

# TEE EMM



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*for official use only*

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

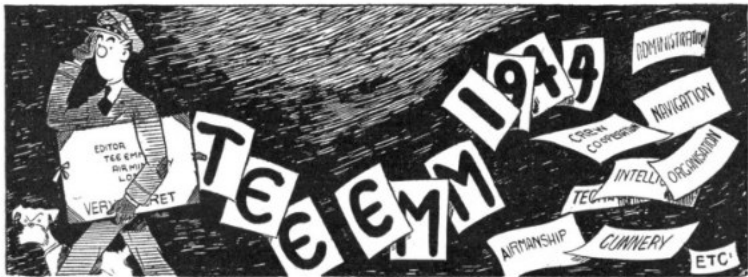
## STOP PRESS FOR NO. 7 P.R.C. PILOTS

(Wherever you are).

### Do you want to get on ops quick?

Here's your chance! The R.A.F. is taking up the glider business, and R.A.F. Glider Squadrons will soon be doing their stuff. If you want to become a glider pilot, push in your name quick to 7 P.R.C.

We wish we could tell you all about it; space, alas, forbids. But don't miss the fun and games—and don't blame us if you do. The course is short and you won't lose by it. It'll be an exciting interlude in your training.



*"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*

## **It IS Your Job**

SCENE : Tube Station Platform. Young R.A.F. officer finds himself standing next a civilian whose face seems familiar. Following dialogue ensues.

OFFICER : Good evening.

CIVILIAN : Good evening, Sir.

OFFICER : We've met before, haven't we ?

CIVILIAN (surprised) : Why yes, Sir.

OFFICER : Wasn't it at . . . ? No, it couldn't have been there. . . . Where *did* we meet ?

CIVILIAN : On the Station, Sir. I'm in your Flight. On leave now, Sir.

OFFICER : Er—oh ! Of course.

Luckily the arrival of a tube train dissolves an awkward situation.

Now that's quite a possible scene. It may even, for all we know, have happened. Anyway, we reckon that officer put up a bit of a black. . . .

*No, I didn't. Damn it all, one doesn't expect to run into one's men on leave. And anyway, I'd never seen him in mufti. They look quite different. Besides . . .*

All right, we'll pass that. Perhaps you *were* rather shot sitting. What was his name by the way?

*Well, as a matter of fact, though I know him by sight, I don't know his name.*

Oh, so you don't know the names of the men in your own Flight.

*Hell's bells! Not all of them. They change around and I'm far too busy with my own work to keep track. It's not my job.*

But it *is* your job. How would you like it for a start if the Group Captain called "Hi! You!" across the Mess? He's got as many officers to know as you have men.

*But that's different.*

I see! Class consciousness, hey? Those over you ought to know your name, but you don't have to know those under you. Why, knowing the names of those under you is the very first part of getting to know the men themselves, and that is most certainly your duty as an officer.

*I haven't seen it laid down anywhere.*

All right. If you don't believe us we'll quote a piece of the Manual of Administration at you. It's Section 2, para. 17—Responsibility of All Officers. It goes:

"All officers should carefully study and act upon the advice contained in the publications 'Guide to Service—Officers,' 'Comrades in Arms' and 'The Airman's Welfare,' copies of which have been issued to every officer." Have you got them?

*Well, I expect I've got them somewhere.*

Then have you read the paragraph in "Comrades in Arms" headed "Know Their Names"?

*I can't remember.*

It begins, "Know your men's names. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this." But to continue with the Manual of Administration, we read: "Officers should remember (i) that they are responsible for their men at all times, either in or out of working hours; (ii) that it is by their personal example in efficiency, leadership, loyalty . . . and by *developing personal contacts with their men* (the italics are ours, specially imported from our printers at considerable expense) that they will create a strong bond of mutual confidence, understanding and respect." You know, that seems definite enough to us. And it's not all bull, either. Or if you call it so, it means you're not interested in the efficiency of your Flight.

*Oh, but I am. I'm always on the job. But if I'm to do it properly I simply can't cope with individuals and their names and so on.*

Hasn't it occurred to you that the keener you are on your job the more you should realise that you can't divorce from the personal element any work which requires others to work with you without that work suffering? The average man will put his back into his work far more if he is doing it for someone he knows and, above all, who knows him.

*Yes, I realise that. But what I'd never properly realised was that it was so definitely my job to get to know my men.*

You're by no means the only one. Many officers are totally unaware of this obligation. We wrote a piece about it called "Hi! You!" in TEE EMM for

August, 1943. But, then, 'TEE EMM is not "orders" in the legal sense of the term.

*I'll read it again. Can I have a back number.*

Yes, if you write to us. Meanwhile here's a final little thought for to-day. It's an extract from a report on R.A.F. Stations by the Inspector-General. It says "Complaints indicating anything in the nature of general dissatisfaction are rarely met with during inspection of R.A.F. Stations, but *where they do occur they are always in sections where the officers are more than usually out of touch with the men under their command.*" (Once again the italics are ours).

Bear that italicised bit in mind and see if you can't do something about it. And we hope that future reports will not have to use these three damning words "more than usually." Their implication is not a flattering one to the Service.



*But I don't want to know his name.*



## Holidays at Sea



There is an A.M.O. recently out which may be of interest to air crew and which may have escaped your notice. (A.M.O.s sometimes do, you know.) It explains how air crew members of the R.A.F. and of Allied Air Forces serving with the R.A.F. are allowed to spend their leave at sea in H.M. ships, being attached to the Navy for the period.

