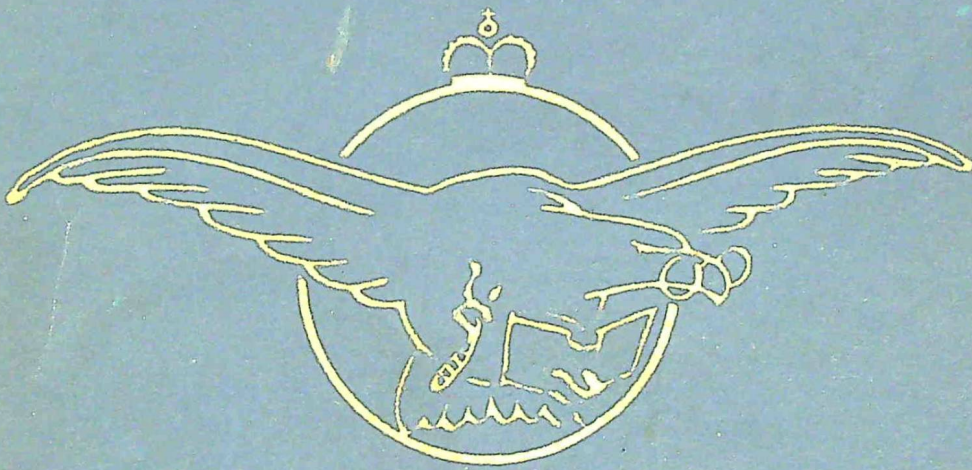


Agt Russell

TEE EMM



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

NOTICE

The Editor apologises for the fact that this issue of TEE EMM is late—also for delays in making any required distribution changes and in answering correspondence. He has been left for a period without any staff whatsoever and when the new staff comes she will have to learn the job. We hope, however, to be able to issue TEE EMM regularly and on time in future.



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

*Marshal of the Royal Air Force,
Chief of the Air Staff*

Keep Weaving

A PILOT, whom we'll call "A," was taxiing along the perimeter track for take-off, behind another pilot, whom we'll call "B."

About a hundred yards from the take-off point pilot "B" asked Flying Control for permission to take off, but got a visual red on the Aldis from the Airfield Control Pilot, and so came to a halt about forty yards short of the take-off point.

He had only been stopped about five seconds when he felt a collision and found out he'd been run into from behind by pilot "A."

The cause of the accident was that pilot "A" had not seen the Aldis red and had continued to taxi onward. As he was not weaving his aircraft he could not see the track. Possibly he thought that with another aircraft taxiing in front of him the track was bound to be clear of obstruction. But he did not reckon with that other aircraft itself becoming an obstruction.

Only a little thing, that omitting to weave while taxiing; only a slight collision with both pilots uninjured; yet one of the two valuable aircraft concerned became a total loss.

Result: a log-book endorsement for "Carelessness" for pilot "A."

It pays to observe the regulations—even though you feel you know better.

Albert and the Ripcord

(From statements of survivors it is obvious that Sgt. —, rear gunner, was not prepared for the emergency, though repeated instruction in baling-out drill had been given.—From a report.)

'A ST 'eard tale of Albert Ramsbotham
 An' 'is tussle wi' Peter at gate
 When 'e found 'imself stranded in 'Eaven
 'Cos 'e'd thought of 'is ripcord too late ?
 " Look 'ere, Sir," says Albert, determined,
 As position got 'orribly clear,
 " I've a missus an' kids down in Yorkshire—
 'Ow'll *they* get on there if I'm 'ere ? "
 Saint Peter scratched whiskers, then answered:
 " Ye're lucky to *be* 'ere—don't carp !
 'Twere better to stay while ye're welcome,
 An' be issued wi' white robe an' 'arp."
 Then Albert got 'ot under collar—
 'E were thinkin' o' Mabel in plight,
 An' green peas comin' on in allotment,
 An' the *Bull* of a Saturday night.
 " We was up," 'e explained, " over Prangmere,
 I were peaceful-like, thinkin' o' nowt,
 When all at once flames shot from rudder,
 An' pilot gave word to bale out.
 The suddenness gave me a shock like—
 It weren't quite like jumpin' off 'bus—
 Ye see, what 'ad 'appened to others,
 I thought, couldn't 'appen to us.
 I were dazed still when 'atch were shoved open,
 A voice said, " Unconscious, don't wait ! "
 An' it wasn't till ground rushed to meet me
 That I thought of my ripcord—too late."
 " After all yer instructions——" bawls Peter,
 " The 'undreds o' times ye've been told.
 No more Yorkshire puddin' for you, son—
 Ye've 'ad it—get into th' Fold ! "
 Take warning from Albert Ramsbotham,
 And take always a very poor view
 Of the saying " It may never happen "—
 It may happen, presto ! to you.



SABOTYPES

ARE you one of those types who, quite unconsciously and probably with the best motives in the world, yet manage to put in plenty of "sabotage hours?" Sabotypes definitely impede the war effort; their activities slow it down. While not deliberately throwing spanners in the works, they are increasingly putting grit in parts that should run smoothly.

Examine your conscience, and then ask yourself if you are one of them.

NO. 1. RETURNED HERO

He is probably a Flight-Sergeant. He is but lately returned from an operational tour and is now an instructor. He exudes a great air of common sense, competence and practical efficiency. He is, moreover, very much one of the lads—always cheerful, always ready for a chat and a pint with the budding young aircrew in the Mess who have yet to prove themselves in battle.

Naturally his talk is mostly about his experiences on Ops; for he is the Man Who Has Been There—and the boys haven't. But *he* knows it all. *He* can help them. Let them just pay attention to what he says, whether officially during his lectures, or unofficially in the Mess, and they'll learn. *He knows.*

Of course he doesn't really bother with the actual instructional stuff as per book. "We've got to teach this—it's in the syllabus," is his attitude. "But we'll run through it quickly, and then I'll tell you what *real* Operations are like."

And he does. He makes them feel that an ounce of experience is worth a pound of instruction from a syllabus.

Should he be an Air Gunner type, you will hear, "Of course the zone system is what they teach here, but on Ops you'd only get a point-blank shot." Should he be an Air Bomber, you will get phrases like, "Actually I never used a bomb-sight myself; after all it's only *area* bombing we're concerned with." Or "Myself, I always used to pick the brightest T.I.'s."

And slowly the pupils learn that basic instruction is just a bind—something to be got over with as quickly as possible. Much of it is obviously nonsense that a chap doesn't bother with after he gets on Ops. They begin to reject it from their minds before hardly it is in, because Ops are different. Ops are the Real Thing.

And as the pupils come more and more under the Returned Hero's influence—particularly in the less formal atmosphere of the Mess—as they listen more and more to his tales of What It Is Really All Like, they develop a new mental attitude towards the as yet unknown operational future that lies before them.

