

"THE BRAVERY OF OUR BUGLER IS MUCH SPOKEN OF..."

The Story of a Forgotten American Hero

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

"IF IT'S Injun war history you're wanting, then you'd better talk to Tom Gatchell," they told me in Buffalo, Wyo. "He knows more about such things than anyone else around here."

So I went to see T. J. Gatchell, druggist, historian and industrious collector of Wyoming lore. He led me to the rear of his store, where the walls of his little office are covered with relics of the days when the troopers of Carrington and Custer and Crook strove mightily with the painted warriors of Red Cloud and Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

These mementoes had been brought here from half a dozen battlefields in the country watered by the Yellowstone river and its tributaries, the Powder, the Tongue, the Big Horn and the Rosebud. There were knives and hatchets and spear-heads; bows and arrows, beaded belts and a war bonnet of eagle feathers; carbines and pistols and bayonets; cartridge boxes, canteens, buckles, buttons and other ornaments from soldier uniforms.

In the midst of them hung what was once a copper cavalry bugle. Its mouthpiece was broken off and it was dented and twisted and flattened out of all semblance of its original shape.

"That?" replied Mr. Gatchell, "O, that was picked up on Massacre Hill—you know, the place where Fetterman and his crew were wiped out back in '66. I reckon the bugler dropped it during that meleé and it was trampled on by the cavalry horses. Anyway, that's just the shape it was in when a young fellow from Buffalo found it 40-odd years ago and gave it to me."

A year or so later I was leafing idly through a bound volume of Horace Greeley's New York Semi-Weekly Tribune. On page one of the issue for April 2, 1867, an item, headed simply "The Indians," caught my eye. It read:

The St. Louis Republican's special correspondent at St. Joseph gives the following account of the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre, derived from the Commissioners sent to investigate the matter, from the Sioux Indians:

The Sioux drew our men out of the fort, and killed them all. Our men fought like tigers, and would not have been overcome so easily if they had not kept so close together. The combatants were so mixed up that the Indians killed several of their own party with their arrows. The bravery of our bugler is much spoken of, he having killed several Indians by beating them over the head with his bugle. They say that there were only 16 Sioux and four Cheyennes killed on the field, but after they encamped 94 warriors died from their wounds, and of 300 others wounded, half of them were expected to die. One "big" Sioux chief was among the killed. They mention a man on a white horse who cut off an Indian's head with a single stroke of his saber, and say that when reinforcements left the fort for the battle-ground they (the Indians) retired, having had enough fighting. There were 2,000 Indians engaged in the fight, and the strength of the concentrated tribes is reported at 2,800 lodges, which are now moving toward Yellow Stone and Missouri Rivers.

"The bravery of our bugler is much spoken of, he having killed several Indians by beating them over the head with his bugle."

Those words seemed to leap out from the page. Instantly my mind raced back to a summer afternoon in Buffalo, Wyo.—to the sight of a battered bugle hanging on the walls of the little office in Tom Gatchell's drug store and his quiet remark, "O, that was picked up on Massacre Hill—you know, the place where Fetterman and his crew were wiped out back in '66."

But who was this heroic musician?

His bravery, which was "much spoken of" by the Sioux, is not mentioned in any of the books which tell of Fort Phil Kearney's tragic history—with one exception. That is the autobiography of Malcolm Campbell, a famous Wyoming sheriff who had been a bullwhacker on the Oregon Trail in 1867. He heard the story of the "Fetterman Massacre" from the lips of men who were at Phil Kearney the previous year and refers to the incident thus:

The Indians mutilated every body in Fetterman's command with the exception of the bugler who fought so courageously that his remains were left untouched but covered with a buffalo robe.

But what was this bugler's name? Although the dull, dry pages of the "Report of the Secretary of War for the Year 1867" gives the names of the officers who were killed near Phil Kearney, it does not identify any of the enlisted men who were victims of the Sioux scalping knives.

So, back to the New York Semi-Weekly Tribune and there on page one of the issue for January 17, 1867, appears an item headed "The Massacre at Fort Phil Kearney." It reads:

FORT LARAMIE, Jan. 14.—The following are the names of the cavalry killed in the recent massacre at Fort Phil Kearney:

Second Lieut. Horatio S. Bingham, killed on the 6th of December; Sergeant James Baker, Corporal James Kelly, bugler Adolph Metzger, saddler John McCarty, and privates Thos. Anderson, Thos. Brogdon, Wm. S. Bugbee, Wm. L. Cornog, Chas. Cuddy, Patrick Clancy, Harvey S. Denning, Hugh B. Doran, Robert Daniels, Anderson M. Fitzgerald, Nathaniel Foreman, John Gister, Daniel Green, Chas. Gampel, Ferdinand Homer, Park Jones, James P. Maguire, John McCarty, George W. Nugent, Franklin Payne, James Ryan, Oliver Williams, all killed December 21.

in 1869. He served on the Committees on the District of Columbia, Private Land Claims, Manufactures, and Printing.

