TEE EMM

Vol IV No: 10

1944 Christmas + New Year 1945

Vol. 4 No. 10 **TEE EMM** January, 1945

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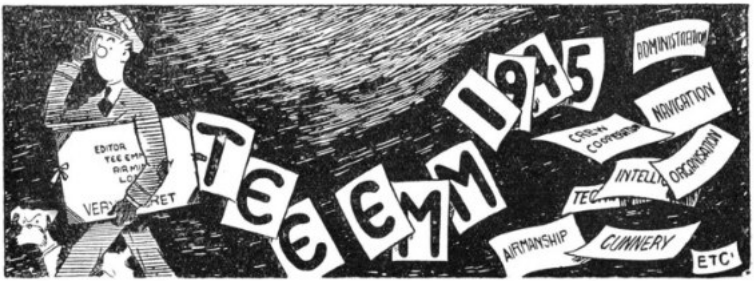
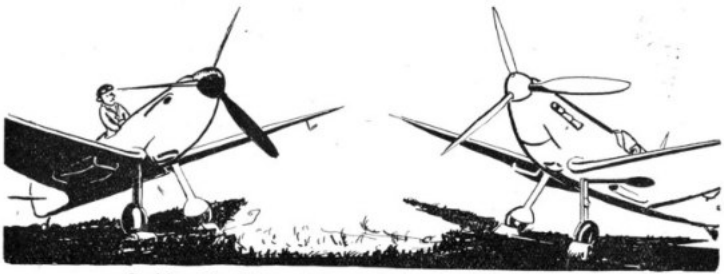
Pilot Officer Prune ***says***— *"Take* Tee Emm *regularly ! Prevents that* ***Thinking Feeling !"***



I offer to the readers of Tee Emm my best wishes for a Happy Christmas and for all success in 1945,

C. Portal.

Air Chief Marshal, Chief of the Air Staff.



Good bye, old pal, I've got that guy who doesn't read his Pilot's Notes.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year!

Believe it or not, our fourth Christmas Number! Tee Emm wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a New Year which with any luck will be happier than the last because it will see the final defeat of the Hun.


A Merry Xmas
To All.

A PAT ON THE BACK

HRM! Clearing our throat modestly, we beg to announce that we, the Air/Sea Rescue Service, have just been given a pat on the back by the War Cabinet for having recently saved our umpteen thousandth life. They did not give us a dinner at the Ritz because none of us could be spared from the task of making our total number up to umpteen umpteen thousand—or so they said.

While we were basking in a rosy glow of satisfaction and generally thinking what a clever lot of chaps we were, a scientific research bloke walked into the directorial office. We had purposely left our gilt-framed diploma on the visitor's chair so that any caller would learn, apparently by chance, what splendid company he was in, a routine which had so far invariably resulted in still more congratulations; but this time it didn't work.

This scientific bloke, this unspeakable spoil-sport, spread a sheaf of statistics over our nice diploma and began to lecture us. He pointed with his slide-rule to figures which, even through the mist of our dissolving pride, we could not refute. His harangue boiled down to this—we had saved umpteen thousand lives, but there was a greater umpteen thousand who had ditched and whom we had *not* saved. This made us sit up and demand facts—which he produced. These facts should interest you, if you are in the running for being one of those whom we shall save, or one of those whom we shall not save. Pay your money and take your choice.

The analysis shows:—

(*a*) Roughly half the ditchings, during the representative period studied, were first reported by sighting from land, sea or air, and in only a small proportion of the total were S.O.S. signals received prior to ditching;

(*b*) A considerable proportion of losses and of long-delayed rescues were due to inefficiency in ditching drill;

(*c*) Further losses and delayed rescues were due to not making full use of the dinghy equipment after a successful ditching and get-away;

(*d*) The proportion of missing aircraft which ditch is greater than is generally supposed; even allowing quite a big margin for those in which radio communication was really impossible, had the remainder made a timely S.O.S.

the number of our customers would have been doubled.

Well, there it is! It speaks for itself, doesn't it? The only bright spot in the analysis was that there was little evidence of failure of equipment due to bad maintenance.

Now we are always trying to improve your chance of rescue by improving equipment, simplifying it and providing for better instruction. For instance, for some dinghy and equipment trials recently we called for a volunteer bomber crew, whom we bunged into a dinghy in the North Sea and kept under observation from a trawler, until the sea was so rough during a gale that the trawler crew could scarcely stand. The dinghy, however, was still going fine. Scientists, Air/Sea rescue experts and a doctor took turns at riding with the bomber crew to observe what they did throughout their long spells day and night, in weather which ranged from fairish to most foul. The observers only observed; they kept silent when any of the crews did not do the right thing. We learned a lot: the bomber crew learned more! After seven days sick leave they went back to normal duty determined to learn and to practise all they could—all every air crew should learn and practise—so as to ensure that if they do ditch they will give the Air/Sea Rescue Service a 100 per cent. chance to bring them back.

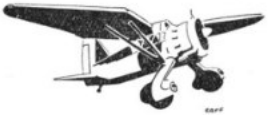
Prune says it's their *job to rescue him,* he's *not worrying.*

The A.S.R.S. has been compared with a fire brigade, most of whose calls originate by telephone from householders or watchmen on the scene of the fire. There is then a first-class chance for the fire brigade to do its stuff because they know the exact address and can go straight to the scene of the fire. This is what happens when the captain of an aircraft gives timely warning of his intention to ditch, and his wireless operator is able to transmit long enough for a series of fixes to be taken. The captain, therefore, should get his W/T cracking as soon as the possibility of ditching is apparent. Don't wait to make sure you are going to ditch.

There is a second class of calls which both the Fire Brigade and the Air/Sea Rescue Service also answer, namely those which originate from the chance observer. If you have the slightest excuse you can bash the fire alarm and watch the apparently magic appearance of a great shining brass fire engine with bells on. Likewise, Air/Sea Rescue aircraft and launches get into action at the slightest smell of smoke—we are getting a bit mixed, but the point is that if your house is on fire it is better, far better, to 'phone the fire brigade yourself

than to leave it until the wires are burnt and your only hope is that some passer-by will see the fire and give the alarm. Even then, it may be Prune who happens along, and as a result of *his* directions the fire brigade will probably go searching for a fire in the next county. *No*, originate the S.O.S. yourself as early as you can, get it acknowledged, give opportunity for one or two first-class fixes—and do not leave it to Prune in some other aircraft. If you find things are not so bad, you only have to cancel the S.O.S.—but don't *forget* to cancel it, lest some other aeronaut is asking for the aid which we have sent speeding towards you.

In the meantime, we have covered our diploma with a copy of that slide-rule merchant's analysis, (*a*), (*b*), (*c*), (*d*) above. Turn back and read those four short sentences—it may pay *you* a dividend and help us to uncover our nice diploma again.



THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN

"Nothing to do with me this time," says Prune.

Can this happen on your Station ? Or are you all on the top line and don't always take things for granted ?

