



JUNIOR PIONEERS IN 1912

**JUNI STORY OF HIS CAPTIVITY**

(Continued from page 1.)

"Where go?" he asked. "Ben answered that he was bound for 'Teepee Taulke,' or 'Big House,' as the Indians called the fort. The Redskin shook his head to indicate that Benedict was mistaken, and ordered him to face about and precede them down the hill.

This was the beginning of a seven weeks' captivity.

The trip down the hill to the ford occupied but a few minutes. Here the party came suddenly on evidences of the brutal work of the Indians that day. The body of John Zimmerman lay by the stream. It was stretched out naturally as though he was taking a noon-day nap. This was what young Juni thought till he tried to rouse him. Then the lad discovered that John would wake no more. The body of his brother Gottfried lay in the water, he having been shot while trying to escape on a log. The father of the boys lay on the west bank of the stream. Scattered about were the few household articles that had been thrown on the wagon at home. The boy picked up some articles of clothing, but was ordered to drop them. A couple of books were there. The Juni household boasted only two, Webster's speller and the Bible. The boy tucked the latter under his arm, but was compelled to drop that, too.

**Whipped by Captors.**

It appeared that his captors had been on a reconnoitering expedition toward the fort and were in a hurry to get back and report. The party in the house, including the boy's mother, one brother and two sisters, must have gone before this, for all was quiet in and about the place. The Indians had all vanished. Benedict and his captors started on again. He had his trousers rolled up and one of the Indians, having picked up a black-snake whip, gave him an occasional cut across the bare calves. The object was twofold. It afforded him some amusement to see the discomfited boy jump and it considerably accelerated his speed.

On arriving at the ferry the youth noticed a great congestion of traffic. Four or five wagons drawn by oxen in charge of Indians were waiting transfer and there was great confusion. The Indians had managed pretty well thus far, but coaxing the oxen onto the ferry was another matter. Benedict stepped up to the foremost team and soon it followed him onto the raft. This act brought handclappings and calls of "Hockshelta washtav," ("good boy.")

It was not long until all had passed to the south or agency side of the river. Here the captive was allowed to rest for a quarter of an hour or more. Seated on the high bank he watched the gun practice of the Indians, who had many new guns taken from the stores and some taken from their victims, but a few hours before and with which they wanted to get acquainted before Captain Marsh and his men should arrive on the scene. They used moving targets. Stacks of mill pans had been taken from the

stores. Each marksman took one, hurled it with a spinning motion out into the stream, allowed it to right itself and float some distance with the current, and, taking good aim fired. There was no need of a scorer. The pan would tell the story. The conditions in the battle fought some hours later were quite similar. It was an easy change from floating mill pans to the heads of swimming soldiers.

**Menaced by Drunken Red.**

"One of the boy's captors remained at the ferry to be on hand when the enemy appeared. The other took him up the hill to the agency. Here some of the buildings were burned, others were merely plundered. The young captive saw the Indians carry a man out of one. Whether he was dead or alive he could not tell. Some of the Indians had taken too much fire water and were turned into demons. One, brandishing a butcher knife, made a lunge at the lad, but a thrust from the butt of the gun of his captor and protector sent the drunken reeling. It was the young adventurer's third escape from death in the day and perhaps his closest. When nearing the edge of the agency, an Indian drove by with the Juni's wagon and oxen. Delighted at seeing something from home, the boy exclaimed, "Oh, there is our team."

His captor replied, "well, if it's yours, let's take a ride." He hailed the driver who took the two on. Ben immediately assumed control of the oxen.

**Unwilling Aid of Indians.**

"On arriving at an Indian village the boy's captor left him at the hut of his future mother-in-law, a widow with two grown daughters. Here several squaws were squatted around an open fire on the ground. They had bags of shot which they poured into a large ladle and then melted over the fire and poured into bullet molds. There was a heap of bullets on the ground with the nipple made by the hole in the mold still on them. One of the squaws ordered the captive to get busy with a knife cutting off these projecting nipples. The bullets were then placed in the empty shot bags and sent to the ferry by Indian lads. Thus he became unwillingly an instrument in killing some of Captain Marsh's men.

"Like most boys, he had great faith in the prowess of soldiers and believed them invincible if pitted against Indians. Repeatedly the youthful captive told the squaws that they would 'get their pay,' meaning their punishment for what they had done, but conveyed his meaning thus, so that if they showed displeasure he could explain that he meant their annual payment from the government.

