

November 19th. 1917.

Mr. Howard F. Huber,

Woodbridge, N.J.

Dear Howard:-

I think that I caught a glimpse of you in uniform at the foot-ball game with the navy last Saturday and I am wondering whether you have entered service and have not advised me about it. If you have, will you please send me your rank and branch and also your address so that I may place you on the honor roll also send you a weekly letter which the War Service Bureau is sending to all Rutgers soldiers and sailors. I am addressing this letter to Woodbridge because I do not know whether the people of Woodbury will forward it.

Good luck to you.

Very sincerely yours,



Princeton, N. J.  
Nov. 21, 1917.

Dear Sil:-

I am sorry that I put you to all the trouble of writing to me to learn my whereabouts, but am very glad, nevertheless, to get a line from you.

Why didn't you throw something at me Saturday, so that I might have had an opportunity of talking with you? News from the college is scarce.

I am now a student in the School of Military Aeronautics, Princeton, N. J., and have been able to stay with the pack for nearly six weeks. If all goes well I shall graduate Dec. 8, and then Heaven only knows where I will be. I am hoping for Italy



or Egypt, as cold weather doesn't agree very well with me.

There have been a number of Rutgers men here. Becker '14, and Jule Miller '16 are now alumni. Cattell ex '17, Colville '16, Ritchie '15, Pat Flanagan '13 and Shields are still here, and at the last report were going strong with every prospect of getting there.

We are kept pretty busy from 5.45 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. but the working hours are well off-set with rest periods so the work isn't so hard as it seems. If a man has the ability to assimilate a mass of technical information rapidly he can easily get by. Every one has to work as hard as he can, though, or the work can't be mastered.

Sincerely yours,

Howard F. Hubers.



November 23rd. 1917.

Mr. Howard F. Huber,

School of Military Aeronautics,

Princeton, N.J.

Dear Skeets:-

. I was mighty glad to hear from you and to clear up the mystery of your sudden appearance in uniform. I am placing you on our list to receive the weekly letters from the War Service Bureau and I hope that you will notify me of any change in address. I was glad to hear about the other men as I had no record of Colville and Flanagan. Cottrell is something of a mystery as he is not listed in our college address list.

Good luck to you and best wishes,

Very sincerely yours,



Wichita Falls, Texas,  
Dec. 16, 1917.

Dear Sil:-

By some mysterious act of Providence I was able to graduate from ground school at Princeton without any mishap, and landed here last Friday.

Call Field is the newest Flying School, and the veteran cadets have been here only three weeks. There are nineteen Princeton men here, and we are the first men from the north. We have brand new barracks, - well heated, and fitted up with all conveniences. The grub is not what it ought to be, but it might be worse. We get all we want to eat, but there is small danger of any man overeating.

I don't expect to fly until next week, so I can't relate any thrilling experiences of first rides in the air. It doesn't appear very difficult, though, so I don't anticipate having a very bad time with mastering the art.



I ran across Ted Voorhees down here Saturday. He has been in the service a couple of months now, and expects to be sent over in a month. Jule Miller has been sent over, but I haven't heard from him yet.

How is the "News Letter of Rutgers Men in the Service" getting along? I haven't received any copy since the first one. My address for the next two months is Cadet H. H. Huber, Call Field, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Sincerely yours,  
Huber.



From Lieutenant Howard F. Huber '14

Pilot Barracks, Fort Sill, Okla.,  
June 1, 1918.

I want to thank you for the trouble you took to send me the war service letter. Mother wrote that you had sent to her for my address, and it sure does make a man feel good to have someone make such efforts to locate him.

You may as well throw away my present address, as I expect to be able to send you a new one very shortly. All I've done in the past two months is move, and the end is not in sight.

After three months' probation at Call Field my sterling worth in shoveling coal, sweeping hangars, filling gas tanks, unloading planes from cars, and general carpentry made such an impression on President Wilson that he told everybody that he reposed enough confidence in my patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities to make me a 2nd lieutenant. And on March 26 at 10.32 a. m. I suddenly became an officer and a gentlemen. The change from the degraded position of Flying Cadet, which as you know, is lower than the rank of Buck Private, was so sudden that I haven't yet become accustomed to it.

The barriers interposed between the would-be flyer and his coveted wings vary at different fields, and at different times. I was fortunate in that I was able to become an R. M. A. after taking the official R. M. A. test, and qualifying in stunt flying. At present these tests seem to be little more than a formality. A man gets re-exams until he passes them, and there is no five-dollar rule. At Call Field the men were required to land with 200 feet of a mark from 1000 feet with a dead motor; climb to 500 feet inside a field 2000 feet square; land over a 10-foot barrier and stop within 1500 feet, and fly two cross country flights of 35 to 75 miles. But since that date the requirements have been made harder.