There can only be a limited number of such attachments, but if you think it's a good idea to brush up on your Naval gen (*and gin, says Prune*), look up A.M.O. A.876 of 1944 and find out the drill.

## TEN LITTLE AIR CREW BOYS



Ten little air crew boys, bomber types no less,  
Ditched in the ocean. Oh! what a mess!  
One unplugged his intercom, didn't hear a line,  
Stayed in his turret; then there were nine.



Nine little air crew boys, one braced himself too late,  
Banged himself upon a spar; then there were eight.  
Eight little air crew boys, one thought he'd swim to heaven,  
Dived into the ocean; then there were seven.



Seven little air crew boys, one's harness all amix,  
Got caught in the escape hatch; then there were six.  
Six little air crew boys all glad to be alive,  
One overturned the dinghy; then there were five.



Five little air crew boys, to even up the score,  
One missed the rescue line; then there were four.  
Four little air crew boys gaily floating free,  
One went and drank salt water; then there were three.



Three little air crew boys beneath a sky of blue,  
One caught a touch of sun; then there were two.  
Two little air crew boys (this tale is nearly done),  
Couldn't find the wooden plugs; then there was one.



One little air crew boy we're very sad to say,  
Didn't wear his Mae West. The corpse turned up to-day.  
At the subsequent inquiry this tale there was to tell;  
They'd done their job, a beauty, and they'd pranged the target well;  
Their dinghy drill, it seemed, alone they hadn't studied;  
So all their schemes and hopes and dreams, were well and truly flooded.



## How Will Your Civvy Suit Fit?

WE were telling you last month about the Air Crew Allocation Centre at Brackla. This, you may remember, is a sort of central pool for post-operational air crew, where their abilities and qualifications and desires are discovered and recorded with a view to avoiding unsuitable postings, and where. . . . Look here, if you haven't read the article, get cracking and do so; and if you have read it already, why the hell are we telling you about it?

This month we want to put you wise to another scheme which concerns your future *outside* the Service. In other words, your future in the days when at last you'll be wearing a civvy suit.

The general idea of the scheme is to prepare all those in the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F., who are unlikely to be released till the war with Japan is over, for coping with civilian life after a long period of unformed existence. It consists in giving them preliminary training while still in the service, such training being calculated primarily to improve their qualifications for earning a post-war living. And we'd better say at once that taking part in the training won't delay anyone's release, nor prevent them subsequently taking advantage of any other Government scheme for further education.

Now here's the form in a little more detail, but we're only giving broad outlines because it's all published in full in an A.M.O. (A.M.O. No. A942/44). The full name of the Scheme is "The Royal Air Force Educational and Vocational Training Scheme," but that's a



*F.O. Fixe's suit will be that of a man-about-town.*

hell of a mouthful, so we're going to call it "Eve" for short—and in memory of a frippet we used to know who needed very little training indeed.

"Eve," like Cæsar's Gaul, is divided into three parts: Resettlement Training, Educational Training and Vocational Training.

The object of Resettlement Training is to fit people for civilian life by giving them a background of knowledge and understanding of post-war problems. This will be done largely through discussions—for which they probably haven't had much opportunity during war time—helped out by lectures, broadcasts, films, handicrafts, clubs and so on. The general outline will be laid down by the Air Ministry, but the training will not be stereotyped: a lot will be left to



While P.O. Prune's suit will be that of a man-about-country.

the units to run themselves on their Stations, and in conjunction with the desires of the pupils themselves, aided by Education Officers and additional resident instructors.

Educational Training, "Eve's" second part, will be mainly for those who want to improve their standard of education and their general qualifications for civilian employment.

There will be, first, Primary education, for those not aiming as high as matriculation standard. It will lead eventually to a Service examination for the award of a R.A.F. War Educational Certificate, which it is hoped will be recognised as a qualification for certain types of employment.

Next there'll be Secondary education, for those who wish to qualify for admission to a university and subsequent training for a profession. Again, there is an

examination—the Forces Preliminary—success in which is recognised by the Universities as carrying certain exemptions for entrance, and which it is hoped will also be recognised by professional bodies.

Lastly there will be Higher education, for those already up to matric. standard and wishing to continue studies at a higher level.

The two first types of Education—Primary and Secondary—will be carried out in classes under the supervision of recognised instructors: the third will be conducted largely by means of individual private study supervised by instructors or Education Officers. All resident instructors are provided in the same way and on the same scale as for Resettlement Training.

The final part of "Eve" is Vocational Training. This, however, is only provided for those civilian jobs in which



Sgt. Straddle's will be an old gardening suit.



*Sgt. Bactune's suit will be designed for golf.*

the prospects of employment are good. It is chiefly directed either to the improvement of the existing civilian qualifications of those already possessing them or who were in a similar job before the war, or to the conversion of service qualifications to an appropriate civilian basis.

The training is based on courses laid down by the Air Ministry, and carried out by practical instruction on Stations, by courses in the basic theoretical subjects, by conversion courses in Station workshops, by the provision of study syllabi and text-books when necessary, or by attendances at local technical schools. The instructors for this training will not be resident at Stations, as there will not be enough of them, but will visit units according to their requirements.

The scheme does not apply to regulars, except those whose service is expiring: it is mainly for officers, airmen and airwomen who are due to be released at a date remote enough to justify their

taking up the training. Service time will be allotted for all types of training up to six hours per week where possible.

Well, there's "Eve" for you, and now it's up to you to look after yourself: for you're not going to be spoon-fed. And it's no use thinking that there are going to be enough civilian flying jobs to go round: we can tell you once and for all that there won't be. Think of the number of trained pilots there are already, not forgetting prisoners of war, and then consider whether the maximum number of pilots required after the war can come anywhere near it. We can also tell you that *all* good civilian jobs require training, and if you want to get them *you* must see that you secure the training, *and* make the most of it.

