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JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

A STORY

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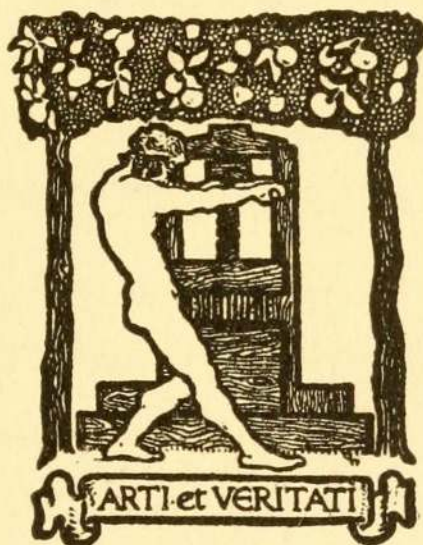
A PLAY

Little Folks' Plays of American Heroes

John Joseph Pershing

A STORY AND A PLAY

RUTH HILL



RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

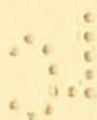
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DEDICATED TO ALL AMERICAN BOYS
WHO INTEND TO GROW UP INTO
DETERMINED AND FEARLESS MEN
LIKE GENERAL PERSHING

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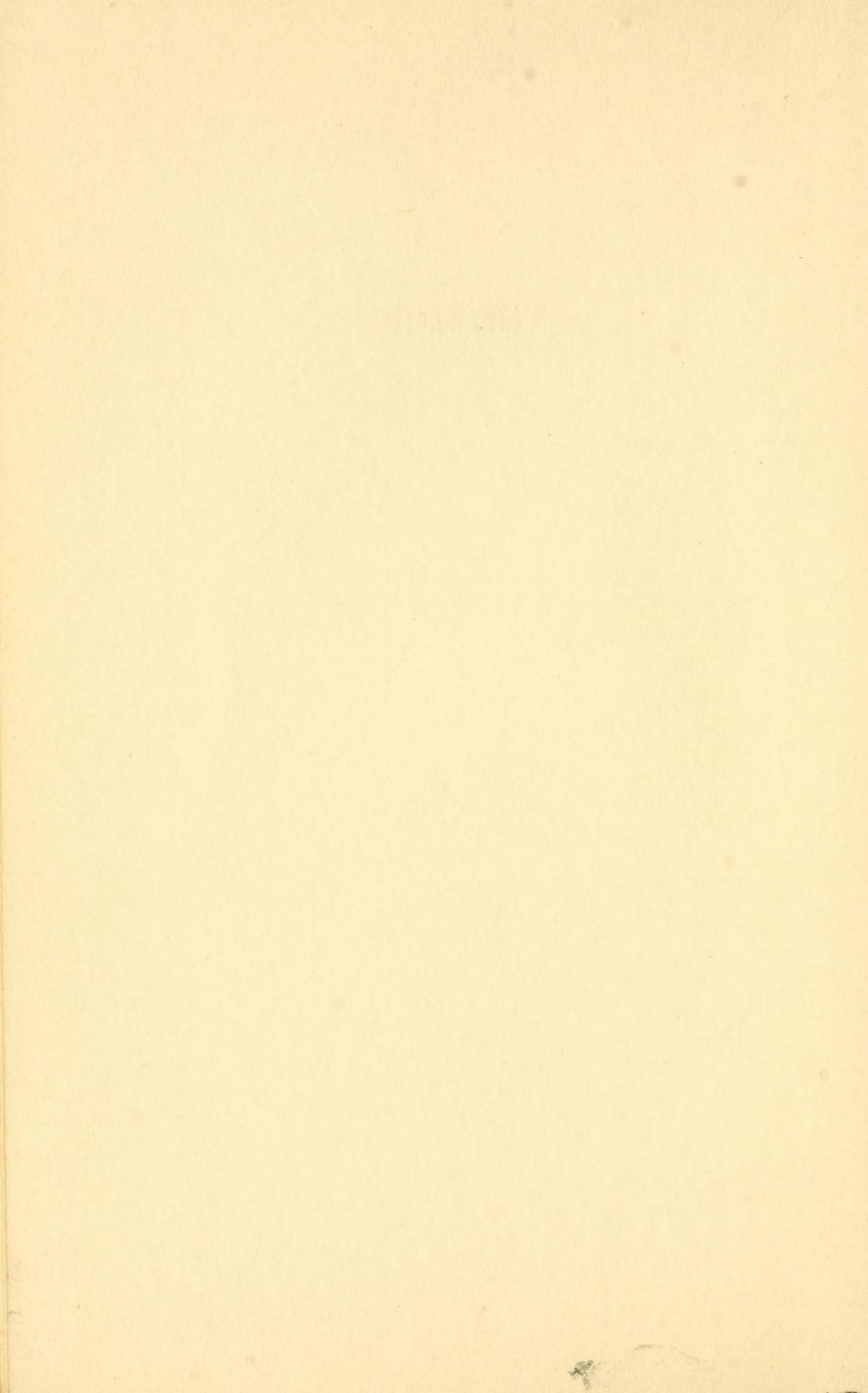
FOREWORD TO HISTORIANS AND OTHER
TRUTH-LOVERS

If facts have been twisted in this little volume, please pardon the distortions.

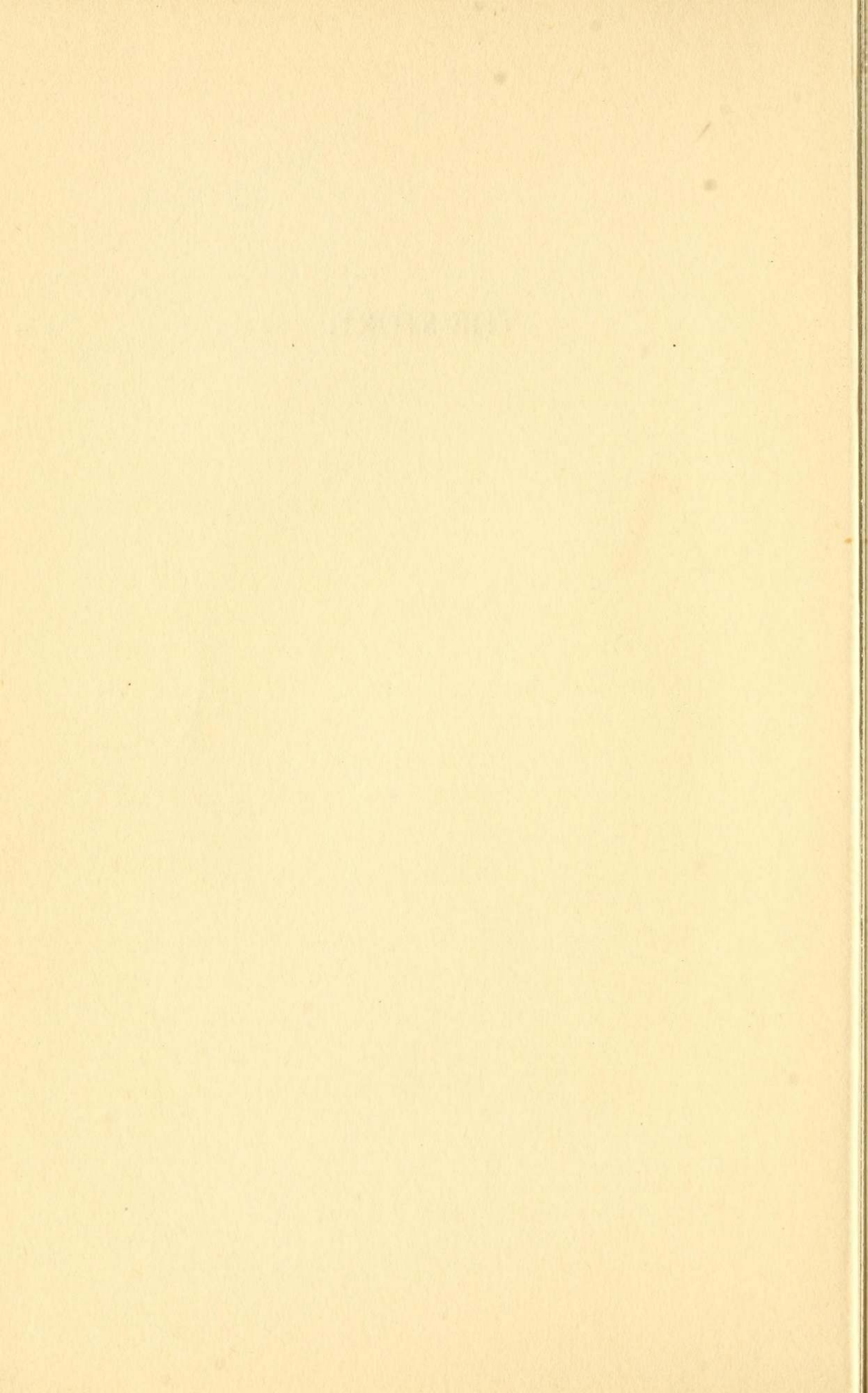
If, however, the book fails in showing the splendid achievement, the unswerving determination, and the perfect courage of General John Joseph Pershing; no pardon should be asked or granted.

