



# PERSHING

## The Romance of a Barefoot Boy who Rose to Be the Leader of America's Army in France in the Great World War

BY CHARLES N. LURIE.

### CHAPTER I.

**Little Johnny Sees the Soldiers.**  
LITTLE Johnny Pershing peered around the end of the work train "Dad," he called, his shrill child's voice sounding above the "thud, thud, thud" of the picks wielded by the construction gang, "oh, dad, kin I stay from school today? Company H is goin' to have a drill, and I want to see them."

John Pershing, construction foreman, wiped the perspiration from his brow and climbed down from the embankment where the new side track was being laid. He approached the boy, laid his hand on his shoulder and asked, "What does mother say?" "She told me to run over and ask you."

"Well, if mother don't say no, go ahead."

With a whoop of delight and evidently anticipating his mother's consent, little Johnny ran for home as fast as his little bare feet would carry him. His mother stood in the doorway of the neat little white cottage. She smiled, knowing that father had followed the usual plan of "leaving it to mother."

"Father says I kin stay if you don't care, mother. Please let me see the soldiers drill!"

"Well, I guess one afternoon from school won't make much difference, and you do love to watch the soldiers, don't you, Johnny?"

"I sure do, mother."

"Well, get your face and hands washed and come in to lunch."

After lunch Johnny hied to the village square of the little town of Laclede, Mo., and took up his point of vantage on the band stand, where he could see all operations.

The drill over, Captain Johnson, attracted by the keen interest with which the barefooted little urchin had followed every movement, said, "Well, sonny, what do you think of my soldiers?"

"They're pretty good drillers, captain, but they don't step out smart enough."

"By Jove! Right you are, boy! That's just what I was a-tellin' them. Are you going to be a soldier when you grow up?"

"That's what I want to be, but dad says he has other plans."

"Maybe he'll change his mind when you get big, sonny. Plans don't allus work out as expected."

But even little Johnny Pershing's plans, way back there in Missouri in the sixties, were not formed with posi-



LITTLE JOHNNY SEES THE SOLDIERS DRILL.

tiveness, as is the case with the plans of so many youngsters. True, he wanted to be a soldier. What live had in the years just after the civil war did not have his thoughts fired by the stories of fighting in the great struggle? In his dreams he saw himself leading desperate charges against the enemy? But he also had dreams of being a lawyer and standing like Daniel Webster or Henry Clay, with one hand thrust into his coat, moving judges and juries with his eloquence. He and his mother and father just knew, of course, that Johnny would make a fine lawyer, because he always stood well in his studies in the town school.

"Mother," said the elder Pershing one day, "I feel I'm getting a bit too old to work on the road much longer. Old Brainard passed me on the street today and stopped to chat with me. He wants me to buy out his general store and thinks I could make it pay. What do you say?"

After much planning between Mr. Pershing and his wife and weighing of possibilities the step was decided upon and Johnny Pershing's father became a merchant. Johnny's part in the matter was that of active partner very active, indeed, for to him fell the work of assisting in the store after school and running on such errands as were not beyond his strength.

"Johnny's a good boy and helpful to

father and me," said Mrs. Pershing, "but sometimes it is a little hard to get him away from his books. Seems like he wants to spend most of his time studying. But I reckon he'll grow up well, for he can run and jump as well as any of the lads hereabout. Fights sometimes, too. Why, 'twas only last week that he pitched into that Simmons boy for making fun of father. You know, father kept the Union flag flying here when some of our neighbors favored the south, and it seems Mr. Simmons spoke about it and Bob Simmons laughed at Johnny on account of it. But Johnny says Bob won't laugh any more. They do say Johnny made him holler 'quit' in just a few minutes. I reckon I don't want Johnny to fight, but if he must fight he might as well do it defending his own father."

### CHAPTER II.

**"Soldier, Lawyer or Schoolteacher?"**  
SO, studying and working—and fighting sometimes—until he was "little Johnny" no more, Johnny Pershing grew and grew until he outgrew the little village school in Laclede. The little store paid well enough to warrant the expenditure of money on John's education, and a family conference resulted in the sending of him to the normal school at Kirksville, one of the noted schools in that part of Missouri. Throughout the years which he spent there—years of happiness, with plenty of hard work at his books and plenty of outdoor recreation—the idea of becoming a lawyer persisted in the lad's mind. Many a time he spoke of it to boyhood friends, and it seemed that he would surely become an attorney after passing through the stage through which so many of our American country bred lawyers have passed, that of school-teacher.

