GERMAN CAPTORS DIDN'T GET JOKE

Guard at Thiaucourt Had Peculiar Notion of Yank Souvenirs

SEICHEPREY MEN PASS BY

American Prisoners Are Herded in Church and Started Towards Germany by Night

One serious charge has repeatedly been brought against the Germans which even their elaborate and far-reaching propaganda service has never attempted to disprove. It has been said that the German has no sense of humor. The answer is that he hasn't. The proof thereof is this:

When, late last winter, the first American prisoners were taken through the town of Thiaucourt, liberated last month in the smashing in of the St. Mihiel salient, there was a great to-do among the Germans stationed there. The news of the captives' approach ran ahead of them, and when the little group—six Yanks and two poilus, all the fruit of a raiding party or the result of a strayed patrol—filed into town, French citizens and German soldiers looked on with interest and, so far as the Germans were concerned, with jubilation. There was shouting and laughter and song.

The procession itself, however, wasn't the joke—meaning the joke the Germans didn't get. Those first prisoners, unlike the brothers who were to follow them after Seicheprey, still carried most of Equipment C on their persons or their backs. Only one article of apparel was conspicuous by its absence. And to find that article of apparel, as it has often been humorously called, the onlookers had to turn their glances to the heads of the Boche guard.

And This Is the Joke

The Boche guard, to a man, were topped off with what used to be called the Old Overseas Cap. It was their idea of a souvenir.

If you do not think it is so, you may ask Madame Pette, who, with her 12 year old son, lived in the house next to the church at Thiaucourt all the while that the Boche was an unwelcome tenant of the town, and who left the shell-scarred place—more shell scarred now than ever before—when the Americans entered it and enabled her to write in her almanach in great red letters, after the printed date, September 12, the one word, "Deliverance."

An odd record, that almanach. As a piece of printing one might find far worse, but its name was against it. It was called the Almanach des Ardennes. It was issued to subscribers—if people to whom a newspaper is distributed gratis can be called subscribers—of the Gazette des Ardennes, the most infamous publication ever printed. Ever since the hand of the Hun was laid upon Belgium and northern France, the Gazette des Ardennes, published in French, but otherwise utterly German, has been scattering its lies far and wide.

The people of Thiaucourt, like their compatriots elsewhere in the invaded regions, read the Gazette des Ardennes because there was little else to read, but often, in their anger, they tore it up before they had finished with it.

Page a Month, Line a Day

The Almanach des Ardennes allowed a page a month, a line a day, in true almanach style, for any entries which the possessor might care to make. The entries, therefore, had to be short. That is why, opposite April 20, Madame Pette had room to write only: "American prisoners in church." They were the men taken at Seicheprey.

The people of Thiaucourt knew days before that the Seicheprey attack was to take place, and they burned to tell of it. It was the talk of the town's German boarders, who seemed to expect great things of it. After it was over they did not seem highly pleased with everything that had happened there; the impression held in French Thiaucourt was that something must have gone awry.

But the Huns had their prisoners, anyway. They led them into the town, most of them robbed of their shoes, a band numbering between 150 and 200. They herded them all in the little church next to Madame Pette's home. In front of Madame Pette's home was the village pump, and thither the Yanks were led, in small, closely guarded convoys, to drink or to wash. Some of them, daring the anger of their guards, gave bon jour to the silently sympathetic French, who durst not come too near.

That night there was a commotion outside the church. The captured Americans were being led forth to the station. How did they leave Thiaucourt, in what kind of cars, under how strong a guard? Madame Pette cannot tell you, because no one was allowed in the neighborhood of the gare when such an exodus as this was being accomplished.

Hun Justice

One day a German and a French plane met in battle high above Thiaucourt. The German fell, a precipitate streak of flame, and after him, like a broken winged bird, fluttered his conqueror's machine. It landed tolerably gently in a field, and the pilot hopped nimbly out.

Women working in the field saw then that he was an American. Down the road that led between the fields he ran, making for a wood not far away. He said something to the Frenchwomen as he passed, perhaps asking his direction, perhaps merely passing the time of day. They spoke in return, scarcely enough to be considered guilty of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. But every woman who uttered so much as a word to the fleeing airman was given eight days in prison by her German overlords.

