

# TEE EMM



Vol. III No: 10  
Christmas + New Year

1943

1944

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
A CHRISTMAS STORY . . . . .	222
SERVICE TERMS ILLUSTRATED . . . . .	223
ARE YOU SYNCHROPHONE CONSCIOUS? . . . . .	224
ALTIMETER SENSE . . . . .	226
POST CARD FROM GERMANY . . . . .	227
THE COMPLEAT AIR GUNNER. . . . .	228
EVEN PRUNE KNEW BETTER . . . . .	230
MIND YOUR MARCOLINS . . . . .	231
INTERCOMMON SENSE . . . . .	233
FLEET AIR ARM—SEAPLANE PILOTS PLEASE NOTE	234
THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY . . . . .	235
NOTABLE INVESTITURE . . . . .	236
SATAN'S HOUR . . . . .	238
BREAKING AN AIRCRAFT BY THE BRAKING METHOD	241
TEE EMM'S BRAINS TRUST . . . . .	242
CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN . . . . .	242
THREE MEN ARE BURNING TO DEATH HERE . . . . .	244
THE BOMBING OFFICER'S JOB. . . . .	246
WE HAVE BEEN ASKED . . . . .	248
A WEEKS' LEAVE FREE TO OUR READERS !!! . . . . .	252
THANKING THEM KINDLY . . . . .	252



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



**AIRMANSHIP • GUNNERY TECHNICAL • INTELLIGENCE  
CREW CO-OPERATION • NAVIGATION • ORGANISATION • ADMINISTRATION. ETC.**

I offer to the readers of Tee Emm  
my best wishes for a Happy Christmas  
and for all success in 1944.

*P. Prune*

*Air Chief Marshal, Chief of the Air Staff*



*Once again P.O. Prune's navigation has enabled him to spend Xmas away.*

## A Christmas Story

"Hast ever flown deep into Hunland  
Where the cold searchlights shimmer and shake,  
Where like pink snakes the tracer uprises  
And life is no helping of cake,  
Where the heavy flak rattles and rends you,  
While Messerschmitts queue for a shot  
And you've only your guns to defend you?  
You haven't? Then you've missed a lot!"



Thus spoke Sergeant Winde from his corner,  
And each sprog gripped his tankard more tight  
As his thoughts turned to Junkers and Dornier  
And things that go bang in the night.



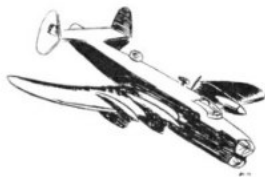
"It was Christmas last year, I remember,"  
Quoth Winde as he tossed off his beer.  
"Like a pre-war fifth night of November  
The flak burst around far and near,  
With the full moon above sweetly beaming  
As at last we set course for our base.  
In my turret I sat idly dreaming  
With my eyes fixed on nothing but space.



Then with sudden, wild horror I started;  
"Get weaving, Skip!" madly I cried,  
As a dark aircraft after us darted  
O'er moonlit clouds on our port side.  
"Turn port! No, turn starboard!" I shouted,  
While my guns rattled out their grim hail  
And tracer streams out of them spouted—  
But still he hung on to our tail!

"Skid! Sideslip! Loop! Orbit! Keep weaving!"  
I yelled, but that night-fighting Hun  
Stuck close and showed no sign of leaving,  
Though I'd fired every round from each gun!

Then like a straw clutched by one drowning  
I found a spare round 303  
In a flash it went into my Browning . . .  
I drew a bead on that Me . . ."  
Here Winde paused, and his mug dangled slyly  
For some overawed sprog to comply—  
When a lean, sad-eyed pilot asked drily:  
"Can *shadows* be shot from the sky?"



# Service Terms Illustrated

by

Well-known Newspaper Cartoonists  
No. 12. GILES of The Sunday Express.



"PUTTING UP A BLACK."

## Are You Synchrophone Conscious?

IT is doubtful whether P.O. Prune has ever read an A.M.O. in his life. Some people say it's doubtful whether he can read at all—unless it's his daily Jane or something of the order of "Pat had a rat, the cat is on the mat."\*

There are other people, good types, who have an uncanny knack of keeping abreast of A.M.O. gen, without ploughing through every word. And there are others who haven't the knack and who thereby often miss something good.

Take the Synchrophone for instance. A.M.O. 671 of '42 deals with it pretty exhaustively and so does A.P.1972, Part II, and TEE EMM has also had a couple of articles about it—August, 1941, and March, 1942, if you want to look 'em up—but still the Air Min. Branch responsible for it is constantly being asked what it's all about by people who ought to know. The whole thing seems to come quite fresh to them. Yet it is a valuable training device which can save a lot of training time and is still not being used to its full capacity.

TEE EMM in its usual helpful way (*applause*) is here out to give some general information about it to those of you who are still hazy. (*Loud and continued applause.*)

There's nothing magical about the Synchrophone. A radiogram is connected to a 3-foot by 2-foot picture of a variety of subjects—armament, engineering, administration, flying, etc.—and,

when the records are used, a low frequency note switches over a P.O. selector at the back of the picture so that the portion being mentioned is illuminated. Alternatively, a hand-control switches over the contacts while the instructor gives his own gen.

With a Synchrophone lecture at his disposal, the instructor is greatly aided in putting over his subject. First of all, he doesn't have to sweat at drawing on a blackboard in coloured chalks—probably rather amateurishly—while his class either have a brief zizz or just lose interest. In the Synchrophone frame he has a well-drawn coloured picture of the subject, already done for him by a professional, and can call attention to individual features by lighting them up with the hand-control. He can also use the hand-control for testing the class's knowledge. Naturally, the Synchrophone is only to be used as an *adjunct* to instruction on actual apparatus, but it is definitely useful for putting over the sequence of operations in, say, an automatic weapon, or the oiling system of an engine, or in hammering home some drill that has to be accurately learnt.

A Synchrophone lecture should *always* be used first with the hand-control and the instructor's spoken story. The records supplied are purely for revision, for on them the story is definitely "potted." All the meat is there, but it's much too concentrated for even the brightest types to absorb without some previous training in the subject. However, the records really *are* valuable for revision, either by a class or by indi-

\* We are not told why the cat has been had up on the mat: but if we know cats it was probably put on a fizzer for introducing five unauthorised sprog kittens on to the Station.



*With a little modification the Synchronophone can be quite useful in the Sergeants' Mess.*

viduals. Often what seems a sticky spot in a subject can be ironed out by some enquiring bloke actually laying on a one-man-audience lecture for himself. So please let there be easy access to the Synchronophone and give the chaps a chance to put it on for themselves!