For his tales all have a tendency to be

a little harrowing. Imagination invariably paints the unknown in more lurid colours than it eventually turns out to be, and he wields a colourful brush to begin with. He certainly appears to have had the hell of a time—judging by what he tells them. There seems indeed to be no future in it, no future at all.

They do not know the real reason of all this. They do not know that what he is trying to do—though he is quite unconscious of it—is to present himself to the world as a fighter of experience who knows what's what, as a *man*, not a book-learning guy : that he is trying to gain credit for his own daring in an existence of unimaginable dangers, which he treats

coolly and calmly : that he is making things out to be worse than they are, so as to enhance the part he has played in them.

And the Returned Hero in his turn does not know that instead of stimulating his pupils' enthusiasm he is lulling it : that instead of helping them to equip themselves as well as possible for the fighting ahead of them he is teaching them that the gaining of a good theoretical practical background to their job does not matter : that, in short, he is actually discouraging them and slowly destroying their confidence in their ability to acquit themselves as men when faced with danger.

He is a Sabotype.

Where's that Zipped Lip?

WHEN P/O Prune frequents the bar
A Nazi wishes on a star,
For then such useful tidings are
Spread wide and far.

Letting an embarkation cat
Out of the bag in a friendly chat,
He adds, "But Browne, old boy, keep
that
Under your hat."

* * * *

Odd that the ship he names goes down
Next voyage, and all aboard should
drown :

Odd that Prune's pal, in his hometown,
Spells his name Braun



P.O. Prune says that guy's been in the Air Force so long that when he started flying pterodactyls used to get in his prop.



LAST month in this series we left you stranded in Burmese jungle after a forced landing. Although the article was called "Walking Home," you hadn't actually started, as we'd been too busy checking up your various resources—all that specially designed equipment which is so valuable in ultimately returning missing fliers to base.

So this month we start on

V. THE ACTUAL JOURNEY

The first thing you must ask yourself is not so much "Where am I going?" as "What is the best way there?" The idea of this is that if you concentrate too much on your destination you will be inclined to go at it bull-headed. And that will be bound to lead you into trouble; for in the jungle the shortest journey between A and B is rarely a straight line.

In other words, never steer a straight compass course. Keep to the good going—even if it's further. You'll be far less tired out than you would by a third of the distance of bad going.

Here are some tips:

Ridges and streams are the best jungle highways. If one is difficult, try the other; and you'll probably have better luck. Ridges are better, as a rule, when the streams are small: lower down, the

river beds are preferable. Failing either of these try a game trail; they are in constant use and one thing about them is they nearly always cross ridges by the lowest pass—which you might not do, not having been on the job as long as the animals.

Remember that all jungle paths wind about a lot, so your mean course to steer will have to be treated by you with a good deal of tolerance.

So far we've been talking about the road home. But don't overlook the fact that there's something between you and the actual road. And that is *your feet*. You've been flying so much in your life, you've probably forgotten you ever had them—but they're there all right. And you'll have to use them.

Feet are terribly important, for without them you won't arrive on E.T.A. They must be treated with as much loving care and consideration as a new-made bride. Wash and dry them each evening—we're talking about feet, of course, not new-made brides—and if you can also soak them in warm water for a bit, so much the better. If they start at any time to play you up, *stop walking at once* and strap up the sore places with plaster. Wear woollen socks inside your boots—two pairs if possible, to soak up sweat and discourage leeches. Wash and carefully dry your socks, too, every evening; and

when you get your feet wet *never* dry your boots by a fire. The leather will shrink and crack, and your feet won't fit them next morning. Better to have wet boots you can wear than dry boots you have to carry in your hand.

Boots of course are almost as important as feet, because the boot is the foot's protection. Flying boots are *not* good: they fit too loosely for marching. The best boots are, in fact, those definitely designed for marching, *i.e.*, the ordinary Army boot with nailed soles. *But* they must not be new; they should have been made pliant by good oiling and well run-in. As a final tip: always carry spare bootlaces, or at any rate string.

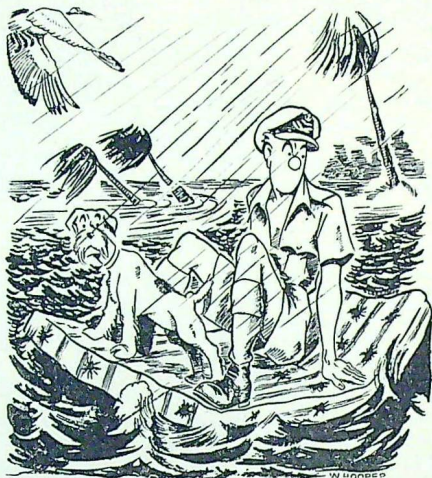
While you are on the trek remember to halt regularly for rest. And when you halt for rest, don't forget food. It's better to stop several times during the day to eat a Little Something than once only for a Big Everything.

For night halts try to stop as soon as you lose the sun through the tree-tops. Until you are practised, it takes quite a time to make camp, collect firewood, nail the pin-up girl on a tree, etc.; and night comes down very quickly.

When you halt, stop if possible at river junctions. You want the best camp sites: they have them. Generally it's a small level spot on top of a bank. Avoid stream beds: they often fill up suddenly with flood water or visiting fauna.

In evergreen forest country (see TEE EMM, April, 1944) or in the rainy season don't hang around rivers. Get your water and then go up hill to a drier and more airy site, where mosquito and leech activities will be less noticeable and objectionable.

Before you drop off to sleep cover your-



Avoid stream-beds for camping sites: they often flood in the night.

self up warmly: not only do camp fires go out but nights get definitely colder.

You can always supplement your rations if you know how. Food is all round you. If you want to do any hunting, pitch your camp early so as to allow yourself an hour or so before dark. Don't wait for game to come to you. It won't; for you've probably disturbed it considerably by making camp. Push off to some quiet corner near a game trail, then hide and wait. It needs patience and an ability to keep still, but if you've got these you've probably soon got something for the pot.

Remember that a revolver doesn't kill instantly, and jungle creatures, like King Charles, take an unconscionable time a-dying—during which they have generally run out of sight. Try to get revolver ammunition with shot instead of bullets.

Don't forget the value of snares for the various kinds of jungle fowl, which are

pretty difficult to kill anyway except with a shot gun. You get all the fun of poaching and no risk ; there probably isn't a gamekeeper within miles. And most jungle birds are good to eat—except of course that hopeful vulture who has already marked you down for his own and is just sticking around in case. . . .

Now we're not going to start a recipe book here of what to do with what you've shot before it ultimately gets down your gullet, but there are a few points to bear in mind. With luck they may pop up from an odd corner of the skull just when you need them.