So if you're going to get a civvy suit—as many of you are—do your best, while still in the Service, to see that it will fit you properly when you put it on.



*While Sgt. Windle's will be designed to give the girls a treat.*

## Snow Use

NOT that you *can* use snow for any very efficient purpose in the R.A.F.—except perhaps to catch Prune behind the ear with a lump of it when he's shot a particularly offensive line. Snow, in fact, is a bugbear to operations: it accumulates on runways amazingly quickly: it's apt to arrive when you don't expect it; and though it floats very prettily down it's surprisingly heavy to lift up.

Yet your job is to "keep 'em flying." Hence the importance in the old days of shovels, salt, and manpower, plus masses of written gen on how best to combine those three items. There was also that queer-looking snow plough affair which invariably had intricate instructions on how to fit it to every kind of vehicle—except those actually in your M.T. yard!

There is now, however, on airfields, another contraption which does the snow-shifting job more expeditiously. That is "Snogo"—at least that's the name on the packet. (There is also Bros, which is much the same.) This docile monster, if kindly treated, will assimilate anything up to a five- or six-foot drift of snow and deliver it well out of the way—though be careful not to get in that out-of-the-way place yourself, for Snogo is no respecter of rank or person.

Snogo has to have his path prepared for him to a certain extent by the snow ploughs—assuming the M.T. yard can get them fitted to something—but once some nice healthy ridges have been formed at the leeward side of the runway, into action goes Snogo. And all you have to do then is to look on admiringly, occasionally seeing that he doesn't chew up the flare path lighting in his excitement.

Don't, however, think there'll be no more shovel work at all. We regret to announce that there'll always be places where a spot of shovelling does a power of good—at runway intersections, for instance, where Snogo has a habit of shuttle-cocking the snow from one runway to the other *ad infinitum*—unless helped out by manpower.

Of course last year we didn't have much snow. (Comparatively speaking, we hasten to add, in order to avoid indignant letters from far Northern Stations pointing out they were buried for three months.) But this winter we may have snow in real bulk.

And that's the sole object of this piece. Don't get caught out. Remember that clearing snow from airfields whether with or without men, ploughs, Snogo or Bros is no piece of cake. Even the circumstances of its arrival don't make for your convenience. For it doesn't snow when the sun is shining and visibility is good. Yet the moment it does start you're almost blind even on the ground. Add to this the



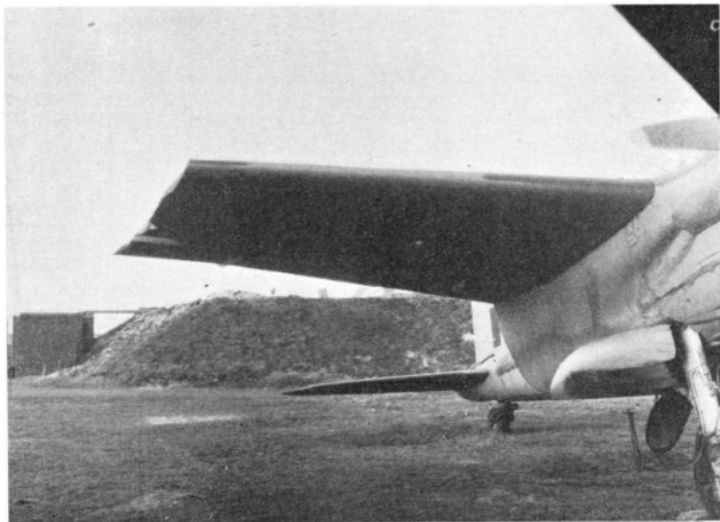
fact that the gremlins who organise the snow have a nasty habit of starting it off at dusk so that you have the added nightmare of darkness to intensify the blindness caused by the snow itself. All this means that to cope with it successfully you've got to be well on the top line.

So we repeat: don't get caught out. Have your plans, your shovels, your snow ploughs and Snogo all ready. Snow use starting looking them out when the first flakes start coming down. Turn up Air Diagram 2796 and A.P. 1441A, Vol. I, Chap. 1, Section 1—and be prepared in advance.

As a matter of fact, we're writing this in advance—on a grilling summer's day, so that it can appear in a late autumn TEE EMM. Unless, of course, we either forget to put it in, or lose it in our Pending Tray, only to find it with the first crocus.

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## *Is Your Accident Really Necessary?*



All Prune's aircraft lose wings.

## Captains Come and Captains Go

WE were talking to a Flight Sergeant member of a Coastal air crew the other day—in TEE EMM's external office, each of us with a foot on the rail—and he produced a bit of a bind. He said "I've seen a lot in TEE EMM about what Captains think and do, or ought to think and do, about their crews, but what about the other side of the picture? I'll tell you something of what air crews think about their Captains, and I dare you to print it."

Well, at the moment we were in the mood to accept a challenge about anything; moreover, we felt it might be helpful for captains to realise some of the opinions their crews hold about them, and why they are considered by those under them to be good captains, or bad captains, or just captains.

So pausing but to order the Flight Sergeant to buy us another pint—what's the use of rank, we always say, if you can't make a bit out of it on the side—we took out our notebook and prepared to get the gen on the Coastal Captain situation. And here it is.



