

# CLOUDBUSTER

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By CHAPLAIN GEO. W. CUMMINS  
Chaplain Corps, USNR

O I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared  
and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air,  
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with eager  
grace,  
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space  
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

—JOHN MAGEE

EDITOR'S NOTE: A short while after the above was written, the author, a 19-year old flyer in the R.A.F., was killed in an aerial battle. The poem has since been judged on a comparative basis and ranked with "In Flanders Field."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Bible is God's chart for you to steer by, to keep you from the bottom of the sea, and to show you where the harbor is and how to reach it without running on the rocks or bars."  
—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## ... On The Lighter Side ...

A Naval lieutenant wrote the following letter aboard a ship in the South Pacific:

"My Dear Wife,

"I haven't much time, but I want you to know that I love you and the children very much. . . . Everything I have I want you to have to administer as you see fit. . . . Hastily because we are nearing the enemy and they outnumber us."

The letter concluded with this scribbled postscript:

"Forget all the mournful stuff. We just whipped the hell out of those Japs."

\* \* \* \* \*

A sailor was relating his adventures in the jungle.

"Ammunition, food and whisky had run out," he said, "and we were all parched for thirst."

"But wasn't there any water?"

"Sure, but that was a hell of a time to think of cleanliness."

\* \* \* \* \*

The chief was asked by a department Y3c for a recommendation. He thought it over and wrote as follows: "The bearer of this letter is leaving me after one month. I am perfectly satisfied."

He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling," he murmured, "I love you so. Please say you'll be mine. I'm not rich like Percival Brown. I haven't a car, or a fine house, or a well-stocked cellar like Percival Brown, but, darling, I love you; I can't live without you."

Two soft arms stole around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear:

"And I love you, too, darling; but . . . where is this man, Brown?"

\* \* \* \* \*

And then there was the Scotchman who took his wife to the country to have her baby. Seems he had heard about rural free delivery.

\* \* \* \* \*

A sensible gal is not so sensible as she looks because a sensible gal has more sense than to go around looking sensible.

### Sunday Divine Services

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

## Male Call

It's Hard To Learn To Be A Glamour Boy  
by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" —(CNS)



HOP IN, FELLAS!  
ALWAYS HAPPY  
TO PICK UP AN  
INFANTRYMAN...

Copyright 1944 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



LET THOSE INFANTRYMEN  
MOVE UP TO THE HEAD  
OF THE LINE...THE MEN  
FROM THE FOXHOLES  
DESERVE A BREAK...



THIS IS ON ME, GENTS!  
I GUESS A REDLEG SORTA  
OWES A DOGFACE A BEER  
NOW AN' THEN—JUST ON  
GENERAL PRINCIPLES...



ANY GUY WITH INFANTRY  
BLUE PIPING ON HIS CAP  
GETS FIRST CRACK AT  
A RIDE, AFTER THE AIR  
FORCES... GRAB A 'CHUTE  
AND CLIMB ABOARD!



YUH LATE, SEE! FOR W'ICH  
Y'CAN JIST FORM A LATRINE  
DETAIL AN' GIT T' DIGGIN'!  
Y' THINK I'M RUNNIN' A  
CLUCKIN' RECREATION  
CENTER?... BETWEEN  
REPLACEMENTS AN' FURLONGHS  
THIS OUTFIT'S GETTIN' LIKE  
A CLUCKIN' P.O.E.! GET  
GOIN' LIKE I TOLD YUH!

....KINDA  
NICE TO  
BE HOME,  
AIN'T IT?

MILTON CANIFF