**When Hope Almost Died.**

"About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a flag came in view in the direction of the agency. Soon after was seen the glitter of bayonets and swords. What the boy had firmly believed all day was now to come true. The soldiers were coming to mete out punishment and release the captives. He could control himself no longer, and having no hat he picked up an old rag, clambered on the roof of the hut, waved it and shouted several lusty hurrahs. Then he jumped down and ran toward

the procession. Alas! the approaching parade was a mob of wild Indians arrayed in the clothes of the soldiers they had slain at the ferry. The disillusionment was the worst shock of the day for him and disheartened, he then and there gave up all hopes of seeing white people again. Had not the invincible soldiers been annihilated?

**Dressed as Indian.**

On the second or third day of his captivity several squaws assisted the prisoner's mistress in making a regular Indian outfit for him. It consisted of a pair of leggings, a calico shirt, a

breechcloth and a belt. In dress he was now like an Indian, but his complexion was fair and his hair silvery white. This naturally made him conspicuous in a group of Indian boys and he soon was known all over the camp as "Paw Skaw," (Whitehead). At first he did not mind it, but it finally affected his temper to a point where the squaw demanded to know what was the matter. Benedict told her and she found a remedy. Thereafter when she had mopped his face with a wet rag as she did very morning she scattered dried powder over his head, smeared his face with paint and made

a few streaks and dots in it with her fingernails. This worked like a charm and the boy was no longer annoyed.

**Changes 'Employers.'**

The Indian who had captured the Juni teams and wagon remembered how well the oxen had obeyed young Benedict. He soon found the lad again and asked him to help haul some ferge. Having accommodated him two or three times, the squaw, on Benedict's last return, said to him that if he worked for others, he should board and lodge there too. The next time his Indian friend came, the captive told him what the squaw had

said. "So much the better," the Redskin replied. "Come right along. Hereafter you are a member of my family."

There was no time consumed in packing, as everything the boy had was the clothes on his back. The parting caused him some pain, though, for he had become somewhat attached to his Indian home and more so to the two young women in the family. "In his new home the lad found a trunk that had belonged to an uncle of his who was a soldier in the federal army in the south. In it he found a few copies of Harper's Weekly with pictures, mostly of war scenes, and these interested him much.

His master had two sons and one daughter. The oldest boy was of his own age and proved to be a good companion and true friend to him. Next was he entirely forgotten by the family which had first sheltered him. The two daughters called one afternoon and got permission to take young Juni back with them for a day. Every attention was paid him. He was feasted and entertained with pleasant chat by the two girls.

But young Benedict was not a pampered drone in the life, for he had many duties to perform. The youth had to provide all the wood and water for the cooking, whether the supply was far or near. He had to see to the feeding of the oxen and horses and to assist in striking and pitching camp, loading and unloading and when on the move he had charge of the ox team.

The food of the Indians was good and the rations liberal. Green corn, potatoes and beans, fresh mutton or beef were the staple articles. Vegetables and meats were served without salt and the coffee black and very sweet. He protested and to please him a little bag of salt and one of sugar was put at his place and he was told to use both to suit his taste. Sometimes when strolling through camp after a meal he would be invited to partake and never refused. One time it was the white porcelain dishes and at another place the regular plantation molasses that attracted him.

**Regarded as Prodigy.**

Sometimes when visitors came the white boy was the topic of conversation. He had learned to read but not yet to use a pen, but his master would point him out as a prodigy who could read and write. Benedict was able to understand and answer questions about ordinary affairs. But at times he was asked questions by his Indian captors and their friends touching on astronomy and religion which were of course beyond his depth.

At the time the battle of Birch Coulee was raging there was great excitement in the camp. The captive's mistress feared for his safety. Toward evening she took him into the woods skirting the bluffs south of the Minnesota river, placed him in a hollow basswood tree and told him to remain there until she came for him next morning. The position was cramped and uncomfortable and when it was dark the boy crept out and ran home to the camp where he went to sleep in his usual place. The squaw, on seeing him the next morning, was greatly

surprised but did not seem displeased. There were disturbances at other times when his master was at home. On these occasions he was accustomed to roll the boy in a buffalo robe and sit on him calmly smoking until the danger whatever it was, had passed.

