

Floor Show to Be Feature of NCO Open House

Two floor shows at 2000 and 2045 will feature the "Open House" of the NCO Club Monday night. Final plans for the elaborate program which will be staged for members, prospective members, their wives and girl friends, were made Monday night at a meeting of the board of directors.

A special NCO band, composed of members of the ERTC band, who are also members of the club, will furnish the music. Cpl. "Pat" Halloran will act as master of ceremonies. Additional features of the evening entertainment program will be bingo games, table tennis, and cards.

The drab interior of the building has undergone a transition in the past few days. The arrival of the gayly covered furniture, the painting of the cement floor and the addition of drapes gives the recreation and library room a distinct club-like atmosphere.

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A Mess Sergeant's Day

By a Mess Sergeant

Before I go into the details of a Mess Sergeant's daily routine, I feel that I should warn the reader of one thing. At times during this discourse, I may sound slightly unbalanced, maybe even a little irritated. But please bear with me, and remember than not so long ago I was a calm, rational person, perfectly sane and fully capable of controlling myself under the most trying conditions. How much a man can, in a few months, revert to a hideous and nervous wreck, is hard to believe; but here are the facts.

After three or four hours of restless tossing and rolling, trying to get an hours sleep, I am up to start another day of Hell. I fumble around in the dark trying to dress, bumping my head on the upper bunk and stubbing my already bruised and aching toes on a bucket of coal. I could turn on the light, but it would be unfair to awaken everyone else in the barracks, at the unreasonable hour of 0400. I finally get out of the barracks, having

SHO 'NUF!



ANY OLD TIME—Linda Romay, of whom this picture gives a general idea, does not sing regularly on any NBC program. She only was heard in a guest spot on the Fitch Bandwagon program recently. But (we have to think of everything), who knows but what she may come back some time? So, for the record, here's her portrait.

convinced myself that at least one of the shoes I have on is my own. Now to the latrine for a half-hearted effort at shaving. Result: no success, due to my shattered nerves and plenty of ice cold water.

I reach the kitchen in time to help the cook build the fires. You see, the cook is only a 4th grade technician and is not considered competent to build a fire without supervision. Besides, he received his rating as a cook, not as a fireman. Well, it doesn't take more than thirty or forty minutes for the two of us to determine that all ranges have the proper amount of fire and that the fire is properly spread in the fire box. Of course, one man is kept busy all day long going from stove to stove, shoveling the coal dust from the ash drawer back into the fire box where it often stays till the fire lid is back on the stove. The coal we use is of the same quality now in use by the Alaskan Road Commission for sub-grading over boggy ground.

It's 0505, time to awaken the charge of the Quarters so he can awaken the K. P.'s. The first K. P. to reach the kitchen is detailed to help me clean the grease traps. This is a simple procedure if you follow the instructions as set forth in paragraph 1124 d, (1), (2), and (3), CAR. After the traps are cleaned and the grease is separated from the water and other valueless waste, the salvaged grease must be weighed and the results entered on CAOPE Form No. 515.

0545: All K. P.'s and cooks are here now, so I inspect them to see that their clothing is clean, that they have all bathed within the last 24 hours, that no one has

failed to clean his finger nails, that all are closely shaven, and that no one needs a hair-cut. This inspection is not difficult if one refers to Section 3, page 75, A. C. L.

We are cooking breakfast now, and I find it necessary to interrupt a K. P. who is turning a piece of French Toast that has started to burn. I patiently explain to him that he must not do such things because he is a graduate of the Bakers and Cooks School.

0715: Breakfast is over without mishap. It is now time to measure and weigh the edible waste. Our scale is not too accurate, so we estimate that two and one half slices of French Toast weighs about three ounces. The results of the measurements are recorded on CAOIG Form No. 983.1.

This being the 12th of the month, I must make out my report on our Condiment Status, CAOQN, Form No. 502 and get the Commanding Officer or Administrative Officer to sign it.

Oh yes, I almost forgot that this is also the day for subsistence inventory. This is simple. It can all be done on one form, CA 426-49. As soon as that is signed by the Company Commander I can take off for the Warehouse to draw subsistence.

(Continued Next Week)

Lansing, Mich. (CNS)—Dates are being rationed for coeds at Michigan State college. Each girl has received a ration book with 30 coupons each good for a night off the campus. The idea, said Patricia Stone, president of women students, is to give college life "a war angle."

Pvt. Period Plan Buried Here With Full Military Honors

(By Pvt. John McKay and George Goodwill, Co. A, 57th Bn.)

Impressive rites marked the burial ceremony for Private Period Plan last Saturday afternoon.

The deceased was buried with full military honors and heading the long list of mourners at the graveside was the entire complement of Co. A, 57th (old 56th) Engr. Trng. Bn. Among others who paid their last respects to the deceased was Col. Russel Lyons, commanding officer, 12th Group, Maj. William H. Avery, and Capt. Allen Jensen.

Burial services were held as the final act of Co. A's training schedule. Their training completed, the company, commanded by Capt. Walter H. Zwick, proceeded to the burial plot. The company felt the loss of Private Period Plan keenly. He had been their constant advisor and special efforts were made to make the solemn occasion one which would go down in the annals of the ERTC.

The remains lay in state in the first platoon. They reposed in a casket of drab gray, inside of which were a mass of programs and schedule sheets that had accumulated during the 12 weeks the company had been associated with the deceased.

As the men filed past the bier they reformed in the company street where Capt. Zwick gave temporary command to Pvt. George Goodwill of the first platoon who, to the strains of Mendelssohn's funeral march, led the company to an improvised cemetery plot. Music for the solemn occasion was furnished by the ERTC band, led by Warrant Officer Charles Spalding.

Following the band came the

pallbearers, Sgts. Kincaid, Lupe, Hudson and Saul, bearing the casket.

As the mourners grouped themselves around the grave they heard a fitting eulogy, hastily written by Pvt. John McKay, of the fourth platoon.

Orders have been issued that the grave be given constant care. The newly activated battalion commander has instructed the company commander to detail the soldier "gigged" most during the week to care for the grave the following Sunday.

CHAPLAIN TO CHURCH MEET

Chaplain William H. Andrew will leave this weekend for Dallas, Tex., where he will attend the annual meeting of the Baptist General Convention of Tex. Prior to his entry in the service Maj. Andrew was pastor of a Baptist church at Bryan, Tex.

Chaplain Andrew has served as a member of the Executive Board of this convention for twelve years and has been the chairman of many important committees, including budgets and student work. He will make an appeal to ministers in the interest of the Chaplaincy while in Dallas.

Sicily (CNS)—When F/O Maurice L. Plummer of Indianapolis crash landed his plane in an open field here two men in Gey man uniforms rushed up to him. Plummer thought he'd been captured but the Germans said no. They led him to a farmhouse where he found that he had landed in an Allied camp for Axis prisoners.

When You've Read It—Please Pass The ENGINEER AROUND.



(Courtesy AAFSA) "That's not exactly what we mean by lowering the flaps, Maurer!"

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Like A Fetter From Home

