TEE EMM

Vol. 5. No. 1 April 1945

For official use only

Vol. 5 No. 1

TEE EMM

April, 1945

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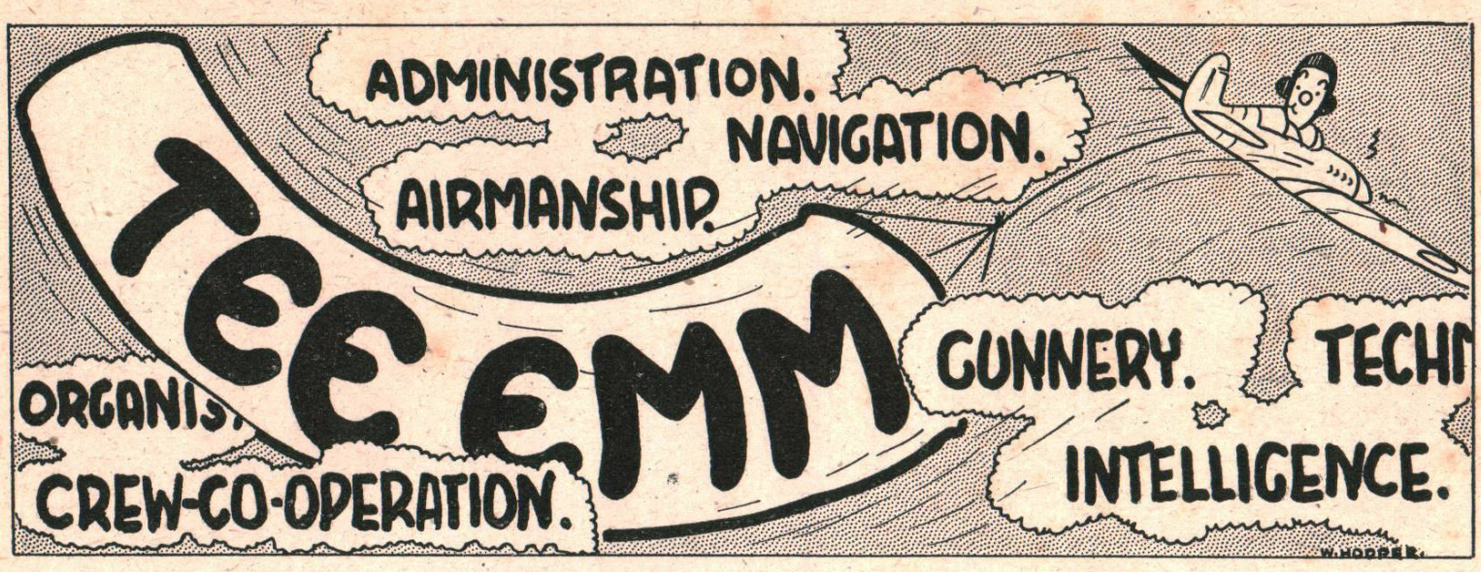
Pilot Officer Prune says—
"Take Tee Emm *regularly! Prevents that Thinking Feeling!"*

PLEASE HELP

THE Editor would be grateful for the return of any surplus TEE EMMS, in reasonable condition, of the following issues. Our stock of these is low and we have a constant demand for back numbers for binding up. Vol. I. No. 4 (July); Vol. II. No. 1 (April); Vol. II. No. 10 (January); Vol. III. No. 10 (January).



" I hope that these Training Memoranda will continue to be as widely read and studied as they have been during the past four 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

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

ONCE more we find ourselves having a birthday. So too does Prune (who was born of course on April 1st), and so also does the Royal Air Force itself, which is now twenty-seven years old.

With this issue we start our fifth volume, and we'd like once more to thank all our readers—including even the error-hounds—for having borne with us all the past year. We particularly thank those who have supplied us with material for articles or articles themselves, and who have so uncomplainingly put up with our re-writing. We thank, too, all those who have held such a flattering view of our omniscience that they have written in with queries of all kinds, some of them about as connected with anything TEE EMM has to deal with as Hitler is with a Synagogue.

Indeed, to show you the sort of name for infinite knowledge we've apparently got, we'll tell you an incident that happened only a month ago. We were rung up by a feminine voice which said : " Is that TEE EMM ? I've had an enquiry about a publication called ——. Do you know anything about it ? " We said we didn't, and that the only publication in our orbit was one called TEE EMM.