Not long after the airman was led in triumph through the streets of Thiaucourt. That night he, too, disappeared Germany-ward from the little gare.

LIKE YOUR PICTURE?

Any one—a general, a cook or a second lieutenant, or any one like that—who happens to stray within the focus of an Army camera when it is working can, if he wants, buy as many prints of the resulting picture as he may desire for private circulation.

The method is fairly simple. First, ask the photographer for his name and for the film pack or plate number of the picture. Then send that name and number to the Signal Corps Photographic Laboratory, A. P. O. 702, A.E.F., and ask for the corresponding file number of that picture. Send the file number to the folks back home and with that number they can order as many prints as they desire by sending ten cents for each print to the Bureau of Public Information, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D.C.

HOW IT MIGHT WORK OUT

IF DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE WERE MODELED AFTER ARMY PAPERWORK

THE CENTRAL POWERS, Bulgarian, Section, Very Recently.
From: Bulgaria.
To: The Boches.
(Through Channels)
Subject: Cold Feet.
1. We have quit.

BORIS.
For and in the absense of FERDINAND.

1st Ind.

Turkey to Austria-Hungary.
1. In view of the preceding bad news, we stand a damn good chance of following suit.
2. Authority is requested to call it a day.

MEHMED, Sultan.

2nd Ind.

Austria-Hungary to the Royal High Pooptralah, Bill.
1. Recommending disapproval.
2. If Turkey throws up the sponge, how in hell can you expect me to fight on two fronts?

CHARLIE.

3rd Ind.

Willie to Charlie.
1. Returned.
2. Disapproved.

BILL.

4th Ind.

Charlie to President Wilson.
1. Referred for remark.

CHAS.

5th Ind.

President Wilson to Charlie.
1. Returned, inviting attention to my note of January 8th, 1918—file No. 639,873,544.
2. For compliance therewith.

WILSON.

6th Ind.

Chas. to Wilhelm.
1. Inviting attention to preceding indorsement.
2. Instructions are requested.

CHARLES.

7th Ind.

Bill to Charles.
1. Returned.
2. The buck is always passed DOWN, never up.

WILLIE.

8th Ind.

Charles to Mehmed.
1. Referred in compliance with preceding indorsement.

CHAS.

9th Ind.

Turkey to Charles.
1. Returned, requesting instructions as to who in hell I can pass it to.

MEHMED.

10th Ind.

Austria-Hungary to Turkey.
1. Returned with the information that you are apparently S.O.L.

CHARLIE.

11th Ind.

Turkey to Austria.
1. I knew it long ago.
2. Don't bother about sending this back to me because I've quit.

THE SULT.

12th Ind.

Austria to Germany.
1. I told you so.
2. Good night!

CHARLIE.

13th Ind.

Wilhem, King of what's left of all the Prussians: To the ALLIES.
1. COME AND GET IT.

BILL.

110 D.S.C.'S AWAIT 110 LUCKY OWNERS

Perhaps Coveted Cross Is Coming to You and You Don't Know It

Have you got your D.S.C.?

Perhaps one is coming to you and you don't know it. If you've shunted from one hospital to another the good news may not yet have overtaken you. Anyway, G.H.Q. has crosses for 110 officers and soldiers of the A.E.F. to whom presentation has not yet been made.

If you're on the list, write or telegraph to the Adjutant General, G.H.Q., A.E.F., and tell him about it. If the name of anybody you know is on the list, write or telegraph, telling where he can be reached.

Following are the lucky hundred and ten:

