



# Oak Leaves

## Oak Hill Cemetery Association

1705 Mt. Vernon Rd. S. E. • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403

*Oak Hill Cemetery is non-profit lot owner association dedicated to preserving the heritage of Linn County, Iowa.*

## End of Watch; The death of Captain William McDaniels

*The first documented death in the line of duty may have been  
**Captain William McDaniels,**  
 burial location in Oak Hill Cemetery listed as Block 130 Lot 1244*

The Evening Gazette January 9, 1885

### **Funeral of Capt. McDaniels,**

The funeral of the late Capt. Wm. MacDaniels occurred this afternoon and was attended by about sixty members of the I. O. O. F., the entire police force, the majority of the council, and a large number of citizens in carriages. The Odd Fellows took complete charge of the ceremonies. At one o'clock they marched in procession in full uniform to the deceased's late residence, and slowly accompanied the remains to the M. E. church, where an unusually impressive sermon was delivered by the pastor, Rev. H. O. Pratt, who feelingly addressed the assembled friends and family, after which the body was interred in Oak Hill Cemetery with appropriate ceremonies. The floral tributes were beautiful, the most notable being a fine "broken wheel," filled with carnations, tea roses and Roman hyacinths, and bearing the Inscription, "Captain." This was from the police force of the city, A handsome cross consisting of callas, roses and carnations, was also offered. The ceremonies were of a singularly touching nature.



*Following are news accounts of the events, but read with caution, as they may be too graphic for some readers*  
Evening Gazette Wednesday January 7, 1885 2nd Edition

### **Double Tragedy! John Mundbrood a Packing House Employee, Murdered by the Frelich Brothers. While in Pursuit of the Murderers, Capt. McDaniel is struck by a Train and Hurlled into Eternity. A Terrible Night's Work — Particulars of the Ghastly Affairs — Notes**

Our people were horrified this morning to learn the particulars of a ghastly murder and the subsequent death of Capt. McDaniels, of the night police, who with Night Jailor Henley, was in search of one of the murderers between Ely and Solon. To describe the two shocking affairs fully, the details of last night's murder must be given first. Shortly before one o'clock this morning the police received word from a man named Herkimer, hastily summoning them to the home of a German named Chick, situated at 422 South Second Street, below Fourteenth Avenue. Capt. McDaniels accompanied by his force and Dr. J. M. Ristine who had been hurriedly summoned, jumped into the patrol wagon and were soon at the scene of the murder. A terrible sight met their eyes.

On the bed lay John Chick the occupant of the house with several slight cuts on his back while beside him was a man named John Mundbrood, or "Bouisch" as he was familiarly called by his fellow-laborers, having a terrible gash in the right side of his neck. When found he was unconscious deep pools of clotted blood bespattered the floor and surrounding furniture and the bed on which he lay was deeply crimsoned with gore. The sight was sickening and terrible in the extreme. Mundbrood was unconscious when discovered, and had apparently lost the best of his life's blood. Dr. Ristine took immediate steps to resuscitate the man and by hypodermic injections succeeded in rallying him for a short time. However, the victim did not regain consciousness sufficiently to relate

his story, and despite the most superhuman efforts to save his life he quietly passed away at about 3:15 this morning.

The story of the affair, as accurately related to us by the officers who were on the spot, appears to be as follows:

The murdered man, Mundbrood, was foreman in the gut department of the packing house, and working under him were two brothers, Peter and Mat Frelich. These two brothers boarded with the German Chick, who resides in the house named above. About eleven o'clock last night the brothers, along with the murdered man Mundbrood and several others, including Chick's wife, were drinking beer and playing cards in Chick's house. All were intoxicated, or at least had been drinking. Suddenly the brothers Frelich

jumped up and began striking each other, owing to some trivial dispute, the exact cause of which cannot be ascertained. Fearing serious difficulties might ensue from the row Chick and Mundbrood endeavored to separate the brothers, but were violently turned upon by the men and stabbed, Mundbrood receiving the terrible gash which caused his death, and Chick several minor cuts and bruises. They are not serious, and he will recover soon.