Three methods of cooking will be open to you, and of these boiling is the simplest. You put the meat in water and just boil away. Unless, however, you have something larger than the small ration tin with you, boiling will unfortunately be "off." Broiling needs a spit across the fire—a slow burning one—supported on two forked sticks. Then the meat is skewered and turned till done. To bake, you make a pit lined with flat stones ; then start a good fire, rake it out as it dies down, shove in your meat, and cover up all round with more stones and clay to preserve the heat.

Item : don't forget the salt. This injunction is *not* meant to be funny. A

large amount of salt in jungle cooking is essential. For in hot climates you sweat a lot and the body thus loses its necessary salt at a much quicker rate. And salt in the body is essential to maintain energy.

Now all this may seem rather a lot to remember—if you do have to force-land in the jungle. We're afraid it is ; but it's better to have some idea of what you may have to do rather than let it all come as a horrible surprise with which you have to cope without any preparation or forewarning. And there is one good way, too, in which you can help to prepare yourself for such an emergency. That is, when you get a spot of leave, or any other opportunity, try and fix a short shooting trip in the jungle or even a simple jungle trek. You should be able to get a good native guide, so see if you can't persuade your Adjutant or Intelligence Officer to help organise it. It's not only a grand experience, but an extremely helpful one.

Summing up, if you are fit, if you have some idea of what you're up against—*not* forgetting that small amount of luck to which we're all entitled—you stand every chance of getting safely home, and a jungle forced-landing should not really hold too many terrors for you.

(Next month : "On the Burma Front.")



With a little patience you can always get your dinner in the jungle.

W. HOOPER

From Someone Who's Done It



We hope you do not think that the various chunks of advice, official statements and recommendations handed out by A.S.R.S. from time to time in these pages are largely academic, that they are written by people whose knowledge of ditching is purely theoretical. They have to do it, of course, because it's their job to plug the theme—but don't let that realisation nullify in your mind the value of the advice. Realise its value *before* you have to ditch, not after—then your ditching will be more successful. Read this:

“Pilot suggests that the need for keeping a cool head and avoiding panic be strongly emphasised in all pilots' instruction and training. No suggestions for improvement in equipment or organisation could be made. All worked perfectly, except for errors made by pilot.”

Now that does not come from A.S.R.S. : it comes from a pilot who has actually made a ditching himself.

Is Your Accident Really Necessary?



“Too many prangs spoil the Moth.”

Down Under

AN R.A.A.F. pilot breezed into TEE EMM office the other day. He had come in to swipe a few back numbers to make up his set, but, learning that he was recently back from the Pacific, we thought he ought to be able to give us some gen on the war down there—gen which would interest those of our readers who only know the European set-up.

So we engaged him in conversation. In point of fact we "interviewed" him in our best journalistic manner.

"You are an intrepid birdman from down under?" we began alertly, pencil poised to take down his answer.

His answer broke our pencil point and blistered the oil cloth; so we started again on a less conventional tack.

"Would you tell our readers what a typical Pacific base looks like? It's hardly to be compared with an R.A.F. Station here, is it?"

He gave us briefly to understand that it wasn't, then went on:

"Imagine a single strip literally carved out of the jungle—your one and only runway. It's about two hundred yards broad and anything between two thousand and two thousand five hundred long, running, of course, as far as possible in the direction of the prevailing wind. On each side of it a wall of solid jungle stands up, while at either ends are dispersal tracks, from fifty to a hundred yards wide and often as much as two miles long, leading out in all directions."

"You don't get much room to practise prunerics then?" we asked. "Under-shooting or overshooting or swings?"

we added, to show that we were up in all the technical terms.

Our Aussie grinned. "There are plenty of stupid mistakes like that you can make on an average airfield without suffering much more damage than frayed nerves, a few extra grey hairs and a torn-off strip; but not on a Pacific runway. That single two hundred yard wide track needs a pretty high standard of airmanship, if aircraft are to get off and get back on the runway in quick time without accidents.

"And then again weather conditions don't help. The air is hot and bumpy and gutless with occasional strong cross-winds. And even these have peculiar vagaries of their own owing to the trees on either side. Pretty difficult."

"Are there many of these strip-airfields?"

"No, compared with the number in this country. And they're not static either. That's why speed in getting off and on and good flying are so essential. The front line is continually moving, which means new strips being built further forward. And that means you lose all those facilities and so on which collect round airfields which in other theatres of war stay reasonably put. So you must brush up your flying and your drills. Accidents can't be afforded. Repair facilities are limited compared with those back here, and all the spare bits have to come from a factory five or ten thousand miles away, not just round the corner. One particular point to watch, by the way, is that the dispersal

track surfaces, though they feel smooth, are really quite rough. Combined with the hot weather this comes pretty hard on tyres: so watch your brakes. You can't afford to have them fail, or burst a tyre. Taxi slowly and treat them gently. Anything else you want to know?"

"Yes," we said. "It's a question we often hear people asking. Just *how* good are the Japs?"

"Well, there are many conflicting and unreal stories about them, but the real low-down is that they are a very formidable foe. Late in 1941 and early in 1942 their pilots and crews were as good as those of any other nation and their equipment, though inferior in quality, was superior in quantity. As the war progressed we have been able to bridge the gap caused by the inequality of the Forces and bring to bear our best

equipment and highly trained crews, backed by a knowledge of Japanese technique. The Jap is a wily and dangerous foe. He believes in supreme sacrifice at the altar of his Emperor and he will literally fight to the last man, though he is not the suicidal maniac some people would lead us to believe. He is, however, not beaten until he is down. The only good Jap is a dead one. He cannot be trusted. Anything more?"

We hastily cudgelled our brain. We didn't seem to be doing so well as a reporter as we had thought. There was something we had forgotten. . . . Oh, yes.

"What," we asked very earnestly, "do you think of the English girl?"

"I think your police are wonderful," he replied, and left us to write up our interview.

A Burnt Child Dreads the Fire

A BURNT child dreads the fire, *because* he's been burnt once. He's been told by his mother that the fire will burn him and he mustn't go near it, but, dammit, a fellow has to find out things for himself, you can't trust women. So he tries. Thereafter he avoids the fire.

It'd be much better, of course, if he avoided the fire in the first place and didn't get burned at all, but then he's only a child. He doesn't know any better. And so he gets burned unnecessarily.

Now an R.A.F. pilot isn't a child, and so shouldn't get himself burned unnecessarily. All too often, however, he does. And we emphasise the word "unnecessarily"—because a large number of the severe burns sustained by

pilots are avoidable. The severity of the burn was not primarily due to the fire, but to the fact that pilots were not wearing the goggles and gloves and other flying clothing which serve as a protection against it.

Burns naturally occur more severely on any exposed parts of the body—and these are generally the face and hands. Yet protective clothing is provided for these very parts. The burns occur, largely, because they are not used.