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The expedition to the Indian country, under the command of Major-Gen. Hancock, left Leavenworth

of death drawing closer and closer around them. We can see them now as they threw themselves down behind the boulders which formed an irregular circle at the end of the bleak, snow-covered ridge, resolved to sell their lives dearly. We can hear the whooping braves as they came surging up the slope and see them rushing forward . . . right in among the rocks, where a handful of blue-coated men, their white faces streaked with blood and blackened with powder stains, struggled to their feet to meet the onslaught.

There was a brief moment of hand-to-hand fighting, of crashing blows dealt with gun-barrels clenched in the hands of fear-maddened men who flailed about them desperately to ward off the slashing knives and smashing war-clubs. It was a dreadful mix-up there in the dust and smoke and flying snow—the kind of fight to which the Sioux give the vividly descriptive name of "stirring gravy."

The fight there couldn't have lasted long. But in that last dreadful moment of slaughter, in the midst of that swirl of struggling, swearing, screaming men, there was one who went berserk. It was Bugler Adolph Metzger who lashed out madly, blindly, with the only weapon he had left, and he laid more than one of the painted enemy low with his strange bludgeon before they, like a pack of gray wolves attacking a buffalo bull, pulled him down at last.

We know that his was one of the 81 bodies, stripped naked and frozen solid (for the mercury dropped to 25 below zero that afternoon of December 21), which were brought in by searching parties from the fort the next day. So bitter was the weather that the grave-diggers at Phil Kearney were forced to work in short relays and it was not until three days later that a great pit, 50 feet long and seven feet deep, was hewn out of the frozen ground inside the stockade to receive the victims of Fetterman's tragic disobedience.

There these doughboys and troopers "shared one tomb, buried, as they had fought, together"—thus, Colonel Carrington's official report to his department commander—until several years later when a national cemetery was established on the Little Big Horn in Montana. Then their bodies were transferred to this new resting place where their dust now mingles with the dust of the victims of another famous frontier tragedy, "Custer's Last Stand."

And today the winds come sweeping down from the snow-capped peaks of the Big Horn range—the same mountains which once echoed to the haunting strains of "Taps," blown at old Fort Phil Kearney by Bugler Adolph Metzger—to play a wild requiem over his grave. His name is carved on the simple headstone that gleams white in the bright sunlight of that "barren land and lone" where sleep the dead of Custer's command. It is also written in the dusty records of the adjutant-general's office and it is printed on the yellowed pages of an old New York newspaper. Except for these, there is little else to remind his fellow-Americans that he once lived.

But there is something to recall to them the manner of his dying. On the walls of a druggist's office in a little Wyoming city hangs what was once a cavalry bugle. It is the bugle which blared out its summons to the 81 members of Fetterman's doomed command to keep a rendezvous with death one cold December morning more than 70 years ago. It was carried by "one Adolph Metzger" and it is a symbol of and a monument to the stark courage of an American soldier.

When they reached the end of the ridge and saw the hundreds of warriors swarming up the other side, sudden panic struck them. They let their horses go, and with them went their last chance to cut through the circle

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Down on the Farm—And Stylish, Too!



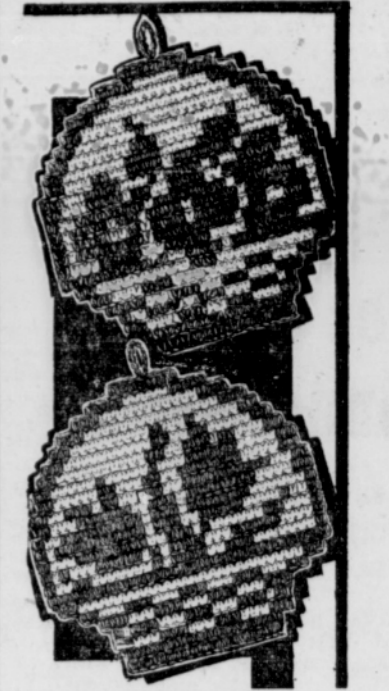
Stepping right out—and right stylish, too, by the way—are these 4-H club girls who designed and sewed these winning garments for their annual contest in connection with the International Live Stock show which was held in Chicago last week. Their costumes were approved by the stylist Jane Alden, who is shown in the center, wearing dinner gown. The girls are, from left to right: Gertrude Burbank of Dover, Massachusetts; Jean Wisecup of Oxford, Ohio; Hester Roberts of Lumber, North Carolina, and Mabel Tremper of Coldenham, New York.

Escapes From Nazis



John Becessi is pictured here with his wife in New York city as they arrived aboard the S. S. Siboney, from Lisbon, Portugal. Becessi, who writes under the pen name of "Hans Habe," recently had the good fortune of escaping from a Nazi prison camp.

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Fool's Curtain

Gold is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world.—Feltham.