As may be imagined, after having accomplished their murderous work, the occupants of the house speedily scattered, and when the officers had arrived on the scene in response to the message, they only found the wounded man and the woman of the house, who appeared cool and collected, and silently pointed to the murdered Mundbrood and the wounded Chick. Instant search was made by the policemen for the murderers, and it was but a short time afterward while the police were searching a boarding house on Third Street that Policeman Healy, who was waiting outside sitting on the patrol wagon seat, saw Mat Frelich, the younger murderer, coming down the street in a maudlin condition. Healy pulled a revolver from his pocket, and presenting it in the face of Frelich, easily captured him. He was instantly jailed on the charge of murder.

The dead body of Mundbrood was removed shortly before 6 o'clock this morning to his home on South Fifth street, near the Star Wagon works. He is a married man, having a wife and three children, and naturally his family are completely prostrated over the terrible and unnatural death of a husband and father.

### THE SECOND HORROR

Upon awakening this morning our citizens were not only horrified to learn of last night's shocking murder but were doubly startled upon receipt of the news that Capt. McDaniels, of the night police, who with Night Jailor Healey, had gone down to Solon on a freight train in quest of Peter Frelich, one of the murderers, had been struck by the B. C. B. & N. south-bound passenger train, No. 4, and his skull crushed, from which injury he died shortly afterward. The train was about three hours late, and was due at Solon at 3:10. The accident must have occurred a little after six o'clock this morning, as the following telegram from Conductor L. M. Peck to Supt Robert Williams, conclusively shows:

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SOLON, Jan. 6, 5:40 a. m.  
SUPT. ROBT. WILLIAMS:—Train 4;  
Engine 14, Engineer Simpson in charge,

struck Capt. McDaniels, policeman, on the bridge three-fourths of a mile north of Solon. His skull is broken. Don't think he can live long. I leave him at Solon. Have sent for a doctor.

PECK

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Realizing that Policeman Healey, the comrade of the dead Capt. McDaniels who accompanied him in the search could tell the story more vividly and accurately than any one else, a reporter for THE GAZETTE obtained his statement of the terrible tragedy. It was told in a manner that showed the deep friendship and regard which evidently existed between the two.

### HEALEY TELLS OF THE ACCIDENT

Officer Mike Healy's report of the accident at the bridge is as follows: When Mac and I reached Solon, we received word from headquarters at the Rapids that the murderer Frelich was supposed to be making his way down the B. C. R. & N. track toward Solon and we were ordered by Swem to work back afoot toward Ely — one taking the wagon road and the other the railroad. After some consultation Mac and I decided to go together along the track until we came to the place where the wagon road runs in close proximity to the railroad and then to separate as directed by Swem. Before reaching that point we came to a bridge some forty feet long. When we arrived at the end of the bridge we heard the rumbling of the train, which appeared as yet to be some considerable distance from us. I suggested to Mac that we wait there until the train had passed. Mac remarked, "Oh, go on, you are just like all Irishmen — afraid," So over the bridge we started. As the timbers were icy and very slippery, we had to progress very slowly and by the time we reached the middle of the bridge upon looking up we discovered the headlight of the train but a few rods from us. I called to Mac and asked him what we should do. He said "go ahead and get off." We both made a desperate effort to reach the end of the structure before the train would be upon us, but I alone succeeded and my escape was only by a hair's breadth. When I put my foot on the last tie the engine was scarcely a rod from me. I made a leap sideways and forward and came down in the snow on the bridge embankment as the train whirled by. About the time I hit I heard a sound like a heavy thud, the breaking of the ice in the stream below and the splashing of water

I looked down and saw Mac in the water. I ran down and made my way to him, wading in water to the belt before I reached him. I

caught him just as his head was going under the water, pulled him up as far as I could and said "Mac, Mac!" He opened his eyes, looked at me and recognized me, then closed them and with the exception of a slight groan made no sign of life. By the time I had succeeded in getting Mac to the bank the train, which had stopped a few rods below the bridge, had backed up and with the help of the train men Mac was put on, and in a few minutes we had reached the depot at Solon. Mac never spoke after he said to me to "go ahead and get off the bridge." In ten minutes after we got to Solon he was dead. His body was not cut any or bruised much. Then was a bruise on his forehead and the skull on top of his head was crushed in. I was all wet and very cold and had a severe chill after getting to Solon. Dry clothing was brought me and I was putting it on when some one said: "There is a man coming along the track now!" I looked out and saw that it was the man we were after. I reached for a revolver and started out with nothing but my undershirt and pants on, and in my bare feet to capture the man. By the time I had stepped out on the platform the murderer had passed the station and was down the track a few rods. I ran along the platform and called to him to halt He paid no attention to me. I then stepped down on the track and started in vigorous pursuit with my revolver in hand, I ran up behind him and caught him by the shoulder and told him to surrender, which he did very quietly, returning with me to the station, where he was put under guard. Frelich admitted that he had been a party to the crime at Cedar Rapids but said he did not know who did the cutting, as he was drunk at the time. He made no effort to escape after I arrested him."