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THE STORY.



JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

CONCERNING JOHNNY PERSHING.

ALL of you probably know the fairy tale about the man who could neither shiver nor shake. There are not many people like that. Most of us are afraid of a good many things. Perhaps we are afraid of going upstairs in the dark, or perhaps we are afraid of tramps, or perhaps we are afraid of telling the truth when we know we will be punished for it.

There was once a little boy who was not afraid of any of these things or even worse ones. His name was John Joseph Pershing and he lived out in Laclede, Missouri.

Perhaps you will be surprised to learn that John's great-great-grandfather's last name was *Pfoerschin*. It was only after the Alsatian family came to this country that the name was changed to *Pershing*. Little did they know then that there

would be a man in their family who would lead a great American army over to their old country, Alsace, to free it from Germany.

Johnny Pershing was a tow-headed little fellow with deep blue eyes. Like any other boy, sometimes he was good, and sometimes he was just bad, but not very bad, not really bad at all,—just mischievous. His colored mammy called him “a fightin,’ sturdy little rascal.”

It was lucky for him that he was fighting and that he was sturdy, for the year 1860 in which he was born was just before the Civil War; and Missouri was almost exactly halfway between the North and the South. Slaves were held in the state, and the settlers were divided in their sympathies.

John’s father kept a store, and you can just imagine the wonderful times that the little boy had prowling around the place. Perhaps his father did not enjoy it quite so much. John started straight for the guns every chance he got, so Mr. Pershing had to keep them unloaded. One day when Johnny was four years old, a company of Bushwhackers came to town. Bushwhackers were Confederate soldiers who were not part of the

regular army but would dash down on places where they were least expected and cause a great deal of trouble.

In the store was the only safe in town, and every one kept his valuables there. When Mr. Pershing heard that the Bushwhackers were in town, he locked the safe, took the key, grabbed up John, and started away. As they were going along, they came upon one of the men whom the raiders had shot, so Mr. Pershing helped him along, while John trudged by his side. The little boy did not realize how many, many wounded men he would see in his lifetime; but he acted like a hero even then, wanting to help and trying to help.

The boys where John lived, had a wonderful time, and John played with them all. He did not care whether they were rich or poor, black or white. In winter they played at war with snow forts, and in the summer they played at war without the snow forts. They had wooden sticks for guns, and dish-pans for drums. Johnny's wooden stick was a sword, because he was always the leader, and like all good leaders, he generally won.

One warm Sunday morning, as Johnny and his friends were on the way to Sunday School, they

went by Mr. Margrave's peach orchard. Now Mr. Margrave had the most delicious peaches in town and they never looked so tempting as they did to the boys this morning. They seemed so ripe and sweet and juicy that the boys just started for them. They never tasted them, because Mr. Margrave saw them first.

John's conscience kept reminding him of George Washington. Because John was a boy who was not afraid of anything, even of telling the truth when he had done something wrong, he went and confessed to his father, who was the Sunday School Superintendent.

"Get any peaches, John?"

"No sir, we had to leave too quickly."

"Well, if Mr. Margrave should ever ask you about the affair, look him in the eye and tell the truth. I guess the Lord understands what a temptation an orchard is to a boy, but He will not stand for lying."

One day one of John's friends found him poking around the underbrush with a stick.

"What are you doing?" asked his friend.

"Oh, just killing buzzers," he said.

That may sound harmless to you, but "buzzers" were rattlesnakes.

Of course his friend did not want to be outdone, so he started to kill buzzers too, but he did not have John's knack of doing it. Just as one was all coiled, ready to sting his friend, John saved him just in time by killing the rattlesnake.

John went about his lessons just as successfully as he went about killing snakes. He was not a brilliant pupil but he took his lessons seriously and he studied hard. He went to school to learn, not because he had to go. He was not the sort of boy to show off. No one said, "That boy will make his mark in the world." But they knew all the time that he was the sort of boy that sticks to anything he once takes hold of. Whatever he did, he did with all his might.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER

When John had finished school in Laclede, his father could not afford to send him away for an education. In fact, he was so poor just at this time that John wanted to earn some money to help out.

Ever since Abraham Lincoln had freed the slaves, there had been a negroes' school in Laclede. You will remember, though, that Missouri had been

a slave state, so you can imagine that the man who taught the negro school was not respected. John, however, was not one to let public opinion stop him when he knew he was right. There was a chance to teach in the negro school, and he took it.

Perhaps it was his work here that later helped to make him such a successful officer over negro troops. But we are getting ahead of our story. Anyway, I know he made a good teacher then, don't you?

Mr. Pershing after a while, was earning enough money so that John could afford to go where he had been planning to go right along, the Missouri State Normal School at Kirksville. He intended to become a lawyer and he was determined to get an education.

Here we can see him studying just as hard as he did at the little school house he first went to. He was seldom at the head of his class, but he always got his lessons.

When he graduated, he obtained a position as teacher at a Prairie Mound for forty dollars a month. Here he had his first taste of real discipline.

There was a bully in the school, as there is in

almost every school. Just to show off, he refused to do what Pershing told him to and was punished. The bully boasted that his father would settle with the teacher, and, sure enough, the next morning bright and early, there was the father. The man must have been as much of a bully as his son, for he brought a revolver with him and threatened to use it. Pershing tried to convince the man that he was in the wrong, but it was no use. Then John who was never one to run away from a fight, grabbed the revolver from the bully's father and gave him a far harsher punishment than he had given the man's son. There was no trouble in making the pupils mind after that.