Synchronophone Audio-Visual Apparatus is a stores item and the standard stores procedure is used to obtain requirements—but don't ask for the gadget unless you can use it in your Syllabus of Training. The Air Ministry (suspicious old baskets that they are!) know only too well that the gramophone part with a little modification may be pretty useful in the Sergeants' Mess! A full list of lectures available is in Part II of A.P.1972. There's also a new A.M.O. coming out soon—look out for it!

Finally, the Air Ministry have lots of ideas for new Synchronophone lectures, but they want to make what the customer *wants*, not what they think he *ought* to want. So if *you* have an idea, get your C.O.'s blessing, and then send it to the Deputy Director of Technical Training, Air Ministry, through the usual channels. Don't try to make a finished thing of it: the Technical Training narks have their own methods and you may be disappointed. All that's necessary is a very rough draft of the subject. Then if the idea is approved, all the drawing, writing up, and other work will be done for you. Your halo will appear when the completed lecture is delivered at your unit, and we hope you'll feel pretty good should an idea of yours thus help training throughout the R.A.F.



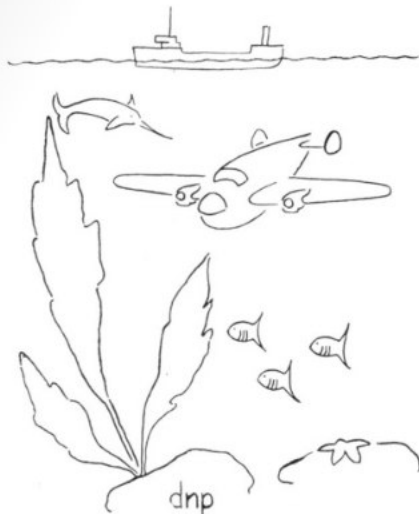
## Altimeter Sense

**I**F you know absolutely everything there is to be known about your altimeter and can even call it by its Christian name, you needn't bother to read this. If on the other hand—"Ha!" says Prune, "this is where I come in."

The ordinary common-or-garden barometer, as you know, measures atmospheric pressure, and the units of measurement are either inches of mercury supported by the atmosphere or else millibars which—"I've heard of milkbars," says Prune, "and I know all about saloonbars, but what are millibars?"—which (if Prune will excuse us continuing) each represent 1/1000th part of the normal atmospheric pressure at sea level.

Before, however, you can use a barometer to tell you the pressure (which decreases the higher up you go) you must have a "zero" or datum level. This, as agreed by the International Committee of Air Navigation, is sea level under certain meteorological conditions. These "standard conditions" are:—

- (a) Sea level atmospheric pressure, 1013.2 millibars.
- (b) Sea level temperature, + 15° C.



"Don't you think there's something wrong with our altimeter?"

At the same time it has to be assumed that the temperature lapse rate is 2° C. per 1,000 feet.

Under these conditions a barometer at sea level will read 1013.2 millibars, and at 1,000 feet above 977 millibars.

Now change your graduated scale of millibars to units of feet, and the name barometer to altimeter and what have you? You have your instrument reading 0 feet at 1013.2 millibars, 1,000 feet at 977 millibars and the other correct heights above sea level in between, *so long*, of course, as the standard conditions prevail.

But supposing they are not prevailing? Then you will have errors in your readings caused by differences from standard in either temperature or pressure. Now pressure can vary not only with changes in height but with changes of weather. For instance, in fair weather sea level

pressure may go up to 1,050 millibars or in bad weather down to 910, and all this is reported by the altimeter. You have no doubt noticed that an altimeter set to zero one evening will often read several divisions above or below it next morning, due of course to day to day changes in the atmospheric pressure and temperature on the airfield.

When the atmospheric pressure drops, therefore, the altimeter over-reads and *vice versa*. The latter doesn't matter so much, but an *over-reading* altimeter is definitely dangerous, for remember that a drop of only 1 millibar from standard equals a rise of 30 feet on the altimeter. These over-readings will occur when flying from a high-pressure area into a low-pressure one, and can assume pretty high proportions on long flights taking you through widely differing belts of weather.

It is thus most important that pilots and navigators should study the weather map before flight. Drops in atmospheric pressure *en route* not only mean probable weather deterioration but also inaccurate altimeter readings, and if the aircraft is flown at a constant altimeter height under these conditions it will really be descending all the way.

And it may not be just a question of a few feet either. It's quite common in these winter months to get a pressure difference of 32 millibars between North and South England, which is a difference of 960 feet in the altimeter. This means you may fly into a 2,000 feet hill somewhere half-way up when you think you're clearing it. So watch that weather map; then you'll be prepared on occasion to take what your altimeter says with a grain of salt.

## Post Card from Germany

P.O. Prune has just had a postcard from a P.O.W. camp in Germany. He is quite delighted with it—especially as it comes from one of our Polish Allies, a Pilot Officer Karcmarz of Fighter Command, who had the misfortune to be shot down. In case any of his friends are reading this, here's what's written on the card—and in case any of you don't believe Prune, we reproduce the other side of the card as well. Prune has, of course, replied effusively.

KRIEGSGEFANGENENLAGER

Datum: 25.8.43

Dear Sir, There isn't any news I could write. The time passes slow, but it's not so bad, for the weather was rather nice. Of course I am missing news from you and am longing to see you. I close sending the Best of Luck to you all.

Józef

Kriegsgefangenenpost

Postkarte

An

P/O Prune

Gebührenfrei

Abursender:

Vor- und Zuname:

Karcmarz Józef

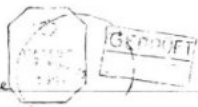
Gefangensnummer:

1716

Lager-Bezeichnung:

M. Stannlager Luft 3

Deutschland (German)



Empfängerort: London

Strasse: Adarstral House  
Kingsway  
Land: ENGLAND.

Land: ENGLAND.

Landes (Provinz) von:

## The Compleat Air Gunner



AN early edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" had found its way into the Sergeants' Mess and, after being looked at with a stifled "Cor!" by Sergeant Winde and hurriedly put down again, it arrived on Sergeant Burste's lap in a comfortable armchair. It was a cold, frosty afternoon, but there was a pleasant fug and a hot fire indoors. Sergeant Burste had nothing to do; moreover, he was by way of being a fisherman. He was soon deep in the volume. . . .

He read . . .

*Pifcator.* You are well overtaken, Gentlemen: a good morning to you both: I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your bufine/s might occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine fre/h May morning.

*Venator.* Sir, I, for my part, shall almost ensure your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the *Thatched House* in Hoddesden, and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me. . . .