Some while ago an A.M.O. urged the importance of wearing flying helmet, goggles, leather gloves and oxygen mask, but you know what A.M.O.'s are, don't you? Often neither read nor complied with. Indeed, in spite of that particular

A.M.O., something like 90 per cent. of the severe third degree burns sustained by aircrew members to-day continue to be of the face and hands, and with monotonous regularity the victims report that they were flying with these parts unprotected. And in the very same aircraft are others who have escaped with only mild injury because they *were* protected.

Now honestly isn't this rather stupid? The dice are weighted against you. For when a fire does occur and you haven't got, say, your gloves on, you are far too busy to put them on, to say nothing of your goggles and helmet if you aren't wearing these either. And if you do get burned on face or hands it's far more serious than getting burned elsewhere. After body burns you're usually back on duty within a few months: burns on unprotected face or hands almost certainly keep you out of action for anything from one to two years.

Again, apart from this angle, the results of such burns are pretty serious. Burns on the backs of the hands quickly affect the skin and tendons which often contract permanently and you lose the use of the hands for good. Eye burns frequently cause loss of vision. Equally, facial burns are apt to cause terrible disfigurement.

Is it really worth the risk just to save the inconvenience—for it is not much more—of wearing your gloves and goggles in the air? Or at any rate during take-off and landing. After all, you're generally pretty much on the top line when over enemy territory—during take-off and landing you're quite apt to let-up or relax. Yet these are the more usual times for a crash and a subsequent sudden fire.

We could publish some pictures show-

ing the ultimate result of merely failing to wear goggles and gloves, but we want to keep TEE EMM reasonably cheerful. Instead we'll ask you to imagine them and concentrate on the fact that your flying helmet will protect your head, your goggles your eyes, your oxygen mask your face and your gloves your hands. And these last should not be one-button gloves which do not protect the wrists, nor should they be old stagers with holes in the fingers, for finger-tip burns can be very bad. They should be proper gauntlets, flexible enough to let you work your instruments and long enough to overlap your cuffs.

Bear this all in mind. We know children often have to get burned before they learn to avoid the fire, but R.A.F. pilots are, we hope, not children.



Prune says that, properly protected, he's not afraid of any kind of fire.



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. "SIR :—Your two articles on baling out have produced a lot of discussion in our mess. In the first place, you say that you should jump out head first. Now *we* say that that is against nature. And anyway, the paratroops jump out feet first, don't they? We think it easier to get out feet first either through the bottom exit, or through one of those side exits that are usually reserved for important people like Air Gunners.

"And another thing. Could you tell us whether it's ever safe to bale out from the top of an aircraft? We always thought that you'd be hit by the tail piece if you did. But in some aeroplanes the pilot has no better way. What's the answer to this one please?"

REPLY. We have rather kept off the subject of exits because the Air Ministry publish special instructions in regard to different types of aircraft.

We see no reason why anyone shouldn't *get out* of an aircraft any way he chooses when he has a manually operated parachute and PROVIDING THAT HE TAKES UP A GOOD POSITION BEFORE HE PULLS THE RIP-CORD. That is, your body must be stiffened into a position of attention—even if you're upside down—legs pressed tightly together and arms close to the sides.

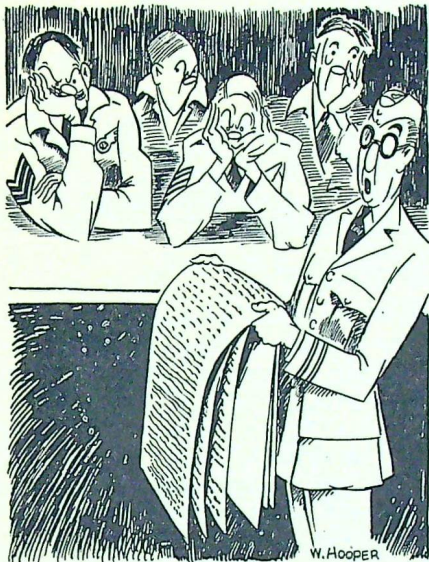
Paratroops jumping from bomber aircraft go out feet first because they drop through a hole in the floor. From Dakotas and Hudsons they jump out through the door from a standing position. When dropping out feet first the slip stream naturally strikes the legs immediately they emerge from the aircraft and exerts a considerable pressure upon them. This may have the effect of tipping a fellow off his balance and perhaps striking his head and causing unconsciousness.

We believe the popular idea in regard to top exits from fighter aircraft is to loosen everything, open the hatch and turn the aircraft upside down so that you fall out. It's really all a matter of common sense, bearing always in mind the strength of the slip stream and the angle at which the aircraft is flying. Practice on the ground can help a great deal.

Quiz for Flight Commanders

1. Are you confident that your pilots are fully briefed in emergency procedures ?
2. Are you confident that your crews know their crew drills ?
3. Are you confident that your pilots and crews fully understand their briefing ?
4. Are you confident that your pilots inspect Form 700 before signing ?
5. Are you confident that your crews are up to date with the respective crew Order Books ? [Answers on p. 71.]

Gen that Still Matters



F/Lt. Hyebrown knows it all.

Flight Lieutenant Hyebrown has been at it again in his lectures. You may remember we told you about him in TEE EMM for February, 1944 ("The Gen that Matters"). Hyebrown *knows* it all, but is he bad at dishing it out to an audience? Why, he's quicker than a shot of morphia in sending people to sleep.

For having, as you doubtless remember, thoroughly complicated the subject of "*Bombs and Comps*" so that not an air bomber within hearing could understand it, he's now, we hear, trying to do the same thing with "*Bomb Carriers*."

Seriously now, just because you have that extra bit of gen, don't make heavy going of aircrew subjects. The acid test of aircrew instruction is to apply the question, "Is this going to help my pupils to become efficient?" The answer is either "yes" or "no." The

instructor is either doing a good job; or wasting his time—and his pupils' time.

By all means keep abreast of the latest developments. It is your duty as an instructor to do so. You will then be able to answer relevant questions. When, however, it comes to instructing, keep a true perspective; judge every subject against the background of the syllabus as a whole. Of course the air bomber wants to know something about the method of carrying his bombs. He may even have to arm his own aircraft at some time; but this is no reason for going into minute details—which he'll forget anyway. On the contrary, he will need a broad knowledge, to enable him to go about the job intelligently. There just is *not time* in aircrew training to get down to nuts and bolts. These must be left to the armourer.

Which brings us to the point of this article. There is a new Note in the "*Armament Notes for Aircrews*" series. The title is "*Bomb Carriers*," and it is in two parts—Notes for Instructors and Notes for Students. (Much the same as in "*The Bomb Aimer's Panel*" Note which we told you about last month.) This Note, which is intended for use in B. & G. Schools and A.F.U.'s, reduces the subject to essentials. The instructor is shown how to describe carriers in a general way by referring to two types which are always available. Later types of carriers, which will be dealt with at the O.T.U.'s, will be readily understood, if air bombers are introduced to the subject in the manner suggested in the new Note.



