

# TEE EMM



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*for official use only*

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*Pilot Officer Prune says—  
"Take Tee Emm regularly—  
Prevents that Thinking  
feeling!"*

## ISSUE OF OFFICIAL BINDERS FOR TEE EMM

At nearly every Station, we are glad to say, an official set of TEE EMM's is kept at H.Q. or in the C.O.'s office. Frequently, however, we are asked to replace these sets "because our Station Commander has been posted away and took our TEE EMM's with him." Well, of course, we're flattered—any notice from Station Masters makes us preen ourselves—but it's not quite fair on the Station.

Now just as we go to press we hear that the kindly Stationery Office is issuing each Station with two official lace-up binders for Station sets of TEE EMM and we'd like to emphasise that these are not a personal issue, and are not to be used to keep personal copies in. They are to be used for Station copies and must not be taken away as they



*"I hope that these Training Memoranda will continue to be as widely read and studied as they have been during the past two years. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of constant training in ensuring the highest operational efficiency."*

*Air Chief Marshal, Chief of the Air Staff*

## AN A.O.C.'s COMMENT

**T**WO sergeants, in a "Maggie," undergoing training as flying instructors, were detailed to practise aerobatics and spinning at a height above 3,000 feet in the local flying area. Some fifty minutes later the aircraft was seen in the neighbourhood of a certain town well outside the flying area, and an eye-witness states that it did a partial loop and then started to fly back to the town. After flying level for about half a mile the manoeuvre was repeated, but at the top of the loop the aircraft turned sideways and dived into the ground. *These manoeuvres were being carried out at about 250 feet.* Both men were killed and the aircraft written completely off.

The Court of Inquiry found that the accident was entirely the pilots' own fault. They were not at the time carrying out in a correct manner the duty for which they had been detailed, *i.e.*, they were outside the local flying area; nor were they at the prescribed minimum height for aerobatics, of which they were also fully aware. The A.O.C. then made this excellent comment which aptly sums up the whole question of foolish and wilful disobedience of regulations:

*"As far as can be seen, this case is a shocking example of the type of accident, so deeply deplored by all, in which the only real mystery is the reason for the act of folly for which its perpetrators had to pay with their lives. It is to be hoped that it may serve as a grim warning to other pilots who may experience similar temptation."*

# BUMPH SPEAKING

## III

**O**UR last article dealt with Desk Organisation. This month we're going to give you some hints about handling the actual correspondence which will arrive on that desk of yours.

### CORRESPONDENCE

Did you ever hear how Napoleon was reputed to deal with his correspondence? He refused to open despatch bags till three weeks after receipt. Thus when he did open them, he was delighted, though hardly surprised, to find how many letters no longer needed answering. There was evidently plenty of bumph in those days too; but the tempo of operations was slow, and three weeks here or there didn't matter much.

It is very different to-day. If correspondence is not dealt with promptly, not only may important decisions be held up but the amount of bumph floating around may easily be doubled through "follow-ups" having to be sent. We all want to keep bumph down—not increase it. Prompt replies will help to reduce it to a minimum. The fellow who says, "I can't be bothered with bumph—deeds, not words, for *me*," is only adding to his own difficulties—and everyone else's.

Here are the common faults which cause bumph to increase and multiply on the face of the earth:—

(1) Requests for information which are not precise or complete, or are beautifully ambiguous, because you didn't check your letter through carefully. The invariable result is that further requests have to be pushed out to get what's really wanted.

(2) Replies which are not precise or complete. This is very often due to the fact that the letters were hastily read. You jumped to the conclusion that it was obvious what the fellow wanted, and rushed an answer back without making certain that it *was* what he asked for, and *all* that he asked for. Alternatively, though you did grasp fully what he was after you replied in a manner which, while reasonably clear to you, was ambiguous to him.

These two faults can be largely avoided by careful reading of letters received and of your replies, *and* by writing briefly and clearly. Not everyone has this latter gift, but it is an art which can be cultivated. Here are some simple rules:—

(a) Put yourself into the recipient's mind, so that when you are writing you can ask yourself "Would I understand this letter perfectly if I were the chap getting it?"

(b) Be simple; don't use long or foreign words when short English words would do.



- (c) Keep your sentences short.
- (d) Marshal your facts in logical order.
- (e) Support any requests with honest reasons : you're always more likely to get a thing, if the fellow you're asking can understand just *why* you want it. But don't exaggerate your case : with man-power and materials in such short supply you won't be helping the war effort along.

With regard to the last point we know of course that the "higher-ups" are omnipotent—at least that's what we groundlings have to think !—but they can't be omniscient as well, and it is no good baldly stating that you want something or other. Nine times out of ten—if they don't turn it down out of hand—they'll write back to ask "Why?" Which means just what we're trying to avoid—more bumph. It *does* help a decision if you set out :—

- (1) what you want (clearly) ;
- (2) why you want it (fully) ; and
- (3) what else will do if you can't have it (hopefully).

And all this applies whether you are a junior flight commander writing to your Squadron H.Q. or a staff officer writing to the Air Ministry.

The ability to write clearly and directly is of particular value. In writing reports "higher-ups" are only too often swamped with bumph because of badly composed reports which lead to endless correspondence. A clear and concise report in the first instance would have led to a quick decision *and* less bumph. (Look at para. 75 of AP 837 and see what the Prime Minister said about brevity in correspondence.)

### MECHANICS OF CORRESPONDENCE

*Within the Unit.* This is largely informal. It comes to you loose—draught rather than bottled—stray papers, letters, folders. After reading it, initial it to show that you've read and finished with it. In some cases you can write any necessary reply on the original letter and return it to the sender. If you have to write a separate reply, use scrap paper or a sheet of memo paper torn from that most useful pad of forms known as "Form 348 (small)." You can't beat pencil for this type of correspondence, and don't bother about a carbon copy unless absolutely necessary.

