## CLOUDBUSTER

### Friday, June 8, 1945

## **CLOUDBUSTER**

### Vol. 3-No. 38 Friday, June 8, 1945

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 are welcome from all hands.

The Cloudbuster receives Camp Newspaper Service ma-terial. Republication of credited matter prohibited without permission of CNS, War Department, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

COMDR. JAMES P. RAUGH, USNR Commanding Officer LIEUT. COMDR. NORMAN LOADER, USNR Executive Officer LIEUT. LEONARD EISERER, USNR Public Relations Officer

LIEUT. (JG) EDWIN W. POLK, USNR Editor

R. D. JACKSON, PHOMIC HAROLD HANSON, SP(P)2C Photographers

# The Lighter Side ...

Among several of the animals who had escaped from a zoo one summer, was an elephant who wandered into the Victory garden patch of a local resident. Upon sighting the animal, the owner of the patch who never before had seen an elephant called the police department.

"Come quickly and get this beast out of my garden," he cried. "It's standing in my yard with its tail over the fence and pulling ""What is it doing with them?" asked the

police sergeant. "And if I told you, you wouldn't believe me," replied the local gardener.

"There is an Indian standing on a reservation, so the tourist goes over and asks, 'What do you do all day?' 'Hunt and drink,' says the Indian. 'What do you hunt?' asks the tourist. 'Drink,' says the Indian."

The waitress wondered why the elderly man was eating while his wife merely

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked the lady. "Sure am, daughter," was the reply. "I'm just waitin' till Paw gets through with the teeth " teeth.

An ensign had been giving a certain blonde the once over-about a dozen times

-at a party. Finally he moved over to her. "Pardon me," he said, "I'm with the United States Navy . . . whom are you with? 22 32

Hard-boiled diner: What's wrong with these eggs, sister? Wise Waitress: Don't ask me. I only laid

the table. \* 14

Poker—a game where a good deal depends on a good deal.



How a Sikorsky helicopter of the U.S. Coast Guard recently rescued 11 airmen marooned after three separate plane crashes in the snowy wastes of Labrador is told in the current issue of *American Aviation* magazine. The helicopter was dismantled and packed aboard a C-54 Skymaster of the Air Transport Command. Then, it was flown to Goose Bay, Labrador, reassembled, and flown to each crash scene. Shuttling between each location and a nearby frozen lake, where larger planes with skis could land, the helicopter brought out the stranded men, one by one.

### **Unscheduled** Flight

Dr. Clark Millikan, director of the Southern California cooperative wind tunnel at Pasadena, received some actual-but unexpected-experience in the operation of the huge testing device during a last-minute inspection just prior to the dedication ceremonies last month.

Dr. Millikan was walking through a rel-atively slow moving part of the tunnel when his telephone connection with the outside was broken. As a result, he had no way to inform the operators to shut off the wind stream, and in order to get out he had to walk through the throat of the tunnel, where a 105-mile-an-hour wind was blowing. When he reached this point, the wind stream picked him up and hurled him half the length of the big tube.

Unhurt by his unscheduled flight, Dr. Millikan admitted, "It was uncomfortable and I am not sure I would like to do it again."

### Moscow to Washington Record

The Air Transport Command has revealed, through a report to the Air Transportation Association, that a Douglas DC-4 plane recently flew from Moscow to Washington in 35 hours and 35 minutes, thereby establishing a new record.

The electrician's mate was stumped. Spy-ing a passing recruit he yelled, "Hey, you,

"Which one?" asked the recruit. "Either one." Then, after a moment, the EM asked, "Feel anything?"

"Good, I forgot which was which. Don't touch the other one. It'll kill you."

Pin-up-girl-a slick chick with a lot of rooster boosters.



Lips that touch whiskey, wine and brew Are the first to whisper, "I love you."

"I seem to have run out of gas," he said, sweetly. "Here's where I have to do some plain and fancy footwork." The girl's face, small and white, was turned up to his, her eyes glowing dizzily from beneath the heavy lids. Her head swam. Slowly he bent over her. Why not? He was her dentist.



Navy War Bond Cartoon Service

"He's already broken all of his resolutions except the one about buyin' more War Bonds!"

