

Pershing Writes From Heart About "Olden Golden Days" as Young West Point Cadet

"Life Meant So Much to Us Then, Old Boys, Our Souls Filled With Ambition, and the World Bright With Promise." He Wrote to Classmates at Annual Dinner—At Time of Writing He Was Military Governor in the Philippines.

There is another man in Washington who can tell of Jack Pershing, cadet. The man is Maj. Gen. Frank McIntyre, assistant chief of staff. He was a classmate of Jack Pershing—one of the class of '86—and he, too, once roomed with him there, in the days when it was "Mac" and Jack. I talked with General McIntyre in his office in the State, War and Navy building.

Roomed With Pershing.
"Pershing and I roomed together for a short time when we were yearlings," General McIntyre said to me.

"Pershing was older than most of the boys. He was very popular, as shown by the fact he was our choice for class president and has been ever since."
"In West Point he was chosen to be senior corporal, then first sergeant, then senior cadet captain. He stood in about the middle of his class. But he was a military man, and the tactical officers appointed him to those officers, not because of his standing in the class, but because of his military standing and his military bearing. General Wadcutt was Pershing's particular chum."

Later I talked with General Newcomer. He corroborated the story of Jack Pershing's election to the class presidency.

General Pershing's Letter.
Years after his cadet days, at the time of the 25th reunion of his class at West Point and when he was Brigadier General Pershing in command of the Department of Mindanao and governor of Moro province in the Philippine Islands, General Pershing wrote a wonderful letter of those days, a letter rich in reminiscences.

I found the letter, thanks to Sidney F. Cuthbertson, genial clerk of the West Point Hotel, and Arthur Crandler, assistant librarian of the West Point library. It was written by General Pershing in 1911 upon the occasion of the 25th reunion of his class—the class of '86 held in West Point. It is a letter of greeting to the class from him as president of the class.

A Human Document.
A more human document was never indited. One reads it and loves the man who wrote it, the great leader of America's army in France.

The letter follows:
"Headquarters, Department of Mindanao, Zamboanga, Philippine Islands, March 15, 1911.
"To the Class of 1886,
"United States Military Academy,
"West Point, New York.

"Dear Classmates:
"The announcement in the circular sent out by your committee, saying I should write a letter of greeting to be read at the class reunion, imposes upon me a very pleasant obligation. It gives me an opportunity as class president to write you collectively, and to say many things I would like to say if I were writing each individual. Above all, however, I am thus permitted to feel myself a real part of the reunion."

Under Side of World.
"This letter shall be a heartfelt and sincere word of greeting from the opposite side of the world. I shall try to imagine myself among you around the banquet table, or

perhaps again in the old tower room on the first floor, first division, or familiarly even in the 'usual place.' With this greeting I send also a word of explanation for my absence, a few lines of reminiscence and



Pershing (in center) as commandant at the University of Nebraska. Around him are the boys who were captains in 1891 of the university's battalion.

pages of affection and friendship, recorded at random.
"It is unfortunate, indeed, for me that higher authority has concluded that I should not leave my post just at this time. This is a great disappointment to me. There is nothing that could equal the pleasure of meeting once more with old '86—companions of my youth, the friendships for whom is, above all others, the dearest and most lasting."

"Oh, for the Olden Days."
"To be again for a few hours, as in the olden days at West Point, with those who stood shoulder-to-shoulder with me, and I with them, through four years, would be worth great sacrifice. I would gladly go back into the corps (although, of course, it has gone entirely to the dogs since we were cadets) and gladly (in spite of this) go through the whole course from beginning to end to be with you all as we were then."

The Proudest Days.
"Life meant so much to us—probably more than it ever has since—when the soul was filled to the utmost with ambition and the world was full of promise."
"The proudest days of my life, with one exception, have come to me in connection with West Point—days that stand out clear and distinct from all others. The first of these days was the day I won my appointment at Trenton, Mo., in a competitive examination with 17

competitors. An old friend of the family happened to be in Trenton that day, and, passing on the opposite side of the street, called to me and said:
"John, I hear you passed with flying colors."
"In all seriousness, feeling the great importance of my success, I naively replied in a loud voice:
"Yes, I did, feeling assured no one had ever quite passed such a fine examination as I had."
"The next red-letter day was when I was elected president of the class of '86. I didn't know much