Some of these letters, however, may be of a permanent nature and you will find it useful to have two or three manilla folders (F. 2007) into which you can fasten papers with a lace. How many folders you need depends on you—it's a simple matter of grouping subjects—but keep the number small. And go through the contents from time to time and cut out dead wood ; though you must make absolutely certain it *is* dead, and not likely to bud suddenly again. As you increase in rank, more folders will be wanted. A Chief Instructor or Chief Ground Instructor may need thirty or more, but however many you do have let it be a minimum.

The mechanics of dealing with correspondence between one unit and another is more complex, so we'll tackle that aspect of the subject next month !

## OH, PILOT, WHAT GOOD EYES YOU'VE GOT!

AND naturally you have good eyes—whether pilot or any other member of an aircrew. You wouldn't be in an aircraft if you hadn't. The tests are severe and aircrew vision has to be right on the top line.

But let's hope you're making the best of this A1 vision of yours. By best we mean that we hope you are not handicapping it unnecessarily. Handicapped to a certain extent it has to be when you are in an aircraft, for you don't get a chance to use it completely unhampered. You have to look through Perspex panels, and did you know that even clean Perspex reduces what the medicos call "visual range" to half what it is through clear glass. But if the Perspex is dirty your visual range is cut in *half* again, *i.e.*, to a *quarter* of the range through clear glass.

A sobering thought—from which springs the reflection that it is as well perhaps to keep your Perspex as clean as possible if you want to be as efficient as possible.

There's another side to it, too, apart from the general reduction of vision. Dirt, and scratches, on the panel have a further hampering effect on the pilot or aircrew member. The little scratches pick up light suddenly, or show up black, as do dirt marks, and these things continually hovering about in your near range when you are staring out ahead—like those swimming spots and electric eels which plague you if your liver's not hitting on all six—automatically distract your attention and keep you at greater tension than you need be. For a small speck close up is very like a large speck far away—and large specks, such



*Prune says his Perspex is so clear he keeps forgetting it's there.*

as F.W.190's far away are what you are on the look-out for. We don't say they'll actually deceive you, though we did once hear of a bloke in the Observer Corps who positively identified as a Me. 109 a midge crawling on his glasses, but the net result will be to key you up unnecessarily and so increase your fatigue and reduce your operational value.

Fighter pilots, in general, are pretty well aware by now of the importance of seeing that their Perspex is clean and bright, but it does not only apply to them. All members of aircrews should realise it, and be made to realise it from the very early stages of training. Not only should vision panels be dusted before every flight and cleaned and put in their protective covers afterwards, but great care should be taken to avoid scratches while cleaning. Cleaning should be done with the Sinec kit now available, and it's not a bad idea to have a member of the ground crew specially detailed for the job.

While, of course, the care and cleaning of the Perspex is a routine inspection item and therefore primarily a matter for the ground crew, this does not mean the aircrew can wash its hands of the whole thing. They are going actually to use the panels, not the ground crew, and it's rather stupid, to say the least, to go into action with dirty panels and what may easily be the famous last words "It's not my business to clean 'em!" If you left your car at a garage to have petrol put in, or some small repair done, you'd check that it *had* been done, wouldn't you, even though

it wasn't your job to fill up the tank? For after all *you're* the fellow who's going to be stranded on the road, if it hasn't been done, not the garage hand.

To reiterate, dirty Perspex means reduced vision, and reduced vision may mean the difference between you or the Hun going down to earth. All very well to say "Oh, they're clean enough for me to see through all right!" But are they as clean as *possible*? You may be able to hear O.K. on the R/T with wool plugs in your ears, but you don't put them in purposely. So give your good vision the best chance too.

## THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB

TEE EMM has frequently pointed out the importance of everyone in a bomber crew knowing something about the other fellow's job. Well, to show that we weren't talking through our hat, here's a case in which knowledge of the other fellow's line of business proved invaluable—even to the extent of saving three lives and certainly saving an expensive aircraft.

About a couple of months ago a Wellington got hit by flak while over the target. Owing to various circumstances which we won't go into here, the pilot and rear gunner baled out, the other three remaining on board. Now the bomb-aimer, of all people, had apparently been mugging up "piloting" on the quiet—"Teach Yourself to Fly in Your Spare Time," "How to Become a Pilot in Six Easy Lessons," or something of the sort—and reckoned this was just the chance he'd been waiting for. He took over the controls and not only flew the damaged aircraft home to England, but landed her without a crash.

This seems to us to be no mean feat. Certainly it proves the value of understanding something about the other fellow's job. You never know when it may not come in useful.





## DECK-LANDING

**D**ECK landing in the old days was rather a hit or miss affair. Literally hit or miss. Either you were on, or you weren't—and very often even if you were on, you might not be on all in one piece.

Nowadays it is a great deal easier, for the simple reason that, instead of the pilot being solely responsible for getting his aircraft down, he has another fellow to help him—the Deck Landing Control Officer.

The D.L.C.O., in fact, does considerably more than help the pilot. As his name shows, he *controls* him. The signals that he gives, by means of those fat tennis-racket-like affairs, the “bats,” are not kindly suggestions of the “take it or leave it” type. They are definite *orders*—and so must be obeyed.

But all this does not mean that the pilot has no responsibilities. Only a Prune will sit back and say in effect, “Well, here I am! Get me down safely; it’s your job!” The D.L.C.O., like an Israelite of old, can’t make bricks without straw.

The first thing, therefore, for a pilot to remember is that not only must the orders be obeyed, but they must be obeyed *accurately and immediately*. When aircraft are landing, under battle conditions, the carrier is in great danger. She must steam into wind, perhaps losing station as she does so; she can’t manœuvre to avoid bombs or torpedoes; and even her A.A. guns are not able to be used to fullest advantage. Delay in carrying out the “batsman’s” orders, therefore, means that the carrier is that much longer in danger, apart from holding up other aircraft also waiting to “land on.”

