

CLOUDBUSTER

VOL. 1—No. 3 SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1942

Published weekly at the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School,
Chapel Hill, N. C.
Under supervision of the Public Relations Office.



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Mr. Bard Speaks His Mind

Few speeches by Administration leaders in recent weeks have caused as much comment in the press as the "we are losing the war" address given by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ralph A. Bard, before the international convention of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers in New York last week.

It was a sobering speech, and powerful, with Mr. Bard mincing no words in an effort to jolt comforting optimism that tends to grow with each day that the Russians hold Stalingrad, or the Allied troops advance a few miles against the Japs in New Guinea.

In many press dispatches, the Bard speech appeared to be merely another warning that "we *could* lose the war." Perusal of the complete text, however, indicates that Mr. Bard went much farther than that.

Choice quotations are well worth pondering by all Americans:

"Some months ago, after the first stunning shock of Pearl Harbor," Mr. Bard said, "we Americans needed a shot in the arm to restore our ego. That ego, the product of the belief that we were the peculiar children of fortune, expressed itself in the vague assumption that we could lick any of our enemies in 60 days, without skipping a full meal with dessert, or missing a Sunday drive in the country.

"After the unhappy realization that we had been cruelly outsmarted in the first inning of the war, in the peace and quiet of a Sunday morning, our own tradition of assuming that everything about us was the biggest and the best furnished us with a compensatory reflex. We fell into the bumptious practice of flexing imaginary muscles, and loudly proclaimed that as soon as we had completed an intensive course at the gymnasium, we would get even with our enemies. . . .

"President Roosevelt one fine day reminded the country that it was suffering from too much complacent optimism, and then we went in for pessimism. . . . But I suspect that our native conceit has accepted this line of thought as traditional advertising technique, the kind of message which sells hair tonic and cure-alls, full of terror in the first part of the ad, and reassurance in the windup—the ads which say you are most certainly damned, but our product can save you.

"It seems to me that our pre-Pearl Harbor egotism had such momentum that it is with us today in distorted and dangerous form. We go around saying 'We can lose the war, but—.' Every time one of us says we can lose the war, we think of this as pure rhetoric, part of the old pep talk. The assumption is, of course we can't lose the war but scare 'em a little and then in the windup of the talk give 'em the build up about our great American heritage of freedom and whatnot, and how our courage and our self-sacrifice will bring us victory over the forces of evil . . . and then there will be a people's peace, and amity and justice will pervade the earth, forever after.

"How about, for a change, just saying that we are losing the war, period. And realizing that we damn well mean it, period.

"Such realism, no doubt, would be a heart-racking plunge into cold water, but it would probably give us an idea of what we are up against. . . .

"This painful technique of realistic self-analysis might even remind us that freedom, like any other virtue, does not exist in a vacuum. It must be worked and practiced to exist at all. And like any other virtue, it imposes upon those who would have it the unpleasant tasks of discipline and sacrifice. A materialistic people do not learn these tasks by reading posters or listening to pep talks, any more than you can learn to play the violin by the same methods. . . .

"I think our insufferable and materialistic pride has rendered us incapable of realizing fully that in German Naziism we are fighting a monstrous thing that started out as a God-man complex, and now is fighting to the death, whether that God-man complex still exists or not, in the desperate realization that Naziism and the deluded fools who are backing Naziism cannot survive if they do not win and exterminate their victims.

"We would find it hard to follow through the thought that the



By LIEUT. ERIC H. ARENDT
Chaplain Corps, USN

Henry Van Dyke (1852-1933) was an American clergyman and author who lived a long and important life. But no more important piece of writing came from this distinguished man's pen than these six brief lines:

*Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heav'n securely.*

At the close of a full day it is important that the mind as well as the body attains a state of relaxation. Some of us do this through formal prayers. Some of us are afraid of the term "prayer." Some are a little hesitant about calling ourselves "religious." Let those of us in this latter category take comfort in the very simple definition that *a prayer is but a wish turned God-ward*. There certainly cannot be here anyone who would deny God. The very sacrifices which we are making and will continue to make for our Cause are proof enough.

