



Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, c. 1862 — the Missouri State Guard commander at Wilson’s Creek, from the Library of Congress glass negative.

Public domain — Library of Congress (glass negative cwpb 07527). Courtesy credit shown.



“The Fall of Lyon” — the period engraving of the hinge moment, by H. B. Hall after F. O. C. Darley.

Public domain — Library of Congress item record: 'No known restrictions on publication.' Engraving by H. B. Hall after F. O. C. Darley.

Springfield's Civil War memory lives mostly out there now, at a national battlefield, with a visitor's route and marked ground. That is not a criticism of the battlefield; it is a fact about where the town prefers to keep this part of its past, outside town, at a managed distance, where the war can be visited and then left. What happened eighteen months later could not be kept at that distance, because it happened in the streets. But first, the numbers, because the numbers are part of the story and have to be handled honestly.

The armies that met at the creek were the war in Missouri in miniature. The Missouri State Guard, under Major General Sterling Price, was camped along

Wilson's Creek in early August 1861, preparing to march. That much is cut into the battlefield's own monument inscription. Lyon came at that camp and died attacking on the hill above the creek. The two commanders' faces survive at print size, in uniform, the way the war wanted to be remembered. The men under them mostly do not survive that way at all. They survive as arithmetic, and, as the next section shows, as arithmetic that was never made to agree with itself.

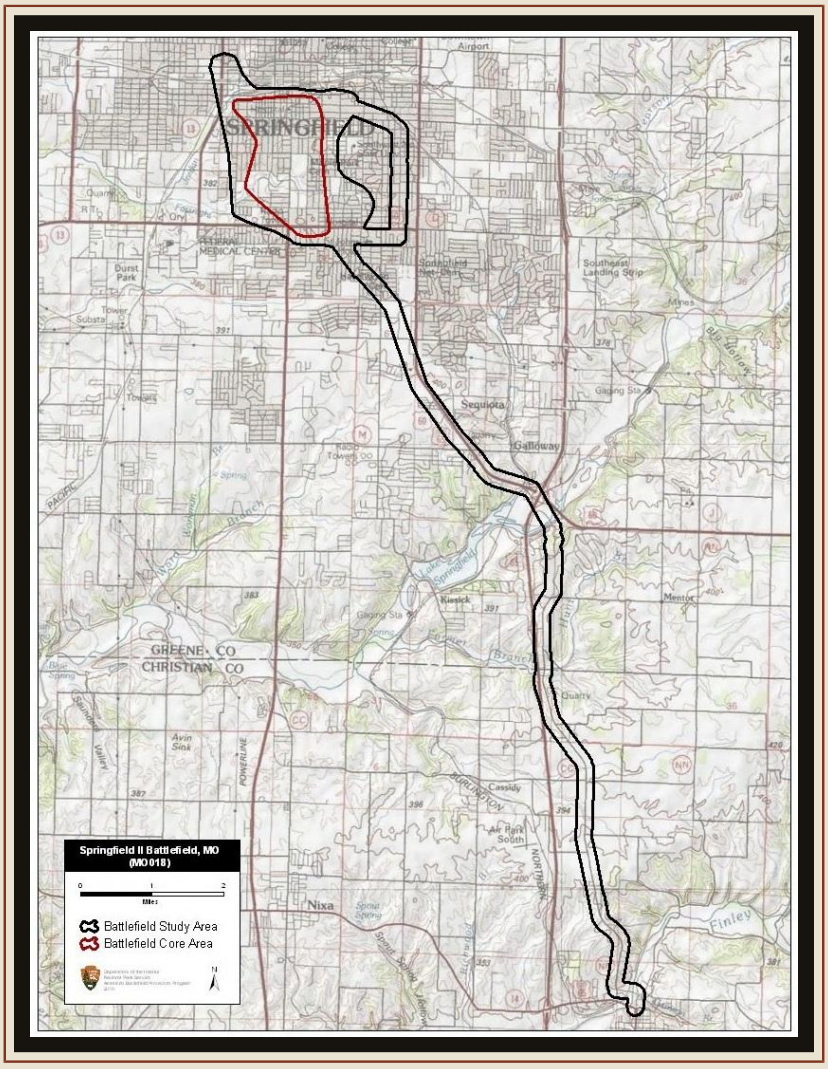
RECORD — the counts that do not agree

No single casualty figure for Wilson's Creek can be printed as settled, because the sources retrieved for this book do not agree. The disagreement is not small.

For the Union, the commonly cited total is 1,317 casualties, given both in popular summary and in the National Park Service's Civil War Sites Advisory Commission battle detail. For the Confederates, the same two kinds of source split by a factor of more than two and a half: the NPS battle detail lists 464 Confederate casualties; the commonly cited figure elsewhere is 1,222. A HistoryNet accounting breaks the day down differently again, the Western Army at 277 dead and 945 wounded, the Union at 258 killed and 873 wounded.

This book picks neither. A gap of 758 men between two counts of the same side's losses in the same battle is not a rounding difference; it is a finding. Somewhere between the counting done after the battle and the counting done since, hundreds of men entered or left the record depending on who was holding the pencil. The honest sentence is the range: Union losses are consistently put at 1,317; Confederate losses are put at 464 by the federal battle summary and at 1,222 in the commonly cited figure. The record

retrieved does not reconcile them. The dead of Bloody Hill deserve better arithmetic than they got. Printing the conflict, rather than a clean number chosen for tidiness, is the least a book about buried records can do.



Battle of Springfield, 8 January 1863 — the American Battlefield Protection Program map of the fight through the city’s own streets.

Public domain — ABPP/National Park Service. Courtesy credit shown.

RECORD — the Battle of Springfield, 8 January 1863

On 8 January 1863, the war stopped being a place Springfield visited and became a fight through Springfield itself.

Marmaduke's Confederates, about 2,000 strong, attacked the Union supply depot in the town, from 10 a.m. until dark. Fort No. 4 was the main defence. General Egbert Brown, commanding the Union side, was wounded and lost the use of an arm. The Confederates withdrew on 9 January. The depot held.



Cannon at Wilson’s Creek National Battlefield — the preserved battlefield’s present-day witness.

Wikimedia Commons contributor, 'Wilson's Creek battlefield artillery', CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Artillery_at_Wilson%27s_Creek_Battlefield.jpg)

What the Confederates came for was the depot, the accumulated food, equipment, and materiel of the Union army in southwest Missouri, stored in a town that had already changed its meaning once, from home ground to battlefield, seventeen months before. Take the depot and Springfield stops being a Union base and becomes a Confederate storehouse.

That is why roughly two thousand men marched on a town in January, in winter, and fought it street by street until dark rather than demonstrating outside it. The prize was not symbolic. It was supplies, and ground, and the road network a depot serves. The defence understood the stakes the same way: Brown fought hurt, the garrison fought from Fort No. 4 and from behind whatever cover the town offered, and when the Confederates withdrew the next day, the depot, and Springfield's role in the Union war, survived intact. The town kept its wartime function. It did not keep a settled count of what keeping it cost, as the figures below show.

And in the middle of the fight, Union soldiers used the gravestones of the Old City Cemetery as cover.

There is no need to reach for language about that. Gravestones are cut to mark where a particular person lies, and to say that the living must not forget the spot.

On 8 January 1863, in Springfield, they were used the way a wall is used, because they were stone, and stone stops a bullet, and men who are being shot at will get behind whatever stone is there. The dead of the town's first burying ground were conscripted, without ceremony, to shield the living men fighting over the town above them. The cemetery was already old enough to have its own dead to hide behind. The town was not yet thirty years founded.

The casualty record for this battle, too, refuses to settle, and again the disagreement is documented, three counts, from three kinds of source:

The battlefield marker gives the losses in neat columns: 14 Union killed, 146 wounded, 4 missing; 20 Confederate killed, 124 wounded. The National Park Service summary gives 403 total, 163 Union, 240 Confederate. Later scholarship reaches further: roughly 30 Union dead

once men who died later of their wounds are counted, and 70 to 80 Confederate killed, with a physician's knowledge putting Confederate burials at 80.

Set the Confederate figures side by side and the same hole opens as at Wilson's Creek, wider. The marker counts 20 Confederate dead. The scholarship counts 70 to 80, and names a physician who knew of 80 Confederate burials in Springfield ground. If the burials happened, and a burial is a physical act, harder to inflate than a column of figures, then the marker on the ground understates the Confederate dead of the Battle of Springfield by a factor of four. Men were put into this town's earth by the score, and the town's own marker says twenty.

This book prints all three counts because all three are the record. It resolves none of them, because nothing retrieved resolves them. But it will say, plainly, what the spread of numbers means: Springfield has never settled how many of the men who died fighting in its own streets are buried in it. The physician's figure, 80

Confederate burials, points to graves, and graves have locations. The locations, like so much else in this book, were not kept. The outline of this history records that Confederate dead were buried by the score in ground the city then built on. Springfield built over its battle dead, as it would later build over its cemetery dead, and for the same reason: the ground was wanted for something else. The men in it had no one positioned to object.

The Old City Cemetery itself carries the rhyme forward. It closed in 1876, and its bodies were supposed to have been moved to Hazelwood and Maple Park. In the 1930s, workmen digging water and gas lines, on Campbell Avenue in October 1930, among other times, kept uncovering human bones: unmarked graves, and graves whose stones had been stolen, that were never moved at all. The ground the soldiers hid behind in 1863 became, within seventy years, a residential street and a parking lot with bones in its utility trenches. The gravestones did their work twice, in the end, once as cover for the living, and once, by their absence, as the reason the dead underneath them could be forgotten.



The Battle of Oak Hills monument at Wilson’s Creek — how the ground remembers itself.

Public domain. Photographer: Mark Bias (Mark's Photo (Huntington, WV)).

LEGEND — labelled, and kept to the close

The battlefield has its lore, as old battlefields do: soldier apparitions, more Confederate than Union, in the telling, the sounds of gun and cannon fire where no guns are, cold spots, voices in the woods, groans caught on visitors' recordings, and a woman in period dress at the Ray House. This book records that the lore exists and labels it lore. None of it is needed. A general's body on a farmhouse floor, a count of the dead that swings by hundreds depending on the source, gravestones used as breastworks and a cemetery dug through by water crews seventy years later, the documented record of Springfield's war is already the darkest version of the story. The ghosts are the mild part.

What Springfield buried, in this chapter, is not a secret. It is a set of numbers that were never made to agree and a set of graves that were never made to matter. The war's dead were counted loosely, buried locally, and built over. The town learned early the habit this whole book traces: put it in the ground, mark it smaller than it was, and get on with building.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

13

THE JUDGE DID IT FIRST

MILLY SAWYERS

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

RECORD — Milly Sawyers, 1834–1836

Before Springfield had a courthouse, it had a woman in court asking to be free, and then it had a mob.



The Greene County Courthouse — the standing emblem of the system Milly Sawyers sued in. This is the later courthouse building, not the court of the 1830s.

Kbh3rd, 'Greene County Courthouse', CC BY 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Greene_County_MO_Courthouse_20151022-143.jpg)

Milly Sawyers, the spelling also appears as "Sawyer" in some sources. Was an enslaved woman who spent her life being sold and beaten through at least three

owners. Her claim was the classic Missouri freedom-suit claim: she had resided in free Ohio. That residence had made her free. She argued it in St. Louis, and she lost. She argued it again, and lost again, her first suit there was filed in 1829. A person whom the law counted as property had to use that same law to argue she was not property, and she did it three times.

Her third suit, filed in 1834, was one of the first cases ever heard in the newly created Greene County circuit court. It may have been argued in the home of John P. Campbell, Springfield's founder, because his house served as a courthouse. Sit with that a moment, because the record sets the scene without help: a woman suing for her freedom, possibly under the roof of the man who founded the town, the same man who would be named, two years later, in the mob that beat her.

In August 1835, Milly Sawyers was declared a free woman. Her enslaver, William Ivy, spelled "Ivey" in one university source, had skipped town. The court's deciding entry survives; the Greene County court record

of the August Term, 1835, is the paper her freedom stands on.

Then she did the thing that makes her story impossible to file away as a sad footnote. She sued for five hundred dollars in damages. Freedom, in her use of the court, was not the end of the account; it was the start of one. The men who had held and beaten her owed her, and she put the figure in a filing. While she awaited the outcome, she sheltered in the home of John Edwards, an abolitionist, on the Square, with another freed woman, Callie Easter. Two free Black women, living at the centre of a frontier town whose founder's house had doubled as its court, waiting on a court to price what had been done to one of them.

On the night of 1 April 1836, a mob came to Edwards's house, dragged Milly Sawyers out of it, and beat her in the street.

The court records name the mob. Among them were John P. Campbell himself, the founder of Springfield. Lucius Rountree, also spelled "Lucious." Junius Campbell, twenty-four years old. Sidney Ingram. These are not rumoured names gathered a century later; they are names in the county's own file of its own case. The founder of the city was, on the record his own town's court kept, a member of a mob that dragged a legally free woman out of a house at night and beat her in the street for having used the court and won.

Members of the mob were charged, with rioting, and with assault. Junius Campbell was additionally charged with lying under oath, after denying anything had happened that night. Something had happened that night; the charges themselves say so. And there the record does the thing this book exists to document.

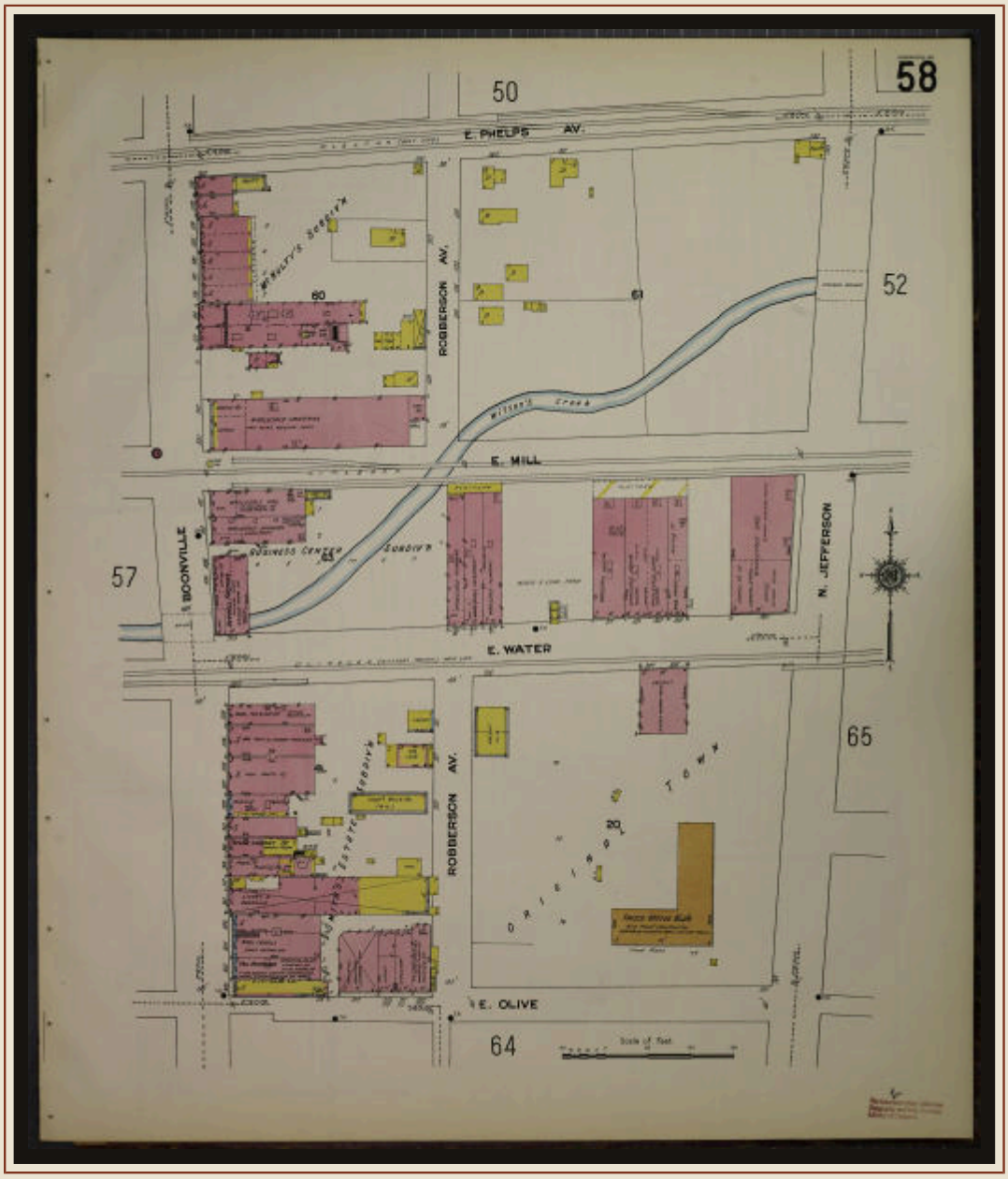
The verdicts do not survive. The surviving record retrieved for this book does not say whether the founder of Springfield

and the men with him were convicted, acquitted, or quietly let go. A conviction would be a document. An acquittal would be a document. What exists is charges, and then silence, in the file of the most prominent defendant the young county ever had. The absence served exactly one interest. John P. Campbell's reputation came down through Springfield history intact, avenue and all. Milly Sawyers's outcome in the case of the men who beat her did not come down at all.

After April 1836, she disappears from the archival record entirely. No death record was retrieved. No later census line. No grave. A woman litigated three times across two counties, won, sued for damages, and was beaten by the town's leading men, and the record simply stops holding her. No single keeper is at fault for that hole. The book says so plainly: it is what a record system built by and for property-holders does to a Black woman with no property. The system did not have to destroy her file. It only had to stop writing her down.

Her court file sat in a box at the Greene County Archives, effectively unread, until archivist Connie Yen rediscovered it in 2017, one hundred and eighty-one years after the beating. The *Springfield News-Leader*'s 2018 reconstruction, built over months with archivists, a librarian, and a historian, stated that the story was almost entirely unknown among Springfield historians. There were no photographs of Milly Sawyers. There never had been. What survived was yellowed paper, in a box, in the county's own archive. Kept, and buried, by the same institution at the same time.

In August 2025, a marker was unveiled at Boonville and Water, the tenth marker on the Springfield–Greene County African American Heritage Trail, one hundred and eighty-nine years after a mob beat a free woman in a Springfield street. The founder got a city. The woman got a box, and then, at last, a marker. Both of those sentences are the record.



Sanborn, 1910, Sheet 58 — Boonville and Water, the Sawyers corner: Jordan Creek as open water between Boonville and Jefferson, in the creek era — the ground of the story, in the only cleared image that shows it.

Public domain — Library of Congress, Geography & Map Division. Courtesy credit shown.

One more name belongs to this chapter's opening, because the same archive holds her, and because the man at the centre of the rest of this chapter held her case in his hands. In August 1843, a woman named Mary, her last name is not in the record retrieved, sued in Greene County for her freedom and for the freedom of her three children: Jefferson, Mariah, and Jeremiah. Her ground was that her Kentucky owner's will, made in 1831, had freed her at his death. The presiding judge was Charles S. Yancey, who allowed her to sue as a poor person. Yancey had been the justice of the peace in Springfield when Milly Sawyers was beaten. He is about to become the town's first murderer.

Mary's outcome is unknown. The retrieved record does not say whether she and her children won, whether Jefferson, Mariah, and Jeremiah grew up free or enslaved. Only two freedom suits are known in Greene County, against more than three hundred in St. Louis. This book prints the children's names because they are

among the very few enslaved Springfield children whose names survive at all, and then it stops where the paper stops. Their names, without an invented ending, are the record. Anything more would be a lie told kindly. They have had enough of those.

RECORD — the judge, 1837

Springfield's first recorded murder was committed the following year by the law itself, in the person of its judge.

The killer was no drifter, and no stranger passing through a rough frontier town. John Roberts was a mill and distillery owner east of town, a rough character by the accounts that survive, and, the detail that should not be skipped, the county's first coroner. The man charged with certifying Greene County's dead had prior assault-with-intent trials behind him, including stabbing Thomas Horn, the future sheriff, and slitting Kindred Rose's ear. Roberts was not a harmless man, and Nothing in this book makes him one. What matters is what he was doing at the moment he was killed.

In late summer 1837, near the northwest corner of the public square, Roberts taunted Charles S. Yancey, Presiding Judge

of the County Court, the same Yancey who had sat as justice of the peace when Sawyers was beaten, and who would preside over Mary's suit six years later. Yancey believed Roberts was reaching for his big knife. He shot him dead. A second pistol, in the struggle, was knocked upward by a man named Hendricks.

Roberts had been reaching for a glasses case, one he habitually snapped at the judge.

A man was killed, on the public square, by the county's presiding judge, for reaching for the case that held his glasses. No invention is required to make that scene terrible; it only needs to be read slowly. Yancey was tried in 1838, for manslaughter, not murder, and acquitted. He was later appointed a judge of the Greene County Circuit Court. The system's answer to its own first killing was acquittal and promotion, in that order. Both are on the record.

There is a date tension in the sources. It is flagged rather than smoothed: Larry Wood's book account dates Springfield's first murder to 1837, while his underlying blog treatment opens with the earlier charges against Roberts in the fall of 1836. This book dates the killing to 1837, following the book account, and notes the wobble here rather than hiding it. The wobble does not move the fact: by 1838, a judge stood trial in Greene County for killing a man who had reached for a glasses case, and walked out acquitted, and rose.

The pattern did not end with the judge. In September 1855, Springfield's court tried a lawman from the next county over: John A. J. Lee, town marshal of Buffalo, in Dallas County, who had shot and killed a young man while arresting him for drunkenness in 1854. Tried in Springfield on a change of venue, Lee was acquitted on self-defence. This book does not retry him; the facts of his case, beyond that outline, are not in the record retrieved. A drunkenness arrest that ends in a shooting may have been exactly what the jury found it to be. But set the two

verdicts side by side, because Springfield's juries set them side by side within seventeen years of each other: 1838, a judge who killed a man reaching for a glasses case, acquitted. 1855, a marshal who killed a man in an arrest, acquitted. From its first decade, the county's courts were readier to acquit a killer wearing authority than to convict one. That readiness is not an accusation invented for this book. It is a sequence, and the sequence is on the record.

RECORD — the gallows ground: Washam, 1854

The town's first legal hanging came on 25 August 1854, on a gallows north of Jordan Creek, near present-day Benton Avenue. Willis Washam of Taney County had been convicted of killing his stepson, a boy of about fourteen, whose body was found in

Bee Creek with a stone tied around its neck. An immense crowd came to watch, from as far as Warsaw. Washam, in his scaffold speech, proclaimed his innocence.

A legal execution before a crowd that travelled for it: the pattern of Chapter 11's duel is already here, eleven years earlier. In Springfield, from the beginning, killing and the watching of killing were public events, and the public came.

LEGEND — labelled, and disowned by its own source

Two consoling stories grew up around Washam's hanging: that his widow, on her deathbed, confessed that she had killed the boy herself. That Sheriff Samuel Fulbright, the executioner, in office only days when he performed the hanging, later died by poison out of guilt. Both stories would, if true, convert an ugly

public execution into a tidy tragedy with its guilt redistributed to the dead.

The 1883 county history, the very source through which these stories descend, discounted both as fabrications. The town repeated them anyway. Springfield preferred a version in which somebody, somewhere, had confessed and somebody else had suffered remorse, to the version in its own county history: a man hanged before a holiday crowd, insisting to the end that he had not done it, and after it, only the drop. Legend, in this book, is labelled wherever it stands, and here the labelling was done in 1883, by Springfield's own historians, and ignored by Springfield ever since.

RECORD — Jordan Creek again: Danforth, 1859; Isbell, 1871

On the same creek ground, near Jordan Creek, near Benton Avenue, where the county built its gallows, two more men were killed without any court's sentence at all.

Mart Danforth was lynched in 1859. Bud Isbell was lynched in 1871. Both were Black men. That is nearly all

the retrieved record holds: names, years, a place. Their cases rest largely on Larry Wood's account, drawn from the Washam record, documented, but thinly, and this book says so plainly rather than dressing a paragraph of evidence as a chapter of it. Both men are flagged here as candidates for Greene County archive work before any future edition; if the county's paper holds more of them, it should be pulled, and this chapter will gladly be rewritten longer.

Thin as it is, the record they make is load-bearing, because of what it disproves. A claim has circulated in later secondary accounts that the three men lynched on the Square in 1906 were Greene County's only lynching victims. Danforth and Isbell disprove it from the county's own earlier ground. George Graham, taken from the county jail and hanged by a mob in 1886, disproves it again between them and 1906. The 1906 lynching was not an aberration that broke a clean record. It was, at minimum, the fourth act of a tradition with named victims reaching back to 1859,

nearly half a century of it, on the same creek, in the same county, before the Easter weekend that Springfield would spend the next century not marking.

RECORD — what the founding record adds up to

Lay the chapter's spine out in order, because the order is the argument.

1834–35: a woman sues for her freedom in the new county's court, and wins. 1836: the town's founder is named in the mob that beats her for it; the charges' outcomes do not survive. 1837: the county's presiding judge shoots a man dead on the Square over a glasses case; acquitted; promoted. 1843: a second woman sues for herself and three named children before that same judge; the outcome does not survive. 1854: the county hangs a man before a crowd from as far as Warsaw, and invents consoling lies about it that its own history book disowns within a generation. 1859 and 1871: two Black men lynched on the execution ground by the creek, remembered in a paragraph each.

Nothing in that sequence is a secret kept by conspiracy. Every piece of it sat in paper the county itself kept. Springfield's violence was not a fall from an innocent founding. It was foundational, judicial at the top, mobbish in the street, racial in its longest thread, from the decade the town was platted. The later chapters of this book do not describe a good town that sometimes failed. They describe the working out, over two centuries, of arrangements that were present at the creation: a court that could free a woman and then lose the verdicts of the men who beat her; a judge who could kill and be advanced; a creek bank where the county executed its sentenced and its unsentenced alike.

Almost all of it happened within sight of one small watercourse. Jordan Creek runs through the ground this chapter has walked: the gallows stood north of it, the lynchings were done near its banks by Benton Avenue. Boonville and Water, the corner where Sawyers's

marker now stands, is creek ground. The creek was there before the town was. The town used its banks the way it used its court and its square: as the place where its hardest business got done, in the open, and then got left. Springfield would eventually bury the creek itself, boxing it in concrete and building downtown on top of it, the full record of that is another chapter's. But the order of operations matters. The city buried its dead by the creek. Its verdicts in its files, and its founder's mob in a box in its own archive, long before it buried the water. The creek is not a symbol this book is imposing on the record. It is simply where the record keeps happening.

Milly Sawyers got her marker in August 2025, at Boonville and Water, a hundred and eighty-nine years late. Mart Danforth and Bud Isbell have, in the record retrieved for this book, their names and their years and nothing else. Jefferson, Mariah, and Jeremiah have their names and a question the paper never answered. That is where this chapter has to end. The record cannot carry a conclusion here. It

can carry names, and the chapter ends with them.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

14

TWENTY-TWO YEARS

JACKIE JOHNS

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

A Waitress from Nixa

RECORD Jackie Johns was twenty years old. She was a waitress, from Nixa, the town just south of Springfield, and on 17 June 1985 she disappeared.

That is the beginning, and this chapter will keep it at the front where it belongs. Before she was a case (before she was a file that aged in a locker for twenty-two years, before she was a name in an appellate opinion) Jackie Johns was a young woman working a service job in a small Missouri town, with a life that was hers and was underway. The record assembled for this book is thin about that life. The thinness is not an invitation to invent one. What the record gives is her age, her town, her work, and then, almost immediately, the worst of it. A book that claims to run at the record has to say plainly when the record starts too late. It starts too late here. It starts when she was already gone.

RECORD Her car was found blood-drenched. On 22 June 1985, five days after she

disappeared, her body was found in Lake Springfield.

RECORD She had been raped and beaten to death.

That is the one factual sentence this chapter owes on the manner of her death. It is the only one it will spend. The record requires it, a book about what was buried cannot bury the cause, and restraint requires that it stand alone, without scene, without sequence, without reconstruction. She was twenty. She was killed. Everything else in this chapter is about what happened next, and what did not happen next, and how long the not-happening lasted.

The Suspect Who Stayed Home

RECORD **Gerald Carnahan was an early prime suspect. Not a late one, not a name the science produced out of nowhere two decades on, an early one, identified while**

the case was still warm. He was from Nixa. He was from a wealthy, well-connected Nixa family. His alibi rested on his stepdaughter.

Hold those three facts together, because the chapter is in the space between them. A young woman with no money was dead in the lake. A man from money was the prime suspect. And the case, with a suspect named early, with a car full of blood, with a body recovered in five days, did not move.

RECORD **Carnahan was not prosecuted for twenty-two years.**

No source assembled for this book documents a conspiracy, and this chapter alleges none. There is no memo in the record ordering anyone to go slow. There is no named official who killed the case, no quid pro quo, no paper trail of protection. If this book's standard means anything, it means saying that clearly: the file does not show a fix.

What the file shows is tempo. And tempo, in a justice system, is not a neutral thing. Cases move at the speed of the resources, the will, and the pressure behind them,

and those things have never been distributed evenly between a waitress and a well-connected family. The uncomfortable question the record supports is not whether someone conspired to protect Gerald Carnahan. It is simpler and harder to answer than that: whose cases move, and whose wait, and what, exactly, a case is waiting for when the suspect has already been named?

For Jackie Johns's case, the answer turned out to be: money for a kind of science that did not yet exist in usable form when she died. But that answer only covers the second half of the wait. DNA testing explains why the case could be *proved* in the 2000s. It does not explain the years before the testing was even attempted, and it does not touch what Gerald Carnahan did with those years. For that, the record is blunt. It is the most damning part of this chapter precisely because nobody in it is accused of anything but the man himself.

What the Interval Contained

RECORD In 1993, eight years after Jackie Johns was found in Lake Springfield, Gerald Carnahan was convicted of the attempted kidnapping of another young woman.

Read that sentence at the speed it deserves. The prime suspect in an unsolved rape and murder, living his life in the open, in the same county, was convicted of trying to kidnap another young woman. The system that could not yet prosecute him for 1985 could prosecute him for 1993, and did. The two facts sit side by side in the record without any source reconciling them, and this chapter will not reconcile them either. It will only refuse to look away from the arrangement: the earlier case, the dead woman, waited; the later case, with a living complainant, moved; and the man at the centre of both spent the interval as a free citizen of the community where the first woman had waitressed and died.

RECORD In the interval, Carnahan was also arrested for assaulting an officer, burglary, and arson.

Arrests are not convictions, and this book does not treat them as such. They are recorded here for one reason only: to establish the texture of the twenty-two years. These were not quiet years in which a suspect withdrew from the world and the world forgot him. They were years in which Gerald Carnahan kept colliding with the law, a conviction here, arrests there, while the oldest and gravest matter attached to his name sat unprosecuted in a file. The file waited through all of it. Evidence, as this chapter will show, can wait a long time if it is kept properly. So, apparently, could Springfield.

Jackie Johns, in those same years, was not waiting for anything. That asymmetry is the chapter, stated as plainly as it can be stated. One side of this story experienced the twenty-two years as a life, work, trouble, court dates for other matters, the ordinary passage of a man growing older in his home town. The other side experienced nothing at all, because she was dead at twenty. The people who loved her experienced the years as an open file: a daughter, a friend, a waitress from Nixa whose killer had been suspected early and

charged never, year after year after year. A case that does not move is not frozen in time for the family inside it. It is a debt that compounds.

What Finally Moved

RECORD **The case was reopened under cold-case DNA funding, by the Springfield Police Department in 2003, and by the Missouri Highway Patrol in 2006.**

Notice the grammar of that sentence, because the grammar is the finding. The case was not reopened because a new witness came forward. It was not reopened because a conscience stirred, or because an anniversary shamed anyone, or because the suspect's 1993 conviction finally forced a second look, though any of those might have justified it. It was reopened *under funding*. Money arrived, earmarked for cold cases and the laboratory work they require. The money is what reopened the file. Eighteen years after Jackie Johns died, and then again twenty-one years after, institutions with grant money for old evidence did what institutions without it had not.

RECORD Semen DNA from the case matched Gerald Carnahan.

There is the hinge of the chapter, and it deserves to be felt at its true weight. The proof that convicted Gerald Carnahan was in evidence in 1985. It was collected, preserved, and stored, and it sat in storage while the science to read it matured and while the funding to pay for reading it was found. The evidence locker, in this story, is the one institution that performed flawlessly. It kept faith for twenty-two years. Everything around it, the tempo, the priorities, the money, is where the failure lives. Springfield did not lack the truth about who killed Jackie Johns. Springfield had the truth in a container. What it lacked, for twenty-two years, was a funded reason to open the container.

This book has a recurring argument. This chapter may be its cleanest modern proof: what a city buries is rarely buried by a villain with a shovel. It is buried by sequence and by budget, by a file that is nobody's emergency, by a test that is nobody's line item, by the quiet arithmetic that decides which dead get laboratory time and which wait. Jackie Johns waited

because the science was young and then because the science was expensive. Both of those things are true, and neither of them is an excuse that survives contact with the other fact in the record: the suspect was known early. He used the waiting years to try to take another young woman.