"Mother," said he one day on one of his visits home from Kirksville, "I've been appointed teacher at Prairie Mound. I feel as though I ought to do something now to help dad and you. So I'm going to teach school and try to earn enough so that I can study law. I did want to be a soldier, but I don't believe there'll ever be another big war, and I don't want to be a soldier all my life unless I can see active service."

Soldier or not, John was to see a lively bit of fighting before he had been a schoolmaster very long.

"Billy," said he one day to one of his bigger pupils, "did you study your spelling lesson?" "No, and I ain't a-goin' to," was the sullen reply of the big boy. The entire class looked up with sudden, keen interest. Billy had "allowed" before them all at recess that day that he was tired of "Johnny Pershing's bullyin'" and he was "goin' to show him that a teacher isn't the whole school anyway."

"Why not?" asked the teacher quietly.

"'Cause I didn't feel like it," was Billy's impudent reply.

"You'll stay after school and study it!" The words of judgment came with a snap from John Pershing's square jaws.

"Won't, neither!" said Billy. And in a moment, as the teacher reached for his collar (this was long before the days of "moral suasion"), there was a lively mixup in the country school; but, of course, the teacher won, and the thoroughly thrashed and cowed Billy stayed in.

Next day the school had a visitor. He was Billy's father, and every hair in his red side whiskers bristled with anger as he drove up to the school. From his mouth came a stream of curses on Johnny Pershing. He'd show him whether he could lick his boy or not. In his hand was a big army revolver. It looked pretty serious for Johnny Pershing. The young fellow did not scare. In a quiet, even tone he said to the angry farmer: "Get off your horse, put up your gun, take off your coat and fight like a man!"

With all his bluster, the man was not a coward. He accepted John's invitation, and there was the finest scrap ever seen in that part of Missouri. John was then only a lad of seventeen or eighteen, but he whipped the grown man to a frazzle.

"John," said Mr. Pershing to his son one day not long after this fight. "Mr. Burroughs is going to appoint a young man from this congressional district to West Point. You've always had a sort of idea that you wanted to be a soldier. Why don't you try for the appointment?"

"I'll do it, father," said John. "I am sure I can pass the examinations if Mr. Burroughs will give me permission to try. I'll go and see him today."

So "Towhead" Johnny Pershing went to call on Congressman Burroughs and obtained his permission to enter the examination for the great, wonderful

Military academy at West Point which had turned out so many famous soldiers. It was a narrow squeak for John, since he won the appointment by only one point. A difference almost too small to be measured would have sent another man to "the Point," and John would in all likelihood have become a city lawyer instead of a general.

### CHAPTER III.

**Whether a man remains in the army long enough to win his general's stars or whether he leaves the service before he even finishes the course at the Military academy, he never forgets the day that sees him enrolled at "the Point." It is one of the "days of days" in his life. It is all so new and strange and there are so many rules to be observed and customs to be learned and things to be seen that it is like beginning a new life. Many a country lad enters the academy raw, green and untrained, and if he has the pluck and stamina, mental and physical, to finish the course he emerges a finished product—"an officer and a gentleman"—fit to command men.**

So it was with John Pershing. But he did more than finish the course; he went through it with honor. He was graduated as senior cadet captain, which means that in military affairs he ranked above all his classmates. Others topped him in some of the studies which make up the curriculum at the United States Military academy, but it was his voice that rang out the commands for his classmates on



HE BECOMES ONE OF WEST POINT'S MOST DARING HORSEMEN.

the widespread and beautiful parade ground on the proud day when the cadets were reviewed by the secretary of war. This was in June, 1886, and John became Lieutenant Pershing, United States army. He was then twenty-six years old.

He had been home to visit the "folks" during his furlough after he had been at the academy two years. His friends turned out to greet him, of course, and the rest of the town flocked to see him arrive. It isn't every day that a man from West Point arrives at a little place in Missouri, and every one wanted to see as soon as possible what two years of Uncle Sam's training had done for Johnny Pershing. They were not disappointed. He had left Laclede a tall, wiry, young fellow, without any special distinction; he returned a well set up, strong chap, showing in his bearing the results of the rigid training of the gymnasium and fields. He had already the assured bearing of a military man. He had become a wonderful equestrian, riding anything that the academy held in the line of horseflesh. He was always first to get away when the bugles rang out the notes of the "charge!"

Of course John's first day home was given to his folks. No one else could take the first happy hours of the young man on furlough. But the second day found him wandering in the fields and woods with his boyhood chum, Charley Spurgeon.

There was so much to tell about the life at the academy! "Tell me," said Charley, "what do you think about life in the army?"