On August 6th R.A.F. Station Fingerin sent to A.P.F.S. London, a demand for 200 copies of Pilot's Notes. These were sent off on the 9th, but on August 18th R.A.F. Fingerin, not having received them, despatched a hastening signal, a letter on August 24th and a further demand on August 29th. To all of this A.P.F.S. replied that the Pilot's Notes had been sent on 9th and gave details.

Station Fingerin thereupon started a search and found that they had in fact received the Pilot's Notes on August 10th. They had, however, received from A.P.F.S. Harrogate, on the same day, a similar sized parcel containing an Air Almanac. This having been opened, it was at once assumed that the other parcel was an Air Almanac too, and when later it turned out that the Navigation Officer didn't want any Air Almanacs, both parcels were sent back to A.P.F.S.

A fresh demand for 200 copies of Pilot's Notes was thereupon . . . but this is where we came in.

Our point is that this isn't just an isolated instance. It's all too common. In *at least* 90 per cent. of the cases of non-arrival of Pilot's Notes which the P.N. experts have probed, the fault has been found to lie with the unit. Yet the first reaction of the unit has invariably been "A.P.F.S. are N.B.G."

Watch it !

LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY

"RIGHT you are!" says Prune, making for his running shoes, and we are constrained to point out to our gallant but dim-brained friend that the above title is to be taken as a command, and not a statement of the effective but inglorious result of running away during battle.

We are, in fact, in this series going to give you some (we hope) valuable hints on how to survive after crashing—always assuming, of course, you have survived the crash itself.

By surviving we mean keeping the actual spark of life going in the human body, and we refer particularly of course to crashes or forced landings in those areas where help is not likely to be forthcoming for some while. This largely rules out the European theatre of war where the land, and to some extent the sea, are fairly densely populated; and anyway you have efficient organisations like Mountain Rescue and A.S.R.S. waiting to "service" you practically before you've crashed. We propose therefore to deal with survival in tropical seas, jungle lands, and deserts. And between you and me and the TEE EMM post many of you are quite likely to find yourselves operating over these furrin parts before the Monkey-men have been finally dealt with.

Here's our first article.

I. *Survival in Tropical Seas*

Here you'll probably find yourself, after the crash, in a dinghy—a minute speck on the ocean and nothing to see except a puddle or so of oil from your vanished aircraft.

The first thing to do in this, as in every crash, is to tend any injuries you or your companions have sustained. Even supposedly minor injuries may turn out to be the limiting factor in survival.

Tropical seas being naturally fairly warm seas—surface water 70° F. and up—the question of exposure to cold is not pressing, although before you throw away any clothing remember that you can be very chilly at night. The great enemy here is insufficient drinking water. By the water available is largely determined your chances of doing that spot of fighting another day. Without any water at all, the medicos tell us, a man may just survive for seven days and that

period is, you'll be glad to hear, the average time before rescue comes. But we said "average" which means you may click for the outer bracket—so pay attention.

The whole question of water for the human body is one of intake and output. The living body has to have water in it, but it gives it off in many ways. The more water therefore, that can be retained in the tissues the less water needs to be taken in; which means that a normally inadequate water supply can be rendered adequate by preventing, or at least delaying, body dehydration—to use the fashionable modern term.

The most important way in which the body loses water is by sweating; and every possible precaution should be taken against this. Here are some:

The wearing of thin porous clothing completely covering the body, if the sun is shining. This prevents heat absorption and the sweating that comes as a result. Don't, however, wrap yourself in the dinghy apron, if the weather is hot.

Moistening your clothes in sea water during the hottest part of the day. The evaporation of the sea water keeps the body cool and thus helps it to hold its water—or, catching Prune's eye, perhaps we should say retain its normal moisture. But have the clothing dry by evening or you may catch a chill and so shorten your survival period in another manner.

Rigging up a canopy over the dinghy, shading you from the sun, but open to the breeze. This again prevents heat absorption.

Taking seasick pills—particularly during the first day or so in the dinghy. Seasickness produces pretty rapid dehydration.

Avoidance as far as possible of protein foods, i.e., fish flesh, sea bird flesh, entrails, etc. These need quite a bit of body water to get rid of the nitrogenous waste through the usual channels. Protein foods are for this reason not usually supplied in emergency rations, the immediate retention of water being much more important than feeding protein to the body which can manage for a long while without it. Remember, by the way, that the blood of turtles or fish or sea birds is not a substitute for water, but a protein food.

Of all the water that your body will lose if you just lie in the sun you can save three quarters by attending to the above precautions, leaving one quarter to be supplied by drinking. So you will see that these water conservation measures are just as important, even more important, than getting supplies of water to drink, though over a period of weeks there will be constant slow dehydration. (Prune says he's getting sick of that word: if ever he has to enter for the survival stakes he swears he'll be known as Dehydrated Plum for the rest of his life.)

So much for reducing water output. Now for increasing intake, obviously by increasing your sources of water—other than the emergency supplies.

Well, rain is of course the best bet, for there are very few tropical seas which don't get some rain. When it comes, it should be caught and stored by every means available. Remember, though, one of the best ways of storing it is to drink all you possibly can at once. This catches up with your body losses to date and plumps out those dehydrated tissues for the future.

Next there is the almost magic equip-

ment (supplied in the kit) for taking the salt out of sea water. Instructions on how to play go with it.

Remember no matter how thirsty you become you should *never* succumb to the temptation to drink sea water; it is always disastrous. And you may need to keep a close watch on other crew members to prevent them doing so, if conditions become serious.

Though lack of water is the primary enemy, remember that your health is pretty important too. Severe salt water sores or sunburn, for instance, may put you on the sick list and largely negative all your water economy campaign.

The only real way to tackle sunburn is to prevent it. This can be done by keeping all exposed parts of your body covered up. Don't put on a big Tarzan-in-the-Tropics act and strip to the waist —or you'll soon find you've had it. If you haven't got a wide-brimmed hat, try to improvise some kind of broad head-covering, fasten your socks over your trousers to protect feet, ankles and shins, and use sunburn cream on any part that has to be exposed.

Prune says he's *got a wide-brimmed hat.*

The eyes, too, need watching; they should be protected from glare, either by a flap of cloth or by dark glasses; and, if sore, use boracic ointment on the eyelid rims.

Salt water sores are an unpleasant malady which may occur to the best of you. They don't seem to be caused by the action of salt water alone, so you can safely wet your clothing; but, if you already have a scratch or cut, salt water may make this inflamed so you should try to keep this part dry.

A final distressing, though luckily not universal, complaint from which you may suffer after long exposure is "Immersion foot." This comes from inactivity and lying prone, which causes stagnation of the blood circulation. Numbness sets in in the feet, followed by swelling, blotchy red spots, and then blisters.

To prevent all this always loosen your shoes and any other tight clothing, and always try to keep dry below the knees. Raise and lower the legs several times daily, following this with massage and whatever gentle exercise is possible. If, however, the swelling or redness has set in, don't massage, but keep your legs as high as possible. If blisters come don't open them; apply sulfanilamide (from the kit) and, when rescued, don't try to walk.