Another thing the pilot must do is make sure to the best of his ability that he is flying his aircraft at the correct speed and attitude. If he doesn’t, his faults will be corrected by the batsman, but don’t give the poor bloke *too* many to correct. He can help you if you come in too fast and look like floating over the wires into the barrier, and he can help you if you come in too slow. But there’s one thing he cannot do: he can’t keep an aircraft in the air if it stalls. He is a Very Important Person, but not quite as important as the laws of gravity. When up against these even Newton had to take it on the chin—or wherever it was the apple hit him.

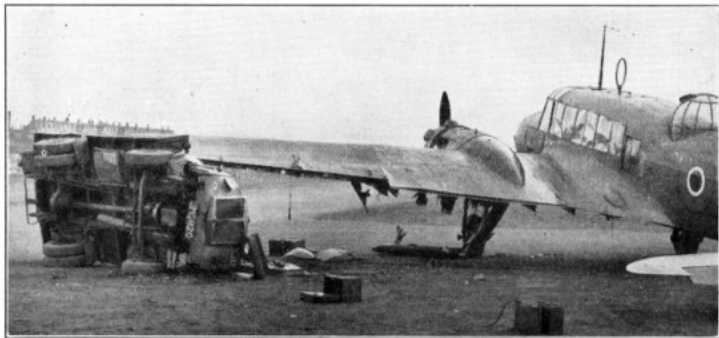
Attitude is also the pilot's job. Though here again the batsman will help, he shouldn't have to help too much. A correct tail-down approach will prevent bouncing over the wires—and once more contacting that barrier.

Again, the pilot should approach straight from a sufficient distance astern, sinking at the correct rate and dead on a central fore and aft line. Don't get in the habit of making a long approach. Turn in as close to the ship as is consistent with a straight approach and thus get a good view of the whole deck and the D.L.C.O.'s position. This will help you in the squadron drill for backing up and will do away with the dangerous practice of putting the nose down to catch up if you're late.

Finally, of course, there is the most important thing of all for pilots. That is, *watch the batsman!* He's giving you signals that will help you to make a safe landing. If you take your eye off him you may be late in following them out. In the F.A.A., as we said, these signals are orders, meant to be obeyed. And as you'll have to meet the D.C.L.O. a little later, implicit obedience may mean all the difference between a strip torn off or a friendly pink gin.

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## *Is Your Accident Really Necessary?*



The proof of the Prune is in the meeting



HI!



YOU!

A VISITING general was once inspecting a battalion, and, as is the wont of visiting generals—who in our experience are always trying to pull a dirty one on you—suddenly began to test a Platoon Commander's knowledge of his men. Pointing at a private, he said: "Where does that man come from?"

"Lancashire, sir," said the subaltern.

"And that one?"

"He's a Manchester man, sir."

"And that one?"

Now the Platoon Commander hadn't been very long with the battalion and this foxed him. But knowing that generals often accept quick answers rather than correct ones, he replied without batting an eyelid: "Yorkshire, sir."

"Ah!" said the general, addressing the man direct, "a fine county, Yorkshire. I come from Yorkshire myself."

To which the private, loyal to his officer, replied: "Shure, sorr, and isn't Yorrkshire the foineest counthry in the world?"

Well, that's just a simple—rather ancient—tale of a man not wanting to let his officer down in front of a general, and yet unconsciously doing so. But

when you've finished laughing at it—if you ever started—you'll see that behind it there's a sort of moral.

What exactly do the words "*not wanting to let his officer down*" mean? They mean not wanting to give away to the general the fact that the officer did not know where one of his men came from. And the implication is that the officer *was expected* to know all about his men and that he was not a good officer if he did not.

The tale, of course, is about the Army, but it holds true for the R.A.F. For efficient functioning of any unit there *must be* a proper personal relationship between commissioned and other ranks. All officers who have charge of airmen should know something about the men under their command. Unfortunately too few of them do. Too many of them do not even know their men's names. They look on airmen as just so many bodies hanging around to do certain jobs or perform certain ministrations, and when required they are addressed as "Hi! You!"

There are, of course, very many exceptions, officers who know the names of,

and who have personal acquaintanceship with, all the men under them—but this only proves that it *can* be done if the fellow is a good officer and realises that it is part of his duty.

What is the reason for this state of affairs, which, when it exists, is definitely Not Good?

Well, it may be that the Station Commander, no less, is partly to blame. Perhaps he has not got the men on his Station organised under the officers in such a way and in such numbers that the proper officer-man relationship can be developed. Thus frequently an individual A.C. Plonk doesn't know who his particular officer is; there is one who looks after his work, and another after his administration and another his welfare, and so on. As a result there is on such a Station a sort of mass supervision by all officers of all men, and this does not make for a happy working partnership.

Another reason, frequently given by officers concerned, for not knowing their men's names is that constant postings make this impossible. Wherever this complaint has been investigated, however, it has invariably been easy to prove that the officer making the excuse did not in point of fact know the names of men who'd been with him eight or nine months or more.

Again an officer may say, "But I *do* know the names of the men I have to deal with—that is, the ground crew of my aircraft. That's all that matters." Well, it isn't quite all that matters. Too often such an officer, content to know the names of half a dozen or so men with whom he is immediately concerned, rests on his oars with a fine consciousness of duty done; he then

simply ignores all the other men in the Flight and never troubles to have a word with them.

Yet another reason given is that an officer's work in the R.A.F. makes such demands on his time—whether it's operations, maintenance, instruction or what have you—that if he is to do his job properly he simply can't cope with individuals and just has to go on the "Hi! You!" basis.

Well, any keen officer is naturally preoccupied with his particular job, but the keener he is the more he should realise that he cannot divorce from the personal element any work, which requires others to work alongside or under him, without that work suffering. Invariably the job is better done, and more willingly done, if the oil of service comradeship is present in the machinery.

But these are only excuses. The real trouble is that not every R.A.F. officer *realises* what is expected of him, or grasps that it is his *duty* to cultivate a knowledge of his men. The fault is not due to lack of will, or time, or of opportunity; it is purely ignorance of what is necessary.

