



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

EARL REED SILVERS

ALUMNI HOUSE

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Mr Earl Reed Silvers

309 Verona Ave.
Newark, N. J.

Dear Sir: The address of Norman G.
Becker is "School of Military Aeronautics"
Princeton N. J.

Respectfully Mrs F. Becker.



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Mr. Earl Reed Silverz

War Service
Bureau

RUTGERS COLLEGE
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

U.S. School of Mil. Aeronautics Princeton, N.J.

Just a line to let you know
that I leave for France the end
of this week. Will drop a line
from there and keep in touch
with you.

Yours affec g. Becker.

Carl Reed Silvers.

Dear Sir:

Norman Becker
sailed about the 20th of November
we received news of his safe arrival
on the 10th of December, from where
we don't know, we are waiting for
news from him. his Mother

Mrs F. Becker

309 Verona Ave

Newark N.J.

His Address

Aviation Section
American Expeditionary force
Via New York

216 Squadron
R.A.F., British E.F.
France.

August 30, 1918.

My dear Mr. Silvers - ,

I am a very
conscious-stricken young
man and I beg you to for-
give my negligence in not
writing to you before. Your
war bulletins have been a
great treat, and I've often
made up my mind to drop
you a few lines, but some-
how or other my blaws in that
respect failed to materialize.
I shall attempt to tell
you what I have done since

I left the good old U.S. last fall,⁽²⁾
and what I am doing at present,
that is, as much as I dare tell.
To begin with, I came right on to
France, from last winter, went
through a French school of Aërial
Gunnery, through an American ob-
server's ~~and~~ bombing school, and
lastly took an advanced course in
night work and aërial navigation
in a British school in England. So
you see I have traveled about
quite a bit.

My two month's stay in
England was a dream. After being
in France, where comforts are few,
for such a long time, can you im-
agine how it felt to be trans-
ported to England? The school
I attended there is situated at Stonehenge
on the historic Salisbury Plains, and
I had lots of time to gaze upon the
famous ruins - from the air. And
London was so very near - that city
of wonderful shops, where one can

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obtain every article needed
for a soldier's comfort.

After finishing the course
at Stonehenge, I became attached
to the British Royal Air Force
and was assigned to the
famous 216th Squadron. That
brings me where I am at pres-
ent. I am a navigating ob-
server and all our work is
done at night. You have
probably seen in the British
communications just what
the night bombing machines
are doing, so I need not at-
tempt to describe our work.

I have tonight to my -

2.

self, inasmuch as I filled
the office of duty officer, or
censor, today. Tomorrow I
am to be orderly officer of
the camp, which means that
I must inspect the camp and
all formations, seeing that
everything runs smoothly.
Don't think that I work
like that every day. Oh! no.
The hardest job we have here
is to pass the time away. Of
course, when the nights are
clear we fly, but on cloudy
nights it is a "wash-out."

Another American and

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I occupy a small semi-bomb
roof hut, hidden beautifully
in the woods near our aerodrome.
You don't know what a fine
feeling of security it gives a fellow
when he can't even find his own
home at night. We live very
well, and our evening dinner is
always a formal affair. No one
takes his seat at the table until
the Major is seated. Should a fellow
be tardy to the meal, or wish to
leave early, he must direct his
apologies to the Major. Dinner
always resembles a miniature
banquet - everything from soup to
nuts, interspersed with some
spicy discussions and arguments
on present day warfare, as well as
current topics. Altogether, we
have a very pleasant life.

The last time I came through
Paris I spent the evening with
Herb Boes, 17 and also had a
long chat with Trace Elmendorf,
of the same class. I believe

That "Squirrel" Hutchinson [6]
'17, the intellectual leather-neck", is in this part of the country at present, and shall look him up as soon as I can get away.

If this letter appears to be full of ego, you must pardon me, for I've tried to tell you just what I've been doing. I'm writing this letter with my heavy trench coat and fur-lined flying boots on. I'm afraid I'll have to go to bed to get warm. Anyway, my candle is about burned out, so I'd better say good night. I would appreciate any news from you.

Sincerely,

PS The big guns will tell me to slash u.s. Norman Becker '19

September 23,
1 9 1 8.

Lieut. Norman Becker
216 Squadron
R.A.F. British R.F.
France.

Dear Mr. Becker:

Your letter of August 30th came to hand this morning and is most welcome. We are very much interested in what you have said and we thank you for your kind thought in writing to us. I shall look forward with a good deal of pleasure to hearing from you again whenever you may find the time to write in the pressure of your other manifold duties.

Cordially yours,

EBS/G