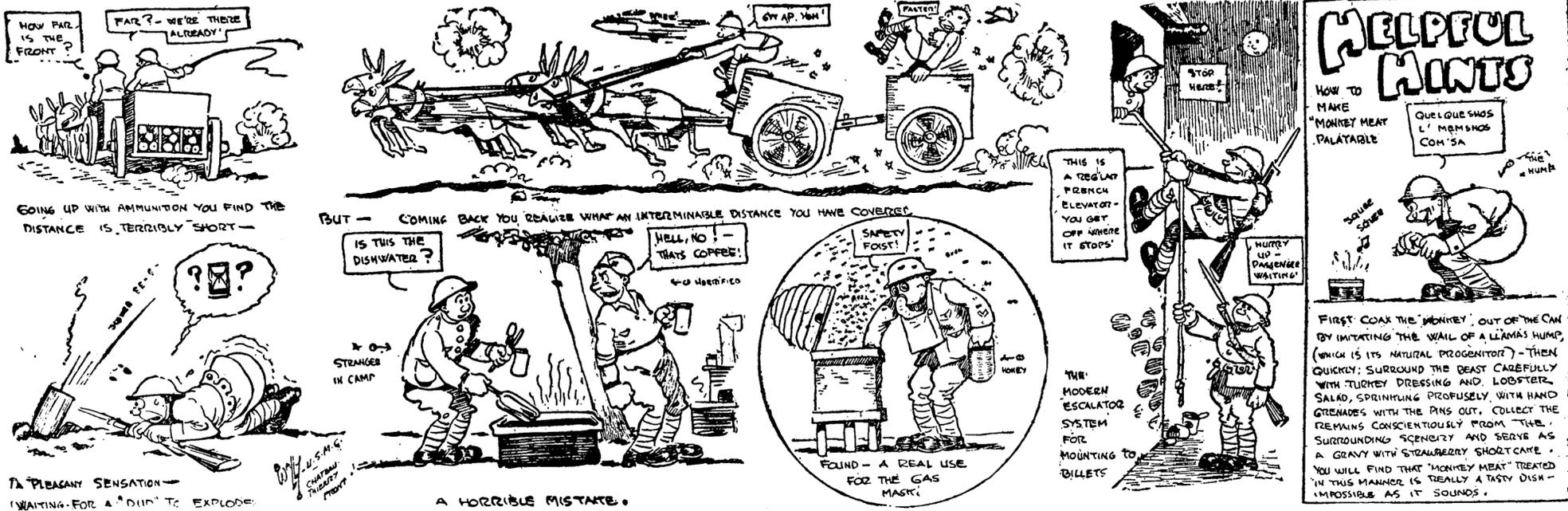


DOING THE FRONT

-By WALLGREN



ALL ABOUT BREAD; ATTENTION, K.P.'S!

Cut It Just So--There's a General Order Out About It

DON'T USE A DULL KNIFE

"Delicate Substance and is Often Abused," According to G.H.Q. Regulations

Yes, own up, consarn ye! Own up that you've been kicking about the bread! Everybody does it when there isn't anything else to kick about--everybody gets fussy about a little thing like food! "Isn't it funny?" No, it isn't funny a bit. It's serious; there's a general order out about it.

The trouble, it seems, is not with the bread, but with the way the K.P.s and the cooks handle it. The kick that you--that we--that everybody who has kicked about the bread has in particular is that it crumbles and falls to pieces when it is cut. That is because it isn't treated right when it first gets into action. That's the reason; and a few handy little hints for K.P.s and other bread-and-man-handlers will not come in amiss. Here they are:

Don't use a dull knife to cut bread. (Get the sharpest one in the kitchen to do the work with, no matter who is using it at the time. Take it away from him by force of arms. And then--)

Don't press the knife down and force it through the bread. Use a sawing motion. Bread isn't meant to be cut like cheese; it hasn't the resistance or perfunery or anything to enable it to stand up under cheese treatment. If you try to press it down, of course you either break the bread or smash it. You must break the bread as you would a delicate substance at best and is often abused."

Go by Directions

Don't cut up the old ten-pound loaf any old way. Cut it according to directions. You see, it's about 12 inches wide and 24 inches long. Cut it in half through the long dimension, so as to leave the halves about 24 inches long and about 6 inches wide, and about the same thickness as the loaf had when it was baked.

Then, when you have thus cleft the loaf in twain, take one of the halves and turn it up on edge, with the edge made by your first cutting operation flat on the table, the slab, or the stone or whatever you're cutting on. Then slice it up for popular consumption, using the same sawing motion as before, cutting the slices from the top edge (never from the bottom) right through the loaf to the table. And when you get down to the table stop cutting; come back and begin over again.

So the next time they hand you out bread that is all falling apart like the Hapsburg monarchy or crumbling like the German hope, you kick about it, and if the mess sarge tells you where you get off, just turn on him. Turn on him and spring this on him:

"Aw, you big stiff! Why don't you cut your bread right in the first place, anyway? Why don't you cut it the way it's laid down in regulations--in Bulletin No. 21, G.H.Q., A.E.F., to be exact? Then you wouldn't never have no trouble with the punk!"

And the sergeant, when he looks up the bulletin, will be properly cowed.

BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Bathing, or rather swimmin' facilities in the A.E.F. are picking up.

You can't go swimmin' very handily if you are upon the edge of No Man's Land, but ta-ta, what a grand and glorious feeling when you get the time and a nice place back in some clear river or pond, throw off the O.D.s and jump in to let your toes sink into the mud and splash among the lilies.

Last week, a certain battalion rambled into a pretty little village in the neighborhood of various little meadow ponds. After the next morning's drill, there followed a company plunge by one company, its first swim of the season.