Cpl. Abe L. Allen.
Cpl. Roler J. Bainbridge, 1st Lieut. Thomas M. Barber, 1st Lieut. Harry C. Barnes, Pvt. Raymond Barnes, 2nd Lieut. Frank H. Barnwell, 1st Lieut. Chas. L. Barrow, Cpl. Anthony C. Billis, Cpl. Raymond W. Boone, Sgt. Paul Braun, Pvt. Albert E. Brooks, Cpl. Garrot Bush.
Gunnery Sgt. James Carbary, Pvt. James W. Carter, Sgt. John Casey, Cpl. Anthony Chesnay, 2nd Lieut. John H. Church, Pvt. James L. Clark, 1st Lieut. Julius C. Cogswell, Pvt. 1st Cpl. Harold E. Crawford, Sgt. John H. Culinan.
First Lieut. W. C. Dabney, Pvt. Carl W. Dasch, Cpl. Nowell B. Davis, Pvt. Wm. R. Davis, Cpl. August H. De Ford, Pvt. Anthony Dogastino, 1st Sgt. Edward Donnelly, Pvt. Lexie Downham.
Second Lieut. Hugh F. Edwards.
Pvt. Edward J. Farrell, Capt. Geo. T. Fleet, Pvt. John C. Flocken, Capt. H. K. Foster, 1st Lieut. George W. Furbush.
Cpl. Joseph A. Gargos, 1st Lieut. R. E. Gilliam, Pvt. Thos. J. Gray, 2nd Lieut. Donald W. Green, 2nd Lieut. J. N. Greene, Pvt. Joseph Gueva.
Sgt. Byron W. Hamilton, Pvt. Russell E. Handwerck, 1st Lieut. John L. Harmon, Cpl. Leon Harlow, Sgt. Claude V. Hart, Gunnery Sgt. Chas. P. Hoffman, Pvt. Geo. W. Holly, Pvt. Jefferson Holt, Pvt. William J. Howe, Pvt. Eris C. Huffstedler, 1st Lieut. P. H. Hurley.
Cpl. John J. Ingalls.
First Sgt. Benjamin James, Pvt. H. R. Johnson.
Pvt. J. M. Kegler, Cpl. Lewis Kowaski.
Pvt. Elmer L. Lane, Pvt. Leslie M. Lane, 2nd Lieut. James H. Legendre, Pvt. Luzius Luzi.
Cpl. Patrick McKenna.
Pvt. Sateene N. Makas, Cpl. Sidney E. Manning, 2nd Lieut. Norbet W. Markus, Pvt. Frank Marlin, Pvt. 1st Cl. Zolna Mason, Pvt. Joseph De May, 2nd Lieut. John C. Miller, 1st Lieut. Chas. Murray.
First Lieut. Geo. H. Noble.
Pvt. J. C. Parent, Pvt. James J. Pretty.
Pvt. Henry Quinn.
Pvt. Chas. Raffington, 1st Lieut. G. C. Rippetoe, Cpl. Gary Roberts, Maj. Guy I. Rowe, Maj. Geo. F. Rozelle Jr., Capt. Richard J. Ryan.
Pvt. Chas. Schmitz, Pvt. 1st Cl. Walter A. Shaminski, Sgt. Mitchell J. Scalle, 1st Lieut. James J. Sheeran, Pvt. Carson L. Shumate, Capt. Dwight F. Smith, Cpl. Thomas J. Smith, 1st Lieut. S. C. Sorenson, 2nd Lieut. Tracy H. Stains, Capt. Paul N. Starlings, Capt. Joseph W. P. Stephens, Pvt. 1st Cl. Dan W. Sullivan.
Sgt. Chas. M. Tarter, Cpl. Robert M. Thornton, 2nd Lieut. Allen A. Tukey.
Cpl. Isaac Valley, 1st Lieut. Bernard Van't Hof, Pvt. Victor Van York, Cpl. Frank A. Vial.
Second Lieut. Chas. H. Weaver, Capt. R. K. Whitson, Pvt. Chas. E. Whittington, pl. Henry Willard, Capt. Wm. C. Williams, Pvt. Alf. C. Wilken, Cpl. Rufus Wiseman, Pvt. John M. Worrell.
Lieut. Louis Viaud (French).

WANT AD COLUMNS IN DAYS TO COME

Situations Wanted—Male

YOUNG MAN, 22, well qualified as squad leader, seeks position commensurate with his proved executive abilities. Knows how to handle men. Would make good bellboy, captain in hotel with seven bellboys; good head waiter in restaurant with seven waiters, etc. Address CORPORAL, P.O. Box 23.

OLD ARMY MAN, 38, in service since 1907, seeks position as caretaker on country estate of any other old army man, preferably retired brigadier general. Could swap stories and knows how to salute properly. Address OLD TIMER, Bugle Office.

CHEF desires position in small but exclusive American plan hotel. Was in German war, but did not serve as mess sergeant, so still retains mastery of culinary art. Address NO SLUM, Bugle Office.

