CLOUDBUSTER

Cadet Featured

The sculling prowess of 7th Battalion's Joe Angyal is the subject of a three-page feature in the Sept. 27 edition of Parade, weekly picture section carried by numerous Sunday papers throughout the country.

Cadet Angyal, who was a New York fireman before enlisting in the Navy, is described as "somewhat of a phenomenon in rowing circles . . . the only man ever to hold the light and heavyweight rowing titles at the same time."

Former Tax Collector

Persons with income tax problems are referred for expert aid to Edward J. Fitzgerald, Jr., 9th Battalion cadet from Middletown, Conn. Before enlisting in the Navy, Cadet Fitzgerald worked in the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue, U. S. Treasury Dept., Hartford, Conn.





FAY WRAY in

"NOT A LADIES MAN"

-Tuesday-TYRONE POWER JOAN FONTAINE in

"THIS ABOVE ALL" -Wednesday-

'Hep -- Two -- Three -- Four' By CADET HILLARY WAUGH Usually we can anticipate a hike but this time we are suddenly told to fall in at 0650 and since that doesn't give me time to develop a stomach ache or some other misfortune that would deprive me of the pleasure, I resign myself to my fate and join the others who are in the same strait. Lt. (jg) John "Iron Lung" Boyd is going along which is pleasant news for he can walk any battalion into the ground

with a minimum of effort. In fact, it's discouraging to stagger out to formation just after a hike a nd see him striding by, fresh as ever to lead the next nature study group into the country.

So we start out and it's easy walking for we're on the pavement. Everybody in Carrboro lines the street when we pass through, and we are told three times to keep our eyes on the neck of the person ahead.

The battalion is led off the main highway and marches on a dirt road through the woods. This is very uncomfortable especially as four blisters I didn't know I had are making themselves felt.

There are many rocks of all sizes in the road. The big ones I twist my ankle on and the little ones get inside my socks. By now the cadet ahead of me is falling back and I find myself walking on his calves. He gets back where he belongs. Then some of those yellow-colored flying machines circle overhead. I watch them for awhile and start walking on his calves again. So I start making a determined effort to walk on the road but since my feet overlap his and I can't walk straight anyway, I have difficulty. Finally the fellow next to me tells me to get back in line.

By now we've walked about fourteen miles so I sneak a look at my watch and find it's 0745. We've been stepping very lively and even Boyd has fallen behind. But now he breezes by us and says "Stop slowing down the cadence!

At last, somewhere in the middle of some primeval forest we are halted and fall out. Everybody goes into the woods but I just lie down in the road which feels very comfortable. After the second car goes by, I decide to go into the woods too. I sit down in some poison ivy (I find out later) and lean against a tree to enjoy a smoke. After one drag, the call comes, "Fall in !" so I saunter back to formation puffing furiously until I reach the line.

We march on. I have a camera along to take some pictures. It weighed 15

C.O., Lieut. Hamilton Attend Aviation Conference

Comdr. O. O. Kessing, commanding officer, and Lieut. Howard Hamilton, head of the academic department, attended a two-day conference on primary aviation training at Kansas City, Mo., September 24-25.



"I've often wondered what these Chapel Hill dogs have that mine don't."

ounces when I started but now weighs | who replies "Ummmmmm - Good, ready, the platoon has passed so I run back. I try again, this time running My camera now weighs 14 pounds. ahead and I catch the last two ranks as they go by. Then I run back to my position. This is very fruitless and my

legs are wobbling badly. Way later, about 0930, we stop again still in the woods for another respite and I remove the 10-pound camera for awhile. No drinking water around of course and this has developed into the hottest day of the summer. We start plodding on. A couple of times we "give way to the starboard" as cars go by and I have to walk in the gutter. There was water in the second one of course and my shoes gush for a few steps.

At last we hit a main road and we can see the Bell Tower in the distance just over the horizon. Our platoon leader hopefully says, "Sir, we're doing 136 steps a minute," to an officer

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5 pounds. The bruise on my hip good," so we have to keep it up. A where it's been bumping recalls it to Pepsi-Cola truck goes by at 10 miles mind and I run up an embankment to an hour as we are trying not to step snap our platoon. By the time I'm on our tongues, and only the fact that we can't go that fast prevents mutiny

About 1120 we get back to the school and, summoning all my remaining energy, I dash for the scuttlebutt only there are 25 cadets ahead of me. So I go to my room, take off the 18 pounds of you know what, and collapse around the room.



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