

102 SQUADRON
ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER

MARCH 2000

Hon. Sec. Tom Wingham, 21 Tannery Drive, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, IP33 2SD

Tel: 01284 754906

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please note that as from 7th. March 2000 the Secretary's new address will be 21 Tannery Drive, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, IP33 2SD. The telephone number will remain the same, 01284 754906.

REUNION 2000

This year's Reunion will take place at the University of York over the weekend of Sat/Sun, 29th/30th July. With the recruitment last year of a number of Canberra members it is to be hoped that we will be able to make up at least half a table for a mini Canberra Reunion at Dinner.

We all know that with the passing years it becomes a greater effort each year to make our way to York on these occasions but the thought of rejoining friends from so long ago and reliving the comradeship of those years will, no doubt, act as a spur to get us on our way and we look for a good turnout after managing to outlive the last century. Dinner will be available in the College on Friday night for the early arrivals who have pre-paid. For those other regulars, the programme will be familiar and as follows. To save work, if any member has their last year's name badge which is still usable please make the appropriate remark on the back of the booking form.

Saturday, 29th. July

12 Noon -4:00 pm. GET-TOGETHER in Langwith Bar & Lounge
1:30 pm Sandwiches, coffee, etc, available for those who have ordered.

6:00 pm Reception in Langwith Bar

7:00 pm Dinner - Langwith Dining Hall

At this time it is not known who will be our Guest Of Honour.

Sunday, 30th. July

10:00 am Assemble by the Beck, Barmby Moor for a short March to the Church for 10:30am Service during which a page of the Roll of Honour will be turned.

11:50 am approx. Wreath-laying at Squadron memorial on old Pocklington airfield.

1200 noon Dispersal, after which members may wish to visit Elvington Air Museum and have lunch in the NAAFI. Any member who might wish to board and look over the Halifax please notify the Secretary who will make the necessary arrangements, if possible on the day.

PRUNERY

THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to Pupil Pilot ----- for Conspicuous Ability to Detect Even the Slightest Little Thing Wrong.

Detailed to take up a trainer aircraft, No 80, he climbed into an aircraft whose number was 61 and started it up. It fired for a few revolutions and he then reported by R/T to the Control Tower that his engine was running very roughly. He was informed that this was to be expected as he was in an unserviceable aircraft, which was minus the propeller.

Tee Emm Jan'44

In the November Newsletter mention was made of a book written by Jim Richardson and members will note that Jim died shortly after this on 15th November. At his funeral on 3rd December the Association was represented by Bill Graham with whom Jim flew a couple of Operations. The following article about his crew's first Operation is taken from Jim's book, "Memories of World War Two". For a 'Sprog' crew, Berlin was not a particularly soft target with which to start a tour. This was written a few days after the Op.

AN ESPECIALLY MEMORABLE OP.

Out early to the kite, had a game of Pitch & Toss with the ground crew while we were waiting.

Lining up for take-off was a nice sight, all in single file round the peri track.

Take-off uneventful and climbing very nicely, breaking cloud (10/10) over the North Sea was a most impressive sight: we were in the midst of hundreds of aircraft, all flying above what looked like a mass of cotton wool.

Bit of flak heralded the coast - by this time it was dark and it was very consoling to see the PFF track markers coming up in the distance, which proved that we were dead on track.

There were by now more flares and some scarecrows, large bright red glows in the sky that looked like shot down aircraft. We also noticed at this time what looked like rocket shells, tailed streaks which dimmed after a while then apparently altered direction with renewed power. About this time we passed over more track markers giving us more confidence, and sets of three fighter flares were being dropped occasionally. Shortly after this, Taffy, the rear Gunner, reported an FW190 approaching rear down, we corkscrewed and threw him off.

The Target was visible a good distance off and when the photo flashes exploded, all the puffs of ack-ack showed up over the target. I set up the Mk.XIV Bombsight and prepared to bomb on Wanganui as all the way was cloud. The PFF markers were comparatively easy to distinguish from the German spoofs. We came in dead on, due to jolly good navigating by Ginger and I didn't have to give any corrections except the course to Ken, the skipper, and we passed smack over the centre of the flares. I let the bombs go, pushed the jettison bar, and after checking found that the incendiaries on station 1 had hung up.

Just out of the target area, where we had no difficulty with flak, Taffy (R/G) had trouble with his oxygen and, as we learned later, had actually passed out. Ernie (F/E) saw to him although he couldn't do anything and he recovered OK.