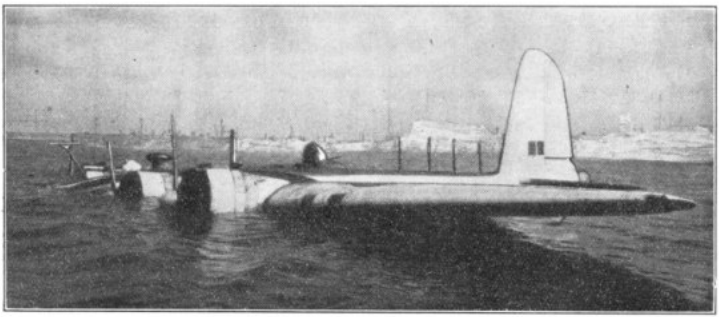
Two other things from which you may also suffer are constipation and oliguria, and we fear that in dinghy-life conditions there is very little you can do to relieve either of these complaints.

Constipation, of course, you know about, but you probably haven't heard of oliguria. It sounds frightening, but it is nothing more nor less than a painful smarting due to your greatly reduced flow of urine becoming very highly concentrated. We only mention it because you may be worried by it. Be assured, however, that though unpleasant, it and constipation are unfortunate but quite normal phenomena to the circumstances.

Well, that's about all for to-day, thank you, and Prune says, Quite enough too! Why, already from the mere reading about these things he's contracted practically everything mentioned including severe dehydration. He states, however, he knows what to do about *that*, and, it being opening time, has left us at a rate of knots in order to do it. But *not*, he says, with rain water.

Prune rehydrates himself.

Is Your Accident Really Necessary?



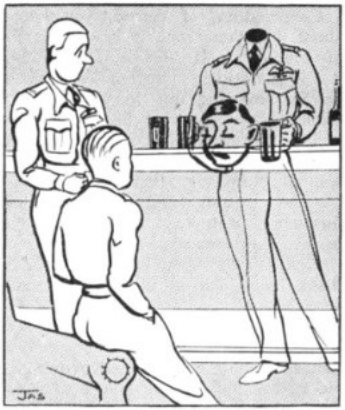
Sunderland—under water

F.A.A.

WE regret that the article intended for our usual F.A.A. page has unavoidably been held over.

Meanwhile we welcome any articles, or suggestions for articles, of particular F.A.A. interest. We know you now have your own publication, "Flight Deck," and ole granfer TEE EMM welcomes the latest addition to the family of service magazines—but you still get your TEE EMM in addition, and we'd like to keep up the F.A.A. page we started some sixteen months ago.

Articles, we repeat, need *not* be written up in TEE EMM or any other style. Give us the basic gen, tell us what it's in aid of and we'll do it for you, invariably sending you the result for comment before publication.



"It's quite easy, chaps: you just come down through cloud, find out where you are, and then . . ."

THE GYRO GUNSIGHT AGAIN

WE had a piece in our October issue about the Gyro Gunsight. Here is a little further gen on the subject. (Don't forget, though, that A.P. 1710A fully describes the sight, and wall diagrams Nos. 4173 Sheets 1–4 which illustrate the Mk. IID (fighter version) are also available).

When correctly used, this sight works out for you the point in space at which your guns must point to hit a moving target; in other words it calculates the deflection and indicates this on the moving graticule. It will do this up to 800 yards range and when the moving graticule is on the target the guns are aiming off by the correct deflection.

Now Sgt. Winde and P.O. Prune think it will do this without any help from them, which is quite wrong; there are certain simple things you must do, before the sight can start working out the answer.

Firstly, you must give the sight the angular velocity of the target and the direction in which the target is moving, and you can only give this information to the sight by careful TRACKING.

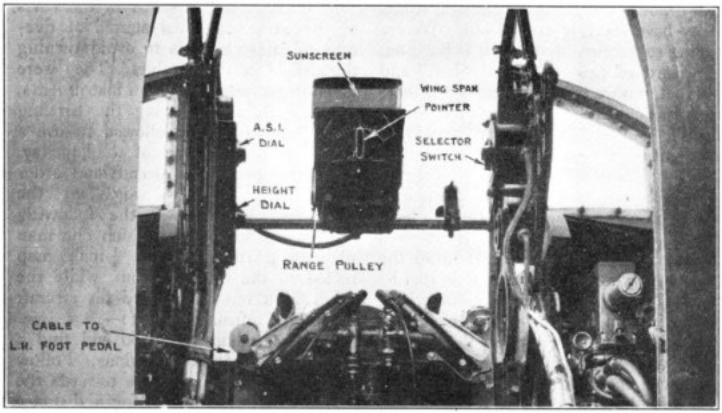
Secondly, you must enable the sight to find the RANGE. To do this you set the enemy span on the span scale in the front of the sight and by operating the range control keep the six dots accurately fitted to the target. (The inside of the dots should touch the target.)

Without these two things, accurate *tracking* and *ranging*, the sight cannot give you the right answer. It is no good firing just because the graticule happens to be on the target ; you must have been carefully tracking and ranging for say one second. After all, it is not much to ask !

With the turret sight, the GGS Mk. IIC, certain other information has to be fed in, namely, height and air speed, which affect gravity drop and bullet trail.

No knowledge of relative speed sighting, the zone system, trigonometry, ballistics or even the speed of enemy aircraft is required to use the GGS successfully—if you are lucky enough to have one. Nor is there any guess work. Very good turret manipulation on the part of the air gunner and flying on the part of the pilot are all that is necessary to win you swastikas.

A fixed graticule is provided which assists you in picking up the target and in tracking. It shows just how much deflection you are allowing when your moving graticule is kept steady on the target, and if your tracking and ranging are good the deflection will quite definitely be correct, even though it may appear to you twice as much as you think it should be. In the event of failure of the moving graticule this fixed graticule is used in exactly the same way as the Mk. IIIA* sight.



The GGS Mk. IIC.

PIN POINT-TO-POINT

AT the request of E.C.F.S., we are now going to tell you all about a very novel navigational exercise which they have recently carried out. We are doing so because we think it is bang on, a wizard scheme, a "Good Sher," and all that, but we must warn all our readers that it is not for any but very experienced pilots, and should not be introduced without official sanction. It is, as will be seen, of considerable training value; it gives free rein to the competitive spirit; and, run on sweepstake lines with a half-crown or so entrance fee, it offers a chance to someone of making a bit on the side, and who can say fairer than that?

This E.C.F.S. exercise was in brief a sort of aerial point-to-point, the horses being Maggies and the riders the crews of two, who had to find pin-points, map-reference them, keep logs, make sketch maps, and so on. For all of this marks were given, and also for petrol consumption, fastest time—but you'll see as we go along.

