

# CLOUDBUSTER

Vol. 3—No. 1 Sat., September 16, 1944

Published weekly under the supervision of the Public Relations Office at the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, N. C., a unit of the Naval Air Primary Training Command. 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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## War Not Yet Won

Quoted from the BuPers Information Bulletin, the following editorial is nothing less than emphatic in deflating the fancy that the war is won and soon to be over:

"From the recent great victories of the Allies, and from the increasing emphasis of post-war planning, it might seem easy enough to conclude that for all practical purposes the war is over. However, without gainsaying the victories and without denying the planning, it is not only wrong but dangerous to believe that final victory is imminent.

"The truth of the matter is simple: Victory will come at the moment the Germans and Japanese decide to surrender unconditionally—but that has been true from the beginning, and from a military standpoint the end is not yet in sight. There will be long campaigns to plan, much hard work and many casualties before the victory is won. The triumphs of the moment are impressive and important, but not yet conclusive. We know from bitter, costly experience that the enemy is skillful, resourceful and tenacious; until he actually lays down his arms we cannot say the war is over.

"No, the war is not yet over, and wishing or misreading the signs will not make it so. The only way we can win is to get up steam and fight, and the closer victory comes the harder we must fight to bring it to us sooner."



2nd Lieut Leonard V. Wirkus, youngest brother of Warrant Officer Faustin E. Wirkus, USMC, who is attached to this station, was recently awarded the Air Medal by Bridg. Gen. E. M. Morris of the 12th Fighter Command. Last week Warrant Officer Wirkus received a picture of the General pinning the Air Medal on his younger brother.

## Meet the 1944 Cloudbuster Football Team



Pictured above is the 1944 edition of the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight Cloudbuster football team. Front row, left to right: Walter Schumacher, end; Benjamin Lum, tackle; Dan Williams, tackle; Paul Myrehn, quarterback; J. T. Levay, right halfback; Buell St. John, left halfback; Orban Sanders, left halfback; Frank Sills, guard; and Otto Graham, quarterback. Second row, left to right: Daniel Weitekamp, quarterback; Kermit Atkinson, guard; Paul Creteau, end; William Killingbeck, guard; John Robinson, end; Dale Pulver, guard; Charles Coleman, center; G. V. Fellabaum, fullback; H. R. Keitzman, Jr., fullback; and Warren Anderson, end. Third row, left to right: Edward Veith, center; P. M. Lynskey, quarterback; Leland Yager, tackle; Charles Batts, tackle; Jack Price, fullback; J. A. Howell, tackle; George Copeland, tackle; Austin Gandy, guard; Ralph Stinson, tackle; and Melbourne Sheehan, end. Fourth row, left to right: W. F. Weisel, halfback; Edward Keip, center; Taylor Hardwick, center; Francis Janosky, end; Roy Nyden, end; Walter Lang, end; Ralph Huneycutt, center; George Lorentz, tackle; Frank Aschenbrenner, left halfback; and William Wilson, right halfback. Fifth row, left to right: William Clements, guard; Ronald MacMillan, guard; Russell M. Messer, manager; Austen Smithers, center; and Alexander Jankauskas, end.

## . . . On The Lighter Side . . .

A bum approached a prosperous-looking fellow on the street and asked for a half dollar for something to eat. "Tell you what I'll do," said the gentleman. "I'll buy you a drink."

"No, I don't drink," persisted the down-and-outer. "Just give me 50 cents to get something to eat."

"Here, have a cigar," offered the other.

"All I want is a bite to eat," pleaded the panhandler. "No cigar."

"Look," offered the man with the dough. "I know some nice girls. I'll phone and make a date and we can have some fun!"

"Please, mister," begged the bum. "All I want is half a buck to get something to eat."

"Okay," the fellow finally said. "I'll give you the 50 cents, if you'll come home with me!"

"Why should I go home with you?" asked the moocher.

"Because I want to show my wife what happens to men who don't drink, smoke or go out with women!"



The reason they call a sailboat "she" is that she makes her best showing in the wind.



A schoolboy wrote more truly than he knew on a grammar examination: "The object of 'he' is 'she.'"

A team composed of Bluejackets was playing a soccer game with a team composed of Marines. A sailor was outlining the principles of the contest. "If you can't kick the ball," he said, "kick one of the men on the other team. Now where's the ball?"

"Never mind the ball," shouted a big Marine. "Let's get on with the game."



In the days of Queen Elizabeth, 'tis said, some of the ladies liked to curl up with a book, while others preferred simply to curl up with one of the pages.



There's an old saying that Heaven will protect the working girl—but then there's the question as to who protects the poor guy she's working.



Modern advertising must carry a punch to get most results. A San Francisco business man offered this: "I would rather do business with a thousand Japs than with one American." This statement, astonishing as it is, sounds better when one realizes that the advertiser is an undertaker.



Her ambition was to drink champagne with a millionaire chaser.