The fires, or reflections through the clouds were visible now, up to about fifty miles from the target. I popped back to take a couple of astro shots. There were the same three fighter flares cropping up, mostly on our port and they continued pretty well to the coast.

Tried to clear bombs over the sea, but no joy.

On arriving back near Pocklington, having come down to about 2000ft., we stooged around with no sign of it, or in fact, anything, except 10/10 cloud. We spotted a couple of searchlights through the cloud who must have realised our trouble and tried to home us. At 1500 ft. we made R/T contact with Base but could still see nothing. My position was up in the nose, suddenly there was a crash, my bombing

panel shattered and the aircraft vibrated terribly. Ken, the Skipper, said, "You'll never guess what I've done". The kite was shaking like a leaf and it didn't seem as though it would maintain airspeed. If ever I've have been near Death it was then when it tried to shake hands with me, but I pulled mine back just in time. I dashed back into the 2nd dickie seat and on looking out saw that the starboard inner was belching flames, so we feathered it. Then I could see the tip of the prop was off and the air intake flattened. "We hit the deck", commented Ken, "or something attached to it".

A canopy of Sandra lights gleamed ahead through a break in the clouds and we lost no time in landing. It was Leconfield and were we glad to see the ground and feel it beneath us! We saw that the engine was flattened around the air intake and my perspex bombing panel was shattered. It was what might be described as a 'shakey do'. After debriefing we waited for transport to Pock, and finally got to bed about 7:30am (perchance to dream!!).

It was subsequently found that the aircraft had a broken main spar in the starboard wing. The altimeter was not reading correctly and the trees we hit were on the top of the 700 ft. hills near Pocklington.

THE BELLS ARE NOW RINGING

On the morning of 30th. January St. Catherine's Church, Barmby Moor was full as the Dedication of the Restored and Reordered Tower and Bells was conducted by the Archbishop of York. No bells had been rung at the church for some thirty years and the new peal of six bells rang out magnificiently over the surrounding village and countryside. The work inside the church at the tower end has enhanced the building and, as the Archbishop pointed out in his sermon, there is no doubt that the church has the finest toilets in the Diocese. Five members of the Association attended by invitation to represent 102 Squadron at a Service which was simple but very impressive. The name of the Association, with the names of others making donations to the Appeal, is inscribed on an illuminated scroll at the foot of the tower.

Unfortunately, as with most construction works, and although much of the finishing was done voluntarily by members of the Parish, the delay between the start and completion of the project has meant a gap between the estimated and actual costs which has left a deficit of some £25,000 and the Parish now has to decide how they can raise this money.

BOMBER COMMAND ASSOCIATION.

The Chairman of the Bomber Command Association has written to point out that many Associations are finding it difficult to continue their activities at the level they would wish. As a result they are proposing to discuss the matter at the AGM on 24th. June when it will be suggested that members of Squadron Associations wishing to do so may join the BCA, for which all former members of 102 Squadron are eligible, anyway. Indeed, anyone may join the BCA as an Associate Member.

It is suggested that in so doing members will be able to maintain contacts and even enlarge them through their data base. The proposal will be discussed at the AGM but, as at present, we as an Association are holding our own, it is not envisaged that we will be throwing in the towel for a year or two yet.

The death of Ron Bryant, a former squadron member was reported in the November issue. Ron, a well-known London taxi-driver, gave a lot of his time to organizing outings for the disabled and co-operated on this work with Leonard Cheshire. The following article was culled from HALT Magazine, a monthly publication of Heathrow Taxi Drivers. First published around 1984 it was reprinted last year upon his death.

BRYANT KNOWS THE MEANING OF WAR

Two port engines on fire, a blaze in the fuselage and the second pilot dead as the Halifax plummeted to the ground near Frankfurt. "On our fifth bombing raid that is when we bought it" said Ron Bryant. "The plane was part of a raid on Frankfurt on the night of 25/26 November 1943. As the flak-damaged aircraft plunged towards the earth, the option of finding a more aircrew-friendly area to crash was evaporating. In France, Belgium and Holland there was a good chance of meeting up with organized assistance and evade capture but in Germany the civilians were hardly friendly and as RAF aircrew we were probably the most hated visitors the Germans had."