Personals

G. K. B., former Top Sergeant, K Co., 777th Inf. Former captain inquires if opening you spoke of just after St Mihiel attack still exists in your uncle's meat market. Address TWOBARS, Bugle Office.

J. X., until recently buck private, Battery B, 969th Field Arty. In town for few days. Would be glad to meet sister whose picture you showed me in Alsace. LIEUT. J. M. C.

TAR PAPER GOOD FOR GAS

Two thicknesses of tar paper of good quality provide "a high degree of protection against mustard gas," according to Bulletin 75. The bulletin also states that food, medicinal products, liquids, tobacco, clothing and other articles contained in closed receptacles may be protected from contamination if the containers are enclosed in tar paper. Tar paper for this purpose will be furnished on application to division Engineers, who will maintain a stock at divisional dumps.

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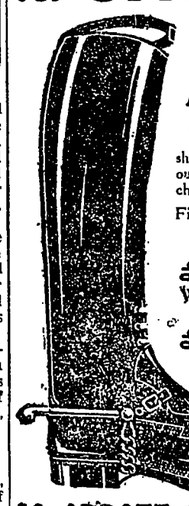

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GENUINE ICE CREAM SERVED IN PINE WOOD

Old French Fish Seller Has Big Part in Banquet's Success

In a large French market place is an old fisherwoman, wrinkled and browned, with kindly shrewd eyes which twinkle from half-closed lids. Hidden in a lone pine wood several kilometers from the market place is a replacement battalion of Americans.

Before the Americans came, there was only fish to sell, but they didn't want fish—is not salmon occasionally included in Army rations? Ice, just a little of it to cool water, was the chief demand at the start. And so a great ice chest was installed in the market place to care for future possibilities.

Out in the lone pine wood the men were planning. This battalion training cadre had been in France many months, and had been doing its best on a more or less daily diet of canned willy.

The plans it was laying were for nothing less than a banquet. But no banquet is complete without ice cream. And the only chance for ice cream depended upon the wrinkled godmother in the fish stall.

At the suggestion her face crinkled with smiles. She would do her best, she said in French which any Amercian could understand.

Banquet day came. One kitchen-billet was lined with pies, another with cake; still another had field ovens piping hot for juicy beef, and one more housed men concocting fresh vegetables into salads. And a squad was already on the long hike for ice.

Late in the afternoon the squad reported.

"Four large bags filled with ice present!"

The cream was ready. Freezers had been constructed and another squad began its work, the real work of making two quarts at a time and transferring it to a milk can packed in a G. I. can lined with ice. The banquet began at 7.30, according to the printed menu, and was a real banquet from roast beef to ice cream.

Inside an Adrian barracks battalion entertainers sang and danced on a stage constructed from few, a very few, boards, walled by O.D. blankets with a background of Allied flags grouped around a French weekly's portrait of Le Général Pershing.

IT HAPPENED IN GERMANY

"You've been eating again!" cried the hausfrau accusingly.

"Nein," replied her husband. "One of those Yankee airmen dropping pamphlets mixed in a sheaf of cooking recipes for making shredded corn husks look like French pastry. I got this way looking at the pictures."

"Do you get rations regularly in the lines?"

"Sometimes, and then again we may be very irrational."

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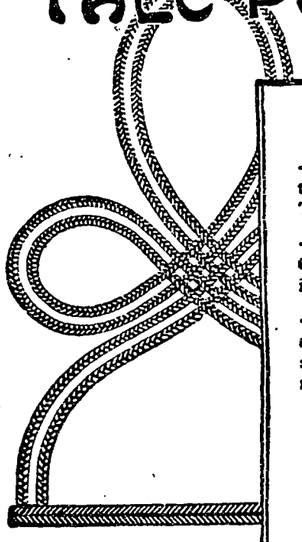

After
—After a day exposed to the sun and wind, Colgate's Talc is soothing to the skin.
—After the shave or bath, Colgate's Talc is so refreshing.
—After all, the man in the service needs Colgate's Talc shaken into his boots to make feet more comfortable.
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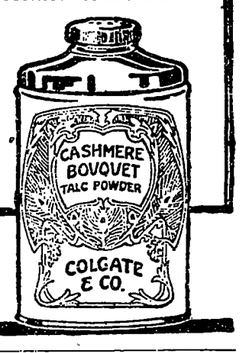

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