There is, after all, to take the simplest case, no real reason why officers should not get to know as many people as possible in their Flight. They will probably become Flight Commanders one day, and if they haven't bothered to start knowing the men in the Flight before that, they'll find it rather a difficult job to grapple with suddenly on top of their other responsibilities. For it *is* a Flight Commander's responsibility to know the men of his Flight. It means, in a Fighter Squadron at any rate, only fifty or sixty names. A Platoon Commander has an equal number of men, and darn

well has to know them. Even a Company Commander generally knows the majority of his two hundred odd men.

Of course, the Flight Commander may well reply: "That's all very well for the Army: a fellow can't help knowing his men when he fights with them and practically lives with them all the time. But I have to spend most of my service life up in the air, or getting gen, or learning up my particular and rather individual job. How can you *expect* me to get personally acquainted with all my men?"

All we can say is that it is his duty and he must try. After all, it's an old axiom that if you want the very best you must know the provider personally. Whether it's service at a garage, a meal in a restaurant, or a room in a hotel, if you are on friendly terms with the garage man, or the waiter, or the manager, you're far more likely to get well treated if you

look on him as a person and not as a bit of machinery.

It's just the same in the R.A.F. You want everything to do with your Flight to be on the top line, don't you? Well you're far more likely to get it if you know personally the names at very least of those who work for and with you. That a large number of R.A.F. officers are ignorant of their men's names is really only lack of understanding of the importance of this officer-man relationship. After all, we're all out to do our job as well as possible, and it is a fact, proven time and time again, that the average man will put his back into his work far more if he is doing it for someone he knows and, above all, who knows him—someone who can give him an order by name, thus making him feel he's an individual—not a cog—and who doesn't constantly refer to him as "Hi! You! Get cracking."



### MANNA FROM HEAVEN

You remember our "A.S.R.S. Speaking" piece last month about a complete motor-boat dropping alongside a ditched and astonished crew like manna from heaven, with everything aboard—except a driver saying "Home, sir?"

Well, here's an actual photo of this first rescue by the new airborne lifeboat, just after the crew had got into it from the dinghy alongside.

We've put it in to remind you of what we said last month: Get well abreast of all the gen on this new life-saving toy; you never know that you won't be the next to use it.

### STOP PRESS NOTE FROM A.S.R.S.

(We've just dropped another and brought a crew home from 8 miles off the French coast.)

## **NOW SHOWING AT ALL STATIONS!!!**

**A  
Challenging  
Real Life  
Drama !!**

**An R.A.F. Instructional Film Epic in Glorious  
Technicolour—sorry, we mean in Simple  
Black and White**

# DITCHING WITHOUT HEDGING

**LANCASTERS, SPITFIRES AND HURRICANES  
ALL PLAY STAR PARTS IN THIS**

**HYPER-SUPER-EPOCH-MAKING  
DITCHING EPIC**

*Supported by Les Douze Hurricanettes in  
Glorious Techni—no, sorry!*



**You simply must see it! So real that the front rows get splashed  
every time!**

“Let us at once say that this challenging real life drama, in Glorious—sorry again!—is made with models—models of all types of aircraft, as well as diagrams. They show you how to ditch; they quite frequently show you how not to ditch—such as bang into the swell instead of across it, in which case you apparently disappear from sight in half a second. From the film you can learn how to judge just what kind of a sea it is you’re going to land in—it’s always rougher than you think, by the way—how to approach correctly, and the proper use of flaps. You can see with your own eyes the value of a three-pointer landing, also the danger of thinking you’re a flying boat. In fact if you study this film, as we urge you to do, there’s no reason why you shouldn’t be able to take ditchings in your stride, with no more concern than if you were stepping in a puddle. So if you haven’t done so already, go and see it.”—*From Tee Emm’s Film Correspondent in Glorious Technicolour.*

# HELP YOURSELF!

## BIRTHS

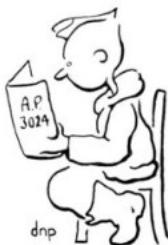
**AIR SAFETY.** To the DEPUTY DIRECTORATE OF AIR SAFETY, Air Ministry, quite recently, a publication "Flying Control in the R.A.F." (R.A.F. papers please copy).

Ha! Another interesting event in the Air Ministry! We are bringing it at once to your notice in TEE EMM because we feel that the publication referred to, whose short name is A.P. 3024, ought to be widely read. It should in fact become the bible of anybody who is in the remotest degree interested in the operation of aircraft, aircrews above all. It includes, besides orders for Flying Control Officers, Airfield Controllers, and the like, a full list of all Flying Control aids to aircraft, and—very important—instructions on how to request these aids. Don't just think that you know all about them and leave it at that. Procedures are sometimes amended, and if you haven't bothered to keep up to date, well—you've had it.

From this new manual aircrews will get some idea of the complexity of the ground organisation that has been built up to serve them. That it does serve them is proved by the returns of aircraft which have received assistance. But many more could have been helped—and saved—if only the crews had known just what to do. The Air Safety people aren't thought readers—and it's only fair that they should expect you to make some attempt at ensuring your safety. You've only got to ask for help and they'll give it. A.P. 3024 tells you how to ask.

A large section of the Manual is devoted to Airfield Control—which, for the benefit of the dim, means the control of traffic on the airfield. Note that word traffic. It means not only aircraft, but all and every vehicle down to Prune on his pushbike trying to make the mess just at the hour the bar opens.

Finally, after announcing A.P. 3024's birth, we now have to announce a death. A.P. 1640 is no more. This publication, which no doubt most of you last read at F.T.S., is largely out of date, and those sections of it which still mean anything will be included in A.P. 3024. *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!*




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## PROPELLER SENSE

**C**ONSTANT-SPEED variable-pitch propellers are now in use on almost all advanced trainers and operational aircraft. It is therefore just as well to know a bit about how they work, and why. To make this easy, experts of the Ministry of Aircraft Production have prepared a pamphlet, "Propeller Sense" (A.M. Pamphlet 153), which is obtainable through the usual channels from A.P.F.S., and which tells the story in simple form.

# Service Terms Illustrated

by  
Well-known Newspaper  
Cartoonists

No. 6. BERT THOMAS.



