



“... my son flies”

When he was a little chap, he said he was going to be a pilot...

He never forgot it... nor did I...

I thought that some day I'd have to say "NO"...

When he was ten he built his first model. It actually flew—and how proud he was!

I was proud, too, because he was only 10, but I thought: "It's only a hobby—he'll forget it."

But he didn't. He built more models, studied engines and radio. He wanted to fly...

I dreaded the time when he should ask. I knew I should be wise... that I knew best... and that I'd say "No"...

I suppose I was afraid. Flying was something I had seen grow. It was something I always thought of as new and experimental... and dangerous.

Then the day came when he did ask. I remember how I had been dreading it. But there was something in his eyes and his voice, and suddenly I saw him as I never had before.

Suddenly I realised... he had grown up, that he was a man, and not a boy any more.

I understood then that it was not flying I feared, but the cutting of the invisible apron strings that holds a mother to her son. Now he was a man, and wanted to take his part in a young man's world. I said "Yes"...

I'm proud he flies. I'm proud of my son, because he is a man and a leader, and because now and in the future, he will help to build a better world, in the way that he wants.

You'll be proud of your son in the

Victory Squadrons

An illustrated folder on Aircrew training can be obtained from any Royal New Zealand Air Force Recruiting Office, or will be sent post-free and without obligation by writing to the Air Secretary, Air Department, Wellington

A.T.55.24