

Sergeant's Mess

TEE EMM



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for official use only

CONTENTS

	PAGE
YOU MAY NOT GET AWAY WITH IT . . .	129
RESOURCE AND INGENUITY, UNLIMITED . . .	130
DOES TRACER HELP?	132
SABOTYPES	133
BOOK CORNER	135
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF W/OPS.: No. 6 . . .	135
FLEET AIR ARM—BREAK IT UP	136
AIR SAVINGS GROUP	137
STORY WITHOUT MANY WORDS	138
LANDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES	138
FINDING YOUR WIND	140
THIS SIDE OF THE OCEAN	141
THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY	146
HAVE YOU SEEN A CRASH SIGNAL?	147
TEE EMM'S BRAINS TRUST	148
HOW THE GOOD SIGNALS LEADER GETS DOWN TO HIS JOB	149



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



"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*

YOU MAY NOT GET AWAY WITH IT

WE'VE been writing quite a bit here and there in TEE EMM about the importance of Form 700. If you want to read the subject up again, or have missed it—though we earnestly hope not—you'll find the articles in Vol. III, No. 4, page 100, Vol. III, No. 12, page 295, and Vol. IV, No. 2, page 33. These contain the stories of five accidents in which seventeen lives in all were lost, to say nothing of five aircraft, just because defects were not properly reported on Form 700. The really sad thing about these accidents was that in no case were any of the killed men those who had failed to fill up the Form properly, but those who had subsequently to fly the aircraft concerned. Innocent bystanders, so to speak.

Well, we think—and hope—that we've emphasised the point sufficiently for all except the most granite-skulled Prunes. But there *is* another side to the picture. And that is : even a correctly filled-in form is not much use if it isn't correctly *read*. We mean that, before taking up any aircraft, you *must* read intelligently what the Form says, particularly noting any characteristics of the aircraft concerned, the state of its oil, fuel, coolant, etc., and any other details.

Here's a case of a pilot—a pupil it must however be admitted—who took up

an aircraft *without* examining Form 700 properly. As a result he crash-landed some while later, damaging undercarriage and both engines.

Now the cause was simply lack of petrol. The exercise required 750 gallons, but Form 700 clearly said, for all who read it intelligently, that there were actually only 450 gallons in the aircraft. In point of fact, a Flight-Sergeant had given instructions for the tanks to be filled to 750 gallons, but only verbally; this was not carried out, and not checked.

The pilot got away with it, in that he and his crew were all uninjured—thanks to having a nice flat piece of desert to land in; but he damaged the aircraft badly and disciplinary action was taken against him. Five lives, however, might very easily have been lost.

So as well as filling in Form 700 properly, do *read it properly*. You may not get away with it; instead you may suddenly find yourself and crew dealing with another sort of form altogether—a receipt for wings, harps and halo.



RESOURCE AND INGENUITY, UNLIMITED

HERE's the tale of a unit that refused to be defeated by circumstances. It's a bit of a line-shoot, but as we're not giving you the unit's name, what the hell . . . ? And the story may serve to show others what can be achieved if you're determined to "explore every avenue" before admitting that the task is a little too much for you.

The unit, a Radar unit, was disembarked not so long ago into a more active part of the war and quickly flung itself into the urgent job of becoming operational. Due to circumstances outside their control, they found themselves entirely without distilled water, acid, or means of charging their W/T accumulators.

A Radar unit, of course, is completely non-effective without communications, whether they are W/T, R/T or simply D.3. In this unit's case it was W/T, but that would not work without accumulators and there were no units near by which could undertake the charging job for them. It was a nasty dilemma.

Now the unit could not have been officially blamed if it had reported its inability to become operational and had taken a long "easy" until charging gear was supplied. This might have meant weeks of inactivity; and throwing the onus for failure on someone else while sitting smug yourself is always a temptation—but only bad types fall for it.

What was to be done? Well, since it

is always a good plan in such circumstances to examine the local resources, a quick review was made of the unit's equipment. Apart from tools, a 5-gallon drum, and a few other oddments, there was nothing at all encouraging. Another quick review was then made of the unit's surroundings and resulted in an abandoned Italian truck with radiator intact. Obviously a ready-made hot-water cooler and steam distiller.

It was not long before they had the 5-gallon drum flushed clean with petrol, and copper tubing from the truck's petrol system soldered into the top. The other end of the tubing led into the filler hole of the radiator distiller by flexible tubing, also from the truck. Two gallons of water in the drum and a good fire under it, and they were soon producing distilled water at a rate of 3 litres an hour. (The measurement is in litres because one-litre Chianti flasks provided the distilled water containers. The flasks, of course, had to be emptied of wine first—but that was *not* a difficult job !)

In the meantime, more scavenging around had unearthed a partly-destroyed W/T transmitter. This was found to contain step-down transformers, and their associated metal rectifiers for supplying D.C. to the valve filaments, all in working order and passing sufficient current for any of the accumulators. Enthusiasm and hopes mounted rapidly, and in short time the W/T section's accumulators were cooking merrily. True the charging outfit was a real Heath Robinson contraption—but it did the job and all were proud of it !

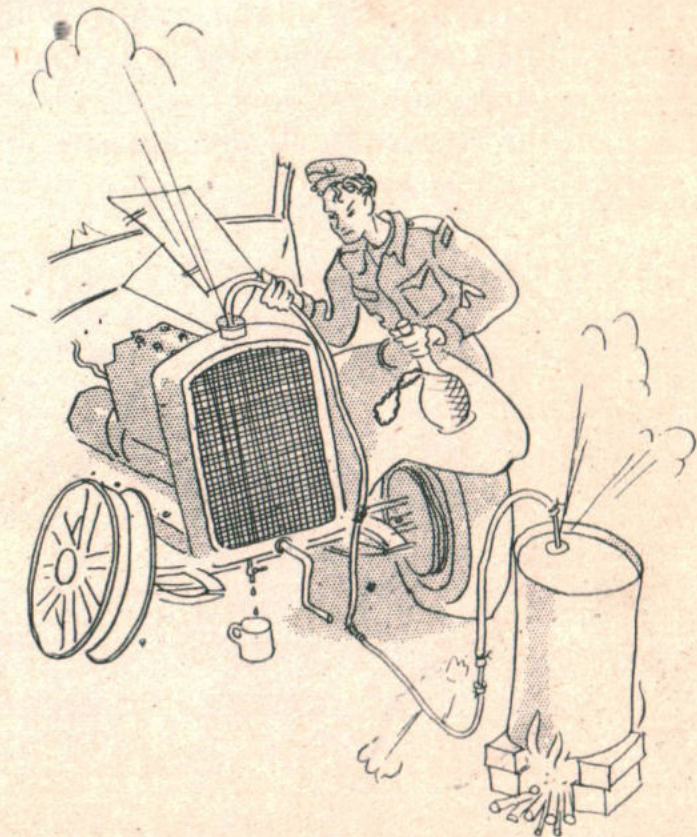
The unit now felt that its happiness would be complete if only it could "magic" some sulphuric acid. Nothing

in the immediate vicinity, however, offered a solution to that problem, and the only hope was to try further afield.

Among the persons hopefully contacted was a Naval Engineer Officer who by great good fortune was able to supply some acid. It appeared that *his* source of supply was the W/T cabin of an Italian coasting steamer very accurately bombed and lying almost completely submerged in a harbour. (Possibly, however, our enterprising unit would also have found this too in due course !)

Anyway by then the unit was fully operational and no failure had to be reported.

A nice little story of resource and ingenuity, the lesson of which is that the apparently impossible *can* be achieved—if you put your back into it, pull your finger out, and don't just sit around on your fanny blaming the other guy.



DOES TRACER HELP?

SERGEANT WINDE says frankly: "Tracer's no good." (It seems he had a shot at a Hun with it once himself and couldn't get near him.)