" Oh dear," said the voice, " I can't find *anyone* who knows." " Wait a bit," we called, for at that moment across our muddy brain there had suddenly floated

a vague memory of once having seen the publication in question and we had a faint idea it had come from such-and-such a Directorate.

We hastily checked up in lists of duties, and looked up other records and verified in telephone books, and in one minute were able to say efficiently : " The publication you want is issued by —— Branch, which comes under the Deputy Director of XYZ, G/Capt. ——, whose 'phone number is ——."

We were rewarded with terrific thanks, but before ringing off we asked : " By the way, who is it speaking ? "

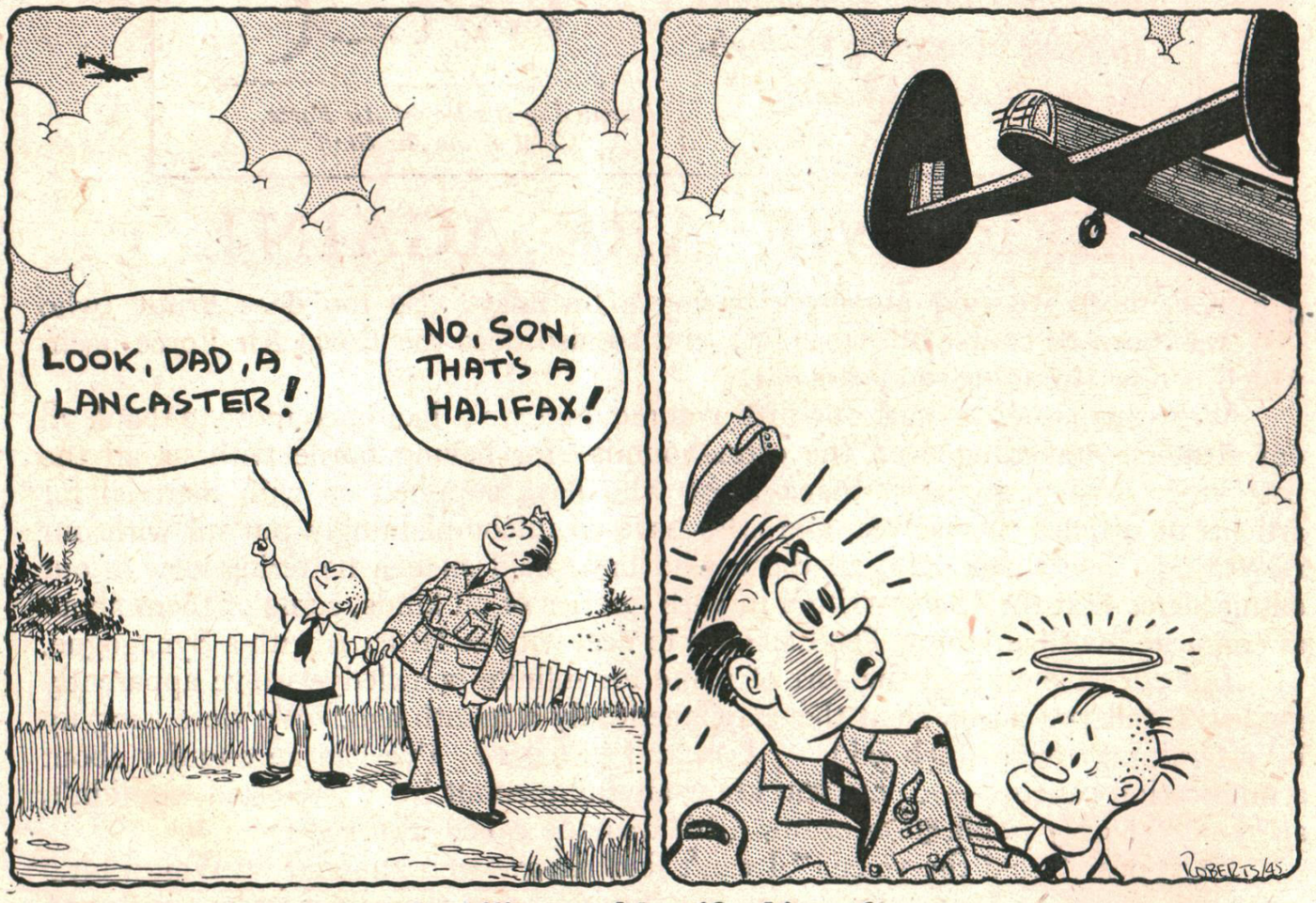
" Oh ! " came the answer, " This is the Air Ministry Information Bureau."