PITY THE POOR PLUMBER !

ON behalf of the members of one of the oldest professions, *i.e.*, plumbing, we are getting off our chest a few carefully chosen words, which, we hope, will increase the co-operation between those who struggle to fly aircraft and those who struggle to maintain them.

Principally we're getting at S/Lt. Swingit and his friends. For Swingit & Co. tend to think of their aircraft as hacks to be treated rough and have little or no thought for the weary toilers who try to cope with the results of such treatment. Yet by exercising their grey matter and gaining at least an elementary knowledge of the poor plumber's point of view, they might save hours of midnight toil, gallons of midnight oil, and achieve greater efficiency all round.

Here are some examples of the sort of thing we mean :

S/Lt. Swingit reported to the ground crew that his rudder controls were rather rough and tending to stick.

As the kite was required for the next day's programme a special working party was detailed to work late. An extensive inspection revealed nothing and the ground crew, rather annoyed, reported that they were quite satisfied with the

serviceability of the control : Swingit was prised away from the bar and on being informed of the result, casually remarked : " I say, did I say rudder ? I meant elevator "—and turned again to rest his elbow.

The effect of these poignant words on the toilers was, to say the least, shattering. With muttered oaths they buckled to again and found that an elevator control tube guide was partially seized and required a little lubrication.

Net result : wasted labour, frayed tempers and friction between ground crews and pilot, all resulting in loss of efficiency. The moral, of course, is, that information given to ground crews *must be accurate and explicit.*

Here's another example : On being informed by the ground crew that he could not fly his kite due to mag. drop, S/Lt. Swingit came out with the following : " Well, if I had my way I would have the persons responsible put on a charge. Can't they fix mags. so that they won't drop off ? They should use stronger bolts."

Net result : Such remnants of reputation as Swingit ever had with the plumbers went then and there, and now

they simply laugh pityingly at his every remark. (Even Prune, on hearing it, said admiringly: "That guy Swingit has certainly got what it takes.") The moral of course is: At least have a small amount of gen about engine running faults, and their probable causes. If you are keen, any plumber will oblige you with the facts of engine life.

A third example:

S/Lt. Swingit reported his undercart lights as not functioning correctly. Upon jacking up and carrying out a retraction test, the lights blinked on and off as regularly as traffic lights. Swingit was gently asked, had he remembered to switch on the indicator circuit. He replied musingly, "Oh, ah, yes! That would be it."

And a final example:

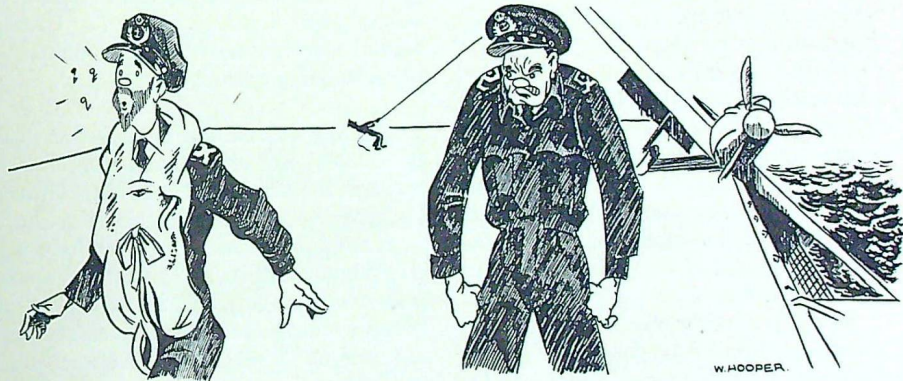
S/Lt. Swingit put his aircraft U/S due to a leak from the pneumatic system.

He also unwittingly put up a rather large black at the same time, for, unfortunately, that particular type of aircraft did not possess a pneumatic system. When told of this, Swingit was equal to it; he informed the ground crew that they were talking utter bulsh, as there was a definite hissing noise from one of the pipes in his cockpit. It was pointed out to him that there are other causes of hissing; that, in short, it *could* be the thermal relief valve going U/S. And it was.

Net result: Swingit's reputation with the plumbers right down the drain. The moral, of course, is: Ask the advice of your ground crew if you are not sure of anything.

And these examples are not invented, though perhaps Swingit in person was not responsible for all of them.

Query: Were *you* his understudy?



Sub|Lieutenant Swingit's reputation goes further down the drain.

Answers to Quiz on p. 68 should be: 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. Yes. 5. Yes.

Question Master's Comment. CARELESS FLYING COSTS LIVES.



There's Been an Accident!



Being a short record of various points from recent accidents—from which something might be learnt by our readers.

Value of Ditching Stations—Look out for Aluminium Sea-markers—Don't Lose Your Head.

IN a recent accident to a Lancaster three members of the crew of seven were killed. We are not going into the actual cause of the accident here because it does not concern us. But there is one interesting point about it.

While unwisely flying below low cloud, a tree was hit which damaged the starboard aileron and both starboard engines. Both engines had to be feathered. The pilot, however, managed to carry on (at never higher than 500 feet) with a damaged aileron and two engines u/s, till he arrived over the airfield which was his destination.

At this point four members of the crew asked permission to take up ditching stations. The pilot agreed but seemed to be confident of his ability to land.

Unfortunately he didn't make it, because, soon after, an eye-witness saw the starboard wing drop, the aircraft roll on to its back and crash into a hill 250 feet high.

The point we want to bring out is that the four survivors were the four who had taken up ditching stations and owed their lives to this fact, three of them indeed being only injured slightly. Crews should therefore note the value of using these stations in emergency.

The W/Op. on a Halifax was detailed to launch an aluminium sea-marker through the single cell launching chute. Holding the marker with his left hand he rested it on its tail drum with its nose pointing towards him. Using the punch from the flame float as a lever, he broke the wire which holds the transit safety pin in position. Bags of P.T. or something had obviously given great power to his elbow because he succeeded in breaking the wire, withdrawing the pin and striking the nose of the marker in one complete movement. The marker exploded and both the wireless operator and another member of the crew were burned.

Now this particular accident may never happen again, which is an argument for not bothering to tell you about it. On the other hand, telling you about it may be the best way of ensuring it *doesn't* happen again. So here goes. The proper launching drill for aluminium sea-markers is this :

(1) Rest the marker on its tail drum and hold it firmly with the left hand—the fingers of the left hand should be covering the split-pin and withdrawal wire. This will prevent accidental removal of the split pin.

(2) Break the copper wire, remove it and then take out the transit safety pin. There is no objection to the use of the flame float punch as a lever so long as you use it carefully.