At 6000 feet the pilot ordered the crew out. Parachute training was never a priority in Bomber Command and the only instruction received was the theory of it on the ground. For 20 year old Bryant his first parachute jump was the start of an 18 month journey back to England. As Ron drifted down on the parachute he could hear an aircraft behind him and with the sound of machine-gun fire thought it was aimed at him but realized it was a fighter above shooting at the bombers on the run in to the target. Firing was also coming up from the ground and Bryant was happy when he had landed in a snowdrift, although it didn't do his stomach any good when he was tapped on the shoulder. But it proved to be another of his crew so, teaming up and using a compass to guide them, they started to walk in a westerly direction.

As they left the trees near a roadway they were spotted by a gang of workmen all carrying pickaxes and shovels and were surrounded while one of their number ran off and quickly returned with some soldiers who covered them with rifles and hustled them to the local police station. Here they met up with two Germans who screamed, shouted and hit them before they were escorted to the nearby Luftwaffe base for the night. The following morning it was on to the Interrogation Centre where, after giving his name, rank and number Ron was questioned by a civilian who spoke English and showed him a map of Europe with all areas marked with swastikas except Britain. "Very, very soon, Hitler will be in Buckingham Palace", he said.

After a period here Bryant and other captives were loaded in cattle trucks for transporting to POW camp. There was insufficient room for all of them to lie down or sit so a rota had to be devised. The POW's were taken to the M-Stammlager IVB Muhlberg-Elbe Camp on the east side of the Elbe with each man being assigned to a hut that held 200 men. And so Ron came to spend his 21st birthday in a POW camp. The camp did have recreational facilities with rugby and football pitches but while in the camp it was not unusual to find that consignments of the Red Cross parcels had been hijacked before reaching the camp.

During his imprisonment, Bryant tried to escape twice. Work parties were composed of privates from different POW camps who worked outside the camps. He teamed up with another NCO

who spoke German and they set about finding two privates with whom they could exchange places. It was necessary to find someone of the same build although it was risky for the privates because the punishment for swapping places was death. As Bryant and the other NCO walked out of the camp with the work party one of the guards recognized them but they managed to convince the Germans that they had ordered the privates to change places so the two privates received one week's solitary confinement while the NCO's got a month. At another time when the USAAF was bombing nearby targets the German sentries were lying down in fear and Bryant with several others who were walking around took the opportunity to make a break for freedom and walked out of the camp. Again they were unlucky to meet a party of soldiers coming towards the camp and had to give up. The POW's had a secret radio in the camp and Ron was one of the three men responsible for relaying the BBC News to the rest of the camp. Sentries had to be posted while this was taking place and after the newsreader finished he would have to tear up the paper and swallow it washing it down with boiled water from the stove.

In 1945 as the Russians advanced from the east, the Germans abandoned the camp and Bryant and other POW's had to leave the camp to forage for food. "This was very dangerous because we could have been mistaken for Germans by the Russians and to keep the Germans from escaping they would shoot everyone", he said. While searching for food in an abandoned house Ron with another POW was found by the Russians and were only able to convince them of their identity by showing their Air Force wings and POW tags. For two months afterwards the British POW's were kept as guests of the Russians. "In effect, we were being held as hostages only we didn't know it". Eventually, arrangements were made for the Russians to hand over the former POW's to the Americans who had lorries lined up at the agreed meeting place. When negotiations between the two sides began to break down the British POW's ran and jumped into the lorries and refused to leave. At last freedom came to Ron Bryant when they were flown in an American Dakota to Brussels and handed over to the RAF authorities.

TWI/CARLTON TV PRODUCTION - "BRITAIN AT WAR"

The above company are currently producing a new historical documentary about Britain during World War Two which will feature colour footage from that era. They are urgently seeking ANY colour film/home movies from that era (anything between 1930 and 1950. Especially welcome would be any colour footage of the British Home Front, Commonwealth and Allied troops or airmen stationed in Britain, or of the British overseas. They are also interested in people's diaries from this period.

Any members who can help with this are asked to contact Kyla Thorogood, Trans World International, Axis Centre, Burlington Lane, London, W4 2TH. Tel: 0181 233 5887 or Email: kthorogood@imgworld.com.

CAN YOU HELP?

FRANK WHERE. Believed to be Ground Crew (Fitter?) at Pocklington in 1943 at the time when his wife Annie died at 9 Regent Stree, Pocklington on 20th June 1943. Frank's niece in Canada is seeking information about his life then and anyone who has any memories of him or Annie's death is asked to contact the Secretary.