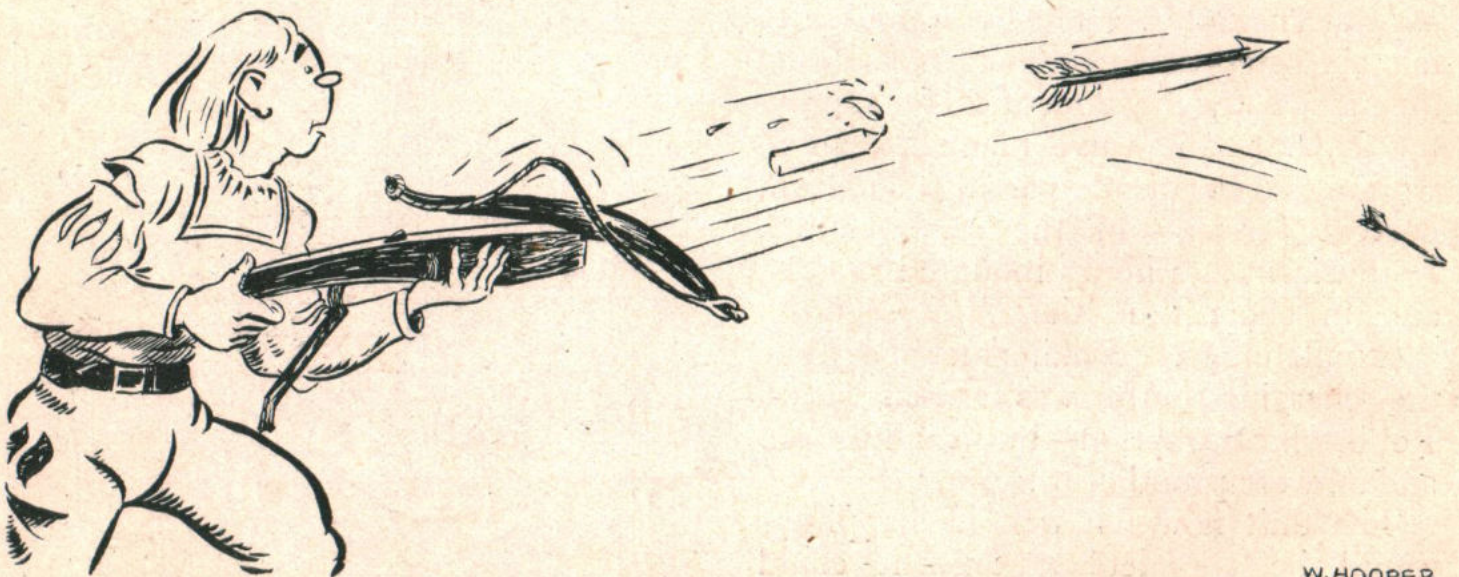
Now we're afraid Winde's statement doesn't cut much ice with us, because it seems that his sight wasn't turned on at the time—and gun-sights, properly used, are the primary means of hitting the target. But even if it had been, Winde is still wrong in despising tracer, for we say it *is* of value as an *aid* to accuracy and when used properly *in conjunction with* the sight.

Attempting, as we always do, to back up our apparently dictatorial pronouncements by official evidence, here are the results of a recent experiment. Trial shoots were held at all the Gunnery Schools in a certain Group of Flying Training Command. Those chosen to carry them out were six dozen qualified Gunnery Instructors.

Each of these lads shot four quarter crossing exercises, two with plain ammunition and two with tracer, each exercise consisting of 300 rounds. The scores recorded were 4.3 per cent. hits with plain ammunition and 6.3 with tracer. As it is most unlikely that the improvement (about 50 per cent. better) when using tracer was due to chance, we are left with the inescapable conclusion that tracer *is* a definite aid to sighting.

A further point is that the tracer used was unfortunately of poor quality and was responsible for several stoppages, which naturally prevented the firer from getting full value from its employment. It is only fair to assume, therefore, that with good and reliable tracer the results would have been even better, while we equally can assume that the shooting with plain ammunition was, other things being equal, the best that could be done.

So the answer to all this appears to be that tracer is of considerable value *provided* you know how to use it—and, of course, get plenty of practice.



W. HOOPER

One of Winde's ancestors always took a very good view of tracer.

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. 4. PAPER SLAVE

HE is usually to be found in an office somewhere—just as the book-worm normally lives in books. Part of his job, therefore, if not all of it, is dealing with paper: paper of every kind—forms, files, folders, memos, minutes, and what have you.

Now many other people in the Service have to deal with paper as their job, but their attitude towards it is very different from that of the Paper Slave. For they use their common sense—their sense of proportion. They take care that paper stays *subservient* to them, remains always their servant, not their master. Just as a corset controls the feminine form and keeps it not only in place but shapely, so do the majority of people who have to deal with paper treat it with skill and firmness.

Not so this Sabotype. He is an utter and complete slave to the paper he works with. It dominates his life.

In the first place he can never throw any of it away; every scrap has to be kept and filed. He cannot distinguish between the valuable paper, the likely-to-be-valuable and the completely useless from the moment its mission is accomplished. Into his files and folders it all goes.

In the second place the Paper Slave, apart from saving all the unnecessary paper he receives, is constantly adding to the unnecessary paper in existence by manufacturing it himself. He does this in many ways.

For instance, he will never let a correspondence drop if it can possibly be kept alive. However final the minute or memo sent him he can always find some sort of answer or unnecessary further query. He will even send an official receipt for a receipt he has just received, if it's humanly possible.

Or he will send out extra carbon copies of letters he writes; the recipient does not need them, but they are sent—just in case.

Or he will write minutes—requiring answers, of course—on matters which can be dealt with—complete with answer—in thirty seconds on the 'phone.

Or he will waste a couple of days corresponding punctiliously with people three

doors away whom he can easily visit personally, and come away in half an hour with a brief written record of the discussion. He has even been known to dictate minutes and have them typed and sent officially through a central registry to someone in the self-same office.

In the third place, when writing, he will never fail to use three or four words when one will do. (For "I agree," he will quite happily write "The foregoing remarks receive my concurrence.") He invariably employs verbose clichés, unmanageable idioms, tortuous turgid words—often in their wrong sense—and take hours doing it. Frequently he so obscures his meaning that the whole point is missed; and time—and further paper—is expended in elucidation.

In the fourth place, such is his respect for paper and lack of sense of proportion, that each file or minute or memo is to him of equal importance, regardless of its contents; thus each must take its turn. Laboriously, therefore, he deals verbosely with an unimportant matter because it came in two days ago, whereas important matters which only arrived that morning have to wait.

And what is the result of our Sabotype's activities? It's easy to see.

That absence of all ability to decide what letters should be kept and what destroyed, what dealt with immediately and what left in abeyance; that inability to throw away correspondence, however out-of-date or useless; that circumlocution and crepuscular phraseology; that tendency to write unnecessary letters, to send unnecessary carbons, and to get everything, however immaterial, "down in black and white"; all this results in his office becoming a sheer welter of carefully docketed but meaningless junk, everything put away and cross-referenced in file after superfluous file—in the midst of which cringes the Paper Slave afraid to cancel half a line or wash out a word of it.

In this welter, too, he can find nothing that is really wanted, without a long time-wasting search, because there is so much there that is valueless and so many references and indexes to be consulted; moreover, in the offices of others his unnecessary replies, carbons, and acknowledgments either clutter up files or flood waste-paper baskets, all to no purpose.

And so the Paper Slave goes on, unable to make paper serve his ends, slowly bogging down in it, like Laocoön in the serpent's toils. He wastes his own time and other people's. He confuses simple issues for himself and others by verbosity and meaningless correspondence. He revolves ineptly under the dominance of his slave-master, expending uselessly time, temper, energy and the very paper he worships. For him it is not a means to an end: it is the end itself. He is hindering the war effort.

He is a Sabotype.

Careless Flying Costs Lives

BOOK CORNER

LIKE the dumb chorus girl who, when asked whether she'd like a book as a present, replied "Thanks, I've *got* a book," so can TEE EMM say, "We've got a book."

Those of you who are out East and haven't heard of it might care to know its name. It is "The Jungle Hiker," published by the R.A.F. Welfare in Ceylon, and obtainable from R.A.F. Post Offices and Booksellers there.