RECORD In August 2007, Gerald Carnahan was arrested at an airport while attempting to flee to Thailand.

That detail rests, in the sources assembled here, on secondary reporting. This chapter carries it with that label attached rather than laundering it into certainty. It is, if accurate, the fitting end of the interval: a man who had lived twenty-two years in the open in Nixa, Missouri, finally running when the laboratory report came back. He had stayed put through suspicion, and through a conviction for trying to kidnap someone else. He ran from the science. It is the one thing in this

story he appears to have understood perfectly: suspicion he could outwait; a DNA match he could not.

Three More Years

RECORD The arrest came in August 2007. The conviction came in 2010.

Even the end of this story took three years, and the interval deserves its own short accounting, because by then nobody could blame the science. The match was made. The suspect was in custody. What remained was the ordinary machinery of a major prosecution, a change of venue to litigate, a capital-era murder case to build a quarter-century after the evidence was collected, witnesses and records from 1985 to find or reconstruct. The record assembled here does not itemise those three years, and this chapter does not invent an itemisation. It simply notes the shape: twenty-two years to charge him, three more to convict him, and at no point in the twenty-five did the case travel faster than the system required it to. Delay was not an episode in this case. Delay was the medium the case lived in, from the first unanswered question in 1985 to the final answer in 2010. Jackie Johns's family did not experience

two waits, a long one and a short one. They experienced one continuous quarter-century in which their daughter's killing was, officially, unfinished business.

St. Louis County

RECORD In 2010, in St. Louis County, on a change of venue, Gerald Carnahan was convicted of first-degree murder and forcible rape. He was sentenced to two consecutive life terms without parole. He is held at Potosi. The conviction was affirmed on appeal: *State v. Carnahan*, 367 S.W.3d 677 (Mo. App. 2012).

Twenty-five years after Jackie Johns died, the case closed. Even the closing carries the chapter's theme inside it: the trial did not happen in Greene County or in Christian County, where the crime and the suspect's life had unfolded. It happened across the state, on a change of venue, in front of strangers, because by 2010 the story of the wealthy Nixa suspect and the waitress in the lake was so thoroughly Springfield's own that Springfield could not be trusted to be neutral about it. The record does not editorialize about that. It does not

need to. A case that takes twenty-two years to charge does not get tried at home; too much of home is in it.

Two consecutive life terms without parole. The sentence is total, and it is also, in the plainest sense, late, not as a criticism of the court that imposed it in 2010, which did its work completely, but as a measurement of everything before it. Gerald Carnahan will die in prison for what he did in 1985. He will die in prison having lived from 1985 to 2007 as a free man: through his thirties and beyond, through another conviction, through arrests, through the entire adult life of the generation Jackie Johns belonged to and never got to have. The law's final answer was absolute. The law's first twenty-two years were the answer she actually got.

The Other Cases That Are Not This Case

One more discipline this chapter owes, and it owes it in print, not in a footnote.

RECORD Gerald Carnahan has also been scrutinized in connection with other missing-women cases in this region, including the Springfield Three. He has never been charged in any of them.

Scrutiny is not evidence. It is not a charge, not an indictment, not a finding. This book, which exists to insist on the difference between what is documented and what is merely said, will not blur that line in either direction. It would be easy, and it would sell, to let the shadow of the region's unsolved disappearances fall across this chapter and darken it. The record does not support it, so the shadow stays out. Carnahan is in this book for the one murder the record proves, proved at last by the state's own science in the

state's own courts. That is enough. It is, in fact, the whole point: one case, fully documented, fully proved, and twenty-two years late. Inflating it would not honour Jackie Johns. It would just bury her again, under a bigger, vaguer story in which she is a supporting figure in a legend about a monster, instead of what she was, a twenty-year-old woman whose individual case deserved to move at the speed poorer defendants' cases move, and did not.

There is no **LEGEND** lane in this chapter. The absence is worth a sentence. Springfield has not mythologized Jackie Johns. There are no ghost stories attached to her, no lore, no tour stop. The famous cases in this book accreted legend because the town kept handling them, retelling, marker-building, arguing. Jackie Johns got something quieter and in its way colder than legend: she got filed. For twenty-two years her public existence was a cold case, which is the bureaucratic form of being forgotten while technically remaining on the books.

Twenty-Two Years

Count the title once more, slowly, the way the years actually passed. 1985: a waitress disappears, a car is found, a body is found, a suspect is named. 1993: the suspect is convicted of trying to kidnap another young woman, and the first case still does not move. 2003: funding arrives, and a police department reopens the file. 2006: the Highway Patrol takes its turn. 2007: an airport, an arrest, an attempted flight out of the country. 2010: a courtroom in St. Louis County, two life sentences. 2012: the appeal fails, and the record seals.

Every institution in that timeline eventually did its job. The evidence technicians in 1985 preserved what would convict him. The laboratory, when finally paid, read it correctly. The prosecutors in 2010 proved the case. The appellate court reviewed it and let it stand. If you read only the verbs, the system worked. If you read the dates, you see what the system cost and who paid it: a

family that waited twenty-two years for an arrest in a case with an early suspect, and at least one other young woman who met Gerald Carnahan in 1993, in the middle of the waiting, when he was free to meet her.

Springfield buried Jackie Johns in the most modern way there is. Not in a lake, the lake gave her back in five days. In a schedule. In a budget line that did not exist yet. In the long, unremarkable, fully documented space between *we know who we suspect* and *we can now afford to prove it*. The proof, when it came, took a laboratory a matter of routine work. The twenty-two years were never about difficulty. They were about priority. And priority, in the end, is just the name a city gives to the order in which it decides whose dead matter enough to pay for.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

15

FOUR BLOCKS

SHIRLEY JANE ROSE

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

RECORD — The shortest walk in this book

On the evening of 17 October 1975, Shirley Jane Rose, aged nine, set out to walk home.

The walk was four blocks. It began at her grandparents' home at 865 South West Avenue and it ended, it was supposed to end, at her own home at 1309 South Scenic Avenue, in Springfield. She was abducted on that walk, between 6:30 and 7:30 p.m. She was seen talking to a man in a blue car.

She did not arrive.

Her body was found on 13 December 1975, almost two months later, in a shallow grave near McDaniel Lake. The Springfield Police Department still lists her killing as an open cold case, number 75-45967. No one has ever been charged with her murder. That is the spine of this chapter. It is short, because the record in this case is short, shorter than in any other chapter in this book about a named child. What Springfield has filled the space with, in the fifty years since, is the subject of the rest of it: a conflict in the one description witnesses left,

a theory that attached itself to her family, and, seven years after her death, a letter from a judge that claimed to solve the case and did not.

Shirley is a person before she is a case number. This chapter is written under the same rule as the Hailey Owens chapter: victim and family first, the public record only, the minimum detail the record requires, and no more. The detail in the official summaries about how she was found is therefore given once, in the form the record itself uses, and not returned to. Per the reporting summarised in the research record, her blouse was knotted around her neck, indicating strangulation, though the medical examiner could not prove the cause of death beyond doubt. That sentence is included because a book that runs at the record cannot quietly remove the one physical fact the record carries about how a nine-year-old died. It

will not be described further, staged, or used again.

RECORD — Four blocks

Consider the distance itself, because in this case the distance is the horror, and it needs no embellishment.

Four blocks is the distance a Springfield child in 1975 was expected to walk alone, in the early evening, between two houses that both knew her. It is a grandparent's house to home. It is not a journey, not a risk a family debates, not a route anyone maps. It is the most ordinary distance in a child's life, the distance across which independence is first practised, a few hundred yards at a time, under the assumption that the street between two front doors is continuous safe ground.

Somewhere inside those four blocks, that assumption ended. The record does not say at which corner, or in front of which house, or whether anyone else was on the street. It says she was seen talking to a man in a blue car, sometime in a one-hour

window, 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., on a Friday evening in October, when it would have been getting dark. Then the record goes quiet for fifty-eight days, until 13 December, and a shallow grave near McDaniel Lake.

A later Springfield case rhymes with that geography. The rhyme is noted here only as geography, not as evidence. The remains of Tina Sue Spencer, seventeen, reported missing in 1976, were also found in a shallow grave near McDaniel Lake, on 28 November 1976. No source in the record connects the two cases. Springfield has noticed the shared ground for decades. Noticing is not proof, and this book does not present it as proof. The lake is a place on the edge of the city where, twice in thirteen months, a missing girl was found buried shallow. That is all the record supports. It is bad enough stated plainly.

Around Shirley in the police cold-case roster sit other unsolved Springfield dead, each a paragraph deep in the record and no deeper: Clara L. Batton, sixty-seven, found dead in her kitchen in February

1992; Paul Anstutz, shot in October 1992 confronting an intruder in his own home; Frank Stanton, a newspaper deliveryman found shot in his pickup in June 1993, on his way to his *News-Leader* job; Gloria Jean Barnes, thirty-six, found dead at a truck stop in July 1997; James Leon Medler, found shot in a doorway in January 2001. They are named here because Shirley's chapter is where this book keeps its roster of the officially unresolved, people Springfield filed under a case number and never unfiled. Their presence does not explain her case. It establishes the company her file keeps: a drawer that does not empty.

RECORD — A description that does not agree with itself

The one investigative fact the evening of 17 October left behind, beyond the hour

and the route, is a car. Even that fact does not survive intact.

The Springfield Police Department's own cold-case summary, as carried in the research record, describes Shirley as seen talking to a man in a blue Chevy. Other accounts describe the vehicle differently. Across the sources the suspect vehicle is given as a late-1960s Chevrolet in some accounts and as a 1972 Ford Torino in others.

That conflict is printed here unresolved, because that is how the record holds it. A blue Chevy and a Ford Torino are not two descriptions of the same car that a copyist blurred; they are different makes, from different manufacturers. A witness, a summary or a retelling somewhere in the chain got one of them wrong, or two different vehicles seen by two different people were collapsed, at some point, into one sighting. The research record flags the conflict and does not resolve it, and neither does this chapter.

It matters because of what a vehicle description is for. In the first days of a case like this, it is the whole public search: it is what neighbours are asked to remember, what other drivers are asked to check, what a patrol officer is watching for. If the description Springfield searched with was wrong in make, or in model year, or was two descriptions fused into one, then Springfield searched, in part, for a car that may never have existed in that form. The record does not establish that either. It establishes only that, fifty years on, the official and retold versions of the single most actionable fact in a nine-year-old's abduction still contradict each other, and that no later review in the record located corrected the contradiction in public. A cold case does not only go cold for lack of a suspect. It can go cold in its own paperwork.

No description of the man himself survives in the record relied on for this chapter beyond that sighting: a man, a blue car, a conversation with a child who then did not come home. Anyone who tells you more than that about the man in the car is telling you something the record in this book does not contain.

SAID — The theory that attached itself to her family

A second strand entered the case's public life. It must be handled with particular care, because it touches a living family's reputation and because it has never been proved to be connected to Shirley's death at all.

Contemporaneous and later reporting, as summarised in the research record, reported that Shirley's mother, Joyce, was a marijuana dealer at the time. That reporting fuelled what the record calls the drug-circle theory of the case: the idea that Shirley was taken, deliberately, because of the world around her family.

That theory is presented here exactly as the record presents it. SAID: reported at the time, repeated since, and never established. No charge in the record located connects any drug dispute to Shirley's abduction. No person in the record located was convicted, or charged, on that basis. A fact about a parent's

alleged activity, even if accurately reported, proves nothing about why a child was killed. It assigns no blame. Families do not forfeit a murdered child to a theory. Whatever Joyce Rose did or did not do in 1975, her nine-year-old daughter walked four blocks and did not arrive, and no documented finding in this record has ever shown that the first fact caused the second.

The theory would probably have faded into the ordinary half-life of an unsolved case, repeated, doubted, gradually quieter, if a judge had not, seven years later, written it into a letter and given it the authority of his office.

SAID — The judge's letter, 1982

In 1982, Greene County Circuit Judge Don Clough published an open letter. In it, he claimed that a former client of his, a man who had been near death, had confessed the killing of Shirley Jane Rose to him.

The account the letter gave, as summarised in the research record, was this: the girl had been kidnapped as leverage in a drug dispute. When the search for her intensified, the men holding her panicked. She was made to watch her own grave being dug. Then she was strangled.

Stop there. Everything in the paragraph above is one man's published claim about another man's alleged confession. None of it, not the confession, not the drug-leverage motive, not the grave, was ever independently verified or corroborated. The research record states that in those terms, in its main text and again in its list of unproven claims. This chapter repeats the statement without softening it: Judge Clough's 1982 account is an unverified claim. It is not a solution, not a finding, and not a fact about how Shirley Jane Rose died.

What is documented about the letter's aftermath is narrower. It is the only part of the episode that belongs in the RECORD lane. The judge received disciplinary

action. A man questioned in connection with the claim was released. The case remained, and remains, unsolved, under its original police case number. No charge followed the letter. No corroborating witness, document or physical evidence for the confession account was produced in the record located.

Consider what that sequence means. A sitting circuit judge took an uncorroborated, second-hand confession (a confession he attributed to a former client who, on his own telling, was in no position to confirm, deny or be tried on it) and published it as an open letter about the open murder of a nine-year-old. For that, the system disciplined its own judge. It did not, because it could not, discipline the story. The letter had already done what unverified paper does: it became the version that circulates. Ask in Springfield how the Shirley Rose case ends. The answer many people carry is the judge's answer, the drug dispute, the panic, the grave. It has the shape of an ending. It has

the authority of a judge's signature. It has everything except verification.

This book's governing principle was written for exactly this temptation. The record is the spine. What is known but unproved may be spoken of, Springfield has spoken of little else in this case for fifty years, but it must be spoken of in its correct lane, with its seams showing. Shirley's chapter therefore keeps the letter, because omitting it would falsify the history of how her case has been remembered. It keeps it labelled, attributed and fenced: SAID by Judge Clough in 1982, never verified, never corroborated, followed by disciplinary action against the judge and by nothing at all against any person for her murder.

There is a further cruelty in the letter that the record, read carefully, exposes. If the confession account is false, then a child's death was used, by an officer of the court, as the vehicle for an invented or garbled story that has followed her family ever since. If parts of it were somehow true, then a man who knew how a nine-year-old died allowed that knowledge to surface

only as a judge's open letter, untested by any investigation the record can show, and then to sink again. The record does not tell us which of those is the case. It tells us only that neither possibility produced a charge, a trial, or a verified account. The missing paper, in this chapter, is not a footnote to the story. As Timothy directed this book to recognise, half the time the missing paper *is* the story.

LEGEND — What Springfield tells itself

There is no ghost story attached to Shirley Jane Rose in the record, no haunting at McDaniel Lake that this book can document. None will be invented here. Her LEGEND lane is thinner and sadder than folklore: it is the legend of a solved case.

That legend runs like this, in the form in which it is most often repeated: everybody knows what happened to Shirley Rose; it was about drugs; a man confessed it to a judge; the judge wrote it down. Each element of that sentence is either a reported theory or an unverified claim, as the sections above establish. Together, repeated for forty years, they harden into something that functions, in conversation, exactly like knowledge, a case a city believes it understands, filed mentally among the explained dead, no longer pressing.

That is a burial of a particular kind. It is the one this chapter's title for her in the book's plan names: two burials. The first was a shallow grave near a lake in December 1975. The second was slower and was done with paper, a letter that claimed to dig the truth up and instead covered the case with a story solid enough to stop people asking. A genuinely open case makes a sound in a city; it itches. A case with a famous "answer" goes quiet. Shirley's went quiet behind a judge's signature.

Against that quiet, the documented record is stubbornly small and stubbornly open: a nine-year-old; four blocks; an hour, 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., on 17 October 1975; a man in a blue car whose make the record cannot keep straight; a body found on 13 December near McDaniel Lake; a case number, 75-45967, still listed by her own city's police department as a cold case; a mother whose reported life became a theory that was never proved; a judge whose letter was never verified and who was disciplined for his part in publishing it; a questioned man, released; no charge, ever, against anyone.

That list is not an ending. It is, fifty years on, the whole verified estate of this case. This chapter leaves it exactly there, unresolved, because resolving it without evidence would be the third burial. Shirley Jane Rose walked four blocks toward home. Springfield still owes her the rest of the walk. No closing story will settle it. What she is owed is the admission, kept open on the record, that her file was never closed at all.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

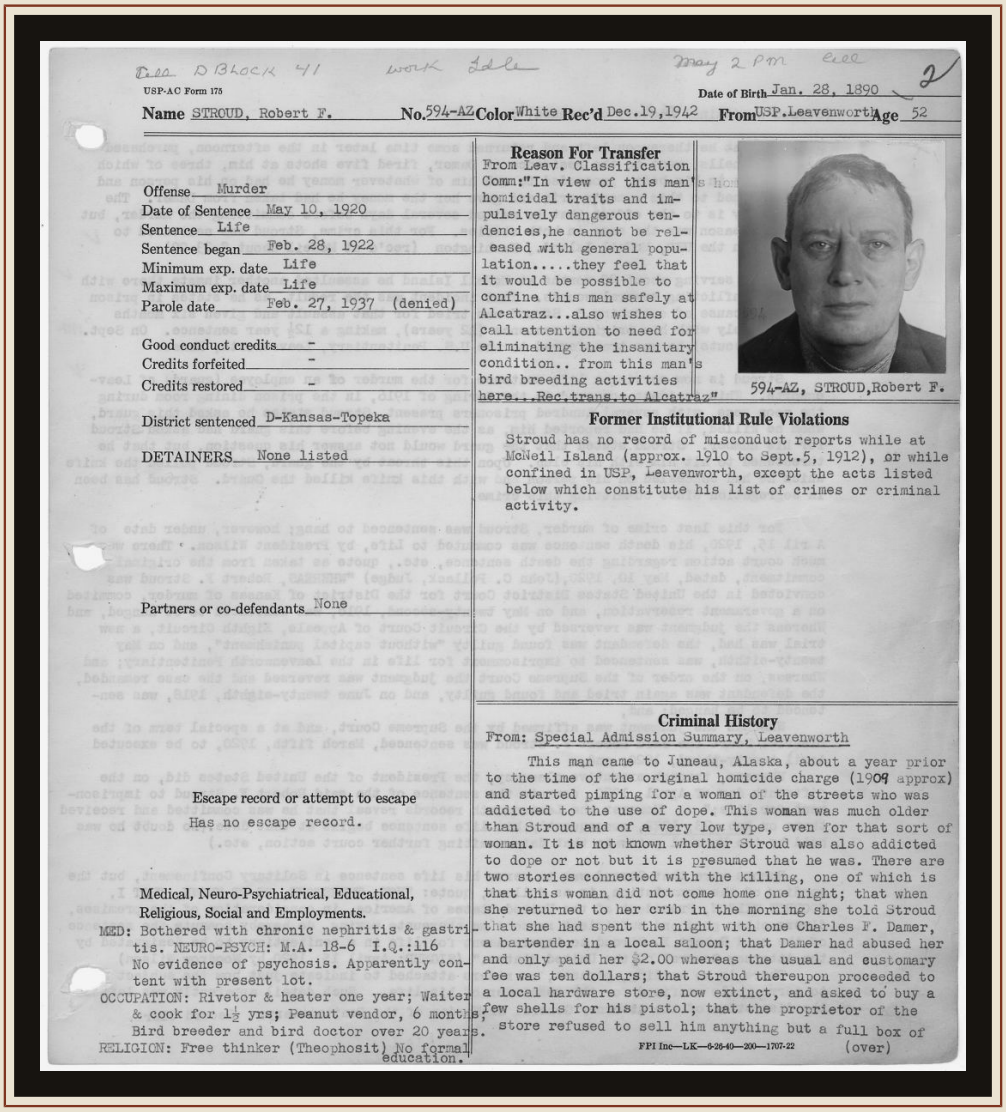
16

WHERE THE BOSSES CAME TO DIE

ROBERT STROUD · VITO GENOVESE · JOHN GOTTI · VINCENT GIGANTE

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

PLATE 16.1



Cell D Block 4/ work Idle May 2 PM Cell 2

USP-AC Form 175

Name STROUD, Robert F. No. 594-AZ Color White Rec'd Dec. 19, 1942 From USP. Leavenworth Age 52

Date of Birth Jan. 28, 1890

Offense Murder
Date of Sentence May 10, 1920
Sentence Life
Sentence began Feb. 28, 1922
Minimum exp. date Life
Maximum exp. date Life
Parole date Feb. 27, 1937 (denied)

Good conduct credits -
Credits forfeited -
Credits restored -

District sentenced D-Kansas-Topeka

DETAINERS None listed

Partners or co-defendants None

Escape record or attempt to escape

Has no escape record.

Medical, Neuro-Psychiatrical, Educational, Religious, Social and Employments.

MED: Bothered with chronic nephritis & gastritis. NEURO-PSYCH: M.A. 18-6 I.Q.:116 No evidence of psychosis. Apparently content with present lot.

OCCUPATION: Rivetor & heater one year; Waiter & cook for 1½ yrs; Peanut vendor, 6 months; Bird breeder and bird doctor over 20 years.

RELIGION: Free thinker (Theophosit) No formal education.

Reason For Transfer

From Leav. Classification Comm: "In view of this man's homicidal traits and impulsively dangerous tendencies, he cannot be released with general population.....they feel that it would be possible to confine this man safely at Alcatraz...also wishes to call attention to need for eliminating the insanitary condition.. from this man's bird breeding activities here...Rec. trans. to Alcatraz"

594-AZ, STROUD, Robert F.

Former Institutional Rule Violations

Stroud has no record of misconduct reports while at McNeil Island (approx. 1910 to Sept. 5, 1912), or while confined in USP, Leavenworth, except the acts listed below which constitute his list of crimes or criminal activity.

Criminal History

From: Special Admission Summary, Leavenworth

This man came to Juneau, Alaska, about a year prior to the time of the original homicide charge (1909 approx) and started pimping for a woman of the streets who was addicted to the use of dope. This woman was much older than Stroud and of a very low type, even for that sort of woman. It is not known whether Stroud was also addicted to dope or not but it is presumed that he was. There are two stories connected with the killing, one of which is that this woman did not come home one night; that when she returned to her crib in the morning she told Stroud that she had spent the night with one Charles F. Damer, a bartender in a local saloon; that Damer had abused her and only paid her $2.00 whereas the usual and customary fee was ten dollars; that Stroud thereupon proceeded to a local hardware store, now extinct, and asked to buy a few shells for his pistol; that the proprietor of the store refused to sell him anything but a full box of

FPI Inc—LK—5-26-40—200—1707-22 (over)

The federal page: Robert Stroud's 1942 mugshot, inmate 594-AZ, in the Alcatraz warden's notebook. Stroud died at the Medical Center in Springfield on 21 November 1963.

Public domain — National Archives (Bureau of Prisons records). Courtesy credit shown.

The Prize

RECORD **The U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners stands at 1900 W. Sunshine in Springfield. It is known locally, flatly, as Fed Med. Congress authorised it in 1930, after Springfield donated 620 acres to get it. It opened in 1933.**



The U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners as Springfield sees it.

Darin House from Missouri, USA, 'U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners', CC BY 2.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:US_Medical_Center_for_Federal_Prisoners_(3645078685).jpg)

Start there, with the wanting, because the wanting is the part Springfield prefers to skip. This institution was not imposed on the town. It was pursued. The push came from John T. Woodruff and the Chamber of Commerce (the same civic machinery that built so much of the Springfield this book has walked through) and the city's offer of 620 acres was its bid in a competition for a federal prize: payroll, construction, permanence, the prestige of a national institution with Springfield's name underneath it. The town campaigned to host a federal prison hospital, and it won.

What the town won, it should be said in the institution's own original language, was this:

RECORD The facility opened in 1933 as the "U.S. Hospital for Defective Delinquents."

That name is quoted here exactly as the record gives it, in the period language of the institution itself, because no paraphrase carries what it carries. In 1933 the federal government could carve that phrase over the purpose of a building, a hospital for human beings it classified as

defective, and a city could celebrate the building's arrival as an economic triumph, and both of those things could be true in the same week. Springfield got its prize. The prize's first name tells you what the era thought the people inside it were.

The building's work, under its later and plainer name, never changed in essence. The federal prison system needs somewhere to send the prisoners it cannot treat anywhere else: the sick, the dying, the mentally ill, the men whose sentences will end in a hospital bed rather than at a gate. Springfield became that somewhere. For more than ninety years, the worst-known names in American federal custody have arrived on Sunshine Street at the end of their biology, their power already spent, to be treated, to be warehoused, and, in the cases this chapter exists to record, to die.

And the town outside barely looks up. That is not an accusation; it is the arrangement. It was the arrangement from the first day. A prison hospital is a vault with a medical licence. What goes in

is not discussed. What the vault is *for*, economically, is discussed constantly. Springfield has always been fluent in the second conversation and nearly silent in the first. This book's whole argument is that Springfield stores what nobody wants to remember. On Sunshine Street, the storage is literal, federal, and still in operation.



The Medical Center from the air — the scale of the prize Springfield campaigned to win.

KTrimble, 'U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners (aerial)', CC BY-SA 3.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Springfield_Federal_Medical_Center_from_long_ago_PNetted.jpg)

The House Discipline

A vault, of course, holds people, and people do not always consent to be held quietly.

RECORD There were prisoner riots at the Medical Center in 1941, 1944, and 1959. In the 1959 riot, five hostages were taken; one prisoner was killed in the rescue. One hostage was slightly injured.

The record assembled for this book gives those numbers and no narrative, and this chapter will not manufacture one. But the numbers alone correct the lazy picture of Fed Med as a quiet ward where famous old men sleep away their sentences. Three riots in its first twenty-six years. Hostages. A prisoner dead in a rescue. The hospital for the federal system's most difficult men was, at intervals, a battleground staffed by Springfield-area guards and orderlies, neighbours, in other words, walking into a building the town

had asked for, to do work the town did not ask about. That, too, is part of what it means that Springfield campaigned for this place. The prize came with shifts.



Inside the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners — the working inside of the institution where the bosses were kept.

Marshall Astor, 'U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, interior', CC BY-SA 2.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:USMCInteriorPic2SpringfieldMO.jpg)

The Birdman, Carefully

RECORD Robert Stroud died at the Medical Center on 21 November 1963.

Stroud is the name the wider world attaches to this building more than any other. He is the name this chapter must handle with the most explicit care, because his fame is an import. He is known as the "Birdman of Alcatraz." The birds, the fame, the film, all of that belongs to other prisons and other decades. What belongs to Springfield is only the end of him: Stroud, the federal system's most famous prisoner, finished his life in federal custody on Sunshine Street, and died there on 21 November 1963. The dossier assembled for this book documents his death at Fed Med and nothing more about his Springfield years, and so this chapter claims his death and nothing more. To drape the Alcatraz legend over Springfield would be to commit the exact sin this book exists to correct, mistaking a good story for the record. Springfield's share of Robert Stroud is a death certificate. It is enough. A town that warehouses the endings of famous lives does not need to borrow their beginnings.

He was not the only species of notoriety the vault held in those years.

RECORD Robert Henry Best died at the Medical Center in 1952. Herbert John Burgman died there in 1953. Both were Nazi propagandists and treason lifers. Anastasy

Vonsyatsky, a spy, was also among the institution's Springfield dead. Joseph Bonanno was treated there.

Propagandists for a fallen regime, serving life for treason, dying one year apart in Missouri. A spy. A Mafia boss of an earlier generation, passing through for treatment. Read the register of that era plainly and the building's function comes into focus: this was where the federal government put the men it intended never to release and could not execute, the politically radioactive, the ideologically damned, the too-famous-to-be-ordinary. Springfield did not choose these men. It chose the building, and the building's logic chose the men. The men kept arriving for the rest of the century.

What a City Trades

It is worth pausing on the transaction itself, because Springfield has made it more than once in this book and rarely

examined it. In 1930 the city held land, 620 acres of it. A need for economic ballast, and the federal government held an institution it needed to put somewhere. They traded. The city got permanence: a federal payroll that no recession could close, construction that no local downturn could cancel, an employer anchored by act of Congress. The federal government got ground, and compliance, and a community that would regard its prison hospital as an asset rather than a threat. Both sides kept the bargain for ninety years. Neither side's ledger, so far as the record assembled here shows, ever priced the other column: the riots and the hostages, the treason lifers and the bosses, the fact that "federal medical center" in Springfield's mouth would come to mean, in the nation's, the place where its most infamous prisoners were sent at the end. A city is not wrong to

want the payroll. This book's question is never whether Springfield should have bid. It is whether Springfield ever let itself know, in full, what it had bid *for*. The evidence of ninety years is that it preferred the brochure version: an institution, an employer, a prize. The register of the dead was available the whole time. It just was not part of the celebration, and so, in the local telling, it mostly was not part of the story at all.

The men of that middle register deserve one more plain look before the bosses take the chapter, because their presence explains the building better than fame does. Best and Burgman were not patients passing through; they were lifers, men the republic had decided to keep until death for broadcasting on behalf of its enemy, and death duly collected them in Springfield in consecutive years, 1952 and 1953, in a hospital their host city had owned for barely twenty years. Vonsyatsky the spy belongs to the same stratum, the dossier records his presence among the Springfield dead without a date this chapter can responsibly print. The gap is left visible rather than papered over. These were the federal

system's permanent embarrassments: too dangerous or too toxic for ordinary prisons, too sick or too old for ordinary punishment, sentenced in effect to be stored until they stopped. Springfield was the storage. That was the job in 1952, and under better lighting and worse men, it remained the job in 2005.



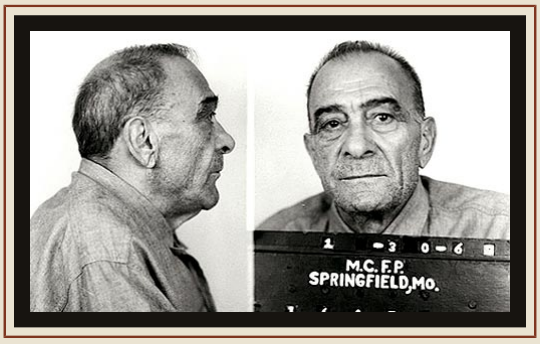
The entranceway — the door the famous names came through at the end.

Marshall Astor, 'U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, entranceway', CC BY-SA 2.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:USMCEntrancewayMissouri.jpg)

The Bosses

And then the register turns into the one this chapter is named for.

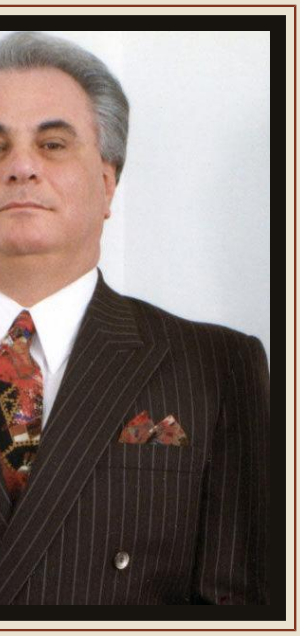
RECORD Vito Genovese died at the Medical Center on 14 February 1969.



Vito Genovese, Bureau of Prisons mugshot. He died at the Medical Center on 14 February 1969.

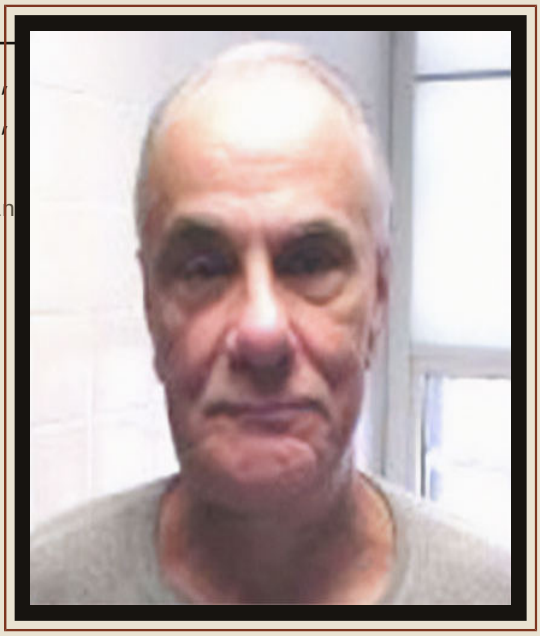
Public domain — Bureau of Prisons. Courtesy credit shown.

RECORD John Gotti died at the Medical Center on 10 June 2002.



John Gotti, photograph, “before.”

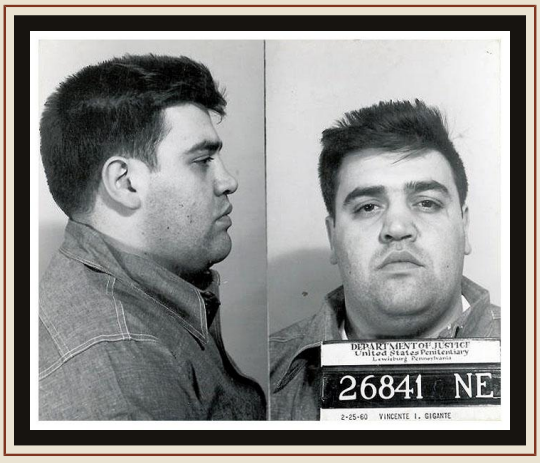
Public domain shown.



John Gotti, Bureau photograph — the “ died at Springfiel 2002.