The first captain (so said the Flight Sergeant) that I was under was a Squadron Leader with seven years' experience of flying various types. He was taking a rest from bombers and we could only suppose that he considered it would be restful flying for fourteen hours at a time. His introduction to us was rather unique, especially as it took place at O.T.U., in the ward room of a Sunderland, and went somehow as follows: "My name is —; what are yours? (This was followed by each individual introducing himself and trade), "I hope that we shall all get along together as a happy family, and if at the end of our O.T.U. training any of you wish to join another crew for any reason let me know."

We soon took the sort of liking to him that barnacles take to the hull. It was not so much that he certainly knew how to fly, but principally because he took the keenest interest in every member of the crew and their work. On occasions he would be inside an engine, usually the starboard inner, though why he favoured this one we none of us found out. (Our F.M.E. suggested that he "kept a bottle there," but that was only because the F.M.E. looked after the port engines.)

He would also give a hand at cleaning guns, or would untangle the anchor chain from the main pennant, or anything else that came along. He would even do an occasional boat guard if any member who was on wanted that particular night off. As a result, we did not take any liberties and found that he was Welfare



Officer, Padre and Skipper to us right from the first. Unfortunately we were soon to lose him, as being a Squadron Leader they soon gave him the Squadron to look after. But we certainly remembered him with great respect, and not a little devotion. He really looked after us.

Skipper Number Two was also a good officer type, also taking a keen interest in everything and everyone, even the rigger—which considerably surprised the rigger. He stayed with us a long time, and although he was a Flight Lieutenant he was quite one of the crew. When anything went wrong, and it was beyond the power of “just a Sergeant” to adjust it, a word in the Skipper’s ear and things would start moving.

Being on “boats,” only the necessary members of the crew went to briefing, leaving the engineering types, a couple of W/Ops. and the gunner to go out and get everything ready for take-off, such as getting the aircraft on short slip, engine covers off, doing D.I.’s, etc., not forgetting rations for the trip, and putting the kettle on for a quick brew before take-off.

Then along would come the Skipper, Navigator and W.O.M. with all the necessary gen. Everyone would assemble in the Ward Room and Skipper Number Two would tell us what job we were going on, what we should see, also what to look out for, and then invite any ques-

tions from us at the conclusion of his briefing. That, we felt, was just how things should be, everyone knowing what we were going on and what to expect. During this Ward Room session the cook-cum-rigger-cum-air gunner was also briefed about what meals we would like during the trip. Not that it ever seemed to make any difference! We nearly always had M. & V. or Soya links and beans!

When we were on patrol we were always on the top line and at every ship sighted or contact made, “Action Stations” would be sounded. At night when we came within range, “B” for bombs out would be given “just in case.” The Skipper was determined we should never be caught napping—with cobwebs in hair and on bomb doors. A few hundred rounds would be fired off on the return home, so as to give as many of the crew gunnery practice as possible.

It was just too bad that after some while, Skipper Number Two won himself a hefty dose of malaria and the M.O. had to mark him unfit for flying. He was a real good Skipper who kept his crew so busy and keyed up and on the top line all the time, that you never knew when it was going to be “Bombs out” or “L” for landing. We all considered ourselves a key crew.

Skipper Number Three, also an officer



type, was just the opposite. He turned up with several hundred hours as a second dickie to his credit and after the formal introductions, we once more got down to the job. We were at that time the same crew with the same spirit, but unfortunately we slowly changed. For we saw little of this Skipper except when flying. He told us when we were on a trip and the transport picked us up as usual. One half of the crew went to briefing, leaving the rest to go on board and get things organised for the trip.

Skipper Number Three and company would come on board after briefing and he would want to know if the Form 700 and crew list had been made out, etc., and sign the necessary "chits" himself. Then he vanished on to the bridge and off we went. This happened time and time again, only the selected few knowing where we were going and why. Even the navigator seemed to think that everything was too secret to let the crew know. We began to feel that we could not blame him as after all we were "only the crew," and the authorities had even posted all the riggers, so the crew could not be very important. When



we said to him, "Do you want any turrets manned after dark as we have previously done?" he would reply "No, that's all right—we shan't see anything." We supposed he knew, but you can imagine what eventually happened. The bunks both in the Ward Room and aft were always occupied, the only time anyone was really awake was on take-off and landing, in case of a crash. In short, our keenness to do things very soon went when we found that we, the crew, were being kept in the dark about what we were on, and were being considered as passengers. Naturally we found ourselves acting as such. And so it went on until Skipper Number Three had the requisite number of hours to his credit and along came Number Four.

This Skipper was a type on our own level, who had worked his way through O.T.U. as a Sergeant and was now a Flight Sergeant. He was the Captain and we respected him as such, at the same time expecting to get a few of the stooge jobs, as we had an N.C.O. skipper. We let him know our likes and dislikes and he did likewise. He did not try to introduce any "bull" as we half expected he might, but made a point of seeing that things were done, and if anything went wrong he was never backward in tackling the Flight Commander and getting it put right.

When on the job our crew spirit returned, for once more we were given all the gen. He would also occasionally give us the gen over the intercom about anything which cropped up after take-off, such as shipping in the area or diversion.

We found that all these little things made a lot of difference to the crew

spirit in general, as nobody had to be told more than once to do any particular job. We were only too sorry when he left us for a well-earned rest. Very soon afterwards we went for a rest also and so never got to know our Skipper Number Five.

On the whole we considered ourselves very lucky, but not all Coastal crews can say the same.

Well, there's a true record of "Captains I have Served Under" by an air crew member of a flying boat. Some captains, we are sure, can learn something from it. And that is: If you want to be a good Captain and earn the respect and confidence of those under you, tell your crews all about the job they are going on and take an interest in them personally; otherwise they are going to lose interest in you and the job and think that they are passengers. And then before long you will find you are carrying them as passengers.



