

STORY OF HIS LIFE EXPLAINS JOHNSON TODAY

(Continued from Page One.)

father, dropped the "t" from his name. He never readopted his proper name even after resuming his wanderings, and his children grew up as Johnsons.

But the clan is now to revert to the old patronym, it appears, for the general's son, Kilbourne, upon entry at West Point, at his father's suggestion, adopted the old name of Johnston, and is so listed now on the army roster.

Samuel Johnson branched out for the pioneer west, went to Fort Scott, Kas., where Hugh was born on Aug. 5, 1881, and later the family moved to Wichita. Still the lawyer felt the urge to be a-moving, and in 1893, shortly after the Democrat, Grover Cleveland, wrested back the presidency from the Republican, Benjamin Harrison, Samuel Johnson angled for an appointment and was made postmaster at the town of Alva, Okla.

To call the Alva of those days a town is ennobling it, for it was a sprawling, ugly frontier settlement, so lacking in supplies that it was necessary to send to Kansas to obtain lumber for the new postoffice over which Lawyer Johnson was to preside.

Taking his wife along to help organize a home, Johnson left young Hugh, then 11 years old, in care of two deacons at Wichita, with the understanding that the boy would be sent for later.

Finally the family homestead had been prepared, and Hugh started out from Wichita with the two deacons in a covered



Pershing of the punitive expedition . . .

and his lawyer, Hugh S. Johnson.

wagon, to travel the hundred odd miles over rough country to Alva. The lad noticed that a large pine box, nailed securely, and almost the size of a coffin, had been loaded into the wagon at Wichita. The deacons had handled it carefully, but told none of the curious folks around what was in it.

When the trail had led them several hours' drive out of the town, one of the deacons, a carpenter, pulled up the horses and, swinging his legs over the seat, dropped into the wagon rear. Hugh turned to watch him, saw him ruffle around in the stuff packed willy-nilly about, and was surprised to see him pick up a hammer and chisel.

The deacon-carpenter cleared off the top of the pine box and plying his tools, he soon laid back the covering planks. Hugh craned his neck a bit and there, neatly mortised and held fast, were three great demijohns.

The churchman unfastened one of the jugs, smacking his lips the while, and, heaving a bit with the weight of it, hoisted it to the seat. Emptying a goodly portion into a couple of cups, the two deacons drank cheerily to their respite from the strait-lacedness of Wichita.

Finally they whipped the horses to a start again, but the jug stayed on the wagon seat and before long the deacons were gloriously drunk.

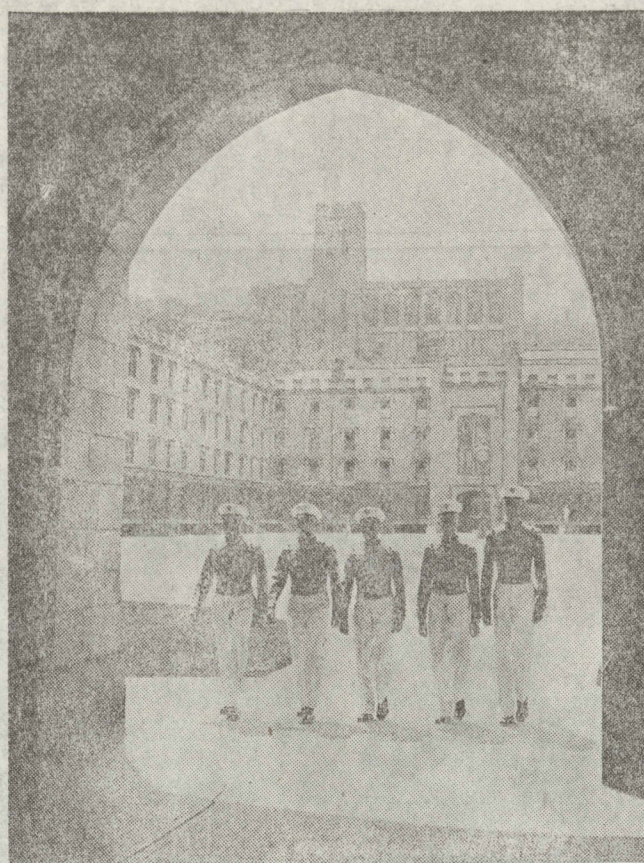
Hugh was a hot tempered lad, even then, and an altercation arose between him and the besotted deacons, which Hugh topped off by running away from the wagon. He found his way to a railroad town and after inquiry, boarded a train bound for Alva.