The crews were briefed in the rules of the game and then started at five-minute intervals—this to avoid turning the airfield into a shambles. They were forbidden to use navigation instruments, rulers, etc., after leaving the briefing room, nor were they allowed to use a map for the first part of the journey. Lots were drawn for aircraft and order of starting; and on the word "go" the first crew was handed the following written instructions, at which one man planned a route on the ¼-inch map nailed to the briefing room, while the other went out and cursed his aircraft engine for refusing to start:—

"Proceed to U.156960 and find a line of electric power pylons. Follow the direction of this line towards the Southern Hemisphere for a distance of 4 (four) miles from the map

reference given. And then find a Tiger Moth parked in a field. Land, and obtain written instructions from the pilot of the Moth. Right-hand circuits.

Your time to touch down is . . ." (*whatever it was for each*).

The thing to note about the above is that it demands the ability to work out, during the panic of a race, a foolproof route to a ground object not marked on the map—probably the most important navigation exercise there is for pilot-navigators. (Incidentally, the E.C.F.S. line-shoots that in a week it can teach any pilot who isn't solid bone from the thorax upwards how to find any pin-point, however small, anywhere in the U.K. in any conditions down to one mile visibility.) Note, too, that touching down at a given time is a very good exercise for modern operations.

The racing element inherent in the whole exercise is also most valuable. Landing in a hurry on a small field dramatically sorts out the man who has failed to note the wind direction en route, or who mixes up flap and trimmer controls. Quick but correct understanding of instructions is also required, rather than jumping to conclusions: for instance, one pair, instead of following *the direction* of the line of pylons at the reference, followed the *line of pylons itself*, which unfortunately changed direction by about 90 degrees some two miles further on. This error put that pair slap out of the race for good.

Twenty marks were given for finding the landing field, less two for each minute early or late on their time.

At this field each team was handed a ¼-inch map with a further list of written instructions of which the first was as under :—

"Proceed to T.9560 and find a tower on a hill 350 yards away. Multiply the number of crenels (these are the gaps between crennellated, or battlemented walls), in the top of the tower by 30 (thirty) and subtract 5 (five) from the result to get a True Bearing. Multiply the number of crenels by 4½ (four and a half) and divide by 10 (ten) to get a distance in miles. Make good this bearing and distance to another tower."

Now there were eight crenels on the tower which meant that the aircraft had thereafter to make good a track (we hope we've got it right) of 235 degrees True for a distance of 3·6 miles. All this involved the pilot—apart from quite a spot of quick arithmetic—in steering the correct compass course, after allowing for variation, deviation and drift; and in working out the time of flight for 3·6 miles at his estimated ground speed. It was, in fact, mental D.R. plus practical navigation.

The second tower was on the top of a hill and only those suffering from chronic ingrowing digitation failed to find it. Here the next two instructions on the list came into force. They were :—

"Count the number of window apertures in the tower, facing 300° T. Multiply the number by 57½ (fifty-seven and a half) to get a True Bearing. Add 1 (one) to the number of windows facing 300° T. to get a distance in miles.

Make good this bearing and distance to find a Searchlight Post. Record the map reference of the Searchlight Post."

Prune likes counting windows.

The number of windows looking W.N.W. was four, and you can work out for yourself (our own arithmetic, we're afraid, is pretty ropey) what was the required track and distance to the Searchlight Post. The marks given for finding the second tower were 20 and for finding and giving the map reference of the S.L. Post were 25. One Maggie-load of pilots, by the way, wanted subsequently to lynch the inventor of the exercise because they steered the track as a compass course instead of True and found a wrong S.L. Post. As if it were *his* fault.

At the S.L. Post the next instruction came into operation, as under :—

> " Do a square search to find a church without a churchyard within 4 (four) miles of the searchlight. Record the map reference of the church position."

The church was, in fact, an " ancient monument " standing by itself in a field, but as each pin-point so far had depended on finding the previous one, it was not perhaps surprising that only four crews made it.

Thirty marks were given for the correct map reference of the church. (Each team was supplied with a marked card which enabled him to subdivide the 10-km. sides of the grid squares on his map.)

After the church episode the final instruction read : Make a sketch map of the area within half a mile of U.0376 giving scale and orientation.

This was a most valuable part of the exercise, for map-sketching is one of the best ways of acquiring basic skill in map-reading.

For finding this correct map-reference 20 marks were given, less 1 mark for each 100 yards error. Up to 30 marks were given for the sketch-map, regardless as to whether it was centred bang on the pin-point or not.

Thereafter the competitors returned home, where 60 marks were given for the fastest time from the touch-down time at the field to returning to the briefing room ; while second best got 50 and the rest 50, less 2 for each minute longer than the fastest. The least gallons used per hour also got 50 marks, the next best 40, and the rest 40, less 1 for each tenth of a gallon per hour in excess of the winner's figure. The idea of this was to discourage flying at maximum revs, but the value of this particular item is doubtful, as it may be that an excessively lean mixture may harm a Gypsy engine more than flying at full throttle.

Finally, up to 25 marks were given for the log kept. Logs were judged chiefly on how well they enabled the track to be

followed by an outsider, the assumption being that if he could follow it afterwards, then the navigator himself would have had no difficulty in following it himself during flight.

The winning pair—in case you are interested—got 242 out of a possible 320. They were second for log, third for petrol, fourth for time and fifth for map-sketch.

Well, there's the idea. We'll end up with just a few tips on preparing schemes of this nature.

Laying out the course is difficult: pin-points must be prominent in themselves and yet not marked on the map. It's also a good thing to make one pin-point depend on another and thus force the navigator to work out course and time in a hurry. Again, it's an excellent idea, if a lane or avenue not marked on the map can be found, to make the pilot track in the direction of this lane for a certain distance; then if he gets the wrong lane, or can't accurately determine the direction of the right one, he's surely had it. The sketch map, too, should be of an area which is not shown in much detail on the map used, yet it must have features with direction, shape, size and so on, to test the sketcher's skill. And remember that unless the course seems dead easy when flown by whoever prepares it, then it's going to be too difficult for the competitors.

Map references, by the way, should all be most carefully checked on the 1-in. map, both for the sake of fairness and for the personal safety of the umpire—if he wishes to avoid subsequent mayhem.

The umpire's personal safety is often at stake.

THANK YOU, KIND SIR

We're rather partial
To a certain Air Chief Marshal
Who kindly praised what we try to teach
In an after-lunch speech.

Prune likes counting windows.

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After the church episode the final instruction read : Make a sketch map of the area within half a mile of U.0376 giving scale and orientation.

This was a most valuable part of the exercise, for map-sketching is one of the best ways of acquiring basic skill in map-reading.

For finding this correct map-reference 20 marks were given, less 1 mark for each 100 yards error. Up to 30 marks were given for the sketch-map, regardless as to whether it was centred bang on the pin-point or not.

Thereafter the competitors returned home, where 60 marks were given for the fastest time from the touch-down time at the field to returning to the briefing room ; while second best got 50 and the rest 50, less 2 for each minute longer than the fastest. The least gallons used per hour also got 50 marks, the next best 40, and the rest 40, less 1 for each tenth of a gallon per hour in excess of the winner's figure. The idea of this was to discourage flying at maximum revs, but the value of this particular item is doubtful, as it may be that an excessively lean mixture may harm a Gypsy engine more than flying at full throttle.