A PIECE  
OF  
CAKE

Bert Thomas

## TAIL-END CHARLIE

THE rear gunner, like every other member of the crew, has an exacting job which, if he is a keen type, he wants to do well. Of course rear-gunning is his main line of business, but he should not necessarily confine himself to handling his guns well: there are other things in his life.

He is, for instance, the rear eye of the aircraft. Much as the snail, whose eyes are on stalks, can switch one of them aft and see what's coming up on the road behind him in good time to wave the chap on, or draw into the side of the road, or into his shell, or whatever the situation demands, so does the rear gunner communicate instructions to his pilot for whatever action may be necessary.

This he does by means of the intercom., and the more efficiently he knows how to use this, the better understood will he be by his pilot, and the more successful the latter's action. For the

rear-gunner is definitely responsible for giving his captain information and running commentaries on any *interesting* or *vital* goings-on which cannot be seen from the front.

Here, then, are a few tips for our rear-gunner friend Sergeant Winde—if we can catch him in one of his more wakeful moments back there in his turret.

First come three things to avoid:—

(i) *Don't* talk for the sake of talking. (“Cor! It's perishing cold back here; how are you fellows feeling?”) Sergeant Winde, we know, loves to hear the sound of his own voice, but forgets that others frequently do not.

(ii) *Don't* report every trifling incident. (“Couple of searchlights, skip—about ten miles away!”) Remember the rest of the crew have *their* jobs to do too, and haven't much time for things that don't matter.

(iii) *Don't*, when you do have something vital to report, work yourself up into a foaming state of incoherent excitement. (“Get weaving quick, skip! There's an Me coming up on us! Quick! He's getting near! Now he's turning in! No he isn't! Wait! Quick!”) Not only is a calm voice heard much more easily but a series of excited yelps are bad for the morale of the rest of the crew who, remember, can't see what's going on.

Having assimilated, we hope, the above “don'ts,” now for some “do's.”

The first thing is the actual speaking. The most audible voice is a



“Quick! He's getting near! Now he's turning in! No, he isn't! Wait! Quick! . . .”

calm one, rather slower than you normally speak and a little higher in pitch. High sounds as a rule carry better than low ones: witness the success of the W.A.A.F. R/T operators bringing aircraft in after an op. They have, taking it all round, got the men beat at this particular job.

Then a word to all air gunners who have any sort of accent or dialect, whether it be Lancashire or Canadian, Australian, Sussex, or Highland. Of course we realise that no one ever admits having an accent, but the trouble is other people—who probably have an accent of their own—frequently accuse you of it. So, Digger, Pommie, Canuck, Geordie, Yank, Limey, Scottie, and the rest, remember that some damfool may think *you* actually have an accent. Always speak slowly and carefully, therefore, and *don't* despatch whatever you say through a barrage of chewing-gum, just to show you're tough—or have teeth!

Remember constant practice in speaking correctly works wonders. We are told on good authority that at the Flying Control Officers' School they have a famous show-piece—two records made by an officer who possesses a strong natural accent. In one you hear him bringing an aircraft down on the first day of the course: on the other you hear him doing it after ten days' instruction. It's hard to believe they're the same person. The second aircraft he brings down clearly, concisely and competently: the first, for all we know, is still up there!

Next point: Study your patter, and stick to standard phrases. If the pilot has a general idea of what he may hear from you he is more likely to act quickly than if he has to "translate" your

language. Naturally patter varies a bit from place to place and from time to time. At present, to the best of our information, we understand that aircraft are reported "red" or "green" while manoeuvre instructions are "port" or "starboard." Thus "Enemy aircraft green quarter—turn starboard." But whatever the patter taught the great thing is *know it thoroughly*—and practise it with your pilot, so that he will always understand what you mean—even if you're a little flustered.

You should not, however, get flustered, especially if you are constantly imagining critical moments and then deciding, as a mental exercise, just what you would say in the crisis. We realise, of course, this isn't wholly possible, but it is of great value in training yourself to be efficient and calm in an emergency.

All this brings us to our final point.

Planning and preparation can never be overdone—planning, that is, by the whole crew. A crew which decides beforehand just how it is going to report hostile aircraft and practises this reporting till it becomes second nature, will of a certainty save valuable seconds. "Turn port quick," for instance, may mean just as much to a well-trained crew as "Look out! There's an aircraft, an F.W. 190, coming in on the port quarter!"

Just to emphasise how valuable this planning and team work can be we'd like to refer you back to TEE EMM for May 1942 where, on p. 50, the rear gunner of a Wellington told the story of how he got his first Me, largely through perfect co-operation with his pilot. (Read it, it's a good story.)

The writer ended up "Let me say now that most of the credit for this

successful encounter goes to the captain, as he relied implicitly on my instructions without ever seeing the fighter, and he did the right thing at the right time." We'd also like to remark, what the narrator could not very well say, that it seems that much of the credit, even apart from the good shooting, ought to have gone to him himself as the rear gunner for giving those instructions so efficiently and clearly.

He also added that the conclusions he drew from the encounter were the importance of having a plan in case of fighter opposition and the importance of good team work. How right he is! For a crew which plans together and practises together will help itself to become what every crew should be, not a collection of individuals boxed up in the same aircraft, but a *team* which is a living entity, part of its aircraft and at one with itself.

## BEAM APPROACH IS EASY



*"Easy—except of course to Prune!"*

Beam Approach is easy—when you know how. How do you get to know how? The answer is: the B.A.T. course.

A B.A.T. course is well worth the money—whatever the rate of exchange. It's only seven days, but seven days packed full of interest and gen-chasing.

As a recently returned pupil writes us, "I soon found myself attempting a beam approach, and, believe me, there is quite a lot in it. Just imagine trying to maintain course and height, check direction indicator and count sixty dots, turning on to QDM plus 30, putting down flaps, adjusting rate of descent, getting airspeed where it should be and keeping it there, juggling with the throttles, turning on to QDM as the beam note is heard in the middle of all this lever-sorting, watching for 600 feet on altimeter and making corrections while dits and dahs rattle in your ears, and all the time the beam getting narrower and narrower and even seeming to twist about like a dying snake. It certainly keeps one busy."

