

CLOUDBUSTER

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COMDR. JOHN P. GRAFF, USN (Ret.)
Commanding Officer

LIEUT. COMDR. JAMES P. RAUGH, USNR
Executive Officer

LIEUT. (JG) KIDD BREWER, USNR
Public Relations Officer



EDITOR: ENSIGN LEONARD EISERER, USNR
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: ORVILLE CAMPBELL, Y3C



By LIEUT. ERIC H. ARENDT
Chaplain Corps, USN

Men of science, particularly those whose search for truth has led them into fields dealing with the origin of Man, teach us that all primitive peoples have *always* had some kind of religion, based upon an awareness of the unknown, unseen Power which we attribute to God. However remote these peoples have been from the influence of other cultures, there has always been a recognition of God.

Religion, in its earliest development probably was nothing more than a means of sanctification of the natural goods of life. However primitive and simple the lives of these people, it had to be recognized that there *was* this Power which made all things possible. From this earliest realization of God there has been progress throughout the ages—sometimes not at the rate that we would have liked—but progress, nevertheless.

A second step in religious development came with the establishment of a moral code—laws of living. These are definitely stated throughout the Old Testament.

Then came the Christian concept, the basis of which is *sacrifice*. That is what the Cross symbolizes for us Christians. And the motivation which comes from the Christian concept is *service*.

Now, as we enlist all of our strength and resources to make a better world for the generations to come let us hope and act with all our capabilities that our contribution will be another step in the progress of religion—real, active, useful and practical religion.

Lutheran members of the ship's company and their families are invited to attend a special Communion service this Sunday at 1030, conducted by the Rev. Dorus P. Rudisill, pastor to the Lutheran students of the University. Cadets will form and march to Memorial Hall, as usual, but will be dismissed in time to attend this Communion service which will be held on the second deck of Graham Memorial.

“WHEELS”

(The following poem, sent to a 14th Battalion cadet by a friend, expresses well the feeling of Navy mothers for their sons in the air service. The author herself has two sons in naval aviation.—The Editors.)

When you were tiny, Oh! dear heart,
I took you riding in your cart.
And I was proud as I could be
To have you out where folks could see
My son. On four strong wheels you went,
My little child, by heaven sent.

So many wheels you've known since then;
A kiddie car you rode, and then
A wagon; and a two-wheeled bike
To take you and your pack on hike.
Then came the day, not back too far
You got a license for the car.

And when the fog as thick as down
Had settled deep all over town,
I listened for you through the night
Till I heard wheels and saw a light
In the garage, but for your sake,
You never once found me awake.

So now your wheels have found them wings,
And fuselage and guns and things
That go to make an airplane,
To make all people free again.
And you fly high o'er waters deep,
And in the sky your vigil keep.

You'll Laugh Too

Your favorite tall story, truthful or otherwise, might make interesting reading in the CLOUDBUSTER. Printed below are a couple picked up from the *Bluejacket*, publication of the Naval Training Station School, Memphis, Tenn. Told by H. F. Bush, chief commissary steward, they are similar to the type wanted for this column, along with anecdotes and humorous items about Pre-Flight life. After reading them, jot down your favorite story and drop it in the CLOUDBUSTER box in the cadet store or bring it to the editorial office, Room 218, Alexander Hall.

“They used to call me ‘Home Run Rush,’” says Chief Rush, speaking with becoming modesty of his baseball prowess. “The only way they could walk me in a baseball game was to throw the ball back of me on my blind side. Once I whirled around, knocked the ball over the fence, got mixed up in my directions, ran to third instead of first, and they deduct—
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And if some time you fly too high,
Or dive too deep—I shall not cry.
I'll know that somewhere in the blue
You looked at God as you flew through;
You dipped your wing to another shore,
And your wheels rest on Heaven's floor.

—By MARGARET OSBORN LUDWIG

Terry and The Pirates

Booby Trap