Public domain — Burea Courtesy credit shown

RECORD Vincent Gigante died at the Medical Center on 19 December 2005.



Vincent “Chin” Gigante, 1960 — the boss who feigned insanity for decades. He died at the Medical Center on 19 December 2005.

Public domain — U.S. Department of Justice. Courtesy credit shown.

Three names, three dates, one address. Genovese, the boss of the family that still carries his name. Gotti, the Gambino boss, the most publicly theatrical American mobster of his lifetime. Gigante, his successor-era counterpart at the head of the Genovese family. Between them they span the classic arc of the American Mafia, its mid-century consolidation, its tabloid golden age, its long federal

dismantling, and every one of those arcs terminates in the same place: a federal hospital in Springfield, Missouri.

Now the framing discipline, stated as plainly as the dossier states it, because this chapter stands or falls on it:

RECORD **No source assembled for this book supports the existence of Mafia operations in Springfield. None. The bosses did not run rackets here, did not hold territory here, did not build anything here. Springfield's real organised-crime connection, the honest one, the documented one, is not that the mob came here to work. It is that the bosses of American crime came here to *die*, in a federal hospital their host city had campaigned to build.**

That sentence is stranger and better than any rackets legend would be. It has the additional virtue of being true. Consider what it actually describes. The United States spent decades and fortunes prosecuting these

men, wiretaps, informants, RICO cases, headline trials, and having finally caged them, discovered it also had to *doctor* them: to treat their cancers and their failing hearts, to manage their final illnesses with the same federal duty of care owed to any prisoner. And the place the republic chose for that work, the ward where the empire of American organised crime would be signed out of the world one death at a time, was a hospital on Sunshine Street in a mid-sized Ozarks city that had donated the land for it as a booster prize in 1930. Genovese outlasted the era of the Commission trials only to die in Missouri in 1969. Gotti, who had performed his power for television cameras, died in federal custody in 2002 in a town where his name was a headline and nothing else. Gigante followed in 2005. The vault did what vaults do. It received them at the end. It kept them, and the town outside went to work and school and church around the fact without ever really having to look at it.

There is no LEGEND material in this chapter. The lack is itself the finding. Springfield built myths around a duel, around haunted theatres, around a cave. Around the building where Genovese, Gotti, and Gigante died, it built almost

nothing at all, no lore worth the name, no dark-tourism brand, barely a conversational habit. (SAID, in the loose way these things circulate locally: everybody in Springfield knows, if asked, that "Gotti died here." It is a piece of trivia, produced at dinner tables, and then the conversation moves on.) The men the rest of America mythologised most industriously, Springfield filed most quietly. Even the town's burying instinct has a hierarchy, and federal prisoners, even famous ones, rank below its own dead. They were never Springfield's to remember. They were only Springfield's to store.

2010

If this chapter ended with Gigante, it would end as history, the vault as a relic of the mob century, its famous register

closed. The record does not permit that ending.

RECORD In 2010, an inmate named Victor Castro-Rodriguez was murdered in his cell at the Medical Center. Inmates Coonce and Hall were convicted of the murder in 2014 and sentenced to death.

Victor Castro-Rodriguez was not a boss. He was not famous. His name carries no film, no nickname, no legend from another prison, and he is, for exactly those reasons, the most Springfield figure in this chapter. A man was killed inside the institution on Sunshine Street in 2010, inside living memory, and two men were sentenced to die for killing him, in a fully court-documented modern case. The vault is not a museum. It operates. It holds dying men and dangerous men in the same wards, and sometimes the second kind kills the first kind, or kills one of its own obscurities, and the story runs briefly and locally and then rejoins the

silence that the town and the institution maintain together, each for its own reasons.

That silence is the chapter's true subject. It is worth being exact about its shape. It is not a cover-up; no source here documents suppressed facts about Fed Med, and this book does not allege any. It is something more ordinary and more durable: a ninety-year habit of not looking. Springfield asked for this building as a city asks for a factory: for the payroll, for the permanence, and then extended to it the courtesy extended to all the city's other storage places: the buried creek, the unmarked cemetery ground, the evidence locker downtown. What is kept here is kept *from* here. The men inside are America's, the building is the federal government's, the deaths are entered in federal records. Only the ground is Springfield's. Only the ground, and the guards. The neighbours on Sunshine Street driving past a fence behind which the twentieth century's most prosecuted men ended, one by one, in hospital beds.

Springfield campaigned, once, to become the place where the federal government sends its prisoners to be treated and to die. The campaign succeeded beyond

anything John T. Woodruff's Chamber of Commerce could have pictured in 1930. They pictured an institution. They got an ending-house for an era: the propagandists, the spy, the Birdman, and boss after boss after boss, signed out on Sunshine Street across fifty years, while the city that had bid for the honour mostly remembered to be proud of the payroll.

The bosses came to die in Springfield because Springfield asked, in writing, with 620 acres attached, to be the place where such men are sent. Of all the burials in this book, it may be the only one the city ordered in advance.

The institution is still there, and still working, on the same Sunshine Street ground. The register is presumably still lengthening, one unremarked federal death at a time, in a building Springfield passes daily and describes, when it describes it at all, as a landmark. A

landmark of what, the town has never quite said. This chapter has tried to say it: of the bargain itself, the prize, the payroll, and the dead.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

17

TWENTY-ONE TONS

JOHN GALT

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

John Galt

RECORD **John A. Galt was forty-eight years old. He was from Oklahoma City. He was a father of four. He was a former GE engineer. On 30 September 1970, he was driving a truck for Tri-State Motors on his first run for the company.**

Every part of that sentence matters, and this chapter puts it first for a reason. What happened on Interstate 44 near Brookline that day is usually told, when it is told at all, as an explosion: a tonnage, a crater, a distance over which windows broke. Explosions do not have biographies. The man inside this one did. He was an engineer who had changed work, a father driving a new employer's route for the first time, a non-striking driver crossing a labour dispute he had not made, in a truck loaded with dynamite. Springfield's record kept the tonnage and the crater measurements with great care. It kept the man in a parenthesis. This book's rule is the reverse order: Galt first, then the blast that is the only reason his name is in a dossier.

RECORD **There was a strike on. Teamsters Local 823 was striking against Tri-State Motors of Joplin. Galt, driving non-striking, was part of the company's answer to that strike, a man doing a run that striking drivers had refused to do, on a highway that passed through the strikers' own country.**

Springfield knew this kind of war. Labour violence in this city did not begin in 1970 and did not end in the streetcar era: in 1916–17 a strike had lasted 252 days, with riots and dynamited streetcars and an imported private army menacing the town. That is another chapter's record. This chapter's point is narrower and colder: half a century later, on the interstate the whole region now drives daily, the same argument between labour and company was still being conducted, by at least one man, with a rifle.

Three Shots

RECORD **Bobby Lee Shuler was a striking driver. On 30 September 1970, from an overpass, the record also describes the**

position as a ramp, he fired a .30-30 rifle at John Galt's truck as it passed on I-44 near Brookline.

RECORD The third shot hit the load.

The load was dynamite: roughly twenty-one tons of it, a figure the record also gives as 43,000 pounds. Hold both numbers loosely, the way the record holds them, *roughly*, *about*, because precision about the load would be a false comfort. What twenty-one tons of dynamite means, when a rifle bullet reaches it at highway speed, is not a quantity. It is an erasure.

RECORD The truck vaporised. John Galt was the only casualty.

Vaporised is the record's word, and this chapter keeps it because no other word is honest. There was no wreck in the ordinary sense, no cab to cut open, no cargo scattered for investigators to inventory. A man, a truck, and twenty-one

tons of freight converted, in an instant, into force. That Galt was the *only* casualty is the single mercy in the record. It should be read as the accident of timing and traffic that it was, not as any limit on what the shot was meant to do or could have done. A rifle fired into a dynamite load on an interstate does not get to claim restraint for its outcome. The empty highway claimed it.

The Crater, and What the Numbers Cannot Agree On

RECORD **The explosion left a crater in the interstate. It was reported at 50 feet wide by 70 feet long by 25 to 30 feet deep.**

And there this book stops and shows its work, because the crater is this chapter's lesson in miniature.

The dimensions vary by source. The dossier assembled for this book flags them, *measurements vary*, and the

conflicts section lists "dynamite crater dimensions" among the book's unresolved numerical conflicts, with no better source named to settle them. A later official account, the Missouri State Highway Patrol's own retrospective, describes the crater differently again, at roughly 75 feet across and 30 feet deep. A chapter that printed any one of those figures as settled fact would be lying to you in the small, careful way that makes larger lies possible. So the honest sentence is the one the record supports: a highway blast tore a hole in I-44 so large that every institution that measured it came away with a different size. The disagreement itself is part of what Springfield kept. The hole was real. Its exact dimensions were never fixed. Everyone who drives that stretch today drives over filled ground whose original wound cannot be stated

precisely, a fact this book finds uncomfortably appropriate.

RECORD Windows shattered twelve miles away, including in the Heer's building downtown.

Twelve miles. Sit with the geography rather than the physics. Brookline is at the city's western edge; the Heer's building is the old department-store tower on the Square, the anchor of downtown, a building that appears elsewhere in this book at the centre of Springfield's great fire story. The blast reached it. A shot fired in a labour dispute on the interstate rang the city's oldest commercial landmark like a struck bell, glass breaking in offices and storefronts across a twelve-mile radius, in the middle of an ordinary morning's business, in a town that had not been told it was anywhere near a war. For one instant, every person inside that radius was inside the event, whether they knew what it was

or not. Springfield did not hear about the explosion afterward. A substantial part of Springfield *heard the explosion*, felt it in glass and in walls, and only later learned that the sound had a name, a shooter, and a dead man at the centre of it where a truck had stopped existing.

Sound is the most democratic form of evidence. It does not check credentials. It arrived downtown uninvited, and for a moment the whole city was a witness. Then the moment passed, the glass was swept, the crater was filled, the highway reopened. Springfield began the process this book documents in chapter after chapter: metabolising an event into something smaller than it was.

Ninety-Nine Years, Eight Served

RECORD **Bobby Lee Shuler was convicted of second-degree murder. He was sentenced to 99 years. He was paroled after eight, paroled in 1979.**

RECORD His accomplice, Gerald Lee Bowden, received ten years for second-degree murder and was paroled in 1975.

Bowden's sentence ran its own quiet arithmetic first: ten years imposed, out in five calendar years' time. But it is Shuler's line that this chapter is built around, because Shuler's line is the one that cannot be read without stopping. Ninety-nine years is not a sentence a court imposes by accident. It is a number chosen to mean *the rest of a life*, to say, in the only units a court has, that vaporising a man on the interstate for driving a truck through a strike is a whole-life offence. And the parole system then took that whole-life number and served eight years of it. Eight. The gap between those two figures is not a rounding error or a technicality. It is two different systems saying two different things about the same killing, nine years apart, with the

second system quietly overruling the first and nobody required to announce the change to the city that had heard the blast.

This book does not argue parole policy in the abstract. It does not invent a motive for the parole board, whose reasoning is not in the record assembled here. What it does is set the documented figures side by side, because side by side is where Springfield left them, unreconciled, for fifty years: a father of four, dead on his first run; a sentence of ninety-nine years; eight years served. A man was killed by an explosion that broke windows twelve miles away. The man who fired the shot was home before the decade turned. The dossier flags one honest caution here, that Shuler's parole after eight years, if the chapter leans on it, deserves one archive pass against parole records before print. The chapter leans on it with that caution attached. The figures as documented are 99 and 8, and even allowing for every imprecision in how secondary records compress a parole timeline, no version of the arithmetic makes the two numbers meet.

Consider, too, what the first run means. A first run is a man learning a job in public,

new routes, new freight, new employer's expectations. Galt made his carrying twenty-one tons of explosives through a strike zone, in place of men who were on a picket line over the terms of the very work he was doing. The record does not say what Galt thought about the strike, and this chapter will not assign him a politics. Men take runs for pay, for seniority, for a fresh start after an engineering career ends; the dossier gives his age, his town, his children, and his former profession, and then it gives his death. What can be said on the record is only this: whatever brought John Galt to that truck, he was the person the dispute cost. Not the company, which lost a load. Not the union, which lost standing it is still, in the Chamber's telling, working to recover. Not the shooter, who lost eight years. The engineer from Oklahoma City, four children's father, lost everything

there was to lose, on the first day of a new job, for a quarrel that was never his.

The Reputation

What did Springfield keep from 30 September 1970? Not a marker. Not a reckoning with the strike, the rifle, or the sentence. What it kept, on the documented account of its own Chamber of Commerce, was a reputation.

RECORD, as the Springfield Chamber's own retrospective frames it: the blast fed Springfield's decades-long anti-union reputation, a reputation the city was still working to repair years later, in a line the Chamber traces eventually to the 1987 CALM coalition.

Read that carefully, because it is the most Springfield sentence in this chapter. A man was murdered, murdered with an explosion, in a labour dispute, on a public highway. The institutionally remembered consequence was reputational. Not *a driver was killed and the sentence was a*

scandal. Not even _labour violence is our recurring shame_. The blast became a branding problem: the city read, to employers it wanted to attract, as anti-union. The work of the following decades was to manage the reading. The Chamber retrospective is not a villain's document; it is an honest civic one, telling the story as civic institutions tell stories, in the currency they deal in. But a book about burial has to note the exchange rate. Galt's death, Shuler's eight years, the crater that could not be measured twice the same way, all of it converted, at the Chamber's counter, into _reputation_, and reputation can be laundered in a way a killing cannot.

And the ground itself completed the work. There is no marker at the site in the record assembled for this book. The interstate was repaired, of course it was repaired; highways are. The repair is indistinguishable from every other mile of I-44. Thousands of drivers cross the filled crater every day, at highway speed, in the few

seconds the stretch takes to pass, and nothing at the roadside tells them that a man was vaporised here, that glass broke downtown, that the sentence was ninety-nine years and the time was eight. The most completely buried sites in this book are not the ones that were hidden. They are the ones that were paved.

John Galt was an engineer, a father of four, a man on his first run. The record's figures will scatter as records do, twenty-one tons, roughly; forty-three thousand pounds; a crater fifty by seventy, or seventy-five across, by twenty-five to thirty deep; windows at twelve miles, that one at least agreed. The figures blur and the dates of parole sit in files awaiting an archivist. What does not blur is the shape of it: a strike, a rifle, a third shot. A sentence spoken in a courtroom at full volume, ninety-nine years, and then, quietly, in another room, reduced by ninety-one.

Springfield heard the blast. The whole city heard the blast; it broke their windows. What it never quite heard was the second number.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

18

THE CYCLONE AND THE BAN

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Marshfield, 1880; Springfield, 1918; and the long disaster record

Most of the deaths in this book have a name attached to the causing of them. A man, a mob, a company, a jail. This chapter is about the deaths that do not.

Twice in thirty-eight years, the Springfield area buried people by the hundred with no villain to arrest afterward, once in an afternoon, when the sky came down on Marshfield, and once over thirty-two days, when the air itself turned and Springfield closed its own doors to try to survive it. The first disaster left a town levelled in minutes. The second left a city emptied by order, household by household, behind shuttered schools and dark theatres.

What Springfield buried in these cases was not guilt. It was memory. A century after the second disaster, a medical journal could publish the claim that the flu had barely touched the Ozarks. The claim could stand in print until somebody

went back and read the newspapers from the weeks when the dying was actually happening. The newspapers knew. They counted the dead day by day, in public, while it was happening.

This chapter counts them again.

I. The Cyclone — 18 April 1880

RECORD **On 18 April 1880, an F4 tornado, part of an outbreak that killed at least 167 people, tracked through southeast Greene County and then devastated Marshfield, the Webster County seat east of Springfield.**

In southeast Springfield and Greene County, the storm killed at least seven people and injured sixteen. Among the named dead was Susannah Carney Galloway, forty-five years old, killed at Galloway. Those are the local figures the record gives for Greene County itself. They are given here exactly as the record gives them, *at least* seven, because the counting of a tornado in 1880 was

done by neighbours and newspapers, not by any agency built for the work.

Marshfield took the storm at full strength. Nearly every building in the town was levelled. Damage was estimated at about one million dollars in 1880 money. About two hundred people were injured.

The dead are where the record must be handled most carefully, because the record does not agree with itself, and this book does not pick a number to make the page cleaner.

RECORD **RECORD, CONFLICT, PRINTED AS FOUND. Most counts put the tornado outbreak's total fatalities at 99. Some counts put the dead in Marshfield alone at 92. Those two figures cannot both be the whole story in the simple way a reader might want: if 92 died in Marshfield alone, and at least seven more died in Greene County, the arithmetic approaches the 99 total from below and leaves almost no room for deaths anywhere else along the**

outbreak's path. The sources retrieved for this book do not reconcile the figures, and no source in them explains whether the 99 includes the Marshfield 92, overlaps it, or was counted by a different hand on a different day. What can be said, and said plainly, is this: the outbreak killed at least 167 people in total across its full path by the broadest count in the record; the Marshfield tornado's own toll stands in the record as 92 dead in Marshfield in some counts and 99 dead overall in others; and roughly two hundred were injured. Any single, confident number printed for Marshfield would be an invention. The range is the fact.

That is not a small distinction. Ninety-two and ninety-nine are not statistics. They are seven households' worth of difference in a town where nearly every building was knocked flat, seven names that one count has and another does not. Springfield has lived comfortably with the blur for a hundred and forty-five years. The blur is part of what got buried.

SAID The photographs that survive, and several do, stark views of splintered streets and roofless walls, show a town unmade in the time it takes to say it happened. They are public-domain images now, long out of anyone's ownership, which is its own kind of statement: the destruction was photographed, circulated, and then filed away as weather. Weather has no defendant. Weather gets an anniversary paragraph, not a reckoning.



Marshfield, 1880 — a primary damage view of the levelled town.

Public domain (author unknown).



Marshfield, 1880 — a second distinct damage view.

Public domain (author unknown).



Marshfield, 1880 — a third view. A death toll argued over in this chapter deserved a spread, not a single frame.

Public domain (author unknown).

Springfield rebuilt its neighbour, as neighbours do, and then Springfield did what it does with every disaster that carries no one's guilt: it let the event shrink to a date. 18 April 1880. An F4. A toll that wobbles between counts. The town that was levelled became a line in a list of Missouri tornadoes. The list became the memory.

II. The Wreck Between the Storms — 22 July 1922

Between the cyclone and the second great silence of this chapter (working forward, the flu came first in time, but hold the wreck here, where the century puts it) the disaster record runs through Logan, about twenty-five miles west of Springfield.

RECORD On 22 July 1922, the Frisco railroad's flagship *Meteor* and the *Texas Special* collided head-on near Logan. The cause, as the record gives it, was an open switch and misread orders: the siding at Logan was missed.

The Hammer family was on that ground, and the record names them, and this book names them the same way: Felix Hammer,

thirty-five. Della Mae Hammer, thirty-one. Verba Mae Hammer, seven. Clara Katherine Hammer, six. Donald Leon Hammer, three. All five were killed on impact. A mother, a father, and three children under eight, ended in a single moment of somebody else's misread paperwork.

Engineer C.H. Ring was also killed. A period newspaper added the detail that his cigar was reportedly still in his teeth. That detail is printed here as what it is, period colour from a period paper, not as a verified fact, because a detail that vivid is exactly the kind that survives retelling whether or not it was ever true.

Forty to fifty injured people were taken to Frisco Hospital in Springfield.

RECORD **RECORD, GAP, STATED.** No clean total death toll for the wreck, beyond the named Hammer family and Engineer Ring, was retrieved in the research for this book. That gap is stated rather than filled. Six names are documented. There may have been more dead; the sources gathered do not give a settled total, and this chapter will not manufacture one. A head-on

collision between two named passenger trains, twenty-five miles from a city of Springfield's size. The surviving record handed down to a researcher a century later cannot produce a complete count of its dead. That incompleteness is itself a finding about how disaster paper was kept, and for whom.

III. The Ban — October 1918

Thirty-eight years after the cyclone, the disaster came back. This time it moved in weeks and came out of the air in every room in the city.

RECORD On 1 October 1918, Mayor J.J. Gideon closed Springfield. Schools, churches, theatres, pool halls, and the public library, shut by mayoral order against the Spanish influenza then moving through the city. The closure entered the town's language with a plain name: *the Ban*. It lasted thirty-two days, until 3 November.

The same day the Ban began, 1 October, cadets of the Student Army Training Corps were inducted at the Normal School, now Missouri State University, and at Drury. The record notes that cadets fainted at

induction. Young men stood in formation to become soldiers while the sickness was already in them, on the first day of the month the city shut itself down. The war and the flu arrived in Springfield on the same morning, and only one of them got a parade's worth of memory afterward.

The contemporary counting was done by the *Springfield Leader*. It was done in public, in numbers no one at the time treated as small. On 9 October the paper reported seventeen deaths in a single day, a running total of forty-four, and more than three hundred new cases a day. By 19 October, one hundred and fifty were dead. By 23 October, more than one hundred and sixty-five.

Missouri State University's student newspaper, *The Standard*, working from the record a century later, puts the figure at 254 Spanish-flu deaths in Springfield during the ban period, including at least four of the SATC cadets inducted on the Ban's first day.

Read those numbers in sequence, because the sequence is the story. Forty-four by 9 October. One hundred and

fifty by 19 October. More than one hundred and sixty-five by 23 October. Two hundred and fifty-four across the thirty-two days of the Ban. That is not a city brushing against a pandemic happening somewhere else. That is a city burying its people at a pace of roughly eight a day for a month, behind the closed doors the Ban itself had ordered shut.



St. Louis, Missouri, October 1918 — Red Cross Motor Corps women on duty, masked, with stretchers at their ambulances. St. Louis, NOT Springfield: no Springfield flu photograph exists; Springfield’s own record of the Ban is paper.

Public domain — Library of Congress item record: 'No known restrictions on publication' (American National Red Cross photograph collection).

RECORD RECORD, THE MISSING OFFICIAL NUMBER. Ozarks Alive's account of the

1918 flu in Springfield notes something the reader should sit with: no official city-level toll for Springfield was broken out by the government. The statewide figure was 12,500 dead. Of the cities, only St. Louis, with 2,883, and Kansas City, with 1,724, were broken out by name. Springfield's 254 comes from the contemporary newspapers and the university paper's reconstruction, not from an official ledger with the city's name at the top of the column. The paper that should have existed, a clean government count of Springfield's flu dead, does not exist in the record retrieved. Half the time, in this book, the missing paper is the story. Here it is the whole story: a city lost two hundred and fifty-four people in thirty-two days and the official accounting never separated them out from the state's thousands. They

were counted by journalists, or they were not counted at all.

And then, a century later, came the minimisation, documented, in print, and wrong.

RECORD **RECORD, MINIMISATION, NAMED. A 2020 article in *Missouri Medicine* claimed the flu had "little adverse impact in the Ozarks", in the dossier's summary of it, that there were only a few deaths. The contemporary record contradicts that claim directly and in detail. The *Springfield Leader* counted seventeen dead in one day and more than one hundred and sixty-five by 23 October 1918. *The Standard*'s figure is 254 deaths during the ban period. Against a day-by-day newspaper count made while the funerals were happening, a journal article written in 2020 saying it barely happened is not a difference of interpretation. It is an error, or something worse than an error, an amnesia with a citation attached.**

This book follows the contemporary papers. Where a modern summary and the record made at the time disagree about how many people died, the record made at the time wins. The summary gets named as what it is.

The Ban lifted on 3 November. The schools and churches and theatres reopened. The cadets who had not died went on with the war. And Springfield filed the worst month in its history under the same heading it had filed Marshfield: weather, sickness, acts of God, the categories with no defendant, and therefore, in this town's practice, no memorial either. There is no Springfield monument to the 254. The 1906 lynching at least eventually got a marker, a hundred and thirteen years late. The flu dead got a journal article saying there were hardly any of them.

IV. The Line Runs Forward — 2007, 2025

RECORD **The disaster record does not stop in 1918. This chapter's last duty is to run it forward without inflating it.**

On 12–14 January 2007, an ice storm left more than 200,000 southwest Missourians without power. The National Weather Service office in Springfield recorded an inch and a half of ice accumulation; fourteen other counties along Interstate 44 reported at least an inch. In Springfield alone, about 70,000 customers were in the dark at the peak, roughly ninety percent of the city, per Associated Press reporting. Governor Matt Blunt declared a state of emergency and activated the National Guard. Missouri damage totalled $352.9 million. Some Springfield households were without power for up to roughly two weeks. The storm had been preceded, only weeks earlier, by another ice storm on 30 November–1 December 2006. The Weather Service's own description of the January landscape was a place "resembling a war zone."

RECORD, A NUMBER THAT IS NOT SPRINGFIELD'S. The continental storm of January 2007 killed more than eighty-five people across twelve states and three Canadian provinces. That figure appears in summaries of the storm, and it would be easy, and wrong, to let a reader absorb it as Springfield's toll. No Springfield-specific death toll for the 2007 ice storm

was found in the sources retrieved for this book, and none is asserted here. Springfield's 2007 disaster is measured in the record by darkness, duration, and damage: ninety percent of a city without power, some of it for two weeks, in January. That is grave enough stated exactly. It does not need borrowed dead.

RECORD On 29 April 2025, a cluster of thunderstorms produced widespread damaging winds across southwest Missouri, with significant tree and structural damage across Greene County including Springfield. City Utilities outages peaked at 50,000. A gust of ninety miles per hour was measured at Springfield-Branson National Airport. The confirmed tornadoes in the event, rated EF0 to EF1 in Lawrence and Stone counties, caused no fatalities and no injuries, per National Weather Service surveys. KSMU documented a half-collapsed house near Scenic and Sunshine and trees down across Delmar and Washington Avenue.

RECORD **RECORD, REGIONAL NOTE, GEOGRAPHY KEPT HONEST. One more fire belongs at this chapter's margin,**

flagged as what it is: not a Springfield event. On 27 November 2006, a fire in a group home at Anderson, in McDonald County (the Anderson Guest House, housing elderly and mentally ill residents, with no sprinklers) killed ten people in initial reporting and eleven in later counts, ten residents and one caregiver. The discrepancy is flagged, not resolved. The fire changed Missouri law, driving the state's sprinkler mandate for long-term-care facilities. It is recorded here because its consequences reached every such home in Springfield, not because its ground is Springfield's. The corridor of consequence and the map of the city are different things, and this book keeps them separate.

V. What the Weather Buried

The cyclone took minutes. The Ban took thirty-two days. Between them they

account for more Springfield-area dead than most of the crimes in this book combined. They are, by a distance, the least remembered events in it.

That is not an accident of storytelling. It is a habit of the place. The habit has a logic: Springfield remembers what it can blame, eventually, and sometimes even what it must excuse. What it cannot blame anyone for, it simply stops counting. Marshfield's dead wobble between ninety-two and ninety-nine a century and a half later because no institution ever needed the number to be exact. Springfield's flu dead were never given an official city count at all, because the counting was left to newspapers, and newspapers are built to be thrown away. When the minimisation finally came in a medical journal in 2020, it met no resistance, because there was no Springfield number standing in its way, only old papers, in an archive, waiting for somebody to read the *Leader* of 9 October 1918 and do the arithmetic the city never did.

Seventeen in a day. Forty-four, then a hundred and fifty, then more than a hundred and sixty-five, then two hundred and fifty-four.

They were counted once, at the time, by people watching it happen. This chapter is the second counting.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

19

WHAT THE ROAD LEFT BEHIND

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Times Beach, Devil's Elbow, the Spooklight, Joplin, the Route 66 corridor

A note on geography, before anything else, because this book's standard requires it: almost nothing in this chapter happened in Springfield.

Springfield is a Route 66 city, the road ran through it, fed it, and gave it some of its surviving landmarks. A city is partly made of the corridor it sits on. But Times Beach is in St. Louis County. Devil's Elbow is in Pulaski County. The Spooklight burns, or does not burn, on the Missouri–Oklahoma line southwest of Joplin. The Hotel Connor fell in Joplin. These are radiating sites: places the road connects to Springfield, not places Springfield contains. This chapter presents them as the corridor. It does not claim them as city history. The difference matters, because the corridor's central story is about a place that was treated as disposable precisely by people who did not have to live there.



The Rest Haven Motel, Route 66, Springfield — the corridor as Springfield itself kept it.

Gorup de Besanez, 'Rest Haven Motel, Route 66, Springfield', CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Ame06469_06.jpg)

The road also has its own book, elsewhere in this project. This chapter is not that book's trailer. It stands on its own feet, on the same record standard as every chapter before it: what is documented is stated as documented, what is legend is labelled legend, and where the legend's paperwork turns out not to exist, the chapter says so and shows its work.

What the road left behind, along one stretch of Missouri, is: a town the federal government bought, emptied, burned in an incinerator, and replaced with a park; a village the river finished off after the highway had already abandoned it; a light in the dark that has been explained, experimentally, for eighty years and is still sold as a mystery by a city government; and a hotel that fell down one day before the wreckers were scheduled to bring it down, with three men inside it.

I. Times Beach — The Town That Was Bought and Burned

RECORD **Times Beach began as a Route 66 resort town in St. Louis County and held, at the relevant time, more than two thousand people. It was, by every ordinary measure, a real place: homes, businesses, streets that needed dust control in the summer.**



Times Beach, 1990 against 2009 — the same street grid twice: a dead town of abandoned houses, then the identical grid swallowed by trees.

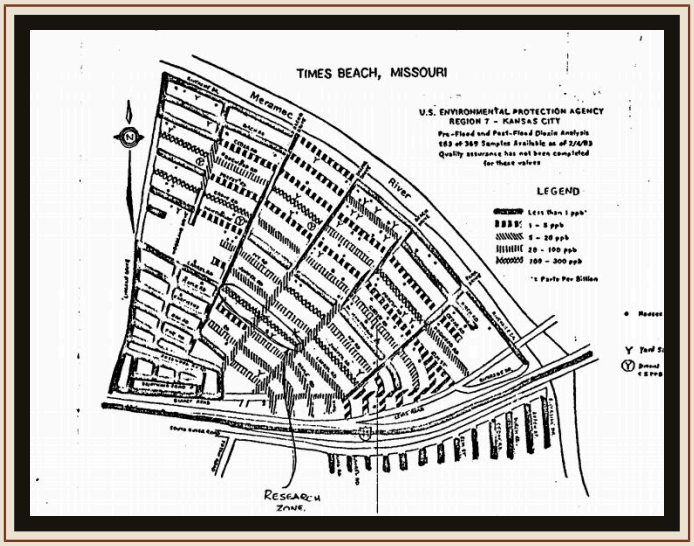
Public domain — USGS/EPA. Courtesy credit shown.

The dust control is how it died. From 1972 to 1976, waste hauler Russell Bliss sprayed the town's roads with waste oil for dust suppression. The oil was laced with dioxin (TCDD), and its source, in the record, was the NEPACCO plant at Verona, Missouri. The contamination was not trace-level. Soil in Times Beach reached approximately 300 parts per billion, roughly three hundred times the level the Centers for Disease Control considered safe.



The EPA soil-sampling crew, November 1982 — the sampling that proved the contamination, photographed by the government doing it.

Public domain — EPA (Dan Harris). Courtesy credit shown.



The EPA Region 7 dioxin-analysis map — the contamination mapped, before and after the flood.

Public domain — EPA Region 7. Courtesy credit shown.

Three hundred times. Sprayed, deliberately and repeatedly over four years, on the roads people lived beside, by a man doing a job the town wanted done. Nobody in Times Beach voted to be poisoned. They voted, in effect, for less dust.

RECORD In December 1982 the Meramec River flooded, spreading what the roads held through the town at large. On 23 December 1982, the CDC told the residents of Times Beach that their town was uninhabitable. Two days before Christmas, the federal government's message to more than two thousand people was that the ground under their houses could no longer be lived on.



The December 1982 Meramec flood — the flood that spread the dioxin and forced the federal buyout.

Public domain — National Weather Service. Courtesy credit shown.

In February 1983, the Environmental Protection Agency carried out a thirty-three-million-dollar buyout under Superfund, the first buyout of its kind: about eight hundred properties and thirty businesses. The government did not clean the town and hand it back. The government purchased the town in order to empty it.

Times Beach disincorporated on 2 April 1985. A town that had existed as a legal place voted itself, or was processed, out of existence. Then came the physical erasure: in 1996 and 1997, an incinerator burned

265,354 tons of contaminated soil, Times Beach's soil, and soil from twenty-seven Missouri sites in total, until the poison the record could measure had been rendered down to ash and gas and numbers an agency could sign.

On 11 September 1999, Route 66 State Park opened on the site: 419 acres. The only surviving building from the town is the Bridgehead Inn, which serves as the park's visitor centre. The site was delisted in 2001, and EPA sampling in 2012 found no significant risk.



The former Times Beach roadhouse, now the Route 66 State Park visitor center — the erased town’s one standing witness.

Mitchazenia, 'Times Beach former roadhouse / Route 66 State Park visitor center', CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Route_66_Times_Beach_visitor_center.jpg)

RECORD **RECORD, WHAT THE PLACE IS NOW.** So the sequence, stated flatly, is complete and documented: resort town; dust control; dioxin at three hundred times the safe level; flood; federal declaration of uninhabitability; first-of-its-kind Superfund buyout; disincorporation; incineration of 265,354 tons of soil; state park. Families picnic now where families lived. The grass is real grass. The visitor centre is a roadhouse that survived because it was useful. An aerial photograph the government itself published shows the town twice, in 1990, a dead grid of streets and

abandoned houses, and in 2009, the identical grid swallowed by trees. The streets are still legible under the forest. That is the most literal burial in this entire book: a municipality bought by the federal government, emptied by cheque, burned by the ton, and replanted, with the street plan still visible from the air, like a floor plan under grass.