In it you'll find a great deal of most useful gen, particularly if you're going to Ceylon, though it is of general value to all hikers in all Jungles.

One word of warning : not all the medical stuff in it (so TEE EMM's tame M.O. tells us) is necessarily in accordance with the very latest doctrine ; so don't forget, when you are out there and have any medical queries, that the doctor on the spot is probably the more-up-to date source of information. Otherwise it's good stuff.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF WO/PS. No. 6.



Failure to cope with fault-finding in an emergency.



BREAK IT UP

YOU may well have noticed, and probably brushed aside as just One of Those Things, the tendency in messes both ashore and at sea for people of one particularly kidney to herd together, talking their own particular kind of shop and shooting their own particular line.

Perhaps these chaps can be seen looking arrogantly down their noses through the bottom of an empty glass at a clique in the far corner—"Quite impossible, those types, old boy—fly stringbags, you know"; or "Funny folk, those plumbers, always seem to be in overalls—wonder what they do all day."

Why not have a shot at finding out? Of course, you are bound to get to know the dentist and the chap from whom you get your advance of pay in exchange for an advance of gin; but for the others it requires a bit of an effort on your part and on theirs. You probably put the snatch on TEE EMM before they do; so it's up to you to get up off your shoulder blades and do something about it.

Some of the points in favour of clique-busting are so obvious that even Sub-Lieutenant Swingit might well consider it tantamount to a rebuff if we enumerated them. We'll enumerate them.

The desirability of the pilots and observers being well acquainted with the aircraft direction officers, and of each realising and making allowances for the foibles and fancies of the other, is one which you will have heard about before. It is, however, really important because the aircraft directing team might well be, one day, the only link through which to pass vital information to your ship or your only hope of avoiding a wet shirt and dropping in to dinner with, or for, the sharks. If you all know each other well and can discuss freely your closer co-operation, then the more smoothly will the machinery run in action.

Perhaps you are a fighter pilot and therefore very proud of yourself, or a T.B.R. pilot and equally proud of that, but don't forget that whichever way it goes, it was probably a chancy business in the early days when you specialised; it was by no means certain that you *would* get your choice. If you go out of your way to learn how the other fellow works and you both have a shot at solving some of the mysteries of the back-seat-man's magic, you will have enlarged your circle of acquaintances to your mutual benefit.

Apart from these there are dozens of

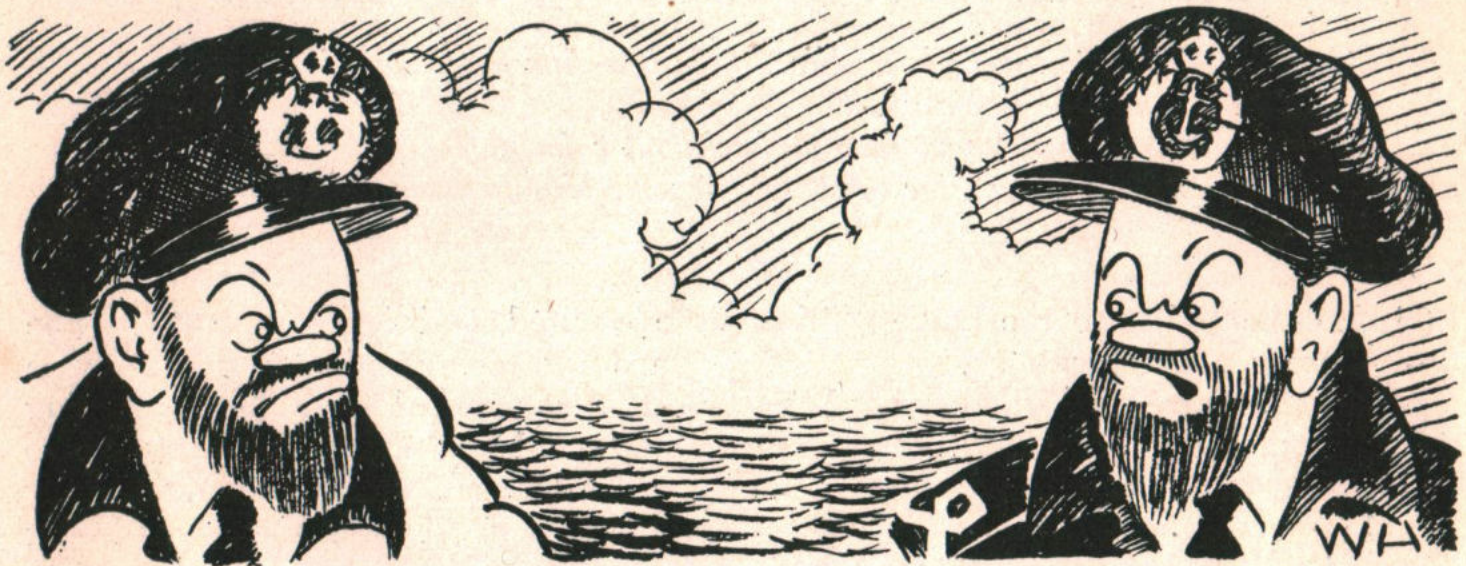
other people in the Ward Room, all vital to the efficiency of your carrier or your aircraft. You may have to live with them cheek by jowl in the Arctic Circle or on the equator—quite possibly both—for a long time. The more of them you get to know, and the more of their jobs you can yarn about, the longer it will be before you begin to feel cribbed, cabined and confined, and to think that the only advantage of being in a carrier is being able to get out of it.

It is not all one-sided by any manner

of means. You will find that just because some unfortunates are fated to live with their feet on the ground it doesn't mean to say that they have no interests above Angels Nought. More often than not they are very keen to find out what makes it tick and equally keen to take you down to the engine room, or wherever it is, and show you their part of the ship.

Now that you've been briefed—get weaving. Don't be clique-conscious. Break it up!

It *may* mean a lot to you one day. . .



"Quite impossible, those types."

AIR SAVINGS GROUP

At 1725 hours on a night last winter the Royal Observer Corps reported to the F.C.L.O., at an A.D.G.B. Group, that they considered an aircraft which was orbiting below 2,000 feet in the Snowdon area in poor visibility was in trouble. The aircraft continued to circle, fired a red Verey light, and flashed S.O.S. on its Navigation lights. The nearest airfield was instructed to put on all lights including Sandra lights, and searchlight homing to it was laid on from Radar stations and an Air/Sea Rescue boat base. Efforts to get a Beaufighter off to intercept the lost aircraft were made but visibility was too bad. At 1755 hours a Priority fix enabled the aircraft to be identified as a Wellington. Shortly after this it started to follow the searchlights and landed safely at the illuminated airfield. The pilot stated he was quite lost and short of fuel, but picked up the searchlights and was guided successfully to a safe landing.

STORY WITHOUT MANY WORDS

From a Flying Training Officer's Report :

"Flying Officer ——'s Captaincy is spoilt by his marked over-confidence."

Remark by the Squadron Commander later :

"This over-confidence had been previously noted and remarked upon. Crew now missing."



LANDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Said the Varlet to the Duke, "Sire, there is a damsel without."

Said the Duke, "Without what?"

Said the Varlet, "Without food and without raiment."

Said the Duke, "Then give the poor girl something to eat and show her in."

Old Spanish Folk Tale.

SAID the Varlet to the Duke, "Sire, there is a Lanc. without."

Said the Duke, "Without what?"

Said the Varlet, "Without aileron control. And how therefore shall he land?"

Said the Duke, "Blimey, that's a bit of a problem! Let us look up TEE EMM and see if they can help . . ."

And of course we can—because here's a nice little tale of a Lancaster which lost all aileron control and yet was put down safely.