He hadn't a penny of money, and no ticket. The conductor came by, asked the bedraggled youngster for his fare. "I haven't any ticket, but you can have this," Hugh responded, and held forth a lemon. From another railroad man this might have produced a slap in the face and a booting off the train, but this one laughed and ended up by letting the boy ride free.

He landed in Alva without further incident, days ahead of the deacons, who drove in at length with their wagon barely holding together, and most of the goods they had carried missing. They did have three empty jugs.

It is next recorded that Hugh felt the military urge, and lying about his age—he was then only 15—he enlisted in the Oklahoma national guard.

After he'd had a year of this casual training, the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor and Teddy Roosevelt, organizing his Rough Riders, called for volunteers from the national guard contingents of the states. The Oklahoma company at Alva was given 12 places, but the captain of the



West Point, where Johnson won the doubtful distinction of being the academy's bad boy—the absolute tail end of his class of 93 members.

company, beset by cowardice, wrote out his resignation, laid it on his desk and blew out of town.

He had told no one of the invitation from "T. R.," but the youngsters in the guard, Hugh among them, learned about it and determined among themselves to make their way to the mobilization point at Oklahoma City.

Unbeknownst to his parents, Hugh, then 16, and several other lads flipped a freight train bound for Guthrie. But the elder Johnson learned from lads who had stayed behind where Hugh was going, and when the youth climbed stiffly from the rods of a freight car, at Guthrie, he was collared by his father and hauled back to Alva.

He was taciturn and rebellious over this frustration, but was finally appeased by his father's promise to get him into West Point. The elder Johnson appealed to J. Y. (Eat-a-Mule) Callahan, lame duck Populist congressman from Oklahoma, but the best Callahan would do was to name Hugh as an alternate candidate.

Hugh looked up the regular candidate's application, and discovered he had falsified his age. He went to see the applicant, challenged him on the point, and whatever other artifices Hugh used, the regular candidate did not show up for the examination and Hugh won the appointment.

His days at West Point, beginning Aug. 30, 1899, were turbulent ones. He was the academy's bad boy and his defiance of rules was so flagrant that when the final reckoning was made, and the demerits of all the graduates of the class of '03 were added up, Hugh Johnson's rating in "soldierly deportment and discipline" was at the absolute tail end of his class of 93 members. Cadet Johnson even outpointed a Venezuelan admitted to the college by special act of congress, and the record lists the present taskmaster of American industry at 94th in this art of soldierly deportment and discipline.

His scholastic achievements at West Point were good, bad and indifferent. His "order of general merit" in the class of 93 men was 53d. His standing with his classmates in the various classifications was as follows:

Civil and military engineering.....	32
Law	18
History	24
Ordnance and gunnery.....	34
Drill regulations.....	10
Military efficiency.....	74
Soldierly deportment and discipline.....	94
Practical military engineering.....	85
Conduct first class.....	55
Demerits for year ending May 31, 1903.....	133

His merit in specific subjects, compared with the maximum amount obtainable, is shown herewith:

	Maximum.	Johnson.
Mathematics	400	3.29
English	50	42.13
French	150	131.16
Spanish	85	73.00
Natural and experimental philosophy.....	300	239.17
Chemistry, chemical physics, mineralogy and geology.....	225	176.21
Drill regulations.....	115	93.67
Military efficiency.....	130	102.06
Drawing	125	95.22
Civil and military engineering.....	300	270.02
History	100	95.04
Law	150	145.45
Ordnance and gunnery.....	150	133.14
Practical military engineering.....	45	40.11
Soldierly deportment and discipline.....	20	13.65
Final conduct.....	125	102.18
General merit.....	2,470	2,072.50
Conduct first class.....	125	99.20

Among his classmates was Gen. Douglas MacArthur, now chief of staff of the army, who stood first with a general merit of 2,424.12, and Col. U. S. Grant III, who was sixth in the class with 2,362.55.