Finally, up to 25 marks were given for the log kept. Logs were judged chiefly on how well they enabled the track to be

followed by an outsider, the assumption being that if he could follow it afterwards, then the navigator himself would have had no difficulty in following it himself during flight.

The winning pair—in case you are interested—got 242 out of a possible 320. They were second for log, third for petrol, fourth for time and fifth for map-sketch.

Well, there's the idea. We'll end up with just a few tips on preparing schemes of this nature.

Laying out the course is difficult: pin-points must be prominent in themselves and yet not marked on the map. It's also a good thing to make one pin-point depend on another and thus force the navigator to work out course and time in a hurry. Again, it's an excellent idea, if a lane or avenue not marked on the map can be found, to make the pilot track in the direction of this lane for a certain distance; then if he gets the wrong lane, or can't accurately determine the direction of the right one, he's surely had it. The sketch map, too, should be of an area which is not shown in much detail on the map used, yet it must have features with direction, shape, size and so on, to test the sketcher's skill. And remember that unless the course seems dead easy when flown by whoever prepares it, then it's going to be too difficult for the competitors.

Map references, by the way, should all be most carefully checked on the 1-in. map, both for the sake of fairness and for the personal safety of the umpire—if he wishes to avoid subsequent mayhem.

The umpire's personal safety is often at stake.

THANK YOU, KIND SIR

We're rather partial
To a certain Air Chief Marshal
Who kindly praised what we try to teach
In an after-lunch speech.

Air Force Terms Illustrated

"TEARING OFF A STRIP"

P.S.I. MEETING

WE publish the following report, partly because it's Christmas and we're in the mood for something light-hearted, and partly to show you how *not* to run a P.S.I. or any other sort of meeting. Futile discussion and unnecessary digressions are the two principal things to avoid. In other words, always keep to the point and so save valuable manpower.

(Obviously the spirit of Prune was brooding over the particular meeting reported.)

A P.S.I. meeting was held on November 29th, 1944, at 10.45 hours at R.A.F. Station, Little Clueleigh. The following were present :—

S/Ldr. Undercart (*President*).
F/O. Talespin (*Signals*).
Cpl. Fyle (*S.H.Q.*).
L.A.C. Tough (*R.A.F. Regiment*).
A.C.W. Winsum (*W.A.A.F.*).
A.C. Plugge, A. C. Plonk } (*Squadron representatives*).

S/Ldr. Undercart opened the proceedings :—

Indoor Games. S/Ldr. Undercart said he had been unable to obtain the billiards table because there were no M.T. Drivers (due to misemployment on service duties) available to collect it. However, he had his eye on a ping-pong table, which was at present being used in S.H.Q. for the kettle and cups of the S.W.O.'s tea swindle. Cpl. Fyle suggested that the profits from the tea swindle be diverted to P.S.I., and that if so he would be delighted to provide a packing case in lieu of the ping-pong table. S/Ldr. Undercart said he had also obtained 254 sets of dominoes, ludo and draughts, two packs of cards (one with the king of hearts missing), five billiard cue-tips (but no cues) and a dart board (but no darts), and these had been issued to Squadrons. He added that action about the ping-pong table would be taken forthwith, or at least when he had an M.T. driver available to transfer it. A.C.W. Winsum asked why the W.A.A.F. couldn't have a table and play ping-pong too, and S/Ldr. Undercart answered that this could not be arranged because there were no balls even for the existing table, except one which had been trodden on so frequently that it now looked like a five-shilling piece.

Liberty Runs. These, S/Ldr. Undercart declared, were no longer possible owing

The W.A.A.F.'s are unable to play ping-pong.

to petrol shortage. A.C. Plugge said air crew types could always organise duty trips and combine them with liberty runs. F/O. Talespin pointed out that anyway P.S.I. did not cater for air crew, since they were either commissioned or members of the sergeants' mess. After lengthy discussion as to the moral righteousness of allowing air crew to combine duty and pleasure, it was declared that (as previously stated), liberty runs were impossible. A.C.W. Winsum asked whether doors could be put on the coaches since some person unknown had swiped them as a souvenir one Saturday night. If this were done the coaches could then be used for liberty runs without people having to sit in draughts. Cpl. Fyle pointed out that S/Ldr. Undercart had twice stated that liberty runs were impossible, but A.C.W. Winsum failed to be convinced. S/Ldr. Undercart once more repeated that all liberty runs were impossible owing to shortage of petrol, repeat petrol, not of doors, repeat doors. A.C.W. Winsum said surely something could . . . but S/Ldr. Undercart firmly moved on to the next item.

A.C.W. Winsum said 'if doors were put on the coaches people wouldn't have to sit in draughts.

Wireless Sets. L.A.C. Tough asked whether any of their five unserviceable wireless sets could be mended. F/O. Talespin said briskly that he would have the sanitary wagon call at the R.A.F. Regiment H.Q. on, say, the 25th of next month to collect them, and he would then see whether anything could be done. L.A.C. Tough said was the officer forgetting that the 25th was Christmas? F/O. Talespin said blow him down, he was, and that reminded him he must put in for Christmas leave. . . . A.C.W. Winsum said that she was sure the W.A.A.F. wireless set was broken too, and F/O. Talespin replied that if the W.A.A.F. wireless set was broken once it was broken daily and therefore there was really no point in getting it mended. L.A.C. Tough said this also applied to the other sets, in fact they all seemed to be rather fragile. A.C. Plonk said if types like the R.A.F. Regiment had to handle a steam-roller they'd probably call *that* fragile. L.A.C. Tough said the R.A.F. Regiment had nothing to do with steam-rollers, though possibly the Wonders and Blunders chaps. . . . S/Ldr. Undercart recalled him to wireless sets, and L.A.C. Tough said that at least mending them would give the Signals people something to do —also the Sanitary Squad. S/Ldr. Undercart said good show, he would

take action, since F/O. Talespin's memory, if any, was not of the best.

Funds. A.C. Plonk said he would like to know exactly what money was held by P.S.I., since he had been studying the N.A.A.F.I. rebate system for several months in preparation for the next meeting. F/O. Talespin pointed out that the last meeting had been held six weeks ago. A.C. Plonk replied that, six weeks or no six weeks, he had been studying the N.A.A.F.I. rebate system ever since he joined up, in preparation for *every* next meeting, but had not yet got a clue to it.

By this time S/Ldr. Undercart had found the right page and the result was as follows: "*Credit:* October 19th—NIL; November 29th—NIL. A cheque for £74 was expected hourly but had not yet been received. *Debits:* it was impossible to give the actual figures but it was something in the nature of £17." The accounts were therefore passed, and S/Ldr. Undercart said that the problem was how to spend the money. A.C. Plugge said sagely, look after the pennies and the pounds would . . . but S/Ldr. Undercart repeated that the problem was one of *spending*, not saving.

A.C.W. Winsum said that there was a grand piano for sale in the local town for £35 and also an Irish harp, which would enable classical concerts to be held. A.C. Plugge asked who would play the harp; he for one certainly wasn't eligible, and hoped he wouldn't be for a long time yet. S/Ldr. Undercart requested him to put a sock in it, and the matter would be considered.