It happened during a test flight after major repairs. While the aircraft was in process of being tested for aileron snatch an aileron control chain failed owing to a faulty link pin. At the time of the failure full port aileron was being applied and the aircraft was being banked steeply in a dive to maintain approx. 250 m.p.h. I.A.S. to produce

the required conditions for the test. The control wheel immediately flew over to port, accompanied by a loud snapping sound, and on returning the wheel to starboard the machine immediately righted itself. It was then found that aileron control was still effective to starboard but not to port, due to the fact that the chain was still on the sprocket. Unfortunately, before the failure had been diagnosed, the pilot spun the control wheel to port several times to demonstrate to the Engineer, and it was then found that control to starboard had been lost also. Had, of course, the pilot realised the nature of the defect he might have maintained lateral control on starboard aileron alone, by using the aileron trim tabs (which are very effective on Lancaster aircraft) to trim the aircraft left wing low and so effect a fairly normal landing.

However he didn't realise at once—no fault of his own—and so was faced with the immediate problem of landing the aircraft without aileron control. The following brief summary of his actions are set out in order that they may be of help to pilots who for some similar or other reason—such as controls being shot away—may find themselves in the same predicament.

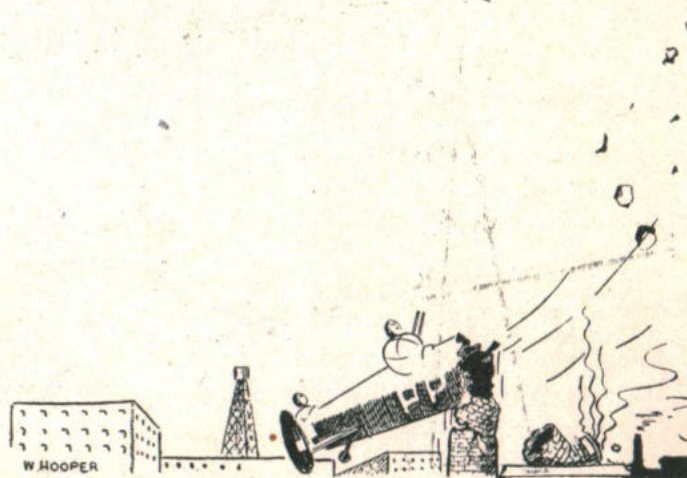
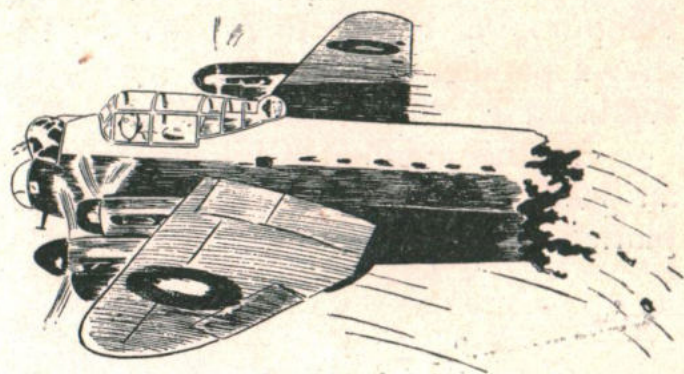
Landing approaches were practised at 7,000 feet with wheels down, lowering the flaps by 10 degrees at a time, lowering the speed and checking for lateral control with rudder. It was thus decided to make the approach at 140 m.p.h. I.A.S. with 40 degrees of flaps.

The pilot then selected an airfield known to have the maximum landing area, but even so it was difficult to approach directly into wind on the runway, and five attempts had to be made before this was accomplished owing to the large circuits which were necessary, as banking was limited to approx. 5 degrees. Visibility was such that the airfield was lost sight of during the circuit but by carefully noting particular landmarks the fifth attempt brought the aircraft into the ideal position for landing.

The rest of the story can be told in the pilot's own words: "During the approach it felt a little like trying to balance on top of a pole and we were more than a little scared when a wing dropped a bit as there was always a delay in its response to opposite rudder and usually it was over-corrected and the other wing dropped. This sort of thing went on for a number of times something like a pendulum swinging, with the wings dropping less each time. Flap at 10 degrees was used for approach. When

a height of 150 feet was reached with the airfield safely underneath I was so busy maintaining control, anticipating wing drops, correcting for them, and trying to wheel land at 135-140 m.p.h. I.A.S. that I forgot to ask the Engineer for more flap. He had to put his back rest belt across in front of him and was standing by to assist. Once the aircraft was below 50 feet the rest was quite easy and we felt full of confidence. We landed O.K. and used perhaps 2,500 yards of airfield. It could have been done in much less but there was no need to at this particular airfield."

There you are: It can be done. Prune has just rushed off to tear the ailerons off his aircraft and see what he can make of it. We've said good-bye very pointedly.



"Without what?" says Prune.

FINDING YOUR WIND

NAVIGATORS do not often realise that a very good wind can be found from a single drift observation and any two parallel position lines, obtained at an interval of about fifteen to twenty minutes and roughly at right angles to track.

Here's how :

First, get your position lines. When out at sea at some distance from the coast line, set the astro compass to read 90° relative bearing, and note the times when coastal lights pass through the sight. With the pilot holding the aircraft steady on course at the moment of passing the lights, position lines obtained will be very accurate.

Now look at Fig. 1. AB and CD are bearings obtained on consecutive coastal lights at 23.10 hours and 23.29 hours. These are drawn in on the chart from a knowledge of the course of the aircraft. By applying the drift to the course of the aircraft. PQ can be drawn parallel to the track made good. Then PQ is the distance covered in 19 minutes and so the ground speed is known.

The wind can then be found on the Dalton computer, or by plotting: that is, PR can be drawn parallel to the course by the aircraft to represent 19 minutes of air-speed, and then RQ is the wind effect for 19 minutes.

Another method is possible when using the A.P.I. For this see Fig. 2. The air positions are noted at the times when the cross bearings are taken, and these are plotted on the chart (X and Y). XY is joined and a line is drawn through X, parallel to the track made good by applying the drift to the direction XY. This line cuts the bearings in H and K. The distance HK is stepped off from X giving the point Z. Then YZ is the wind effect for 19 minutes.

The D.R. position at 23.29 can be obtained by applying this wind from Y for the time since the start of the air plot.

The chart-work in either case is simple, and gives a longish run between position lines to avoid a puny wind vector; the wind found will be quite accurate.

These neat, but little known, methods may be used by day or night and possess no serious disadvantages.

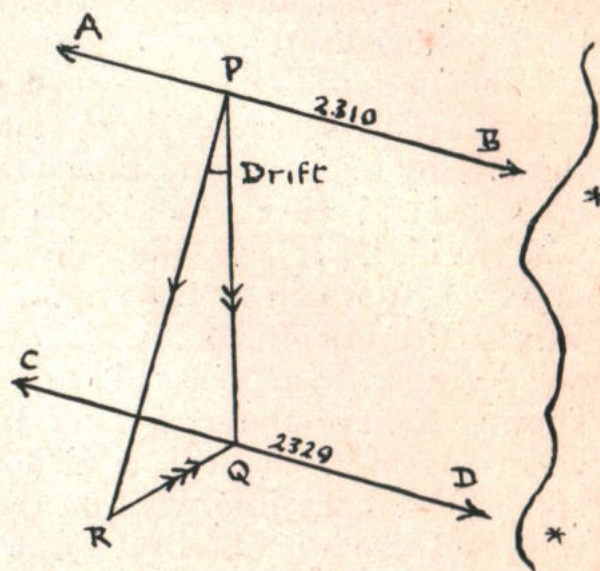


Fig. 1.

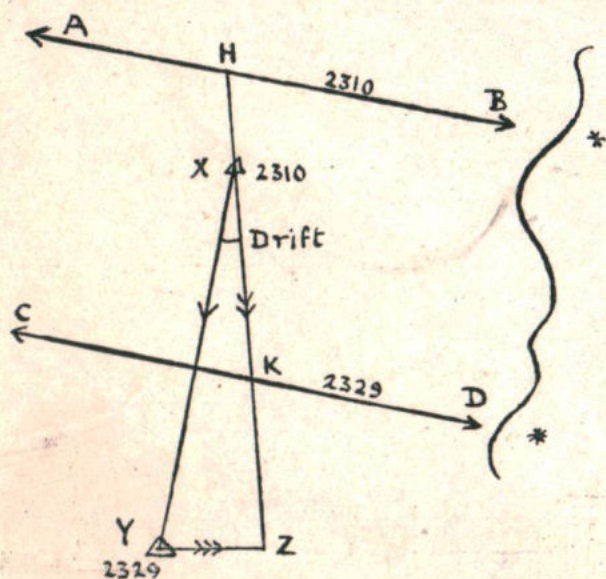


Fig. 2.