**Surrendered to Soldiers.**

On the return of his Indian master from the battle of Wood Lake, young Juni was told to get ready to return to his parents, as arrangements had been made for his surrender. On the next morning he again put on white man's garb such as could be found. It consisted of a pair of men's trousers, cut off at the knees, a long lined duster and a stove pipe hat? In this garb he was surrendered to the soldiers, and confined in a sort of enclosure with other surrendered prisoners whose names were taken and sent to the Pioneer newspaper in St. Paul. In this way his father came to learn that his boy was still in the land of the living. But the end of his adventures had not come. Young Juni and two other boys, Louis Kitzmann and August Gluth, tired of the confinement of their quarters and escaped from this unpleasant captivity. Juni was again surrendered when some of the Indian bands decided to quit the warpath and come in. His companions got away entirely and reached Fort Ridgely before he did. In the camp of the white man, Ben waited upon the women and messed with three little girls. One tin dish and one spoon constituted their outfit and rice and sugar the only food except some wormy crackers. His two companions, Kitzmann and Gluth, left and reached Fort Ridgely on the same day that his father and Mr. Gluth had come to look for them. Kitzmann's father was killed at the outbreak of the massacre. His experiences at the fort were not of the most pleasant character. He now fully realized that to be a captive among the Sioux was not the worst lot that could have befallen him. Within a few days of his arrival at the fort his father took him to Le Sueur, where he had a home until the autumn of 1865.

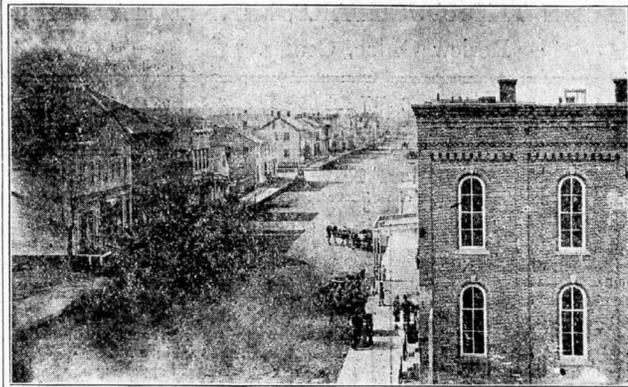
**NOTED PLACE IN PIONEER TIMES**

(Continued from page 1.)

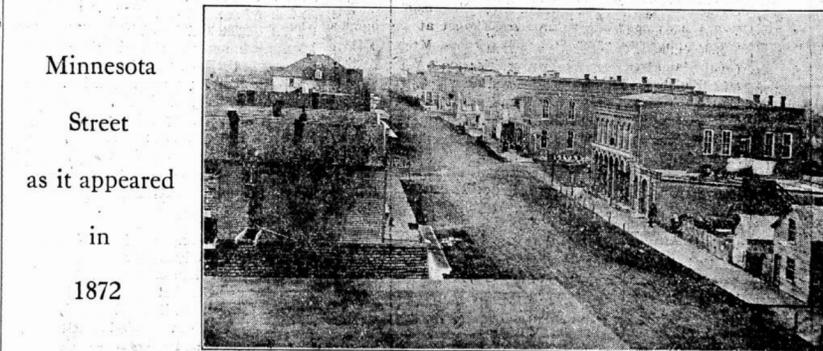
to run a hotel in the Pennsylvania House was a Mr. Pierce. When he quit the hotel business in the latter part of the seventies the building became vacant and remained so for some time and was later sold to Jacob Klossner and Henry Mueller who with the aid of the local Masonic Lodge erected thereon the three story brick block now known as the Masonic Block.

**CAMBRIA CASHIER SUCCEEDS ACKERMANN.**

Walter Gareis, who served as cashier of the Cambria State Bank for the past three years, accepted the position offered him by the State Bank of New Ulm, and has already taken up his duties there. He succeeds Rev. A. Ackermann who resigned his position some time ago to become pastor of the Emanuel Lutheran church at Mankato.



Pennsylvania House 2nd Building on the Left.