Officer Healey was greatly agitated over the tragical death of his partner in the pursuit of the murderer, his comrade and his friend, and his story of Captain McDaniel's sad ending was told with great difficulty, many sobs checking his speech and tears profusely flowing down his cheeks. His experience while away was such that he came home completely exhausted and was obliged to go to his room at once.

Officer Healy is uncertain as to just how Mac was thrown from the bridge, but is of the opinion that he was nearly off the bridge when the engine struck him and knocked him down in the stream. As the cross timbers in the bridge are so close together it would be almost impossible for a small man to go down between them, let alone a man the size of Mac. The engine must have struck him and knocked him over the end of the trestle,

and probably was so injured by the force of the blow from the train that the hard fall upon the ice was unnecessary to cause death.

### THE RETURN TO THE CITY

The B. C. R. & N train bearing the dead policeman, together with Healy and his prisoner, arrived in the city at 9 o'clock, and were met by a vast crowd who had heard the startling news. Frelich was immediately jailed, while the remains of the night captain were taken to Krebs Bros., where they were properly prepared before removal to the deceased's residence on E Avenue West. Mrs. McDaniels is frantic with grief, and it is feared that the shock may prove fatal to the captain's aged parents, who for some time past have been making their residence with their son.

### THE DEAD MEN

Capt Wm. McDaniels was forty-seven years old. He had been on the police force for a period extending over eight years, and was a capable and efficient man, and greatly esteemed by the men on the force. He leaves a wife and three children, aside from his parents, to mourn his unnatural death.

John Mundbrood, the murdered man, was a German, aged about thirty-two years. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his demise. Mundbrood was greatly liked by his associates. His only fault, however, was an appetite for liquor, and when under its influence he frequently became violent and pugilistic.

### OFFICER MCDANIEL'S WATCH

Among the personal effects taken from Officer McDaniel's person after his death was a fine gold watch purchased from W. B. Thompson a day or two ago. Cap was in at Thompson's last evening and told the jeweler that he wanted an inscription engraved in the watch and said he would bring the copy in the morning and have them do the engraving, which Mr. Thompson agreed to do today.

### THE MURDERER INTERVIEWED

By the courtesy of Marshal Francis a GAZETTE reporter visited the alleged murderer, Peter Frelich, in his cell in the jail this forenoon. He is confined in the middle cell upstairs. Frelich, in substance, said: I am a German and thirty-three years old. I came to this country four years ago, and located in Chicago, where I was engaged in a meat market with my brother who is there yet. I have been here about six weeks and was working in the packing house for a Chicago firm, cleaning entrails. My brother, Matt, was here with me, and we boarded

with Mr. Chicks, also from Chicago about nine weeks ago. My brother and I roomed together. We were in with Chick and John Mundbrood, a friend of Chicks. Mundbrood has been here about three years and has worked for the same Chicago cleaning company in the packing house, as foreman of that work. We had been drinking whisky and were very drunk and we had a little row. It was about twelve o'clock and my brother and I had gone to our room to go to bed. I was undressed except my pants, when Chick and Mundbrood came into our room and said they wanted to fight. I told them to leave the room, but they would not, and a general row followed. I don't know if I cut anybody or what was done as I was so drunk I could hardly stand up. After the trouble I started for Chicago and intended to see my brother there and tell him about it and then come back.

Mat Frelich, a brother of Peter, is also in jail and was asked about the affair. He is twenty years old has been working with his brother here. He says the story of his brother is just as the thing occurred, but they were so drunk they did not know what they were doing.