It continued to be hot and fuggy in the Mess, very sleep-making, and Sergeant Burste closed his eyes for a minute. . . . When he opened them the scene seemed to have changed. He was standing, on a "fine fre/h May morning," outside an inn called "The Air Gunners Arms," and a strangely dressed gentleman, sitting outside with a lot of fishing tackle close at hand, was speaking to him.

The conversation, as he subsequently recollected it, went like this:

*Pifcator.* You are well met, Sergeant: a good afternoon to you: I have

waited here much time, hoping that you or one of your kind might pass this way for I have some questions I fain would ask.

*Sergeant.* Indeed, Sir, I, for my part, shall be happy to answer them to the best of my ability.

*Pifcator.* Then sit you down awhile on this oaken settle while our good host brings us a morning draught of ale. Now, concerning these night-flying Meffer-schmitts of which I have oft heard you speak; you did say they will follow their prey with such guile that he cannot see their approach?

*Sergeant.* Ay, they will so and worse, and so will the Junkers. And they have other crafty stratagems, viz., one will lurk low underneath where he may not easily be observed while his comrade creates a diversion, flashing lights on and off and capering in the night sky like a moon-struck June bug or flutter-mouse. And while all in the bomber are watching his curious antics, his comrade below will attack and shoot them to pieces.

*Pifcator.* Oh, the treachery! What remedy have you?

*Sergeant.* Why, all on board must keep very alert and watch every side, dividing the sky up among them. And the first to observe an enemy aircraft must announce it and say, 'A Meffer-schmitt! Watch him Top Gunner!' Then the Tail Gunner will keep guard with great vigilance, looking every way downwards to find that Meffer-schmitt's comrade. And when he sees him coming up to make his attack he will at once shoot him down.

*Pifcator.* But if there be only the one?

*Sergeant.* If there be one or three it matters not—providing they get not too close before they are seen. If the gunner observes a Meffer-schmitt first when it is less than six hundred yards from his bomber, straightway he must tell his captain to manoeuvre as may be deemed most fit. And while some keep vigil others shoot as they have been taught. They shall shoot as well as they can, and let us pray they shall treat their Meffer-schmitts as your gamekeeper treats fat pigeons! Come, landlord, fill up our mugs! For on this occasion it is upon me.

*Interruptor.* Now then, Burste, wake up! The Gunnery leader wants to see you. . . ."

"Funny old type!" exclaimed Sergeant Burste, as he prepared to go. "That was the straight gen I gave him—though I hope it won't be classed as Careless Talk. Maybe there's some similarity between catching fish and catching E/A."

He went out, not into a May morning, but into a cold, frosty afternoon.



## *Even Prune Knew Better*

P.O. Prune sat in the crew-room cleaning his revolver. He twisted the chambers and tried to look through one of them, failed, pushed a bit of rag through and ejected a large spider of .38 calibre.

"Saw some of those Air Sea Rescue types when I was up in town last week," he announced. "In a high-speed launch, tied up to Victoria or whatever it is Embankment. There was a crowd goofing at it and I thought that, as it was a free show and there was still ten minutes to go to one-one-three-oh hours, I'd join 'em. Nice job the launch was, three machine guns in turrets and all modern conveniences. The outfit looked as if it were cleaned every five minutes. They certainly had something there, *but* you should have seen the way they were checking over their machine-guns." He looked round in a superior fashion. "Even *I* could have told them it was wrong."

Prune tackled the next chamber, giving full publicity to about an ounce of mixed cobweb and nattered on happily.

It seemed that what he had seen was this:—

- (i) Two members of the crew, having reassembled some bits and pieces of a partially stripped machine gun (with the aid of a 2 foot long screwdriver from the engine room), cocked the mechanism and pressed the trigger with the gun pointing horizontally up a reach of Father Thames.
- (ii) A third member of the crew emerged by degrees from a mysterious hole in the deck, holding a Signal Pistol. This he unsuccessfully attempted to "break." After various failures he conceived the idea, which he successfully put into practice, of pressing the muzzle of the pistol into his waist to obtain extra leverage.
- (iii) The *pièce de resistance* was provided by crew member No. 4, who approached the starboard turret at the double, pulled down the machine gun, snugly encased the muzzle in some convenient fold or crevice of his stomach and leisurely removed the gun's sights.

"Well," concluded Prune, "they were all alive when I left, but I left fairly soon just in case." He found a round of ammunition and fitted it carefully into each chamber of his revolver in turn. "Of course the things might not have been loaded, but you'd think they'd know more about the rules than that."

He snapped his revolver together with a flourish and absently pulled the trigger as a final gesture . . .

Luckily the bullet missed everybody in the hut.

"Sorry," said Prune cheerfully. "I forgot I'd left the round in. It's O.K. boys, don't clear off—it was the only one. At least, I think so."

## Mind Your Marcolins



### II

We were telling you two or three months ago about Marcolins, which were first discovered by Sergeant Backtune in a VT.104. These creatures are—as you should know if you read your TEE EMM properly—offshoots of the Gremlin family, but confine their attentions to W/T equipment. If you want a dictionary definition, turn up the article, under the same title as above, in our October issue, which also describes their activities in, on, and around about the VT.104.

Since we published that article, Backtune has gained some notoriety, a certain amount of popularity, and a large amount of free beer from other keen W/Ops, who want to know more about Marcolins. He has, in fact, shot such a terrific line about how he tracked them down in his

VT.104 that people have begun to think that that is their only habitat.

We hasten here to correct that misapprehension. As we said above, *all* W/T equipment is their hunting ground. Wherever there is a valve or a fuse or even a piece of wire, there also you will probably find a Marcolin. They turn up in the most unexpected places, and you must keep your eyes constantly open if you are to counter their mischief.

In the Marconi receiver, for instance, they have even more scope than in the transmitter, if only for the reason that there are more valves in the receiver—and valves are, as you know, exceedingly vulnerable to Marcolin assault. Sgt. Backtune has already discovered the truth of this, but having come to the conclusion that there is nothing anyone can do about a Marcolin, he usually sits back, lets the Marcolins do their worst and hopes for the best.

Backtune, of course, is quite wrong. There is much you can do to overcome the menace, even in so complicated a unit as the R1155.

Locating Marcolins in the receiver is the main snag. To whip the whole unit out of its case and look for them—which is what Backtune does, when he takes any action at all—is a hopeless pursuit, as you will appreciate when you consider that a Marcolin, given the slightest warning, can make itself small enough to ride astride an electron.

But you can locate them by pure detective work quite easily. And the art of that is to find out approximately

where they are *before* you take the receiver out of its case.