After his graduation on June 11, 1903, Johnson became a second lieutenant of cavalry and for sixteen years he stayed in the army.

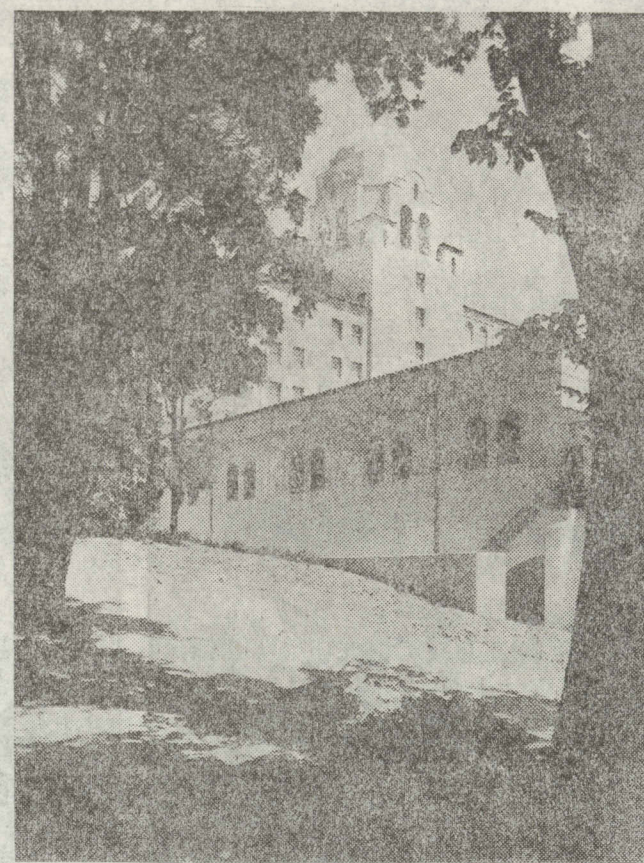
During all that time he never fired a shot in battle, nor did ever a shell deafen his ears, nor a sniper's bullet whistle by. That this was not through the fault of Hugh Johnson seems apparent, as will be told ere long.

The first years of his service with the First cavalry at Fort Clark and Fort Sam Houston, Texas, from Sept. 8, 1903, to May 2, 1906, were uneventful. Then he was dispatched to the shambles of brick and stone and twisted girders that was San Francisco after the fire of 1906, and he served as quartermaster of refugees in a relief camp there.

He was returned to Fort Clark and in November of the same year he was ordered to the Philippines and put in command of a company at Camp Hay, near Baguio, in Luzon. One Saturday night he and another officer, Capt. Robert Knox of the Knox hatters family, rode over to nearby Baguio, which is now the summer resort for the military and governmental aristocracy of the islands, but was then a rough mountain mining town.

The toughest place in town was the bar of the old Pines hotel, and it was there that Captain Knox and Lieutenant Johnson, both in civilian clothes, tarried this Saturday night.

A buck private, a husky six-footer, rummed up to the eyes,



University of California, where he barged through a complete course in law, finishing with honors after 18 months of study.

was breathing trouble. Brandishing a toy revolver fitted with a rubber sack and loaded with rank perfume, he had pulled a certain burlesque with several men in the saloon, while Johnson watched him in the mirror behind the bar.

The soldier went up to one after another.

"Where you from?" he would ask, and, getting an answer, he would say, "What's your name?" When this was likewise answered the soldier would shout: "You're a son of a —! Take a smell of this!" and he would squirt the perfume upon his victim.

Chesty over several such victories, in insolence, he hum-



(Harris & Ewing photo.)
MacArthur, smartest of Johnson's class.

bered up to Johnson, who was leaning quietly with one arm on the bar.

"Where you from?" the buck asked.

"Oklahoma," Johnson murmured.

"What's your name?"

"Johnson," the lieutenant clipped out ominously.

"You're a son—"

But Johnson's right arm had left the bar and his fist caught the soldier squarely on the jaw. The buck fell in a corner, blissfully unconscious, and he knew nothing more until he



Villa, whose pursuer Johnson served as law officer . . .

woke up in a hospital, his jaw shattered in several places.