TWENTIETH CENTURY TEE EMM LIMITED
proudly announce the *Film of the Year*

This Side of the Ocean

Starring that Universal Favourite, Pilot Officer Percy Prune, M.H.D.O.I.F.

★

**THE MOST EPIC, SOUL-
SHATTERING, FINGER-
REMOVING DRAMA OF THE
CENTURY.**

★

**THRILLS, LAUGHS, BOOBS,
BLACKS.**

★

**LOVE TRIUMPHANT,
VIRTUE REWARDED, AND
VICE KICKED IN PANTS.**



Coming Shortly—Going Again Almost Immediately.

WE give below a brief synopsis of this Epoch-making Story. And it *is* Epoch-making. Why, three Epochs have already been made by it and it's at work on the fourth, this time a super-epoch, over-outvying all other epochs, past, present and future. Well, we mean it's not a bad film in its way.

* * * * *

The opening shots show Prune leaping lightly out of bed at reveillé. We thus strike an unusual note right at the start. His face shows determination—as well as the fact that it's obviously the first time he's ever heard reveillé.

After a moment he starts to shave himself meticulously, having laid out his best uniform, in place of the one with

the patched sleeve, the frayed cuffs, and the oil-and-beer-stain murals.

A puzzled look suddenly comes over his face. Why is he in this unusual frame of mind? Ah, he remembers now. . . .

While he shaves, the film flashes back to the night before in the Mess.

Chaps are drinking and smoking and chatting: right in the foreground is



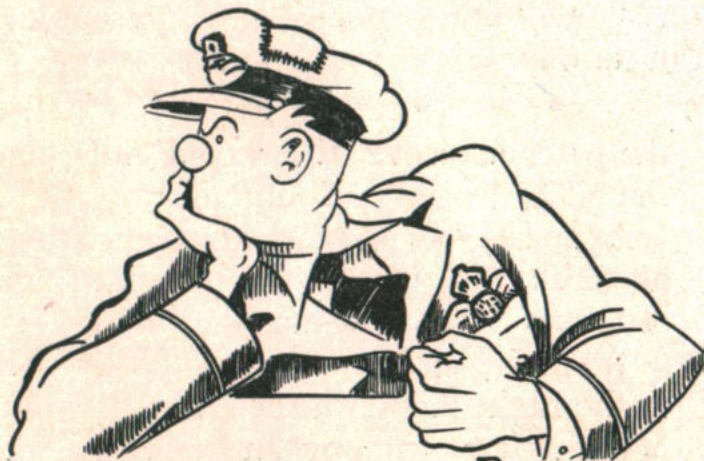
Prune takes their ragging to heart.

even one earnest type reading TEE EMM. The fact that it's a three-year-old issue and he's holding it upside down doesn't really matter: it's the *spirit* of the thing. Besides it's all good publicity.

Flying Officer Fixe and others start to rag Prune about his length of service as a Pilot Officer, getting off a few dirty cracks about those court-martials that keep removing his seniority whenever he is due for promotion.

Prune takes this to heart. In a close-up of his face—for as long as the audience will stick it without throwing things—we see him making a great resolution.

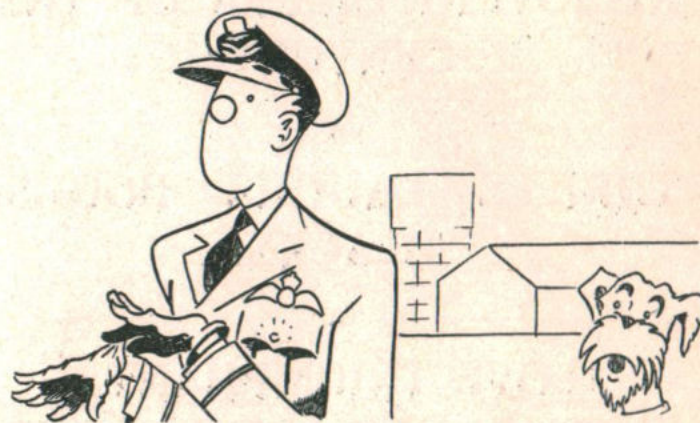
He'll show 'em. He'll turn over a new leaf. He'll make himself really worthy of the name of Prune, worthy of that



He determines he'll show 'em.

long line of ancestors, going back to Percivalle de Prun of the Norman Conquest. He will become at last a true scion of the Prunes of Ineyne Manor, Prune Parva. . . . As he muses thus, there is cloudily seen in the top right-hand corner the crest of the Prune family, the famous index finger inflexant non-movant in the Royal Ring, with its glorious motto "Semper Inanum."

It fades again and, mind made up, he strides from the Mess. He even refuses a beer from Fixe. That'll show 'em for



He strides off to the Mess.

a start. It does. They think he's sickening for something.

We dissolve back again to Prune finishing his dressing with care and tidiness. He takes his hat—not the patched one with the wire removed that looks like a dying pancake, but his other, the cleanest, best and stiffest hat in the Service. Never yet worn, in fact.

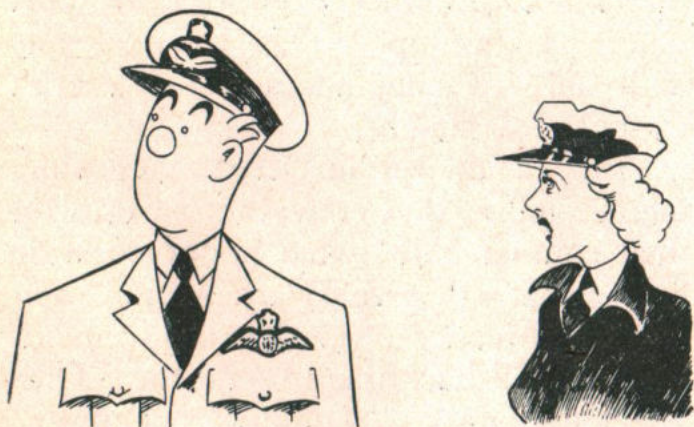
Chin set, he strides off to the Mess, the faithful Binder at his heels. Binder is so astounded at this unaccustomed behaviour of his master that he only pauses at every other hut-corner on his way to the Mess instead of at all of them *and* the Flight-Sergeant's bicycle.

At the Mess he is first in to breakfast. Two W.A.A.F. waitresses faint.

Breakfast over, Prune is seen hurrying off to his aircraft. For once his first glance is for "P. for Percy," and not for Waff Winsum, attractively workmanlike though she looks in her overalls.

He asks intelligent questions of the ground crew; he exhibits a keen interest in what is going forward. Then only does he turn to Waff Winsum with a smile—and make a date for that night behind "dispersal."

Next Prune is seen having a talk with

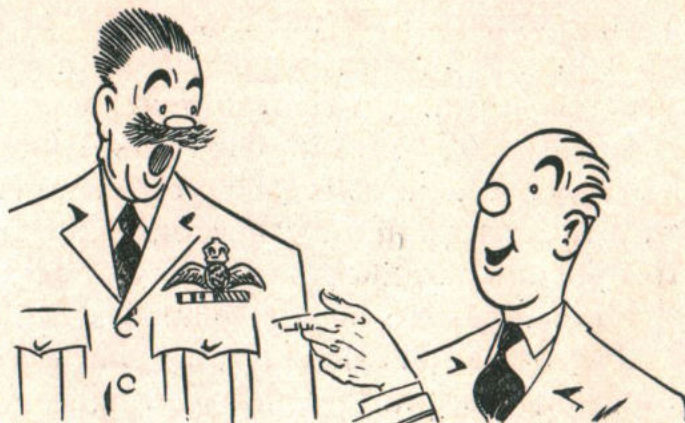


He even ignores Waff Winsum.

his air crew. He even says something to Sergeant Winde which shows that he appreciates his job and its difficulties. Sergeant Winde tells Sergeant Backtune behind his hand to send for the M.O.