(3) Hold the withdrawal wire with the right hand and drop the marker tail first down the chute. You will be left holding the withdrawal wire and split pin. You know what to do with them, or don't you ?

You should practise this drill with a dummy marker during one of "Satan's Hours" ; and if you don't know what these are, read TEE EMM for January, February and March, 1944.

One of the worst things you can do in an emergency is to lose your head. However bad the emergency is, losing your head cannot but make it worse ; and what is more may leave you with a weight of remorse for some wrong or delayed decision which you will carry for the rest of your life. Here's a case in point.

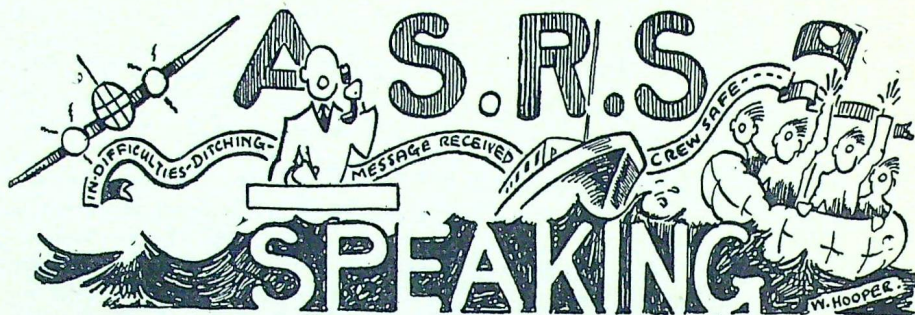
An aircraft caught fire at about 9,000 feet, and, frankly, the pilot lost his head. He opened the throttle instead of closing it ; he did not feather the propellers. He then lost his head still further and said, "Emergency Bale Out." Although he received only two replies from the five other members of his crew, he stood up in his seat while the Air Bomber helped him on with his parachute. He then called the other four members and got no reply—but it is highly probable that by standing up he had pulled out the inter-com plug and they never heard him.

Finding the forward escape hatch open and not seeing any members of the crew he presumed they had abandoned and himself left the aircraft. The aircraft crashed and all members of the crew, except the pilot, perished with it.

Now, apart from the fire itself, this accident was firstly due to the pilot not carrying out the correct "Drill in the Event of an Engine Fire" ; and secondly to his abandoning the aircraft hurriedly, though he still had full control of it, without making certain his crew had gone too. In point of fact, it seems obvious that when he shouted "Emergency Bale Out" it was taken as a warning order and not executive, and that at the time of the crash the crew were still waiting to be told by their captain when to bale out.

They died, in short, because one man lost his head in an emergency ; and worse still, the one man who should have kept it—the captain of the aircraft.





PRUNE HAS A TORCH



Prune says, "It's a bind!"

Prune is one of the first to admit that being a member of a duty crew is a bind. In fact Prune is the first to admit that anything which in any way interferes with his personal liberty or pleasure is a bind. But being on duty crew is worse than others Prune feels, for the Crew Room has no radio, and the only thing left to do is to read. Luckily Prune can read—doubt has been expressed about this in some quarters—and having read everybody else's book, in sheer desperation he picked up TEE EMM, shuddered, dropped it, and actually was forced to read Sea Rescue Notes.

He found they were quite interesting, but the reports therein were to him like the notices of Wills you see in the Sunday papers—purely of academic interest, for no one seems to have left any money to you. Sea rescue didn't concern P.O. Prune. As he aptly put it, "I've never had to be rescued, so why should I read about it."

The spell of duty over, Prune and Flying-Officer Fixe went out of the Crew Room, and immediately went sprawling over somebody's bicycle, although that was not what Fixe called it at the time. But Prune is a chap of great resource. He immediately flashed his torch and avoided the bicycle and all further obstacles.

Now for Prune to own a torch is an occasion in itself, but to have a torch and a battery that worked was practically a miracle. He gallantly lighted Fixe all the way back to the Mess, where over a noggin Fixe rather pointedly asked to see the torch, having mislaid his a few days before.

Fixe's suspicions were ill-founded; the torch was Prune's own.

As a matter of fact it was a G.E.C. Floating Torch. A personal issue to Prune. Prune said it was jolly useful too: why, he always used it between the Mess and the Crew Room and other ports of call; you never knew where bicycles would be left next.

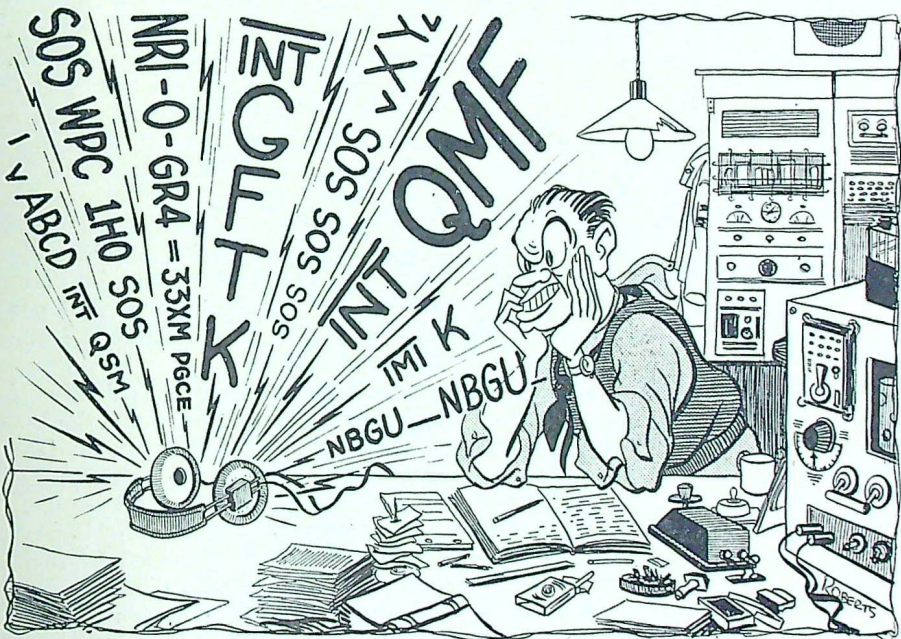
That closed the incident, but it was a pity Prune did not remember one of the

Sea Rescue reports he had just been reading which emphasised that one of a recently ditched crew was lost in the darkness. Had he put two and two together he might have wondered whether it was really worth while to use such vital equipment for so unimportant a job as lighting himself to and from the Mess, and thus risk, when the time came for its real use, losing his life for the want of it.

Of course, one expects that sort of thing from Prune, but *you* wouldn't, would you? You always see that your Floating Torch is serviceable. You are always positive—now we're on the subject—that your Mae West is fully tested periodically, and that the gas cylinders have not leaked. You naturally inspect your "K" type dinghy regularly to see that it has not cracked, and you don't eat the barley sugar out of your emergency flying ration.

