

CLOUDBUSTER

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In Memoriam

The Commanding Officer, Officers, and Crew of this activity extend their sympathy to Ensign Robert Vincent, USNR, of the swimming department on the loss of his brother First Lieutenant Richard Vincent, USMC, who was killed in action during the landing on Tarawa.

By Any Other Names

The blue-jacket picked up the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello, baby, this is Gideon."

"Who?" asked the girl.

"Gideon," he answered.

"I can't understand you."

"Listen," said the sailor. "It's Gideon—G for gin, I for ice, D for drink, E for excess, O for off duty, and N for nothing to do. Get that?"

"Well, I still don't know who you are," replied the girl, "but it sounds interesting, so come on over."

* * * * *

A Chicago gangster took it into his head to send his son to school. They arrived at the principal's study.

"What you got?" asked the father.

"Sir, we offer arithmetic, trigonometry, spelling, etc."

"Waal, give 'im triggernometry. He's de woist shot in de family!"

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.

On The Lighter Side

The Bridegroom Was A Sailor

The happy bridegroom wore a charming sailor suit of dark material said to be the same he wore shortly after being sworn into the Navy, although he would neither confirm nor deny this sentimental touch.

This attractive suit consisted of two pieces, a jumper and pants.

The jumper, beautifully draped about the shoulders and tastefully gathered under the arms, had a deep V neck line which showed a generous expanse of white underwear. It was gracefully fashioned without pockets.

The trousers were of the same dark material, suspended from the waist, and falling in a straight line almost to the knees, where they flared out into bell bottoms.

Thirteen buttons adorned the front, and the rear was tied with black rayon ribbon. The suit's severe simplicity was relieved by an artistic touch of black hole-proof hosiery showing nattily between the bottom of the trousers and the genuine leather shoe tops.

Final attractive touches were provided by two clever accessories which did not match—a loosely flowing cravat tied tightly over the Adam's Apple, and a novel, but undoubtedly smart, small white hat, which was worn pre-

cariously throughout the ceremony perched on the back of the bridegroom's head.

—The Memflite

* * * * *

A salty officer just in from sea walked up to a young man in a neatly tailored slate gray uniform at an air station and asked: "Where's the master at arms?" The casual reply was, "I dunno." Trying again, the officer asked, "Where's the officer of the day?" Again the laconic reply, "I dunno." A little annoyed, the officer said, "Young man, don't you even know enough to say 'sir' when addressing a superior officer?" "Take it easy, bub," said the gray uniformed young man, "I'm just here to sell Coca Cola!"

* * * * *

One of the inmates in an insane asylum was causing quite a disturbance, when the guard asked him what the trouble was.

"I'm Hitler! I'm Hitler!" he kept repeating.

"That's the craziest thing I ever heard of," the guard replied. "What makes you think you're Hitler?"

"God told me so!" the patient insisted—to which a nearby inmate stoutly objected, "I never said any such thing!"

Male Call

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

—(CNS)



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