THE MAN WHO COMMANDED HIMSELF AND FOUR MILLION.

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sequence assumed command of the entire force. He advised extreme caution, and the result was that two days were wasted before a report on the situation could be rendered to General Pershing and by him relayed to Washington. Meanwhile the wounded Villa got through the mountain pass into the State of Durango and thence to the fastness of his native hills.

In spite of the fact that by professed allegiance the 700 well-armed assailants of the 150 cavalrymen of Tompkins' column appeared to be Villistas, the senior American commander on the scene indicated that they were Carranza troops, for such they were listed in intelligence reports. Pershing had no recourse but to relay the report direct to the War Department. It was when he heard the complete story of what had occurred coincident with the Washington reply that further pursuit of Villa be abandoned that Pershing became visibly annoyed. In that hour he was cavalryman all over, in language as well as demeanor. He was just r'arin' to go.

By the time of the Parral incident most of the villa following had been dissipated or slaughtered. Villa alone remained at liberty with a half dozen lesser ruffians of his entourage. When we were on the move with all speed I think the general was most happy. He was never very companionable except on rare occasions, and generally sat apart of a night when the newspapermen and the subordinate officers of the general's staff gathered about the customary fire and related tales of strange happenings in the world's four corners.

One night a band of three strolling musicians sauntered into camp and offered to play. They seemed to play very well indeed and rendered some of the not unbeautiful native airs with feeling. Some one asked them, during an interval, to play "La Paloma," but an officer of the staff suggested that the tune be barred for the present. He explained that "La Paloma" had been the favorite air of Mrs. Pershing, and it was because of her recent tragic end that the general was so tactiturn.

We hurriedly told the musicians in ragged Spanish to "lay off" "La Paloma," which they did. Half an hour later, when it appeared that they had exhausted their repertoire, the general's tall form loomed in the fire's glare. We all stood up and he smilingly told us to be seated. Turning to the musicians, he said in kindly tones and in excellent Spanish, "Won't you play 'La Paloma,' please?"

With the request of the General the Mexicans complied with eagerness. Apparently "La Paloma" was one of the best things they did. Knowing as we all did just why the general had asked for "La Paloma," we were circumspect and dignified about our applause afterward. The general got up, graciously thanked the musicians, gave them some money, said good-night to every one and went away. An hour later I saw him seated in front of his shelter tent alone, smoking in the desert silence.

On the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day a dust-shrouded wagon train uncoiled itself from the tortuous mountain trails and came to a halt in Solonia Dublan, where Pershing had his headquarters. The general was outside his tent, as the train commander, Lieutenant Leon M. Logan, reported to Major John L. Hines, chief of staff of the punitive expeditionary force. Lieutenant Logan is now Major Logan, senior instructor in the Q. M. C. School at the Schuylkill Arsenal, Philadelphia, and Major Hines is now Major General Hines, chief of staff of the army.

The grimy lieutenant saluted when he had finished his report and was on his way to seek something to eat when he was overtaken by Lieut. Collins, aide to the commanding general.

"The general says you have just fifteen minutes to wash up, Logan," said Lieut. Collins. "He wants you to eat Thanksgiving dinner with him."

Logan had been on the road from El Valle for two days. He was weary and hungry. Not being stationed near headquarters, he was not "in on" any of the arranged Thanksgiving meals. Pershing knew all of that. He took in the situation at a glance and he reached down around the intervening echelons in order to be kind to a young lieutenant just in from a tour of field drudgery. He explained to the surprised Logan that he always delighted to watch a hungry lientenant eat, as it reminded him pleasantly of his younger days when no concessions were necessary to a bomb-proof digestive system.

I have said that Pershing did not appear companionable. He had few confidants and very infrequently emerged from his shell of austerity, if not frigidity. Yet, in the language of the enlisted man, he was not "hard boiled."

Once in strolling down to the picket line to look over his own mounts, as he was prone to do in Mexico, he passed a group of soldiers squatting behind an overturned wagon, which they were utilizing for the twin purpose of windbreak and screen from inquisite superiors. It did not require extraordinary acumen, however, to detect that their coy activity consisted in "shooting craps." The dice click may have been muffled on a spread blanket, but it was impossible to muffle the fact that it was the day after payday.

