

CLOUDBUSTER

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He's A Man

Father," he asked, "may I use the car?
just for a spin? I won't go far."
"No, you are much too young, my son,
Better wait 'till you're twenty-one."
"Yesterday, out on the African sand,
A tank felt the steel of the youngster's hand."

Mother, don't look for me at eight—
I'm seeing a show and I might be late."
"Now, son, it's a rule that when nights begin
All boys of 18, like you, should be in."
(But yesterday's dawn found him still awake,
Waiting for day and the battle to break.)

"World, give me work and a share in your plan,
For I've turned 18 and am now a man."
"You still are a scatter-brained child," they
said,
"Wait 'til the nonsense is out of your head."
(And now in this crisis that calls for guts,
When the world is torn from her time-worn
ruts,
And the speed is too much for an older head
And the horror is such that we hear with dread,
The whole white hope of a great new plan
Rests on the back of this boy, turned man.)
—(Author Unknown)

Wednesday Entertainment

An entertainment program, featuring cadet talent, music by the Pre-Flight band, an movie shorts, will be held for the regimen of cadets in Memorial Hall next Wednesday starting at 1920.

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.

On The Lighter Side...

First Marine: "What is the most beautiful thing in the world?"

Second Marine: "A beautiful girl."

First Marine: "You're wrong—sleep is the most beautiful thing in the world."

Second Marine: "You're right—next to a beautiful woman, sleep is the most beautiful thing in the world."

* * * * *

Admiral Halsey tells of arriving late at a football game, and to get to his seat he stepped on a sailor's foot. The sailor, without looking up, yelled, "Get off my foot, you big lug." Then, recognizing the Admiral, said, "O, my goodness—beg pardon, sir. Here's my other foot—go ahead—step on it, please!"

* * * * *

The new Swedish cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress: "Where bane your son? I not see-g nem 'round no more."

"My son?" replied the mistress proudly. "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. I miss him awfully, though."

"Yes, I know joost how you feel. My brother, he bane in yail six times sence Thanksgiving."

Something new in the line of leave extension requests was actually received by a Commanding Officer recently. The wire read like this:

"SIR: ARRIVED IN TIME FOR LAST BUS BACK BUT JUST AS I WAS BOARDING A PARADE CAME DOWN THE STREET AND THE BAND STARTED PLAYING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. NATURALLY I SNAPPED TO ATTENTION AND SALUTED. BY THE TIME THEY HAD PASSED, THE BUS WAS GONE. NEED EXTENSION."

* * * * *

Funeral Director (to aged mourner):

"How old are you?"

"I'll be 98 next month."

"Hardly worth going home is it?"

* * * * *

Father (to 14-year old son): "I'd like to know what smart aleck with short pants dropped a cigarette on the upholstery of my new car."

Son: "It was an accident, sir. She didn't mean to."

Male Call

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

Combat Report

—(CNS)