N.A.A.F.I. Criticisms, constructive but largely otherwise, were put forward. (*Secretary's notes here somewhat confused on account of unusual words and animated discussion*). S/Ldr. Undercart eventually promised to interview the N.A.A.F.I. manageress and see whether anything could be done about something, or failing that, whether something could be done about something. Or something.

Hot Water. A.C. Plonk, apologising for his beard, said he was aware he was not in the Fleet Air Arm, but the hot water was never hot early in the mornings and couldn't something be organised. F/O. Talespin suggested shaving overnight, and A. Plonk said he had tried that, but all the hot water had always gone late at night. L.A.C. Tough said that he thought the boiler-man needed chasing and S/Ldr. Undercart said he would do it personally the next morning. He thereupon took time off to ring up the telephone exchange and book an early call. Cpl. Fyle said that the mirror

The boiler man needed chasing up.

had vanished from the ablutions and S/Ldr. Undercart thereupon took more time off to ring up the Equipment Officer to find out (i) the method of replacing mirrors, and (ii) the entitlement of men per mirror (or mirrors per man). No definite information was received, but the conversation got on to mirrors generally, in the course of which it turned out that certain airmen had absconded with the mirror which was *not* in a prominent place in the W.A.A.F. hostel, and disciplinary action ought to be taken. A.C.W. Winsum said *that's* where it went, was it, and asked that it might be replaced since the W.A.A.F. could not dress without it. A.C. Plonk's comment on this was deleted.

Beer for Dances. L.A.C. Tough said that there was never any beer in the N.A.A.F.I. and he thought it was being misappropriated for consumption at Station Dances. Cpl. Fyle asked whether free beer could be provided at dances, preferably through civilian sources. S/Ldr. Undercart stated that he thought he had sufficient influence as an old and valued customer of the local in his village to organise a couple of barrels per week and bring them into camp in his car. A.C. Plugge and A.C. Plonk heartily concurred. A.C.W. Winsum said this was tempting Providence (in the shape of L.A.C. Tough) and had the Squadron Leader got a gun. L.A.C. Tough took a poor view of A.C.W. Winsum and the meeting broke up in slight disorder.

At this point the Entertainments Officer came in and asked what time the P.S.I. meeting would take place.




F.A.A. NOTE

QUITE authentic this. An eight-year-old boy, asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, said : " If the war's still on I shall be a Fleet Air Arm Pilot, but if it's over I suppose I shall have to work."

Luckily for good relationship between the Services, we're able to say this was sent us by a F.A.A. type, *not* by anyone in the R.A.F.

THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY

THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to F/Lt. —— for Putting Sherlock Holmes' Nose Out of Joint.

While taking a quiet drink at the local after his day's work he saw another Flight Lieutenant doing the same. The latter was wearing, below his A.G. badge, the Iraq medal, the India G.S. medal and the 1939–43 Star.

F/Lt. —— promptly got in touch with the local police and told them that there was a man in town posing as an R.A.F. officer, explaining that he knew this because he didn't recognise the ribbons.

A Joint to the Order is awarded him for some weeks later turning up in the same local, meeting the "Spy" (who had been proved to be well-known locally and fully entitled to the medals he wore) and being unable himself, though in civilian clothes, to produce his Form 1250.

THE M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to P.O. —— for Spotting the Error at Once.

Owing to the projection plate in the Air Ministry Bombing Teacher having been inadvertently put in the wrong way round, it was necessary—in order to do any map-reading—to fly "red on blue."

P.O. —— thereupon sent for the Compass Adjuster and told him to "correct the compass of the Course Setting Bomb Sight which is 180° out." There is of course *no* compass in the A.M.B.T. Bomb Sight.

A Joint to the Order is awarded him for Being a Bombing Instructor At That.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Lieut. ——, Security Officer, for Exceptional Keenness Coupled with Exceptional Ignorance.

Newly arrived at an airfield in South Africa, this officer saw to his horror certain air crew types calmly taking photographs of a British bomber. He immediately gave orders for their apprehension as enemy agents.

The criminals, however, turned out to be merely pupils "sighting" with a landing compass, while engaged in the routine swinging of an aircraft compass.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has been awarded to Flying Instructor —— of the S.A.A.F. for Being Once Shy, Twice Bit.

Being ordered to take an Oxford to a certain destination, he asked for, and was given, a Magnetic Course to steer. He thereupon further asked for the Magnetic Variation, which he then proceeded to apply for the second time. It is not known where he eventually landed up.

SAND IN THE MACHINE

" There's a vacancy for an Advanced Trigonometry Course—at last we can get rid of him ! "

DROPPING sand in a machine is not so drastic a method of bringing it to a standstill as throwing a spanner in the works. It is slower for one thing, and while the spanner-throwing is obviously deliberate, the sand-dropping is very likely inadvertent. It may be easily due to lack of common sense or sheer dumbness, rather than malice aforethought, and when the machine concerned is the British war machine and the culprit is in one of the services, this is of course the only fair view to take of it.

None the less, the sand, however small the quantity, is there, and it is helping to slow the machine down.

Take, for instance, the question of manpower. This is a very big and important part of our war machinery—for Britain is a small nation. Every man therefore must be properly used. We wrote about this last month in an article called " An Airman is Not a Bag of Flour," which dealt with the importance of seeing that all men under your control were fully employed and properly organised. This month we want to emphasise quite briefly another facet of the same problem.

You, as Adjutant or Squadron- or Flight-Commander, often have to send men on courses. Do you always send the right men, that is the men who are most able and likely to benefit ? Or do you let other considerations motivate your choice ?

Here's what we mean.

An order comes through for two men to be detailed for, say, the 10th Bottle-Washers' Course commencing on—well, the date is generally that very day, or even yesterday, by the time it reaches you, but let that pass—with a view to their being ultimately promoted and becoming Bottle-Washery Instructors at units.

Now you have in your Squadron two men, who are keen types, who show great aptitude for Bottle-Washing, who deserve promotion, and who also would make good instructors, capable of turning out many an efficient Bottle-Washer in the future, to the benefit of the Service as a whole. But these men, being good types, are most useful to you as they are. Why, they're indispensable, you tell yourself ; you've no one to put in their place—except a couple of duds who won't do

their job as well, and is not the efficiency of your Squadron at stake? For the sake of the Squadron you can't send *them*.

Who then can you send? Wait a minute! There are a couple of clueless types about whom your Flight Sergeant has been binding away for several months as no good in the Squadron. Here's your chance to get rid of them.

And so they are sent off on the Bottle-Washers' Course, certainly to the benefit of your Squadron but, we're afraid, not to that of the Service as a whole.

This sort of thing, alas, is all too common. Valuable courses are wasted on men who are unsuitable and who have been sent, regardless of their qualifications, merely because they can most easily be spared.