Concern for our fellow-men, honor and trust in God are the traditional emphases of our Navy and our Country. These are each dependent upon the other. Being a part, as we are, of a program designed to retain these ideals, it certainly behooves us to recognize their importance to the life and happiness of our Nation.

What, then, is our responsibility? Read Henry Van Dyke's six lines once again. Take an inventory of *yourself* while you read them. Do you not see now why it is so important to relax one's mind? To all of you a prayer is suggested even if in its *simplest* form. Try it at the close of a busy day. You will find yourself refreshed mentally, just as your body is physically refreshed after a good night's rest, and you will find yourself prepared to meet ANY challenge on the morrow.

**Sunday
Divine Services**

Catholic
Masses 0615, 1000*, 1045
Confessions, Friday, 1830-1930
"Service at Forest Theatre, weather permitting. All others Gerrard Hall.

Jewish
1000, Hillel House

General Protestant
1000, Memorial Hall

little Japs, for whom we have always entertained a rather fond contempt, consider us foppish because we equip our aviators with parachutes. It is a degrading thought to these our enemies that there should be any alternative to defeat save violent death. . . .

"We are still flexing our imaginary muscles and shouting: 'Wait till I catch that lug who hit me when I wasn't looking!'

"We had better stop for a moment and look in a flat mirror to see if our gym trunks fit us.

"At this point I should shift gears and wind up with predictions of a glorious finish of our uphill fight.

"But I'm not going to do it.

"We are losing this war, period. And we should damn well understand it, period."

—Buy War Bonds—

Cadet Finds Athletic Head To Be 'Quite a Guy'

By CADET JAMES G. BUTLER

"Quite a guy," is the phrase so often informally applied to Harvey Harman, the Director of Athletics. You have often seen him, built on Gargantuan proportions, sporting a lieutenant commander's uniform around the campus. Seen from a distance you might wonder what use the Navy had for big farmers from the Iowa corn belt. But once you meet him you soon find that he is as sharp as a needle 'neath that rural camouflage.

H. H. comes from Selinsgrove, Pa., the son of a Lutheran minister, who was a former football player at Susquehanna. His brother followed his father's footsteps both in the ministry and football at his dad's college. Harvey however had different ideas—his big ambition was to play football under Pop Warner.

At that time Pop was at the University of Pittsburgh, so it was to Pitt that Harman went. And he did play football; to put it mildly, he was terrific.

Starting in at end as a freshman, Harman shifted to the tackle spot when the varsity tackle broke his ankle. After moving there, neither hell nor high water nor the opposing team could move him out, so he stayed there for four years. This feat won him All-American honors for two seasons.

Summed up, his college career was but a precursor of his later life, both crowned with success. In school he was active in that most shady of all American pastimes—college politics. The fact that he was president of his junior and senior class, and president of the YMCA demonstrates his ability in this field. In addition he won his varsity letter in track by heaving the shot and discus. And all this time he was a consistent member of the Dean's list.

H. H. graduated from Pitt in 1922 with a B.A. and continued to woo his first love, football. He accepted a coaching job at Haverford until 1929. Successively followed jobs at Sewanee, Pennsylvania, and finally Rutgers, hav-



Lt. Comdr. Harman

ing brilliant results in football at all three. In 1936 he probably had his best team when his boys were champs of the East and fifth in the country. At Rutgers he lead the team from the banks of the old Raritan to its first triumph over Princeton.

Now Lieut. Comdr. Harman believes he has the most fascinating job of his career, as director of athletics in the Pre-Flight School. This job is the fulfillment of an ambition prompted by the realization that Americans were getting soft, and the desire to do something about it.

He felt that after the first World War and the repressions of prohibition, the majority of Americans looked down their long thin noses at sweat and organized physical development. After all wasn't sport merely for enjoyment? Of what use was good bodily development? Of course we played golf, and for the more strenuous tennis constituted a good workout. As for physical contact and those hulking brutes that participated therein—

See HARMAN, page 8

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