

Luther Case, one of the four surviving members of Walter H. Benedict Post, G.A.R., passed away at his home on Montcalm Ave. yesterday morning, July 16th, 1931, at 11 o'clock following a short illness. Surviving him are four sons **William, Perley** and **Lee Case** of Plattsburgh and **Herbert Case** of Peru, and three daughters, Mrs. **Susan Crandall** and Mrs. **Charles Laramie** of Plattsburgh and Mrs. **Jane Christenson** of New York City.

Mr. Case's great-grandfather, **George Glassbrooks**, came to this county from England and settled in Essex County. He fought with the Continental Army at the Battle of Plattsburgh. The story of this battle was told to Mr. Case by his grandmother, **Susan Collins**, who witnessed it at Nigger Hill at the age of 10 years.

Mr. Case served as a volunteer in the Civil War and with the regular army in the Far West during the Indian campaigns. A story of his army career as told to **Thomas H. Weldon**, editor of the Plattsburgh Press, and printed in the May 30, 1930 issue of the Press, is reprinted below:

"To begin with Mr. Case's own story we learn that he was born in Plattsburgh in 1845, but left home at an early age to work in what was then known as East Troy. The Civil War was being waged along its weary way and the imagination of the boy was fired by what he had heard. The war, of course, was the main topic of conversation and young Luther Case was not the one to hang back. At the age of seventeen he presented himself for enlistment, giving his age as twenty-one. This was in February, 1864. He was taken to Hart's Island, New York Harbor, and assigned to the Signal Corps. He was then shipped to New Bern, NC. In January, 1865 he was transferred to the 112th New York Infantry, and was a part of General **George C. Meade's** command. He was principally on detailed duty guarding bridges and escorting recruits in the vicinity of Goldsboro, NC.

The only action at this time was against guerillas who were tearing up bridges and tracks wherever the opportunity offered. Colonel Mosby, although a part of the regular Confederate Army at this time, never quite recovered from his early raiding ideas and the last of them were exercised here.

"At the close of the war in April, 1865, Mr. Case was sent back to New York and thence to Albany, where he received his discharge In August, 1865. He returned to his home in Plattsburgh, but it is evident that the army had taken a firm hold upon his imagination and although according to all accounts, village life here was anything but tame in those days with the notorious P.X. and other gangs roistering through the streets and the citizenry in the main trying to adjust itself to the situation as best it could. It is not strange that we find Mr. Case enlisted in the Regular Army as a member of Company I of the 4th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Plattsburgh Barracks in February, 1866.

While Mr. Case was stationed at the Barracks the killing of **William Reed** took place in a row in which a number of the town roughs are said to have attacked a party of soldiers. This had a salutary effect upon village rowdyism.

Early in April, 1866, Mr. Case's company was singled out for active duty in the Indian wars which were harrying the settlers in the west. At Buffalo and Chicago more troops were taken on and at the latter place the soldiers embarked for Council Bluffs which was as far as the Union Pacific had been built at that time.

The soldiers were ferried across the Missouri river to Omaha, Nebraska, where they took the long overland trail to their objective at Cheyenne, WY. At that time the Sioux



Sioux Chief - Red Cloud

under the famous chief Red Cloud were at the depredations which culminated in the massacre of General Custer and his command at the battle of the Little Big Horn ten years later.

During their trip by mule train across the prairies Mr. Case had an excellent opportunity of observing what has since become a splendid section of the United States, but in those days gave little encouragement to the youth from the east.

Adventure was mixed with hard work, with the accent on the work. Finally the troops landed at Cheyenne, which at that time boasted two buildings of any size. These were gambling saloons and dance halls. Those who lived there were a motley crew composed mostly of gamblers, bad men of all descriptions and cattlemen. There was no law except the law of the quick trigger. Judge Lynch held full sway when an actual trial took place which was usually when a rustler or horse thief had been captured. It was not an uncommon sight to see a horse thief hanging from a tree as a warning to others of his ilk.

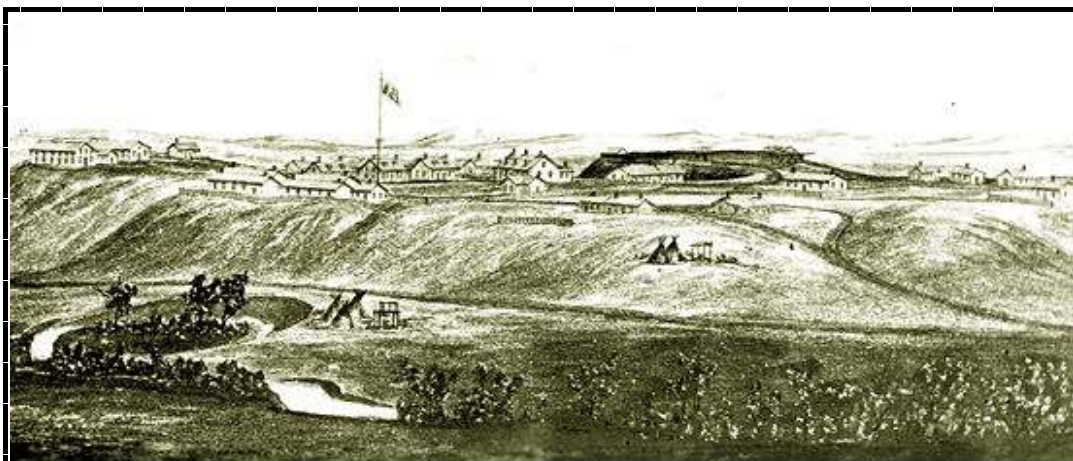
Later Mr. Case went from Cheyenne to Fort Russell and got rations on the Fort Laramie. They built a fort in the Black Hills with the aid of a Mexican. This was a small abode structure. Then they went back to Fort Augustus between Fort Laramie and Fort Smith. The soldiers took turns in carrying the mail on horseback but it was sometimes six months old by the time it reached its destination. Mr. Case himself made two or three mall trips on horseback from Fort Laramie. Mules were always out of the question as their braying always attracted the Indians who were never idle. Later there was a telegraph line from Fort Russell, which was used when the Indians did not cut the wires. The Indians spent most of their time rustling, stealing mules, burning when the opportunity presented itself and cutting telegraph wires whenever possible

Desultory fighting with the Indians was the order of the day and woe betide the lone soldier who happened in the way of the marauding redskins. During the time Mr. Case was in the service such encounters were of frequent occurrence. He considers himself fortunate in bearing the mark of only one such encounter himself. This is a stiff forefinger of his right hand, the knuckle joint of which was shot away by an Indian arrow at Elk Horn, between Fort Laramie and Fort Fetterman. Incidentally, several Indian arrows of flint are among the collection of Mr. Case.

Mr. Case helped in the building of Fort Fetterman just across from the Bad Lands. The fort was really a stockade and the timber had to be drawn sixty miles. During the two years he was at Fort Fetterman he never saw a white man outside of those in the little command.

in 1870 Mr. Case received his discharge at Fort Fetterman and returned to his home in Plattsburgh. He reached here with part of the last army ration in his possession which consisted of hardtack, some of which he has kept until this day. It has the appearance of soda crackers and the consistency of bricks. Since his return to Plattsburgh Mr. Case has been content to remain. He takes a great interest in the affairs of the city and was very active until he had the misfortune to lose a leg. He has

a remarkable memory, this entire story being recalled without reference to documents or notes. He is the commander of Walter H. Benedict Post of the G.A.R., at the present time and one of the four remaining members of that Post."



Fort Fetterman - Wyoming