But don't let all this put you off! Once you master it—and the instructors are all keen types anxious to help you do so—there's nothing like the thrill you experience when, after flying under the hood to a strange airfield, getting into the beam and descending to 50 feet, suddenly the instructor removes the hood and you see a runway below you just waiting to be landed on, and at a Station you've never seen in your life before. As Prune says, it makes you as pleased as a cat with nine tails.

One word of warning, however. Make sure before you go on a B.A.T. course that your Instrument Flying is up to scratch. The B.A.T. Instructors quite naturally assume that you are O.K. on instruments and don't waste any of the only too short seven days on I.F. practice. They take off their coats and plunge straight into QDR's, QDM's, beams, beacons, dots and dashes and so forth.

The moral, therefore, is: Keep up your I.F. practice conscientiously and then you'll get full value out of this most useful and interesting course.



# Ten 18" Torpedoes

TEN 18" TORPEDOES WERE READY FOR THE BRINE,  
A STOP VALVE WAS NOT OPEN, AND THEN THERE WERE NINE.  
NINE 18" TORPEDOES WOULD SETTLE MOST SHIPS' FATE,  
A WATER FLAP HAD NOT BEEN COCKED, AND THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.



EIGHT MK. XII TORPEDOES, SET DEPTH IN FEET, ELEVEN,  
ONE WAS SET AT FORTY FEET, AND THEN THERE WERE SEVEN.  
SEVEN GOOD TORPEDOES WOULD STILL THE TARGET FIX,  
A LANYARD NOT ATTACHED ON ONE, AND THEN THERE WERE SIX.

SIX 18" TORPEDOES, A TIT PRESSED IN A DIVE,  
TORPEDO PLUNGED TO SEA BED, AND THEN THERE WERE FIVE.  
FIVE, JUST FIVE TORPEDOES, ONE WAS DROPPED WITH YAW,  
RESULT WAS FAULTY RUNNING, AND THEN THERE WERE FOUR.

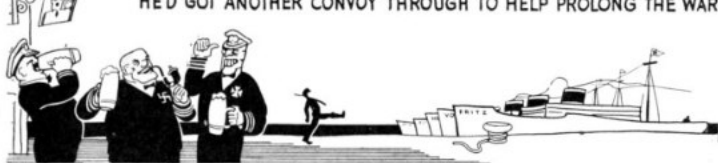


ONLY FOUR TORPEDOES NOW, ALL READY FOR THE SEA,  
ONE WAS DROPPED RIGHT OUT OF RANGE, AND THEN THERE WERE THREE.  
THREE, BUT THREE TORPEDOES, ONE DROPPED WITHOUT A CLUE,  
THE AIRCRAFT WAS NOT LEVEL, AND THEN THERE WERE TWO.

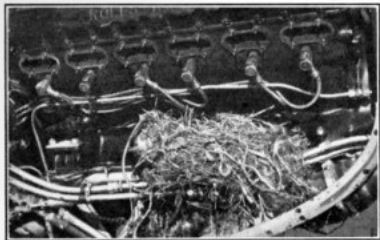
JUST THE TWO TORPEDOES, AND BOTH OF THEM COULD RUN,  
MASTER SWITCH FORGOTTEN, AND THEN THERE WAS ONE.  
LONELY ONE TORPEDO, AND THAT ONE HIT THE HUN,  
BUT IT DIDN'T DO THE DAMAGE THAT TEN FISH MIGHT HAVE DONE.



SO NINE EXPENSIVE WEAPONS WERE WASTED IN THE 'DRINK',  
'COS ONLY ONE TORPEDO BOY HAD TRAINED HIMSELF TO THINK.  
AND JERRY RAISED HIS STEIN OF BEER AND LAUGHED A LOUD HAW HAW,  
HE'D GOT ANOTHER CONVOY THROUGH TO HELP PROLONG THE WAR.



## “OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS” CORNER



the aircraft, in full working order—the nest, that is, and also, luckily in spite of it, the aircraft.

Funnily enough, we had only the week before been shown some official correspondence between a Group H.Q. and an Air Ministry Directorate. The Group pointed out that at one of their units, handling Halifaxes, much trouble was “being experienced from the building of nests by sparrows in the air intakes. In one instance part of a nest was removed one morning and by the afternoon a further nest was partially built in the same intake.” The letter added that they were making special anti-sparrow covers for fixing to the aircraft when picketed out, and asked for further advice.

The official reply was that “it is the opinion of this Directorate that, since the nesting period is relatively short, no official action should be taken to discourage the parental instincts of sparrows.” Dear soft-hearted Directorate! Just a happy band of bird-lovers!

But it's not only birds which are a trouble. Open-air storage of aircraft does have its dangers. Field mice often have a grand time with them, looking on Halifaxes or Lancasters as the perfect block of service flats. And there is also a particular make of single-engined wasp (the mason wasp) which fills up useful little holes with mud, having previously deposited therein an egg and an unconscious caterpillar—the latter an emergency ration for the grub. This wasp has a great fancy for Pitot heads.

Then there are the leaf-cutting bees which have similar habits; while a rabbit has even been born in the tail-plane of a Stirling. It was named Edward, brought up by the crew, made a member of the mess, and . . . But we really can't go on writing like this in the heart of London. We're getting a fearful urge to rush out and

The accompanying photograph doesn't mean that TEE EMM has gone all nature—woolly lambs and Pan-pipes in the office and so forth. It is merely a picture of what was found in the engine of a “Master” after a two hour delivery flight from a certain M.U. It is a starling's nest, with two eggs in; so obviously it hadn't been constructed *en route*, but had been handed over to the unsuspecting pilot, who was collecting that is, and also, luckily in spite of

smell hay—or even gather hops.