The Times Beach rail bridge — the corridor’s surviving infrastructure over the ground the town stood on.

EagleScout2017, 'Times Beach rail bridge', CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:BNSF_-_Times_Beach_Bridge.jpg)

Springfield did none of this, and this chapter does not pretend otherwise. But the dioxin came from Verona, in southwest Missouri. The road that ran

through Times Beach ran through Springfield too. The corridor is a system. What the system did at its eastern end, it was capable of doing anywhere along its length: finding a small place whose ground was cheaper than its people, and treating the ground accordingly.

II. Devil's Elbow — Bypassed, Then Washed Away

RECORD Devil's Elbow, in Pulaski County, is a village founded in 1870 at an extreme bend of the Big Piney River. The name came from the log drivers: logjams at the bend made it, in their phrase, "a devil of an elbow." It boomed when Route 66 arrived in 1926. In 1943, the four-lane alignment bypassed it, the road moved. The traffic, which was the village's economy, moved with it.



Devil’s Elbow — the Big Piney bend that named the place.

Wikimedia Commons contributor, 'Devil's Elbow / Big Piney River, Route 66', CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Devil%27s_Elbow_Historic_District.jpg)

What the bypass began, the river finished. In May 2017, a record flood hit Devil's Elbow: the Big Piney rose about twenty-eight feet, roughly eight feet beyond the previous record, figures carried here as the record gives them, sourced in the research to Wikivoyage's account. The flood destroyed McCoy's Store and Shelden's Market and post office, the latter open for eighty years. The destruction came weeks, weeks, after the village's February 2017 designation as a National Register historic district. The county emergency manager, quoted in the record, delivered the verdict in four words: "Devil's Elbow is gone."



The Route 66 bridge at Devil’s Elbow — the structure the boom built and the bypass stranded.

Adam Jones from Kelowna, BC, Canada, 'Devil's Elbow Bridge, Route 66', CC BY-SA 2.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Devils_Elbow_Bridge_-_Devils_Elbow_-_Route_66_-_Missouri_-_USA_(41199005394).jpg)

LEGEND **LEGEND, LABELLED, AND LABELLED HONESTLY. Paranormal tourism attaches to Devil's Elbow, as it attaches to much of the old road. The Clio entry for the site states the position plainly: the legends are "spurred no doubt by its name." There is no specific documented haunting at Devil's Elbow, and no documented death underneath the**

lore. A place called Devil's Elbow will accumulate ghost stories as the bend accumulated logs. The name does the work. This book records the lore's existence and its emptiness in the same breath: LEGEND, name-driven, with nothing documented beneath it. The true story needs no ghost. A village can be killed twice without anyone dying in it, once by an engineer's alignment drawn on a map in 1943, and once by its own river, seventy-four years later, a few weeks after the government formally declared it historic.

III. The Hornet Spooklight — A Mystery With an Answer

On E 50 Road, on the Missouri–Oklahoma line near Hornet, about twelve miles southwest of Joplin, an orange ball of light has been reported for a century and more.

It has a name, the Hornet Spooklight, a location, a literature, and a loyal audience. It also has an explanation, and the explanation has been demonstrated, on the record, three times.

RECORD **RECORD, THE EXPLANATION.** The Spooklight is misidentified distant automobile headlights. From elevated E 50 Road, the Route 66 alignment east of the Spring River is visible at distance; headlights on that alignment, refracted and lifted by the geography, present as a hovering ball of light. This was not merely proposed. It was demonstrated in staged experiments: in 1946, by Sheard; in 1955; and in 1965, in work associated with Gannon and *Popular Mechanics*. Investigators put cars on the road and produced the light. The experiment has been repeatable for eighty years.

RECORD **RECORD, THE EVIDENCE THAT DOES NOT EXIST. The legend's antiquity rests on claimed print evidence from before the automobile: an 1881 pamphlet, referred to as the "Ozark Spook Light" pamphlet. A manuscript attributed to**

Foster Young. Journalist Paul W. Johns, who investigated the light's documentary trail, found no print mention of the Spooklight before 1926, the very year the Route 66 segment whose headlights explain it was designated. And of the 1881 pamphlet and the Foster Young manuscript, the dossier's finding is exact: there is no evidence either ever existed. Not "lost." Not "unlocated." No evidence of existing. The pre-automobile pedigree of the Hornet Spooklight (the thing that would make it a genuine mystery rather than an optical effect) is supported by documents that, so far as any investigator has been able to show, were never printed and never written.

That absence belongs in this book's central pattern. Elsewhere in these chapters, missing paper hides a crime. Here, missing paper *creates* a mystery: invent a pamphlet from 1881, and a trick of headlights and hills becomes a century-old enigma. The invention is the haunting.

LEGEND (LABELLED. The stories told for the light, retailed among others by the City of Joplin's own page) which states, against the experimental record, that there is "no conclusive answer", include: a first sighting on the Trail of Tears in 1836; two Quapaw lovers who leapt into the Spring River; a miner searching with a lantern for his stolen family; and a decapitated Osage chief searching for his head. Each is folklore. None is documented. They are printed here as LEGEND, in a list, because the list itself is evidence, of how a community, and in this case a municipal website, will keep a mystery stocked with stories long after the mystery has been solved on the road below with a set of headlights and a stopwatch.

The debunking is not this chapter's embarrassment. It is this chapter's honesty, and it is the point. A book that asks to be believed when it names a mayor or a deputy

has to be willing to say, in the same voice, that the famous ghost light is car headlights, demonstrated in 1946, 1955, and 1965, and that the pamphlet from 1881 does not exist. The standard cuts both ways, or it is not a standard.

IV. Hotel Connor, Joplin — One Day Early

RECORD **The Hotel Connor stood at 324 Main Street in Joplin, built in 1906–08 for Thomas Connor: nine storeys, a landmark of the mining city's prosperous years, documented in its last months by the Historic American Buildings Survey precisely because it was scheduled for demolition. The HABS photographs, a marble-staircase lobby, a boarded and tired exterior, are the building's official last portraits, taken by the government because the end was already on the calendar.**



The Connor’s marble-staircase lobby, photographed by the Historic American Buildings Survey in 1978 because demolition was scheduled. The Connor collapsed on 11 November 1978, one day before its scheduled implosion. It did not burn.

Public domain — HABS/Library of Congress. Courtesy credit shown.

The end came one day ahead of schedule. On 11 November 1978, and the correction matters, so it is made plainly: the Hotel Connor *collapsed*; it did not burn, the building fell during demolition preparation, weakened columns being blamed, one day before its scheduled implosion. Three workers were inside.



The boarded nine-story Connor exterior, HABS MO-1202 — the full building, documented for the record before its scheduled end.

Public domain — HABS/Library of Congress. Courtesy credit shown.

Thomas Oakes, the surname is also rendered Oaks in some sources. The variant is flagged here rather than silently settled, and Frederick Coe were

killed. The third man, Alfred Sommers, was buried alive in the wreckage. He was rescued after eighty-two hours.

Eighty-two hours. The other men in this book who were buried, in wells, in shallow graves, under the ground of cemeteries the city forgot to empty, did not come back up. Sommers did, after three and a half days under a nine-storey hotel that could not wait one more day to fall. The record gives his rescue the same flat treatment it gives the deaths. This chapter follows it: two men killed, one man recovered alive after eighty-two hours, a building that demolished itself on its own schedule and took the schedule's keepers with it.

The site is now the Joplin Public Library. Joplin put its books where its grand hotel fell, a use of haunted ground so ordinary and so decent that it needs no embellishment. People check out novels above the place where Alfred Sommers waited eighty-two hours in the dark. The library does not trade on it. The record simply holds both facts at once, the way the corridor holds all of this chapter: the

park over the poisoned town, the forest over the street grid, the library over the collapse.

V. What the Road Left Behind

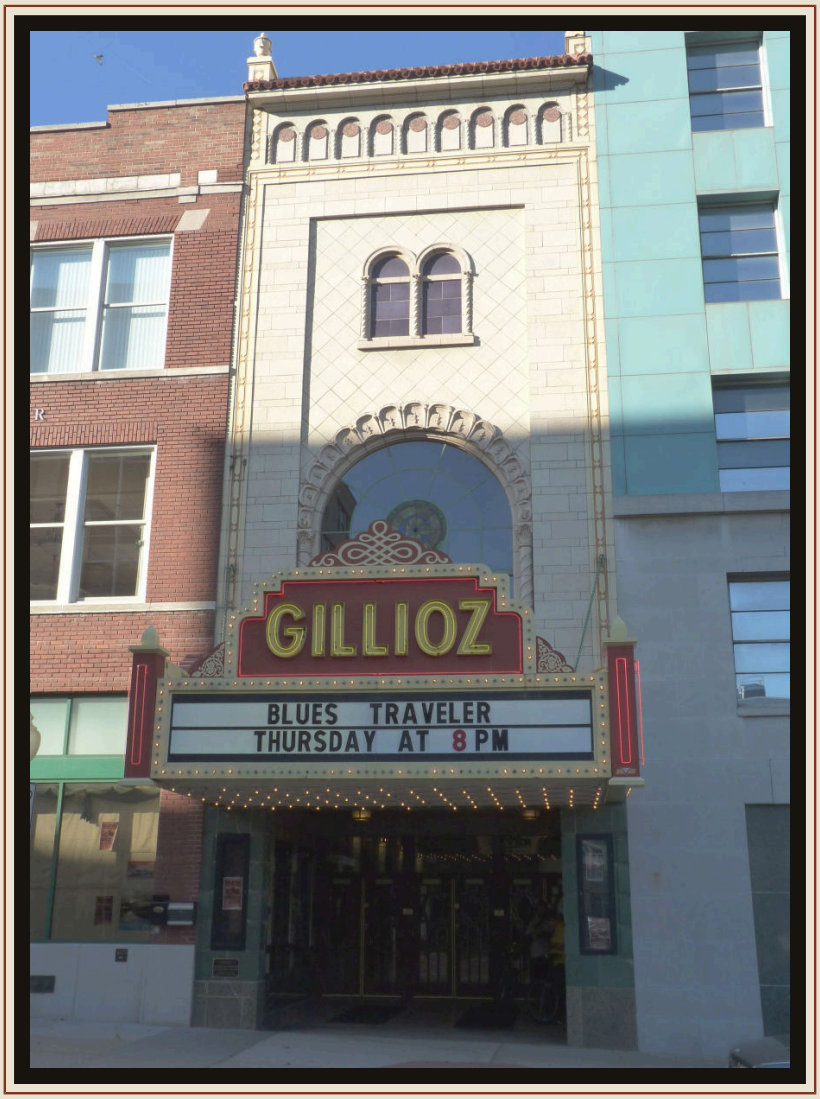
Drive the corridor with the record in hand and the pattern assembles itself. At Times Beach, erasure was a federal programme with a budget: $33 million to buy a town, 265,354 tons of its soil through an incinerator, a park to finish the job. At Devil's Elbow, erasure was slower and cheaper: a bypass in 1943 and a river in 2017, with a historic-district plaque issued just in time to be overtaken. At the Spooklight, what was manufactured was the opposite of erasure: a mystery kept alive past its own experimental death, because a mystery is worth more to a town than headlights are. At the Hotel Connor, the ground was reused so plainly that the reuse itself is the memorial.



Springfield’s Route 66 Steak ’n Shake — the road’s commercial survival.

Larry D. Moore, 'Route 66 Steak 'n Shake, Springfield', CC BY 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Route_66_Steak_n_Shake_East_Elevation.jpg)

Springfield sits in the middle of this corridor believing its own burials are a local habit. They are not. They are the regional method. The road that made Springfield also made a town the government could buy and burn. Springfield's part in this chapter is the part it plays in all the others: the city in the middle, connected to everything, remembering selectively, and driving, every day, in both directions, over ground whose record it has not read.



The Gillioz Theatre on Route 66 — downtown Springfield's road-era landmark, anchoring the corridor at its Springfield end.

AbeEzekowitz, 'Gillioz Theatre, Route 66, Springfield', CC BY-SA 3.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Gillioz_Theater_-_Springfield_MO.jpg)

The road left the record behind too. It is still there, in buyout ledgers and flood gauges and an 1881 pamphlet that never

existed. It only needed reading at the same standard as the rest.

PART TWO — THE LONG RECORD

20

BADGES AND LEDGERS

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Named modern official crime, as the federal record documents it

Chapter 8 of this book covers the modern institutions in composite: the jail, the deaths inside it, the county that fought its own auditor. This chapter is different. This chapter is a ledger, with names.

Everything in it comes from the documented record, overwhelmingly from federal court: guilty pleas, sentences, and the U.S. Attorney's and FBI's own releases. No claim in this chapter rests on rumour, and no person is named here on an accusation alone. Where the record is a plea, the text says plea. Where it is a conviction at trial, the text says conviction. Where a figure in the record conflicts with itself, the conflict is printed. And where the research for this book found charges without a retrieved disposition, that matter has been excluded from this chapter entirely, a decision documented in the closing notes, because this book does not name a person as a criminal on charges alone. That is the standard the rest of the book asks of Springfield's institutions. It applies to this book first.

One framing, stated honestly at the outset because the research states it: no source retrieved for this book documents a Springfield political machine, no Pendergast-style organisation, no impeached Springfield mayor, no Prohibition payoff ledger for Springfield, Missouri. Researchers who go looking for a machine will not find one in this record, and this chapter does not invent one. What the record documents instead is, in its way, bleaker: a procession of individuals, a mayor, a banker, and a run of sworn officers, each processed by the federal courts one press release at a time, each absorbed by the public in a day's news, and each filed away and forgotten before the next one arrived. Corruption as a system is not what the record shows. The burying here is not of evidence. The evidence is public. The burying is of

accumulation: nobody laid the releases side by side.

Here they are, side by side.



The Greene County Courthouse — the court geography this chapter’s badge cases moved through.

Kbh3rd, 'Greene County Courthouse', CC BY 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Greene_County_MO_Courthouse_20151022-143.jpg)

I. The Mayor — Corey Hendrickson, Willard

RECORD **Corey Louis Hendrickson was Mayor of Willard, a Greene County city, from 2015 to 2021, and later served as an alderman. In his day job he was a fleet**

dispatcher for Prime Inc., a trucking company headquartered in Springfield.

As a dispatcher, Hendrickson had access to the fuel-account system that long-haul drivers depend on. The federal record establishes what he did with it: between 9 September 2016 and 17 August 2021, a span covering most of his mayoralty, he stole the fuel-account identities of more than five hundred truck drivers and ran more than one thousand fraudulent transactions, totalling $298,737.

Five hundred drivers. A thousand transactions. Nearly five years. The victims were working truckers whose fuel accounts were skimmed by a man who, in the next county over from their routes, cut ribbons as a mayor. The investigation was conducted by the United States Secret Service and the Springfield Police Department.

On 24 October 2023, Hendrickson pleaded guilty to wire fraud and aggravated identity theft. He resigned his alderman seat the same day. He was sentenced to three years in federal prison and ordered to pay $298,737 in

restitution, the full documented amount of the fraud, returned on paper to the ledger it was taken from.

One figure in this case does not reconcile, and the book flags it rather than splitting it. The federal record, the Justice Department's, puts both the fraud total and the restitution at $298,737. A figure associated with the case in the Greene County Commonwealth reads $318,041.21. The two numbers stand about nineteen thousand dollars apart, and no source in the assembled record explains the difference. This chapter follows the federal record and prints the Commonwealth's figure beside it, attributed, unresolved.

RECORD Note the shape of it, because the shape repeats through this chapter: nothing about the scheme required Springfield's silence to operate. It operated in records, fuel accounts, transaction logs, identities on file. It was undone by records. And when it ended, it ended the way every case in this chapter ended: with a federal release, a sentence, and a news cycle. Willard

got a new alderman. The ledger closed. That is not a criticism of the courts, which did their documented work. It is a description of the town's memory, which did not do its.

II. The Banker — Richard Gregg, and the Jail Telephones

RECORD **Richard Thomas Gregg was a Springfield businessman, principal shareholder and director of Southwest Community Bank. The bank failed in May 2010.**

On 3 April 2015, Gregg pleaded guilty to bank fraud and bankruptcy fraud causing more than three million dollars in losses. He was sentenced to seventy-eight months in federal prison, six and a half years, and ordered to pay $3,098,896 in restitution.

Those facts alone would earn him his paragraph in this ledger: a bank's principal, a guilty plea, three million dollars gone. But the Gregg record contains one further documented detail.

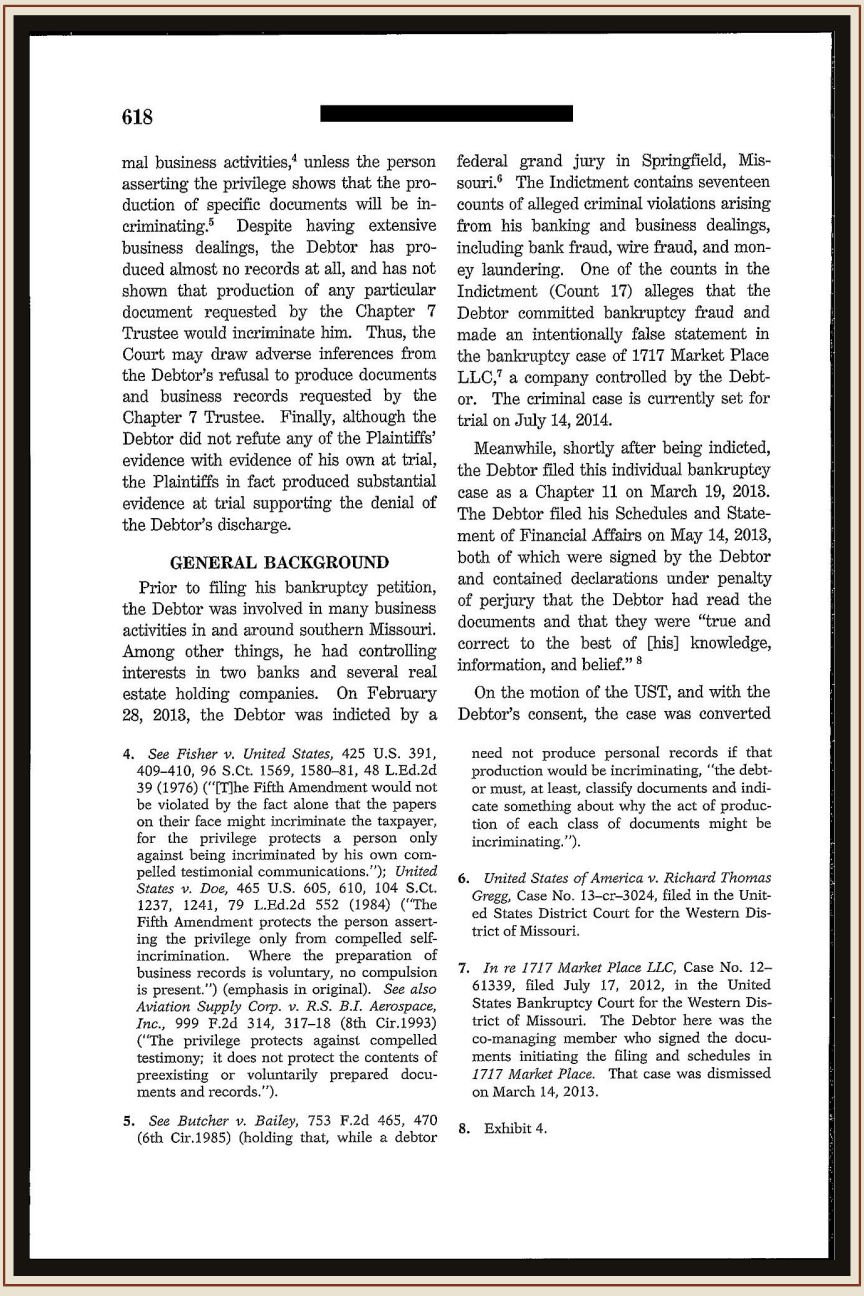
It is the detail that makes him the centre of this chapter, because it connects this modern ledger to the oldest pattern in this book.

RECORD While Gregg was under indictment, before his plea, while his case was pending, he was held in the Greene County Jail. The Department of Justice release on his sentencing records what happened next: recordings from Greene County Jail telephones and jail visits revealed that Gregg conspired to commit new crimes from inside the jail, while under indictment for the old ones. The recordings prompted a superseding indictment on 4 November 2014.

Consider what that documents. A man accused of defrauding a bank used the telephones of the county jail (telephones every inmate knows are recorded, in a building whose entire function is custody) to plan further crimes. The plan was captured by the jail's own recording system and entered into the federal record. This book has followed Greene County's jail through a darker history

than telephones: in 1886 a mob took George Graham out of it and hanged him; in 1906 a mob took three men out of it and hanged them on the Square; in 1917, officers were reported to have handed a suspect over to vigilantes who strung him up three times. The jail door, in the old chapters, opened outward for the mob. In Gregg's chapter, the jail's own wires opened inward on the prisoner. Both stories are the same story told by different centuries: the institution's records show exactly what happened inside it, and what happened was entered, filed, and, until someone laid it beside the rest, forgotten.

Gregg's fraud is documented in the court's own hand as well: the bankruptcy opinion in his case, *In re Gregg*, recounts a federal grand jury in Springfield indicting him on seventeen counts on 28 February 2013. A ledger crime leaves ledger evidence. This chapter takes its title from that fact.



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mal business activities,[4] unless the person asserting the privilege shows that the production of specific documents will be incriminating.[5] Despite having extensive business dealings, the Debtor has produced almost no records at all, and has not shown that production of any particular document requested by the Chapter 7 Trustee would incriminate him. Thus, the Court may draw adverse inferences from the Debtor's refusal to produce documents and business records requested by the Chapter 7 Trustee. Finally, although the Debtor did not refute any of the Plaintiffs' evidence with evidence of his own at trial, the Plaintiffs in fact produced substantial evidence at trial supporting the denial of the Debtor's discharge.

GENERAL BACKGROUND

Prior to filing his bankruptcy petition, the Debtor was involved in many business activities in and around southern Missouri. Among other things, he had controlling interests in two banks and several real estate holding companies. On February 28, 2013, the Debtor was indicted by a federal grand jury in Springfield, Missouri.[6] The Indictment contains seventeen counts of alleged criminal violations arising from his banking and business dealings, including bank fraud, wire fraud, and money laundering. One of the counts in the Indictment (Count 17) alleges that the Debtor committed bankruptcy fraud and made an intentionally false statement in the bankruptcy case of 1717 Market Place LLC,[7] a company controlled by the Debtor. The criminal case is currently set for trial on July 14, 2014.

Meanwhile, shortly after being indicted, the Debtor filed this individual bankruptcy case as a Chapter 11 on March 19, 2013. The Debtor filed his Schedules and Statement of Financial Affairs on May 14, 2013, both of which were signed by the Debtor and contained declarations under penalty of perjury that the Debtor had read the documents and that they were "true and correct to the best of [his] knowledge, information, and belief." [8]

On the motion of the UST, and with the Debtor's consent, the case was converted

4. *See Fisher v. United States*, 425 U.S. 391, 409–410, 96 S.Ct. 1569, 1580–81, 48 L.Ed.2d 39 (1976) ("[T]he Fifth Amendment would not be violated by the fact alone that the papers on their face might incriminate the taxpayer, for the privilege protects a person only against being incriminated by his own compelled testimonial communications."); *United States v. Doe*, 465 U.S. 605, 610, 104 S.Ct. 1237, 1241, 79 L.Ed.2d 552 (1984) ("The Fifth Amendment protects the person asserting the privilege only from compelled self-incrimination. Where the preparation of business records is voluntary, no compulsion is present.") (emphasis in original). *See also Aviation Supply Corp. v. R.S. B.I. Aerospace, Inc.*, 999 F.2d 314, 317–18 (8th Cir.1993) ("The privilege protects against compelled testimony; it does not protect the contents of preexisting or voluntarily prepared documents and records.").

5. *See Butcher v. Bailey*, 753 F.2d 465, 470 (6th Cir.1985) (holding that, while a debtor need not produce personal records if that production would be incriminating, "the debtor must, at least, classify documents and indicate something about why the act of production of each class of documents might be incriminating.").

6. *United States of America v. Richard Thomas Gregg*, Case No. 13–cr–3024, filed in the United States District Court for the Western District of Missouri.

7. *In re 1717 Market Place LLC*, Case No. 12–61339, filed July 17, 2012, in the United States Bankruptcy Court for the Western District of Missouri. The Debtor here was the co-managing member who signed the documents initiating the filing and schedules in *1717 Market Place*. That case was dismissed on March 14, 2013.

8. Exhibit 4.

In re Gregg, 510 B.R. 614 (Bankr. W.D. Mo. 2014), p. 618: "On February 28, 2013, the Debtor was indicted by a federal grand jury in Springfield, Missouri. The Indictment contains seventeen counts…" — a ledger crime's ledger evidence.

Public domain — U.S. Bankruptcy Court, W.D. Mo. Courtesy credit shown.

III. The Badges — Four Named Cases

The men in this section wore badges in or around Greene County. Each case is stated exactly as far as the federal record goes, and no further.

RECORD, Deputy Juan T. Jones. Juan T. Jones was a Greene County Sheriff's deputy. The case against him began on 25 September 2015, with a CyberTip routed through Dropbox and the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children. On 18 April 2016, Jones pleaded guilty in federal court to receiving and distributing child pornography, admitting that he had viewed it for up to ten years. He faced a sentencing range of five to twenty years. The dossier research for this book retrieves the plea and the range; it does not retrieve a final sentence figure, and none is stated here.

RECORD, Corporal Steven Magruder. Steven Robert Magruder retired from the Springfield Police Department in 2005 as a corporal. He later worked in security at Ozarks Technical Community College and, from 2013, as a bailiff in the Greene County Circuit Court, a retired officer, still

working inside the county's courthouse. On 7 October 2014, Magruder pleaded guilty to possessing child pornography. On 30 April 2015, he was sentenced to four years in federal prison.

RECORD, Officer Jack Van Matre. Jack Van Matre, fifty-five, was a retired Springfield police officer. In 2012, he pleaded guilty to sexually exploiting a minor: he had secretly videotaped her between 1 August and 7 October 2011. His plea carried a mandatory minimum of fifteen years in federal prison, and up to sixty. The dossier research retrieves the plea and the statutory range from the FBI's release; as with Jones, no final imposed-sentence figure is retrieved, and none is stated here.

RECORD, Officer John Edwin "Ian" Martin. John Edwin Martin, known as "Ian," served with the Lawrence County, Stone County, and Greene County sheriff's offices. His law-enforcement certification, his POST licence, was stripped. He was also a former Boy Scout leader. On 27 June 2024, Martin was convicted on nine counts

of second-degree statutory sodomy. On 4 October 2024, at the Greene County Justice Center, he was sentenced. The investigator in his case reported that he "actively put himself into positions of influence and authority over young boys", the one quotation in this chapter, carried verbatim from the record, because no paraphrase of it is more exact or more damning.

RECORD **RECORD, CONFLICT, PRINTED AS FOUND.** Martin's effective sentence is reported as approximately thirty-five years in the headline of the source and approximately forty-two years in the body of the same source. The research for this book flags that conflict and does not resolve it. He was convicted on nine counts in June 2024 and sentenced that October; the total term stands in the public reporting as ~35 years in one line and ~42 in another. A verified figure is a pre-print records check, not a choice this chapter makes by preference. Nine counts is documented. Conviction is documented. The arithmetic of the sentence, as published, disagrees with itself, and is printed that way.

Four cases. A deputy who admitted a decade of viewing. A retired corporal who went from the police department to a courthouse bailiff's post to a federal plea. A retired officer who videotaped a minor in secret. An officer across three counties who, on the investigator's documented account, sought out positions of authority over boys. Each case was prosecuted. Each was published by the Department of Justice or the FBI at the time. None of them is a rumour. None of them required this book to uncover anything. They required only accumulation, the one act of memory Springfield's press-release rhythm is designed to prevent. A single case is a scandal. Four cases, named in a row, are a record.

IV. The Allegation That Was Never Decided — A Footnote, Kept in Its Place

RECORD **RECORD, ALLEGATION AND DISMISSAL ONLY. One further matter belongs in this chapter only in the precise, limited form the record allows. In *Williams v. Greene County Sheriff's Department*, 94 S.W.3d 450 (Mo. App. 2003), James D. Williams Jr. alleged that the Sheriff's Department seized $15,000 from him on 31 May 1996 under a search warrant, never filed the forfeiture petition Missouri's CAFA statute required, and transferred the money to federal authorities without the circuit judge's transfer order the law required. The Missouri Court of Appeals dismissed the case on the three-year statute of limitations for actions against a sheriff. The merits of the allegation were never**

reached, not vindicated, not refuted, never tried. This chapter records it as exactly that: an allegation, a limitations dismissal. A question the courts never answered. It is no corruption finding. It is included, in this fenced form, because a ledger that prints only its convictions would be doing the same selective work this book exists to correct.

V. The Ledger, Closed

There is no ghost in this chapter, and the absence is deliberate. It closes the run of chapters 11 through 20 by showing the record unaided: a mayor who stole from five hundred truck drivers for five years while holding office; a banker who, recorded by the jail he sat in, planned new crimes on top of the ones that put him there; four sworn men whose pleas and convictions sit in federal releases anyone can read. None of it was secret for

long. All of it was documented, prosecuted, and published, and then, one release at a time, buried by the simple passage of the next news day.

Springfield's older burials took effort: mobs, silences, a century without a marker. The modern burial takes none at all. It takes only the rhythm, release, headline, sentence, next, and a town that reads each entry alone and never asks for the ledger whole.

Here it is whole. It is not a machine. It is worse than a machine, because a machine can be smashed. A rhythm just continues, until somebody writes the entries in a row and refuses to let the row be broken up again.

This is the row.

PART THREE

DUG UP IN ROUND TWO

PART THREE — DUG UP IN ROUND TWO

21

BLACK SPRINGFIELD

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Springfield built Black Springfield a complete world. Then it declined, in its official histories, to describe that world, and when the world was dismantled, it declined to record what the dismantling cost the people who had built it.

That is the pattern of this chapter. It is not, for the most part, a story of records destroyed. The records exist. The schools, the park, the churches, the cemetery fence, the demotions. They stand on reporting, district history, and scholarship, and they are given here in the RECORD lane unless the text says otherwise. What was buried was not the paper. What was buried was the telling.

RECORD **Missouri law required segregated schools from 1875. A Black child in Springfield did not attend the school nearest home. A Black adult in Springfield did not borrow a book from the public library. A Black family did not picnic in the public parks, and when its dead were buried in the public cemetery, they were**

buried behind a fence. The city did not leave Black Springfield to improvise inside those walls. It built, and Black Springfield built, a parallel civic infrastructure. A school that was also a library and a hall, a single park, a row of churches, a private cemetery. The infrastructure was real. So was the reason it had to exist.

The school that had to be everything

RECORD Black schooling in Springfield ran from the 1890s. The building that came to define it was erected in 1931, designed by architect William B. Ittner and built with a grant from the Rosenwald Fund. It is reported as the only Rosenwald school building remaining in Missouri. [A stronger claim, that it was the first Rosenwald school in Missouri, rests on a single source and is not stated here as fact; see SOURCES.]

The building was Lincoln School. Under segregation it could not be only a school, because nothing else was open.

RECORD **Springfield's public libraries were also segregated. Lincoln's library therefore served Black adults as well as Lincoln's pupils. The building hosted the community's dances, plays, pageants, and meetings. A school library doing a public library's work, a school auditorium doing a city's work, that doubling was not an enrichment program. It was segregation's arithmetic: close every other door. The one open building has to hold everything.**

SAID Alumni Ted Higgs and Homer Boyd remember Lincoln as the hub of Black Springfield. That is their recollection, carried in reporting of the school's history. It is attributed here as recollection, who says it, and what they are remembering. It does not need to be upgraded into an anonymous certainty to be believed. The people who learned, danced, met, and borrowed books in that building are the authority on what the building was to them, and what they say is consistent

with everything the paper record shows about what Lincoln had to do.

One park

RECORD Silver Springs Park was established in 1918 on the old Fairbanks pasture, land of former school superintendent Jonathan Fairbanks, who had sheltered Black people in his home during lynchings. Throughout segregation, Silver Springs was the only public park in Springfield designated for Black residents.

One park. Not the best park, not the nearest park, the only park. A city of public grounds, and a whole population assigned to one of them.

RECORD The park held semi-pro Black baseball and, from the 1930s, a WPA-built pool. Its Park Day, founded in 1952 by Lincoln teacher Gerald Brooks and Robert Wendell Duncan, still runs every August. Remember Gerald Brooks's name. He will

return in this chapter, in a smaller chair than the one he earned.