Peter Frelich, one of the murderers, is now about thirty-three years of age, five feet-seven inches in height weighs 160 pounds, speaks French and broken English. His hair is black and cut short; wears a small, dark moustache and goatee. When arrested he wore a green striped shirt, gray pants, black felt hat, blue woolen shirt. Frelich has lived in Chicago, and Marshal Francis thinks he was making for that city when apprehended and brought back. His brother Mat, also in jail, resembles the elder somewhat, except that he is much smaller in size. The latter is twenty years of age.

### THE TWO VICTIMS

Truly might one point to the dead bodies of the two victims of last night's bloody work and exclaim, "This is the result of rum," but the great sorrow and grief occasioned thereby, cannot be realized until you look upon their desolate homes where wives' hearts are bleeding, and children are made fatherless, and where friends are bowed down under this awful load of sorrow. How the sympathy of every heart goes out to the poor old father and mother of the unfortunate McDaniels. Seventy-three years of age, away down the ladder of life and on the shady side, after having passed through all the troubles and the trials, incident to the journey in this "vale of tears," to have the son at whose home they were living,

brought to them dead, and thus have their last days blackened by this deep distress, is so sad as to bring tears to the eyes of every one who has experienced trials and sorrow. And as his death stroke was received while in the performance of a duty that took him after a murderer whose crime and the death of whose victim was due to rum, so is poor Capt McDaniel's death due indirectly to the curse that exceeds all other of hells infamous productions. And to rum may be ascribed all the grief and sorrow that hangs as a black pall over so many homes.

How we pity all of those who mourn the loss of these two men, but words cannot assuage their grief, and we turn from the sad scenes, hoping that the Father of all will be merciful to those whose hearts are bleeding and whose light of life has been changed to the blackness of night.

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*The story as retold years later:*

The Cedar Rapids Evening Gazette,  
Wednesday June 3, 1908

### AN INCIDENT OF LONG AGO INTERESTING CHAPTER IN LIFE OF MIKE HEALY.

#### **Proved Himself a Hero in Efforts to Save Capt. McDaniels and Again in Chasing Barefooted Through Snow to Capture a Murderer.**

Had the Carnegie hero medal fund been established a quarter of a century ago Mike Healy, deputy United States marshal, and one of the best known, and best liked federal officials in the northern district of Iowa, long ago would have been awarded one of the medals. For there is a chapter in the life of this man which has been filled with so many daring and thrilling adventures, bringing him many times face to face with death, that seldom has been equalled for daring and bravery. Yet the probabilities are that there are very few who know any of the particulars of the event which stamped him as a man of the greatest bravery and courage, while a majority of the people of today have never ever heard of the incident. It happened when he was yet a young man, but his deeds since that time have demonstrated that it was not merely an accident, but that it was in keeping with the spirit of the man.

This incident happened late in the night of January 6, 1885, and during the six hours of activity and suspense two lives were snuffed out, and it is really remarkable that Healy, who was then night jailor of the



Cedar Rapids police force lived to tell the story. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning of this night that a man named Herkimer came dashing into the police station with the story that several men had been cut to pieces and killed in the home of John Chick, near the corner of Second street and Fourteenth Avenue down in the packing house district. Healy was the only man about the station at the time. He ran out on the street and blew his whistle, which was answered by Night Captain William McDaniels and a couple of officers. Herkimer again told his story, and getting the patrol wagon ready, a quick trip was made to the Chick home.

### **Looked Like a Slaughter House.**

It was indeed a gruesome sight that met the gaze of the officers. John Mundbrood, covered with cuts, was unconscious and near to death, while John Chick was in a condition but little better. The room gave evidence of a fearful struggle and resembled a slaughtering room in a packing house more than anything else. Investigation proved that a couple of young Germans, Peter and Matt Frelich, who worked at the packing house, and who roomed at the Chick house, had been drinking and playing cards that night with Chick and Mundbrood. About midnight, when all were in a drunken stupor, a fight started. The cause has never been ascertained to this day. The Frelichs both drew knives and began slashing. The sight of blood somewhat sobered the two men and when too late they fully realized what they had done. They had been here but a short time from Chicago, and decided, in their half maudlin condition, to make their way back to Chicago as quickly as possible. They separated and started out. Officer Healy captured Matt Frelich near the scene of the crime, and he was taken to the station.