Quite true, cross our heart.

But this doesn't seem to be anything to do with our birthday, so we'll end up by wishing many happy returns to all of you who are also having birthdays this coming year—quite a large proportion, we presume.

But don't you dare wish *us* many happy returns back !

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF A.G.'s. No. 4.



Inability to Identify Aircraft.

FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE Fourth Annual Meeting of Messrs. TEE EMM Ltd., Flying-Genmongers and Purveyors of Specialist Information, was held yesterday afternoon in the Air Ministry at 2.0 p.m. for 3.45. The Chair was taken by the Editor at 3.46 precisely —immediately after his return from lunching with Pilot Officer Prune.

Besides the gallant Pilot Officer, there were also present Flying Officer Fixe, Sergeant Backtune, Sergeant Straddle, Sergeant Winde and A.C.W. (Waff) Winsum. P.O. Prune's dog Binder also turned up, but after five minutes he started scratching at the door and asking to be let out. This it was considered highly advisable to do, and avoiding action was accordingly taken.

The Chairman opened the proceedings. Referring first to the accounts, he said there weren't any—at least there was only a heavy deficit due to entertainment of visitors from Stations who happened to be passing the office and just looked in to make the Editor's acquaintance. So the meeting had better consider the accounts as passed, unless any shareholder present liked to reimburse him . . . ?

The Chairman repeated this part of his speech three times, but no constructive suggestion emerged, merely a pointed silence ; so with a sigh he passed on to the annual report.

For the fourth year in succession, he said, TEE EMM had continued its career of comparative usefulness. As Flying-Genmongers, they had mongered a great deal of flying gen, which he felt sure had been of benefit to all concerned. P.O. Prune was here heard to laugh sarcastically and winked at Sergeant Winde, who laughed sycophantically.

The Chairman thereupon added pointedly that there were, of course, one or two notable exceptions. P.O. Prune said, who, him, and the Chairman said, yes, him, and clots like him. P.O. Prune requested the Chairman to put a sock in it, the Chairman requested P.O. Prune to pull his finger out, and a rather indelicate argument developed and persisted for some minutes. . . .

Resuming later, the Chairman said that a glance at Volume IV's Index would show that TEE EMM's campaign against accidents of all sorts and particularly those due to unauthorised low-flying had been conducted with unabated vigour and the results had been considered most successful.

Sergeant Backtune said that if that were so, why was it that the Accident Prevention boys were still bleating about the enormous number of low-flying accidents ; it didn't look as though TEE EMM's campaign were any more use than a burp in a bottle.

The Chairman pointed out that there would always be show-offs and dim-wits who apparently wanted nothing better than to disobey orders, crash valuable aircraft, and kill themselves and other people ; and nothing short of a strait-jacket would deter them. But he had reason to believe that between this class and the good types

there were many others who, but for having realised the folly of such conduct from TEE EMM's repeated exhortations, might easily have also taken the wrong turning and swelled the ranks of the Bad Types . . .

At this point Binder was heard whining and scratching outside the door and Waff Winsum said poor little thing then, did it want to be let in then. Accordingly it was let in then.

Much useful gen, the Chairman went on, had also been published on Instructors and Instruction, on flying and other conditions in the East—to which part of the globe the R.A.F.'s war centre of gravity was slowly shifting—and on Service Efficiency, Organisation and Administration.

Sergeant Winde woke up abruptly and said hear, hear, he was all for discipline. The Chairman thanked him with incredulity.

Coming to the distribution of TEE EMM, about 30,000 copies were still printed monthly, and local printing in addition was carried out in Middle East, Australia, South Africa and India. Canada had ceased local printing and was now being supplied in bulk, in the same way as the Fleet Air Arm and B.N.A.F.

Flying Officer Fixe said that during his recent visit to India . . . His further remarks were inaudible owing to the fact that Binder appeared to have heard suddenly from a flea, and was carrying out a rather loud square scratch to locate the intruder. At the shouted request of the Chairman, Binder was called up by P.O. Prune on the W/T and ordered to desist.