First take a look at the "block" diagram of the set, and, ignoring the D/F circuit for the time being, you will see that the first part in the receiver to attract the attention of the Marcolins is V<sub>3</sub>, where they tie the incoming R/F into a knot, so that it cannot go any further. This, however, does not stop V<sub>4</sub> and V<sub>7</sub> doing their respective jobs, with the result that although you will hear no signals in your 'phones, the loud whistle on 280 kc/s will turn up as usual.

Inside V<sub>4</sub>, the Marcolins usually swing their little monkey-wrenches round and round, breaking the outgoing IF into little pieces. This you will spot because movement of the tuning control will result in little spasms of "broken" signals getting through to your 'phones.

V<sub>5</sub> and V<sub>6</sub> are simple amplifiers, and there is little the Marcolins can do to them beyond sitting on the cathodes and, by fake traffic control work, preventing electrons flowing freely to the anodes. Consequently you will hear weak signals or none at all in your 'phones, as in the case of V<sub>3</sub>, but with one difference—the "whistle" on 280 kc/s will not be heard.

V<sub>7</sub>, however, they can make quite a mess of by dancing up and down 280,500 times a second, thus flattening out the BFO oscillations and preventing your hearing CW signals. And don't forget that the Tuning Indicator is controlled from V<sub>7</sub>, so that any strange goings-on inside that valve will be reflected in the refusal of the Magic Eye to respond to signals.

Now we get to V<sub>8</sub>. Long experience has made their work there very effective,

and once they start sitting on the electrons you won't get any resemblance of a signal in your 'phones at all. Remember, however, that the Magic Eye is fed from an earlier stage, so it will still respond to anything coming into the set. Thus before you change V<sub>8</sub>, don't forget to make sure that Marcolins have not pulled your i/c plug out of its socket, as this would give you the same symptoms.

Well, that is how you locate the position of an interfering Marcolin—and you'll note that you don't have to pull the receiver to pieces to do it. Just sit and think.

What you do when you *have* located them, we'll tell you later.



*P.O. Pruse says when that guy first joined the Air Force he never had to fly the Channel—England was then joined to the Continent.*



## Intercommon Sense



H. HOOVER, JR.

**E**VEN the dimmest brains will, after a little superficial thought, agree that inter-com. means verbal communication between the crew of an aircraft. But how often is such communication intelligible?

The kiwi who takes the odd flip usually remarks after landing: "Heaven knows how you chaps make head or tail of what you're saying to each other!" The answer is that you have not only to develop "inter-com." hearing, but to have some notion of what a person is *going* to say in order to decipher it when it reaches you.

Good, clear inter-com. is very important. The chief value of a trip is wasted when the inter-com. is faulty or non-existent. How can a good bombing run be made when the pilot cannot hear the bomb-aimer? And when the fighters attack, the rear-gunner's voice must be as clear as his perspex.

There is no reason why the quality of inter-com. should be poor, and the aircraft themselves can do a lot to make it good. Here are some tips:—

- (a) The apparatus itself may be faulty. Here the Wireless Operator should be able to do, in the air, all that is necessary to put it right. Experience will teach him how to diagnose faults quickly. This is within his sphere just as much as the radiò.
- (b) Engines may cause interference. This cannot be cured in the air, but should be reported to the Flight Sergeant as soon as possible. A wireless mechanic will then go out, try the inter-com. with the engines idling and report it O.K. This is where you become very firm, and, if possible, get him to try it in the air.
- (c) See that your helmet fits properly and that the headphones are directly opposite your ears. Headsets should be tested regularly. One earphone may not be working, without your being aware of it.
- (d) Keep your helmet as free as possible from grit and sand. Earphones also dislike sugar. Aircrews returning from the Empire Air Training Scheme should keep their sugar in a different kit-bag from their headsets.
- (e) Always speak clearly. It is no good talking as you would in the mess.
- (f) The microphone collects all the noise from the engines, and it is advisable to use an oxygen mask to cut out the surplus sound. By the way, nothing is more binding than someone leaving their microphone switched on. A throat microphone is very convenient, though nothing is secret when you wear one—especially excess wind in the stomach.

Don't forget that you are trained as a team, and inter-com. is the chief means of keeping the team together.



## SEAPLANE PILOTS PLEASE NOTE

**T**HE most efficient way of becoming airborne from a man-of-war is to flash-up some cordite. It is also the safest way known to Sub-Lieuts.(A) R.N.V.R., and they know lots. Even so, catapulting is not entirely foolproof, and as you never know when you are liable to be catapulted (not with our Catapult Officer anyway), here is some of the drill.

### CORDITE

See that the label on the charge is the right one for your all-up weight.

Check its temperature in relation to the type of charge and your Weight Sheet Summary. There is not enough "g" in a cold charge and too much in a fried one. Don't think you needn't do it because you've got a Directing Officer to do checks. The answer is that the D.O. stays on the deck.

### THROTTLE

Don't grip this in your left hand (or your right). Open up to full boost, then place your hand firmly on the throttle quadrant *behind* the throttle. Then if acceleration brings your hand back the throttle will not come too.

### SAFETY PINS

These are designed to stop the aircraft leaving the catapult trolley on one pretext or another, before you are ready to catapult. SEE them removed before you do catapult, or you'll break the elastic.

### WIND

Remember the speed of the ship makes this a "relative" wind. Anyhow, keep it forrard of the beam.

### CREW

Put them in their correct cabouches ; see them strapped into their seats ; and see the seats strapped on to the aircraft. An unexpected accumulation of aviators in the tail has a curious effect on trim after leaving the catapult.

### LANDING

All that should have got you safely up in the air. Now the best—also the only—way of landing a ship-borne seaplane in a rough sea is to drop her into a "Slick." The ship will oblige with a "Slick" by turning from 40° one side of the wind, through the wind, and to 40° the other

side—according to taste and experience. This will leave you a nice smooth patch of the ocean in her wake. It won't of course be as smooth as you were led to believe, but smoothish all the same. After that, of course, it's dead-easy, BUT :—

DON'T forget that the ship has pushed up a solid wall of water at the edges of the "Slick"; so never over-run.

DON'T come in faster than the

"Power Stall." It's a poor method of entering the wardroom.

DON'T forget to check your wheels "UP" if amphibious. Those pilots who forget can never have their error pointed out to them.

DON'T forget the "Slick" is only efficient for 80 seconds.

Then, all things being equal, you'll be back where you started in no time, which is, after all, the object of the exercise.