"I bet Prime's the captain of that aircraft."



## What the Docs are Doing

THE R.A.F. Medical Branch aren't solely concerned with keeping your tummy in order or patching you up when you crash. They have other mysterious activities, not the least of which you'll find is book publishing. For we've just come in from lunch and discovered a shoal of pamphlets dumped on our desk, which our staff informs us were sent by "Deegeemess."

This sounded like one of the minor characters in *Hiawatha*—"By the shores of Gitche Gunee rested Deegeemess the wise one," but it turned out to be "D.G.M.S.," otherwise Director-General of Medical Services, or Number One Topside Doc.

Not having anything more important to do at the moment, we'll try to tell you about these pamphlets, which are

primarily designed to help in the instructing of aircrew under training. They embody the practical results of constant medical research into all sorts of air crew problems. We might point out with pride that we have given the gist of a large part of them in various TEE EMM articles over the last three years, and we'll refer you back to these as we go along.

The first pamphlet we pick up is called "Notes on Prevention of Fatigue in Flying Personnel"—A.P. 154. (Not what we personally would call the snappiest of titles, but you can't have everything.) Briefly it tells air crews how to realise when they are getting tired and in what particular way (Prune says he never has any difficulty over *this*) and above all what to do about it.



*Prune never has any difficulty in realising when he's tired.*

Fatigue can be dangerous, owing to its impairment of flying efficiency; but if you are forewarned, you're forearmed and so can largely provide for and offset this impairment.

TEE EMM articles on this subject are: "Get Your Eight Hours" (August, 1941); "On Keeping Awake" (February, 1943); "That Tired Feeling" (April, 1943); and "Those Late Nights" (September, 1943).

The next pamphlet is "Health Hints for Warm Climates" (A.M.P. 160), and this is a very important one. Everyone going abroad to the tropics or subtropics—particularly for the first time—should see that he gets a copy of this—and reads it. It's perhaps not an exaggeration to say that out East or in Africa almost as much damage to the efficiency of a squadron has been, and still is, caused by illness as by the enemy. Yet much of the illness is avoidable, *if* you know what to do and what not to do.

TEE EMM articles on the subject are "Keeping Fit in Hot Climates" (September, 1942); and "So You're Posted Overseas" (November, 1943).

Next we have "Hints on Night Vision" (A.M.P. 158). The title is self-explanatory. Among other things the pamphlet proves that good night vision is not just luck—"some 'as it, some 'asn't"—but a quality which can be definitely improved by exercises, practice and skilful application. This is not only of interest to night fighters: it is of great value to all—even to civilians trying to get about London at night.

TEE EMM articles on the subject are: "A Note on Night Vision" (August,

1941); "Using Your Eyes at Night" (September, 1942); and "Oh, Pilot, What Good Eyes You've Got!" (August, 1943).

Our fourth pamphlet—again one of those pithy titles—is "Synopsis of Physiology of High Altitude Flying" (A.M.P. 120). This tells you what effects high flying has on the human machine and what to do about it.

TEE EMM articles on the subject are: "A Pain in the Ear" (January, 1941); and "When It's Black-out Time for Pilots" (October, 1942). The importance of dressing properly for high flying is covered in "Brass Monkeys, I" (June, 1943); "Brass Monkeys, II" (July, 1943); and "Letters to an Air Gunner No. III" (September, 1942).

Next we have "Oxygen Sense" (A.M.P. 165). The importance of taking oxygen correctly and in good time cannot be over-stressed, because the chief effect of lack of oxygen is a feeling of terrific over-confidence which makes you think you can get on perfectly all right without it. And remember this: it is *not* pansy to take oxygen, though there are still people who think they're too tough to need it. They don't look very tough when they're explaining their theory a little later to St. Peter.

TEE EMM articles on the subject are: "Oxygen and All That" (June, 1941); "Letters to an Air Gunner, No. III" (September, 1942); and "What Lack of Oxygen Does to a Guy" (October, 1943).

The last pamphlet is "First Aid and Early Treatment of Burns" (A.M.P. 168). This is really for medical officers only, but while we're on the subject we'd like to point out that M.O.'s often



*If you'd worn your oxygen mask you couldn't be here.*

have to treat burns which are really quite avoidable in the first place. The reason is that some air crews won't wear their flying clothing properly, particularly helmet and goggles, or keep it in good condition.

An important TEE EMM article on the subject is: "A Burnt Child Dreads the Fire" (June, 1944).

Well, that's all we can do for you to-day, or for Deegeemess either. We recommend you to get hold of any of the above literature that interests you, or which you haven't seen already, from either the Station Adjutant, your Squadron Commander or your Medical Officer. There's much in them of real value. We also recommend you to re-read your TEE EMM articles. Back numbers available on request.



## There's Been an Accident!



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

*Ten Killed—Tell Your Navigator—Anson on Fire—Wilful Disobedience—Showing Off—That High Ground Again*

**A** SUNDERLAND on a night navigational exercise was briefed to fly from Oban—Colinway—Barra Head—St. Kilda; thence to several sea positions. St. Kilda was covered with cloud and the aircraft apparently decided to fly through this cloud over the island. Unfortunately it flew at a height of 700 feet straight *into* the island. Once again the death of ten men and the loss of a valuable aircraft were necessary to prove that you must know the heights of the high ground on your route and that you must not fly through cloud at a height lower than that level. For St. Kilda, as shown on all maps and charts, is 1,390 feet at its highest point.