The fenced dead

RECORD **Before Lincoln Memorial Cemetery, founded in 1919 as a private Black cemetery, holding some 1,200 graves, with stones dating to 1850, Black Springfieldians buried at the public Hazelwood Cemetery were separated from white graves by a fence.**

Segregation did not end at death in Springfield. It was fenced into the ground.

RECORD **Horace Duncan and Fred Coker, two of the men lynched from the Gottfried Tower on the Square in 1906, lay in an unmarked grave at Hazelwood until 1996. That year, Hillcrest High School students of teacher Carolyn Hembree, after hearing historian Katherine Lederer speak, got a grave marker placed. Ninety**

years between the burial and the stone. The stone, when it came, came from a teacher and her students. Keep that, too, in mind: in this chapter, as in so much of this book, the digging back up is done by citizens. The waiting is done by institutions.

The churches

RECORD **Pitts Chapel, Benton Avenue A.M.E., Gibson Chapel, Washington Avenue Baptist, and Timmons Temple anchored the community. Timmons Temple was built in 1932 by the Rev. Z. Timmons, who hauled its limestone by mule wagon.**

These were not ornaments on Black Springfield. In a city that had fenced its cemetery and rationed its parks to one, the churches were among the few institutions Black Springfield owned outright, built, in Timmons's case, stone by hauled stone. They survived to carry the community's memory because, for a long time, there was almost nowhere else for the memory to live.

"Passed with high honors"

RECORD **The proud version of Springfield desegregation is documented, and as far as it goes, it is true. Three months after the Supreme Court decided *Brown v. Board of Education* in May 1954, Springfield Public Schools opened voluntary choice. In fall 1955 the schools were formally desegregated, peacefully, and Lincoln's last senior class graduated in 1955. The district's own official history says the district "passed with high honors."**

No riot. No troops. No photograph of a governor in a schoolhouse door. Springfield has told that story about itself for seventy years, and the dates in it check out.

The buried version is equally documented. It is simply not in the district's telling.

SAID, a participant's account, attributed: Former councilman Denny Whayne, who integrated Boyd

Elementary himself, remembers the desegregation of Springfield's teachers this way, in an account carried by KSMU in 2012 and repeated in Black Springfield's telling of desegregation ever since:

> **"They declared the black teachers [to be] uncertified to teach in the public school system. So they had to go back to school in a segregated class to get certified to teach in the public school system."**

That is Whayne's account, written here as his account. The book does not upgrade a man's recollection into an anonymous "it is known that." But Whayne's account does not stand on memory alone, and the paper around it does not contradict him. It does something quieter, and more familiar in this book: it omits the subject entirely.

RECORD **Every Lincoln teacher held a college degree. Four held master's degrees. That is drawn from *Unite News*, Springfield's Black newspaper, drawing on district records. Teachers with degrees, four of them with master's degrees, were,**

in Whayne's account, sent back to school, in a segregated class, to be certified to teach in the system that had just declared itself integrated. The desegregation of the pupils was accomplished in a fall term. The desegregation of the faculty was accomplished by first declaring the Black faculty unqualified.

RECORD The district's own framing of the same transition is that teachers were used to "fill appropriate openings." It does not mention recertification. Two sentences can describe the same year. Only one of them describes what it felt like, and cost, to be on the receiving end of it, and that sentence is not the district's.

RECORD **Goler Collins, Lincoln's principal, was offered a lesser post at Study Junior High. He left the state for a college teaching job instead. A principal of the Black school was not made a principal of anything in the integrated system. He was offered less, and he declined the less by leaving Missouri.**

RECORD Gerald Brooks, the Lincoln teacher who co-founded Park Day at Silver Springs Park, who had directed Lincoln's award-winning band, who held a master's degree from the University of Illinois, was placed as "music secretary."

Read that again, because the district's history does not ask you to. A band director with a master's degree from the University of Illinois, director of an award-winning band, became a secretary. The word for what happened to Brooks is not transfer. It is demotion, filed under a job title mild enough to survive in a personnel record without embarrassing anyone who reads it later. Which is, presumably, the point of such titles.

RECORD Integration, even for the students, was thinner than the boast. A scholarly case study of Springfield schools, by Nelson and Drake, notes that while Central High "absorbed the black students and teachers easily," a search of the yearbooks in the years immediately after 1955 shows very few Black participants in band, sports, or other extracurricular activities at Central, where most Black students landed. The doors opened in

fall 1955. The yearbooks show how much of the building on the other side of the doors stayed closed, and for how long the closing went unremarked.

RECORD **The Lincoln building itself was renamed Eastwood Junior High, one history source prints "Everwood," which appears to be an error; Eastwood is corroborated by the *News-Leader*, by Clio, and by the district history. Closed in 1962, and converted to the Graff Vocational-Technical Center. It survives today as OTC's Lincoln Hall, and was listed on the National Register in 2000. The building outlived its name, its purpose, and the system that built it. The teachers who were declared uncertified in its classrooms did not get a listing.**

The neighbourhood

RECORD **Black Springfield's geography was the Jordan Creek valley, north of the Square. Missouri State University's**

History of Brick City and Jordan Creek Valley **documents the mechanism of its erosion in plain words: as the Square's commercial and industrial footprint expanded along the creek, Black residents were pressured further north, out of the valley.**

No single order cleared the valley. Pressure did it, lot by lot, purchase by purchase, use by incompatible use, until a neighbourhood that had held homes, a school, and some of the city's oldest Black churches held industry instead.

RECORD **The endpoint is documented in 2019 and 2020. Gibson Chapel, one of the city's oldest Black churches, stood by then in a neighbourhood that no longer existed. Its pastor said, in the *News-Leader*: "There were houses around. There was an apartment building at the end of the street. There was a school. Now, it's in the middle of an industrial area." The congregation had shrunk with the**

streets around it. The building was demolished in 2020, after a Landmarks Board fight.

Five years earlier, the other ending, the one that took a rescue, had played out a short distance away.

RECORD In 2015, Timmons Temple was ten days from demolition for an apartment complex when the community raised the money to move it (stone by stone, the same limestone the Rev. Timmons had hauled by mule wagon in 1932) into Silver Springs Park, where it stands as Timmons Hall.

The church was saved. The neighbourhood around its original site was not. Both halves of that sentence are the record. A history that prints only the first half is doing, in miniature, what Springfield's histories have done at full scale for a century: keeping the rescue and dropping the loss that made the rescue necessary.

RECORD, and a hole in it, stated plainly: The federal paper tells part of this story and then stops. The U.S. Department of

Housing and Urban Development's own January 1966 housing-market analysis for Springfield documents the South Central R-62 urban renewal project, 180 acres bounded roughly by McDaniel, Grand, Kimbrough, and Grant, with roughly 400 households to be displaced, and three further blighted areas, 360 acres, already in application. Four decades later, the Jordan Valley corridor ran on federal brownfields money, including a HUD Section 108 loan of $8.085 million and a $1.2 million BEDI grant in 2004.

What the federal paper does not say is who those 400 households were. How many of those 400 households were Black, the federal paper does not say, and nobody in Springfield appears to have asked while it could still be answered easily. That sentence is not an accusation smuggled into a gap. It is the gap, described accurately: the government that counted the households to be removed did not record, in anything this book's research could retrieve, the names or the race of the people removed. The valley's Black settlement, and the pressure that pushed it north, are documented. The

overlap, household by household, is not. The seam is left visible here because the seam is the finding.

The woman who dug

If this chapter has a through-line, it is not an institution. It is one woman with a filing system.

RECORD Dr. Katherine G. Lederer, an English professor at Southwest Missouri State, now Missouri State University, has said she first suggested the 1906 lynchings as a student research topic and got no takers. A student's paper eventually startled her into the archives herself. What she found there became a life's work: a book, *Many Thousand Gone: Springfield's Lost Black History*. A collection, built over two decades and nearly 100 interviews, of roughly 35,000 items and more than 2,500 photographs, now held at MSU's Duane G. Meyer Library. Her 1980s exhibit put more than 300 photographs of the families who fled Springfield after 1906, and of those who stayed, in front of the public at the Bentley House museum.

Her argument deserves quoting at length, because it is the argument of this entire

book, made by the woman who did the work first:

> "Those in power write the histories. They preserve what they perceive as important… The omission or distortion of black history began in white newspapers of the time, continued with local and county histories, and still continues in state and national histories."

RECORD **That is Lederer's thesis, in her words as carried in summaries of her work. Omission, not bonfire. Distortion carried forward by each succeeding history copying the last. A professor in Springfield spent twenty years and nearly a hundred interviews proving that the absence in the official story was not an accident of lost paper. The paper existed. The will to include it did not, until she supplied the will herself, one interview at a time. It was a paper of hers, heard by a high school teacher, that led Carolyn Hembree's students to put a marker, in**

1996, on the unmarked grave of two men lynched ninety years before. The recovery runs through classrooms and citizens all the way down.

RECORD The formal civic memory infrastructure, the Springfield-Greene County African American Heritage Trail, only began in 2018. Every marker on it arrived through citizen effort, not institutional initiative. A hundred and twelve years after the lynching on the Square, Springfield finally began, marker by marker, to label the ground Black Springfield had occupied all along. The labels are welcome. Their dates are the indictment.

After dark

What follows is not RECORD. It is labelled, here and in the text, for exactly what it is, and under this book's standard, it is printed anyway, because what a community knows is part of what happened to it, and silence about it would be its own kind of falsification.

SAID, shading into LEGEND: Springfield is widely described (in Black Springfield's own telling, in local conversation, and in the penumbra of the sundown-towns literature) as a place Black travellers and residents understood to be dangerous after dark well into the twentieth century.

This book's research tested that saying against the paper. The paper must be reported honestly: no Springfield ordinance was found. No Home Owners' Loan Corporation "redlining" map for Springfield, Missouri, was found. No entry in the retrieved sundown-towns material on Springfield, Missouri, was found. Let the trap be named plainly, because it has caught others: the famous redlining documentary segment is about Springfield, Ohio. Material retrieved about a Springfield race riot and sundown enforcement concerns Springfield, Illinois. Neither is this Springfield, and nothing from either city is imported into this chapter. On paper alone, the claim

"Springfield, Missouri, was a sundown town" is unverified.

And the saying survives anyway. It is worth asking why, carefully, in the wording this material demands:

No ordinance survives, and none may ever have existed. What exists is the knowledge, carried in Black Springfield for a century: after the lynching, this was not a town to be caught in after dark. The paper record can neither confirm the sign nor needs to. It documents the lynching, the flight, the one park, the fenced graves. The reputation was the enforcement.

Every element around that wording is RECORD, and needs no label to stand: a Black population that fell sharply after a public lynching on the Square in 1906, with families fleeing, documented in Lederer's interviews; exactly one park Black residents could use; segregated schools, libraries, and burial ground, by law and by custom; a fence in the cemetery. And in the region immediately around Springfield, the expulsions are not a saying at all: Pierce City's expulsion of its Black residents in 1901 is documented, part of the same

southwest Missouri pattern. A town does not need an ordinance to be known the way Springfield was known. It needs a reputation, maintained. Sundown enforcement in most of America ran on custom and threat, not statute, so the absence of a Springfield ordinance is not evidence against the knowledge. It is, if anything, consistent with how the knowledge was enforced: without paper.

That is as far as this book goes, and it is far enough. The book does not write "Springfield was a sundown town" as a flat factual claim, because the paper does not carry that claim. It writes what the paper does carry, and what the people it happened to have said for a century, side by side, with the seam showing. The seam is not a weakness in the chapter. In a book about burial, a piece of knowledge that survived a hundred years with no paper under it at all is evidence of a particular kind: evidence of how completely the burial was done, that even this had to be carried by mouth.

What remains

Black Springfield built a school that had to be a library and a hall because every other door was closed. It built churches out of hauled limestone. It buried its dead behind a fence, and then, when it could, it bought ground of its own. When the law finally opened the schools, the district that congratulated itself for passing with high honors declared the Black school's degreed teachers uncertified, offered its principal less, and made its band director a secretary, and wrote none of that into its history. The neighbourhood that held it all was pressed north out of its valley, house by house, until a church stood alone in an industrial area and was torn down, and another church survived only because its people carried it, stone by stone, into the one park that had ever been theirs.

None of that was lost, exactly. It was filed, yearbook by yearbook and personnel record by personnel record, in a form no official history chose to read aloud. It took an English professor, a high school teacher, her students, and a trail committee of citizens to read it aloud, decades later, marker by marker.

Springfield did not forget Black Springfield. Springfield declined to remember it, which is a different act, with different hands responsible. The record was there the whole time. So were the people who remembered anyway. This chapter is mostly theirs.

PART THREE — DUG UP IN ROUND TWO

22

ELEVEN WOUNDS

JOHN SMOOTE · WILLIAM KEELING

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

The record of this killing fits, nearly whole, in a single paragraph. That is not a failure of this chapter. It is the chapter.

RECORD On 27 June 1898, in a barn near the Doling streetcar junction in north Springfield (the junction by the park the city now calls Doling, near the zoo) John Smoote stabbed his father-in-law, William Keeling, eleven times with a pocket knife. The argument had begun over milking. Keeling struck Smoote with a milk bucket. Smoote drew the knife. When Keeling fell, Smoote straddled him and kept stabbing, in front of two eyewitnesses. Then he walked to the sheriff and turned himself in, that same evening. He was charged with first-degree murder.

Everything else in this chapter is what Springfield's justice did with a case that open, and what the paper trail did with it afterward, which was, for more than a century, to lose the ending entirely.

The marriage

RECORD **John Smoote was twenty-five. On 29 May 1897 he had married Cynthia Keeling, who was seventeen, against her father's wishes. William Keeling was the father who had not wished it. A little over a year later, thirteen months, almost to the day, the father-in-law and the son-in-law were in a barn arguing about milking. One of them picked up a bucket and the other picked up a knife.**

That is all the motive the record holds, and this book will not furnish it with more. No letters survive in the sources retrieved. No testimony is quoted. Whatever had built between the wedding and the barn (a year's worth of a marriage a father opposed, conducted presumably in his sight, on his ground, around his work) the record does not say. A silence like that is not an invitation. It is a boundary. What is documented is a bucket, a pocket knife, eleven wounds, two men who saw it happen, and a killer who did not run.

Hold the surrender in mind, because the jury plainly did. Smoote did not flee the junction, did not hide the knife in any account that survives, did not make the sheriff come and find him. He went in himself, the evening of the killing. A man who surrenders to a first-degree murder charge in 1898 Missouri is a man walking toward a rope. He walked toward it anyway. The record gives no speech for him, no statement of remorse or defiance, nothing in his own voice at all. He is present in his own story only as a pair of hands: the ones that held the knife. The ones he presumably held out, hours later, to be taken.

The compromise

RECORD Smoote was tried over two days in early September 1898. The charge was first-degree murder. The verdict was second-degree murder. The sentence was

three and a half years in the state penitentiary.

Three and a half years. For eleven wounds. For a fallen man, straddled, stabbed again. For a killing with eyewitnesses and a surrender, a case with nothing left to prove.

The explanation survives, and it is the reason this small case earns a chapter in a book about what a city buries. Historian Larry Wood, working from the *Springfield Leader-Democrat* record, reports what happened inside the jury: several jurors wanted a much longer sentence. They relented, and settled for three and a half years, in order to get any conviction at all.

Read the arithmetic of that room carefully. It means other jurors, enough of them to hang the verdict, were prepared to give John Smoote less than three and a half years, or nothing, for killing William Keeling in a barn in front of witnesses. It means the jurors who saw the case plainly did the math that juries do: a compromised conviction, signed and delivered, against the risk of a hung jury and a second trial and a man walking out of

the courthouse altogether. They traded years for certainty. Three and a half was the price at which every man in that room would sign.

Why Springfield's jurors priced it there, the record does not explain, and this book will not psychoanalyze the dead. The facts that stand near the price are these. The reader may weigh them as the jury may have: the victim struck the first blow, with a bucket, in an argument about chores. The killer was twenty-five, the dead man's son-in-law, married into the family he had just broken. He surrendered the same evening. None of that is in the verdict. All of it was in the room.

What the compromise produced, stated flatly, is this: in Greene County in 1898, a proved, witnessed, confessed-by-surrender killing, eleven wounds deep, could be settled, by the community's own chosen men, at three and a half years. Not by a corrupt judge. Not by a lost file or a bought witness. By a jury, in the open, doing arithmetic. The law did not fail to reach John Smoote. It reached him, weighed him, and set him down gently.

RECORD He was transferred to the penitentiary at Jefferson City on 19 September 1898. Missouri's three-fourths law, the good-time provision under which a prisoner who served three-quarters of his sentence clean earned the rest, discharged him in late April 1901. Of a three-and-a-half-year sentence for second-degree murder, he served about two years and seven months.

The rest of the record

RECORD Smoote came home to Springfield. Cynthia divorced him, the wife whose father he killed, the marriage her father had opposed, ended in the divorce court, the one proceeding in this whole story whose outcome surprises no one. By 1910 he had a new wife, and a newborn child. He had been, in order: a bridegroom at twenty-four against a father's will, a killer at twenty-five, a convict, a discharged

man at twenty-eight, a divorced man, a husband again, a father. The census of 1910 records the last of those as calmly as it records anyone on the page. Nothing in the retrieved record shows Springfield holding any of it against him for long. The town that had priced his crime at three and a half years appears to have considered the account settled, because, on its own paper, it was.

And Cynthia Keeling Smoote disappears from the record this research could reach. The sources give her a wedding date, an age, a father's opposition, a father's death at her husband's hands, and a divorce. They do not give her a later life, a second marriage, a death date, a word she ever spoke. She is seventeen when the record opens and divorced when it closes, and everything she carried between those two entries (the year of the marriage, the day in the barn's aftermath, the years of being the woman at the center of the Doling junction killing) went unrecorded by anybody whose paper survived. William Keeling, at least, got a verdict, however cheap. Cynthia did not even get that. The book

notes her erasure the way it notes all the others: plainly, and without inventing a single day to fill it.

The ending that was lost

Here is the burial, and it is a quiet one, no institution hid this ending. That is precisely what makes it belong in this book.

When this book's research began, the Smoote case stopped at the charge. The first research dossier, working from the sources it could retrieve, recorded the killing in full (the date, the barn, the eleven wounds, the surrender, the first-degree charge) and then flagged the trial outcome as a gap: not in the source retrieved. For a hundred and twenty-some years, the local telling of this case had simply not carried its own ending. Springfield remembered, where it remembered at all, that a man had stabbed his father-in-law eleven times by the Doling junction. What it did with him afterward had fallen out of the story.

The ending was recovered the way this book's endings usually are: by one researcher, Larry Wood, going back to the

newspaper record, the *Springfield Leader-Democrat*, and writing the whole case out on his *Missouri and Ozarks History* blog. The two-day trial, the second-degree verdict, the jury's bargain, the transfer, the three-fourths discharge, the divorce, the new wife and the newborn: all of it was in the paper. It had always been in the paper. It just had never been carried forward into any telling of Springfield that the town kept about itself.

No photograph of John Smoote exists in any source searched. No photograph of Cynthia, none of William Keeling. No digitized Springfield newspaper page from 1898 was located, the national newspaper archive does not carry Springfield's papers for that year; the originals sit in-library, on microfilm and in a local database. This chapter therefore runs, as the case itself now runs, on words alone: a county's worth of paper reduced, in the end, to one historian's careful retelling of a dead newspaper's account. If that chain sounds fragile, it is. It is also the only chain there is, and naming its links is the most honest thing this chapter can do.

Eleven wounds. Two eyewitnesses. A surrender before dark. A jury that wanted more and settled for less, and a town that then lost the receipt for a century. Springfield did not bury John Smoote's crime, the crime was too public, too witnessed, too promptly confessed for burial. It buried the price it had set on William Keeling's life, which may be the more uncomfortable document of the two. Three and a half years, bargained down inside a jury room, served at three-fourths, closed by 1901. The record is short. It does not need to be long. It needs only to be read at the weight it was written: eleven wounds, three and a half years. The second number is the one Springfield forgot.

PART THREE — DUG UP IN ROUND TWO

23

NINETY-NINE YEARS

TOM BROWN · WILLIAM W. WEIR

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

The Missouri Supreme Court saved Tom Brown's life. It did so in print, in an opinion that reversed his conviction over evidence that should never have been admitted. That, on the juror question, said less than the justice of the outcome might suggest. A juror who admitted, in the opinion's first headnote, "some prejudice against the negro race" was, that headnote holds, "qualified to serve", though it "would be more in harmony with absolute impartiality to select a panel of jurors which have no unkindly feeling towards the class to which defendant belongs." Then the system that had been corrected took the correction quietly, traded the noose for a number, ninety-nine

years, and filed the whole thing away so completely that, for more than a century, Springfield's telling of its own racial history has generally started three years later, in 1906, as if nothing had come before.

Something had come before. This chapter is the record of it. It is RECORD throughout, unless the text says otherwise. Its spine is not a newspaper's memory or a historian's reconstruction. Its spine is a court opinion, which the reader can check.

The Queen City Restaurant

RECORD **Shortly after midnight on 27 October 1903, Tom Brown, a 42-year-old Black man, sat in the Black section of the Queen City Restaurant on College Street, just off the Square, and ordered oysters.**

Hold that scene a moment, because everything that followed happened inside its rules. A restaurant on a

public street, in the center of a city, with a section, a designated place where a Black customer was permitted to sit and be served. Brown was in the place assigned to him. He ordered food. That is the documented whole of what he did first.

RECORD **William W. Weir, the restaurant's one-legged dishwasher, coughed, argued, called Brown a racial slur, ordered him out, and poked him with a crutch. Brown drew a pistol and shot him in the stomach. Weir died the afternoon of 28 October.**

The sequence matters, and the record preserves it: the slur, the order to leave a seat Brown was entitled by the house's own segregated arrangement to occupy, the crutch used as a prod, and then the shot. None of that excuses a killing, and this chapter does not argue that it does. But a trial is supposed to weigh a sequence. Springfield, before any trial began, had already decided which parts of the sequence counted.

RECORD **Brown was run to ground with the help of two Black Springfield policemen, a detail preserved in Larry Wood's account of the case. A thread worth holding:**

Springfield's Black officers, a lineage this book traces elsewhere, were used to catch the man their own city's press was already convicting in print.

The campaign

RECORD **The *Springfield Leader*'s coverage is preserved in Wood's quotations. It is documented press incitement, not reporting. Brown was, in the *Leader*'s words, "a vicious and dangerous negro," nicknamed "Cherokee Bill," one of "the worst type of bad negroes" who had "inherited the depraved instincts of both races."**

That last phrase deserves to be read slowly. A newspaper in Springfield, Missouri, in 1903, told its readers that the accused man had inherited depravity from both races, a claim about blood, printed as background for a capital trial. Weir, by contrast, was memorialised as an inoffensive old man whose only vice was beer. The man who had used a slur and a

crutch on a seated customer was rendered harmless in print; the seated customer was rendered subhuman. The jury pool read the same papers everyone else did.

RECORD, flagged as the record flags it: The *Leader* also printed, without verification, an allegation that Brown was wanted for a murder in Indian Territory. No verification accompanied it in anything retrieved. It is recorded here as what it was, an allegation, printed, not as a fact about Tom Brown, because the paper that printed it did not establish it as one.

RECORD There was mob talk on the streets. Authorities whisked Brown to a neighboring county's jail. A city that has to hide its prisoner from its own public, before trial, has already told the record something about the trial to come. Springfield's record, to its credit or its shame, kept that detail too.

The verdict

RECORD **Brown was tried in April 1904. He was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to hang on 20 May 1904.**

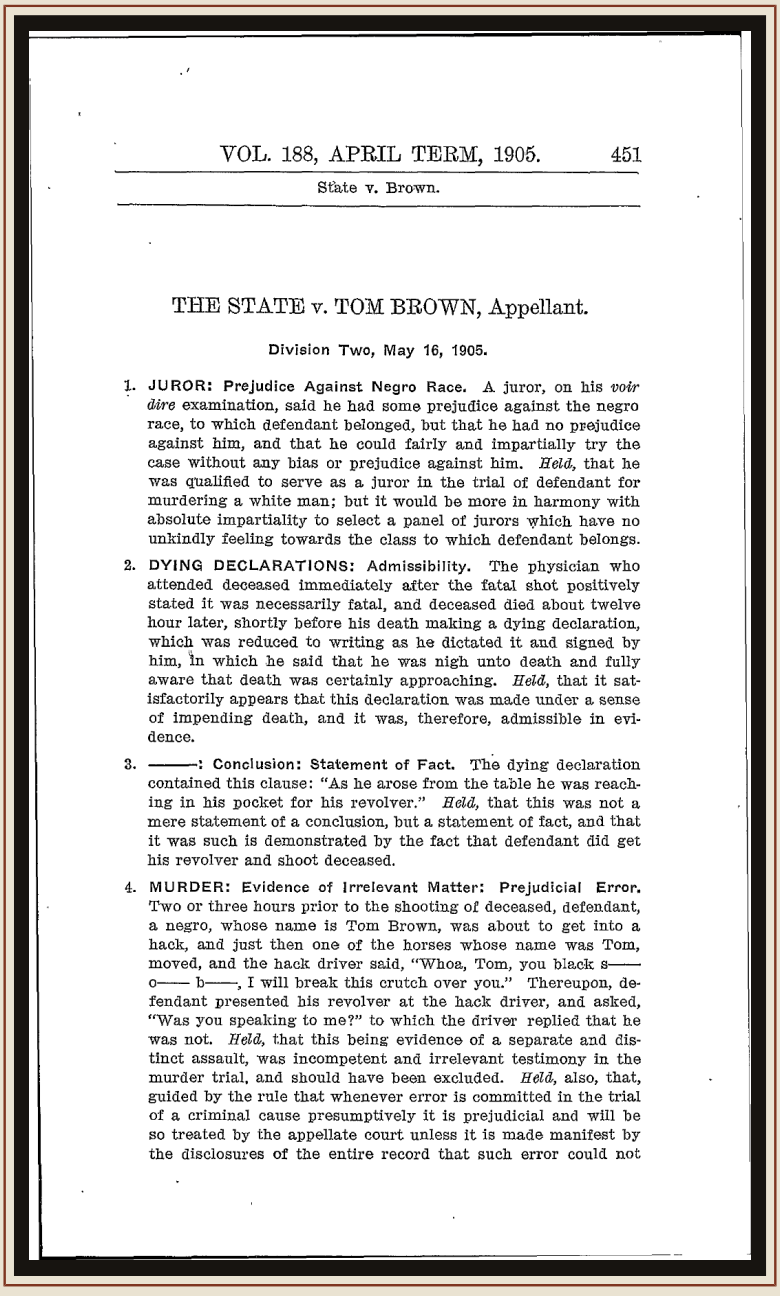
A Black man, tried in the city whose leading paper had called him a vicious and dangerous negro of inherited depravity, in a courtroom drawn from readers of that paper, for shooting the white man who had ordered him out of the Black section with a slur and a crutch, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. If the story ended there, it would be a grim but familiar one for its time and place. It would likely have been forgotten entirely, one more name in a docket book.

It did not end there. That is why Tom Brown has a chapter, and why the chapter can be written almost entirely from documents Springfield itself generated.

The reversal

RECORD **In spring 1905, the Missouri Supreme Court reversed. The case is *State v. Brown*, 188 Mo. 451, 87 S.W. 519, decided**

16 May 1905. It is a public document, printed in full as this book's plate for this chapter. The reader does not have to take this chapter's word for any of it.



VOL. 188, APRIL TERM, 1905. 451

State v. Brown.

THE STATE v. TOM BROWN, Appellant.

Division Two, May 16, 1905.

1. **JUROR: Prejudice Against Negro Race.** A juror, on his *voir dire* examination, said he had some prejudice against the negro race, to which defendant belonged, but that he had no prejudice against him, and that he could fairly and impartially try the case without any bias or prejudice against him. *Held*, that he was qualified to serve as a juror in the trial of defendant for murdering a white man; but it would be more in harmony with absolute impartiality to select a panel of jurors which have no unkindly feeling towards the class to which defendant belongs.

2. **DYING DECLARATIONS: Admissibility.** The physician who attended deceased immediately after the fatal shot positively stated it was necessarily fatal, and deceased died about twelve hour later, shortly before his death making a dying declaration, which was reduced to writing as he dictated it and signed by him, in which he said that he was nigh unto death and fully aware that death was certainly approaching. *Held*, that it satisfactorily appears that this declaration was made under a sense of impending death, and it was, therefore, admissible in evidence.

3. **———: Conclusion: Statement of Fact.** The dying declaration contained this clause: "As he arose from the table he was reaching in his pocket for his revolver." *Held*, that this was not a mere statement of a conclusion, but a statement of fact, and that it was such is demonstrated by the fact that defendant did get his revolver and shoot deceased.

4. **MURDER: Evidence of Irrelevant Matter: Prejudicial Error.** Two or three hours prior to the shooting of deceased, defendant, a negro, whose name is Tom Brown, was about to get into a hack, and just then one of the horses whose name was Tom, moved, and the hack driver said, "Whoa, Tom, you black s—— o—— b——, I will break this crutch over you." Thereupon, defendant presented his revolver at the hack driver, and asked, "Was you speaking to me?" to which the driver replied that he was not. *Held*, that this being evidence of a separate and distinct assault, was incompetent and irrelevant testimony in the murder trial, and should have been excluded. *Held*, also, that, guided by the rule that whenever error is committed in the trial of a criminal cause presumptively it is prejudicial and will be so treated by the appellate court unless it is made manifest by the disclosures of the entire record that such error could not

State v. Brown, 188 Mo. 451 (Mo., decided 16 May 1905), first page — headnotes and all. Headnote 1 holds the juror who admitted "some prejudice against the negro race" was "qualified to serve"; the reversal rests on headnote 4. Printed as it reads.

Public domain — Missouri Supreme Court. Courtesy credit shown.

The opinion opens its factual recital, this is the court's own first framing, quoted verbatim, "Tom Brown is a negro, and the deceased, W. W. Weir, was a white man." Its account places the killing at the part of the restaurant where, in the opinion's period language, Black customers were served. The court's language is the language of its day, and this chapter does not clean it up. The document should be read as it reads.

RECORD **On the law, the court found reversible error in the admission of hack-driver pistol testimony, testimony about a pistol, irrelevant to the killing at the Queen City Restaurant, admitted anyway, in a capital trial. Irrelevant evidence against a man on trial for his life is not a technicality. It is the trial failing at its most basic job: deciding the case on what happened, in that room, that night.**

RECORD, with the tension in the document stated, not smoothed: In Wood's summary of the ruling, at least one or two jurors probably should have been excluded because they were known to be prejudiced against the defendant. The opinion's own headnotes are more equivocal than that summary. The difference

matters enough to print plainly: headnote 1 holds that a juror who said on his *voir dire* examination that he had "some prejudice against the negro race," but that he had no prejudice against Brown himself and could fairly and impartially try the case without any bias or prejudice against him, "was qualified to serve as a juror in the trial of defendant for murdering a white man", adding only that it "would be more in harmony with absolute impartiality to select a panel of jurors which have no unkindly feeling towards the class to which defendant belongs." Headnote 1 therefore does not supply a prejudiced-juror ground for the reversal; on its own terms it rejects that ground, in equivocal language. Both things are in and around the same decision. The court reversed Brown's conviction, the death sentence did not stand. The record of *why*, in the court's own syllabus, is narrower and colder than the justice of the outcome might suggest. This chapter prints the tension rather than resolving it, because the tension is the story: even the court that saved Tom Brown did so inside a jurisprudence that could call a self-described prejudiced juror qualified to judge a Black man's life.

What cannot be qualified away is the result, and what the result admits. The state's own high court said, in print, that the trial as Springfield had conducted it

could not stand, that evidence which should never have been heard had been heard, in a case where the defense had challenged the fairness of the panel itself. Three springs after a dishwasher's death in a segregated restaurant. One spring before a mob would hang three men from the Gottfried Tower on the same Square, Springfield had already been told, by the highest court in Missouri, what its justice looked like from the outside when a Black man's life was at stake.

Springfield proceeded to 1906 anyway. That is not rhetoric laid over the record. It is the record's chronology, and the reader can check the dates: reversal, 16 May 1905; lynching, April 1906.

Ninety-nine years

RECORD **At retrial in July 1905, the prosecution waived the first-degree charge in exchange for Brown's guilty**

plea to second-degree murder. The sentence was 99 years.

Consider what that plea means, read carefully and without invention. A man whose death sentence had just been voided, who held, for a moment, a reversal from the Missouri Supreme Court, pleaded guilty to second-degree murder and took ninety-nine years rather than face a Springfield jury again. This chapter does not know, and does not claim to know, what advice Brown received, what he feared, or what he calculated. The record retrieved does not say. What the record does show is the shape of the choice the system offered him: risk a second capital trial in the city that had already sentenced him to hang once, before a jury drawn from the same city, in a case where the high court had held that a juror who admitted "some prejudice against the negro race" was nonetheless qualified to sit, or take a number so large it was, for a 42-year-old man, the whole of his life stated in years instead of in rope.

He took the number. He entered the state penitentiary at Jefferson City in October 1905.

RECORD He was discharged in late July 1916, under a gubernatorial commutation, serving about eleven years of a 99-year sentence.