WEST POINT

A very small announcement in the little Laclede weekly paper, was perhaps the most important thing that ever came into the life of John Pershing. The announcement was this:

On July 15, there will be a competitive examination for the appointment of a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point. All honest, strong, God-fearing boys of this district may take part.

J. H. Burroughs, Member of Congress, Second District.

At first it was not the idea of being a soldier that appealed to John. It was the thought that here was the chance for a real education. He did not suppose it likely that the United States would go to war in his lifetime.

His mother, who was everything to him, did not want him to go to West Point at first; but when she thought of what the opportunity meant to him, she consented.

Seventeen other boys went to take the examination, but after a while all dropped behind but John and another boy. Finally, John won first place on a question of grammar.

Winning first place in that contest, however, did not admit him to West Point. He had to take another examination there in September. Here was where his hard study helped him again, and he passed the test.

It is no wonder that West Point turns out such good soldiers. There is plenty of hard work, plenty of hard study, plenty of hard drilling, and in Jack Pershing's day—there was plenty of hardship.

There were good times enough to make up, though. We may know that Jack Pershing was well

liked by his classmates, for they made him president after he had been at West Point only a few months.

We may know that he was a good soldier, because he was made a corporal, then a ranking corporal, then a sergeant, then a ranking sergeant just as soon as he could be. Finally, when he could be made a lieutenant or a captain, he was made first captain, the highest honor that a West Point cadet could earn.

He was earnest, ambitious, energetic, and manly. He was not a brilliant student but he studied hard. As his friends said, "He was solid,—the sort of fellow that you feel you can always depend on."

Just to show how little one ever knows what will happen to him, listen to what Jack told one of his friends when he asked him how he liked West Point.

"The training is a good thing, but as for following it as a life work—why, I don't suppose there'll be another gun fired in a hundred years. I shall go on and finish though, just to get the education."

INDIAN WARFARE

When graduation time came at West Point, all the men were excited to find out what commissions they would get. Every one wanted to be in the calvary, for that was by far the most important branch of the service. What was Jack's pleasure when he learned that he had been given a commission as second lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry. Better than that, the Sixth Cavalry was busy fighting Indians under General Miles!

The West Point Cadets were always given a leave after they graduated, so Lieutenant Pershing did not report at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, until the next fall.

Here was the same sort of country in which later he was to hunt Villa. Much the same problem was before the United States Army, for the Indian Chief, Geronimo, had broken away from the Indian reservation and had hidden with his warriors in the mountains. Orders came from Washington to get Geronimo dead or alive. This was no simple task, for the Apache Indians have been said to be able to run a hundred miles a day. They used every trick of cunning known to their

race, but before Pershing reached New Mexico, Geronimo had surrendered to General Miles. This did not put an end to the trouble, however, for many of the Indians still kept on fighting.

Lieutenant Pershing used to lead scouting parties against them. Scouting in New Mexico was no joke. There were only a few water holes in the deserts. Horses and men would become crazed for drink. Then they would see mirages, or perhaps they would come to a water hole and find that the Indians had thrown in a dead animal to poison the water.

While Lieutenant Pershing was stationed in New Mexico he worked hard and he played hard, but when he had work to do, he did not let play interfere with it.

One day Indians came running to the fort with the news that some cowboys had murdered three Indians. It seems that the white men had been caught stealing the Indians' horses, and in getting away, they killed three red men. At present, the cowboys were in a log cabin surrounded by Indians. Lieutenant Pershing was sent to bring them back to justice at the fort.

When he came to the cabin, he found a hundred

and fifty Indians surrounding it. He told them he had come to bring the white men to justice and that they must not interfere. The Indians knew him for a man of his word, so after talking it over, they gave their promise not to harm the cowboys.

Then Pershing walked up to the cabin, put his shoulder against the door and opened it.

“Boys,” said he, “I’ve come to get you.”

Every one of the men had a gun. They threatened to kill him, but his control was perfect enough so that he did not even have to draw his revolver.

At first they said they would not go back past the Indians without their guns; but when he commanded them to do so, they disarmed, and he drove them safely back to the fort. Later they were tried for murder.

Jack remained in New Mexico for four years. Then he was ordered to the Dakotas in the Sioux Campaign.

A Messiah or Savior had risen up among the Indians who claimed that their own land would be changed to the Happy Hunting Ground; that all dead Indians would return to life and that their favorite wild animals,—horses, buffaloes, elks, deer, and antelopes would arrive in great

droves. The Messiah taught the Indians many mystic ceremonies, among them the ghost dance. They believed that if they did the ghost dance wearing a shirt with a buffalo's head painted on it, that a white man could not kill them. The Indians would dance until they worked themselves into a frenzy. Under this excitement, they were liable to kill the white people.

The Indians on the reservation had not been treated fairly by the white men. The chief, Sitting Bull, roused his people by saying there was no need for them to wait until the Messiah came to save them. They would go out to meet him. So they took to the war path.

The campaign against the Indians began in December and ended January. Every night during the bitter cold Lieutenant Pershing was in a new camp, sometimes in a tent, sometimes in the open. At last, however, the Indians were under control again.

Pershing was given the command of a company of Indian scouts. This was not a position for a coward, because Indians had been known to kill their officers. Our Lieutenant, however, always won the confidence of native troops because of his perfect fairness.

PERSHING, THE MILITARY INSTRUCTOR

The next fall Jack became Military Instructor at the University of Nebraska. Students were obliged to take military drill; and for that reason, it was very unpopular. When their new professor came, they slouched into the office as if becoming soldiers was the last thing they wanted to do.

They found, however, that they had a different type of officer to deal with than they thought. Although Pershing had no way of really enforcing his orders, there was a certain commanding quality in him that made the college man obey his orders.

A wonderful change came over the attitude of the students with regard to their drills, and after three months, we might have seen them at seven o'clock in the morning drilling for two hours at a time, and again at four o'clock in the afternoon there were three more hours of drill. Such good soldiers did they become that they won over a thousand dollars in prize money as well as a prize cup. Instead of the students trying their best to get out of being in the cadet battalions, they now tried their best to get in; and they were so proud

of their uniforms that a good many of the students wore them when they were not at drill.

You will remember that when Jack was a boy he had intended to become a lawyer. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn that he did become one. For while he was instructor at the University of Nebraska, he studied law and was admitted to the bar. Evidently, however, he had changed his mind about not wanting to be a soldier, for he made no effort whatever to practice law.

INDIAN TROUBLE IN MONTANA

From the University, Jack sent this telegram to the Adjutant General:

If my regiment should be ordered for duty on the Northern Pacific or elsewhere, as now seems probable, I desire to be relieved from duty at the University of Nebraska and ordered to join.

He preferred to give up the comforts of city life and endure the hardships of Indian campaigning, which he knew so well, in order to be of value to his country. His regiment was the Tenth Cavalry in which he had been commissioned first lieutenant two years before.

It was not for over a year after he had sent his telegram that he was ordered to join his regiment in Montana.