It was then learned that a man had been seen going south along the Rock Island tracks. Capt. William McDaniels and Officer Healy secured permission to go south on a freight train, leaving here about 1:30. When about half way between Cedar Rapids and Solon Healy saw a dark object under a tree near the track and after they had passed the place saw the dark object move toward the track. He knew it was Peter Frelich, but the train was going so fast that it was impossible to jump off, and the two officers were compelled to go to Solon, from which place they started to retrace their tracks, wading through the deep snow, over which a crust had formed, making walking almost impossible.

### **Capt. McDaniels Meets Death.**

Three-quarters of a mile north of Solon they came to a little bridge about forty foot in length, right at the end of a sharp curve, which hid the track above them from view. Officer Healy thought he heard a locomotive whistle and spoke about it. But the men with their heavy boots in the snow made so much noise that they could not hear the rumble of the train and with "Come on Mike," Capt. McDaniels pushed his way across the bridge, Healy following. When near the center of the bridge the cannon ball express, Minneapolis to St. Louis, three hours late, and running sixty miles an hour, darted around the curve and was on the men, only a few feet away. It was too late to reach either end of the bridge. "Save yourself." said McDaniels and Healy leaped through the air and landed in the snow fourteen or fifteen feet below. An instant later he heard a crash and saw McDaniels go through the ice, he having struck in the center of the stream, where men had been cutting ice. Running to the edge of the stream he saw that the captain was badly hurt and was unable to help himself. He leaped into the water and called "Mac! Mac!" The big officer opened his eyes, but did not speak and passed away into unconsciousness. The water was between four and five feet in depth and the banks were steep. McDaniels weighed over 200 pounds and was a dead weight. Healy pulled him to the edge of the ice and tried to lift him out. As he did so his feet slipped and both men shot under the ice for a distance of eight or ten feet. Healy crawled back and when he got his breath returned for McDaniels, and again pulled him to the edge of the ice and had his head above water, but that was all he could do. He began to grow weak and faint and the ice cold water had commenced to make him numb. He believed they were both doomed to die then and there.

### **Chased Murderer Through Snow.**

And then relief came. The engineer on the train had witnessed the men jumping from the bridge and, as soon as he could stop his train, had backed up to the bridge. Soon a crowd of men were on the bank of the creek and with the greatest difficulty the men were pulled from the water and taken on the train, were hurried to Solon. McDaniels had been struck in the center of the forehead by the engine, the skull was crushed and he died a short time after reaching Solon. Healy was in a precarious condition and prompt work was necessary to save his life. The station agent hunted up some clothing

and the company physician at Solon ordered Healy to take off his clothing as quickly as possible. Just as he had pulled on the dry suit of underclothing someone said: "There is a man coming along the track now." Healy knew at once it must be Frelich. He begged the crowd to go out and capture him. The report was that the man had killed several men in Cedar Rapids and not a man stirred; Barefooted and with nothing on but the suit of underwear, Healy ran over to McDaniels' body and taking his revolver from his pocket, started after the man on the dead run. Frelich saw him coming and ran like a deer. For half a mile Healy followed, breaking through the crust on the snow at almost every step and lacerating his feet and ankles frightfully. But he never stopped and when he came up to Frelich the man surrendered without a struggle. Pointing the gun at his head Healy said, "Now run the other way just as fast or you are a dead man." Frelich did not stop to argue, but ran, Healy following.

The physician at Solon at once rubbed Healy down with coarse towels, gave him all the whisky he could drink, and accompanied him to Cedar Rapids continuing to give him whisky every few minutes. Mr. Healy was in frightful condition for several days, but did not even so much as take a cold, and in a few days was none the worse for his frightful experience.

### **A Memento of Event.**

Just a few days before this Capt. McDaniels had been presented with an elegant gold watch. Afterward this watch was presented to Mr. Healy, and he still carries it, a memento of an event that never will be effaced from his memory. He has had many thrilling experiences since that time, but nothing to compare with this one. But he ever has been the same brave and courageous fellow, ready to sacrifice his own life if need be for his friends. The story was retold a few days ago by one who was familiar with all the circumstances and will be news to many of his closest friends, for Healy is not the fellow who is given to recounting affairs of this kind,

*Although Captain McDaniels and his family are buried at Oak Hill Cemetery, we do not know at this time the burial location of John Mundbrood.*

*We believe the Healy family may be buried at Mount Calvary Cemetery*