OR DO YOU ?

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF W/OPS. No. 3.



The Survival of the Slickest.

Mind Your Marcolins



IV

WE'RE getting rather tired of meeting Sergeant Backtune in the local and listening to him discoursing on Marcolins. Not that we mind the listening part so much; for, as the original discoverer of Marcolins, Backtune generally has something interesting to say. Our bind is that we have to pay for so much beer; for, again as the original discoverer of Marcolins, Backtune feels that he should be perpetually treated by all present—if not maintained in free beer by the State.

Last Saturday night he was holding forth as usual about Marcolins, but this time he was detailing their intercom activities.

It seems Marcolins love to catch a sprog W/Op. fresh from the leading strings of Technical Training Command

and with the coveted adornment on his tunic still shimmering with a practically pre-natal bloom. Such a one, oblivious to the anticipatory chuckles of waiting Marcolins—indeed hardly knowing what they are—goes to draw his brand-new helmet complete with microphone and telephone.

Barely has he taken it away than a posse of Marcolins leap at the trailing cord and quickly place the plug under the owner's right foot. A quick wrench and their evil work is done. When the sprog W/Op. attempts a D.I. no sounds issue from the intercom system. In great wrath he returns to the Store saying he's been given a duff head set. He gets another set, and a strip torn off.

The Marcolins leave him alone for a bit to lull him into a sense of false security; then one wet day they suddenly gang up on him in the locker-room on return from a flight. They creep into the telephone earpieces and the microphone, where they find a considerable amount of dampness. Working in relays they turn part of this into rust and use the rest to soak the insulation of the telephone windings.

Meanwhile a specially trained unit of assault Marcolins gather round the tin of Anti-Freeze and roll it into a dark corner, where it can't be seen and is obviously too much trouble to look for.

Immediately before going on his next trip, several Marcolins, selected for their persuasive tones, get inside the W/Op's helmet and when he pauses at the microphone and telephone tester they whisper in unison into his ear: "Of

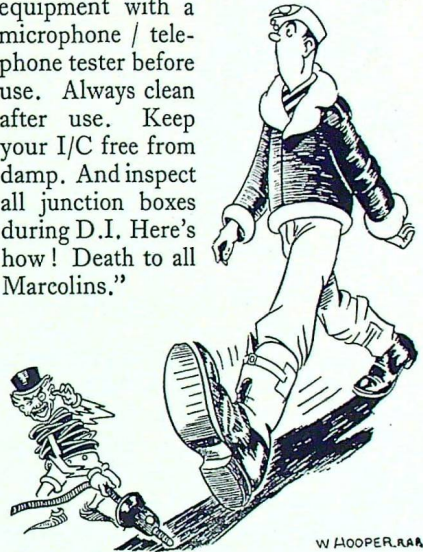
course the low instrument readings are merely due to a flat accumulator."

Out on the dispersal point other Marcolins are waiting. They stealthily work the microphone/telephone plug out of the pocket where it lies and trail it unnoticed by its owner in the dewy grass.

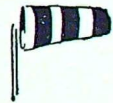
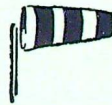
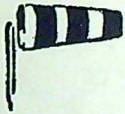
This gives them plenty of material for use during the D.I., for they enter each Type 29 socket with the plug and leave a few dew-drops therein. Result: a glorious howl in the telephones of all the crew. The W/Op. getting wise to this, proceeds with vigour to dry all plugs and sockets, but Marcolins (whose strength is at times phenomenal for their size) tug on the straining cord of each Type 29 socket till it is released and then swing heavily on the microphone plug till the wires fray. Intermittent intercommunication at once results, accompanied by strange scratching noises. The sprog W/Op. calls these atmospherics, and this sends all Marcolins present into happy shrieks of eldritch laughter.

"Of course," finished Backtune, tapping the ash off his cigarette into our beer, apologising, ordering another, including one for himself, for both of

which he let us pay, "of course, Marcolin intercom wiles are very easy to cope with, if you know your stuff. Don't trail your plug, and if you put it in your pocket see that it stays in. Apply Anti-Freeze to the outer edges of both diaphragm and block. Use Anti-Freeze gauze. Test carefully personal equipment with a microphone / telephone tester before use. Always clean after use. Keep your I/C free from damp. And inspect all junction boxes during D.I. Here's how! Death to all Marcolins."



Danger: Marcolins at work!



A New Order

A new Air Ministry Order is just out, A.381. It is entitled "Aircraft Finisher, Group II—Introduction of New Trade."

We have pleasure in announcing that the members of this new trade have already formed themselves into a Guild, and Pilot Officer Prune has been graciously pleased to accept the office of Grand Master of the Worshipful Company of Aircraft Finishers—having finished off more aircraft in his time than most people.

This Month's Prunery



THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to F/Sgt. —, a pupil instructor on a course, for Touching Belief in His Own Powers of Vision.

While flying at night he made several fruitless attempts at landing, each time excusing himself by saying he couldn't see properly. The patient flying instructor persisted with him for a further half hour, but at last landed the aircraft himself, curtly suggesting an immediate night vision test. On reaching dispersal, however, the pupil found he could see quite clearly—once he removed the dark tinted goggles normally worn in daytime only.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. . . . is also awarded to Flying Instructor — for Showing His Pupil Just What to Avoid.

After Beacon Flying at night, the Instructor landed unwittingly at the wrong aerodrome. He then got out and sent the pupil solo.

The pupil then landed at base.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to the Navigators of six Beaufighters.

Returning from patrol in the Bay of Biscay, these Beaufighters sighted land forty-five minutes before E.T.A. All instantly decided that it was Brest. There was much shouting over the R/T, weaving to avoid flak, and increasing of speed—until on the side of a hill the word "Eire" was seen, Brest in point of fact being some 300 miles or so to the south-east.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to Pupil Pilot — for Squaring the Search.

This pupil was sent out on a solo flight with instructions to practise square-searching for a certain place. He thereupon map-read his way to the place and started his square-search from there. After ten minutes he felt that something was wrong somewhere and so started to square-search back again for the place he had just found. Unfortunately he now couldn't find it, and so abandoned his flight.

A Joint to the Order is also awarded him for Conspicuous Ability to Fly Without Fuel.

Although instructed to keep a log, he couldn't be bothered and decided to "cook" it. Included in the log was a fuel check which showed each of his tanks at 0 gallons half an hour before he landed.

P.Y.F.O.

OR, as Prune says, "If the cap fits, you know what to do with it."

Once again considerably more in sorrow than in anger, we wearily set out to tell some of you—and by some we mean those whom the cap does fit—*what the proper form is for getting TEE EMM.*

1. TEE EMM is primarily for members of air crews (whether commissioned or not) and for instructors; but all officers are entitled to see it.