*Catapulting is not entirely fool-proof.*

## *This Month's Prunery*



**T**HE 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 perhaps to be expected as he was in an unserviceable aircraft, which was minus the propeller.

# NOTABLE INVESTITURE

## Awards of Two O.I.F.s with Joints

### FAMOUS R.A.F. CHARACTER IN COLOURFUL SCENE

From Tee Emm's Special Correspondent

**I**N front of a distinguished gathering the well-known Pilot Officer Percy Prune yesterday formally awarded the Most Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremoveable Finger, with Seven Joints, to Warrant Officer—, Pilot of a Beaufighter, and the same Order with Five Joints to Warrant Officer—, the Navigator, for Getting There in Spite of Their Fingers.

In a well-received speech the gallant Pilot Officer who, as is well known, is the Patron of the Order, gave a brief account of the remarkable deeds which gained the crew the coveted award.

#### Overdue

After saying that it was a "thoroughly good show,"

P.O. Prune, in a husky voice possibly due to the previous night's beer, outlined the circumstances.

It seemed that the aircraft left Station "A" to fly to Station "B," about an hour and a half's flying time to the Southward, on which short trip it arrived an hour and a half overdue.

The Pilot, though Captain, had allowed his Navigator a

free hand throughout, never once taking an intelligent interest in the proceedings himself. This in itself was a cracking fine show and immediately secured the coveted decoration, but a Joint to the Order was awarded him because, in spite of not having been to Station "B" before, he yet never bothered to find out what facilities were available there, or even the number of runways. (Cheers, cries of "Hear! Hear!" etc.).

#### Had No Map

Another Joint was awarded him for not carrying a map of any kind on the journey.

A third Joint was awarded him for being under the impression that his Navigator was taking him down the coast—till he suddenly saw a lot of mountains ahead and realised that few if any mountains were to be found actually on the sea.

#### Thought Trip Too Easy

The Navigator received his O.I.F. for considering the whole trip too easy—in spite of the fact that it had been left entirely to him by his Pilot—and so

➤ TO NEXT PAGE, COL. ONE

## → FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

not bothering to work out ground speed, E.T.A. or anything else. A Joint to the Order was awarded him for taking a map which only covered half of the distance, the last part of the route being marked by a mere arrow pointing Southwards and labelled "To 'B'." (Loud cheers and cries of "Good Show.")

**Four Further Joins Each**

Further Joins were awarded to both Pilot and Navigator together for (i) not visiting Flying Control at Station "A" before leaving and thus failing to find out that Station "B" was actually at that time "red"; (ii) not checking the height of the ground on the direct route and so thinking there was nothing higher than 2,000 feet, whereas there was ground 3,000 feet high on the direct route, and some over 4,000 feet high only a few miles off track; (iii) finding themselves in an area anything from 85 to 90 miles off the direct route; and (iv) after some hours of flying up and down that district, failing entirely to make any sort of intelligent pin-point.

**Orders Thoroughly Earned**

Pilot Officer Prune then said that, good show though it was, he regretted to have to add that the crew concerned did manage to make a safe landing on arrival at Station "B" in spite of a 90° cross wind of some 20 knots. In view, however, of their previous achievement this could not be held against them. That they



Photograph specially taken for "Tee Emm" of yesterday's Investiture, when P.O. Prune awarded two well-earned O.I.F.'s with several Joins.

could have done so much on a journey of only an hour and a half's flying time seemed to him little short of marvellous.

Amidst frantic cheering he then awarded the two M.H.D.O.I.F.'s with seven and five Joins respectively. During this a slight contretemps occurred owing to the gallant Pilot Officer unfortunately first running the pin by mistake into the chest of the first recipient and then into his own thumb.

**Fingers Concreted In**

Never, said the gallant Pilot Officer, had the Order been so thoroughly earned in one short flight; why, their fingers might have been concreted in! Now boys, what about a noggin?

It being just opening time, the meeting adjourned in an ugly rush to the saloon bar of the "Rose and Crown," your correspondent beating Prune to it by a short cap peak—and that takes some doing.



## *Satan's Hour*

WHEN Prune's old nurse used to catch him on dull wet afternoons trying to shave the cat or pouring glue into his mother's hairbrushes or balancing pie-dishes full of water on the top of the dining-room door, she used to say—after fetching him that very necessary clop on the ear-hole—"There, Master Percy, Satan always finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

It was an old saying, of course, and simply meant that if you had no specific jobs to do and time lay heavy on your hands, you generally got pretty browned off and as like as not started to invent and carry out projects of a subversive or anti-social nature.

Now we don't say that in an idle hour to-day Prune is likely to come under Satan's influence to the extent of putting tin-tacks on the Station Master's office chair or anything of that sort. But there are often long periods when flying is out of the question and crews find themselves at a very loose end. During such times they are naturally apt to get browned off, and though they are old enough not to get into active mischief, the actual fact of being bored and having nothing to do is in itself detrimental to morale and efficiency.

Good Station Commanders realise this well enough and many have devised schemes, exercises, training games and so on, specially for use in non-flying weather, as a means of occupying their air crews and keeping them alert and up to scratch.

Since this is now the season when non-flying weather is prevalent, TEE EMM has been in touch with a few Stations by way of finding out what their ideas on the subject are. We now propose to publish some of these ideas with the object of circulating them more widely, so that Stations as a whole may have the benefit, if they wish, of schemes which originated individually.

The first comes from a Fleet Air Arm Station in Cornwall. It was called "Operation Z." It is one of the most universal of such schemes, being an "escaping prisoner" game.

It started one evening with the strange vision of a lorry in the Cornish country side containing ten young men with bandaged eyes. Were they prisoners of war? Or casualties from some unknown explosion at the Station being rushed to hospital? Or what? It was anybody's guess.

An added air of mystery was lent by

the knowing winks exchanged between some small groups of the Home Guard standing by and a Naval and an Army officer in the lorry whose eyes were not bandaged. Moreover, the blindfold men were all dressed in blue Naval trousers and each grasped a sinister square package.

The onlookers at last gave up speculating as the lorry drove on into the country.

Presently it stopped and one of the blindfold men stepped off. His eyes were unbandaged and, after a few brief instructions from the Army Officer, he was left in the road. And so each was dropped in turn until they were all distributed over the open country.

Well, the party consisted of Fleet Air Arm pilots from a training unit. They had been told to imagine that they had baled out of their aircraft in enemy territory. Their instructions were to evade capture; not to speak to anyone; not to carry any money, except fourpence for an emergency telephone call; and to get back before dawn.

Each pilot was dropped between 15 and 20 miles from his station and had no knowledge of his whereabouts. All he carried was a little food (the square package), a small compass—and of course his fourpence.