Eleven years. Not ninety-nine, and not zero. The same executive clemency mechanism that undid the arithmetic in Brown's case, a governor's signature, commuting a sentence the courts had imposed, would do the same work, a century later, for Judy Henderson, whose case stands in the next chapter: a sentence that looked permanent on paper, ended by commutation after the system's own people concluded it could not be defended as it stood. Springfield's records hold both commutations. Springfield's memory, until this book, held neither.

What the reversal proves

There is a temptation, in a book like this one, to make Tom Brown a prologue, a smaller, earlier rehearsal for 1906, useful

mainly for the shadow it casts forward. Resist it. Brown's case is not a rehearsal. It is a complete event, with a man dead in a restaurant, another man sentenced to hang, a supreme court reversal, a coerced-looking arithmetic of a plea (coerced-looking is this chapter's characterization of the shape of the choice, stated as characterization, not as a finding about any individual's intent) and eleven years of a life spent in Jefferson City before a governor let the rest go.

But the forward shadow is documented, too, and it would be its own kind of burial to pretend it is not there. In 1905, Missouri's highest court examined a Springfield capital trial of a Black man and reversed it, over evidence that never should have been admitted, in a proceeding where the prejudice of jurors was itself part of the record. The city had been shown, by an institution it could not dismiss as an outsider or an enemy, exactly how its courts handled race and a rope. Within a year, a Springfield mob dispensed with courts altogether, on the public Square, on Easter weekend, in

front of a crowd, and no one was convicted of that, either.

The difference between 1903 and 1906 is not that Springfield changed. It is that in 1903, an appeal existed, and a court in Jefferson City read the transcript. In 1906, there was no transcript to read. There were only indictments that went nowhere, eighteen men indicted, none convicted, and then a hundred and thirteen years of quiet.

Tom Brown lived. That is the plainest sentence in this chapter. The strangest mercy in it: he lived because a court read his case, because a governor later signed his name, because the paper, the transcript, the opinion, the commutation, survived to be checked. Fred Coker, Horace Duncan, and Will Allen got no opinion written about them. They got a tower, a crowd, and an unmarked grave that waited ninety years for a stone.

The record saved the man it was forced to examine. It is the argument of this book, stated in one case: paper, when it exists and is read, is not a formality. It is,

sometimes, the whole difference between ninety-nine years and a rope, and between eleven years and both.

PART THREE — DUG UP IN ROUND TWO

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THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

HARRY KLEIN

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Cruzen & Henderson, 1981–2017

On 13 July 1981, Harry Klein, a Springfield jeweller, was shot and robbed. He was 65 years old. That is the first fact of this chapter. It should not be hurried past: a man was killed in his own city, in the course of his own work, and everything that follows, every courtroom, every petition, every year counted in this chapter, follows from his death. The record of what Springfield did about that death is the subject here. It is not a short record. It took thirty-six years to finish. It finished in a way no one in 1981 would have predicted: the man the state said pulled the trigger walked out of his trial a free man.

The woman the state said helped him served thirty-five years, until a governor drove to the prison in person to let her go.

Precision is the whole chapter. Acquitted means acquitted. Convicted means convicted. Alleged means alleged. The words will be kept separate here because, in this case, the failure to keep them separate is what the case became.

RECORD — the killing and the arrests

Harry Klein was shot and robbed on 13 July 1981. Two people were arrested for it: Greg Cruzen and Judy Henderson. The arrests did not happen in Springfield. They happened in Fairbanks, Alaska, in December 1981, five months after the killing, at the far end of the continent. The spelling matters and is settled here once: court records and the *Springfield News-Leader* spell the co-defendant's surname

Cruzen. Other accounts print "Crusen." This book uses the court's spelling.

Cruzen was, in the state's account, the alleged shooter. Henderson was the accomplice. Those are the roles the record assigns. The word *alleged* in front of Cruzen's role is not a courtesy. It is a legal fact, established by what happened next.

RECORD — two trials, two endings

Henderson was tried first. In 1982 she was convicted of capital murder and sentenced to life imprisonment without eligibility for parole for fifty years. Her conviction was affirmed on appeal: *State v. Henderson*, 666 S.W.2d 882 (Mo. App. 1984). The appellate record includes the pair's admissions to an attorney they had consulted and testimony from a witness named Littlejohn. The conviction stood. It would stand, in one form or another, for the rest of her life. She was never exonerated, and this chapter does not claim she was. What happened to her

sentence is a different thing from what happened to her conviction. The difference is the story.

Cruzen was tried in July 1983. His defence was that Henderson had acted alone. He was acquitted.

Read those two outcomes together, because Springfield at the time largely did not. The alleged shooter was tried and acquitted (which means, in law, that the state failed to prove he did it. That he is not guilty of the killing of Harry Klein. The accomplice) tried first, before Cruzen's trial, on a record in which her role was, by the later account of the very judge who presided, relatively minor, received a sentence that amounted, for a woman of her age, to dying in prison: life, with no possibility of parole for fifty years.

A system can produce both of those outcomes without any single actor breaking a rule. Trials are separate. Juries are separate. Evidence admitted in one

courtroom is not evidence in another. All of that is true, and none of it explains the thirty-five years. For the explanation, the record has to go where the trials did not: into the office of Judy Henderson's own lawyer.

SAID — the offer she never heard

What follows in this section is attributed. It is attributed on purpose. The claims at the centre of this case were never adjudicated in a trial. They come to the public record principally through the Governor's office, in the news release issued when her sentence was commuted, as reported by the *Springfield News-Leader* on 20 December 2017. They are presented here exactly that way, as the Governor's account, which Henderson maintained and which the Governor's review accepted, not as findings of a court. The book's standard is that a claim this grave keeps its source attached to it. The reader is entitled to know whose word each part of this rests on.

On that account, this is what happened.

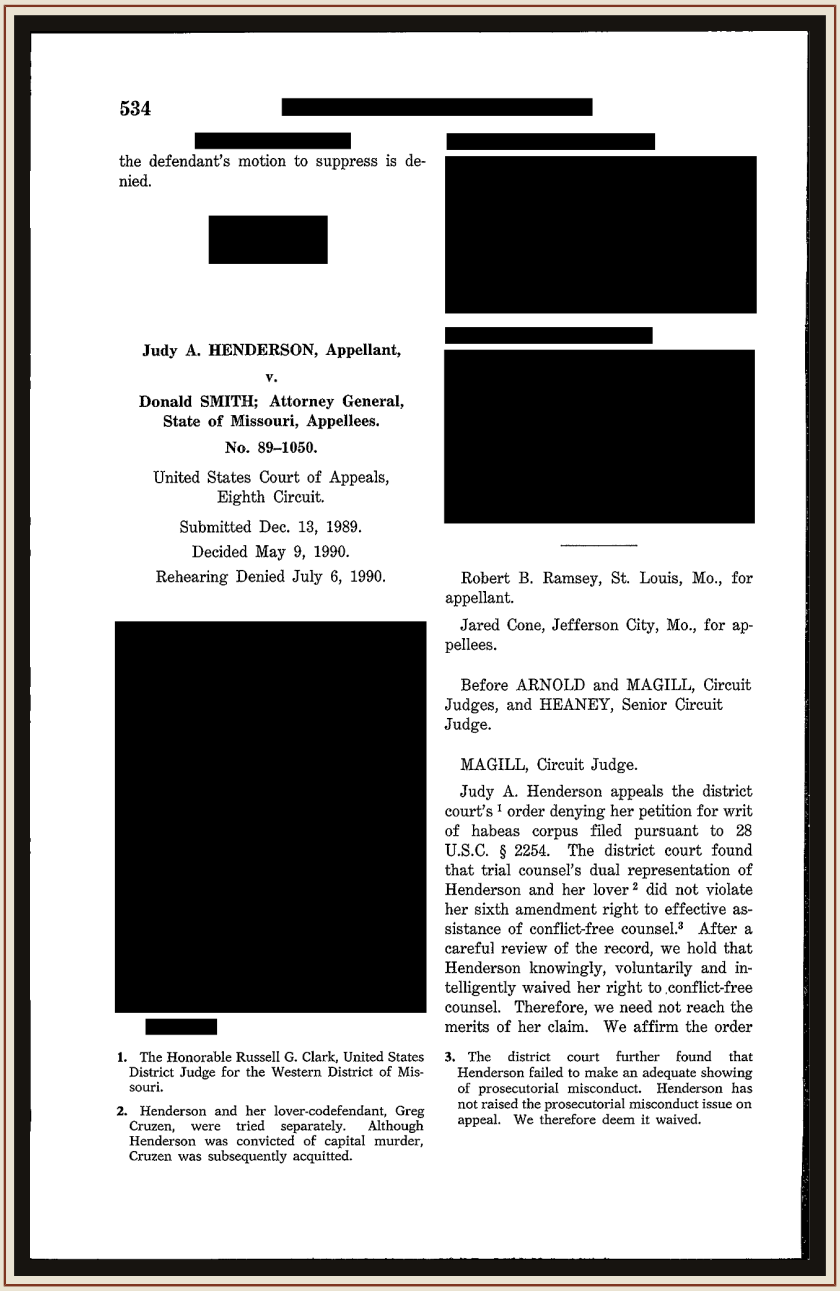
Prosecutors offered Henderson's attorney a plea deal: as little as ten years in prison, in exchange for her testimony against Cruzen. Ten years, against the fifty-to-life she was otherwise facing. It was, on its face, the kind of offer that decides cases, the accomplice testifies, the alleged shooter is tried on her evidence, and the sentences sort themselves by role.

The offer, Henderson maintained and the Governor's review accepted, was never communicated to her.

She never heard it. She never weighed it. She never turned it down. The single most consequential document in her case was a conversation that, on the Governor's account, never reached the person it was addressed to.

The attorney's name is in the public record, and it comes from a different source than the account in this section. The federal habeas opinion in Henderson's case, *Henderson v. Smith*, 903 F.2d 534 (8th Cir. 1990),

names the attorney: James L. McMullin. That naming, and only that naming, is RECORD, taken from that published federal opinion. What he is said to have done with the offer. The representation he is said to have held, remain as stated throughout this section: the Governor's-office account as reported, not an adjudicated fact.



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the defendant's motion to suppress is denied.

Judy A. HENDERSON, Appellant,

v.

Donald SMITH; Attorney General, State of Missouri, Appellees.

No. 89–1050.

United States Court of Appeals, Eighth Circuit.

Submitted Dec. 13, 1989.

Decided May 9, 1990.

Rehearing Denied July 6, 1990.

Robert B. Ramsey, St. Louis, Mo., for appellant.

Jared Cone, Jefferson City, Mo., for appellees.

Before ARNOLD and MAGILL, Circuit Judges, and HEANEY, Senior Circuit Judge.

MAGILL, Circuit Judge.

Judy A. Henderson appeals the district court's [1] order denying her petition for writ of habeas corpus filed pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 2254. The district court found that trial counsel's dual representation of Henderson and her lover [2] did not violate her sixth amendment right to effective assistance of conflict-free counsel.[3] After a careful review of the record, we hold that Henderson knowingly, voluntarily and intelligently waived her right to conflict-free counsel. Therefore, we need not reach the merits of her claim. We affirm the order

1. The Honorable Russell G. Clark, United States District Judge for the Western District of Missouri.

2. Henderson and her lover-codefendant, Greg Cruzen, were tried separately. Although Henderson was convicted of capital murder, Cruzen was subsequently acquitted.

3. The district court further found that Henderson failed to make an adequate showing of prosecutorial misconduct. Henderson has not raised the prosecutorial misconduct issue on appeal. We therefore deem it waived.

Henderson v. Smith, 903 F.2d 534 (8th Cir. 1990), first page — the Eighth Circuit's own recounting: Cruzen acquitted, Henderson convicted, and one Kansas City attorney — named in the federal record: James L. McMullin — representing both.

Public domain — U.S. Court of Appeals, Eighth Circuit. Courtesy credit shown.

And the attorney who received it, on that same account, was simultaneously representing Greg Cruzen, the man her testimony would have incriminated.

Hold that fact at arm's length, in its attributed lane. It is still the centre of the case. A lawyer cannot serve two clients whose interests are that directly opposed without the conflict doing damage somewhere. On the Governor's account, the damage landed in a precise place: the plea offer died in the one office where it had to be delivered. Judy Henderson went to trial in 1982 without ever knowing it had existed.

Her silence had a second consequence, and this one reaches into Cruzen's courtroom. Henderson never testified against Cruzen. The state's accomplice witness, the person who, in the ordinary run of such cases, explains the killing from the inside, never took the stand against the alleged shooter. Cruzen was tried in July 1983 without her testimony, defended himself on the ground that she had acted alone, and was acquitted. The

book does not say her testimony would have convicted him. No one can say that; a jury that never heard her cannot be re-polled. What can be said is narrower and worse: the trial the state got was not the trial the state had tried to build. The reason it was not sits, on the Governor's account, in her own lawyer's office.

SAID — the claim this book will not upgrade

There is a further claim, and it is stated here exactly as sourced and no further.

The Governor's news release said that Henderson's former attorney paid four prison inmates to lie under oath that Henderson had confessed to acting alone. Because of that false testimony, the release said, prosecutors elected not to call her at Cruzen's trial.

That is a claim by the Governor's office, as reported by the *News-Leader*. It is not an adjudicated fact. No verdict in any retrieved record establishes it, and this book does not present it as one. The

attorney is not named in the newspaper reporting retrieved for this book; he is named in the federal habeas opinion, *Henderson v. Smith*, 903 F.2d 534, which names him as James L. McMullin, and he is named here on that record source only. That naming does not change the lane of the claim above: the paid-inmates allegation remains the Governor's-office account as reported, not an adjudicated fact.

It is included because it was part of the stated basis on which a governor commuted a capital-murder sentence, a public act, resting on a public explanation, which the public is entitled to read with its attribution intact. The reader can weigh a governor's release as a governor's release: a document produced by an office with its own reasons, at the moment of its own decision. What the reader should not do, and what this book will not do for the reader, is mistake it for a court's finding.

The chapter's factual weight does not need it. What carries the weight is in the record, and it comes next.

RECORD — the system corrects itself, slowly

Judy Henderson's case went on past her conviction, though for a long time it looked as though it had ended there. Her direct appeal failed in 1984. Her federal habeas case reached the United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit in 1990, *Henderson v. Smith*, 903 F.2d 534, and she remained in prison. The conflict at the heart of her representation was visible in the federal record early. Visibility was not the same as remedy. She stayed.

What moved, over the decades, was not the conviction. It was the judgement of the people who had built it.

The Missouri Board of Probation and Parole recommended clemency for Judy Henderson three times. Clemency, not exoneration: the parole board was not saying the verdict was void. It was saying, three separate times, through whatever membership it had in those years, that the

sentence should end. Three recommendations, across the years, from the body the state itself charges with knowing who is inside its prisons and why.

The trial judge who had presided over her 1982 trial had noted her relatively minor role in the crime. That note sat in the record from the beginning. It took decades for anyone with the power to act on it to do so.

And then there was the prosecutor.

Thomas Mountjoy prosecuted Judy Henderson. By the time of the clemency effort he was a Greene County judge. He supported clemency for the woman he had put away. He said why, on the record, in words this book quotes exactly because they need no help from paraphrase:

"I handled thousands of criminal cases during my time as a prosecutor. Judy's case is the first time I have supported clemency for someone I prosecuted."

Thousands of cases. One exception. A prosecutor's career is an education in declining to reopen finished business; the system runs on the presumption that

verdicts, once affirmed, are the end of the matter. Mountjoy's statement is the record of a man who had run that presumption over his own case and found it wanting. He did not say she was innocent. Clemency does not require that word, and he did not use it. He said, in effect, that what had been done in his name should not keep being done.

Behind the petitions stood a lawyer named Bob Ramsey, who stayed on Henderson's case for roughly thirty years. Thirty years is most of a legal career. Nothing in the retrieved record suggests the work was prominent or rewarded; it was simply not abandoned. When the history of this case is written plainly, the doggedness is part of it: a parole board that kept recommending, a prosecutor who crossed his own line, a judge who had noted the minor role at the start, and an attorney who would not put the file down. The un-burial, when it came, was done by the system's own people, late, and from inside.

RECORD — 20 December 2017

On 20 December 2017, Governor Eric Greitens travelled in person to Chillicothe Correctional Center and commuted Judy Henderson's sentence to time served.

Governors commute sentences by signature, from offices, in batches, in the ordinary paperwork of executive power. Greitens went in person. Whatever else is made of that, the form of it is in the record and it is not nothing: the state's chief executive stood in the prison and ended the sentence himself.

The arithmetic of the commutation is also in the record. Judy Henderson had served thirty-five years and one hundred and eleven days.

She walked out at 68 years old. She planned to move in with her daughter near Kansas City and to work as a personal trainer. She had entered prison under a sentence that barred parole for fifty years, a sentence designed, in practical terms, to ensure she died inside. She left instead with plans: a daughter's house, a job, a life resumed at an age when most lives are winding toward retirement.

Her first meal request was fresh fruit.

"It felt so good to eat a strawberry."

That sentence is in the record, and it earns its place at the end of this account of her imprisonment more honestly than any summary could. Thirty-five years and one hundred and eleven days, measured at the end in a piece of fruit eaten on the first day out, the smallest possible unit of an ordinary life, noticed because it had been missing.

What the thirty-five years were

This chapter opened with a promise of precision, and it closes by keeping it.

Greg Cruzen was acquitted. That is a verdict, and it stands. Nothing in this chapter convicts him. The allegations about paid testimony and a conflicted lawyer are attributed claims, printed with their sources, not findings. Judy Henderson was convicted of capital murder in 1982 and her conviction was affirmed in 1984. She was not exonerated in 2017. Her *sentence* was commuted, an act of executive mercy, not a court's

correction, after the parole board recommended clemency three times and her own prosecutor supported it, the first time in his career he had done such a thing.

Within those exact boundaries, the shape of the case is still stark. The man alleged to have fired the shot was found not guilty and went home in 1983. The woman alleged to have helped him served thirty-five years under a fifty-to-life sentence, and, on the account her governor accepted and acted on, she served them because the offer that would have traded her testimony for ten years never reached her ears, delivered into the office of a lawyer who was also working for the other man.

The burial in this case was not a bonfire or a shredded file. Springfield has subtler methods, and this book has catalogued them: the record kept in a box nobody opens, the neighbourhood counted but never named, the history simply left out of the histories. Here the method was smaller still. A single conversation that

never happened. A piece of paper, an offer, that existed, on the Governor's account, and never arrived at the one desk where it mattered. Everything after it followed the ordinary forms: a fair-seeming trial, an affirmed conviction, a lawful sentence, decades of correctly filed paperwork. The forms were all in order. The foundation, on the account the state itself finally accepted, was not.

Harry Klein was killed on 13 July 1981. The state's answer to his killing took thirty-six years to complete. Its final form was a governor standing in a prison the week before Christmas 2017, commuting the sentence of a 68-year-old woman whose alleged partner in the crime had been free since before some of the prison's own staff were born.

That is not a rumour about Springfield. That is Springfield's record, in its own courts, in its own governor's hand. It was buried as this city buries most things. Nobody hid the paper. They let the paper sit (in court files, in clemency petitions, in a parole board's thrice-repeated recommendation) while the years it described were served, one at a time, by a woman in

Chillicothe who, on the state's own late account, had never been told the one thing that might have changed all of it.

PART THREE — DUG UP IN ROUND TWO

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THE POOR FARM

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

For roughly a century, Greene County kept a farm for its unwanted.

It was called the poor farm, or the almshouse. The people sent to it were recorded in the county's own language as "inmates." That word is the first exhibit. They were not prisoners. They had committed no crime that the record names. They were the destitute, the disabled, the mentally ill. They were unwed mothers. They were tuberculosis patients. They were children with epilepsy. The county gathered them under one roof and one word, *inmates*, and kept them there, out of the way, at the edge of town, for about a hundred years.

This chapter is the last in the body of this book. It is placed here deliberately. Every chapter before it has been about something Springfield buried: a verdict, a neighbourhood, a name, a file. The poor farm is where the burial was literal. The county buried its poorest dead in a field, under stones marked with numbers instead of names, and then lost the book that said which number was who.

The missing paper is not a subplot of this story. It is the story.

RECORD — the institution

The Greene County almshouse opened in 1873 on Pickwick Avenue. As Springfield grew around it, the institution moved out West Division Street. It was rebuilt a final time in 1941, a $155,000 project of the Works Progress Administration, federal money raised against the Depression, spent on a new home for the county's poor. The building outlasted the name. In its last decades the place was renamed Sunshine Acres Nursing Home, a softer label for the same function: the county's repository for people who had nowhere else to be.

The conditions record is neither rumour nor reconstruction from memory. It comes from Springfield's own newspapers, across ninety years, assembled in our own time by Kaitlyn McConnell of Ozarks Alive from the archive of the *Springfield Leader*

and the *Daily News*. The city documented its own shame, in print, generation after generation. Read the sequence as what it is. No scandal was discovered once and closed. A condition was reported, deplored, and left standing, for a century.

RECORD — 1890: the mad cell

In 1890, a reporter for the *Springfield Leader* toured the poor farm and wrote what he saw. One passage has survived every retelling because it cannot be softened: a Black man kept in a "mad cell," chained to the floor by one ankle, nude. In another cell, a woman wrote imaginary sums on her cell floor.

The detail that indicts is not only the chain. It is the tone. The 1890 account described the scene approvingly, the chained man presented as a feature of the institution, evidence of it working as intended. A man naked on a floor, held by one ankle, shown to a newspaperman as a point of pride. The record does not tell us his name. It does not tell us how long he was chained, or why, or what became of him. He enters Springfield's documented history as a body in a cell,

and he leaves it the same way. In a book about what this city failed to keep, note the order of the failures: it did not keep his name even while he was alive to answer to it.

RECORD — 1929 and 1937: reported, deplored, unchanged

By 1929 the complaints had a public shape. Wives at the farm were said to be mistreated. A pastor and a welfare worker who tried to enter the institution to see the residents were barred, twice. The *Leader* ran an editorial condemning conditions. All of that is in the newspaper record: the mistreatment complaints, the locked door against a pastor, the editorial page's displeasure.

Nothing in the record suggests the editorial closed the place. Eight years later, the same newspaper was describing it again. The description is the one this chapter. Springfield's own history, has kept.

In 1937 the *Leader* called the almshouse:

"the tumble-down overcrowded, filthy firetrap which serves Greene County as an almshouse."

The article's particulars stand behind the adjectives. There were 135 residents. There was one bathtub for thirty men. The building had two fire escapes. Most of the residents could not climb them, a fact worth sitting with: the means of escape existed on paper, in a building full of people who could not use them. And the man running the institution said so himself. The superintendent begged visitors to come and see the place, saying that if it burned, he'd *"be the one to hear the screams of the inmates."*

That is not an outside critic. That is the superintendent of the Greene County poor farm, in his own county's newspaper, in 1937, describing the foreseeable death of the people in his charge and pleading with the public to come witness the conditions before it happened. The public's newspaper printed it. The building stood for four more years before it was replaced, replaced, note,

not closed. The county rebuilt its poor farm in 1941 and kept it running for another thirty-seven years.

Take the long view the record forces. 1890: a chained man, reported with approval. 1929: barred visitors and an angry editorial. 1937: a firetrap, named as one, by the hometown paper, with the superintendent's own dread in print. Three generations of Springfielders read about the poor farm in their own newspaper. The information was never buried while the institution lived. It was published, repeatedly, and the institution continued anyway. That is a harder fact than concealment. Concealment at least implies that someone believed the truth would change things.

RECORD — Lowell

By the 1970s, Sunshine Acres held people who had lived there since the 1930s, residents for whom the poor farm was a

whole life. Among them was a man the records call Lowell.

He had been there since childhood. He had no birth certificate on file. He was largely non-speaking. The staff knew him by a name that was not a name: "Dummy."

His story survives only as others told it; his own voice is nowhere in the record this book could reach, and this chapter will not invent one for him. What the documented facts say, in their flat sequence, is enough. A child was placed in the county's institution. He grew up there. He grew old there. Across all the decades the county kept him, it never established the paper of his beginning, no birth certificate. The people paid to care for him called him by a word for his silence. When the institution finally closed, he had been inside it, as near as the record can tell, for most of the twentieth century.

Lowell is one man. The farm held hundreds across its century. He is named here because he is one of the few the record names at all, and even he is named the way the institution named things: partially, carelessly, in a ledger-hand that kept the nickname and lost the birth certificate. He is the bridge between the living inmates of this chapter and its dead. The county failed to keep his beginning. It would do worse with their endings.

RECORD — 1978: the state closes it

In 1978, the Missouri Division of Health closed Sunshine Acres for sanitation and building deficiencies. Not the county, the state. The institution Greene County had run since 1873, reported on since 1890, editorialised against since at least 1929, and rebuilt with federal money in 1941 was finally ended by an outside authority's finding that it was not fit to keep operating.

A Springfield newspaper editorial marked the closure. Its sentence has the weariness of a hundred years in it:

"Locking the doors to Sunshine Acres Rest Home ends a dismal chapter in Greene County's history."

A dismal chapter. The editorial was right, and it was also, in one respect, wrong, because the chapter did not end in 1978. The building's afterlife is documented: the property passed to the Airport Board; the building was demolished; and some of its stone was built into the basement of the Greene County Courthouse in 1981, where plaques mark it. The poor farm is, quite literally, in the foundation of the county's house of justice, unremarked stone from a demolished almshouse, holding up the building where the county's records and judgements are kept. Springfield did not even have to invent that metaphor. It built it.

But the true remainder of the poor farm was not its stone. It was its dead.

RECORD — buried under numbers

The almshouse had its own cemetery. Burials there are documented through the mid-1930s. The inmates who died in the county's care were buried in the county's ground. The county marked their graves,

some of them, with crude markers bearing numbers.

Not names. Numbers.

Only fifty or sixty of the graves were ever marked at all. The rest, in the language of the reporting, were "merely indentations", dips in the ground where someone lay, uncounted even by the numbering system. Hundreds of people are in that field. The county that had recorded them in life as inmates recorded them in death as digits, when it recorded them at all.

Numbering the dead is not, by itself, the unforgivable act. Institutions number graves for a practical reason: the number is a key. Somewhere, a ledger maps each number to a name, the name, the dates, whatever the record held, and so long as the ledger survives, the number is an address, not an erasure. The person can be found. The grave can be answered for.

The Greene County ledger disappeared.

That sentence is stated as the county's own account gives it: the ledger was reported missing. The Greene County Archives had not found it as of the reporting. This book makes no claim beyond that. No evidence was found, none, that anyone destroyed the ledger deliberately, and this chapter does not speculate about destruction. The record supports a colder finding. The colder finding is worse: the one book that connected the county's poorest dead to their names was kept so carelessly that it vanished, and no one can now say when, or how, or from whose custody. The key to the cemetery was not stolen. It was lost, the way a thing is lost when nobody whose job it was to hold it believed it mattered.

A partial roll does survive. The almshouse records include names of burials from 1921 to 1937, digitised by the Springfield-Greene County Library and printed by Ozarks Alive. Sixteen years, partially recovered, out of more than six decades of burials. For everyone outside that window, for most of the hundreds in the ground, the county of Greene, which fed them, housed them, worked them, and

buried them at taxpayer expense, cannot say who they are.

RECORD — one name defended: Jordan Hurst

There is a single documented act of resistance to this machinery, and it belongs to Springfield's Black community.

In 1910, the Black community raised money to bury Jordan Hurst, an aged resident of the almshouse, themselves, specifically so that his body would not be delivered to the State Anatomical Society for dissection. That delivery was the default fate of the unclaimed poor: the institution's dead, unclaimed, became anatomical material. The community understood exactly what the system did with a poor man's body after death, raised their own money against it, and bought Jordan Hurst a burial with his name on it.

He is one of the very few people in this chapter whose full name survives attached to his death at the farm. It survives because people who had almost nothing paid to keep it. The contrast needs no emphasis from this book, but it will be

stated anyway, because it is the chapter in miniature: the county, with its ledgers and its appropriations and its century of operation, lost the names. A poor community, passing the hat in 1910, kept one.

RECORD — the county finishes the job

The ledger's loss might still have been partially repaired. The numbered stones stood in the ground in their positions, and position is information: a map of the stones, surveyed before they were disturbed, could have preserved the arrangement of the graves even without the key. The stones were the last copy of the map.

In the late 1990s, Greene County highway crews were sent to clean the overgrown cemetery. The context belongs in the record, because it is the county's own: cattle had been pastured in the cemetery. The airport had locked its gate. The ground where the county buried its indigent dead had become scrub pasture

behind a locked fence, and when the county finally attended to it, it attended with a work crew. The crew found the markers mauled into the ground. They piled all the tombstones in one stack, by a tree.

The highway supervisor, Donald Biellier, is on record describing it. By the time the stones were stacked, no one could say which stone belonged to which grave. Read the two losses together. The ledger, the key, was already gone. The stones in their places were the last physical evidence connecting any marker to any burial. The county, cleaning up, lifted them out of the ground and stacked them like material. Whatever information the field still held after the ledger vanished, the cleanup destroyed, out of the same disregard that had numbered the graves, lost the book, and pastured cattle on the ground in the first place. This book has no evidence of malice in it. Malice would almost be easier. Malice can be punished.

This was a century of nobody's job depending on these people mattering.

Columnist Sarah Overstreet Keen had been reporting on the almshouse cemetery since the early 1980s. She had been writing about it, that is, for roughly two decades by the time the stones were stacked. Her judgement stands in the record, and this book quotes it because it measures the debt exactly. She wrote that she did not know what the county owes a destitute citizen it buried at taxpayer expense:

"But I do know it's more than the indignity of ending up a complete unknown, in a rude lot with grave markers stacked like bricks of a demolished building."

More than that. It remains the plainest accounting anyone has given of what was owed. It was written by the reporter who had spent twenty years watching the county not pay it.

RECORD — the arch

In 2001 and 2002, a memorial was built. It stands inside what is now an industrial park, out by the airport, on the ground the

county's poor farm became. The surviving numbered stones were set into an arch, "artistically," in the reporting's word.

Consider the arch honestly, because this book has tried to consider everything honestly. A memorial is better than a pasture. Someone, at the end, spent money and effort; the stones that survived the stacking were lifted into a structure meant to honour the dead beneath them. And the memorial cannot do the one thing a memorial exists to do. It cannot give a single name. The stones in its arch bear numbers whose meanings the county lost, numerals as decoration, keys without a lock, set in a handsome curve in an industrial park where almost no one will ever stand and read them. It is a monument to people whose names the monument cannot give, built by the institution that lost them.

That is the poor farm's final form: not demolished, not hidden, commemorated, beautifully and uselessly, in the absence of the only information that would make the commemoration mean anything. The county remembered that it had forgotten. It built the forgetting a monument.

The purest exhibit

This book began, nearly two hundred years of Springfield history ago, with records that existed and were ignored. It ends its body here, with a record that no longer exists at all.

The distinction matters. A file in a box can be rediscovered, and in this book's pages one was: a court file sat unread for roughly a hundred and eighty years and then an archivist opened the box. A woman's name came back into the city's history. A verdict never retrieved can sometimes still be found; three in this book were. But a lost ledger has no second act. There is no box to open. The numbers are carved in stone, standing in an arch by the airport. The names they stood for are not misfiled or miscatalogued or waiting on a researcher's patience. They are gone, in the simple and final sense, because the institution that made the only copy did not keep it.

The people under those numbers were, in life, the people Springfield least wished to see: the poor, the mad, the sick, the inconvenient, the children born wrong by

the lights of their time, the mothers who had shamed their families, the old with no one to claim them. The county took them in (that much can be said for it; it took them in and fed them after its fashion) and it chained at least one of them naked to a floor. It housed them in a firetrap its own superintendent dreaded. It buried them by number, and it lost the book.

A century of documented shame, and the documentation was never the problem. Springfield's newspapers printed it all. The problem is standing in an industrial park in the form of an arch: a city can publish its failures for a hundred years and still, at the end, be unable to name its own dead, because naming them was never the part anyone was assigned to keep.

The ledger is gone. The numbers remain. Between those two facts lies the whole of this book.

CONCLUSION

THE ABSENCES

MEEKDUKE BOOKS · SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Every archive is two archives. There is the one a town keeps: the deeds and dockets, the minute books and marker texts, the histories bound and shelved. And there is the one a town *makes*, entry by entry, every time it decides a record is not worth keeping. The file left in the box, the fee set too high to pay, the name never written down. The second archive is not empty. It has a shape. This book has spent twenty-five chapters walking its shelves.

This conclusion does not retell those chapters. It enters their absences as exhibits, rated, as the research rated them, strongest first, and lets the holes testify in their own order.

Exhibit One: the lost ledger

The strongest absence in this book is not a person's fate. It is a book that no longer exists.

For more than sixty years the Greene County poor farm buried its dead under markers bearing numbers, because a ledger somewhere mapped each number to a name. The ledger disappeared. The Greene County Archives had not found it as of the last reporting. The county that buried those hundreds of people, at taxpayer expense, under its own authority, in its own ground, cannot now say who most of them are. The numbered stones that survived were later pried up by a county cleanup crew and stacked in a pile. The survivors of that were set, nameless still, into a memorial arch by the airport.

No conspiracy is required, and none is claimed. That is precisely the finding. A ledger is not lost the way a verdict is lost in a young court's chaos. It is lost slowly, across decades of custody, by an institution that never once treated it as precious. The absence protects no one. It

simply records, with perfect accuracy, what the lives in that field were worth to the institution that held their names: not worth one clerk's care. The hole is the verdict.