He suspected it was an officer who had hit him, and at first named Captain Knox, but when the latter was brought to his bedside he said Knox was not the man. Johnson was not suspected.

A year later Johnson encountered the man in Manila, and the soldier, sporting sergeant's chevrons now, recognized him. The soldier had a silver plate in his jaw, and his face was a bit awry, but he held no ill-will.

In many other ways Johnson in the Philippine service showed himself a hard-boiled military taskmaster. His men behind his back called him "Toughy," a nickname, the general is proud of even in this day, for he has bestowed it

in the modified form of "Tuffy" on one of his two pet terriers, the second being named "Tottie." In training cavalrymen 'tis said "Toughy" Johnson forced the rookies to ride bareback for sixty days before he gave any of them the comfort of a saddle.

Leaving the Philippines in January, 1909, still a shavetail lieutenant, Johnson was assigned to be superintendent, first of Yosemite and then of Sequoia National park, and the five years he spent in this duty, seeing that tourists didn't get too chummy with the tame bears and establishing fire lookouts, must have been the dullest of his whole life.

One of Johnson's instructors at West Point, having noted his aptitude for the law and desirous of having lawyers in the army who were army trained, arranged for Johnson and several other West Pointers to be sent at army expense to various law schools in the country. Johnson was enrolled at the University of California on Oct. 4, 1914, and in eighteen months had finished the law course, graduating with honors.

His first major duties in the judge advocate general's office of the army were to serve as law officer for John J. Pershing in what is listed on the war department's records as "a punitive expedition into Mexico," but which was really a ludicrous and wholly unsuccessful game of hide-and-seek with the Mexican bandit Pancho Villa.

On Oct. 1, 1916, Johnson, then a captain, went to Washington and joined the staff of the judge advocate general, Enoch Crowder. It was while Johnson was a veritable neophyte there that the first rough outline of the selective draft law was drawn in December of 1916. Congress was about to adjourn, and, with the nation being pushed inescapably toward entry into the World war, President Wilson wanted authority during the recess of congress to conscript an army of 500,000 men as a preparedness measure.

General Johnson today takes great pride in his part in drawing up part of this act, but there is some diversity of information on the subject.

General Pershing, in his war memoirs as first printed serially in the New York Times, had given credit to the war college for the preparation of details of the draft, but when General Johnson read the account he dispatched a letter to the Times on Feb. 2, 1931, as follows:

"Some time in December, 1916, the President requested the secretary of war to prepare a bill authorizing the raising of an army of 500,000 men during the approaching recess of congress. Twenty-four hours were allotted in which to make the draft.

"The task was allotted by the secretary of war to General



Assigned to the task of bossing Yosemite National park, Johnson failed to impress the bears.

Crowder. The undersigned was then a captain on General Crowder's staff. The request came late in the afternoon, and only four officers were available to do the work.

"General Crowder therefore allotted to these four the task of drafting various components of that bill. There were no studies of the war college or any other war department bureau to guide.

"That evening, after about five minutes' consideration, the undersigned drafted the first section of the selective service law of May 18, 1917, which in its essential words reads, viz.:

"The President is hereby authorized . . . to raise by draft as herein provided . . . an additional force of 500,000 enlisted men," etc.

"Political advisers prevailed on the President not to present this draft at that time, but on the declaration of war it was revised,



and another upon whom Johnson has failed to "crack down," Henry Ford, a stand-out of the National Recovery program.

and, while much of an administrative nature was added, the revision was passed by congress with no substantial change in the effective verbiage just recited.

"Also in March, 1917, General Crowder requested the undersigned to prepare a memorandum outlining a method for executing such a draft as was provided for by the foregoing language of the law. In doing this—which was accomplished in less than a week—the undersigned neither saw nor was informed of any study by the war college or the general staff until close to the end of the preparation of the memorandum called for.

"In those days it was customary in the office of the judge

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(Acme photo.)
Passed completely the execution of the draft . . .



(Associated Press photo.)
his superior officer being the genteel Crowder.