the makes (West Point slang for appointment to cadet officer-ranks) were read on graduation day in June, 1885. Little Eddie Gayle (a tactical officer, or 'tac,' as the cadets term them) smiled when I reported five minutes later with a pair of captain's chevrons pinned on my sleeves. (General Pershing had been appointed senior cadet captain.) No honor can ever come equal to that. I look upon it in the very same light today as I did then.
What Memories Arise.
"Some way those days stand out and the recollection of them has al-

ways been to me a great spur and stimulus."
"What memories come rushing forward to be recorded! It was at Colonel Huse's school, now called 'The Rocks,' I believe with splendid old Caleb (Colonel Caleb Huse, principal of the military prep school where General Pershing prepared for West Point) at its head, that several of us got the first idea of what we were really in for. Deshon, Frier, Winn, Andrews, Clayton, Billy Wright, Stevens, Legare (classmates) and the rest of us at Caleb's used to fly-peek page after page of stuff that we forgot completely before plebe camp was over."
"The climax of days came when

about class presidents until the evening of our meeting to effect class organization. To realize that a body of men for whom I had such an affectionate regard should honor me in this way was about all my equilibrium would stand."
"Another important day was when I made a cold max (West Point slang for maximum, or best mark possible) in Phil (philosophy), at June examination, under dear old Pete (Peter Michie, professor of philosophy), with Arthur Murray as instructor. This was the only max I ever made in anything. I fairly floated out of the library and back to the barracks."
"The climax of days came when

is that Cincy's candidate will be Weaver's deadly rival in the big cash classic in the matter of the third basing.
Heinie Groh is the lad—Heinie is the captain of the Reds and Pat Moran says he has all other players tied to a post when it comes to keeping a ball club in good spirits and arousing its fighting instincts when a ball game is hanging in the balance.
Groh Is Wonder.
"Groh is one of the best fellows to have on a ball club that I have ever seen in all of my experience in baseball," said Sir Patrick recently to the writer. "Why, that fellow hasn't got a grouchy bone in his body. He has a lively sense of humor and a ready tongue. He can pull the infield out of the dummies with a sentence and many a time a word from Heinie has changed the attitude of the whole team when we were scrapping for the victory in a tight game."
But the same goes for Weaver. The White Sox third sacker, with twinkling eyes, protruding jaw and a busy tongue keeps up a line of chatter that puts Kid Grayson's

infield on its toes and keeps the players fighting, no matter what the score may be.
Weaver Is Mainstay.
Weaver and Collins of course, are the mainstays of the Sox inner cordon of defense, and as a day in and a day out inspiration to the team because of spectacular playing Weaver has nothing on his famous teammate. But the zip and the ginger that keeps Weaver chattering away at the hot corner, sticking out of his jaw and encouraging his mates is the thing that shows up.
Their Base is Pivot.
In the matter of keeping up the morale of their respective teams Groh and Weaver will stage quite a contest when the Reds stangle with the Sox, but they will also stage a contest around third base that will be interesting to watch, for they are among the very best third basemen in the game. Groh, for instance has no equal in his own league. He is the class of the hot corner sentinels in the national. Weaver has a very worthy rival in Frank Baker of the Yanks, but it is a toss-up between them in every-

thing but hitting, at which Baker has an edge.
The work of these two players has stood out prominently in the success of their respective clubs. Weaver has been playing the best base ball of his career this season. He has been staging a neck and neck race with Eddie Collins for honors in batting and fielding, and has also been doing his share on the bases. Groh is one of the reasons why McGraw sometimes looks backward and regrets deals made in other years, for their isn't any player just like him in the National league. His hitting and fielding has been a revelation to Cincinnati.

"Lowden for President" Club Formed in Kansas
Abilene, Kan., Sept. 20.—The first "Lowden for President" club in the state of Kansas and one of the few outside of Illinois has been formed here. One hundred voters have signed the charter declaring themselves in favor of Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, as their choice for the republican nomination for 1920.

GROH AND WEAVER WILL MAINTAIN CLUBS MORALE

Two Men Are Idols of Fans in Respective Cities—Will Star in World's Series.

By JACK VEITOCK.
International News Service Editor.
New York, Sept. 20.—White Sox bugs will tell you that Buck Weaver will put more pep into the coming world's series than any other player. Not so in Cincinnati. The fans of Redville have a candidate of their own for the title of "original pepper box kid," and the strange part of it

Salvation Army 'Story Teller' Will Be in Omaha This Week

Miss Betsy Blodgett, Who Made Record as War Worker, Now Touring Nebraska.