8 Dead, 8 Injured, in Airliner Crash



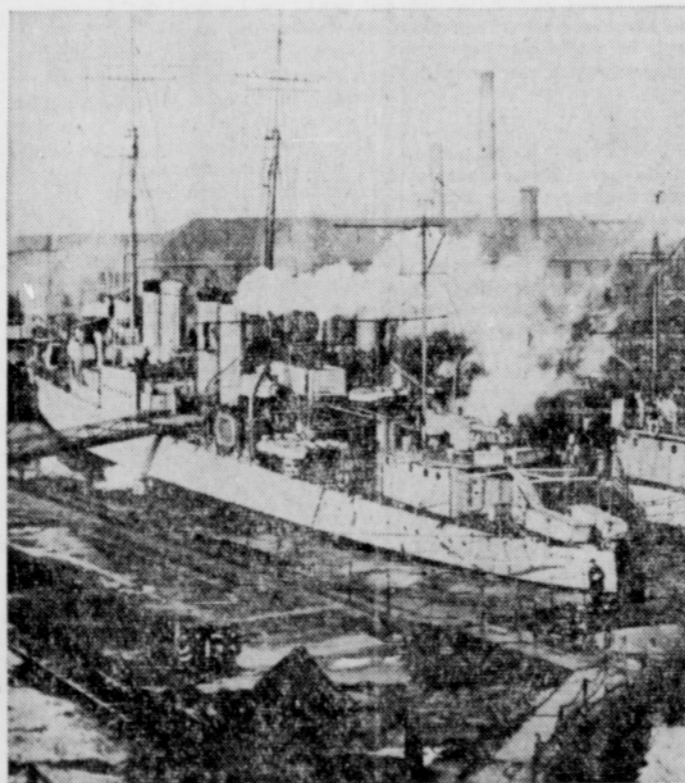
Daylight view of the wreckage of the airliner which crashed near Chicago's airport, taking a toll of eight lives and injuring eight persons, some critically. The ship lost headway as it was gliding in to its landing, stalled, fell, crashed into a house, a garage and an electric power line, and then crashed its 12 tons to the ground.

Witness



WASHINGTON, D. C.—Philip B. Fleming, administrator, wage and hour division of labor department, as he appeared before house committee investigating migration of destitute citizens.

Intact After Bomb Threat



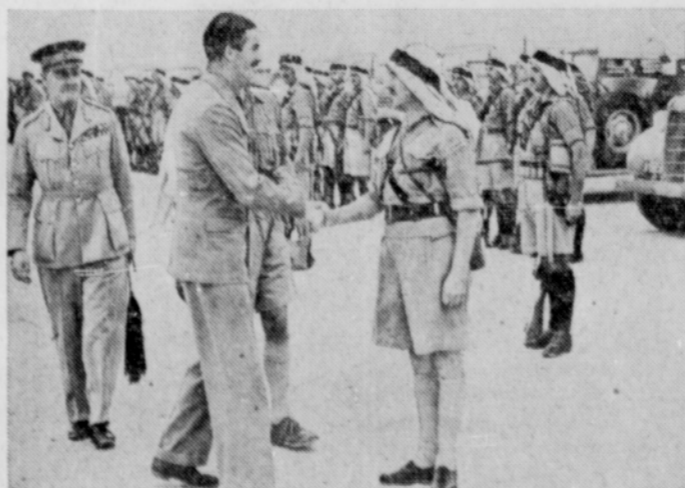
Charleston Navy Yard, Boston, which was protected by a cordon of more than 100 police and a detachment of marines after a navy official had received information that a workman would attempt to carry a time bomb and dynamite into the navy yard in a lunchbox, when the gates were opened for the day shift. A thorough search revealed nothing whatever.

General's Guest



This is Boy Scout Jim Rast, the 12-year-old who wanted to volunteer in the Eighth division. He is holding in his hand the invitation he received from Maj. Gen. Philip Peyton, commanding officer, to be the general's guest at a division inspection at Columbia, S. C. Scout Rast went there in the general's car which brought him from his home in Swansea, S. C., and back again.

British War Minister in Middle East



Palestine . . . Captain Anthony Eden, British minister of war, is shown (hatless) shaking hands with an officer of a Trans-Jordan frontier force during his recent visit to the British army of the Middle East. The be-medalled officer at left is unidentified, but the gadget he holds in his hand is a fly-switch, if that's of any help.

Injected Into Army



This draftee is taking a "shot in the arm" to ward off disease. This scene will take place all over the country as draftees arrive at U. S. army training camps to start a year of training.

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When is a man strong until he feels alone.—Browning.

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There is not a moment without some duty.—Cicero.

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It may be just a nasty habit, but sometimes nose picking is a sign of something nastier. It may mean that your child has round worms—especially if there are other symptoms, such as listlessness, finicky appetite, restless sleep and itching in certain parts. Many mothers don't realize how easy it is to "catch" this dreadful infection and how many children have it. If you even suspect that your child has round worms, get JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE right away! Drive out those ugly, crawling things before they can grow and cause serious distress. JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE is the best known worm expellers in America. It is backed by modern scientific study and has been used by millions for over a century. JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE has the ability to drive out large round worms, yet it tastes good and acts gently. It does not contain nuxtomine. If there are no worms it works merely as a mild laxative. Ask for JAYNE'S VER-MI-FUGE at any drugstore. FREE: Valuable medical book "Worms Living Inside You." Write to Dept. M-2, Dr. D. Jayne & Son, 2 Vine St., Philadelphia.

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