The brother and nephew of **SGT.R.I.WHITE**, Bomb Aimer in the crew of Capt.R.C.Thompson, are seeking information on the fate of the crew who came down in the Netherlands in DY-J on 17 Sept'44. Other crew members were F/Sgt G.S.Reader,Nav, W/O H.L.Locke,W/Op, Sgt G.V.Greening,AG, Sgt G.B.Gibson AG and R.Aitchison,F/Eng. Except for Sgt.Reader, reported KIA, the rest of the crew were posted as Missing with the possibility that they were shot on the ground by the enemy. If any member has any photographs of members of this crew please contact the Secretary.

WHITLEYS AT PRESTWICK. A researcher in Scotland is looking for photos of 102 Squadron Whitleys at Prestwick when the Squadron was there for a short time in 1940. Mike Hughes,20 Lynnburn Avenue, Bellshill, Lanarkshire ML4 3EL will be happy to send money to have copies made or alternatively if you send them he will have them copied and returned by Recorded Delivery. If you can help, his telephone No.is 01698 843557.

In the March 1999 issue of the Newsletter under the heading of "Fact,Myth or Line Shoot" a letter was published from Allan Dearden about a Jamaican Air Gunner. Since then a Member has sent in a copy of a cutting from one of the National Dailies, dated 18th.November 1943. A transcript follows.

IT WAS COLD OVER BERLIN

Frost bothered our pilots far more than enemy fighters during Thursday's big raid on Germany. A Scots air gunner, Sergeant C.M.Wilson of Fintry, making his first operational flight helped to shoot down one of the few enemy fighters sent up.

On the bombing run, Sergeant L.O.Lynch from Jamaica and Sergeant C.M.Wilson - Halifax gunners on their first operational flight - together shot down a Ju 88. "I could not ask for evasive action on the bombing run,"said Sergeant Lynch, "but Sergeant Wilson and I opened as the Junkers began to hedge in. I saw tracers striking the fighter's port engine. He banked and then we got him in the other engine and he went down."

"Gig flames were coming from both engines and Wilson saw him falling all the way until it disappeared into the fires on the target."

"We seem to have been the only crew who didn't complain of the cold. I expect it was the excitement of the first flight which kept us warm.

"I found out how cold it really was when I wanted a drink of orange juice. It was frozen solid and still was an hour after landing."

MEMORY OF A CLOSE CALL

By John LeBlanc

Two items from my log book are probably more significant to me than anything else.

15.9.43 MONTLUCON 7:10 Hrs. On Return Stbd Inner U/S from English coast.

18.11.43 LUDWIGSHAVEN 7:40 Hrs. Incendiaries hit Stbd Tail Fin over Target. S Rudder US

The first record is less significant than the second even though it was our first trip over enemy occupied territory. There were cautionary words to drop our bombs on the target and not on the civilian population. To do so we made a dummy run. This was never tried again!

The second note is different, in more ways than one. This has to be the most memorable raid in which our crew participated. In a TV interview, Eric Severied, the well-known American WW II Commentator said, "If you have described one raid, you have described them all". Not many aircrew would understand that point of view. How many was he on? Only those who survived have memories. This is one of mine. That night we found our Flight Engineer had been AWOL and missing for Briefing but as we climbed aboard the lorry with a replacement he appeared in his best blues. He had returned late from a 48 to marry a childhood sweetheart, - "shotgun" wedding we thought. He and the spare exchanged information and equipment and on arrival at X-X Ray he found that the parachute harness was far too big. He never told the Skipper. I, the only Canadian and a RC felt worse when I suddenly realized that I had not attended the pre-raid Service. The crew were aware of this and Smithy said he would wait until Father Seary arrived. The engines were running but, as so often he did, Father Seary made it on his bicycle and I took communion.

We took off fully loaded, with barely enough fuel to make it back home. With wheels up, Roy Smith, the skipper reminded us to be on the look out for friendly aircraft who were climbing all around us to converge at the first rendezvous. Three hundred and ninety-five heavies headed for Beachy Head on the south coast. From there we set course for Abbeyville before turning on to the next and longest leg which was to take us all the way to Mannheim/Ludwigshaven. We were a diversion for the 440 Lancs on Berlin, - or they were a diversion for us, whichever way you looked at it. Our count at this point was seven Ops. A safe return would give us eight. DR navigation was all we had to get to Ludwigshaven and without visual fixes along the route no alterations could be made. "If there has been no change in the weather forecast, this is our position," mumbled the navigator many times as we flew deeper and deeper into enemy territory. The

night's welcoming committee began to show signs of activity. Midair explosions, black puffs, gave us some idea of the height that the gunners below were setting their fuses.