While on a night exercise the pilot of an Anson suddenly decided when on the last leg to reduce height to 2,000 feet. His reason for doing this is unknown, for the weather was good, there being only 3-5/10° cloud at 4,000 feet. Unfortunately he did not tell his navigator what he had done, or the latter would have been able to warn him that the ground over which he was flying was well over 1,300 feet, which was not a very big margin in the bumpy conditions they were experiencing. As a result a sudden strong down-draught was experienced, the aircraft lost height and before the pilot could lift it, he crashed on the top of a hill 1,315 feet high. The fact of his taking matters into his own hands without telling his navigator was the more reprehensible in that he had not been able to attend the briefing himself and should have realised that the navigator would therefore be in possession of information about the high ground on the route which he himself did not possess.

It's possible that the following particular accident may never occur again, still you might as well hear about it.

An Anson carrying three passengers with kit and equipment suddenly for no ascertainable reason caught on fire in the nose. The fire got out of control and the aircrew had to be ditched. It turned out that much of the kit had been stored in the nose, including some fully-charged Sten gun magazines. In an Anson there is a cockpit heating pipe which passes forward along the side of the aircraft and has an open end in the nose. In this case the heating was not turned off, and the ammunition was inadvertently placed close to the open end of the pipe. Some of it went off, set fire to the blankets, and there you are !

A Warrant Officer was detailed to carry out a short acceptance air test in a Hurricane. He was given general instructions for the flight and his Flight Commander emphasised that it was to be a short air test only with "no fooling about." Within thirteen minutes he was dead and his aircraft was a total loss—so that it wasn't new for very long. He had stalled at low speed at insufficient height to allow him to regain control. In point of fact he had been attempting for no earthly reason whatever to formate on an Oxford at 1,000 feet. Contributing factors were stated to be "disobedience of flying orders, non-compliance with briefing when authorised to fly, wilful disobedience and poor airmanship."

A Sergeant Pilot of a Spitfire was sent off to carry out a gun and aileron test, but half-an-hour later was flying low over his father's house.

Only six weeks previously he had carried out the same stunts at a low altitude in order to show his father how well he could fly, but this time on his second run across the village and up a valley the far side, he failed to allow sufficiently for the steepness of the hill side and crashed into it. And on this occasion his father saw how badly he could fly, for he killed himself instantly.

Five men were killed in an Anson during a night exercise. The cause was the same old one: the pilot flew out of cloud into high ground while trying to find out where he was. Having encountered cloud when half-way through the exercise, the pilot should either have climbed to at least 3,000 feet, the briefed safety height, or else have descended on an S.E. course, so as to secure visual contact with the coast, the route of the exercise being specially designed for this emergency. The pilot, however, did neither. Instead he dived down through cloud to pin point himself without knowing exactly where he was.

## Careless Flying Costs Lives

## This Month's Prunery



**THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER** (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to Flight Lieutenant — for an Astounding Display of his Knowledge of Airmanship.

This officer walked into the Navigational Training Office at the Air Ministry and requested the loan of some maps, as he wished to fly a light aircraft solo up to a Station near Edinburgh. He brushed aside the query as to whether he wanted large-scale or small-scale maps by stating he did not know the difference.

A Joint to the Order is awarded him for scorning the offer of plotting instruments for his pre-flight preparation and starting to measure his track and distance on a display map on the wall with a piece of thick string attached to a nearby electric light pendant. He further scorned a log sheet and—when he had finally been persuaded to draw and measure proper track lines on his maps—merely jotted the data down on a dirty bit of paper.

Another Joint is awarded him for not standing any nonsense from Magnetic Variation, in that, when it was suggested he might take it into account, he airily replied "Oh well, I'll just bung on an extra ten degrees," though the variation for the trip averaged twelve degrees and was as much actually as thirteen for the whole of the last stage.

A third Joint is awarded him for stating that (i) he hadn't checked whether he had sufficient fuel but would "bog down somewhere en route if I'm running low"; (ii) he wasn't going to bother with applying met. winds or marking a D.R. time scale on his map for guidance, as "I'm going to map-read all the way"; and (iii) regarding the second stage over the entirely featureless moors of Cumberland, he'd be O.K. till he got to the Firth of Forth "and then I shall come down on the north side and follow the railway line through the valley to my base."

A final Joint is awarded him for discovering after half an hour had been spent over all the above that he was Duty Officer that day and so could not go after all.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Sub-Lieutenant (A) — for Touching Faith in his Ability to Keep his Seat under All Circumstances.

Attempting to land on his carrier, he failed to connect properly, opened up again too late and actually put his hook in the sea before pulling out.

Back in the Crew Room he displayed profound knowledge of his ditching drill by saying, "I was so sure I was going into the drink that I had already undone my Sutton Harness."



### RUNNING THE FLIGHT DECK

SOME while ago we had a couple of articles on "Batsmen"—or Deck Landing Control Officers. Since then we've thought no more about them—except that we've been given a funny picture called *Corps de Battet* to hang in our office. Now we've received what the writer describes as "a drip," pointing out that a batsman is not always batting and that we made no mention of his "spare-time" job—that of Flight Deck Officer.

So as constant dripping will wear away even TEE EMM, here's a piece on the Flight Deck Officer aspect of the D.L.C.O.'s job.

The average Flight Deck Officer's firm belief is that, because his job is (a) unglamorous and (b) dashed hard work, there is purposely very little mention of it in those Fleet Orders which are purely designed to attract ingenious Sub-Lieutenants into the more public life of a Batsman and which therefore try not to let on that he won't be batting all the time by a very long chalk. The object of this article, then, is to supply a few tips—by "Trial out of Error," that well-known racing strain, for the benefit of those unhappy citizens

who find themselves having to organise a Flight Deck from scratch with very little experience behind them.