Main roads and villages were to be strictly avoided. The Police and Home Guard had been told about it, and were ready to arrest any suspicious character, particularly any in blue trousers; in fact, it appeared later that news of the exercise had spread so rapidly that everyone within 20 miles was on the lookout.

The exercise started about two and a half hours before dusk. Most members

of the party located their approximate position in a fairly short time by climbing to the nearest high ground. Here they were able to recognise certain outstanding features such as ridges of hills or chalk pits, and it was not long before they had all set their courses across country in roughly the right direction.

Very soon the general hue and cry started. Individual reports varied from comedy to minor tragedy. One pilot attempted to make off with a lorry from an R.A.F. aerodrome, under the nose of a watchman. In his own words, "I switched on everything and pressed the starter. She made a terrific noise but wouldn't start, so I got out smartly and chased across the fields." The same pilot remarked morosely that "bicycles were practically non-existent."

One Sub-Lieutenant managed, like most of those taking part, to pin-point himself fairly soon after being dropped, but had the misfortune to make a heavy landing when climbing over a gate and sprained an ankle. As a result he had to give himself up.

Another, a Lieutenant, was snapped up by a couple of Home Guards with Tommy guns, the latter being apparently a most effective argument. For sometime after his capture he complained bitterly of the salty ham in his sandwiches, particularly as it was after closing time. He said that if they'd gone after him with a pint of beer instead of Tommy guns they'd have got him much sooner.

Another Lieutenant found a group of small children playing in the road and considered that they were not included in the list of people to whom he was forbidden to speak, so he asked where the road went to. His elasticity of

conscience was his undoing, for they at once recognised his blue trousers and started wildly yelling "paratroops." Immediately the vicinity became alive with Home Guards and this pilot was cut off and captured.

Another Sub-Lieutenant covered a tremendous amount of ground and was skilful enough to encounter only one Home Guard. It was 0500 hours before he reached the Station and he was one of the three who did get back.

Others had their varied fortunes. One who had been making good progress found himself hemmed in; and every way he went, whether along the roads or across fields the hunters were waiting. Eventually a Home Guard hove up barely a hundred yards away; so with a quick dash he flung himself into the nearest ditch. An agonised grunt beneath him revealed another dishevelled member of the party and within a minute or so they were dug out and captured.

Yet another pilot, with great stealth and cunning, stalked an aircraft warning beacon on a distant hill under the impression that it was a man on the other side of the hedge smoking a cigarette. Another, addressing with courtesy and caution a figure in a farmyard, enquired his whereabouts, only to find that he was talking to a cow.

A third claimed to have been chased over a five-acre field by a mad horse. "I couldn't see the blighter: all I could



"Excuse me, is this the way to Magna Parva?"

hear were his thundering hoofs. He might have been a Derby winner, but he wasn't a match for me at the time."

It was generally found that walking by night over open country was far more tiring than one expected. It was also discovered that it was unsafe to rely on the fact that farmers and children may not be aware of what is going on. Consequently, to make sure of evading capture, it is essential *always* to keep out of sight of *everyone*.

Only three of the party returned without having been captured, and they arrived back in a very bedraggled condition and pretty weary. But all ten felt they had learnt quite a useful lesson, and certainly were free of that browned-off feeling for days afterwards.



## Breaking an Aircraft by the Braking Method

P.O. PRUNE has found a new way of doing it. It seems to him quite simple and doesn't involve nearly so much personal risk as some of his other methods of writing off an aircraft. He merely uses his brakes wrongly. That is to say, he taxis too fast when possible and has to correct unnecessarily with his brakes; or else he doesn't use his brakes before taking up his undercart, thus running the risk of damaging the still spinning wheels on the cowlings; or else he brakes very hard after landing and tries to see how soon he can pull up—even though the runway is plenty long enough to necessitate only gentle braking at the end.

As a result of this assiduous over-braking Prune manages not only to wear the brakes out or render them faulty, but in many cases to burst a tyre on landing or take-off. Then, of course, there's a crash and a lot of money goes down the drain. Good show! And a particularly satisfactory one on heavy bomber types.

So efficiently has Prune popularised his method that we have to tell you that in a recent period of only two calendar months, there were thirty-three accidents due to tyre bursts on Lancasters, Halifaxes, and Stirlings, the average cost to the nation of each accident being about £24,000.

Prune and his friends are pretty pleased about this. They feel they've definitely

got something there. And as out of these thirty-three accidents only one was fatal they also feel that they are really on to a good thing. "Why, it's a piece of cake," says Prune.

Of course it's too much to expect that Prune will give up this comparatively safe and effective way of breaking an aircraft, but there's no reason why *you* shouldn't watch out for it. £24,000 is a lot of money to result from one burst tyre and one pilot not using his brakes in the proper way. Why it's about ninety years' pay for one pilot officer!





## TEE EMM'S Brains Trust

*Tee Emm, being an official publication, everything in it appears with the approval of the Air Member for Training and represents official views on policy. This page, however, we reserve for occasional unofficial correspondence, to which we have tried to dig out an official reply.*

LETTER. "DEAR SIR,—In the November TEE EMM article 'Long Life to Your Engine' the author states definitely 'Don't climb straight up on maximum climbing power if you can do it gradually and on less.'

"This flatly contradicts all our instruction on Engine Handling, both at O.T.U., and since. There, we had it most strongly emphasised that, both from the viewpoint of fuel economy and that of kindness to engines, if it became necessary to climb, the desired height should be reached as quickly as possible, as a slow climb led both to overheating of the engine, and led to a higher consumption. I would be grateful to have this point cleared up."

REPLY. The original article was written for Coastal Air Crews, and published in "Coastal Command Review," as was stated in the note at the end. It is agreed that there may be slight contradiction of the drill used in other Commands. For instance, the Bomber boys would want to attain this operational height as quickly as they can, their altitude is far greater than Coastal people's and they have less distance "before reaching enemy ground" than we have.

Coastal crews have very little altitude to attain and they have miles and miles of sea to do it in. There is no reason why, when they get to a reasonably safe altitude, they cannot come back to cruising conditions and make what additional height they require in a long distance. We did qualify we thought, by saying "use the engine conditions best suited to the particular conditions of your flight." Obviously if a crew had to make 12,000 feet in 40 or 50 miles they wouldn't use low power to do it.

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## Correspondence Column

From PILOT OFFICER PRUNE

December 10th, 1943.

"Dear Sir,

"At this festive season may I borrow the use of your kind space for a moment to register a complaint which my being fairly well known to the Air Force I think it's only justice I should have a chance to. I mean, a stitch in time saves two in the bush.