After that swim the outfit was ready to take clubs and go out after the Hun or anything else. It was some fine spring time.

Now there is a division order that all A.E.F. sojers must wear trunks at least when they go swimmin'.

A.E.F. SIMILES

As clever as a guy who can work the skipper for a pass.

As gloomy as a P.G. watching ex-Hamburg-American transports come in at a base port.

As fussy as a quartermaster.

As cautious as a guy out on pass with the dates changed.

As callous as a summary court.

As lucky as a cheese-mite in a mess shack.

As safe as the Home Guards.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

A SERIES OF CENSORED COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE S.O.S. TO THE Z. OF A.

C. --- France, Tuesday, May 14th.

Friend Henry: It was kind of brutal of that sensor the way he murdered my last letter wasn't it Henry? Well maybe if I go easy on this one he'll stick his John H. on it right off the bat so's he can get through work quicker. Most sensors don't work much anyhow--not the ones I've saw, Henry. I wished I was one sometime.

How's everything up in the Z. of A. Henry? Everything's all O.K. in the S.O.S., which by the way Henry ought to be W. L. H. for work like--what you call it in French Henry? It sure is that all right. We don't do nothing back here but work.

It don't seem right to stay back here while you birds are doing all the scarping. I for one Henry would rather be up there with you hangin crape on Fritz's barbed wire fence than staying back here. That's me Henry. That's a funny way to look at it when we've got everything we want back here and more two, and are just as safe from any boche as a mule is from starvation.

I know what I'm talking about Henry for an old Lady Mule just ate my sky piece. But I guess I ain't lost anything at that have I Henry?

Well you're sure in luck for being up at the front. Most of us Henry are all got girls back in the states that's got a funny notion that we'll all come back wearing the cross of honor and'll be genuine ready-made heroes that'll do the papers back home will want to photograph.

But somebody's give them the wrong kind of dope about this hero stuff Henry. If they call this being a hero Henry I've certainly been one all my life. And if this is really being a hero I don't care to be one more'n 3 or 4 years to the most.

Have you plucked any Hunns yet Henry? I sure would like to get a shot at one. Maybe I will sometime before the war's over.

Well Henry if you've got anything on us for pretty girls you've got to get right up and step some. Heard yesterday you got one of them fancy French crosses pinned on you and a smacking big kiss from a French general besides. How did you do it Henry? Bet you didn't kill no german for it. If you did I'll bet it wasn't any general you popped.

Did that guy that pinned it on you really kiss you Henry? I can just imagine how you felt. And here I am Henry back here in the S.O.S. working from daylight till dark while you're pullin off all that hero stuff up there. If you don't beat my time with Maggie when we get home it won't be nobody's fault but your own will it Henry?

Just got a letter from George and he says "Guess you'll have it all over me for fair when you get home. When it comes to shooting deer I won't be in it with you, not after all the practice you're having over there." Can you beat that Henry, when I ain't even so much as fired a rifle since I been in France only once, and that was when I let it go off accidentally in the guard house one nite and got 10 days K.P. for it.

You have certainly got it over me for fair Henry. Maggie just wrote me a letter--or I just got it rather--and she wants to know do the guns bother my ears much? Can you beat that Henry? You know last year when we was at the beach my ears bothered me a lot on account of the salt water and of course she's worrying about her little tootsie wootsie way over here in France.

Well Henry I wrote back and says no they don't bother me any.

You see I ain't told her no fib at that that Henry and she'll just naturally suppose they quit bothering me in spite of the noise the guns make.

Fact is Henry I've seen a good many guns alright that pass through here going up to where you are, but when it comes to hearing one shoot I ain't never heard it, except the one that had target practice coming over on the boat. You remember how I watched all one morning waiting for that gunner to start the freworks, and long about noon how dear old Top--God bless him for both of us Henry--come along and sends me down to the bottom of the ship to peel murrphys.

You remember how it went and shot while I was down there don't you Henry? I only just heard it and that was all. When it comes to being right

THE LOST CHEVRON

On the occasion of the recent order to the effect that non-commissioned officers may now wear their chevrons on the right arm only.

When I was a rookie just a few months old, I learned my drills and always did as told. And I polished a wheel pair so faithfully, That they called me First Class as a P-V-T.

Now when we'd sailed onto a foreign clime, I watched my step and never did do time. And I laid my gun so very accurately. That now I'm a Corporal of Artillery.

And when in course of time it came to pass, That in spite of Boches and their damned old gas, That I got barrages off so speedily, Why, I got the Sergeantry of Section III.

But now to save material for tails of shirts, Or to give our lady soldiers fuller skirts, They're saving cloth and though they mean no harm, They've taken off the chevrons from my good left arm.

F. D. D., F.A.

TO BAR FOREIGNERS

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, July 4--The United States Football Association has amended its constitution so that officers of the association must hereafter be citizens of the United States, thus legislating out several famous officials of long standing.

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SAW MILL HUSKIES ENLIST IN A. E. F.

New Englanders Come from Scotland to Enter Army or Navy

Special London Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES
LONDON, July 4.--The A.E.F. is 140 stronger this week--at least that--by the group enlistment today of 140 young Eastern college men of the New England Saw Mill unit.

To get over quickly, they joined this civilian unit early last summer, when an appeal was made in New England.

This work having been completed last week, the men applied by mail to the London base section. A recruiting party was ordered to Scotland, where the enlistments were made.

The full unit consisted of 325 men. About 100 went in the Navy. The remainder are electing to try for special service with the A.E.F. or are returning to America for training.

The colleges most largely represented were Harvard, University of Maine, Cornell, Tufts and Oberlin.

While in Scotland, the New England unit broke all cutting records for that part of the country, even outdistancing Canadian foresters with a permanent saw mill.

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