Exhibit Two: the founder's verdicts

In April 1836, a mob dragged Milly Sawyers, a woman a Greene County court had declared free the previous August, from a house on the Square and beat her in the street. The court record names the mob. Among the names is John P. Campbell, the founder of Springfield. The mob's members were charged with rioting and assault; Junius Campbell was additionally charged with lying under oath about that night.

And then the record stops. The verdicts in the mob cases do not survive in anything this research could retrieve. Springfield's founder was charged with beating a free woman. The paper does not say whether he was convicted, acquitted, or quietly let go.

A conviction would be a document. An acquittal would be a document. What exists instead is a silence that had to happen only once, in the file of the county's most famous defendant, to work forever, because the reputation the silence protected is the one the city still honours in a street name, untroubled, while the woman was recovered only in 2017, when an archivist opened a box, and marked only in 2025, a hundred and eighty-nine years after the beating. The book states the charges as record. It states the missing verdicts as record about the record. What the silence *served* is written on Campbell Avenue.

Exhibit Three: a life after the last page

Milly Sawyers litigated for her freedom three times, in two counties. She lost twice in St. Louis. She won in Greene County. She sued for damages. She was

beaten for her trouble by the town's leading men. And after April 1836, nothing. No death record, no census line, no grave in anything retrieved. The record simply stops holding her.

No single keeper is to blame for this hole, and the book does not invent one. It is what a record system built by and for property-holders does to a Black woman who held no property: she appears in its pages exactly as long as her legal status is in dispute, and the moment the dispute ends, so does she. The absence does not protect a person. It incriminates a system, one that could document a woman's enslavement in triplicate and could not spare a single line for the rest of her life.

Exhibit Four: Jefferson, Mariah, and Jeremiah

In August 1843, a woman named Mary, last name unknown, sued in Greene County for her freedom and for the freedom of her three children, on the ground that her Kentucky owner's will had freed her at his death in 1831. Judge Charles S. Yancey allowed her to sue as a

poor person. The retrieved record does not give the outcome.

So the paper preserves the names of three enslaved Springfield children, Jefferson, Mariah, and Jeremiah, and does not preserve whether they grew up free or enslaved. Their names survive, which is rare enough to be its own indictment of everything around them. Their fates do not. This book prints their names and stops where the record stops. Their names, without an invented ending, are worth more than any reconstruction: three children, entered in a court's book in 1843, whose whole lives turned on a page nobody kept.

Exhibit Five: the decision nobody can retrieve

In April 2024, Greene County's sheriff announced at a press conference that he had asked the county prosecutor to review the death of Darrell Thorne, a death first publicly framed as an overdose and ruled by the medical examiner an accidental mechanical asphyxia during forcible restraint. By May 2024 the review was still pending. This book's research, in

November 2026, more than two years after the announcement, could not retrieve any final decision.

Perhaps a decision exists somewhere the public trail does not reach. That is the point, and it is stated carefully: the review was announced in public. Its outcome could not be found in public. An unannounced outcome cannot be appealed, protested, or campaigned on. It can only be waited out, and waiting, in Springfield, is the oldest mechanism in this book. The door remains open, as it does for every institution named in these pages, to put the document on the record.

Exhibit Six: a conversation that never happened

The smallest absence in this book may be its most consequential. It is not a document. It is a conversation, a plea offer of as little as ten years, made, on the Governor's account, to Judy Henderson's attorney, and never conveyed to her. She served thirty-five years and a hundred and eleven days instead. The attorney, on

that same account, was also representing the man her testimony would have incriminated, the man who was acquitted.

Those claims rest on the Governor's office. This book has kept them there. But the shape of the absence is the same as every other exhibit in this conclusion: something that should exist, an offer delivered, a client informed, a choice made by the person who had to live with it, does not. Henderson's thirty-five years are what grew in the space where it should have been. Springfield's most consequential missing record may be a single unheld conversation.

Exhibit Seven: four hundred households, unnamed

In January 1966, the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development analysed Springfield's housing market and counted the South Central R-62 urban renewal project: a hundred and eighty acres, and roughly four hundred households to be displaced. The federal

paper counts them. It does not name them.

What this book could not establish, it will not pretend to: the racial composition of those four hundred households is *unestablished* in the sources retrieved. The record documents that Black Springfield was concentrated along the Jordan Creek valley and was pressed north, street by street, as the commercial city expanded. The seam between that documented erosion and R-62's footprint is exactly that: a seam, left visible. How many of the four hundred were Black, the paper does not say. It appears nobody in Springfield asked while the answer could still have been gathered easily. The households are an exhibit anyway. A removal can be fully documented in acres and dollars and still be an absence, because the counting was done by people for whom the counted did not need names.

The archive a town makes

Rate them together, these seven, and a pattern emerges that no single chapter could prove. The absences are not random. They cluster, with eerie consistency, around the same kinds of

lives: a free Black woman beaten by a founder; three enslaved children; the pauper dead; four hundred displaced households; a woman whose lawyer never told her; a man who died in custody. The records Springfield kept best belong to property, to prosecutions, to the men whose names are on the streets. The records it lost belong to the people who had only their names, and in case after case, the name is the very thing that went missing.

Springfield did not have to burn its archives to bury its history. Most of the time, nobody burned anything. The file went into a box. The ledger went unmissed. The verdict went unrecorded, the decision unannounced, the households unnamed, the offer undelivered. Burial, in this city, was rarely an act. It was a default, the accumulated result of a thousand small judgements about what was worth keeping, made by people who never imagined those judgements would one day be read as a single text.

But they can be read that way. That is what this book has done. A town's kept records tell you what it did. Its lost records tell you what it valued. And by that measure, the most honest document Springfield ever produced is the one it never meant to write: the ledger that isn't there, the verdict that isn't there, the names that aren't there, an archive of absences, complete and consistent, testifying across two centuries in one voice.

What a town chooses not to keep is its truest archive.

This book has kept what it could. The names that survive are printed in it: Milly Sawyers. Jefferson, Mariah, and Jeremiah. Jordan Hurst. Lowell. Harry Klein. Judy Henderson. Darrell Thorne. They are kept here the way the poor farm's stones should have been kept, in their places, with their names attached, against the day someone comes looking.

Someone always, eventually, comes looking.

SOURCES

This book sorts its material three ways, and the sorting is printed in the text: RECORD — what documents, courts, and the contemporary press establish; SAID — what people said, carried as their words, attributed; LEGEND — what is told, labelled as told. Where the book offers a judgment, it is the author's judgment standing on the evidence shown on the page.

Quotations in this book are verbatim from the sources named here. Where a wording could not be verified word-for-word, the book paraphrases and attributes instead — no quotation in these pages is reconstructed.

The entries below are keyed to the book's chapters, in chapter order. Each chapter's

section lists the records, reporting, and scholarship its text rests on.

CHAPTER 1 — 1906 & THE 113-YEAR SILENCE

Court records

State v. Brown, 188 Mo. 451, 87 S.W. 519 (Mo. May 16, 1905) — the 1903 killing of William W. Weir; the *Springfield Leader*'s campaign language quoted in the opinion ("a vicious and dangerous negro"); the reversal and its stated grounds; the opinion's ruling that a juror who admitted "some prejudice against the negro race" was "qualified to serve."

Newspapers

The New York Times, April 15, 1906 — national coverage of the Easter weekend lynchings; the Commonwealth Club's $300 reward offer.

Springfield Leader and *Springfield Republican*, 1906 and 1903–04, as quoted in the appellate record and in later

scholarship — the mob, the souvenir fragments, the grand jury's aftermath.

***Harper's Weekly* correspondent's Springfield report (1906), for the census finding that the majority of Black Springfield stayed or returned.**

Interviews, scholarship, and public history

KSMU, April 22, 2019 — Connie Yen of the Springfield-Greene County Library on Lucille "Lucy" Lederer's collection and method ("these stories have been passed down in the Black community, and they've never been in the written record"); the sundown-town passage; Lederer's documentation of the community's composition before 1906.

Missouri State University Libraries, November 22, 2019 — the Lederer Ozarks African American History Collection (some 35,000 items, more than 2,500 photographs, nearly 100 interviews) coming to the Duane G. Meyer Library.

KSMU, October 2, 2019 — the Park Central Square marker dedication; Garry Moore on the Mayor's Minority Business Council; Ashley Reynolds's reporting on the souvenir postcards ("Sold — and mailed").

Equal Justice Initiative — the September 19, 2020 soil-collection ceremony; the three men's names carried on the National Memorial for Peace and Justice, Montgomery, Alabama.

***Springfield News-Leader*, 2017 — the exodus figures as later scholarship disputes them (see the conflict note below).**

U.S. Census Bureau, QuickFacts (2023) — Black or African American alone: 4.3%.

KSMU reporting on *Springfield, A Sense of Time and Place: An African American Heritage Trail* — the Hazelwood Cemetery segregation fence; Silver Springs Park and Jonathan Fairbanks.

Conflict noted, not resolved: the size of the 1906 mob (400 to 5,000 across sources) and the Black-population exodus (KSMU 2010 and 2021, the *News- Leader* 2017, and the census-based scholarship disagree) are printed in the chapter as a range with each figure attributed.

CHAPTER 2 — THE SPRINGFIELD THREE

Official record

Springfield Police Department, official case page, "Three Missing Women" (verified November 1, 2026) — the names and ages (Sherrill Levitt, 47; Suzanne "Suzie" Streeter, 19; Stacy McCall, 18); 1717 E. Delmar Street; the last-known times; the scene inventory (purses, money, clothing, cars, keys, cigarettes, and the family dog left behind; no signs of struggle); the department's statement that there are "no positive leads"; the reward as currently posted, $43,000. *Older department copy gives $42,000; the*

conflict is printed in the chapter, not resolved.

FBI ViCAP listing; age-progressed images reissued 2022.

Court records

Florida Supreme Court, 1989 — reversal of Robert Craig Cox's 1978 murder conviction (Sharon Zellers), as carried in the case's documented record.

Reporting (secondary detail, labelled as reported in the chapter)

***Springfield News-Leader* and retrospective accounts — the house entered and cleaned by friends before police secured it; the broken porch-light globe; the reportedly erased answering-machine message; more than 5,000 tips; searches at Lake Springfield, Forsyth, Joplin, and Stockton; the 1997 legal-death declarations for Levitt and Streeter; the 1997 memorial bench,**

Victims Memorial Garden, Phelps Grove Park.

Cox's 1997 statements to journalists in a Texas prison ("would never be recovered"), printed in the chapter as THEORY with their provenance; the police department's stated grounds for declining to excavate the Cox South garage ("no evidence or logical reasoning") and the garage's construction timeline (begun September 1993), which contradicts the burial claim.

CHAPTER 3 — HAILEY OWENS

This chapter rests on the book's accountability dossier for the case: court records, official statements, and the legislative record, gathered separately and cited here by origin.

Court records

***State v. Wood*, 580 S.W.3d 566 (Mo. July 16, 2019) — the conviction (November 2017, jury drawn from Platte County), the six aggravating circumstances, the jury's deadlock on punishment, the death**

sentence imposed by Judge Thomas Mountjoy (January 11, 2018), and the victim-impact testimony the opinion recites ("a happy and loving child"; an "unfillable void").

The State's brief in *State v. Wood* — the witnesses' account: Carlos Edwards running toward the truck; Michelle Edwards's 911 call at about 4:47 p.m. with the licence-plate number; the plate trace, the surveillance on East Stanford Street, the warrant signed at about 1:28 a.m.

The alert interval and the law

Missouri House Newsroom, 2019 — the reform's history and the legislators' own assessment ("faster issuance of an Amber Alert is unlikely to have changed the outcome in Owens' case"); Trent's and Jim Wood's testimony as recorded there.

Springfield News-Leader, September 2014 — the three-page faxed alert form; Wood's name-based and fingerprint-based checks at his 2006 rehire.

Springfield News-Leader, May 16, 2019 — Senate passage; the Amber Alert System Oversight Committee had not met since 2015; Burlison: "It's nice to possibly find some good outcome from the horrible event that happened."

KSMU, July 12, 2019 — the signing; Trent on the old process: "you had to either phone it in or fax in a physical piece of paper."

Missouri Revised Statutes § 210.1014(7) — "HAILEY'S Law" as enacted (H.B. 397, signed July 11, 2019, effective August 28, 2019).

Springfield Public Schools internal audit, reported June 2014 — the pre-2005 fingerprinting gap (more than 1,000 employees), the return-within-a-year rescreening gap, and the "Effective" rating of the district's then-current checks.

What officials and others said (SAID, attributed in the chapter)

Mayor Bob Stephens, February 24, 2014 (KSMU) — "quick response and

professional investigation"; Hailey's legacy "one of beauty and love."

Chief Paul Williams, February 19, 2014, and the department's recognition of Carlos and Michelle Edwards, July 2, 2014 ("positive examples of citizens working with law enforcement").

Superintendent Norm Ridder's statement, February 19, 2014; spokeswoman Teresa Bledsoe: "He met all of our qualifications for employment."

Marc Klaas, KlaasKids Foundation, February 24, 2014 — "the victim of a broken Amber Alert system," quoted whole in the chapter, including his statement that the failure was "not the fault of Springfield PD or the Missouri State Highway Patrol." His account is also the sole source for the 6:00 p.m. news-release step, which the chapter labels as his account.

The families: Jeff Barfield ("if we can shave off some time"); Jim Wood ("recognizing that we both are suffering an immense crisis"); Markus Owens, May 16, 2019 ("It's a little bit of closure, a little bit of peace").

Associated Press — the vigil, February 22, 2014: more than 10,000 people (city spokeswoman Cora Scott's estimate), the march on Commercial Street, the Jefferson Avenue Footbridge lit purple.

Absences stated in the chapter as absences: **no timestamp for the moment Springfield police requested the alert was located in the public record; no official review located adjudged any named individual to have violated protocol; whether the district completed fingerprinting of all pre-2005 staff was not verified in the sources located.**

CHAPTER 4 — YOUNG BROTHERS + THE 2020 ECHO

Reporting and official memorial

KSMU local-history account, January 20, 2012 — the massacre: the posse, the six dead, the Houston ending.

Police1 long-form retrospective, August 21, 2022 — the massacre as "forgotten history" (the chapter references

the framing; it quotes nothing from it, because the research carries no verbatim text).

Missouri Law Enforcement Memorial — the roll entry for Officer Christopher Walsh (2020).

Contemporary reference accounts of the Young Brothers massacre and of the March 15, 2020 Springfield shooting, as gathered in the book's research dossier.

Handling notes: **the Houston coroner's suicide-pact ruling is printed as a ruling (RECORD); later accounts questioning it are printed as SAID, unresolved, with no single doubting source named because the research names none. The 1932 wounded — three officers and a civilian — are totalled but not named in the sources; the chapter states that absence rather than filling it. This chapter contains no direct quotations: its sources carry none, and none were reconstructed.**

CHAPTER 5 — BABY KEET & THE PRIVATE ARMY

Reporting and scholarship

KSMU local-history, January 7, 2013 — "The Strike That Broke the Company's Back": the 252-day Springfield Traction strike and the Keet case inside it; labour historian Stephen McIntyre's description of the imported strikebreakers ("ran around in cars getting drunk, had guns").

State Historical Society of Missouri, *Missouri Times*, August 2016 — the strike and the kidnapping.

Larry Wood, *Ozarks History* (blog), July 2018 — the kidnapping and murder of Baby Keet; Wood's and the *Springfield News-Leader*'s reporting is also the source — labelled *reported* in the chapter, never a court finding — for officers having "agreed" to the mob's demand for the "third degree" when vigilantes strung Claude Piersol up three times.

The record's own words

The ransom note, as carried in the record: "We've got your kid" — the demand, $6,000; the ransom never paid (the record does not say why, and the chapter prints that silence).

Maple Park Cemetery — the burial; the marker reads "Buddy." (One *News-Leader* piece erroneously says "Maplewood"; the chapter flags the error rather than repeating it.)

Handling notes: **strikebreakers are "implicated" — the record's word, kept at its strength; no strikebreaker is stated to have been convicted. Murder charges against all defendants were dropped; the record gives no reason, and none is supplied.**

CHAPTER 6 — EMMA MOLLOY

Sources

History Museum on the Square — the Sarah Gorham Graham case page (it

spells the surname "Malloy"; the chapter uses the dossier's preferred "Molloy" and logs the variant once, in the text).

Larry E. Wood, *Bigamy and Bloodshed* (Kent State University Press, 2019) — the standard book-length treatment; Emma's identity and birth (Emily F. Barrett, July 17, 1839, South Bend, Indiana) — one woman, the temperance lecturer and the Springfield Emma.

Contemporary press, as gathered in the book's case research: the *New York Times* covered the case in 1886; the Fort Wayne *Sentinel*, March 15, 1886; the Abbeville *Press and Banner*, May 12, 1886 (which prints a note signed "Citizens of Greene County, Mo." and gives the mob at 400 — the research synthesis gives 100 or more; the chapter flags the conflict and does not resolve it).

Handling notes: the allegation that temperance friends instigated George Graham's lynching to silence his claim of an affair is printed as SAID — attributed to

critics, not proven; the chapter separately records only the effect (a lynched man names no second pair of hands). The deathbed- confession story sometimes attached to this era belongs to a different case (Willis Washam, 1854) and is discounted as fabrication by the 1883 county history that is its own source; it is not used.

CHAPTER 7 — BLANCHARD

Sources

The court and media record of the case as gathered in the book's research dossier (§12.5), citing the reference account of Nicholas Godejohn's prosecution and A&E True Crime's account of Gypsy-Rose Blanchard — the murder of Clauddine "Dee Dee" Blanchard on 10 June 2015; the Facebook post ("That Bitch is dead," quoted verbatim) that led to the body's discovery on 14 June; the flight to Big Bend, Wisconsin, and the arrests of 15 June; the daughter —

presented for years as severely disabled — seen walking unaided.

The abuse record as established in court and media accounts: factitious disorder imposed on another (Munchausen by proxy); fabricated disabilities; a wheelchair that was not needed; unnecessary medications and procedures; financial and social gain, sustained in view of doctors, charities, and a housing provider.

The dispositions: Gypsy-Rose Blanchard's guilty plea to second-degree murder (2016), ten years, parole on 28 December 2023 after about eight and a half years; Nicholas Godejohn's conviction (2018) for first-degree murder and armed criminal action, life without parole plus twenty-five years.

Handling notes: this chapter is deliberately confined to that record. The research names no individual charity, doctor, or housing organisation, and the chapter names none. Specific diagnoses, procedures, charity names, and sums that circulate in popular coverage of this case are not in the record this book verified and are excluded — the restraint is stated in the chapter itself.

CHAPTER 8 — THE MODERN COMPOSITE

The overdose toll

Greene County Commission release, 2 October 2026 — 581 drug- intoxication deaths in five years; more than 24,600 Missouri overdose deaths in twenty years; 1,948 Missouri deaths in 2023, more than 70 percent involving opioids; $257,822 in opioid-settlement funds awarded to six local organisations; the national settlement defendants; up to $900 million over eighteen years for Missouri's participating governments.

City of Springfield release — opioid prescribing rate 143.8 per 100 residents (2010) against 81.2 nationally, and 108.9 in 2016; overdose death rate 17.9 per 100,000 (2012) rising to 31.6 (2015); under-fifty rate nearly twice the national average; opioid-addicted infants born in Springfield the highest number in Missouri.

Missouri Department of Health and Senior Services, Greene County fact sheet (2018–2022) — 135 fatal overdoses in

2022, opioids in nearly three-quarters, fentanyl in 64 percent, methamphetamine in 61 percent; the county medical examiner's identification of the meth-plus-fentanyl pattern as the leading category. The 2023 figure of 113 deaths is a secondary compilation of official figures and is worded as such.

Senator Josh Hawley's letter to federal drug officials (via Vote Smart) — heroin seizures rising from roughly 400 grams (2015) to more than 4,000 grams (2016); one week of 40 overdoses and four deaths from a suspected fentanyl batch.

A reported 53 percent decline in Southwest Missouri overdose deaths in the first half of 2025 is carried in the chapter as reported — a commercial treatment-sector summary citing KSMU (February 2026) — and expressly unconfirmed against the state health department's tables.

The jail

Prison Legal News **— Winston Eugene Holt, a federal prisoner, died of a heart attack in the Greene County Jail in July 2005; the §1983 suit's settlement of 3 June 2009 ($75,000 — half the county, half Doctor's Hospital and Dr. David Weems); the county denied liability.**

Springfield News-Leader reporting — the four deaths of winter 2023–24: Austin Bond (32, 12 November), Jeffrey L. Gilmore (44, 5 December), Michael Hill (49, January), and Darrell Thorne (booked 11 March 2024); Thorne's death first framed as an overdose, then ruled accidental mechanical asphyxia during forcible restraint (April 2024); the restraint chair used more than 300 times in 2023; ten staff placed on leave, eight returned to different roles, one left employment.

KWTO — Jessica McManis (40), reported 13 March 2025: unresponsive during a medical request, died in hospital; the medical examiner investigated; few details published.

Absences stated in the chapter as findings: the county prosecutor's final decision on the Thorne death could not be retrieved by this book's research in either round, two years on; no official count of deaths of unsheltered people in Springfield or Greene County was found. Thorne's age is reported inconsistently (54, *News-Leader*; 53, KWTO) and is not printed.

The audit war

KSMU and Missouri Auditor records — the Galloway whistleblower complaints; the Commission's refusal and delay; Sheriff Arnott's Sunshine suit and the Auditor's statement that it "appears to be an effort to discover the identities of whistleblowers"; the Ethics Commission's $100 fine (26 April 2018); the dismissed individual complaints, Commissioner Hough expressly cleared; Judge Jon Beetem's December 2019 ruling; the eventual audit's "good" overall rating and more than $18,000 in questionable disbursements.

The street

KSMU, *Making a Difference* (25 February 2025) and Community Partnership of the Ozarks — homelessness and affordable housing flagged in the city's Community Focus Report since 2004; a deficit of about 8,960 affordable units; the unsheltered population roughly tripled since COVID, per providers; the shelter shortfall. Population estimates (roughly 1,000 to roughly 3,000) are printed as estimates.

Springfield Daily Citizen, 22 February 2023 — the encampment clearances as the campers described them (a couple of minutes to gather belongings; what could not be carried burned; deputies alleged to have lit the fires); Sheriff Arnott's denial on Facebook and his refusal of interviews ("No thanks," KSMU, 9 March 2023); a four-witness pastor- advocate account published by an advocacy outlet, flagged as such; the city police policy of a minimum twenty-four hours' notice; the April 2021 clearance under the Chestnut Expressway bridge.

The *Daily Citizen*'s profile of Ronnie Morris (deaf, homeless since 2019), who died 31 May 2025, aged sixty-four — that detail reaches this book through a mirror of the Citizen's story and is flagged for verification against the original before print.

Deliberately excluded: the jail's ICE agreement and detainee figures and the sheriff's U.S. Marshal nomination — retrieved only through opinion/brief sourcing; and a 2021 school settlement carried in the research as too thin to stand alone.

CHAPTER 9 — THE GROUND ITSELF

The fire

Ozarks Alive and the *Springfield Daily Citizen* (11 June 2025) — the Great Fire of 9 June 1913: outbreak between 5:00 and 5:20 a.m., believed cause broken insulation on a 500-volt wire in the Heer's basement; the northeast quarter of the Square and roughly fifty businesses destroyed; losses over

$500,000 (over $12 million today); the rebuilt Heer's — a seven-storey terra-cotta store on the old courthouse site — opened in September 1915 to 21,000 visitors on its first day.

The *Springfield Republican*'s "City's Worst Fire" and the National Register nomination's "most disastrous in Springfield history," as carried in the accounts above.

Contemporary accounts of the earlier Square fire, February 1867 — the northwest corner: the Union Press, a grocery, a saloon, a stagecoach barn, two warehouses, and cabins in the Jordan Valley.

Precision note: "No deaths were reported" in the 1913 fire rests on the *Daily Citizen*'s 2025 anniversary summary, a secondary source. The chapter prints it at exactly that strength — reported, not proven to a primary standard.

The creek

***417 Magazine* and Missouri State University's Brick City / Jordan Creek**

valley history — Jordan Creek's floods (at least nine between 1844 and 1909); the July 1909 storm, more than six and a half inches of rain, the most economically damaging flood to that date, with no human deaths recorded; the creek boxed in concrete in 1928 and further entombed after the record flood of 1932.

National Weather Service — present-day Jordan Creek and Wilson Creek flash-flood warnings recurring each spring. No recent Springfield flood death toll was found by this book's research; the chapter states the gap rather than filling it.

The cemetery

The Old City Cemetery's record as gathered in the book's research — its ground at the southwest corner of Mount Vernon, Campbell, South, and State; Union soldiers using its gravestones as cover during the Battle of Springfield (8 January 1863); closure

in 1876, the dead supposed removed to Hazelwood and Maple Park; 1930s utility digging — Campbell Avenue, October 1930 among the occasions — uncovering unmarked graves and graves whose stones had been stolen; the site now residential ground and a parking lot.

Hazelwood Cemetery (dedicated 26 October 1867, sixty acres, the city's oldest) and Maple Park Cemetery (established 1876; Davis Tutt and Baby Keet buried there).

The maps

Sanborn fire-insurance maps, 1910 — Sheet 64 (the Heer's block, drawn complete three years before the fire) and Sheet 58 (the creek as open water, under its period name "Wilson's Creek"). No public-licence photograph of the 1913 fire or of the Old City Cemetery ground exists; the chapter makes no photographic claims.

CHAPTER 10 — THE MANUFACTURED HAUNTING

This chapter's method is printed in its text: RECORD, SAID, and LEGEND are labelled as they occur, and disproven legends are refused in plain words.

Pythian Castle

The castle's record as gathered in the book's research (Missouri State University's *The Standard*; Haunt Jaunts) — 1451 East Pythian Street; built 1911–13 by the Knights of Pythias and opened in 1914 as the Pythian Home of Missouri; taken in 1942 by "Order of Immediate Possession" as Building 501 of O'Reilly General Hospital, its documented wartime use an Enlisted Men's Service Club; German and Italian prisoners of war treated and held within the wider O'Reilly system; National Register listing October 2009; opened to the public in 2010 by owner Tamara Finocchiaro.

The "POW prison / dungeon / interrogation room" framing is tour lore against that documented use; claims of hundreds of suicides and of torture circulate on low-quality lore sites and are unproven — refused in the chapter. The named lore ("Mr. Boots," shadow figures, soldier apparitions, dormitory phenomena) is labelled LEGEND in the text.

Conflicts printed, not resolved: **construction cost (roughly $100,000 vs. roughly $150,000) and deaths on the property ("80-plus" / "over 100" / "105 documented," two of them children).**

The Landers

KSMU, 31 October 2014, citing the *Springfield Leader* — the December 1920 fire was real (boiler explosion about 12:45 p.m.; stage and dressing rooms burned; the $7,500 pipe organ and fifty tons of coal lost; the asbestos curtain saved the auditorium; closed about two years) and no one was killed in it. The janitor who supposedly died

and haunts the theatre is a legend, disproven on that record.

The theatre's lore (a baby from the balcony; a figure in Elizabethan dress; a green orb; the "Black Void") is undocumented and labelled LEGEND; the stagehand said to have hanged himself from the rigging is carried by a convention-and-visitors-bureau guide with no death record beneath it — labelled SAID.

The segregated-second-balcony stabbing: stage designer Chuck Rogers admits he invented it himself. Rogers's separate 1990s account of a man vanishing in the lobby is his testimony — labelled SAID.

The Gillioz Theatre contrast: a projectionist died at his post on New Year's Eve 1962; no retrieved source states the cause, and none is invented.

***Conflict printed, not resolved:* the fire's date — 18 December 1920 (the *Leader*, via KSMU) vs. 17 December (a library source).**

Fantastic Caverns

KSMU (2012) and Missouri State accounts — discovered in 1862 by John Knox's dog; kept secret through the Civil War; first explored in February 1867 by twelve women of the Springfield Women's Athletic Club; a Prohibition speakeasy in the big room ("drinking and gambling and all sorts of carousing," quoted verbatim), shut down by law enforcement.

The Ku Klux Klan's meetings in the "Grand Ballroom" are documented; historian Brooks Blevins (via KSMU and *The Standard*) describes the 1920s Ozarks Klan as middle-class, "respectable" men, and the cave meetings as a well-publicized staple. No period photograph of the Klan at the cave exists in any source the research could find.

***Conflict printed, not resolved:* the Klan frame — owned the cave 1924–1930 (Wikipedia) vs. meetings 1925–1937 (a showcaves timeline).**

Present tense

Pythian Castle and the Landers run commercial ghost tours today; the city's convention and visitors bureau publishes a haunted guide. The attempted arson at the Hotel of Terror (7 February 2026; Michael Howerton arrested) closes the chapter.

CHAPTER 11 — SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS

Sources

History Museum on the Square; the Historical Marker Database; the City of Springfield; and the Springfield Police Department's history — the duel of 21 July 1865 (about 6 p.m.; the Lyon House poker game of 20 July; the watch seized as collateral and worn publicly; the warning and the dying words quoted verbatim); the coroner's wound track (entering the right side between the fifth and seventh ribs, exiting the left); the charge reduced from murder to

manslaughter and the acquittal after a three-day trial; the coroner's inquest rediscovered in the Greene County archives during the Square's remodel; Tutt's burial at Maple Park and the Square's markers.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine, February 1867 — the Nichols article and illustration that carried the duel to a national audience and created the Western-duel template.

The Springfield Police Department's history — Lewis Tutt, Davis Tutt's half-brother, son of an enslaved woman and her white owner, appointed in 1874: the department's first minority officer. No portrait of either brother exists in public holdings.

Claims and conflicts: "the nation's first one-on-one pistol quick-draw duel" is a marker and tourism claim, printed as a claim, not as settled fact; the alternative motives (women; Civil War loyalties) are contested lore, labelled. The seventy-five yards is the town's traditional figure: findings published by the

Springfield-Greene County Library in February 2026 report that the period evidence — eyewitness testimony and the court record — points to the Square's southwest corner and a shorter distance, and does not support the 1975 markers' placement; the chapter prints the tradition as tradition and the Library's finding as a dated challenge. (Pre-print: the Library piece is to be read in full and the corner language reconciled.)

CHAPTER 12 — BLOODY HILL

Both battles' casualty record is printed as a conflict below, as it is in the chapter; no figure in this list reconciles the counts.

Wilson's Creek

The battle's record as gathered in the book's research — 10 August 1861, ten to twelve miles southwest of Springfield; the first major Civil War battle west of the Mississippi; General Nathaniel Lyon, the first Union general killed in the war, killed on Bloody Hill

in some five hours of close combat; his body carried to the Ray House, a field hospital. Sterling Price's Missouri State Guard camped along the creek is recorded in the battlefield's own monument inscription.

Conflict: Union losses are consistently put at 1,317 (popular summary and the National Park Service's Civil War Sites Advisory Commission battle detail). Confederate losses are put at 464 by that same NPS battle detail and at 1,222 in the commonly cited figure — a gap of 758 men. A HistoryNet accounting (Western Army 277 dead and 945 wounded; Union 258 killed and 873 wounded) is quoted in the chapter as given; its parts do not total 1,317, and the chapter does not reconcile them.

The Battle of Springfield

The Historical Marker Database and battle accounts — 8 January 1863: Marmaduke's roughly 2,000 Confederates attacked the Union supply depot from 10 a.m. until dark; Fort No. 4 the main defence; General Egbert

Brown wounded, losing the use of an arm; the Confederate withdrawal of 9 January; Union soldiers using the Old City Cemetery's gravestones as cover (the cemetery's full record is Chapter 9's).

Conflict — three counts, none resolved: the battlefield marker (14 Union killed, 146 wounded, 4 missing; 20 Confederate killed, 124 wounded); the National Park Service summary (403 total — 163 Union, 240 Confederate); later scholarship (roughly 30 Union dead including later wound deaths; 70 to 80 Confederate killed; a physician's knowledge of 80 Confederate burials). The chapter's sentence that Confederate dead were buried "by the score in ground the city then built on" is its synthesis of that burial figure, flagged as synthesis in the chapter's notes.

Lore

Wilson's Creek lore (soldier apparitions, sounds of battle, cold spots, voices, a woman in period dress at the Ray House, groans on recordings) is

recorded as lore and confined to the chapter's labelled close.

CHAPTER 13 — THE JUDGE DID IT FIRST

Milly Sawyers

The Greene County court file itself (Greene County Archives), rediscovered by archivist Connie Yen in 2017 — the freedom suits (two losses in St. Louis, the first filed 1829; the third filed 1834, among the new circuit court's first cases, possibly argued in John P. Campbell's home); the August 1835 entry declaring her free (Greene County Court Record, August Term 1835); the $500 damages suit; the mob of 1 April 1836 and its members as the court records name them (John P. Campbell; Lucius Rountree; Junius Campbell; Sidney Ingram); the charges (rioting, assault; Junius Campbell additionally lying under oath).

Springfield News-Leader, 21 March 2018 — the reconstruction, built with archivists, a librarian, and a historian, stating the story was "almost entirely unknown among Springfield historians."