The scene changes to briefing. Prune actually isn't late, nor is he sitting at the back where he can chat in undertones to other clueless types without being constantly interrupted by the remarks of the Intelligence Officer from the platform. No, he is right up at the front where he can definitely see the epidiascope—even though he can't pronounce it.

He suddenly asks a really intelligent question. He is asked to repeat it: the



He asks the Sqdn. Cdr. an intelligent question.

Squadron Commander feels he cannot have heard aright.

Afterwards he has a further conference with his crew and a thorough check-up. To their surprise he insists on taking them through ditching drill, instead of saying: "It won't happen to us!"

He is for once not late at his aircraft; moreover, he has all his maps; and moreover still, they're the right ones. He takes off perfectly; not his usual long lumbering run, because he's put on 20° of flaps by mistake.

And now Prune is climbing, starting his crew on oxygen drill at 8,000 feet and setting the gauge to read 5,000 feet higher; which usually he forgets.

He then sets course (for once remembering to check with P.4) and tells



He actually tells F.O. Fixe when he's on course.

Flying Officer Fixe the exact time he's on course. Fixe is staggered at this—generally Prune is twenty minutes late.

Enemy coast! And flak! Is Prune worried? No, he calls each crew member in turn (instead of only those he happens to remember in his excitement) and says, "The natives are hostile, chaps!"

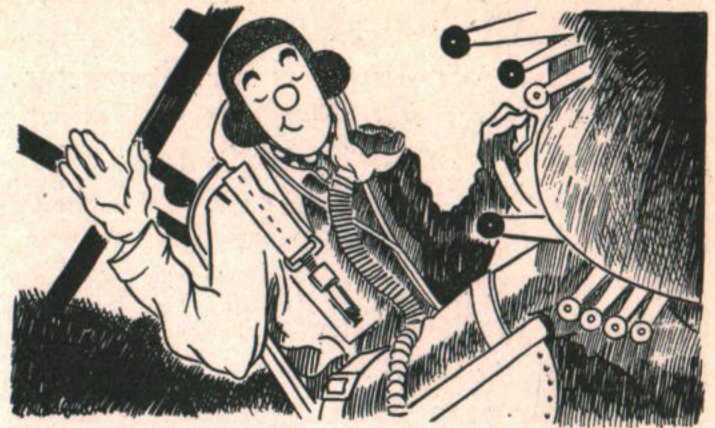
The flak strikes the aircraft. The port outer engine splutters and then fails.

Prune does not yell panicky and contradictory orders down the intercom, but quickly tells the Flight Engineer to "Feather" and complete check of other engines. He then reassures his crew by saying "It's all right, I was trained on three-engined bombers." Having trimmed the aircraft flying controls for three-engined flying, he carries on. . . .

Sergeant Winde suddenly announces an enemy fighter behind them and Prune merely says calmly, "Tell me when you have shot him down!" and thereafter follows all Winde's instructions quickly and accurately, till the fighter (baffled and surprised, for seeing it was "P. for Percy" he thought it was going to be a piece of cake) has to call it a day and go home. Sergeant Winde actually has to say "Well done, skip!" instead of the usual things he says about Prune under his breath on such occasions.

And now "P. for Percy" is at the target and Prune is still calm, cool and efficient, working in with Sergeant Straddle as if they were twin souls. Running up to target he remembers to nose slightly down to maintain speed with the bomb doors open. He reminds the gunners to keep watch, keep quiet and keep still.

The bombs go down—right on the button. Prune sets course for home.



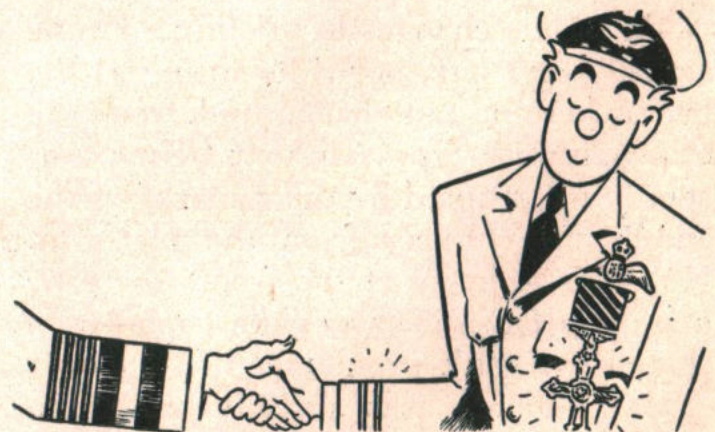
He refrains from panicking when they have to ditch

Shortly after crossing the enemy coast the Flight Engineer reports the port inner packing up. This leaves Prune with only two engines and the aircraft starts to lose height.

Prune again refrains from panicking, merely telling his crew they're due for their annual bath, what about showing him what they've learned in their ditching practices. He has also remembered to tell Backtune to send the S.O.S.

Then comes "Dinghy! Dinghy! Prepare to ditch!" Prune having taken his crew through their drill that morning, perfect ditching ensues.

Soon the Air Sea Rescue Launch is on the spot. They return in triumph to the Station.



He receives his due reward.

During interrogation Prune actually refrains from shooting any lines and answers all questions clearly and concisely. After being interrogated he is summoned to the Station Commander's office. Here he is seen blushing modestly, being congratulated on what the Station Commander, coining a pretty phrase, calls a "good show."

He then receives the D.F.C. at the hands of a V.I.P. and is told that he has . . . Wait for it! Here it comes! . . . *been promoted straight to Flight Lieutenant.* There is some promotion this side of the ocean after all.

What does Prune do? Does he rush off to the Mess shouting: "I've been gonged and promoted?" and start to load himself with beer to the Plimsoll Line? No, he seeks out his crew and his ground crew and tells them that the honour and credit are really theirs; he is just the selected recipient; without them he could have done nothing.

Then at last a modest beer or so in the Mess; but not too much, for he must be on the top line to-morrow for any job that may turn up. And after that to his quarters, to clean and tidy himself.

Here comes the Love Interest. Aha!

Prune is seen making rapidly for that date behind dispersal where Waff Winsum awaits him, newly permed, wearing her best silk stockings, only too eager to congratulate, if not reward, her hero.

The film fades out in the usual clinch: P.O. Prune *versus* Waff Winsum. Her kisses are on his lips.

In letters of fire across the screen we read: "Receiving his just reward—can this be true *all* in one day?"

Unfortunately the film fades in again.



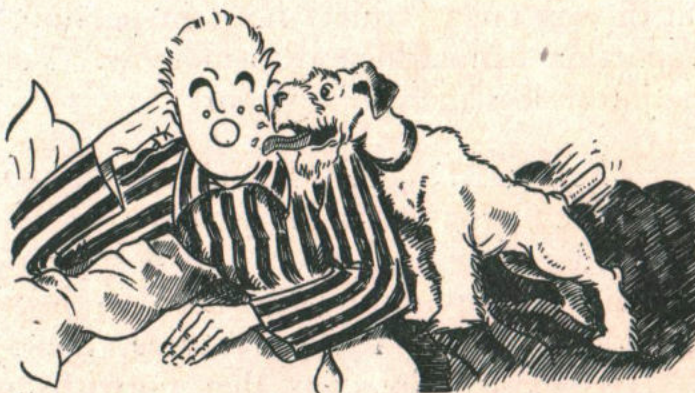
He receives more of his due reward.

Prune is seen oversleeping as usual and it isn't Waff Winsum kissing him, it's Binder licking his face and asking to go out, as he's in a bit of a hurry to see a dog about a man. No, we knew, of course, it couldn't be true.

