

"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.)
"F 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 melee 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 leaning 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.

"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. Brown, 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.

THE INDIANS.

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

So we know now who this brave bugler was—Adolph Metzger. It is obviously a German name and one which seems a bit out of place among such "Paddies" as Cuddy and Clancy and Fitzgerald, Maguire and McCarty and Ryan, all so typical of the kind of men who were the hard-riding, hard-fighting troopers of the Old Army days.

But what was his station in life before he put on Uncle Sam's uniform of blue and was sent out to the Wyoming frontier to die on the windswept summit which is known today as "Massacre Hill"? The office of the adjutant-general in Washington gives a partial answer to that question, thus:

The records of this office show that one Adolph Metzger first enlisted May 29, 1855, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for a period of five years at which time he stated that he was 21 years of age. He last enlisted July 12, 1864, at near Light House Landing, Virginia; was assigned to Troop C, 2d Regiment United States Cavalry; and was killed in action with the Indians near Peno Creek (about 7 miles from Fort Phil Kearney, Dakota Territory) December 21, 1866, while serving as a Bugler. His birthplace is recorded as Germany. No additional information has been found regarding his personal history.

And here the record ends—except for this:

Undoubtedly he was the bugler who sounded "Boots and Saddles!" when the message, "Indi-

ans attacking the woodchoppers camp on Piney Island!" came to Fort Phil Kearney that morning. We know that he was one of the 26 troopers who accompanied the force of 50 picked men from the Eighteenth infantry and two civilian volunteers, led by Lieut. Col. W. J. Fetterman, Capt. Frederick H. Brown and Lieut. G. W. Grummond, who were acting under these orders from Col. H. B. Carrington, commander of the fort:

"Support the wood train, relieve it and report to me. Do not engage the Indians at its expense; under no circumstances pursue them over Lodge Trail Ridge."

We know that Fetterman disobeyed those orders and allowed himself to be drawn into an ambush. Then more than 2,000 Sioux and Cheyennes came boiling out of the ravines and coulees beyond Lodge Trail Ridge and, like a red wave of destruction, engulfed the 55 doughboys and their officers. Then the Indians swept up the icy slope of the ridge to which the cavalrymen retreated, leading their horses and shooting back at the savages as fast as they could load and fire their single-shot carbines.

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

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 F. 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.

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.

Sequin and Jewel Embroidery Add Glitter to Winter Costumes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



See the devastating long-sleeve, slenderline dinner gown shown to the right in the group. Here the trend for jet on black silk crepe is seen in fascinating interpretation. Black bugle beads in flower and vine motifs give a new slender line-line bodice and skirt. Note the return of pre-World War elegance which this distinguished dress reveals.

The black on black is also suited for daytime wear. Legions of simple black crepe dresses are shown with glittering jet highspots in way of bowknot passementerie formed of beads or jet sequins, with corresponding touches in matching neckline items or decorative glittering pockets. Smartest and newest of all are the long-torso tops that fit like a jersey and allover glittered with beads or sequins. Worn with all-around pleated black silk crepe skirts, these siren-black sparkling twosomes tell the story of current fashion.

A steel gray silk crepe dinner dress as shown to the left introduces the new "surface decoration" in pearl and gold bead embroidery covering its square-necked short-sleeved bodice.

The vogue for jacket-and-skirt dresses for more or less formal evening wear calls forth increasing enthusiasm. The skirt may be a billowy bouffant type of net, lace or shimmering silk, or it may be a sleek velvet pencil slim sort. One skirt with a flock of jacket-blouse tops suffices for a whole season of dine and dance parties. The jacket blouse can be most elaborate with glitter and embroidery. See in the inset a black-embroidered-on-white jacket. This is a simple type compared with gorgeous affairs that are often sumptuous with jeweled handwork and riotous color.

It is always the unexpected that may be expected so far as fashion is concerned. The expected unexpected this time happens to be a sudden movement in the direction of a widespread vogue for white. It is smart to wear a white hat with your dark coat, suit or dress. An interesting feature is that of white trimming on white hats, gardenias, feathers and so on, the entire prettily veiled with brown or black, navy or wine or fashionable green. In the evening, white holds triumphantly forth in wool coats, spangled jacket tops and white frocks detailed with gold belts, leopard trims and also in airy-fairy full-skirted billowy tulle, lace and net frocks contrasting pencil-slim white jersey gowns.

Woolens Accented In Winter Styles

Wool fabrics are having their "big moment." The vogue for classic wool daytime frocks is one way of "saying it." Another is the endless procession of wool evening coats and capes that wend their way to the opera and other festive night occasions. The story of the triumph of wool weaves goes on in endless pageantry throughout the entire style program during this winter.

Amber Fashionable

Just now amber and all its related browns is very fashionable. However, amber has just started on its career for early reports declare that spring will see these lovely vibrant amber tones take on new importance.

Current Styles Appear In More Vivid Colors

There is color in the air! Coming right toward us from every direction, from South American shores, from Mexico, from native Hawaiian dress, from China, from Spain. All these influences are reflected in current styles and will be increasingly self-evident as time goes on. Yes, indeed, fashion is in a vivid color mood.

Rumpus Gloves

Boxing mitts, cosily interlined, are making the "hit" of the season in campus girl circles. The glove pictured is done in rumpus red, the very selfsame color that is the latest in nail-pit tones. This rumpus red is best described as a cerise-toned red that is eye-catching at very first glance. The dress picture here is velveteen in school-house green (a deep pine tone) brightened with red felt insets. The peaked suede hat is also rumpus red.

Vogue for White Gains Momentum

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HOW to SEW By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



THREE wire coat hangers, two old bath towels, some fine wire hair pins and needle and thread made this cunning woolly lamb. All the directions are in the sketch. The wire hangers are bent and bound together with hair pins to make the foundation. A ball of soft cloth is fastened inside the loop that forms the head, and is covered with a square of the toweling bound and sewn as shown. The rest of the body is all padded and shaped by winding and sewing four inch strips of the toweling, as shown.

Someone has just thumbedack a letter on my drawing board to give my day

a good start. It is from a reader who says "I have all five of the sewing booklets and every time I look through them I find some exciting new thing to make that I have not seen before." Hurrah! I am certainly happy when people say they like those booklets. I have been so interested in doing them and now Book 6 is ready for mailing. It is full of new ideas for making new things for the home. I am pretty excited about it and hope you like it and use it again and again just as so many of you have written me that you have used the others. This new Book 6 contains a description of each of the other five booklets of the series. Send order to:

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