Some Cree Indians had passed the frontier from Canada and were causing trouble in Montana. After a good deal of effort, the United States Government gained the promise of the Canadian government to take these Indians back if the Americans would deliver them at the border line. You can see that it was not an easy task to collect them. This, however, was the work that was given Lieutenant Pershing. When the Indians heard the news that they were to be sent back to Canada, many of them said they would fight, others fled. In the end, however, they all took to flight. It was very easy for them to hide in the many dry gulleys of Montana. Pershing, however, succeeded in collecting these scattered bands of Crees without any fighting whatever, and safely delivered them to the Canadian authorities.

BACK TO WEST POINT

After this, Pershing had an experience entirely different from anything he had had before. He

was obliged to command men who disliked him. Wherever he had been, he had enforced discipline strictly; yet the men liked him because they knew he was fair. Now, however, he was assigned as tactical officer at West Point. The students always call their tactical officers "Tacs." A Tac was supposed to inspect the rooms of the cadets, see that their rifles were free from dirt and rust, and that their uniforms were in good condition. It was his duty to enforce the discipline of the corps and we may be sure that Pershing did it. It was rather to his credit that the cadets disliked him, for the only kind of tactical officer they would have liked, would have been one that would allow them to do as they pleased. Like most students when they dislike their instructors, they tried to find a disagreeable nickname for him. There was nothing disagreeable about this lieutenant from which they could take an ugly nickname. One bright cadet, however, remembered that Pershing's regiment, the Tenth Cavalry, was negro; and so gave him the name "Black Jack" which has stuck from that time to this. The name did not really apply, for Pershing was a blonde.

THE SPANISH WAR

While Pershing was at West Point, news came that the *Maine* had been sunk. Immediately he sent this letter to headquarters at Washington:

Sir: I have the honor to request that I be relieved from duty at the United States Military Academy and directed to join my regiment now under orders to take the field.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

John J. Pershing,

1st Lieut., 10th Cavalry.

This request was refused. Not satisfied, however, Pershing went directly to the War Department at Washington. He said to the Assistant Secretary of War, "The government trained me to be a soldier, not a teacher, I have been waiting twelve years now for a chance to get some real action. If I cannot go to Cuba as a regular army man, I am going to get into this fight, if I have to go out and join the volunteers." His request was granted and he was ordered to join his regiment at Tampa, Florida. It was some time, however, before the troops were sent to Cuba; but finally the transports sailed.

In Cuba, Pershing was praised by the officers over him for personal gallantry, untiring energy, and faithfulness. One officer said that Jack was the coolest man under fire he ever saw in his life.

There was no opportunity, of course, for mounted cavalry in Cuba; but the cavalry dismounted fought only as the best infantry could fight. Pershing's colored regiment was particularly valuable, for they did not mind the intense heat so much as the white troops did.

You all know how the Rough Riders were charging up the hill near San Juan. There was terrible firing from the block houses at the top. Just as things were at the worst, Pershing came rushing up the hill with the Tenth Cavalry, and the Americans won the day.

Pershing was taken ill shortly after the battle of San Juan and was invalided home. When he recovered, he was ordered to the headquarters of the army at Washington where he proved himself very valuable.

PERSHING IN THE PHILIPPINES

As usual, Pershing was not satisfied to be away from the fighting when there was fighting going

on; so he kept up his efforts, and finally he was ordered to the Philippines. He was sent to the very worst part, inhabited by the savage Moros. They were the wildest of the Philippine races. Since they were Mohammedans, they believed that if they killed a Christian, they would receive a favored place in their paradise. The Spaniards had never been able to conquer them.

Jack was not allowed to be in active service, however, until almost three years later. He was kept busy with government affairs in the principal city. In the meantime, he had been made Captain of the First Cavalry.

Captain John Joseph Pershing like a good soldier never questioned orders and never delayed their execution. When the government ordered that proclamations be sent to the Moros warning them against resistance, he immediately delivered such proclamations. His experience with the Indians, however, helped him in dealing with these savage tribes. In his messages, he addressed every chief as his friend.

All the time he had been in the Philippines, he had been studying the conditions there. He had gone alone into the villages where no white man

ever had been before. No more difficult mission had ever been given him, however, than when he was sent to the worst part of the Moro country. He and his soldiers took the proclamations to the Moro villages. Whole tribes would start to resist, but he would convince the chieftain that he came in friendship, and there was little trouble. In the late summer, there was the most severe earthquake that even the oldest Moros ever could remember. They believed that the Americans had caused the trouble and started to attack the camp. When the offenders were not punished, the natives thought the Americans were cowards, so Pershing was sent on an expedition against them. Although he was only a captain, he had many officers under him. He really had the command of a Brigadier-General.

The country that he passed through was very different from the deserts of New Mexico and the canyons of Arizona. Here in the jungle, the men were obliged to pass through mud sometimes up to their necks. To add to the trouble, cholera broke out among the natives; but in spite of the difficulties in passing through the country, Pershing convinced the Moros that he meant busi-

ness. A great many of the chieftains were friendly to him, and so great was their confidence that they proclaimed him a chieftain of their tribe. This was a great help to him in handling the natives. A good many of them helped him in his expeditions against hostile chiefs.

Four expeditions Pershing led against the Moros. To those who surrendered, he was friendly and fair; to those who disobeyed orders, he was severe. In this way, he convinced the natives of his determination and his fair play.

The worst section of the country was around Lake Lanao. Pershing accomplished what no white man ever had done before. He marched completely around the lake and forced the surrender of all the natives.

No boy was probably ever fonder of his mother than was Jack Pershing of his. The blow that came to him, therefore, as he was about to start on a Moro expedition was a very heavy one. He was informed by an orderly that his mother was dead. This, together with the hardships that he had undergone in his campaigns, brought on an illness, so that the next summer he returned to the United States.

PERSHING'S MARRIAGE

About the same time that Pershing was leaving the Philippines for Washington, Helen Frances Warren, daughter of the United States Senator Warren of Wyoming, left Wellesley College for her home. There were more than six thousand miles between the Philippines and Wellesley, yet these two people were soon to meet in Washington. Of course Frances, like every other American, had read of Pershing's wonderful work in the Philippines. Every one was talking about him.

"Father," she said, "I want to meet Captain Pershing." Strange to say, the very night she arrived in Washington, she met Captain Pershing at dinner. Frances had met her hero. The day after the dance she sat in the Senate gallery and heard President Roosevelt mention Pershing in his message,—the first time a president ever had mentioned an army officer in a message. Roosevelt asked Congress for the right to promote officers by selection, rather than for length of service. He could, with the approval of the senate, make officers generals, but he could not promote a captain to colonel.

Several years later, he got tired of waiting for Congress to allow him to make Pershing colonel, and so promoted him from a captain to a brigadier generalship, the first time that had ever happened. Pershing was jumped over the heads of more than eight hundred officers.

In less than a year after Jack had met Frances Warren, she consented to become his wife. Then all of a sudden, before any one had thought of planning a wedding, Secretary of War Taft appointed Captain Pershing for service in Tokyo.