Continuing, Flying Officer Fixe said that while in India and Burma he had had many complaints from people that they saw TEE EMM very late, or irregularly, or sometimes not at all.

The Chairman replied he was afraid that there were considerable time lapses in printing and distribution in India due to local conditions. Matrices were sent out regularly . . .

Sergeant Winde here said what the hell had mattresses got to do with TEE EMM, and the Chairman explained that *matrices* were thin *pâpier-maché* sheets—looking rather like Ry-Vita—upon which, when wet, an impression of the metal type of each TEE EMM page had been taken, so that new type could be moulded from them elsewhere. Matrices, he repeated, were sent out regularly to India each month, but on no fewer than five occasions during the year they had been reported as not having arrived, and a duplicate set had had to be sent. He personally considered that the parcel had been opened by some babu who did not know what on earth matrices were and had probably put sugar on them and eaten them. Whatever the explanation, however, it had further increased the delay on nearly half the year's Indian issues of TEE EMM. A suggestion for improving . . .

At this point Binder started whining and scratching to be let out. Waff Winsum said did it want to be let out then, and Sergeant Straddle said surely it couldn't want to again so soon. On a renewed note of urgency in the whining P.O. Prune, Straddle and Winde all got hastily up and let Binder out.

Continuing, the Chairman said blast the dog, why bring him in at all, where was

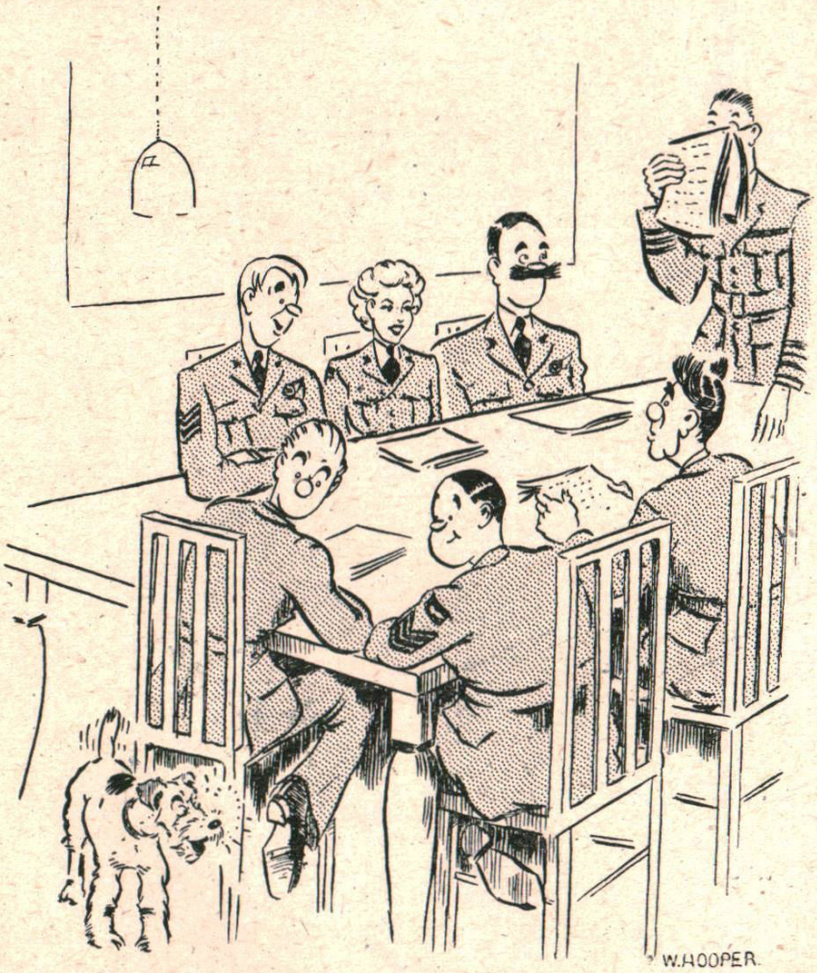
he, oh yes, a suggestion for improving the Indian situation by supplying TEE EMM in bulk by air was now being considered.

TEE EMM had had the usual correspondence throughout the year, including the usual percentage of people who wrote gleefully in to point out printer's errors and other minor slips. Though they were not heard from at any other time, such as when a particularly good article was published, it at least proved that some readers went through TEE EMM each month from cover to cover.

