

CLOUDBUSTER

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Chaplain's Column

By GEORGE J. GREWENOW
Chaplain Corps, USNR

*"Christmas is coming to bless us again
Bringing its bounty of blessings to men,
Wiping out worries and troubles and frets,
Routing the past with its futile regrets,
Blotting out memories tragic and drear,
Filling our hearts with magic of cheer,
Giving us gifts from the Giver above,
Greatest of which is the spirit of love."*

Christmas grace has little in common with trading Christmas presents and with presents valued by dollars rather than by love and friendship. Christ is the graceful gift that marks God's search after our hearts, which expects nothing in return but our love. The first good news came to shepherds who were busy about their business and not consciously searching for God. They were simply receptive and had a simple faith that led them to go to Bethlehem. We need to take the struggle out of our religion this Christmas and open our hearts to His Gift.

To do so we need to hear the voice of God in a noisy world. An Aeolian harp was received as a Christmas gift. It was placed upon the sill of an open window. But the noise of the city streets drowned the sound of the wind on the strings. The window was closed and the gift despised. That night the window was opened to let in the fresh, cold air for good sleeping. In the night the sleeper awoke to the sound of sweet music. For the noise of the city had turned to the deep silence of a winter night. And the music of the harp was no longer lost in the sounds of the street.

Sunday Divine Services

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

Book Review . . .

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, by Col. Robert L. Scott, U. S. A. Scribner's, 1943, 277 pp., \$2.50.

Don't let the title deceive you! This is not the memoir of a flying evangelist but a humdinger of a story, perhaps the finest air-combat narrative to come out of the war thus far. It is the authentic tale of the adventures of Col. Robert Lee Scott, the one-man airforce of Burma and the greatest of the American pursuit pilots in China.

Col. Scott was born to fly. As a child he nearly killed himself jumping from a roof in a makeshift contraption of stolen tent-cloth. While in high school he bought a World War Jenny and taught himself to fly. His greatest ambition, however, was to become an Army pilot, and the only way to become a permanent member of the Army Air Force was to go through West Point. Although no student, Scott made the grade by enlisting as a private, studying furiously, and passing a competitive exam. After graduating from the Academy and winning his wings, he really began to learn the flying game. He learned the hard way—flying for the Weather Bureau, flying the mails in the winter of 1934 when the commercial contracts were cancelled and a dozen Army pilots died trying to do the job.

When America entered the war, Scott had a safe billet as commanding officer of a training field on the West Coast. But being a fighting Georgian, he fought to be sent into the Pacific. He was too old to be a fighter pilot, he was told. So he exaggerated his few minutes in a Flying Fortress into hundreds of hours and won the job of flying a "Fort" across the south Atlantic and Africa to India in order to bomb Japan. (Some excellent aerological data here by the way!) The projected bombing never came off, but Scott stayed on to fly for the Transport Service during the evacuation of Burma. Then one day he begged a P-40 from General Chennault and set himself up as a one-man air force over Burma.

The rest is history. Scott flew "Old Exterminator" all over Burma, sometimes making four or five sorties a day, each time with his spinner painted a different color to represent a different plane. Alone he strafed and dive-bombed and shot Japs out of the air until the Japs were certain that they were opposed by a force of at least fifty planes. He then went to China to fly under Chennault, the old master himself, and there became the leading ace of the superb group of pilots who practically drove the Japanese Air Force from central and southeastern China. —A. H. V.

Male Call

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

—(CNS)



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