A perfect example of this is given in the report on a certain Gunnery Leaders' Course. Only twenty-seven men could be taken on the course, which made the vacancies all the more valuable. Yet of these twenty-seven, seven had not even been interviewed as to their suitability as candidates before being sent off, while thirteen did so badly in their initial tests as to necessitate a warning that it was essential for them to bring their elementary knowledge of Browning Guns and Aircraft Recognition up to the required standard as quickly as possible, if they wanted to stay on. And no fewer than *five* failed completely on these tests and had to be returned to their units—too late naturally for replacements to be sent, because the course was by then under way.

The report of another course states that "in the Initial Tests 29 per cent. failed on Aircraft Recognition and actually 37 per cent. in Browning guns—an unpardonably high percentage considering that the candidates are selected for the course."

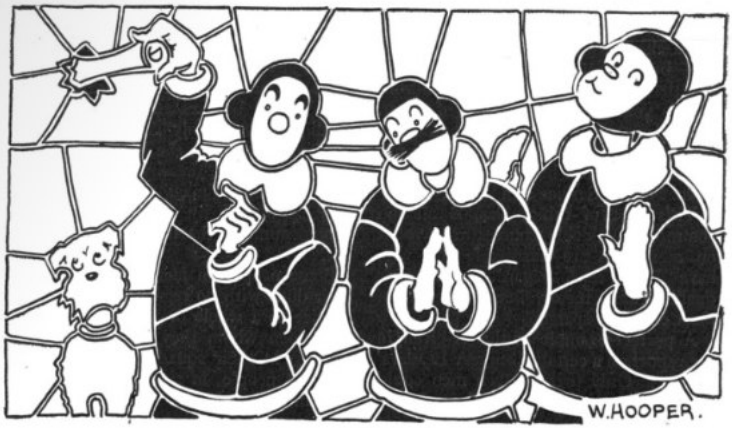
And we could quote many other similar reports.

It should not have been hard, one would have thought, to find for each of these courses a mere twenty-seven men who would be reasonably suitable as candidates, reasonably likely to be turned into instructors by the course experts. Yet so far from these vacancies being properly filled, many of them were actually wasted by the more obvious wrong numbers having to be weeded out.

Some people, in fact, had worked off their duds with no regard for either the Service as a whole or for the future of good men whom they selfishly wished to keep in their squadrons.

Some people, in short, had dropped sand in the machine.

THE PARABLE OF PRUNE AND THE DOCUMENT



NOW it came to pass in the days when the people of Raf did constantly journey to and fro in the upper air between their land and the Land of the Huns (cursed be their name and may they and their seed perish forever from the face of the earth !) that a certain officer of the pilot sort named Proon did go upon an op. And it was night.

And there were with him in the flying machine divers others known as his Crew, and they did prang the target in no mean fashion. (Or rather should it be said they did prang *a* target—for with the Crew of Proon there is no knowing.)

And they were scatheless ; for neither the fighters of the night nor the shell-bursts of the air could prevail against them, nor hinder them from their mission over the Land of the Huns (cursed be their name and may they and their seed perish for ever from the face of the earth !). Whereat, Proon did cry, Verily, boys, this is indeed a piece of cake, and toothsome withal.

And as they returned over the face of the waters a mighty wind did blow cold, and Proon suffered from a draught in the ear-hole. So he cast about him to determine whence came this still small wind within from the mighty wind without. And it came to pass that there was a small hole in the Perspex. It was but the size of a

man's finger—even the finger of Proon, were it ever available—but it sufficed for Proon's discomfort.

Then did Proon say, Hellsbells, but I must stop this, and did forthwith lay hold upon a document to hand and did tear it to pieces and did stuff the pieces in the hole. And the wind did cease, nor was Proon's ear-hole further troubled.

And he returned from his journey, reported and went to his room and straightway fell asleep.

And it came to pass early next morning while he yet slept that the Leader of the Signals did appear in his room. And he was very wroth and swore mightily at Proon, saying, Thou clot, where is the Bomber Code of thy aircraft? Lo, it is missing, and is not. Explain this matter, or else. . . .

And Proon did answer, Cor, and guiltily did call to mind how he had prevented the draught with a document. So dressing hastily he went forthwith in the cold and wet to his aircraft and, lo and behold, by great good chance he did find the Bomber Code yet in the Perspex. But the Leader of the Signals was still wroth and swore all the more mightily, saying, How comes it that it is in pieces. This is a matter for the Lord of the Station; unto the Lord of the Station shalt thou go.

Thus it came to pass later that an imperial strip was removed from Proon by the Lord of the Station, who did say, Oh thou of little sense, dost thou not yet know that carelessness over Secret Documents is a sin, yea verily a great sin indeed, to be requited only by disciplinary action? Why, thy Bomber Code and thy Flimsy are to be guarded even at the risk of thy worthless life. Hast thou not heard of the Air Gunner who being forced down into the Land of the Huns (cursed be their name and may they and their seed perish forever from the face of the earth!) did actually eat the aircraft code book rather than that it should fall into the hands of the heathen?

And much more did the Lord of the Station say in the same strain, and disciplinary action was taken, so that even Proon perchance might come to realise the importance of guarding secret documents.

And Proon went out and wept bitterly. But he pondered all these things and kept them in his heart. And when he had tentatively tasted a corner of a code-book he formed a very high opinion of Air Gunners. *Selah.*

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 orbitting 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.

LET THE EXPERT DO IT

" Expert hell, I can do it myself," says Prune.

" Very well, I'll get a man in to do it " is a remark often heard by husbands who have neglected to tackle some small job in the house. It sounds rather insulting to the husband—especially if it seems to him that his wife has laid an unnecessary emphasis on the word " man." But although the suggested alteration or repair is probably a simple one, the husband may not consider himself sufficient of an expert to do it—particularly if it is anything to do with electricity. And so he lets the wife get a man in. (At least, that's his story !)

Now the R.A.F. have Tradesmen of all sorts and sizes. These men, and women, have been trained for many months and are experts at their job. Nevertheless there are still many types in the Service who have not the intelligence to realise this. And, to give one example, that's why a very nice Mosquito was put unserviceable for some time.

From the evidence it appeared that the clot concerned had decided that the observer's lamp was not in what he considered the correct place. So he took the flexible lead from the chartboard and plugged it in at the cabin light. This was then knotted and looped around a canopy spar above the observer's seat. The leads terminated in a dimmer switch which was left in the " on " position. Some sort of a lamp fitting was attached from which the leads had become unsoldered, and the bulb bound with cloth and string.

This was all very safe as long as the electrical services were not energised. But D.I.'s had to be completed and when the electricians removed the wooden plug from the starter socket to carry out their job, things got going, though had the dimmer switch been left in the " off " position it might have been O.K. for a time.

Well, the pieces of rag which bound the bulb smouldered and finally caught fire, and if someone had not been quick that Mosquito might have been a total loss.

No authority to adapt the system had been obtained ; no application for an alternative type of lighting had been made. In other words, somebody had decided on his own to mess about with things he knew nothing about.