Quite what the training value of the above is we couldn't say. It seems frankly of more interest to naturalists. Still, it may serve as a warning to ground crews and others to be on the look-out for Dame Nature's interference with our war effort at Stations where maintenance has to be somewhat alfresco.



*P.O. Prune, Home-wrecker.*

## PLEASE DO YOUR PART!



We try each month to supply you with the right amount of TEE EMM's. But all we can do is to send you what you ask for. It is your job, Adjutants—or whoever is responsible for distributing TEE EMM within a unit—to write to us (not A.P.F.S.) and say whether you want more or can do with less. It is also your job to send back to A.P.F.S. (not us) any unwanted copies. *And* it is also your job to put a note inside—or even just write on the label—saying where they come from: otherwise we don't know who it is that is getting too many, and so make the same mistake next time. All this has appeared in A.M.O.'s and many times in TEE EMM. Yet during the

last week as ever is two batches of TEE EMM—one with 83 copies—arrived out of the blue—no name, no nothing. We don't want to force TEE EMM on you, but we *do* want to know our customers' requirements. Help us please.

We'd further like to ask you to send back all spare copies of TEE EMM you have knocking around—particularly April, May and June of this year. We have a large and regular demand for various back numbers to make up sets and if you just destroy them, or leave them lying about unwanted in the office or mess, it may mean the expense of reprinting.

Do your part please—and we'll keep on trying to do ours.

# BRASS MONKEYS, AND HOW TO AVOID BECOMING ONE

## III

### ONE DAMP THING AFTER ANOTHER

WE'RE coming into the last lap of this flying clothing business, and we piously hope that you're still with us, because we're past Mid-summer now, longer evenings are slowly approaching—and all too soon the Met. Merchants will be handing out a new and forbidding line in Icing Indices. . . .

Anyway, F/Lt. Barrell-ffoullynge, who claims that his gunners are always beautifully turned out and magnificently groomed in perfectly kept flying clothing, invited us to drop in on him and see how it was done. So we got ourselves routed to R.A.F. Station, Slapham Down. Prune offered to fly us there, but we wanted to be able to make this report. . . .

We found the drying room quite easily, which is a good sign. (Ask for it on some stations, and they look at you blankly and say: "Are you sure you're where

you think you are? This is a bomber station, not a kipper factory.") It was a standard—pardon, Type Design—affair, attached to the locker room; and, as we arrived, crews were streaming in just before final briefing, through a door, down one side of a dividing rail past a counter—just like a lot of well-disciplined punters oozing Totewards—and out the other end in no time, happily laden with all their flying clothing, including helmets, boots, parachute and harness, and Mae Wests.



Falling in with the procession (and absentmindedly groping in our pocket for a pawn-ticket) we moved towards the counter—partly out of professional interest and partly on account of the rather statuesque blonde

W.A.A.F. who was handing out the doings. We found ourselves behind Sgt. Winde who, with characteristic *savoir faire*, said, "S/Ldr. Undercart's rear-gunner," which seemed to be a sort of password, for the blonde reached him a 'chute, got his signature for it, and disappeared into a jungle of clothing, to reappear a moment later with Winde's buoyant suit, boots, parachute harness, and a canvas bag containing his helmet and gloves. Just like that.

Winde having moved on to array himself in all this finery, we asked the blonde about the password system, and she told us that you just mention your captain's name, and your position in the crew, and she then hands you the whole works. We

were just about to find out her Christian name when Winde reappeared, dressed for action at any height, to hand back the canvas bag, which now bulged with the clothing he had removed (No Valuables Accepted).

When all the crews had gone, we lingered with the blonde (her name is Maisie, which is a pity, and her trade Parachute Packer, which is fair enough). We were introduced to her assistant (Dorothy, u/t Parachute Packer) and extracted quite a bit of gen about their System. . . .

First of all, about parachutes. . . . These, having been withdrawn from personal issue, are kept in bulk storage in the drying room and issued as required—much to the chagrin of people who like to have their monograms embroidered on their pet 'chutes. They are stacked in several layers on two long benches across the room, are signed for against their Station serial number in a log, and signed off by Maisie or Dorothy when they are handed in.

The girls' first duty each morning is to check all parachutes for serviceability, withdrawing all in need of repair or repacking. Then follows a little light Domestic Science with a couple of brooms (the floor, lacking lino, is treated with silicate of soda to keep the dust down). After that, clothing is checked over, crew by crew, and unserviceable Mae Wests replaced.

Whilst one is doing the checking, the other pushes round a small two-decker trolley (like the pastry waggons they used to wheel around in the more upstage tea-shops in the Good Old Days). On the top deck is a helmet tester for inter-com, and an ammeter for electrical clothing; down below are batteries. Any defective clothing or equipment is noted in Maisie's firm, round hand, and the owner warned to get it replaced, or else . . .

We nipped over the counter to inspect the clothing racks—four rows of double bars, anchored to the wall at one end, and supported by uprights. Each crew is allotted its quota of space on the bars, and there is room for thirty-two crews. Each section has the captain's name above it, and on the floor below are squares marked "Cap.," "Nav.," "B/A," and so on. Above each square is a double clothes hook, from one half of which hangs a parachute harness, Mae West and canvas bag, and from the other half a coat hanger from which neatly hangs all flying clothing. Wire netting across the gap between the two double bars can hold the canvas bag.

So far, the System has been in use for about two months and, contrary to expectations, losses in clothing have been nil, while mix-ups in such items as flying helmets are avoided by painting the owner's names on them. You *could*, of course, ask for someone else's clothing, if you did not shrink from such a public declaration of dishonesty; but with Maisie on deck, you'd hardly get away with it. Borrowing

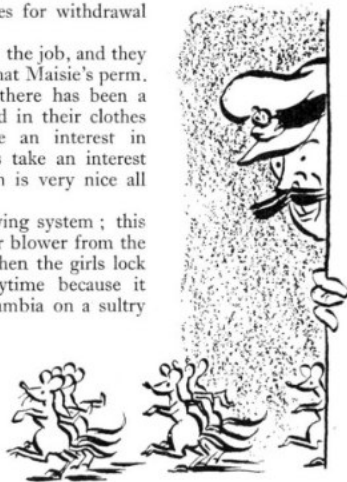


has been cut out by holding a few spares for withdrawal on signature in emergency.