"I am not a chap who minds being quoted all over the Service by all and sundry, nor, when it comes to my bad luck with accidents and so forth, having a rise taken out of. I know I have lousy luck, resulting in occasional mishaps, but anyone can forget a little thing like letting down an undercart. But people who live in glass houses shouldn't cast clouts and anyway I just let it all go in at one ear and out at the other like water off a duck's back.

" But what I do object to is when people get me wrong.

" Now, sir, there's a certain coloured poster my attention has lately been drawn to. It's been distributed widely I'm told as a sort of warning against careless talk or some such bull. It shows what's meant to be a picture of me, but, believe me, it's not done with my permission and not by my friend, W. Hooper, who's the only chap I allow to draw me. But that's not my real bind. It's that the picture shows me—*me*, mark you!—pulling a zip-fastener thing across my mouth and it's titled 'Take a tip from P.O. Prune: Zip Your Lip!'

" Sir, I ask you. I don't know who's responsible for suggesting that I am in the habit of keeping my mouth shut when I ought to, but he's obviously a chap who doesn't know much about me. Whoever heard of me doing the right thing? That picture is both libellous and the thin end of the cloven hoof.

" And now I must stop. I've got to go and buy kit, because our squadron's just been posted out East. We leave on [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] with a convoy due to call at [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].

" Thanking you for your kindness,

" Yours faithfully,

*Percy Prune*

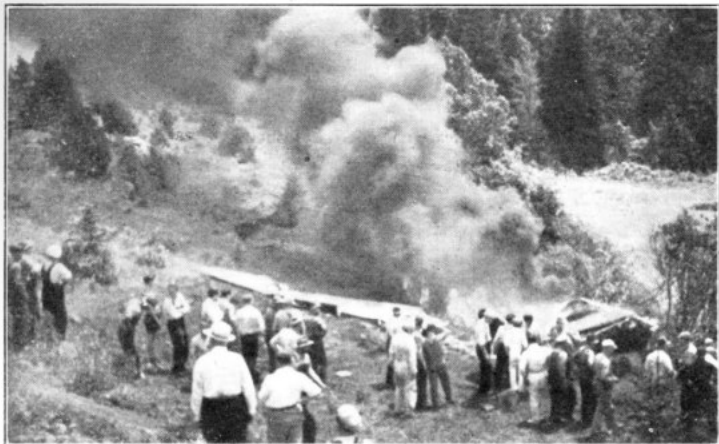
P.O.

INEYNE MANOR,  
PRUNE PARVA, SUSSEX.



*Prune never zips his lip.*

## Three Men are Burning to Death Here



**D**O you see the above picture? It is a burning Hudson shortly after a crash. In the wreckage the crew of three are dying while would-be rescuers stand round helpless.

How did it happen?

Shot down in operations after perhaps destroying many enemy aircraft? Or an unavoidable crash due to sudden engine failure or other event beyond the pilot's control? Or was it owing to some unfortunate error of judgment to which all humans are liable?

No. It was not the result of any normal risk of warfare, or normal stroke of bad luck. The cause was nothing more nor less than low flying in complete disobedience of orders.

The pilot had been detailed to fly with two companions on a practice cross-country. His track, he found, took him not very far away from a

summer holiday camp beside a lake where he had recently stayed. Why not deviate slightly and visit it?

He had been ordered, too, to fly at not less than 5,000 feet, but you can't "visit" properly at that height. Why not come down and see if he could recognise any of the boys and girls there whom he knew?

He deviated. He came down. He flew around for ten minutes or so at less than 100 feet while girls in attractive bathing dresses waved and admired and their male companions envied his daring.

Then came tragedy—as so often it does on these occasions; for if you are flying low to attract attention, your own attention is devoted partly to seeing whether you are, in fact, attracting it. Yet at that low height you want all your wits about you, and all your attention on your flying.

On one of his low swoops across the lake he failed, on pulling up, quite to clear some trees on the far side. Pieces were knocked off the aircraft by the impact, puncturing the petrol tanks, and the petrol was ignited by the exhaust. The burning aircraft circled in a wide arc, till the heat so weakened the starboard tail controls that they disintegrated. The Hudson then crashed in flames.

In these flames perished unhappily the pilot and his two companions, while their friends had to stand helplessly around. Their bodies when recovered were burned beyond physical recognition.

A short while before they had been full of life, circling and diving on a group of men and girls at the water's edge, as the adjoining picture shows. And then . . . look back at the first picture!



**Low flying except when specifically authorised is against orders. Must you break orders? Must you of your own accord meet such a terrible and unnecessary death in order to show off?**

## The Bombing Officer's Job

WE talked last month about the difference between a good bomber pilot and a GOOD bomber pilot. We pointed out that to be the latter you needed a pretty fair knowledge of your air bomber's job, if you wanted to ensure that he dropped your bombs on the aiming point—which is after all the sole reason why a valuable aircraft and half a dozen trained men make a perilous trip to enemy territory.

We also pointed out—with a tear in our eye—that not all bomber pilots could be said to fall in that category.

Nor is this just our opinion. It comes from many Squadron Bombing Leaders who report that they frequently find difficulty in co-operating with Flight Commanders, and in passing gen on to pilots. "A certain lack of interest in the business of actual bombing" is the way one of them put it.

One or two Groups have already taken the matter up in a big way and have started a system designed to remedy it. This is the appointment of one pilot in each flight to be the official link between the Bombing Leader and the pilots. He is known as the Flight Bombing Officer.

At first sight his duties seem, as Damon Runyon would say, to be more than somewhat varied; but on closer inspection they fall into four main parts.

First, of course, is Knowledge. The Bombing Officer must know

what he's talking about, and here a short course of bombing in its specific relation to the pilot provides the answer. He must know too the air bomber's job by carrying out bombing details himself. Only then will he be able to explain to other pilots—and make them do it too—the importance of careful and correct flying during the bombing run. He must know what errors absence of this can cause and prevent a chaplet of undeserved blame being hung round the air bomber's neck.

Next comes Enthusiasm for the job—though we're not certain this shouldn't



The Bombing Officer must hold the balance between Pilot and Air Bomber.

come first; for without it he's unlikely to gain the necessary knowledge. . . . Enthusiasm, however, should not be difficult to acquire. For almost certainly he's been specially selected, not detailed, and so this should come naturally. The two main reasons he's got to be enthusiastic about everything to do with bombing are these:

(i) Because his enthusiasm will create enthusiasm among other pilots. If pilots, particularly when captains, are not enthusiastic, a whole crew will soon get careless on bombing runs, and you'll have bombs "thrown off," targets not identified, and so on.