Overcast skies made it difficult for searchlights to pick us up. The absence of flak made us wary of enemy fighters; flying in the clouds was disquieting. Jock McMaster, the W/Op wanted to know about the loud roar. A four-engine aircraft had crossed us too close for comfort. We watched the underside of the dark object with four white-hot manifolds pass immediately overhead and we were afraid that our aerial might have been sheared off. We asked Jock if his equipment was still in working order. It was!

As we penetrated deeper, but unable to get above the cloud, the Skipper kept asking the navigator, "How are we doing?.....I'm steering the course you gave me." To the obvious concern in Roy's voice, the same answer, "I have only my DR plot done earlier. Ask the crew to keep a look out for breaks in the cloud. A visual fix would be most helpful.....providing there has been no change in the wind speed and direction we are on course and on time." With the Nav's voice beginning to quiver, Roy said, "Johnny, we trust you asked Father Seary if he had blessed the weather man's forecast for accuracy." Our ETA was now up - with no Target Markers in sight. In silence, I'm sure we all thought that we had been blown off course by a change of wind.

After an eternity, the rear gunner reported a glow in the sky to starboard and the unanimous agreement was to head for the glow, get rid of our bombload and catch up with those already heading back to base. The raid was planned to last from Zero plus twenty minutes and we were twenty minutes late. Having strayed from the flock we were a sitting duck for nightfighters, searchlights and ack-ack. I couldn't help thinking about our newly-married colleague, as for sure, his pregnant wife didn't know what her husband was about this night.

With countless black puffs around us from a very active ground defence, we began our bombing run as I set Height, Course, Wind Speed & Direction on the bomb sight, almost to the point of bomb release, when Jack Greenwood, the rear gunner, queried if one of the engines was on fire as flames were shooting past him. Stan Bleach, the mid-upper, immediately came in with, "The engines are not on fire....but there's fire in the starboard rudder". Sure enough, the tail fin was aglow. We had been hit, but by what, we did not know. Awesome thoughts began to take over,..not much time left.....hung up at 18000 feet.....on fire, engulfed by searchlights and flak,.....shot, while cascading downwards...landing in ground fires....caught by the enemy...countless other things, not knowing what the next few seconds, minutes or hours would bring. Words of the Act of Contrition came to mind as we pressed on. I was lying on my stomach directing the Skipper to steer the aircraft down the line of sight of the bombsight. With confidence, Roy Smith's voice came over the intercom, "We've come this far, let's complete our bombing run, take the photo and then get to Hell out of here". Thank God....discipline took over. "Bombs Away", I called as I consciously pressed the bomb tit and watched the stick of bombs fall towards the target, with searchlights on us beginning to close to a cone. It took a number of seconds from release to complete the run for the photograph,- this night it seemed an eternity. With the flash of the pyrotechnic the Skipper put X-X Ray in a steep dive to get away from the cone of searchlights and the flak. We can't bail out here! The vibration was severe. For a moment it felt that the aircraft would come apart, 'G' kept me pinned where I lay. As we came out of the evasive action, the excited voice of the mid-upper called, "Hey, Skipper, the fire's gone out",...but we still had a long way to go. The Skipper mentioned that he had a problem with the starboard fin.

The rather desperate manoeuvres had taken us down to a few thousand feet. miles from the coast and safety. After mistaking the Zuider Zee for the North Sea we got ourselves together again, reaching the English coast where we started to peer through the darkness for the airfield lights of Pocklington. In poor visibility and a severe electrical

storm we requested permission to land but coming in we heard voices calling, "Bandits, Bandits". We hit the deck as the landing lights went off, but then found we were at Holme-on Spalding Moor, the home of 76 Squadron. We excused ourselves on the basis that the thunderstorm had led to the diversion. It had been a long 7:40 hours away from home. Due to the tail fin damage we could not take off again, so stayed the night in WAAF(vacant) quarters.

I cannot find the superlatives to describe Roy's skills, courage and leadership that night, but the episode did prepare us for far worse occasions should they ever arise. Fear had not been overcome, although training and experience had endowed each of the crew to work as a unit. As it happened, we went on to complete, months later, our tour without even a nose bleed. We called it a 'piece of cake', but it really wasn't. "If you have described one raid, you have described them all", but Severied doesn't mention all those killed without witness, those in mid-air collisions, bombs falling from above, knocked out of the sky by 7 tons of payload, fighters, flak and onboard explosions. The stories are in the hearts of the crews who sat in the cockpit, at the navigator's or engineer's station, in the Wop's cubby hole, or in the cold tight fitting gun turrets. How can such stories be told when to an onboard war correspondent.....hidden behind oxygen masks,,,,,all that could be seen were eyes?