"I don't think I'll stick to it," said John, "although I'll try to finish the course at the academy. I think I'll have to go back to my original idea of studying law. This country is at peace now, and it's going to stay at peace. There won't be a gun fired in the next hundred years. The army is no place for me in peace time. I'd start in as a second lieutenant and I'd get to be a first lieutenant only when the first lieutenant died, and so on through all the grades. I'm older now than most of the men at the academy, and perhaps I'd be no higher than a colonel when the time came for me to retire. I believe the world is going to be too peaceful in the future to make the army look very promising to me as a career."

But Lieutenant Pershing found plenty of work to do as a soldier and that, too, soon after his graduation. The Apaches and other wild western tribes were often on the rampage, and the soldier ordered to the western plains and mountains and mesas had his work cut out for him. Pershing in the cavalry, the branch of the service most often used against the redskins, got his share of the hard work. It did not always mean fighting, however. Often there were palavers with the chiefs and matters could be settled without bloodshed.

Even in those early days Pershing showed the quick thought that distinguished him in fields far removed from the western states. Army men tell with delight how one day Pershing was sent by his commanding officer to attend a council of Navaho braves. It was a holiday, and the redskins were

amusing themselves with games and athletic contests.

One of the braves spied the tall, athletic figure of Lieutenant Pershing.

He walked up to the soldier.

"Huh!" he said, following it with a long string of Indian gutturals. "He says he wants to wrestle with the big white man," said the interpreter.

"Tell him," said Pershing, "nothing doing. He's too dirty."

"All right," was the Indian's retort. "If I'm too dirty to wrestle with I'll run him a foot race. All he'll have to do is keep ahead of me."

"Race him, Jack," said Lieutenant Grayson. "It's up to you to uphold the honor of the white race."

"Can't be done. You know my ankle is still weak from that sprain."

"They won't believe it. You can beat the big buck anyway."

So the race was run and was nearly lost by Pershing. About ten feet from the finish line his ankle gave way and he rolled over in a heap. But his presence of mind remained upright, and with a mighty effort he gathered himself up into a ball, turned a somersault and landed across the line a winner.

### CHAPTER IV.

**Fighting and Studying.**

SO the years go for Pershing in the west. There is some fighting; much marching and drilling, with official commendation for duty well performed. But promotion lags. The call of Blackstone and Kent still tries to lure him from the profession of arms, but it is not until 1893, when he has just completed a year's term as military instructor at the University of Nebraska, that he wins his degree of bachelor of laws. He has put in all his spare time in the study of the law. He will make a good lawyer, for his keen mind is used to reasoning out closely the problems that confront him. But he has spent eleven years in the army, including the four years at the Military academy, and it is hard to break away from long associations. He will remain in the service, for awhile at least, he thinks. His men think well of him, especially the colored troopers of the Tenth cavalry, in command of whom he has acquired the sobriquet of "Black Jack." He has also served as an instructor at the military academy.

In the meantime his belief that the United States will never become involved in another war is in a fair way to be disproved. For a century or more the black cloud of revolt has hung over Cuba and the Philippines, and the severity of the Spanish government in the "Pearl of the Antilles" has evoked protests from the United States. Then come the destruction of the Maine, the fevered debates in congress, the declaration of war, and every regular army officer is burning to get into the scrap in Cuba. Of course "Black Jack" Pershing was one.

It is on the day of El Caney, one of the hottest fights of the short war, that the colonel of the Tenth cavalry turns to his orderly. "Who commands those troopers there on the right?" he asks.

"That's Pershing, sir."

"By Jove, I thought so! He's the man! See him go up that hill! I've been through the civil war and I've seen men under fire many a time, but on my word, he's the bravest and coolest man under fire I ever saw in my life! Washington shall hear of this, sir!"

And Washington did hear of it, to such good effect that Lieutenant Pershing, now major of volunteers, went to the Philippines when that bunch of unruly islands needed cleaning up. In the meantime he had shown his fine administrative abilities as organizer and first chief of the bureau on insular affairs. It was hard work, almost like setting up a new department of the

government, and many a time Pershing could be seen nights in Washington stretching his walks for miles and miles toward the outskirts of the city while he wrestled with the problems that confronted him. But he "made good," as he had done in everything he undertook since his boyhood days.

"I have heard of these new white men who have come to our lands to take the place of the Spaniards," said Datto Bangbang of the Moros to his most intimate friend. "They are better fighters than the Spaniards, it is said. But they cannot prevail against us. Are not our kris and barong sharp enough to cut them up? Have we not the great prophet with us, who promises us everlasting bliss hereafter if we die killing the dogs of unbelievers? Let them come!"