This would have been a welcome appointment except for the fact that the position was not intended for a married man. Here was a difficulty. It was not the first by any means that Pershing had encountered, so he went to Secretary Taft to talk the matter over with him. Some one evidently had spoken to Taft of the matter, so when Pershing asked whether a married man could have the post at Tokyo, Taft smiled and said that although no married man could be appointed, that the appointment would not be taken away if Pershing married afterwards. That was enough for Jack Pershing. Before the month was over, Frances Warren had become Mrs. Pershing. The next day, the couple started for Japan.

The Russo-Japanese War was going on at this time, so almost as soon as Captain Pershing arrived in Tokyo, he was sent as American observer with the Japanese army. The report that he made to the war department was one of the best of its kind. The Japanese Emperor was so much pleased with the American officer's ability that he gave him a highly-valued decoration.

In the summer of 1908, there was a good deal of trouble in the Balkan States. Pershing was sent by the government to Paris in the interests of the United States in case war should be declared.

BACK TO THE PHILIPPINES

After that, he was sent to the Philippines again, this time as the Governor of the Moro Province. In taking office, he said just as we would expect him to: "I shall act in accordance with my judgment without permitting myself to be swayed by outside influence and I shall do all the work possible for the well-being of the people."

In spite of the difficult tasks here, these days were probably the happiest of his life. Three of his four children that he loved so dearly were born here.

One of the first things he did in subduing the province was to forbid the Moros to carry weapons. This might seem a simple thing to do, but it was far from that. It was as natural for a Moro to carry knives and spears as it is for us to carry purses and watches. As a matter of fact, no self-respecting Moro would think of leaving his house without two or three weapons. Human life meant nothing to a Moro, not even his own life; so that the weapons were not used just as ornaments.

Pershing knew, however, that until he stopped the natives carrying knives and spears he could not bring peace in that part of the Philippines. He personally visited all the chiefs who were his friends, and hundreds of the Moros gave up the weapons. There were hundreds, however, who did not; and campaigns were started against them.

In the fall, six hundred of the very worst Moros collected in the empty crater of a dead volcano, and defied the Americans. The natives had left in such a hurry that they had not taken enough supplies with them. Pershing, instead of attacking them as they expected, scattered his soldiers around the volcano, so that the Moros could not get any supplies. He said he would get them out if it took

ten years. But on Christmas Day, all the Moros who were left—about four hundred—marched down the volcano and surrendered.

This had a far greater effect on the natives than as if they had been conquered in battle. They thought they would gain eternal happiness if they were killed while bravely fighting their enemies, but to surrender was the greatest disgrace they could possibly undergo. This, however, was what Pershing had forced them to do.

This victory had great influence in the Philippines, so that in less than two years Pershing had brought about peace in the Moro province. This was a wonderful accomplishment, for no tribe ever liked fighting as the Moros liked it. It was now possible to withdraw troops from the Philippines.

PERSHING IN MEXICO

When Brigadier-General Pershing returned from the Philippines, there was more trouble waiting for him. The conditions in Mexico were so bad that an American citizen could not be safe there. General Huerta had killed the President of Mexico and declared himself ruler in his place. Gen-

eral Carranza and General Villa were opposed to him.

The United States did not interfere in spite of the trouble that Mexico was causing her. Haven't you ever seen a great big dog refuse to pay attention to a very little dog who is annoying him? After a while, however, if the little dog keeps up his bad manners, the big dog is very likely to punish him. At last Huerta insulted the American flag, and troops were sent to the border immediately. As soon as Pershing arrived there, he inspected his forces, and said, "I am ready to take the field on five minutes' notice."

It was not for some time, however, that he was to invade Mexico. It was his duty to see that no arms or munitions went across the border.

Finally Huerta was deposed, but Carranza stepped into his place. Then he declared his former ally, Villa, a bandit.

It was at this time that General Pershing received a telephone call at headquarters. The operator asked if he should read a telegram which had just arrived. This was what he read:

Wife and three children suffocated in fire. Warren in serious condition.

Pershing had been expecting his family to join him and had prepared a house for them. They would have been there before that day, if Mrs. Pershing had not waited over to go to a reunion of her Wellesley class held in San Francisco.

No man ever cared more for his wife and children than did John Joseph Pershing. Heart-broken, he took the first train to San Francisco where he found that Warren, his son, was alive. He was the only one left of the family he loved so well.

In a card that he sent to a friend who had written him at this time, he said: "It was fine of you and other Laclede friends to remember me at a time when it takes more than mortal courage to continue."

Many men would have given up at this time, but not General Pershing. He was no coward even when it came to sorrow. With a heavy heart he returned to his duties at the border.

Villa, becoming more daring than ever, had dashed across the border, raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico, killed many of the inhabitants, and had returned to Mexico before the American troops could reach Columbus.

Pershing was placed in command of the troops sent to capture Villa. He was familiar with this country, for he had ridden through it during the Indian wars.

One by one, Villa's men deserted him. Because of Pershing's watchfulness, while stationed at the border, Villa had not been able to get enough guns for his men. He with the few followers who were left him, succeeded in hiding in the mountains of Mexico, so that he was not captured.

The real purpose of an American army in Mexico had been accomplished, for there was peace and safety for Americans on the border.

Better than that, the militia of the country had received training that was to be priceless to them in the war that was to come.

Pershing had been made a major-general, the youngest of his rank in the country. When General Funston died, he was placed in supreme command of the forces in Mexico and on the border. When he came back, he brought with him the finest trained body of soldiers that this country ever had seen.

THE WAR WITH GERMANY

In the spring of 1917, Pershing was called to Washington. When he reported, he was informed that he was to be Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force in France. This was the highest honor that the United States could confer upon a military man. Step by step, Pershing had won it, by steadily and successfully doing everything that had been given him to do, from the time he was a small boy working at lessons, all through the different commands he had been given in the army.

You all know how quietly he slipped out of New York Harbor one May Day in 1917 and how he arrived safely in England and then in France. You all know how the people of Europe hailed him as the man who was to deliver them from German conquest. Listen to his words when he arrived in France:

America has entered the war with the intention of doing her share, no matter how great or how small that share may be. Our Allies can depend upon that. From the present moment our aims are the same.

You have read, no doubt, of his visit to the tomb of Lafayette and of how he said, thinking

of France's aid to us in the time of the Revolution, "Lafayette, we have come."

Pershing had come just when France needed her most. For years she had been fighting the Hun. Not content with killing French soldiers, the Germans had killed French babies by dropping bombs from aeroplanes. Later, she set up a horrible gun that could shoot right into Paris from a long distance away. It was no wonder that France hailed Pershing as her savior. He was not one to disappoint her.

Many were the tasks that had confronted him, but never so mighty a one as this. Not only must America send troops over three thousand miles through waters in which lurked German submarines; but she must send food and supplies as well. Food was terribly scarce in Europe. At Pershing's request, the food of the United States was looked after in order that none might be wasted and our army fed.

Not only must troops and supplies be sent across the ocean, but Pershing had to build railroads to carry them when they got to France.

In three weeks after he had landed, he had prepared a great base camp for the American sol-

diers. He then wired the War Department that everything was ready for the troops.

You know how they were sent and how they escaped the submarines.

General Pershing knew it was not enough for the Americans to be soldiers, they must be men as well. Never were the morals of an army so strictly guarded. Never was there a cleaner, more splendid body of men than those under his command. They behaved as gentlemen and as Americans. Germans might have told you they behaved as wild cats.