Although, except for Roy when we have met from time to time, I have not heard from the rest of the crew, including our first navigator, (Dave Watters joined us when Jack Smith broke his leg), I am certain all the crew remember, as I do, this close call. After a long night, we checked in for tea, toast, bacon and one egg!

"WAR IN THE AIR"

In 1954 the BBC produced an outstanding series on aerial warfare from 1935 to 1950, comprising fifteen half hour films. The series took two years to make and the makers had the pick of nearly 12 million feet of Allied and enemy film although it was heavily weighted towards the RAF. The series received public acclaim and for many years was considered essential viewing for RAF recruits, - but has never been repeated or put on video. Now DD Video have, in conjunction with the BBC and the Imperial War Museum been able to reassemble and market the series in video format.

"War in the Air" comes in two volumes, "The Fated Sky" roughly covering 1935-42 and "Round the Clock" from 1943 on. Each volume of two video cassettes costs £19:99 and are good value for money, each of the fifteen separate ½ hour episodes covering particular aspects, Pre-War, Battle of Britain The Desert War, Italy, The Far East and so on, all being linked to what was going on below.

To launch the project DD Video commissioned a painting by Mark Postlethwaite of the Guild of Aviation Artist for presentation to the RAF Benevolent Fund for auctioning. The subject chosen by the artist was a Halifax I of 102 Squadron and, last November, to support the launch, DD Video invited seven members of the Association to the RAF Museum to sign some 300 prints of the painting.

NOT FORGOTTEN

Since the last Newsletter we have been advised of the death of the following Members.

Vic HUNTER 15th. Jan '00, aged 78, was one of the Whitley boys before converting to Halifaxes in 1942.

JOAN GOODMAN, a WAAF on the squadron from October 1943 onwards.

JIM RICHARDSON, Bomb Aimer in Ken Harris's crew, Nov '43/Aug '44. After mentioning his book in the November Newsletter it was sad to hear that he died shortly afterwards. His book is still available free from his widow with the suggestion that a donation is made to Association funds.

ALBERT MAGUIRE, an Armourer on the squadron from 1942 onwards. Albert had been ill and housebound for some years and finally succumbed in December.

JOHN HODGSON, 2nd. Dec '99, Age 82. although not a member of the Association, John flew with the Squadron in 1945. Initially, he had been called up in 1939 as a militiaman and served in the army as a Despatch rider, spending a week of his service on the Dunkirk beaches. After remustering to the RAF he trained as a pilot in the USA and had a long spell as a flying Instructor prior to being posted to 102. Post war, he became a Company Secretary and also a JP.

ALLEN LAMONT, Observer, 14th. Oct. '42. Shot down in August 1942 and spent the rest of the war as a POW

AMENDMENTS TO LIST OF MEMBERS

NEW MEMBERS

CONSTABLE, Ernie, Ivy Cottage, Lonsdale Place, Whithaven, Cumbria,
CA28 6DY Pilot Dec '40/Feb '41
MACEY, Neville, P, Flat 16, Rotary House, 150 Wilton Rd., Shirley,
Southampton, SO15 5JT Wop/AG

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

ANDERSON, Denis, 6608 71 Street NW, Calgary, AB, Canada T3B 4A4
WHITE, Paul, 216 Horsley Rd., Barmston, Washington, Tyne & Wear,
NE38 8HN

CHANGE of ADDRESS

Correction

ARMSBY, Gary E., 28 Beaconsfields, Camborne, Cornwall, TR14 7BH

DELETE (Deceased)

GOODMAN, Joan

HUNTER, Vic

LAMONT, Allen

MAGUIRE, Albert

POWELL, Jack

RICHARDSON, J.C.

SMITH, A. Roy S

SMITH, Roy D.

YOUNGER, A.S.

DELETE

Ass.M. ANDREWS. J.R.

AMEND

EMERSON, A.E. (Joe), 303 N. Lindsay Road, Sp. L-6, Mesa, Az. 85213,
USA

FANCOTT, Mrs. R. Delete postcode and substitute CV8 1NH

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