KSMU, August 2025, and Missouri State University accounts — the Heritage Trail marker at Boonville and Water, the trail's tenth, unveiled in August 2025, 189 years after the beating. (The exact day is given as 25 August by KSMU and 27 August in an MSU account, with coverage clustered 27–28 August; the chapter says "August 2025" only, and the day is to be verified before any photograph is captioned.)

Missouri State University, *History of Brick City and Jordan Creek Valley* — the academic local-history project citing the court records.

***Absences stated in the chapter as findings:* the mob defendants' verdicts do not survive in the retrieved record — the chapter states the charges and the**

silence, and frames whose interest the silence served as observation only. After April 1836 Sawyers disappears from the record: no death record, later census line, or grave was retrieved. Spelling variants are carried, not resolved (Sawyers/Sawyer; Ivy/Ivey; Lucius/Lucious). No photograph of her exists.

Mary, 1843

The same archives, and *News-Leader* reporting — the August 1843 suit for herself and her children Jefferson, Mariah, and Jeremiah, on the ground of her Kentucky owner's 1831 will; Judge Charles S. Yancey allowed her to sue as a poor person. Only two freedom suits are known in Greene County, against more than three hundred in St. Louis. *Her outcome is unknown; the chapter prints the children's names and stops where the paper stops.*

Yancey, Lee, Washam, Danforth, Isbell

Larry Wood, *Missouri and Ozarks History* — the Yancey–Roberts killing (late summer 1837; the glasses case; the 1838 manslaughter acquittal; Yancey's later appointment to the circuit court). A date tension is flagged in the chapter: Wood's book account dates the first murder to 1837, while his blog treatment opens with Roberts's earlier charges in the fall of 1836; the chapter dates the killing 1837.

Holcombe's *History of Greene County* (via the Springfield-Greene County Library) — John A. J. Lee's 1855 Springfield trial on a change of venue, acquitted on self-defence; the chapter expressly does not retry the case.

The 1883 county history — Willis Washam's hanging (25 August 1854) and the two consoling legends about it (his widow's deathbed confession; Sheriff Samuel Fulbright's guilt-poisoning),

which that history itself discounted as fabrications; the chapter credits the debunking to it.

Wood's Washam account — Mart Danforth (lynched 1859) and Bud Isbell (lynched 1871), both Black men, on the Jordan Creek / Benton Avenue ground. *The record for both men is thin and rests largely on this account; the chapter says so and flags Greene County archive work before any future edition.* Their existence, with George Graham's 1886 jail-door lynching, disproves the secondary claim that the 1906 victims were the county's only lynching victims — printed in the chapter as a correction.

CHAPTER 14 — TWENTY-TWO YEARS

Sources

The case record as gathered in the book's research — Jackie Johns, twenty, a waitress from Nixa, disappeared 17 June 1985; her car found blood-drenched; her body found in Lake Springfield on 22 June 1985. (The chapter spends exactly one factual

sentence on the manner of her death, per its sensitivity discipline.)

Gerald Carnahan — from a wealthy, well-connected Nixa family; an early prime suspect whose alibi rested on his stepdaughter; not prosecuted for twenty-two years; convicted in 1993 of the attempted kidnapping of another young woman; in the interval also arrested for assaulting an officer, burglary, and arson — printed as arrests, not convictions.

The reopening under cold-case DNA funding (Springfield Police Department, 2003; Missouri State Highway Patrol, 2006); the semen DNA match to Carnahan.

The conviction (2010, St. Louis County, on a change of venue) for first-degree murder and forcible rape; two consecutive life terms without parole; held at Potosi; affirmed on appeal, *State v. Carnahan*, 367 S.W.3d 677 (Mo. App. 2012).

Handling notes: **the August 2007 airport arrest and attempted flight to Thailand rest on a single secondary account (Grunge's, as carried in the research);**

the chapter carries the attribution in its text, and the detail is flagged for verification against 2007 news and court coverage before print. Carnahan has been scrutinized in connection with other missing-women cases, including the Springfield Three, and never charged in any of them — the chapter states that line expressly and draws no implication. No source documents a conspiracy or official protection, and the chapter says so; its question is tempo, not conspiracy. Two colour items from secondary material (a "beauty queen" descriptor; a car model) are not in the documented record and are not used.

CHAPTER 15 — FOUR BLOCKS

This chapter is written under the book's sensitivity law for child victims: victim

and family first, public record only, minimum necessary detail.

Sources

Springfield Police Department cold-case record (case #75-45967), as gathered in the book's research — Shirley Jane Rose, nine; abducted 17 October 1975 between 6:30 and 7:30 p.m. on the four-block walk from her grandparents' home (865 South West Avenue) to her home (1309 South Scenic Avenue); seen talking to a man in a blue car; her body found 13 December 1975 in a shallow grave near McDaniel Lake; the case unsolved, never charged.

KY3, "Ozarks Unsolved" — the single record sentence on how she was found (her blouse knotted around her neck, indicating strangulation; the medical examiner could not prove the cause of death beyond doubt), given once in the chapter, in the record's form, and not returned to.

The police cold-case roster carried in the chapter as context — Clara L. Batton (1992), Paul Anstutz (1992), Frank Stanton (1993), Gloria Jean Barnes (1997), James Leon Medler (2001) — and Tina Sue Spencer, whose remains were found near McDaniel Lake on 28 November 1976: geography only. *No source connects the Spencer case to Shirley's, and the chapter says so expressly; Spencer's last-seen date is itself conflicted in the sources (January vs. 14 March 1976) and is not relied on.*

Conflict printed, not resolved: the suspect vehicle — a blue Chevrolet (the police summary; late-1960s in some accounts) vs. a 1972 Ford Torino in others. The chapter names the contradiction and draws no conclusion.

What is SAID, and fenced as such:

reporting at the time said Shirley's mother Joyce was a marijuana dealer, which fuelled a drug-circle theory of the case — presented as reported

theory only, expressly not as blame and not as a proved link; no finding in the record connects it to the abduction. Judge Don Clough's 1982 open letter, claiming a former near-death client had confessed, is presented only as his claim: **never independently verified or corroborated**, stated in the chapter in those terms. The documented aftermath — disciplinary action against the judge, a questioned man released, no charge, the case still open — is the record. This case carries no ghost lore in the research, and none is invented; the chapter's "legend" is the letter's circulation as a de facto solution, labelled as such.

CHAPTER 16 — WHERE THE BOSSES CAME TO DIE

Sources

U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners ("Fed Med"), 1900 West Sunshine Street

— authorised by Congress in 1930 after Springfield donated 620 acres (the push by John T. Woodruff and the Chamber of Commerce); opened 1933 as the "U.S. Hospital for Defective Delinquents" (the institution's own period language, quoted as such).

The house discipline — prisoner riots in 1941, 1944, and 1959 (1959: five hostages taken, one prisoner killed in the rescue, one hostage slightly injured).

The Springfield dead as documented in the research — Robert Stroud (died 21 November 1963); Robert Henry Best (1952) and Herbert John Burgman (1953), Nazi propagandists and treason lifers; the spy Anastasy Vonsyatsky (no death date is given in the research, and none is stated); Joseph Bonanno (treated there; no dates given, none stated); Vito Genovese (died 14 February 1969); John Gotti (died 10 June

2002); Vincent Gigante (died 19 December 2005).

The 2010 cell murder — inmate Victor Castro-Rodriguez murdered in his cell; inmates Coonce and Hall convicted in 2014 and sentenced to death (first names are not given in the research and are not supplied).

Framing, stated in the chapter as discipline: **no source assembled for this book supports the existence of Mafia operations in Springfield — the bosses came here to die, not to run rackets. Stroud's fame belongs to other institutions; the research documents only his death at Fed Med, and the chapter claims only that. No cause of death is stated for any of the named dead (none is documented in the research). There is no legend material for this institution in the research, and the chapter says the lack is itself the finding.**

CHAPTER 17 — TWENTY-ONE TONS

Sources

The event (main dossier, §11) — 30 September 1970, I-44 near Brookline: Teamsters Local 823 striking against Tri-State Motors of Joplin; the striking driver Bobby Lee Shuler fired a .30-30 rifle — the record gives the position as an overpass, also as a ramp — at the non-striking driver John A. Galt, 48, of Oklahoma City, father of four, former GE engineer, on his first run for the company; the third shot hit the load.

The load — roughly twenty-one tons / 43,000 pounds of dynamite (the chapter holds both figures loosely, as the record does); the truck vaporised (the record's word); Galt the only casualty.

Windows shattered twelve miles away, including in the Heer's building downtown.

The sentences — Shuler: second-degree murder, 99 years, paroled after eight (1979); accomplice Gerald Lee

Bowden: ten years for second-degree murder, paroled 1975.

The Springfield Chamber of Commerce's own retrospective — the blast fed the city's decades-long anti-union reputation, a line the Chamber traces eventually to the 1987 CALM coalition; attributed in the chapter to the Chamber's framing.

Conflicts printed, not resolved: the crater's dimensions — reported 50 feet wide × 70 feet long × 25–30 feet deep, and ~75 feet across × 30 feet deep in the Missouri State Highway Patrol's later retrospective (*Patrol News*, Mar.–Apr. 2022); the chapter prints the disagreement as part of the record. *Pre-print actions carried:* Shuler's parole date deserves one archive pass against parole records (the caution is carried in the chapter's text); the appeal citation varies between sources (Mo. App. 1978 in the dossier's source list; *State v. Shuler*, 486 S.W. 2d 505 (Mo. 1972) in the image research) — verify before print. No crater photograph is used (rights held/unverified).

CHAPTER 18 — THE CYCLONE AND THE BAN

Sources

Marshfield Cyclone reference page (main dossier, §8) — 18 April 1880: an F4 tornado in an outbreak that killed at least 167 people in total; southeast Greene County: at least seven killed, sixteen injured, incl. Susannah Carney Galloway, 45, at Galloway; Marshfield nearly levelled, ~$1M damage in 1880 money, ~200 injured.

Spanish flu / the Ban (main dossier, §8; sources there: Ozarks Alive and Missouri State University's *The Standard*) — Mayor J.J. Gideon's closure order of 1 October 1918 (schools, churches, theatres, pool halls, the public library), thirty-two days to 3 November; Student Army Training Corps inductions at the Normal School and Drury the same day, cadets fainting; the *Springfield Leader*'s contemporary counts (17 deaths in a day and a running total of 44 by 9 October; 150 by 19 October; more than 165 by 23 October); *The Standard*'s figure of 254 Springfield flu deaths during the Ban period, incl. at least four cadets.

Ozarks Alive — no official city-level Springfield toll was ever broken out by the government (statewide 12,500; only St. Louis, 2,883, and Kansas City, 1,724, broken out by name).

Modern disasters (main dossier, §12.9) — the January 2007 ice storm (NWS Springfield; Associated Press): 200,000+ southwest Missourians without power, 1.5 in. of ice at Springfield, ~70,000 Springfield customers dark at peak, $352.9M Missouri damage, outages up to ~two weeks; the 29 April 2025 wind event (NWS Springfield; KSMU).

The Anderson Guest House fire (main dossier, §1) — 27 November 2006, Anderson, McDonald County: a flagged regional note only; it drove Missouri's sprinkler mandate for long-term-care facilities.

Conflicts and gaps, printed as such: the Marshfield toll — 92 dead in Marshfield in some counts, 99 total fatalities in most counts, at least 167 across the full outbreak — printed unresolved with the arithmetic tension shown. The 2020 *Missouri Medicine* article's claim of "little

adverse impact in the Ozarks" is contradicted by the contemporary newspaper counts and is named in the chapter as minimisation; the book follows the contemporary record. (A stray parenthetical in the image research associating a "hover around 260" figure with that journal's vicinity does not override the dossier's characterisation; flagged for a check against the article itself before print.) The Frisco wreck of 22 July 1922 (main dossier, §8 — the *Meteor*/*Texas Special* head-on collision near Logan; the Hammer family of five and Engineer C.H. Ring killed; 40–50 injured taken to Frisco Hospital): **no clean total toll was retrieved, and the chapter states the gap rather than filling it**; the cigar detail is period newspaper colour, labelled as such. For the 2007 storm, the 85+ deaths figure is the continental total across twelve states and three Canadian provinces — **no Springfield-specific toll was found and none is asserted**. The Anderson toll (10 in initial reporting vs. 11 in later counts) is printed unresolved.

CHAPTER 19 — WHAT THE ROAD LEFT BEHIND

Geography discipline: these are Route 66 corridor sites connected to Springfield, not Springfield history, and the chapter says so up front.

Sources

Times Beach (main dossier, §9) — Route 66 resort town in St. Louis County, 2,000+ people; Russell Bliss sprayed dioxin (TCDD)-laced waste oil from the NEPACCO plant at Verona, Missouri, 1972–1976; soil ~300 parts per billion, ~300× the CDC safe level; the December 1982 Meramec flood; the CDC's uninhabitability notice of 23 December 1982; the February 1983 EPA $33M Superfund buyout (the first of its kind; ~800 properties, 30 businesses); disincorporation 2 April 1985; 1996–97 incineration of 265,354 tons of soil from twenty-seven Missouri sites; Route 66 State Park opened 11 September 1999 (419 acres; the Bridgehead Inn the sole surviving building); delisted 2001; EPA sampling 2012, no significant risk.

Devil's Elbow (main dossier, §9) — village founded 1870 at the Big Piney River bend (log-driver name origin);

Route 66 boom 1926; bypassed 1943; the May 2017 record flood (~28 ft rise, ~8 ft beyond the previous record, carried as the record gives it, sourced in the research to Wikivoyage); McCoy's Store and Shelden's Market/post office destroyed weeks after the February 2017 National Register historic-district designation; the county emergency manager quoted: "Devil's Elbow is gone." Haunting lore is labelled LEGEND — name-driven per the Clio entry ("spurred no doubt by its name"), with no documented haunting or death beneath it.

The Hornet Spooklight (main dossier, §9) — E 50 Road, Missouri– Oklahoma line near Hornet, ~12 miles southwest of Joplin. The headlight explanation (the Route 66 alignment east of the Spring River visible from elevated E 50 Road) demonstrated in staged experiments in 1946 (Sheard), 1955, and 1965 (Gannon / *Popular Mechanics*); Paul W. Johns found no print mention of the light before 1926; of the claimed 1881 "Ozark Spook Light" pamphlet and the Foster Young manuscript there is no evidence

either ever existed — printed in the chapter at exactly that strength. The retailed legends (a Trail of Tears sighting in 1836; two Quapaw lovers; a miner with a lantern; a decapitated Osage chief) are printed as LEGEND; the City of Joplin's own page states "no conclusive answer" against the experimental record, and the chapter notes it.

Hotel Connor, Joplin (main dossier, §9; correction from the case-image research) — 324 Main Street, built 1906–08 for Thomas Connor; **collapsed on 11 November 1978**, during demolition preparation, one day before its scheduled implosion (weakened columns blamed) — **it did not burn**; Thomas Oakes (the surname is also rendered Oaks in some sources; the variant is flagged in the chapter, not silently settled) and Frederick Coe killed; Alfred Sommers rescued after eighty-two hours buried alive; the site is now the Joplin Public Library.

CHAPTER 20 — BADGES AND LEDGERS

Naming standard, stated in the chapter and held throughout: pleas as pleas,

convictions as convictions, no guilt stated on charges alone — every claim from the documented record, overwhelmingly federal court releases (U.S. Attorney / FBI).

Sources

Corey Louis Hendrickson (main dossier, §10.5; DOJ, U.S. Attorney, W.D. Mo.) — Mayor of Willard 2015–2021, later alderman; Prime Inc. fleet dispatcher; theft of the fuel-account identities of 500+ drivers; 1,000+ fraudulent transactions totalling $298,737, 9 September 2016 – 17 August 2021; guilty plea 24 October 2023 to wire fraud and aggravated identity theft (alderman resignation the same day); sentenced to three years in federal prison plus $298,737 restitution; investigated by the Secret Service and the Springfield Police Department. *Conflict printed in the chapter, unresolved:* a figure

associated with the case in the Greene County Commonwealth reads $318,041.21 — about $19,000 from the federal figure, the gap unexplained in the record; the chapter follows the federal record and prints both.

Richard Thomas Gregg (main dossier, §10.5; DOJ) — principal shareholder/director of Southwest Community Bank (failed May 2010); guilty plea 3 April 2015 to bank fraud and bankruptcy fraud, losses over $3 million; sentenced to 78 months plus $3,098,896 restitution; recorded Greene County Jail telephone/visit recordings revealed he conspired to commit new crimes from inside the jail while under indictment, prompting a superseding indictment 4 November 2014; the bankruptcy opinion (*In re Gregg*, 510 B.R. 614 (Bankr. W.D. Mo. 2014)) recounts a 28 February 2013 indictment on seventeen counts.

The four named officer cases (main dossier, §10.6; DOJ/FBI) — Deputy Juan T. Jones (guilty plea 18 April 2016, receiving and distributing child pornography; CyberTip via Dropbox/ NCMEC, 25 September 2015; faced 5–20

years — no imposed-sentence figure was retrieved, and none is stated); Corporal Steven Robert Magruder (retired SPD 2005; later OTC security and Greene County Circuit Court bailiff; guilty plea 7 October 2014; sentenced 30 April 2015 to four years); Officer Jack Van Matre (retired SPD; guilty plea 2012, sexually exploiting a minor by secret videotaping; mandatory minimum 15 years, up to 60 — no separate imposed-sentence figure was retrieved, and none is stated); Officer John Edwin "Ian" Martin (Lawrence, Stone, and Greene County sheriff's offices; POST certification stripped; former Boy Scout leader; convicted 27 June 2024 on nine counts of second-degree statutory sodomy; sentenced 4 October 2024; the investigator's statement quoted verbatim from the record).

Williams v. Greene County Sheriff's Department, 94 S.W.3d 450 (Mo. App. 2003) (main dossier, §10.5) — printed strictly as allegation plus limitations dismissal: a $15,000 seizure alleged (31 May 1996), a CAFA petition allegedly never filed, a federal transfer allegedly without the required court order; dismissed on the three-year statute of limitations; the merits never reached. **Not a corruption finding**, and the chapter says so.

No-machine framing (main dossier, §10.8) — no sourced evidence of a Springfield political machine, an impeached Springfield mayor, or a named Prohibition payoff record for Springfield, Missouri, was found; the chapter states the absence as a finding.

Conflict printed, not resolved: Martin's effective sentence — ~35 years in the source's headline vs. ~42 years in its body; verify against the sentencing record before print. *Exclusion, deliberate:* a 2018 Greene County matter documented in the research as **charges only, with no conviction or disposition retrieved, is excluded from this chapter entirely and is not named in it** — this book does not name a person as a criminal on charges alone.

CHAPTER 21 — BLACK SPRINGFIELD

Sources

Katherine Lederer, *Many Thousand Gone* (title as given by most sources; MSU's Brick City history cites *Many Thousands Gone* — the spelling conflicts; the chapter follows the majority spelling pending the MSU library catalogue check) and the Lederer Collection at MSU's Duane G. Meyer Library (~35,000 items, 2,500+ photographs, nearly 100 interviews over two decades); her thesis quoted verbatim from summaries of her work.

Lincoln School — *Springfield News-Leader*, "Springfield Revealed: Lincoln High — now Lincoln Hall," 28 Feb. 2014; KSMU, "A Segregated Springfield: Lincoln School," 24 Oct. 2012; Clio, Lincoln School entry — erected 1931, designed by William B. Ittner, built with a Rosenwald Fund grant; reported as the only Rosenwald school building remaining in Missouri; its library served Black adults because the public libraries were segregated. *The Rosenwald grant's dollar amount is not stated:*

sources conflict ($8,000 vs. $6,000). The stronger claim that it was the *first* Rosenwald school in Missouri rests on a single source and is not stated as fact.

Silver Springs Park (Springfield-Greene County Park Board; KSMU) — established 1918 on the former Fairbanks pasture; the only public park designated for Black residents throughout segregation; semi-pro Black baseball; the WPA-built pool; Park Day, founded 1952 by Lincoln teacher Gerald Brooks and Robert Wendell Duncan.

The fenced dead (KSMU, Lincoln Cemetery reporting, Dec. 2021) — Black burials at the public Hazelwood Cemetery separated by a fence; Lincoln Memorial Cemetery, founded 1919 as a private Black cemetery (~1,200 graves); Horace Duncan and Fred Coker in an unmarked Hazelwood grave until 1996, when Hillcrest High School students of teacher Carolyn Hembree placed a marker.

The churches — Pitts Chapel, Benton Avenue A.M.E., Gibson Chapel, Washington Avenue Baptist, Timmons

Temple (built 1932 by the Rev. Z. Timmons, limestone hauled by mule wagon); Gibson Chapel's pastor, quoted in the *News-Leader* (Steve Pokin), 18 Dec. 2019 — the church demolished in 2020 after a Landmarks Board fight; Timmons Temple moved stone by stone into Silver Springs Park in 2015 (KSMU, 28 Apr. 2014).

Desegregation's cost — *Unite News*, "Desegregating Springfield Public Schools" (drawing on district records): every Lincoln teacher held a college degree, four held master's degrees; Principal Goler Collins offered a lesser post at Study Junior High, left the state; Gerald Brooks, band director with a master's from the University of Illinois, placed as "music secretary." Denny Whayne's "uncertified" account — SAID, a named participant's first-person account carried by KSMU (2012), attributed in the chapter, never upgraded to anonymous certainty. Springfield Public Schools' official history ("passed with high honors"; teachers used to "fill appropriate openings") — and Nelson & Drake's case study of Springfield schools (Central High yearbooks showing very few Black extracurricular

participants after 1955). The Lincoln building renamed Eastwood Junior High ("Everwood" in one source appears to be an error; Eastwood is corroborated), closed 1962, now OTC's Lincoln Hall, National Register 2000.

The neighbourhood — MSU, *History of Brick City and Jordan Creek Valley* (the Jordan Creek valley's Black settlement pressed north as the Square's commercial footprint expanded); HUD's January 1966 housing-market analysis (the South Central R-62 project: 180 acres, ~400 households to be displaced; 360 further blighted acres in application) and the 2004 HUD Section 108 loan ($8.085M) + BEDI grant ($1.2M). The racial composition of the ~400 displaced households is not established in anything the research could retrieve, and the chapter states that hole expressly.

The Heritage Trail — the Springfield-Greene County African American Heritage Trail, begun 2018, every marker through citizen effort.

After dark — SAID shading into LEGEND, worded per the research's careful-wording note: no Springfield, Missouri, ordinance, HOLC redlining map, or sundown-towns entry was found; the famous redlining documentary concerns Springfield, Ohio, and race-riot / sundown material about Springfield, Illinois, is not imported. Pierce City's 1901 expulsion of its Black residents is documented regional record. The chapter prints the knowledge as carried — it does not state "Springfield was a sundown town" as fact.

CHAPTER 22 — ELEVEN WOUNDS

Sources

Round 1 dossier, §11, and Research Round 2, Item 4a (the authority for the verdict) — both resting on Larry Wood, "John Smoote Kills His Wife's Father," *Missouri and Ozarks History*, drawn from the *Springfield Leader-Democrat* record: John Smoote (25) stabbed his father-in-law William Keeling eleven times with a pocket knife in a barn near the Doling streetcar junction, 27 June 1898, after an argument over milking in which Keeling struck him with a milk bucket; straddled him after he fell, before two eyewitnesses; turned himself in to the sheriff that evening; charged with first-degree murder. Smoote had married Cynthia Keeling (17) on 29 May 1897 against her father's wishes.

The verdict (Item 4a) — two-day trial, early September 1898: second-degree murder, three and a half years in the state penitentiary. Wood reports the jury's

compromise: several jurors wanted a much longer sentence but relented to get any conviction at all. Transferred to Jefferson City 19 September 1898 (Wood's post prints the year "1998" — an obvious typographical error in the source, flagged in Round 2; the chapter uses 1898); discharged late April 1901 under Missouri's three-fourths law. *The "about two years and seven months served" figure is arithmetic on those sourced dates, not a sourced figure, and the chapter's apparatus says so.*

The aftermath (Item 4a) — Smoote returned to Springfield; Cynthia divorced him; by 1910 he had a new wife and a newborn. Nothing further about Cynthia's later life was retrieved in either research round; the chapter states that absence and invents nothing for her.

Lane discipline: everything asserted is RECORD as sourced above. No SAID or LEGEND material for this case exists in the sources, and none is used. No photograph of any party exists in any source searched, and no digitized Springfield newspaper page for 1898 was located (the paper trail is in-library only).

CHAPTER 23 — NINETY-NINE YEARS

Sources

State v. Brown, 188 Mo. 451, 87 S.W. 519 (Mo. 1905), decided 16 May 1905 — read directly (the opinion's first page is the chapter's plate). Its opening factual recital: "Tom Brown is a negro, and the deceased, W. W. Weir, was a white man." (period language retained and flagged as such).

Larry Wood, "A 'Murderous Assault' in Springfield: Tom Brown's Killing of William Weir," *Missouri and Ozarks History*, Nov. 2020 — the killing at the Queen City Restaurant, College Street (shortly after midnight, 27 October 1903; Weir died the afternoon of 28 October); the *Springfield Leader*'s campaign language, quoted verbatim from Wood's preservation of it; mob talk and Brown's removal to a neighbouring county's jail; the April 1904 conviction and the 20 May 1904 hanging date; the July 1905 plea; the commutation.

Correction 5 discipline, printed in the chapter: the reversal ground is headnote 4 — the hack-driver pistol

testimony, incompetent, irrelevant, and presumptively prejudicial. **Headnote 1 does not exclude the prejudiced juror:** it holds that the juror who admitted "some prejudice against the negro race" "was qualified to serve as a juror in the trial of defendant for murdering a white man," adding only that it "would be more in harmony with absolute impartiality to select a panel of jurors which have no unkindly feeling towards the class to which defendant belongs." Both headnotes are quoted in the chapter at full strength, and Wood's stronger summary (that "at least one or two jurors probably should have been excluded") is attributed to Wood, never asserted as the court's holding. Chronology as printed: decision 16 May 1905 — **one spring before** the April 1906 lynching; the shooting (1903) stands three years before it. The *Leader*'s

Indian Territory murder allegation is carried as an unverified allegation printed by the paper, not as fact. The commutation's instrument details (governor's name, exact date beyond "late July 1916") are not in the retrieved record and are not stated. "Coerced-looking," applied to the shape of the plea choice, is expressly labelled characterization in the chapter, not a finding.

CHAPTER 24 — THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Sources

Round 1 dossier, §11, carried in Research Round 2, Item 4c — Harry Klein, 65, a Springfield jeweller, shot and robbed 13 July 1981; Greg Cruzen and Judy Henderson arrested in Fairbanks, Alaska, in December 1981. (Spelling: "Cruzen" per court records and the *News-Leader*; "Crusen" in other

accounts — the chapter uses the court's spelling and says so.)

State v. Henderson, 666 S.W.2d 882 (Mo. App. 1984) — Henderson's 1982 capital-murder conviction (life without parole eligibility for fifty years) affirmed.

Cruzen's trial, July 1983 (Item 4c) — acquitted; his defence was that Henderson had acted alone. Acquitted means not guilty, and the chapter says so expressly.

The Governor's office account / news release, as reported by the *Springfield News-Leader*, 20 December 2017 — the plea offer (as little as ten years for her testimony against Cruzen), its non-communication to her, the attorney's dual representation of Cruzen, and the claim that the attorney paid four prison inmates to lie under oath. **All four are attributed throughout the chapter to the Governor's-office account as reported — never stated as adjudicated fact.**

***Henderson v. Smith*, 903 F.2d 534 (8th Cir. 1990) — the federal habeas opinion; the attorney's name, James L. McMullin, is RECORD from this opinion (Correction**

6), and the name is attached to no allegation as fact. The naming appears at the chapter's two discussion points, each time with the habeas attribution on the page.

The clemency record (Item 4c; *News-Leader*, 20 Dec. 2017) — the Missouri Board of Probation and Parole recommended clemency three times; the 1982 trial judge had noted her relatively minor role; prosecutor Thomas Mountjoy supported clemency — quoted verbatim: "I handled thousands of criminal cases during my time as a prosecutor. Judy's case is the first time I have supported clemency for someone I prosecuted." Bob Ramsey stayed on the case ~30 years.

The commutation (Item 4c) — Governor Eric Greitens in person at Chillicothe Correctional Center, 20 December 2017; sentence commuted to time served: thirty-five years and one hundred and eleven days; release at 68; her first-meal words verbatim: "It felt so good to eat a strawberry."

Precision kept throughout: Henderson was **not exonerated** — the chapter states it expressly, twice; her conviction stood, her sentence was commuted. Cruzen's acquittal stands as a verdict of not guilty.

CHAPTER 25 — THE POOR FARM

Sources

Research Round 2, Item 3 (master source: Kaitlyn McConnell, Ozarks Alive, "Poor Farm Long Gone, Yet Story Lingers On," built from the *Springfield Leader* / *Daily News* archive) — the Greene County almshouse: opened 1873 on Pickwick Avenue, moved out West Division Street, rebuilt in 1941 as a $155,000 WPA project, renamed Sunshine Acres Nursing Home; its residents recorded as "inmates" (the destitute, the disabled, the mentally ill, unwed mothers, tuberculosis patients, children with epilepsy).

The conditions record, from Springfield's own newspapers — the 1890 *Springfield Leader* tour (a Black man in a

"mad cell," chained to the floor by one ankle, nude; a woman writing imaginary sums on her cell floor; the scene described approvingly); 1929 (mistreatment complaints; a pastor and a welfare worker barred twice; a *Leader* editorial condemning conditions); and the 1937 *Leader*, quoted verbatim: **"the tumble-down overcrowded, filthy firetrap which serves Greene County as an almshouse"** — 135 residents, one bathtub for thirty men, two fire escapes most residents could not climb, and the superintendent's own plea, quoted verbatim from the same account.

Lowell — a resident since childhood, no birth certificate on file, largely non-speaking, known to staff as "Dummy"; his story survives only as others told it, and the chapter invents no voice for him.

The 1978 closure by the Missouri Division of Health (sanitation and building deficiencies); the editorial verdict quoted verbatim: "Locking the doors to Sunshine Acres Rest Home ends a dismal chapter in Greene County's history." (*Discrepancy noted, not resolved:* the editorial's wording is "Rest Home"; the institution is otherwise given as Sunshine Acres **Nursing** Home — the quote stands as printed in the

reporting.) The property passed to the Airport Board; the building was demolished; some of its stone was built into the basement of the Greene County Courthouse in 1981, with plaques.

The cemetery — burials documented through the mid-1930s; crude markers bearing numbers, not names; only fifty or sixty of hundreds of graves ever marked, the rest "merely indentations"; a partial roll of names for 1921–1937 burials survives (almshouse records digitised by the Springfield-Greene County Library District, printed by Ozarks Alive). Jordan Hurst (1910): the Black community raised money to bury him so his body would not go to the State Anatomical Society for dissection, the default fate of the unclaimed poor.

The ledger — **the ledger linking the numbers to the names disappeared; the Greene County Archives had not found it as of the reporting.** The chapter states the loss exactly as the county's own account gives it and expressly does **not** speculate about

deliberate destruction, for which no evidence was found. (Round 2, Item 8a rates this the strongest absence in the research.)

The cleanup and the arch — late-1990s county highway crews (cattle pastured in the cemetery; the airport gate locked; supervisor Donald Biellier on record) piled all the tombstones in one stack by a tree; columnist Sarah Overstreet Keen, reporting on the cemetery since the early 1980s, quoted verbatim: "But I do know it's more than the indignity of ending up a complete unknown, in a rude lot with grave markers stacked like bricks of a demolished building." The 2001–2002 memorial set the surviving numbered stones "artistically" into an arch in what is now an industrial park by the airport.

CONCLUSION — THE ABSENCES

Sources (each absence tied to its chapter and research item)

Exhibit One — the lost almshouse ledger (Ch. 25; Round 2, Items 3 and 8a — rated the strongest absence in the research).

Exhibit Two — the missing Sawyers verdicts (Ch. 13; Items 1 and 8b). The charges are record; the verdicts are not in the retrieved record, stated as such.

Exhibit Three — Sawyers' later life (Ch. 13; Items 1 and 8c): no record of her after April 1836 in anything retrieved.

Exhibit Four — Mary's children (Ch. 13; Items 1 and 8d): Jefferson, Mariah, and Jeremiah, named in the August 1843 filing; the outcome unknown, and the Conclusion prints their names and stops where the record stops.

Exhibit Five — the Thorne decision (Ch. 8; Items 6 and 8e): the review was announced in public (April 2024) and its outcome **could not be found in public** as of the November 2026 research — never stated as "no decision exists." (Thorne's age is given nowhere: the research flags it unresolved, 54 vs. 53.)

Exhibit Six — Henderson's plea offer (Ch. 24; Items 4c and 8f): attributed in the Conclusion to the Governor's office, as in the chapter.

Exhibit Seven — R-62's households (Ch. 21; Items 7b and 8g): HUD's January 1966 analysis (180 acres, ~400 households to be displaced); **the racial composition is expressly unestablished** in the retrieved sources, and the Conclusion says so.

Form kept: **the Conclusion re-narrates no chapter; it enters the absences as rated exhibits, strongest first, per the research's own ratings.**

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