In the fall, Congress made Pershing a general. Before this, Washington, Grant, and Sherman had been the only American generals. General Pershing felt that some of our forces had received enough training, so under French command they were placed in the front line trenches.

In the spring, the Germans began another of their terrible drives. By sacrificing countless numbers of their men for thirty miles they advanced, nothing seemed to stop them.

Then General Pershing went to General Foch, in command of the French army, and said, "There is at this time no other question than that of fight-

ing. Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that we have, are yours to dispose of as you will. I have come to say that the American people would be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history." He knew how Americans could fight even without all the training they were expected to have.

France accepted the offer and gave the Americans a place in the battle line.

No doubt Pershing was the man who had most to do in getting the Allies to unite under one head,—General Foch. This was a wonderful help in beating the Germans.

No American girl or boy needs to be told that the Americans were conquerors from the time they took up the battle line against the Germans, until Germany sued for peace. In six hours they re-took as much land as the Germans had spent six days in capturing. They were the first to invade a German city.

As General Pershing said:

Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, whether attacking machine gun nests or performing the drudgery of the rear or supplying the front line, each man has done his duty. And he has felt that he had behind him the support of the whole country. By his courage, indomitable will, splendid or-

ganization, and tenacity, the American soldier has turned impending defeat into overwhelming victory. I drink to the American soldier, than whom there is no better in the world to-day. Long live the American soldier!

And long live the greatest of all our American soldiers, General John Joseph Pershing!

THE PLAY

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING
A PLAY

ACT I

SCENE I

Scene—Outside Laclede, Missouri, the ground is covered with underbrush. Johnny is poking into it with a stick. Enter his friend, Lee.

LEE—Hello, Johnny, what are you doing?

JOHNNY—Oh nothing much, just killing buzzers.

LEE—You don't mean to tell me you're standing there in your bare feet, killing rattlesnakes! Why, one is liable to kill you any minute!

JOHNNY—Sure I am. But you can just bet if another one shows up here, it isn't going to kill me! I'm going to kill it! It's easy enough.

LEE—It is not easy; you're just bragging.

JOHNNY—If you weren't a friend of mine, I'd knock you down for saying that. Anyway, you'd better take it back.

LEE—Oh, I didn't mean anything, Johnny! I

know you never brag. Honest, I didn't think when I said it.

JOHNNY—That's all right, Lee, I shouldn't have got mad so easily, but you see there is nothing I hate so much as a bragger. Anyway, I never do anything worth bragging about.

LEE—Well, I should say you do a lot of things you could brag about, if you were that kind of a boy. Why, if I had killed as many buzzers as you have, I'd spend all the rest of my time talking about it.

JOHNNY—No, Lee, it's better spending the time killing more buzzers. Words don't make much difference.

LEE—That's right, they don't. But is it really easy to kill buzzers? I'd like to kill one.

JOHNNY—Of course it's easy. Didn't I tell you it was? Come on, quick. I see one now, and if you hurry, I'll let you kill it!

LEE—My, isn't that a big one! Oh, I am going to skin it, after I've killed it.

JOHNNY—Hurry! Don't let him coil, or he'll sting you.

LEE—Oh, John! He's coiled! What'll I do?
(Johnny kills the snake.)

JOHNNY—There, he's out of the way. You better keep away from buzzers until you can kill fast.

SCENE II

Scene—The porch of one of the negro homes in Laclede. It is evening. Rastus Johnson, his wife, and little Rastus are seated on the porch.

RASTUS—I know that when President Lincoln done make us free, he didn't want us to be treated like slaves no moah.

MRS. JOHNSON—He certainly did not, but Lordy! most of us is treated worse'n slaves here in Laclede.

RASTUS—I sure am glad the gov'nment makes them keep a school for colored folks' chil'ren. Little Rastus can learn a heap o' things his father never had no chance to learn, can't you, Rastus?

LITTLE RASTUS—I sure can, Pa. But you shouldn't say "never had no chance," it ain't grammatical.

RASTUS—Perhaps it ain't, but I just reckon your teacher, Mister Pershing, wouldn't thank

you none for correcting your poor old father that never had any chance whatsoever.

LITTLE RASTUS—That's right, Pa. He done told us we couldn't be good enough to our fathers and mothers, no matter how hard we tried.

RASTUS—I knew John Pershing wouldn't put no silly notions into your head. I've known him ever since he was a boy. It didn't seem to make no difference to him whether a boy was rich or poor, black or white. He done play with them all. But if they was crooked, Lawsy! He wouldn't have nothing to do with them, anyhow.

MRS. JOHNSON—Some of the white trash around heah make me plum disgusted. I heard two gals talking in the postoffice t'other day. One said, "Oh, have you heard the news?" T'other one said, "No, what?" Then the first one said, "Why, John Pershing is teaching the nigger school and of course we can't have anything more to do with him."

RASTUS (chuckling)—I reckon that won't bother him none.

SCENE III.

The Pershing home at Laclede. Mrs. Pershing is seated, mending. John comes rushing in.

JOHN—Hurrah, Mother, I've won! I've won! (Mrs. Pershing, getting up, puts both her hands on his shoulders.)

MRS. PERSHING—Oh, my dear boy, I am so glad and so proud! But I knew all the time you would win.

JOHN—I think that was what made me win. I just simply couldn't disappoint you.

MRS. PERSHING—Isn't it queer? I didn't want you to go to West Point at all at first. I couldn't bear to think of your being a soldier, Johnny. To think of your being cold and hungry and lonely in some place far away where I couldn't help you at all. Then if you should be wounded, or even killed! (Hiding her face in her hands.) Oh, Johnny, I know I couldn't stand it. You know how dear you are to me!

JOHN—Don't worry, Mother! I don't intend to be a soldier. Probably there won't be another war while I am alive. I wouldn't be much use as

a soldier if there weren't a war, now would I, Mother?

MOTHER—Well, if you were a soldier, I should certainly pray that there would never be any war.

JOHN—Then I certainly won't be a soldier, because I know you are so good that all your prayers are answered. No, I think I'll be a lawyer. He can fight even in times of peace, can't he, Mother?

MOTHER—Oh, John, how you do carry on! But think of the wonderful education you will get at West Point!—the education you have always wanted, even when you were only a little fellow.

JOHN—Yes, Mother, that is what I am going for. And think of their wonderful motto, "Duty, Honor, Country!"

ACT II

SCENE I

*A cabin in New Mexico surrounded by Indians.
Enter Lieutenant Pershing with United States
soldiers.*

PERSHING (speaking to Indians)—Friends, I have come to get the men in that hut.

INDIANS (speaking all at once in their excitement)—They kill our men! They steal our horses!

PERSHING—Yes, I know they have stolen your horses and killed your men. That is why I have come to take them back for trial at fort.

FIRST INDIAN—What mean trial?

PERSHING—I mean by trial, we find out whether or not they have stolen the horses and killed the men.

INDIANS (together)—Ugh! No need trial. We know they steal and kill.

PERSHING—All right, then; you can come to

the trial and tell what you know. Then we will punish the white men who killed the Indians.

FIRST INDIAN—You no tell lies like some white men?

PERSHING—No, I never tell lies. Do I, my friends?