Minnesota Street as it appeared in 1872

**INDIANS COMING FOR ANNIVERSARY**

against some of the best semi-professional teams in the state. There will be band concerts by five bands at different times during the five-day celebration. All five bands are scheduled to be in the three-mile long historical and industrial pageant parade on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 19th, at 3 o'clock. There will be dancing at the Armory and Turner Hall every night. Wednesday evening, Aug. 16, there will be a reception and band concert. Thursday, Aug. 17, will be spent renewing acquaintances and visiting with old time friends. In the evening there will be a band concert and speeches. The community singing is scheduled for Thursday evening. Friday, Aug. 18, is set aside as Memorial day for Milford township.

The first settlers in this neighborhood made their pioneer homes in Milford township and more people were killed in this township during the Indian massacre of 1862 than in any other place in this vicinity. After the memorial exercises, a basket picnic will be held. The big automobile parade will be held in the evening of that day in the city of New Ulm, substantial prizes being given for the best decorated cars. The parade is open to everybody, visitors as well as home folks.

Wednesday evening, Aug. 16, there will be a reception and band concert. Thursday, Aug. 17, will be spent renewing acquaintances and visiting with old time friends. In the evening there will be a band concert and speeches. The community singing is scheduled for Thursday evening. Friday, Aug. 18, is set aside as Memorial day for Milford township.

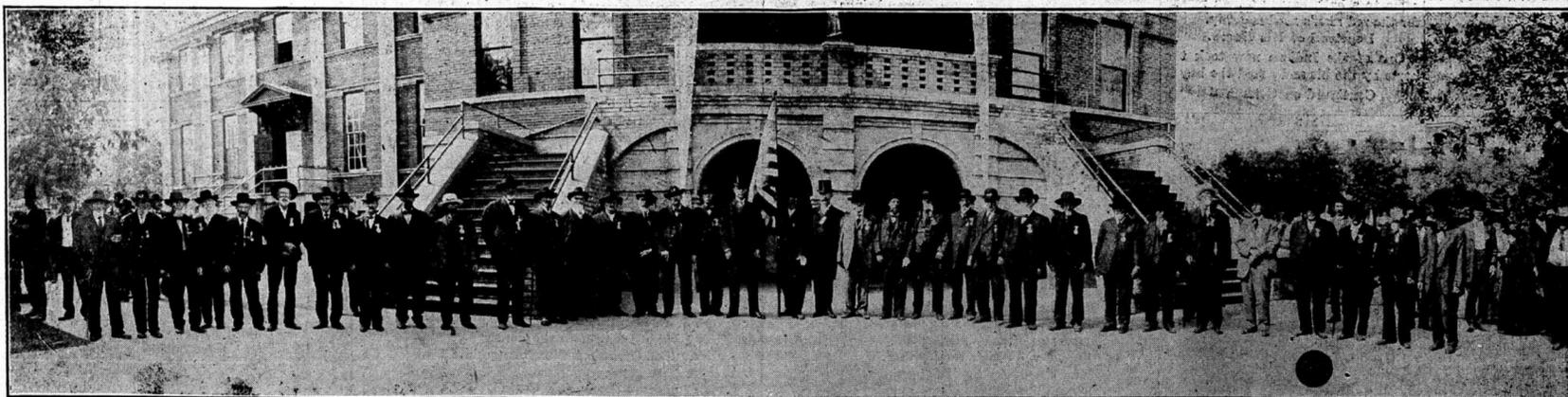
Saturday, Aug. 19th, is the 60th anniversary day of the first battle of New Ulm. That will be one of the biggest days of the celebration. The three-mile pageant parade with five bands and more than fifty historical floats will take place on Saturday at 10 a. m.

One of the big features of Saturday's program will be the patrol drill

by the Minneapolis Zurah Temple Shriners, 250 strong. A concert by the Shriners band and drum corps chanters is also scheduled for Saturday.

Sunday, August 20, is the closing day of the celebration, with gymnastic exhibitions at Turner park by Turner teams from Minneapolis, St. Paul and New Ulm participating in the program. There will also be a monster parade on Sunday, which in many respects will be the biggest day of the celebration.

Real Indians will be in New Ulm to lend color to the 60th Anniversary celebration of the Indian massacre, arrangements having been made with Indians living at the Morton agency. There will be no less than twenty-five bucks, squaws and paposes here. They will take part in the parade and will also stage Indian War dances.



DEFENDERS OF 1862 WHO TOOK PART IN 1912 CELEBRATION.