Then in more letters of fire moving up the screen at reading pace we see:—

"There'll always be a Prune, even though our P.O. Prune does not exist. There'll always be a Prune somewhere, a permanent headache to his C.O. and fellow air crew. Far from being decorated and promoted and loved, he'll be lucky not to be court-martialled and demoted, to be loved by nobody—except Binder. . . ."

And Binder's taste always *was* rather peculiar.



But it's all a dream.

THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY



THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to S/Lt. — for Dim-witted Determination in the Face of Mechanical Opposition.

This officer was carrying out Dummy Deck Landings, after the first of which he opened up to go round again and discovered he had not sufficient power to make it. He throttled back, taxied round the perimeter and tried again—again unsuccessfully. He then taxied into dispersal, ran the engine up and reported he could only get 4 lbs. boost.

Subsequent investigation revealed he had left the pitch control in coarse pitch.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to F/Lt. — the Airfield Controller at — Station for Getting the Idea in the End.

Arriving back after a "stooge" on a very dark night, aircraft "F for Freddie" found no lights of any description on the airfield. R/T was continually tried without success; the aircraft swept over the Control Tower very low with headlights on; and the colours of the day were fired off.

After twenty minutes the contact strip was finally put on; "F for Freddie" landed and taxied to dispersal.

The Air Bomber and Navigator had already landed and the pilot was just slipping his headphones off, when he heard: "Hullo F Freddie, hullo F Freddie, this is Control. Your turn to land is Number Two."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Commander — R.N. for Notable Determination to Speed Things Up.

On being told by his Engineer Officer that an aircraft he wanted to send on patrol was on a "thirty-hour inspection," he said "Even if it is on a thirty-hour inspection I must have it to-morrow. You must put more hands to work and finish the job in less than thirty hours."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Staff Sergeant — of the Royal Ordnance Corps for Doing Just As He Was Told.

Ordered by his officer to dispose of a damaged ammunition parachute container by blowing it up in the largest field in the vicinity, he blew it up on an R.A.F. Station airfield causing a crater 10 feet deep and 15 feet across, and putting the airfield u/s.

His explanation was that notwithstanding the presence of hangars, aircraft, windsocks, watch office, etc., it was still the largest field in the vicinity.

1944

TEC EMM

**HAVE YOU SEEN
A CRASH SIGNAL?**
RD/A. **A** TELEGRAM EN CLAIR **THIS IS ONE** 87/29.

FROM: [REDACTED]

TO: [REDACTED] H.Q. [REDACTED] GROUP. H.Q. [REDACTED] GROUP. H.Q. 43
GROUP. SALVAGE, OXFORD. A.M. KINGSWAY 78 M.U.

(RECEIVED A.M.C.S. (KWY.) JUNE. [REDACTED].)

A.211. JUNE. [REDACTED]. IMPORTANT NOTWT.

F.A.

- (A) SPITFIRE. V11 [REDACTED].
- (B) [REDACTED] SQDN.
- (C) [REDACTED] FORDSHIRE. MAP REF. 1" SCALE SHEET.
80/[REDACTED] JUNE. 1944. [REDACTED] HRS. DAY.
- (D) PILOT. [REDACTED] SGT. J. [REDACTED]. KILLED.
- (E) R.A.F. [REDACTED].
- (F) RADIO AND ARMAMENT NO AMMUNITION.
- (G) AIRCRAFT STRUCK HILLSIDE AFTER CIRCULING PILOTS HOME
A.I.B. NO. 7650 NO BY THIS UNIT.
- (H) TOTAL WRECK CAT. E.
- (J) 78, M.U.
- (K) FATHER. MOTHER SISTER OF PILOT WITNESSED CRASH.

TIME OF ORIGIN: 291915.B.

CRASH CIRCULATION: (P.4. CAS. 4 COPIES)



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: A recent introduction to the A.P.I. has confirmed me in a view which I have held for some time, that the present method of representing Isogonals on Maps and Charts could, from a navigator's point of view, be improved. The navigator, working to an accuracy of 1° , wishes to know the variation at any place to the nearest whole degree, either for compass course calculation or for setting on the V.S.C. Were the Isogonals drawn on $\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ lines (e.g. at $10\frac{1}{2}$ W, $11\frac{1}{2}$ W, $12\frac{1}{2}$ W instead of 10 W, 11 W and 12 W) he could tell at a glance in which area he was and, in the course of plotting, would have an immediate reminder of the correct time to change his variation setting whenever his track crossed an Isogonal.

This may seem a very minor point to raise, but I consider it would have a certain practical value in

- (a) giving a better picture of the variation prevailing over a proposed track, and
- (b) administering the jog to memory at the correct time and not, as do the present Isogonals, at some later time."

REPLY. Our Experts say this is an extremely intelligent and interesting suggestion, and are surprised that, as far as they know, no one has thought of it before.

It has obvious application to Navigators but its introduction would have many snags. The principal ones are—

- (a) If carried out on the plotting charts (1/1 M and 1/2 M) it would be logical to carry it out on air maps of 1/500,000 and 1/250,000. But these maps are used by hosts of others—Ground as well as Air, U.S. as well as British, and a considerable consensus of agreement would be necessary before a change. It would be a major operation to secure such an agreement.
- (b) A change at this juncture would be almost impossible. Of the series affected, millions and millions of sheets are in use, in Station stocks, in Command Stores, in bulk stores and in transit all over the world. Simultaneous replacement would be physically impossible—even if the waste of editions to be scrapped and the printing power for replacement were available.
- (c) If simultaneous replacement cannot be effected then for a prolonged period you would have sheets of both types current throughout the series—which would be confusing and dangerous.

This is clearly a post-war requirement. In a nutshell, we cannot change horses in mid-stream, but we are very grateful for having our attention called to an extremely useful looking animal waiting on the far bank.



HOW THE GOOD SIGNALS LEADER GETS DOWN TO HIS JOB



*BEING SOME HINTS
FOR ANY SIGNALS
LEADER WHO IS OUT
TO MAKE HIMSELF
100% EFFICIENT*

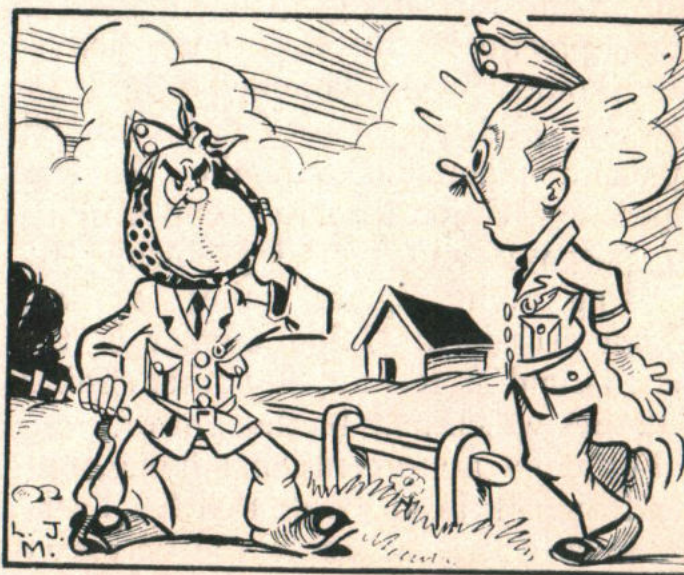


THE first thing we note about our good Signals Leader is that he realises that without the W/Op. (Air) an air crew is not complete, and that even if it is complete it is not a completely efficient crew unless the W/Op. (Air) is himself efficient. And keeping him so is ultimately the responsibility of the Signals Leader—more particularly in these days when crews are so large that Flight Commanders can generally keep in contact with the pilots only. One duty, therefore, our good Signals Leader performs is to keep in regular touch with his W/Ops. by having them all report to him daily after breakfast, or whenever they come on duty after night flying. He can then give each one the necessary gen on any training, flying or administrative matters, draw his attention to any new orders, amendments, or modifications, and put him wise, in short, to anything that affects him, from the time of a morse practice class to the date of a dental appointment. (He need not, of course, tell him anything pertaining to leave or pay: the W/Op. (Air) is certain to know all about that already!)

