

# CLOUDBUSTER

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By GEORGE J. GREWENOW  
Chaplain Corps, USNR

Routine may become golden opportunity. Recently a chaplain friend wrote of his experiences—long hours on a blacked-out ship, dangerous waters, landing under fire, establishing and maintaining a beach-head. But that which was most impressive was his description of the nightly prayer services requested by the fighting men themselves.

Here were men who had completed a long and intensive physical training program. They were hardened and ready to take whatever came their way. With them was being sent the best equipment produced. They were not lacking. They were not afraid. They simply hungered for that spiritual equipment which makes a man give the fullest measure of hand and mind and heart. They sought that spiritual necessity which equips a man to face not only an enemy, but possibly his Maker, not only the dawn of battle, but possibly his dawn of eternity.

Sunday morning is routine. But shall it not be for us far more than that? Make it a golden opportunity.

### Sunday Divine Services

Protestant .....	1000	Memorial Hall
Roman Catholic .....	0615	Gerrard Hall
Jewish .....	1000	Hill Music Hall
	1000	Graham Memorial

Chaplain's Office Hours: Daily, 0830-1700; Monday and Wednesday, 0830-1800. Father Sullivan will be in Chaplain's Office on Tuesdays, 1845-1930. Confessions: Saturdays in Gerrard Hall, 1900-2015.

## 'Bainbridge Blues'

So many requests have been received for the words to "Bainbridge Blues," the plaintive ditty sung by Cadets Scott Brear, R. Carlson, and D. Jenkins at the last Smoker program that the CLOUDBUSTER is printing the words herewith. "Bainbridge Blues" was composed by Cadets Brear, Carlson, and Brauckman.

I thought flying was my meat,  
But with those hot pilots I couldn't compete;  
The story of my downfall I now repeat,  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

On my takeoff did quite neat,  
During the pylons lost 300 feet,  
Now they call me Downwind Pete,  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

For me there's no more flying,  
No use moanin' and cryin'.

Took me an hour to climb a thousand feet,  
Found out I didn't close the carburetor heat,  
Now won't have a chance to duplicate the feat,  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

720's, boy, did I muff,  
Stalls and spins are not my stuff,  
Teacher got out and called my bluff,  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

Oh, I hate to leave my buddies behind!

Saw a girl sunning, that was my doom,  
Went down too low to give her a zoom,  
Better write and reserve my room  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

On spot landings I'm not so hot,  
Six damn times I overshot,  
A 64 was all I got,  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

For me there's no more flying,  
No use moanin' and cryin'.

Took my cross check, got thumbs down,  
Guess I can't get my big nose brown,  
Leaving today for that Maryland town.  
O Maryland, my Maryland  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

Flunked my flight test, leaving today,  
So long, buddies, I'm on my way,  
Catchin' a train for Philadelphi-ay,  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

But here is the thing that makes me sore;  
Forked out exactly sixteen twenty-four,  
For a set of khakis I never wore.  
—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

Not Anacostia;

—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

Not Pensacola;

—GOING DOWN BAINBRIDGE WAY.

## Male Call

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

It's All In The Way You Look At It

—(CNS)



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