First—Flight Deck Parties. ("I'm all for a party," says S/Lt. Swingint, "wherever it's held, as long as the drink holds out"; but we have to break it to him that it's not that sort of party.) With the increase in the number of carriers, the members of a Flight Deck Party are likely to be raw conscripts straight out of barracks. Even the Petty Officer will probably come straight from destroyers, never having seen an aircraft near enough to touch. In a normal working up period of six or eight weeks you have to teach this somewhat awkward handful how to handle aircraft in all sorts of weather, and by day and night.

The first thing is the actual pushing and shoving. At first they *will* try to treat a Barracuda like a naval cutter (which nothing on God's earth will smash); and so a good idea is to get them together in front of a blackboard and illustrate, by means of drawings, the inviolability of pitot heads, ailerons, elevators and what-have-you. Having shown them what not to push



*Lightweights disappear over the stern.*

on, or, worse still, pull on, continual vigilance is essential. Otherwise you'll be getting frequent complaints from the riggers who have to straighten out the aerials, and from the pilots who find their A.S.I.'s are reading 15 knots high.

Two other peculiarities of aircraft which newly joined sailors like to disregard are propellers and slipstream. On the principle of "What yer carn't see carn't 'urt yer," many a matlow is apt to treat propellers at night time as just a pleasant little toy thought up to amuse the kids. To avoid bloodshed and men overboard, never allow anyone to indulge in strolls round the stern of an aircraft which has its engine running, even though there isn't another behind it; and never permit chockmen to stand up while aircraft are still taking off. If you do, it's only a matter of time before some lightweight disappears over the stern, chocks and all. Lie flat and

keep flat is the only password to survival.

Next—ranging aircraft. Working up is usually done in smooth seas, in moderate winds; and your first dirty weather may hit you by surprise. If there is much movement on the ship, or the wind is high, it is worth having men with chocks standing by the wheels whenever aircraft are on the move. And if you haven't enough men, only handle one aircraft at a time. The difference between having an aircraft under control and having one over the side is often very slight, and learning this slight difference by bitter experience should be avoided if possible. There are few more helpless feelings than that of watching a kite you're in charge of lurch irrevocably down the deck into the sternwalk or the wake.

Another safeguard against this is lashings. Every carrier heels as she turns into wind; and a good gust under a wing may wreak unimagined havoc in a big range. Light rope lashings, with a quick-release toggle on the wing-end, are a good investment. (Rope is always in demand at sea, and you'll find your lashings disappear as fast as you can make them unless guarded with zeal amounting almost to fanaticism.)

Next—fire. Fires resulting from prangs on deck are, on the whole, rare; which means that the first one nearly always takes everybody by surprise. Foam generators, hand extinguishers and CO<sub>2</sub> machines should be manned for every landing, because the aircraft that burns always seems to be the one when everybody's got their heads down.

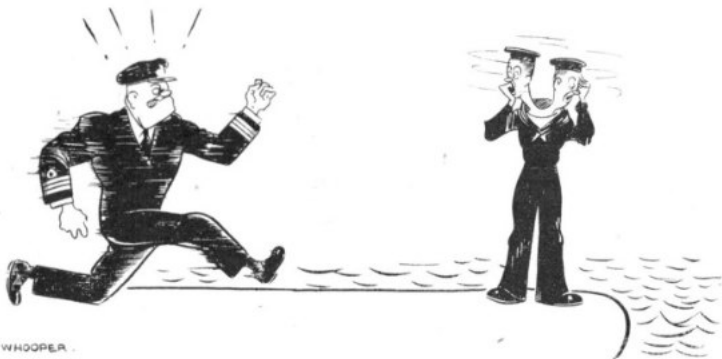
Foam generators are a bit tricky, especially if they're not cleaned out properly after being used, and every

member of the F.D. Party should know how to use one without having to take time off to read the instructions on the side. The asbestos man gets a lot of publicity, but for the most part he's too clumsy in those massive gloves (which won't, for instance, grip a Sutton Harness quick release pin) and those vast feet (which won't fit into the normal steps) to be much use. Though of great value in many cases, speedy decisions and speedy actions, especially in getting people out of cockpits, are surer and more important weapons.

Indeed, the whole business of speed, in releasing hooks after catching a wire,

in getting chocks away, and in all the aspects of aircraft handling, is vital; but to the layman, rather mystifying. It is therefore worth explaining to the F.D. Party why things have to be done quickly. Why, for instance, it is important that the ship should be kept into wind for as short a time as possible; why, when aircraft are needed most, they are needed in a hurry, and so on.

It is worth explaining, too, how much depends on them. The school of ignorance and brute force may result in equal efficiency; but, taking a long-term view, it is always worth while trying to give a reason for things.



WHOPPER

*Is it always worth trying to give a reason for things?*

**Prune says—**

— he knows one reason—apart from courts-martial—why he'll never be promoted to Flying Officer. Why F.O. also stands for "Finger Out."

## Some Plotting Tips

THE following has been sent us by an enterprising member of the Navigators' Union. He belongs to the Group which has been responsible for the transportation of troops and equipment throughout the recent airborne operations in Europe.

The ideas are not claimed to be original, and it is only possible to practise the examples in a limited manner and when certain conditions are ideal, but the real virtue of these "short cuts" lies in their simplicity.

### Example 1

The navigator is required to give an immediate accurate new course to the destination, having obtained a pin-point at 10.12 hours (see Fig. 1), where :—

AE = Required Track.