INDIANS (together)—He no lie. He do what he say.

PERSHING—Yes, I always intend to do what I say, just as good Indians do. Now will you promise not to hurt the white men when I take them from the cabin to the fort?

FIRST INDIAN—Kill them here! No need trial!

PERSHING—No, I will not bring out the white men until you promise not to harm them. Do you all promise?

INDIANS—Very well, we know you keep your word. (Walks up to the cabin door, puts his shoulder against it, and opens it.)

SCENE II.

Interior of the cabin. Cowboys seated around a table, playing cards. Enter Second Lieutenant Pershing. The men drop their cards in their surprise.

PERSHING—Boys, I've come to get you!

COWBOYS—Not by a long shot!

FIRST COWBOY—Perhaps you think we haven't guns. But we have. What's more, we intend to use them!

SECOND COWBOY—That's right! Ask the Indians out there if we don't know how to shoot straight, too!

PERSHING—I didn't come to hear how well you can shoot or to see how well you can shoot. I came to get you.

FIRST COWBOY—Well, you'll have a pretty tough time trying to get me, I'll tell you right now. You better run back to the fort before things get too rough for you here.

PERSHING—I don't want to hear any more nonsense. You come along, and be quick about it! (Cowboys start to aim guns at him.) Put down those guns! Do you want my men and all those Indians both after you at once? (Men put down guns.)

SECOND COWBOY—Well, perhaps there is something in what he says. What do you think, boys?

FIRST COWBOY—I suppose we're in a hole and we might as well let him get us out of it.

We'll have our guns along in case the Indians get gay.

PERSHING—Pass those guns over to me. I'll look after them.

FIRST COWBOY—Can you beat that? What do you think those there Indians are, Angels of Mercy?

PERSHING—You heard me tell you to surrender those guns. Be quick about it. I haven't any time to waste.

SECOND COWBOY—Do you promise not to let the Indians kill us?

FIRST COWBOY—Does he promise a fox won't touch a goose when one runs past him?

PERSHING—No more insolence! Pass over the guns! (Cowboys sulkily surrender their weapons.)

SCENE III.

Office of the Assistant Secretary of War. First Lieutenant Pershing and his friend, also a first lieutenant, seated on a couch.

PERSHING—Yes, I wrote to the general and asked him to relieve me of my duties at West

Point, so I could get into this fight, but he refused. That is why I came here.

FRIEND—I can tell you now, there's no use in wasting time hanging around to see the Assistant Secretary of War. He won't do a thing for you. I tried to get him to send me away from Washington, so I could get to Cuba. But he wouldn't. You see, I'm still here, and I'll probably be here until the trouble is all over. I don't suppose I'd get a chance to fight if a hundred *Maines* were blown up.

PERSHING—I've made up my mind to get into active service and I'm going to do it some way.

FRIEND—Well, I wish you luck, but I'm afraid it can't be done. Good-bye and good luck!

PERSHING—Thank you, and good-bye!

(Exit Friend.)

(Enter Assistant Secretary of War. Pershing salutes.)

SECRETARY—Good morning, Lieutenant, what can I do for you?

PERSHING—What can you do for any American lieutenant who is stationed at West Point just now?

SECRETARY—Well, what?

PERSHING—Why, give him a chance to fight, of course.

SECRETARY—That is impossible. You men are needed at West Point more than ever.

PERSHING—The government trained me to be a soldier, not a teacher. I've been waiting twelve years for a chance to get some real action. If I can't go to Cuba as a regular army officer, I shall resign. I'm going to get into this fight if I have to go out and join the volunteers.

SECRETARY—Bravo, my boy! I'll see that you have a chance to go with the regulars.

ACT III

SCENE I

*Camp Vicars, Moro Province, Philippines.
(Captain Pershing standing in his tent. Enter old
Moro Chief.)*

PERSHING—Welcome, my friend. I am indeed glad to see you in the camp of your friends.

MORO—I glad to see you. I thank my friend for medicine he send when all tribe very sick with what you call cholera.

PERSHING—We want to help Moros all we can. We are their friends. We never want to quarrel with our friends. Only when they do wrong do we fight them.

MORO—That is true. I know you always keep word to Moro friends.

PERSHING—Yes, and I always will keep my promises to you. But why do you not want me to visit your fort? I am glad to have you come here.

MORO—I glad to see you. But my people, my people, very fierce!

PERSHING—Surely your people will be glad to see their friends. Haven't we built good roads for them?

MORO—Yes, but the Moro, he love Jungle better than roads. Jungle better to fight in.

PERSHING—But your people don't want to spend all their time fighting. Isn't peace better?

MORO—What is peace?

PERSHING—Peace is when there is no war, when all people live in love together.

MORO—Ugh! That is life for women! Moros are brave men! Moros kill enemies!

PERSHING—Yes, but what if enemies kill Moros?

MORO—Then Moros, if they die bravely, go to Heaven and be happy always.

PERSHING—But we are not your enemies, we are your friends.

MORO—Yes, yes. You, my friend, my friend always. You do not steal from my people, like white men here before, what you call Spaniards. When you want food, you give much money to my people for it.

PERSHING—Of course we pay for what we get. All honest men do that.

MORO—Yes, and when there is work to do, you no beat Moros to get it done. You give him more money.

PERSHING—Of course, Americans do not hurt their friends, the Moros.

MORO—Americans our friends.

PERSHING—Now that you have visited me, your friend, here, when shall I visit you at your fort?

MORO—Oh, I glad to see you any time, but my people so great fighters, they might hurt you.

PERSHING—That is no sort of friendship if I cannot come to see you. Since you are my friend, I shall come to see you.

MORO—Oh, my friend, you are a brave man! Come, my people will not harm you!

SCENE II

Pershing's tent. Early morning. Enter Orderly. Salutes and hands Captain Pershing a telegram. Pershing opens it. His hand trembles as he reads it.

ORDERLY (Saluting)—Beg Pardon, Captain, may I speak?

PERSHING—Yes, Jim, don't I remember when we were boys together in Laclede? Jim, you remember my dear mother? The telegram says she is dead!

ORDERLY—Oh, Captain! There is nothing I can say. *Sorry* is too small a word.

PERSHING—Poor mother! And I wasn't there at all to help her at the last! She knew how it would be when she didn't want me to be a soldier!

ORDERLY—You should spare yourself, now. You must not go out through the jungles among those terrible Moros. Just now you would be in just the right condition to catch the cholera.

PERSHING—Nothing must interfere with the duty of a soldier. I shall start against the Moros to-day. I remember how I was talking with my mother before I went to West Point and we spoke of its fine motto "Duty, Honor, Country." I will be true to that motto and to my mother.

SCENE III.

A Parlor Car in which are seated Senator Warren of Wyoming and his daughter Frances, later

Pershing's wife. Frances Warren is reading a newspaper.

FRANCES (Putting down her paper)—Oh, Father, I have just been reading about the most wonderful man I ever heard of!

SENATOR—Well, well, well, and of course a girl who has just graduated from college must know all about everything!

FRANCES—Well, a girl who is just out of college knows a real hero when she sees one!

SENATOR—Don't tell me you have seen a real hero!

FRANCES—No, I haven't seen him yet, but I'm going to see him the very first chance I get!

SENATOR—Don't you think you might at least tell your father who the man is?