(ii) Because if he's dead keen on the bombing business he'll also be keen to give advice and help about it. He'll be able and willing to instruct pilots in the latest bombing tactics, technique, and equipment. He'll be able and willing to advise them on flying requirements for bombing, wind-finding and timed runs, on photographic procedure, and on P.F.F. work in so far as it affects the bombing attack. He'll be keen to explain how some bombing errors are due to faulty flying, and *not* to an air bomber with finger trouble. Enthusiasm in fact will be the life-blood of his work.

The third aspect of the Bombing Officer's job is Liaison. He is the link. He must at all times co-operate with the Bombing Leader, see what he's getting at, and then see that it gets over to the pilots. Being a pilot himself he's the best person for putting gen across effectively to other pilots. Without such liaison a Bombing Leader may bring home some vital points about new procedure or bombing errors to the air bomber, but the rest of the crew will



*Prune says he knows all about bombs.*

carry on in happy ignorance of their share in it. Thus once more bombing will become erratic—and of course it'll be nobody's business but poor old Sergeant Straddle's.

The Bombing Officer's liaison work should, in short, aim at creating a proper working partnership between the pilots' and air bombers' unions, with fewer hard words on either side.

Lastly, the Bombing Officer must realise, and make all the other members of the air crew realise, that bombing is *team work*. Pilot, air bomber, and navi-

gator all have a hand in parking that cookie bang on. But—and this is where his real value, as a pilot himself, comes in—he must make the pilot realise that he is largely *responsible* for the bombing, and not a mere chauffeur taking an air bomber across to do his stuff.

One way of achieving this is to see that all results of bombing details are entered in pilots' log books. This very definitely—and rightly—makes bombing errors the captain's responsibility. The good captain will be sufficiently enthusiastic about his details to be proud to log the results, whereas the pilot, who puts up

a beef about it and shows resentment, is clearly not prepared to take the responsibility for the errors he and the crew under his command have made. Which looks to us rather as though he were not as good a *captain* as he ought to be.

Well, it certain seems that the Bombing Officer's job is not all a piece of cake—but then neither is any valuable job which demands hard work, knowledge and enthusiasm. The reward lies in work well done to the benefit of bombing as a whole and to the speedy disintegration of the Hun.



## *We Have Been Asked . . . . .*



*But it's no use asking  
Prune about anything.*

From time to time interested readers who happen to be visiting the Air Ministry appear in our office to find out for themselves (a) whether all that's been said about our staid old office is true; (b) whether P.O. Prune really has a desk and chair in the office and his name in the official telephone book; and (c) whether they can swipe some odd back numbers of TEE EMM to make up their sets.

On none of these counts are they disappointed.

During the accompanying conversation, however, about five times out of ten we are asked how many copies of

TEE EMM are printed each month. As it seems such a common query, we thought we'd answer it here publicly.

The answer is, we don't know! . . .

Perhaps we'd better explain further. When we first started up—way back in the roaring '41's we settled down after an issue or so to a world demand of 21,000 copies, printed here in the U.K. by our own printers. That did not last long however. Requests began to come in from Canada, Australia, S. Africa and all those places where the R.A.F. congregates for more copies than they were then getting. But shipping and aircraft space were limited and so also was the supply of paper in this country. Moreover, in those days not only was there considerable delay in receiving TEE EMM in some of the far-flung outposts of Empire, because of the distances

involved, but should a batch of them get destroyed *en route*, (a) the recipients did not know this till that month's TEE EMM was a very long time overdue and generally the following issue had turned up; (b) they then had to write us to that effect; and (c) we had to start off another lot on its weary way.

To this had to be added the fact that everywhere there were increasing demands for more copies, due to expansion of the R.A.F.—and possibly, increased interest in TEE EMM—until in Great Britain alone the requirements were rapidly approaching the limits of our allowable printing figure. We also—don't forget!—had to supply the Admiralty for the Fleet Air Arm types, and the War Office for A.A. Gunners and certain training establishments. Latterly, too, we have had to supply the U.S. Air Force in this country. So you'll see that something had to be done.

What we did do was to make arrangements for printing TEE EMM overseas as well as here. Starting with Canada, we next fixed Australia, then S. Africa and so on, till we now print, we might say, all over the world.

It's done like this.

To South Africa (who print for themselves and Rhodesia), to Canada, to India and to the Middle East (Cairo) we send matrices. These are made by rubbing wet papier-mâché, or what is called flong, into the metal print so that it dries with the impression of the print

on it. Thus you get fourteen thin sheets (for a 24-page TEE EMM and cover) all of which make up a neat parcel weighing no more than a dozen TEE EMM's. Obviously a terrific saving in transport, and, since they take up very little room in an aircraft, of time too. From these matrices, when they reach their destinations, plates are made and the printing process is thereafter the same as if the type were set in the ordinary way.

For Australia (who print also for New Zealand) and for the United States, where copies are now printed in Washington for the use of the U.S. Air Force there, we have a slightly different method. These places receive press-pulls which are all the pages of our TEE EMM printed on a couple of large flat sheets—just as is done in this country before they are put into machines which fold them automatically into the right folds and then cut the edges so as to turn the big sheets into small pages. From these press pulls that we send to America and Australia a form of photograph is taken and TEE EMM is reproduced exactly as it appears in Great Britain by a photo-lithograph process.

But how many copies are printed by these processes we do not know, largely because the number each place prints depends on its own varying requirements—and also because we've never asked!

All we do know is that TEE EMM is now printed separately in seven different places covering all the five continents.



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**W**HAT Every Young Pilot should know. A. P. 3024 fearlessly explain the Facts of Life. All Flying Control Methods. Sent under plain cover if required.

**P**ERCY Prune; Have not heard from you for a very long time. Where are you? See me sometime. Love. Sandra.

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**CEN FOR**  
**ALL**  
**PILOTS**



**But not if you see a flare. Remember—**  
*If you see red flares upon the ground, turn her round, boys, turn her round.*

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**GOOD FLYING**  
is  
**AIRCRAFT**  
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*These two pages specially taken this month by Messrs. Aircraft Safety Ltd.*



*He left it all to the other chap*

THE EMM, the Royal Air Force's Training Memorandum, is a "Restricted" publication in the U.S.A. and for Official Use Only in the U.K. and the Empire. 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 restricted *to* the Service.



Who's been at my  
**PILOT'S NOTES?**

W. HOOPER, WITH APOLOGIES TO ENO'S AND BERT THOMAS