

CLOUDBUSTER

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Things to Come . . .

There has been a lot of talk around the station recently about the GI Bill of Rights. It concerns every cadet, officer and enlisted man here and elsewhere, and it gives the returning serviceman a feeling that things will be "a bed of roses" for him once he is mustered out of the service.

There can be no doubt that the first couple of months will be easy. The mustering out pay, the college education for the younger fellows, the chance to borrow money to start a small business, the promise to solve your unemployment problem. These things are promised to you, and you'll receive them. But there are other things you must accept, just as certain and just as necessary, as the good things.

The folks at home and the old boss will be waiting for you, and they will do all they can to help you get readjusted. But their resources will be limited. Business will be on a more competitive basis than ever in the history of mankind. Unless you give your particular job your very best, sooner or later some fellow is going to come along and replace you. Then it will be only natural for you to have the feeling that the folks at home just "don't give a damn" about the returning veteran.

The folks at home will give a "damn" about the returning serviceman so long as the returning serviceman, in turn, gives a "damn" about himself. GI Joe must start now to improve his mind to cope with the problems of the future. He must save some money, in war bonds, in postal savings, in banks, for by saving money he holds an investment in the future.

Perhaps it wouldn't hurt any of us if we took stock of our individual situations. Seriously, what kind of shape would we be in if we were mustered out of the service tomorrow? Would we be able to get off to a good start in a "war-free" world? If not it's time we did something about it. It's time we took the future in hand. It belongs to us, and it's up to us to make something out of it.

Cruising With Covey

By DAVID Y. COVERSTON, Y1c, USNR



Perhaps I was a bit optimistic last week when I said that I'd be on my way by the time the CLOUDBUSTER went to press; however, I have left Chapel Hill and am now sitting here at the Receiving Station, Norfolk, Virginia, praying for an early departure.

The bus John O'Hara and yours truly left the Hill on was naturally very crowded, but we managed to get a seat, something which in itself was a miracle. Going to Norfolk, we were accompanied by many other sailors and a smattering of civilians, the latter continually keeping up a running line of chatter about the difficulties of wartime travel.

We left Raleigh around 2300 on Wednesday night and arrived in Norfolk at 0600 on Thursday, and while the trip wasn't as bad as we had expected, it still was a far cry from the luxury of private transportation. However, we did get here, and immediately upon climbing out of the coach were met by a contingent of SP's. After showing our orders we were taken to SP headquarters, and there had the cooling delights of a shower and shave, all for a nickel. Being told how to get to the RecSta, we were sent out on our own, and the first place we headed for was a place to get some chow.

After dining heartily, we decided to look over the town a little before reporting, and frankly, it isn't a great deal different from any other seaport city. The streets are narrow, and cobblestones prevail as paving material. Service men line the sidewalks, but strangely enough, it isn't hard to get into any establishment. There are numerous theaters, burlesque houses, and other places of entertainment available, and of course all the leading department and wholesale houses have stores here.

The streetcar line runs directly from the heart of town out to the Naval Operating Base, and on the way out, on the starboard side of the tracks, is the Rec. Sta.

All men who come to the Rec. Sta. log in at the South Annex, and here they remain until they get further orders. This annex contains more barracks than I've been able to count thus far, one being filled with ship's company WAVES, and in addition, there are numerous Quonset huts, containing everything from gear to personnel. Eight chow halls are located a short distance from the barracks, and one of the most up-to-date ship's Service buildings in the country sits on the edge of the huge parade ground.

Immediately upon logging in we were assigned to a bunk in one of the barracks, our particular one being number 17, section B. The entire barracks contains 447 men, all going overseas or to a ship.

The day begins here at 0600 with reveille, and since everyone here is expecting to go any day, nothing is said if you linger in the sack until 0730, unless you've been hooked into a work detail. Overseas men aren't required to stand watches if they are here in a group detail as we are, but men who just come down FFT have watches, cleaning details, and other small tasks to perform.

Breakfast is served from 0630 until 0730, and consists of cereal, fruit, hash, beans, coffee, rolls, and sometimes other things, some of which are very tasty, and others being untouched by some of us thus far.

All hands muster at 0800, in their respective details, after which working parties turn to and clean the barracks, and the rest of us manage to keep out of the way. The ship's service building opens at 1000 and contains, among other things, a canteen which serves milk, sandwiches, beer, ice cream, soft drinks, cigarettes, and various and sundry other articles the same as any other ship's service.

At 1045 muster is held again, and all hands go to the movies to view educational films, these covering practically every subject from gas masks to methods of making makeshift heads while on march. These movies generally last until 1130, at which time chow is being served. Noon chow is over at 1230.

Muster comes again in the afternoon at 1530, and then you're on your own until liberty hour. Liberty begins at 1630, and everyone who wishes to go ashore at that time lines up for inspection, which consists of checking to see that clothes are clean, hats are squared, white socks are worn, and ID cards are in evidence. All men here, unless on watch or restriction, are given liberty from 1630 until 0730 the following morning, but no 48 hour passes are issued overseas men.

Evening chow comes at 1630 and lasts until 1730. After evening chow those who don't go on liberty generally wash clothes, since there is no laundry here, and clothes must be clean. We lazy fellows sometimes find an eager beaver to do ours at prices ranging from 25 to 50 cents for white uniforms and lower prices for other items. Pressing is extra.

Taps are sounded at 2200, and fellows, it's wonderful to hit the sack, even if they are hard, and you have some 80 roomies.

Since getting here I've found only one ex-shipmate, James, PhM1c being the lad, and he's a former Chapel Hillite also. He's been here for some four weeks waiting for a ship.

That seems to wind up a day's activities here, and that's enough for now, but if possible, I will try to tell you some of the other things that go on around here next week because any of you might be here anytime, and it might prove to be both interesting and useful to you then. Until later though, adios amigos, and I no longer think PFS at Chapel Hill is tops—I KNOW IT!