

CLOUDBUSTER

Vol. 2—No. 27 Sat., March 18, 1944

Published weekly at the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, N. C., under supervision of the Public Relations Office. Contributions of news, features, and cartoons are welcome from all hands and should be turned in to the Public Relations Office, Navy Hall.



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By GEORGE J. GREWENOW
Chaplain Corps, USNR

Spring! Resurgent life. Nature awakening. Grass struggling upward. Buds straining to burst their confining cells. Warm sunshine. Earth bathed in a benediction. Restless expectancy, eager anticipation.

Winter reluctant to depart—struggling against the newcomer. Occasional, fitful attacks. But the victory of Spring assured!

Spring, 1944. Resurgent life in freedom's cause. All the world waiting. Operations poised. Determination straining to be released. Over all the warmth of hope. Enemy unwilling to let go its grip on the world. But victory assured!

Spring in the souls of men. Spring with its glorious festival of Easter. Commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. The battles of life reluctant to let us go. Death and the grave unwilling to release their claims. But—victory over them all assured!

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, namely, our faith."

This is Spring eternal in the hearts of men!

"I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."—Lincoln

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 . . .

A hillbilly got a job at a war plant, but went back to the hills after a week. "How come you quit, Lem?" asked his wife. "Ah done made myself 150 dullers in one week and was a-hankerin' for retarmunt. An ah might o tarried a bit longer, but ah wuz reminded ever-where of our courtin days."

"How's that, Lem?"

"Oh, peers like some joker done got a gal in trouble name of Pearl Harper."

"Twarn't yew, Lem?"

"Me? Aw naw, but your paw never had no mercy on me, so ah was durned iffen ah'd donate any \$18.75 to go his bond!"

* * * * *

Breathes there a Cadet
With soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
To Hell with muster
I'll stay in bed!

* * * * *

Three old maids were sitting on a veranda knitting. Suddenly a fluttery hen, being chased by a big red rooster, ran across the busy street and was killed by a passing car.

"Ah," sighed one of the ancient vintages, "how wonderful! She chose death instead."

An old Londoner was asked if he was not scared when a bad blitz was on. "No, guvner," was the reply, "can't say as I am. Yer see, I count me chances. Jerry—well, he's got to take off all right, 'asn't he? Then he's got to cross the Channel, that ain't too easy for him.

"Then he's got to git by the Coast. Then comes the Thames Estuary, that ain't all like he likes it. Then comes London—well, he can't miss that; but then he's got to find 'Ammer-smith, then Acacia Road, then No. 87, and then most likely, I'll be at the club!"

* * * * *

The Japanese Admiral reported to the "Son of Heaven":

"We blasted Pearl Harbor, mission not so successful. We blasted Wake Island, success not so good. We blasted Midway Island, no good. We blasted Bataan and Attu, no good. We just a bunch of no-good blasters."

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"We must, above all things, understand our terms and to what they refer."—Socrates.

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Hear about the little paper doll who died of a broken heart because she heard her mother was an old bag?

Male Call

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

—(CNS)



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