Pershing passed the men without a glance. On his return, however, he halted and spoke to them. They got up as he did so and when he left they moved downhill in the opposite direction and spread their blanket behind some brush. The game then proceeded as before. I was curious to know what the general had said to them, so I asked one of the men later. His reply was:

"Oh, the old man is all right. He just told us to get away from the trail, for somebody might see us."

"Shooting craps" comes under the head of gambling and is technically prohibited by regulations.

Concerning his interest in the welfare of his men, I know that he scrutinized with exceeding care all reports rendered to him relative to the spirit of the troops and their resultant morale. It was one of the functions of the department of which I was executive officer in the A. E. F. to obtain the necessary information and make such reports. He personally read every word and initialed each paragraph.

If recommendations were contained which he approved, he indicated, in unmistakable terms, that approval in blue pencil.

Before the A. E. F. was broken up in 1919 the commander-in-chief inspected the various departments of his command. He was exceptionally interested in the section which had published the A. E. F. weekly newspaper, The Stars and Stripes, and on the occasion of a trip to Paris in the spring of 1919 he inspected the office and personnel of that remarkable journal.

One of the artists was prone on occasion to assist his digestive system with more wine than he could conveniently carry, and when so affected he habitually sought non-commissioned officers of the military police, to whom he expressed his own private opinion concerning their organization. That his opinion was not complimentary and that he did not explain himself with restraint was learned next day when he sent to the office for his drawing materials. For the nonce he said he would do his work in the guard house. Later he kept a set of spare parts there.

On the day preceding that scheduled for the inspection of the Stars and Stripes office and staff by the commander-in-chief, Major Watson assembled his organization in the editorial rooms and cautioned them as to their deportment and comportment on the morrow. Turning to our friend, the artist, who, by the way, was one of the most important adjuncts of the staff, he said:

"And you, So-and-so—remember, not a drink tomorrow. On the promptly at nine bells, properly dressed and sober as a chaplain. Get that straight now. If you slip this time you'll never get back in step. That goes, net, gross and mex."

So-and-so gave heartfelt assurance of his intention not to take a drink of anything stronger than coffee next day. Unfortunately, he miscalculated the dividing line between the days and apparently had consumed a very considerable amount of intoxicants before retiring. Also, he appeared not to have slept much. On his arrival at the office on time he was still showing the effects of his potations. In soldier terminology, he was suffering from "a branagan."

Major Watson almost wept from anguish. He particularly wanted the general to meet So-and-so, whose work was famous throughout the A. E. F. However, he had no recourse but to lead the contrite though, for the time being, musically inclined artist into a side room.

The general manifested his great interest in all pertaining to the newspaper and its personnel. All of the staff were introduced, and he said some highly complimentary

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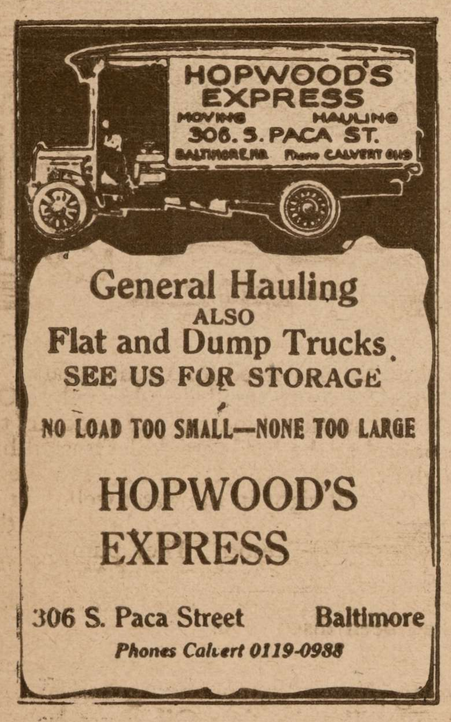

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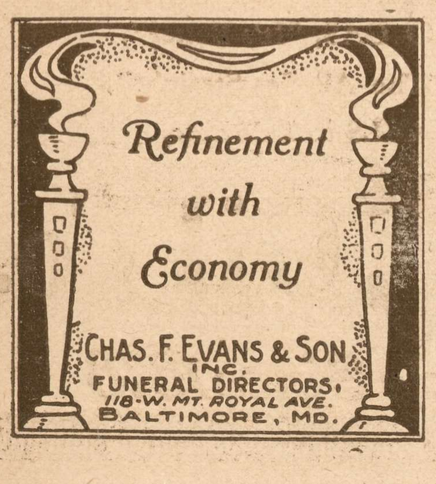

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