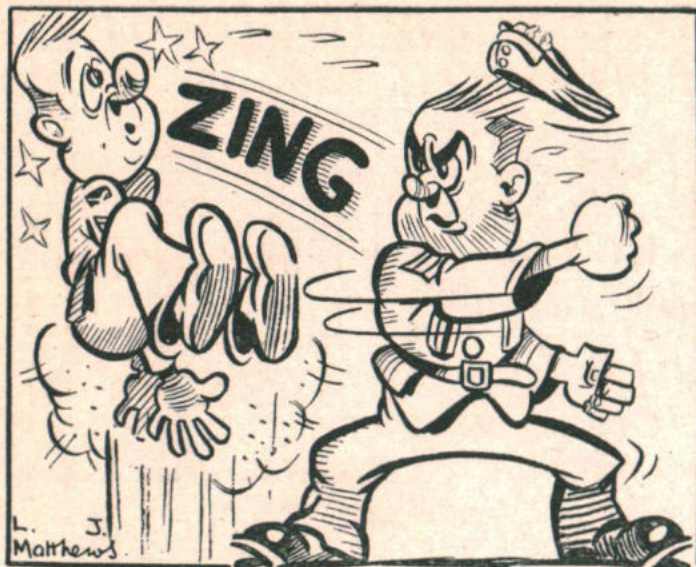
It is essential, by the way, for our Signals Leader to work out in advance his programme for the day, so that he

can say straight off, "I don't want you to-day, Backtune," or "I want you here at 10.30 hours for such and such," or whatever it is. He should, of course, check everyone off daily on a nominal roll to make sure no one is overlooked either by accident or design.

As the W/Op. (Air)'s job is now mainly liaison, such as listening out to Group, morse practice is particularly important. Our good Signals Leader should therefore see that there are facilities for this always on tap in the Signals Office or nearby. He should also hold a monthly test and grade his flock by their various speeds. Those under 20 words and



Due for a dental appointment.



A happy spirit can be worked up by Discussion Groups.

groups per minute should have daily supervised practice till they get back.

Lectures on new equipment and procedure, of course, have to be organised, but questionnaires with mixed questions about everything he should know are even more suitable for keeping Backtune up to date with old knowledge. By stimulating his interest they keep him on his toes, thinking about his work and discussing it. Also useful for this is a test bench, fitted with the aircraft signals equipment, for setting up faults and for other practice. But Backtune's activities should not be confined to signals matters. A happy spirit can be worked up, and maintained, in the Wireless Operators' Union by Discussion Groups on post-war and topical problems, by sporting events against other sections, by an occasional Union Dinner in the local Grand Hotel, and any other similar activities which may be thought of.

For daily non-operational flying, our good Signals Leader sees that his Backtunes have easy access to the necessary signals data. The simplest way of doing

this—subject of course to any security restrictions—is to have a perspex tablet on the wall of the Signals Office, with a white backing. This is amended regularly every morning with a red pencil so that it shows, from the top down, the date, verification and code details, forecast, QFE figure, call signs, the latest amendment and order book numbers and any other changing data.

For this and other reasons, it is impossible for the Signals Leader to work alone. Checking documents to return them to the Cypher Officer, for instance, is a colossal task—yet he may have to go flying or even on leave. He should, therefore, arrange for two or three senior W/Ops. (Air) to work in the office with him at stated times, so that they are capable of acting for him if absent.

But the office must be properly organised. Copies of letters about any amendment or modification, for instance, should be put in a file and numbered; while the minute sheet of the file should have a nominal roll and a column for each item in the file. Then Backtune and his pals can initial as having read each item, and taken any necessary action. An order book should also be kept in which instructions to W/Ops. (Air) can be entered. Every W/Op. (Air) should enter his initials on the appropriate record sheet when he has read and understood each instruction, amendment, or modification. And by having the numbers of the latest entries in the amendment file and the order book marked on the perspex notice board, Sgt. Backtune can see at a glance whether anything new meriting the favour of his personal attention has come in. The W/T Log Books of all W/Ops. too

should be marked and mistakes in procedure pointed out to the individual offenders. It's advisable to have two Log Books for each man; they can be used for alternate trips, thus leaving time for marking.

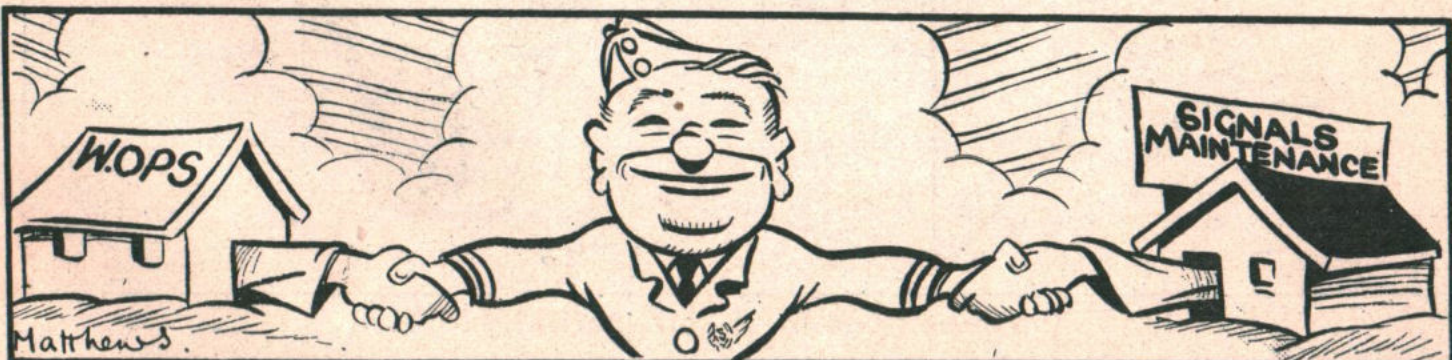
Other essential office work upon which our good Signals Leader will keep his eagle eye is the filing of copies of letters in and out, and the keeping of a stout nominal roll, showing not only attendances, but also permanent information such as ranks, numbers, seniorities, morse speeds, and personal opinions; for these facts may easily be asked for by the Flight Commanders or the C.O. The Signals Leader will also arrange with the Squadron Adjutant to see D.R.O.'s and A.M.O.'s as soon as they are published, in case they have anything of W/Op. interest. Charts giving the positions of M/F beacons, M/F D/F sectors, Flying Control Stations and H/F D/F stations marked on the Group Brief, should be available for Backtune to study, and so should all appropriate air diagrams, publications on signals procedure, signals organisation and technical signals matters. The squadron orderly room has an official list of all such A.P.'s., A.D.'s and Forms issued by Air Ministry, and the gen on how to demand them. A Signals Leader may sign his own demand vouchers unless Station Routine Orders have

specifically stated other arrangements.

Our good Signals Leader also will always act as liaison officer between his W/Ops. and the signals maintenance staff when there is any controversy about modifications, uses of equipment or failures. He will also ensure that signals failures in the air are entered immediately in the Flight Signals Failure Book, and if necessary on the F.700 by the man concerned. In cases where W/Ops. (Air) do their own D.I.'s, he has a disciplinary responsibility to see that the work is done properly. This also applies to the checking of headsets, which should be done weekly and before operational flights. It is general practice for the W/Op. (Air) to supervise the checking of his crew's headsets. Facilities for testing should be available in the air crew room, briefing room, or Signals Office. In most groups a monthly training return has to be sent in to Group Headquarters. This and the regrading examinations for W/Ops. (Air) are two important duties for a Signals Leader.

Lastly, our good Signals Leader realises that he has to give the Signals briefing for non-operational flying, and although for operational briefing his W/Ops. come directly under the Station Signals Officer, it is his job to co-operate in every possible way.

And if he's doing all this, he's a good Signals Leader.





“What’s the form, sir, actually?”



“He forgot about the Pitot-Head Cover.”

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.



*Everything
from the cap down*

OFTEN READ Pilots' Notes

WITH APOLOGIES TO MESSRS AUSTIN REED LTD
OF REGENT STREET,
W. HOOPER, R.A.F.