2. The Air Member for Training has laid down that each unit is responsible for ensuring that sufficient copies are available for the above purpose; in other words, *you must order whatever number you require for your own internal distribution.*

3. TEE EMM then makes bulk issues, through A.P.F.S., of whatever numbers (within reason) you ask for. For a Unit, therefore, to write and say it wants "sufficient TEE EMM's for a strength of 1500" is no good to us. We don't know how many of that strength are entitled to see it, or on what basis you wish to run your internal distribution. The size of your bulk issue *is in your own hands.*

4. Write to Editor, TEE EMM, Air Ministry, London, for any changes (up or down) wanted in the number you receive. Not to A.P.F.S., repeat *not to A.P.F.S.* They only have to refer back to us, wasting time, trouble and postage.

5. If you, readers, find difficulty in seeing copies in your Unit, don't go binding away about "never seeing it," just because a copy doesn't drop into your hands ready open at the first page. Make certain, first, it's not your own fault for not trying, and then if there really is difficulty, tell the Adjutant. Either he can arrange his internal distribution differently, or if there really are too few, he's only got to drop us a line for more.

6. If you, Adjutants, have too many copies, send back the surplus. And tell us you've done so, or at least say who they come from. Otherwise you only get the same surplus next month.

7. TEE EMM appears nominally on the 1st of the month, and as a rule distribution should be completed during the first week. A.P.F.S. however have plenty to do



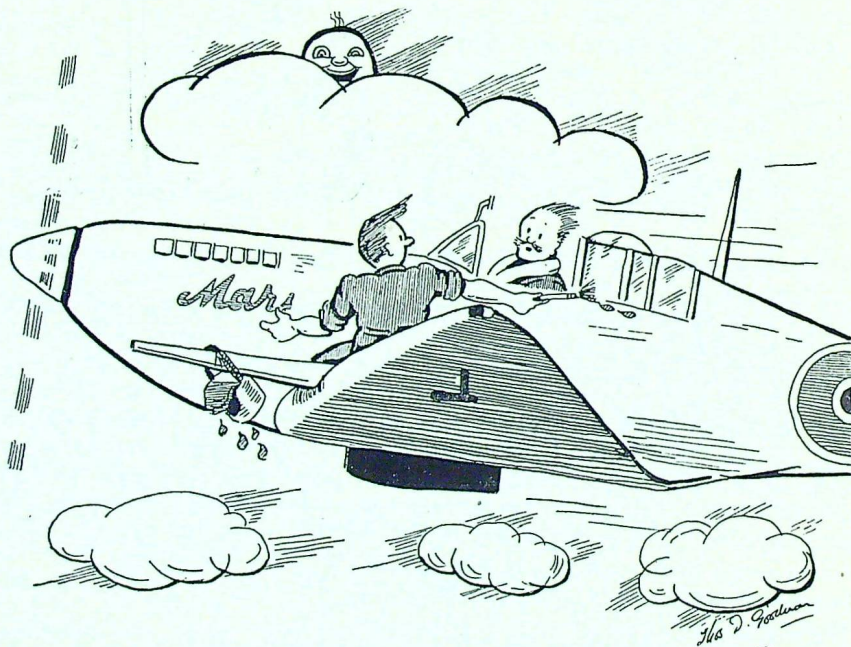
and parcels may go astray occasionally or get overlooked. So if you don't get your TEE EMM's half-way through any month let us know and we'll send off another lot.

8. We can supply back numbers to make up sets, if you write to us. Again *not* to A.P.F.S.

Now all the above has been reiterated many times in TEE EMM* and yet during the last six days we have had three separate orders—sent to A.P.F.S., *not us*, for an unspecified number of copies, merely the Unit's strength being given. We have also had two letters from other Units complaining they never get enough TEE EMM's; yet as far as we can trace, never at any time have we been asked by these Units to supply more.

We hate to think we're wasting our time telling you all this yet once again, but we do want to give you the best service we can. To all those who are culprits, therefore, we can only say: Add to the title of this article "*This means you!*"

* Vol. I, No. 8, p. 24; Vol. II, No. 1, p. 3 and pp. 19-20; No. 3, p. 76; No. 10, pp. 244-245; Vol. III, No. 1, p. 8; No. 5, p. 123; No. 8, p. 188.



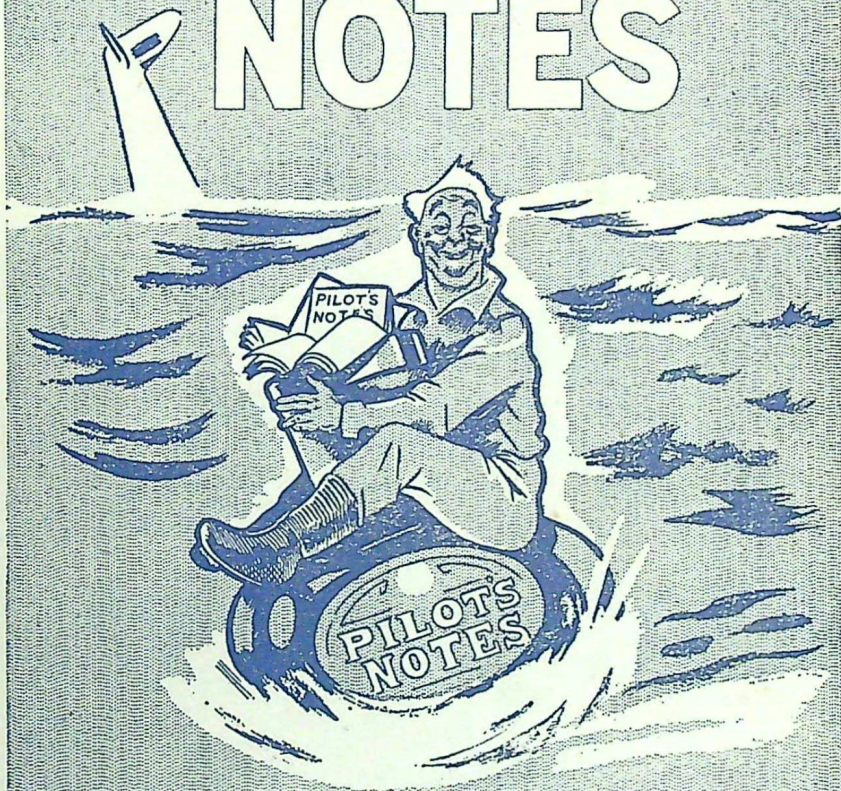
"Well, sir, you said I hadn't to leave off till I'd finished."



He didn't believe in taxiing too slowly.

THE EMM, the Royal Air Force's Training Memorandum, is a "Restricted" publication. 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.

PILOT'S NOTES



*Prevent
that sinking feeling*

WHOOPER - WITH
APOLOGIES TO H. H. HARRIS AND MESSRS
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