There are four shifts of two girls on the job, and they cope without any trouble; the only time that Maisie's perm. shows signs of wear and tear is when there has been a 'scrub,' and all the crews want to hand in their clothes at the same moment. The girls take an interest in their work and in the crews; the crews take an interest in their clothing, and in the girls, which is very nice all round.

We almost forgot to mention the drying system; this is put into action only at night, the hot air blower from the boiler room next door being turned on when the girls lock up at night. It is not used in the daytime because it creates an atmosphere like that of Senegambia on a sultry Sunday afternoon.

Barrell-floulynge told us that the crews were at first a bit loth to give up the fine, free-and-easy chaos of their locker-rooms, so he speeded up the change-over by billeting three flights of mice in the locker-room (Establishment:  $8 + 1$  per Flight).



## THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY

**THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER** (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to Pilot Officer—for Just One of Those Little Things.

While flying as pilot of an Anson on a non-operational flight his R/T failed. He accordingly loaded a red cartridge into his Very pistol, placed it in the pistol holder and, under the impression that the holder was a firing chute, fired it off. As a result, there being no outlet for the charge, he set fire to his aircraft.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Staff Pilot — for Not Letting Orders Interfere With His Private Life.

Detailed to fly to Durban with a pupil, he refused to steer the courses given him, and instead of carrying out the exercises detailed, flew there direct. He stated that he didn't often do trips to Durban and wanted to get there quickly to do some shopping.



## THAR'S DEATH IN THEM THAR HILLS!



*"If we go down a bit lower, old man, we may see something . . ."*

There was a lot of cloud about when the bomber took off. It was still there after half an hour's flying, and the Pilot began to get browned off with it all. He thought he'd like to come down and see what things looked like down below. So he told the Navigator his idea and asked if it would be all right. The Navigator said "Yes" and the Pilot descended.

At about 1,900 feet, he was still in cloud, so he asked the Navigator what was the height of the hills in that area. "One moment, I'll look it up," was the reply, and while maps were being consulted the aircraft crashed into a hill.

By the mercy of Providence, the whole crew got away with it then. By the wisdom of the Higher Command they did not later.

Now there have been quite a number of unnecessary accidents of this sort. In most cases

they were fatal both to the aircraft and to the air crew. In this one no lives were lost, though about a hundred thousand pounds worth of aircraft had to be written off.

*And there was no need for it.* Both the Pilot and the Navigator must have known that in about half an hour's flying from base there would be hills and that in the existing cloud conditions avoiding action would be distinctly advisable. Yet apparently they did dammall about it.

It was definitely the Pilot's duty to have known the approximate positions of the hills on his route. He should also have realised that the Navigator was probably working on a plotting chart with no heights on it. So before coming down he should have checked with the Navigator that he had consulted his map. And the Navigator should never have said it would be all right, if he had not verified that it was. The whole incident is a very clear indication of a very serious lack of pre-flight planning and of crew co-operation.

Bomber aircraft are always expensive and they always carry valuable lives which the country does not want to lose unnecessarily. The aircraft have to travel long distances, often overseas and in bad weather both *en route* and over the target. It's no good wasting petrol if you are not going to reach the target. It's no good reaching the target if you are not going to hit it. A bomb in a field or in the sea hardly inconveniences anyone. It's your job to get there and bomb accurately.

Any reasonable sized operation needs a large amount of preparation by the higher-ups. They get together and work it all out carefully with the sole object of ensuring that the bombs *are* ultimately dropped effectively on the target. But if the actual operation is carried out by crews who don't know where they're going and can't tell if they've got there, all this preparation is so much work wasted. They too, in short, must put in a lot of preparation. Careful pre-flight planning by crews is essential. Much has to be done on the technical side and on the bombing, wireless and gunnery sides. But most has to be done on the navigation side, on which so largely depend the arrival, the return home and the safety of the crew.

Nor does this sort of thing apply only to operational aircraft. Here is another case.

While a pupil crew were on a long night flight over England, the weather suddenly closed in and the aircraft was given a diversion. The Navigator gave the Captain an estimated course to fly to reach the diversion airfield, while he checked his position and worked out an accurate course and E.T.A. The Captain, however, saw lights on the ground through a break in the clouds, and without consulting the Navigator reduced height to get below the cloud, hopefully thinking the lights were a landing ground. There was a loud bang and the two surviving crew members found themselves walking round a bleak hill top littered with bits of broken aircraft.

Apart from the lack of co-operation which caused this particular accident, it is important for all Pilots to remember that the magnetic appeal of lights on the ground at night *must* be resisted, until the aircraft position has been verified beyond reasonable doubt and the height of the ground in the vicinity has been checked and reported on by the Navigator. In this case, with a little intelligent anticipation by the Captain, a simple drill could have been worked out before the flight to cover such an emergency. And this brings us to the most important point of this article.

Far too often the navigation pre-flight planning is carried out by the Navigator only. The Captain, the Bomb Aimer (who is the Navigator's eyes) and the Wireless Operator (who is the Navigator's ears) know practically nothing about it. But they *should* know—particularly the Captain who is in command of the aircraft. Navigation of some sort has been taught to all members of air crews, and knowledge of it is really the very foundation of air crew co-operation. Flying into the side of hills is not only the very antithesis of navigation and crew co-operation, it's a pretty dangerous pastime. Thar's Death in them thar hills!





He just loved chatting over the R/C.

THE EMM is a "Reserved" publication, which means it is for Official Use Only. And this means that those not entitled to see it are *not* to see it. It is primarily a Training Memorandum for air crews, instructors and all those in the Air Force connected with these jobs. It is, in short, a Service Training Memorandum written for the Service, issued by the Service, and reserved to the Service.

*He won't be happy  
till he gets it!*



With apologies to Messrs PEARS' SOAP LTD