After passing the R. M. A. test, a man is given instruction in stunt-flying and shown how to side-tip, tail-slide, fall-off-the-wing, loop, and tail-spinning. Then we had to go up and solo our stunts.



From Call Field I was sent to Camp Dick at Dallas. The name is camouflage; it is really the State Fair Park. Living accommodations varied from exhibition halls to horse-stalls, but the weather was mild, so we did not mind it. I was lucky enough to draw an ex-restaurant at first, and later a building used for experiment station and other similar exhibits, so I felt quite at home.

Most of this year's brood of new-fledged R. M. A.'s have spent some time at Camp Dick, as it is used as a concentration camp for men who can't be immediately assigned. I met C. J. Colville '16, and Julie Miller '16, while I was there, but don't know where they are now.

From Camp Dick the men are sent to advanced flying schools, where they specialize in different kinds of flying pursuit, bombing, reconnaissance. Post Field, Fort Sill, is a field for reconnaissance or Army Corps pilots, and also for Aerial Observers. It is intended primarily to train the observers, and the pilots' training is incidental. Army Corps work is not the highest type of flying, but it has a fairly comfortable death rate. The men here comfort themselves for the disappointment at not drawing pursuit work with the thought that they will be able to tell the folks how brave the other fellows were.

I was surprised to find several Rutgers men here. Cooper '13 is a 2nd Lieutenant with a Balloon Company, and Manley is here in the Photographic Division and will soon be sent to Rochester. Mitchell '13 is at the Observers' School; Neil MacDougal and Ackerman are at the School of Fire which is nearby. So the old college is well represented.



June 3, 1918

Lieut. Howard F. Huber  
Pilot Barracks, Post Field,  
Fort. Sill, Okla.

Dear Skeet:

I was mighty glad to get your recent letter and to hear about your experiences in the air service. I am going to print the letter in the next issue of the Quarterly as this is just the think<sup>or</sup> I have been looking for. Don't forget to let me know as soon as you have a definite address. In the meantime I will send your letters to the latest location I have in the hope that they will reach you.

With all good wishes.

Cordially yours,

ERS/W





"WITH THE COLORS"



Camp Dick  
Dallas, Tex.  
June 7, 1918.

Dear Sil:-

My address for the next three or four weeks will be the above, so if you have any news letters during that period send them along.

I guess I'm the only Rutgers man down here now, although it is possible that some of the more recent classes have representatives here.

Sincerely yours,  
H. F. Huber.



June 11,  
1918.

Lieutenant H.F. Huber,  
Camp Dick,  
Dallas, Texas.

Dear Skeet:

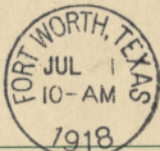
I am enclosing three postal cards  
so that you will be able to keep in touch with me  
more easily. I only wish that you could come up  
to New Brunswick for a good chat over olden times.  
Maybe some day we can all get together again.

Cordially yours,

ERS/W

Enc.





THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Earl Reed Silvers  
President's Office  
Rutgers College  
New Brunswick  
N.J.



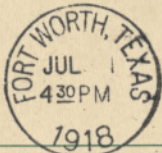
Taliaferro Field 1  
Ft. Worth, Texas,  
June 29, 1918.

Dear Lil:-

I don't expect to have an opportunity to use these cards again so I will send them all at once in order not to waste them.

This is a school of aerial gunnery where reconnaissance pilots get the final work before





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Earl Reed Silvers  
President's Office  
Rutgers College  
New Brunswick  
N.J.



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crossing. It looks good to me to have the end of my school work in sight even though I can't see how near it is.

Ft. Worth is only about 40 miles from Dallas, and the weather (the chief topic of interest) is the same. It gets to be  $100^{\circ}$  in the shade every day, and last week the local record was broken with a stretch of  $104.3^{\circ}$ .





THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Earl Reed Silvers  
President's Office  
Rutgers College  
New Brunswick  
N.J.



and now they are training for a  
world's record.

Crowell - 414, of Metuchen, and  
Kittell are up here now, but will  
not be here much longer. I haven't  
run across any one else I know yet.

Sincerely yours,

Huber.



Reply to (WRITE RETURN ADDRESS ONLY IN THIS SPACE)

NAME

RANK

EXAMINED BY

NAME

RANK

RED  
AND LT. A.S.

CO.

REGT.

American Expeditionary Force, France

VIA NEW YORK

THIS POST-CARD FOR U.S. MAIL ONLY  
NOT TO BE MAILED IN FRENCH POST OFFICE.

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY  
POST-CARD

Mr. Earl Reed, Sec'y.  
Columbia College,  
New Brunswick







On Active Service  
WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Dear Sir - I am sending  
my address so that you  
will be able to mail me  
the News Letter and the  
Quarterly. I am in a little  
town in east central France  
awaiting assignment to a  
combat unit. Life is good  
and I am willing to  
serve.