

# Stuarts Draft Bank Robbery

*Believed to be written by Alice Bussey, daughter of W.A. Bussey, president of the bank in 1939. The facts included do not match other accounts, but some literary license may have been taken.*

Dis is a stick-up, do what I say, don't make no racket ... (Look out, Speedway)

In strut Miz Irvine a walkin like thunder, but when she saw them robbers she almost went under

Dis way, madam growled the robber with a gun, she tried to hie-ball through the door, but her dogs couldn't run

Her legs got limber and they didn't do no good, she woulda bust out through the door if she could

But the robber poked a pistol in her ribs and said, "Dis way ... there wasn't nothin else to do, Miz Irvine had to play

The robbers had em cornered and they held a gun, he was giving that there bandit the hypnotic eye

They put one in the little safe and two in the other, but they all was too flabbergast to stay there and smother.

Willie started hammerin' on the wall with all his might, and oh, it was so dark in there without no electric light

Heber was perspiring fit to kill he was so skeered, they was kickin' and a squealin' but nary a person heard

But Bobby Black come pokin' long just in the nick of time, to git a sum of money changed, two nickels for a dime

He didn't see nobody home and everything was still, while in the vault a -sufferin' gaped poor Heber, Nell, and Will

Bob musta heard a thumpin' sound a-comin' from

somewhere, he scratched his head and gazed around while Willie yelled, Who's there?

Go git some help, we're all shet up, git Hockman up here quick. We're locked in here, we can't git out and we're a gittin' sick.

So Bobby moseyed down the street and grinned just ordinary. They're in the vault up at the bank, he laughed and said to Carrie.

Aw, you're just foolin', Carrie said. No, something's wrong, said he. I'm from Missouri, Carrie said, and you have got to show me.

But Hockman was away from home and Nola ran like mad, to get some help to git em out with all the spunk she had.

Chick Weaver come along right then, right welcome sight was he, and all the time poor Chicken's heart was having palpitation.

And Heber gaped and worked a wrench unscrewin' at the screws, and all the town was goin' wild to git the latest news.

The chicken and egg man saved their breath, the man of the hour was he, he opened the door and let em out as red as they could be.

You know how pink Miz Irvine gits just walkin' up the street, well, when she came out of the vault, she was a pickled beet.

Heber had lost ten pounds or more when out of the vault he came, Miz Irvine will never move fast again, she'll nevermore be the same.

And Willie keeps on easin' to that pistol lyin' nigh ... and givin' everybody that was there the hypnotic eye.