AB = Air Distance in 12 minutes.

AC = Track made good.

BC = Wind Vector for 12 minutes.

Method :—

- (i) Plot new required track CE.
- (ii) Produce Wind Vector BC, through C to point D, down wind, so that  $CD = BC$ .
- (iii) With radius AB (Air Distance in 12 minutes), and Centre D, describe an arc cutting the required track at F.
- (iv) Then DF is the new course to steer to reach E. CF will be the new ground speed.

It is claimed that the plotting involved can be accomplished in 25 seconds, and it is pointed out that the accuracy of the course is indirectly proportional to the speed of the plotting.

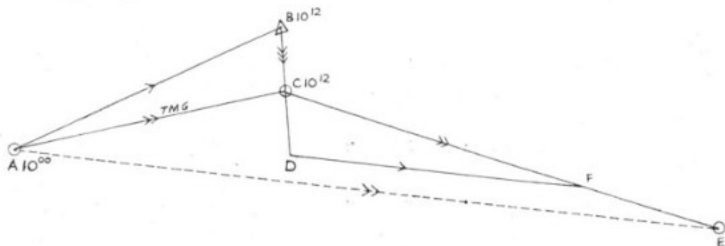


FIG. 1.

### Example 2

This is a slight refinement of Example 1, using an additional three minutes after

pin-pointing, to DR ahead of the aircraft, in order to produce a more accurate course to steer (see Fig. 2).

Method :—

- (i) Establish Air Position G, for three minutes after the time of pin-pointing.
- (ii) Insert Wind Vector from Air Position G, parallel to BC, cutting track made good at H, producing this line and making HD equal in length to GH.
- (iii) Continuing in the same manner as in Example 1 from point D, find new course to steer, DF.

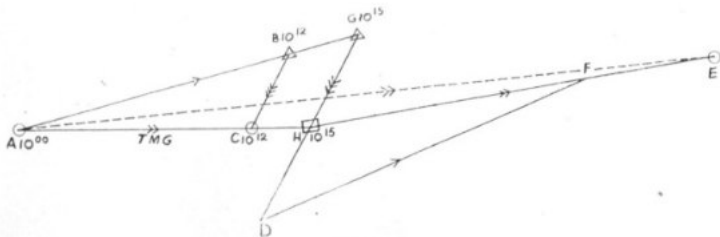


FIG. 2.

### Example 3

The Navigator is required to amend scheduled time of flight to arrive at destination on a planned ETA, necessitating an alteration of course and a change of air speed. There are numerous occasions when this procedure is desirable (see Fig. 3). (We interrupt the programme at this point to tell you a story. And it's nothing to do with navigation either. A man once had a tame octopus of which he was very fond. So when its birthday came along he gave it, what it had always longed to possess, a set of bagpipes. The octopus was delighted and took them away into a room to play them by itself. After a while a terrible noise was heard—worse than even bagpipes usually make. The man rushed into the room and found that, instead of the octopus playing the bagpipes, the bagpipes were now playing the octopus. . . . Are you wondering why we have butted in so rudely and irrelevantly upon our contributor's article? Well, we'll come clean. If we hadn't taken up this space, all the written stuff of Example 3 would have come on this page instead, while the diagram to which it refers would have had to go overleaf. But thanks to our interruption you can now have both words and diagram together on the same page and won't have to flip back and forth referring from one to t'other. A kindly thought was it not? We'll leave you now, while you turn over.)

Method :—

- (i) Find and plot Wind Velocity as in Examples 1 and 2.
- (ii) Plot ahead, say, for three minutes air and DR positions. (10.15 hours).
- (iii) Lay in Wind Direction through target, parallel to Wind Vector BC.
- (iv) Establish in advance the Air Position (I) at the planned T.O.T., by allowing 30 minutes of wind.
- (v) Connect 10.15 Air Position and pre-computed Air Position for T.O.T. point I. This is the new course. The new Air Speed to fly may now be computed on the Dalton, knowing the Air Distance to travel and the time available to do so.

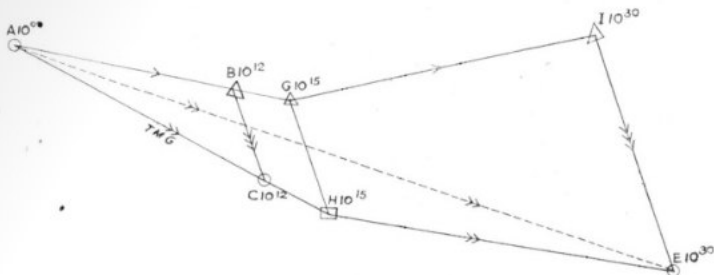


FIG. 3.

### Learn from the Other Fellow's Mistakes

FROM a report: "Wing leader saw 1 Spitfire going north at 1,000 feet and called that he would join him, but Spitfire turned on its back and pilot baled out, the aircraft crashing into the sea in flames. The parachute opened but the pilot released his gear when still 60 feet above the water. Wing leader left his No. 2 orbiting the spot and himself climbed, giving fixes to 10,000 feet. He then went down to sea level and saw pilot apparently unconscious or dead in Mae West, his dinghy not inflated."

It is the hardest thing in the world to judge your distance above water when dangling on a parachute, so always wait until your feet strike the water before releasing your harness.



He said he couldn't fly nearly so well when wearing  
his Sutton harness.

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.



BY HOOPER,  
ARTIST TO THE  
MAGAZINE AND  
KIDZ PUBLISHER

-s'all right ma,  
he's read his

**PILOT'S NOTES**