

CLOUDBUSTER

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On the Lighter Side . . .

ALL CURED, AND \$500, TOO (From the Mare Island, Cal., Breeze)

A lad on one of our destroyers that had been out for many months lay very ill in the sick bay. His spirit was like a ship tugging at its anchor in a high wind. He was just about ready to let go and sail out into the great beyond.

The doctor spoke about it to the skipper, who asked: "Would a little good news help him, Doc?"

"It might be the tonic which would save him," the doctor replied.

"Then tell him that we are headed for San Francisco, only make him promise not to tell."

The doctor hurried to the sick bay and whispered the good news into the ears of the lad, who smiled and promised he would not tell a soul. No medicine ever worked so rapidly or effectively. Soon the lad was up and about. There was a song on his lips—he was on his way home! Soon he was back on duty.

When the destroyer came in under the Golden Gate bridge, the lad hunted out the doctor. "Sir," he hesitatingly asked, "would you do a favor for me?"

"Why certainly, son," replied the doctor. "What do you wish?"

"Well, sir, I have \$500 I wish you would keep for me."

"Five hundred dollars!", exclaimed the doctor in amazement. "How did you get so much money?"

"Well, sir," explained the sailor, "you made me promise not to tell that we were on our way home—and I didn't. But I bet every guy who would bet with me that we were headed for San Francisco. And, sir, I just cleaned up the ship."

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 . . .

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF, *Captain Ralph Ingersoll*. Harcourt Brace and Co., N. Y., 1943; 217 pp., \$2.00.

This book has a purpose. Don't let that scare you, it is an exciting book—good reading for any service man. It is not like most war books. There are no laughs and few heroics. There is little about what we are fighting for, there is nothing about grand strategy; in fact, there is not much about the tactics of a single campaign. But there is a lot about battle, battle as seen, felt, understood, and interpreted by one man capable of putting his observations into words.

Probably no other man engaged in the battle of El Guettar was as observant as Captain Ingersoll, formerly editor of *PM*, but any one of the 500 American Rangers or 1400 Italians in that battle would say, if they read his account, "That's it; that's the way it was."

As a battle, El Guettar wasn't much, an engagement that began the night before when the minefield was lifted and ended in late afternoon of the following day in a destructive but tactically ineffective Stuka attack.

The story covers the five mile climb during the night into position on the enemy flank,

and the series of attacks by small groups, a half dozen men here, half a platoon over there, that resulted in control of the valley below. It is battle as seen by one soldier, actively in contact with the enemy, not as seen at staff headquarters or even at a command post. It is an account full of the small details of one man's experience—the rocks underfoot, the clink of equipment, the staccato of machine guns, the cough of mortars, the *whoosh* and *wham* of 155 mm's, and the unbelievable intensity of Stuka bombs. There is the soldier with the back of his hand blown off, and the futile effort to bandage it. There is what it feels like to be hit, suggested in that soldier's request, "Please, sir, cut it off—so I won't have to look at it."

This book has a purpose. Chiefly, Captain Ingersoll's purpose is to make the reader, whether service man or civilian, realize what an Army or Navy is for, what all the drilling, technical or military, is about. In battle is revelation; then and perhaps then only, comes the full understanding of the purpose of training. Battle is the culmination of the long process of training. Battle is the culmination of the long process of sweating out that degree of fighting proficiency which enables us to impose our will upon the enemy. That is what a Navy and an Army are for.

—G. F. H., ENS Dept.

Male Call

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

Briefs for Mission

—(CNS)