"I have heard of these Moros," said "Black Jack" Pershing. "They're tough customers. But they've got to obey the laws and stop their fighting



HE FIGHTS AND DEFEATS THE SAVAGE MOROS.

### SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF COLUMBIA. Leona Sarah Bacon, Plaintiff, vs. Walter Henry Bacon, Defendant.

To Walter Henry Bacon, GREETINGS: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause within and not later than six weeks after the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will take a decree against you as prayed for in the complaint filed herein, to-wit: for an absolute divorce forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing by and between the plaintiff and defendant herein, and for the restoration of her former maiden name, that of Leona Sarah Allen, and for such other and further relief as may be equitable and meet in the premises, and for her costs and disbursements herein incurred.

The complaint herein is based upon the statutory grounds of desertion, and the order for the publication of summons was made on or about the 25th day of June, 1917, by the Honorable J. A. Eakin, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Columbia County, and in which order it was specified that this summons be published for a period of six consecutive weeks, in the "St. Helens Mist," a newspaper of general circulation in Columbia County, Oregon, first date of publication to be made on the 29th day of June, 1917, and the last publication to be made on the 10th day of August, 1917.

W. W. DEAN & BRADLEY A. EWERS, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Portland, Ore.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR COLUMBIA COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of Andrew Carlson, Deceased. Notice is hereby given, that he undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Andrew Carlson, deceased, by the County Court of Columbia County, State of Oregon, and has duly qualified for said trust. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, duly verified and with proper vouchers, to the administrator at his residence at Warren, Columbia County, State of Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated July 23rd, 1917. ISAAC NORBECK, Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Carlson, Deceased. W. A. HARRIS & G. A. GORE, Attorneys for Administrator. 32-5

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

PANDORA CORONADO GRAND CIGAR 10 Cents BANKERS' HAVANA 3 for 25c You'll enjoy these luxury smokes. ASK YOUR DEALER

TRADE AT HOME Our work and service is as good as you can get in Portland. Let us call for your laundry.

St. Helens Steam Laundry Geo. Watkins, Prop. A HOME INDUSTRY

Str. IRALDA Rates between St. Helens and Portland, 50 cents one way, 75 cents for the round trip. Tickets good until used. Boat leaves St. Helens 7:55 a. m. Returning leaves Portland 2:30 p. m. Arrive at St. Helens 4:45 p. m. C. I. HOOGHKIRK

Rheumatism ANTI-URIC, the famous ROOT and BERRY remedy for RHEUMATISM. Contains no opiates or chemicals, and will not injure the most delicate stomach or digestion. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.50 per outfit. For sale by A. J. DEMING Phone 13 St. Helens, Oregon

H. M. TERRY THE MOTOR TROUBLE MAN Expert Machinist. Bring your auto troubles to me. Marine work a specialty. Shop at St. Helens garage. Phone 57 PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE

Get Away from RENT HABIT

Own your own lot and build your own home.

We have a hundred lots in the most desirable locations in the city.

Prices range from \$75 to \$250. These lots are sold on easy terms; \$10.00 down and \$5.00 to \$10.00 per month.

Columbia County Real Estate Co

L. R. Rutherford, Mgr. St. Helens, Oregon

When You Want Butter Ask your grocer for ST. HELENS BEST He has it.

By Test the Best St. Helens Co-operative Creamery Association St. Helens Oregon

M. HOVEN Steamer RUTH SAFE, SPEEDY SERVICE TOWING, JOBBING Passenger accommodations for 100 Landing at City Dock

Lynch & Muhr HAIR CUTS, SHAVES, SHAMPOOS Everything in the Barber Line done up in Style Our shop is Strictly Clean and Sanitary Come in and See us ST. HELENS

Hotel Barber Shop HEWITT BLDG. H. T. BENNETT, Prop. MOST SANITARY SHOP IN ST. HELENS A REAL SHOE SHINE CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING A Specialty

All Buses Call at Hotel Courteous Treatment STOP AT ORCADIA HOTEL THOS. ISBISTER, Prop. Chicken Dinner Sunday, 35c RATES \$1.00 PER DAY AND UP Special Rates to Regular Boarders

ST. HELENS-PORTLAND AUTO LINE FRANK SHEPARD, Prop. SCHEDULE

Lv. St. Helens, A. M. 7:30 P. M. 1:30 Warren 7:45 1:45 Scappoose 8:00 2:00 Ar. Portland 9:20 2:30 Lv. Portland 10:00 4:00 Ar. St. Helens 11:50 5:50

Saturdays and Sundays Special trip leaving St. Helens 6 p. m. Leave Portland 11 p. m. RELIABLE SERVICE