Here's another example :—

A wireless mechanic went into Flight Dispersal and there found an unserviceable Turn and Bank Indicator lying on the bench. He remembered having some while ago seen a Turn and Bank Indicator cleared by blowing out with compressed air,

and, knowing that the instrument maker had gone away that afternoon, he thought he'd help on the war by doing the same thing.

So he put the Indicator to the nozzle of an oxygen cylinder and slightly turned the tap, at the same time watching the instrument to see what happened.

What happened was that the Indicator exploded and blew bits of glass into his face, permanently injuring his right eye. So far from helping on the war he deprived it of the services of a skilled mechanic.

No instructions had been given him to repair the instrument ; he was not aware of the existence of the Central Instrument Section where they could be repaired ; he didn't know the pressure of an oxygen cylinder ; and he didn't, in fact, know that it *was* an oxygen cylinder, and not compressed air. In other words, someone had decided on his own, though with the best of motives, to mess about with something he knew nothing about.

Do let the expert do it.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF A.G's. No. 1.

Failing to Harmonize.

THREE AND THREE-QUARTER YEARS AGO

As so many of you were not in the Air Force when TEE EMM *started (nearly four years ago) and possibly have never seen our earlier issues, it has occurred to us that it might be a good thing to reprint some of the less dated articles from these issues. Each month therefore we are going to publish a selected article—one which still has value to-day—from the corresponding issue of three and three-quarter years ago.*

We lead off this month with one from our very first number, April 1941 :

"IT COME TO PIECES IN ME 'AND!"

YOU have all heard the story of the mistress who found a couple of valuable teacups had been broken. On questioning her two servants about it, the cook explained in these words : " Mary Jane broke that one, mum—and this one come to pieces in me 'and."

You know that cook, don't you ? She isn't confined to domestic service, or even to the feminine sex. Everywhere in every walk of life you will find her—or just as often, him : the man who is never to blame, who never broke anything himself, but in whose hands things fall unaccountably apart ; the man who never causes any accident by his own inefficiency or neglect ; the man to whom such an accident is always an act of God. The man, in short, whom God apparently follows about with the sole object of involving him in inexplicable mishaps.

That man is certainly in the Royal Air Force. As a pilot, he personally never really makes any mistakes : as the Americans say, " it must have been two other fellows." As an air-bomber or air-gunner it is the same : something went wrong, it wasn't *his* fault, just an Act of God. As a mechanic, fitter or rigger he knows well enough *he* did his job : the real trouble was faulty design. As a squadron commander, even, his squadron seems " to collect all the bad luck that is going." In other words, he never blames himself ; it's always the fault of the makers or his Maker.

Is this really true ? Do all aircraft failures come about through faulty design or installation or by the working of some perverse fate ? You bet your life they don't. It may look like it to that particular man who is always blaming something or somebody else. He might even be surprised to learn that flying failures *can* come about from indifferent maintenance, neglect of maintenance supervision, or poor maintenance organisation.

Now it is always easy to crack up the Air Force of the past at the expense of that of the present, but it must be admitted that the more complicated types of aircraft of to-day, coupled with the modern " garage " system, do tend to cut out the very personal interest taken in each aircraft in the past. For that personal interest and responsibility gave less chance for any personal conviction that bad luck was practically one of the tools in your kit, or that " two other fellows " had let you down.

Still, the present-day system *is* definitely an advance, and so a corresponding advance must be made by all who work it. That advance must be in the direction of an increased though less personal sense of responsibility. Just because it's the more easy to blame bad luck, so must more care be taken to see that bad luck is not wrongly blamed ; that it is not yourself who are after all at fault. All concerned, from pilot to air-gunner, from airman - mechanic to squadron - commander, can watch this.

Watch yourself that you don't scamp a nasty job just because you are not properly supervised. Watch yourself that you don't blame faulty controls for loss of response and a subsequent heavy landing, when really it is loss of flying speed while holding off too high, and so your personal error. Watch yourself that you don't blame the installation of your instruments or the mechanism of your guns when it is your momentary lack of efficiency. Watch yourself that you don't start accusing some non-existent " jinx " for dogging your squadron when you yourself have let your maintenance organisation and discipline get slack.

The men who seem to suffer from Acts of God, like a dog suffers from fleas, are in every squadron.

See that you don't become one of them.

THE ROCKET RACKET

Prune knows what it is to get a rocket.

V.2 is a rocket ; so are the things which many of you carry on your aircraft. There are, however, plenty of differences between the two, and one of the most important is this. V.2 is wildly inaccurate, because it can only be aimed in the most sketchy fashion ; while the aircraft rockets can be aimed with deadly accuracy, if—but, mark you, only *if*—the pilot knows his job.

This he can learn from a most attractively set out little booklet which has just been officially published. It is called " The Rocket Racket " and it Tells All. Each one of you concerned with rocket-firing aircraft, whether in T.A.F., Fighter Command, Coastal, or F.A.A. should make sure he has a copy. In some of the above formations copies are wisely issued to each pilot ; in others, we understand, copies are only issued at so many per squadron. But the point is, the booklet is in existence ; so, if you want a personal copy, badger the Adjutant and make him ask for more. You can learn a lot from it.

KEEP THAT TRAP SHUT!

We wrote a piece last month about the disgraceful way in which so many of our Allied air crews are helping the enemy by giving information when interrogated after capture. The only information you are bound to give is your number, name and rank—*nothing more*, not even your unit. Once you start talking you're in the hands of blokes cleverer than you are, and sooner or later they'll have all you know. If you *don't* talk, they can't. And they themselves realise this. In proof of which, here's an extract from a captured German instruction on the handling of prisoners: "If the prisoner refuses to give his unit, the interrogation should be ended immediately."

That's a straight tip from the other side. Keep that trap shut!

RELATIONS OF PRUNE

WE always knew Prune had relations, but we've never come across them before. Here, however, is a letter sent in to us from a West Country Station, which can have been written by no other than an Aunt of our Percy Prune. No kidding: it's quite genuine.

The Commanding Officer,
R.A.F. Station, [redacted]

DEAR SIR,

With the news as it is at the moment and A DEFINITE URGE TO BE IN LONDON FOR PEACE NIGHT with my husband and son who are with me on vacation until the GREAT OCCASION ARRIVES, the query presents itself as to the quickest and surest way of getting there, as we have table booked at Café Royal for THAT EVENING.

Will it be possible to use plane for this please? We can get to drome within an hour and if above transport were possible to Hendon or Croydon, should more than appreciate your kindness in advising us together with approximate cost. My son is at [redacted] School and a "kick" such as above would be something for him to remember to his dying day—do help if you can, please. We knew Adjutant [redacted] very well indeed and wish he were still at [redacted] to put above forward to your good self for us.

Again a thousand thanks if you can help us on THIS VERY SPECIAL OCCASION.

Yours sincerely,

(*Signed*) [redacted] (Mrs.).

He was sure he had plenty of petrol.

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(958.) 9634. Wt.8169/N.956. 30,750. 12/44. W.P. Ltd. Gp. 566

TAKE CARE OF THOSE LIVES

PILOT'S NOTES