FRANCES—Can't you even guess? Why, the paper is full of him, and all the girls at college are simply wild about the things he has been doing.

SENATOR—Don't keep me in suspense another minute! I simply can't stand the strain.

FRANCES—Why, of course you are only fooling. You know I am talking about Captain Pershing.

SENATOR—Well, Frances, I see you didn't

lose all your brains at college. You picked a real man that time!

FRANCES—It doesn't take much ability to pick a man that the whole country calls a hero.

SENATOR—And the country is right, too. No man ever did a harder task than Captain Pershing when he marched around Lake Lanao. Those Moros are the worst savages a man ever tackled. He had to go through jungles that most men never could pass. Worse than that, the natives were suffering from cholera that he and his men would have caught if he had not taken every possible precaution. Yes, Frances, he is a real hero if ever there was one.

SCENE IV

Pershing's camp near the extinct volcano in the Philippines in which the Moros are awaiting the Americans' attack. Time, Christmas Day, 1911. Pershing is seated at dinner with his officers.

PERSHING—There is no telling how much longer those Moros will stay in that volcano, but I'll get them out of there, if it takes ten years.

FIRST CAPTAIN—Wouldn't I just like a chance to get at them!



PERSHING—You wouldn't like a chance to get at them nearly so well as they would like to get at you!

SECOND CAPTAIN—Didn't those fellows that dashed out of there the other night put up an awful fight before we killed them!

FIRST CAPTAIN—Why, shouldn't they fight and be killed? That is their shortest route to Heaven.

PERSHING—Yes, they would like nothing better than to have us attack them, so they could kill many of our men. They wouldn't much care if we did kill most of them. They would be thinking of the joys of their future life.

SECOND CAPTAIN—But won't we have to attack them some time?

PERSHING—What do the army regulations say about questioning a superior officer?

SECOND CAPTAIN—I beg pardon, General, I didn't think.

PERSHING—I know you didn't. I was only joking. No, I don't think we will ever attack them. They are getting no more supplies. They will have to starve or come out, one or the other.

(Silence on the part of the officers.)

PERSHING—I know you are too polite to say you don't believe a Moro will ever surrender. But a Moro has just as much of an appetite as any one else, and when their food is gone, out they will have to come.

(Enter soldier in great excitement. Catches his breath as he salutes.)

PERSHING (Saluting)—What is your message?

SOLDIER—General, the Moros——

PERSHING—Yes?

SOLDIER—They are marching down the mountain with a flag of truce.

PERSHING—How is that for a Christmas present?

ACT IV,

SCENE I

General Funston seated in his Quarters on the Mexican border. Enter General Pershing. Both salute. General Funston walks up to General Pershing and places his hands on Pershing's shoulders.

FUNSTON—Jack, old man, my heart bleeds for you.

PERSHING—Thank you, General.

FUNSTON—I always knew you were brave, Jack. But in all your life, you never had such need of courage as now.

PERSHING—I need more than mortal courage.

FUNSTON—You *have* more than mortal courage, Jack.

PERSHING—I did not suppose it was possible for a man to suffer so much and still live.

FUNSTON—It would be hard to kill so stout a heart as yours.

PERSHING—No man could hope always to be so happy as I was with my family. They were all the world to me! If it could only have been I to suffer in that horrible fire, and not they!

FUNSTON—How is Warren?

PERSHING—Warren will recover. He must grow up to be a whole family to his father.

FUNSTON—He must grow up to be a man like his father and the whole nation will be proud of him!

PERSHING—God grant that he be a greater and a happier man than his father!

FUNSTON—I hope he may be a happier man, but I do not wish him to be a greater one! Jack, I have some work for you. Do you feel able to do it?

PERSHING—If my country needs me, I am always at her service.

FUNSTON—Your country does have need of you! Villa and his men have raided Columbus and killed American citizens. You are to avenge them. Get Villa dead or alive!

PERSHING—I will start immediately, and

will see to it that Villa kills no more women and children. My wife and daughters are forever lost, but I will save those of others. I have my country to live and work for!

ACT V.

SCENE I

The pier at Boulogne. Crowds of Frenchmen. The French General Dumas and his men are lined up to greet the Americans. Behind them are several German prisoners.

FRENCH CROWD—Long live the Americans! Long live the great General Pershing!

FIRST GERMAN PRISONER—(Speaking to his comrades). These Frenchmen lie. No Americans could come to France. The mighty submarines of the Fatherland would sink them!

(General Pershing and his staff walk down the gang-plank from the ship. The crowd cheers and the soldiers salute.)

SECOND GERMAN PRISONER—(To his comrades). Our officers have lied to us. General Pershing has come. God punish America!

GENERAL DUMAS (Greeting Pershing)—I salute the United States of America, which has now become united to the United States of Europe.

PERSHING (Saluting)—This reception is of great significance. It makes us realize to the fullest the importance of American participation. America has entered the war with the intention of doing her share, no matter how great or how small that share may be. Our Allies can depend upon that. From the present moment our aims are the same.

SCENE II

General Foch, commander of the French Army, seated at his desk in his headquarters somewhere in France. Enter General Pershing. Both Generals salute.

FOCH—Welcome, General Pershing! Our quarters are honored by your presence!

PERSHING—It is a pleasure to greet our ally who is making so brave a stand against our common enemy, the Germans.

FOCH—Their attack is heavier than ever this time. They are sacrificing hundreds of thousands

of men for their advance. Nothing seems to stop them!

PERSHING—General Foch, our men have been in training ever since they came across. Some of them have fought in the front line trenches.

FOCH—And they have fought like heroes!

PERSHING—They have only fought like Americans!

FOCH—Wait until the American army is in the trenches, and the Hun will have to stop!

PERSHING—Why should not the American army be in the trenches now? I know they could beat the Germans without more training!

FOCH—Oh, General, your nation is more than generous!

PERSHING—There is at this time no other question than that of fighting. Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that we have, are yours to dispose of as you will. I have come to say that the American people would be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history.

SCENE III

General Pershing's headquarters Christmas morning, 1918. General Pershing is seated in an

arm chair with one of the regulation boxes provided for the soldiers' Christmas presents. Enter an old servant.

SERVANT—I beg pardon, General, I came to tidy the room. I thought it was empty.

PERSHING—Come in and see what my little son has sent me for Christmas. You see our country has had to send so many things across the ocean that every soldier could have only one Christmas box, just this size. See? (Holding it up). This is the one that my little boy sent to his soldier daddy.

SERVANT—Ah, General, have you but one child?

PERSHING—Yes, only one now. Once I had four and they had the loveliest mother that children ever knew.

SERVANT—Oh, General, I did not know! I am so sorry!

PERSHING—The story's too sad a one to tell on Christmas. Come, let us see what Warren has sent his father. (Unwraps box, servant watches.) Well, if here aren't some silk socks! He must think his father is a dandy! Some hand-

kerchiefs, a knife, some chocolate and some candied fruit. Take some, I know Warren would like to know that a loyal Frenchman had shared his father's Christmas box!

SERVANT—Oh, General, you do me too much honor!

PERSHING—And here is his card "Daddy, from Warren." That is a present!

SERVANT—Ah, but what Christmas present did his father give? Peace to the whole world!



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