"Please tell us a story."
Wounded soldiers in ward A of the hospital at Gondrecourt like eager children made this plea each Sunday afternoon when the "Fairy Story Lady" came to visit them.
"Once upon a time a little boy lived on a high hill and—" the story would begin.
Miss Betsy Blodgett of Chicago, the Salvation Army lassie, was the "Fairy Story Lady." Convalescent boys became little-children again and listened attentively to her stories of which there seemed to be no end.
Little did Miss Blodgett think when she was telling fairy stories to children at the playgrounds at Oak Park, she would some day be telling these same stories to grownup lads in faraway France.

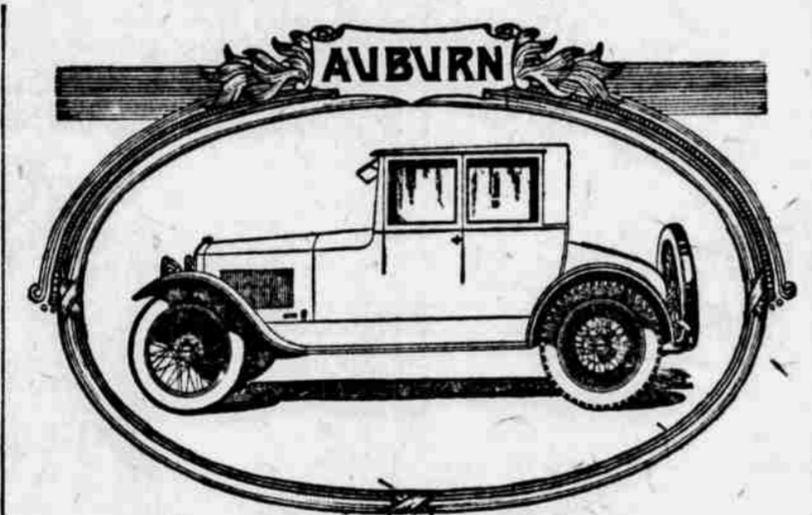
ka talking on her war experiences during the Salvation Army home service drive, and who will be in Omaha this week, could have gone over at a big salary for one of the welfare organizations better financed than the Salvation Army. She was a student at the University of Chicago and was a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, but she wanted to be near and to help the boys at the front and to assist the army lassies in their heroic work.
Eighty-eighth division boys will remember Miss Blodgett. They have eaten "beaucoup" doughnuts and pies she made at the hut in Gondrecourt which she opened.
Illiterate colored boys appealed to Miss Blodgett to write or read letters. Determined they should learn while they were waiting home orders, she opened a night school and her moonlight school was exceedingly popular.
This college girl, who is a famous cook, taught the French how to make delicious ice cream while at Bordcaux.

Washwoman Probably Got \$346 Planted in Stocking
Dayton, O., Sept. 20.—Another "national bank" has failed.
Mrs. Bessie Graver of Akron says she had \$346 all stored away in a silk stocking and that the money is gone. She believes that she threw the stocking "into the dirty clothes" and that it went to the washwoman. At any rate she has asked the recovery of the money. She isn't worried about what became of the "bank."

Thief Hooks Trousers in Open Window, Gets \$80
Rockford, Sept. 19.—With \$80 tucked snugly in his trousers pockets Lee Woodruff slept soundly in a room over his garage. The night was hot and a window in the room stood wide open. Nearby on a chair reposed the pants. Some body adept at fishing and full of unlawful ideas heard Woodruff snore. The person evidently knew there was fruit in the pantaloons, for he secured a stick and, with a bent nail, performed as nice a little

feat of magic in causing the trousers to disappear as Keller himself could have done. Then he removed the aforesaid \$80 and returned the pants to the tuneful melody of Woodruff's nasal vibrations.

Tried to Solve Problem By Stealing a Cook
Dallas, Tex., Sept. 20.—The demands for cooks make upon those who are financially able to employ one, has developed a new species of crime in this city. Stealing cooks is the very latest method adopted in Dallas for solving the servant problem. Elzie Smith was the first one to attempt to steal a cook. He was unsuccessful, and as a result is charged with another offense.
One might recently, so the cook says, Smith crept up from the back porch, made his way into the kitchen, pointed a pistol at her and told her to come with him, where she would do cooking in the future. She screamed and the family ran into the kitchen. Smith went away without the cook and the following day was charged with carrying a pistol. The cook in question is a negress.



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