Fifty awards of the Most Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger had been made during the year, many of them with well-earned Joints.

The advertising campaign for Pilots' Notes, conducted on the back page of TEE EMM, had continued to keep these useful publications in front of the flying public's eye, and . . .

At this point Binder was heard whining and scratching outside the door. Waff Winsum said did he want to come in then, and Sergeant Backtune said well she could darn well get up and let him in herself this time. This Waff Winsum did, after referring to Backtune in simple girlish fashion as a lazy old scug.



Concluding his speech, the Chairman said he had great pleasure in declaring the Fifth Volume of TEE EMM open for play on this first day of April, April-Prune's Day, and he hoped to high heaven it would be the last volume he personally would have to edit, and that about concluded the proceedings, were there any questions ?

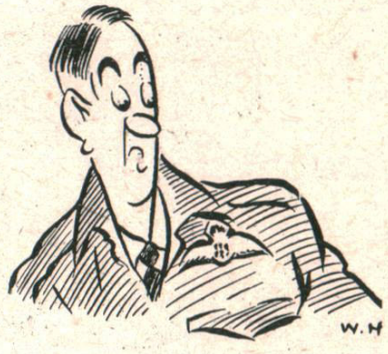
Pilot Officer Prune at once asked, if that concluded the proceedings, what were they waiting for, and the Chairman said dashed good idea, let's go.

The meeting thereupon broke up and went out.

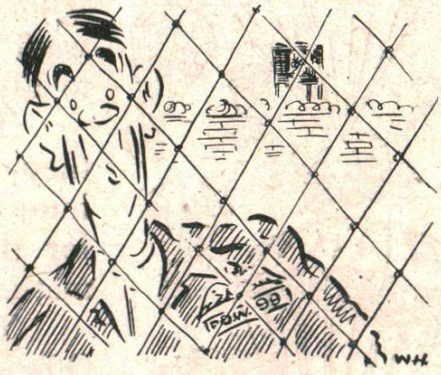
A minute later Binder who had been inadvertently left behind in the room was heard whining and scratching to be let out. . .

SAM SMALL AND THE BEAM

IN the days when Sam Small were a pupil,
'Is flying were lovely to see.
'Is instructor were so pleased about it
'E took Sam to Lyons for tea.
If it weren't for 'is instrument flying,
Which were awfully erratic and 'am,
'E might 'ave 'ad cream cake and winkles
Instead of just plain bread and jam.
When 'e went to Advanced Training Squadron,
'Is bombing results were a treat,
And at firing, 'e carved 'is initials
In air-to-ground targets, quite neat.
But when Sam went across to the Beam Flight,
'Is fingers all turned into thumbs.
'Is instructors kept Camp Dentist busy
By grinding their teeth down to gums.
'E couldn't tell dots from t'dashes,
'Is rated descents were a riddle.
Sam could never 'ave been bubble dancer
For 'e couldn't keep bubble in middle.
Now in spite of all this, Sam were lucky ;
'E passed 'is exams and won wings,
But as yet 'e'd not got any medals
Or Africa Stars or such things.
When 'is mother sewed wings on 'is tunic,
She left 'im six inches to spare,
But space between wings and top pocket
Were 'orribly beer-stained and bare.
Sam said 'e'd do summat about it ;
To fill up this big space 'e longed.
'Is 'ero were C.O. who bent to the left,
'Is chest were so 'eavily gonged.
They put Sam on Lancaster bombers.
One night over France 'e was sent,
By the time 'e was on 'is way 'omeward,
T'aircraft were decidedly bent.
The ground wi' thick cloud were all covered.
One engine were letting off steam.
So turning around to the others Sam said :
" There's nowt for it but to use Beam."



Now Sam, as 'e knew nowt about it,
Found 'imself in a bit of a fix.
But lucky as ever, in switching it on,
A Beam note came through in two ticks.
'E followed the Beam where it led 'im ;
As for courses 'e 'adn't a clue ;
But by zig-zagging backwards and forwards,
At last Outer Marker came through.
'Is approach were a little bit shaky,
But Sam, strapped in tight, sat aloof.
The ceiling were covered in footprints
From the crew walking round on the roof.
The ground 'it them all of a sudden
And bits of the aircraft dropped off.
Sam stepped out and said : " Is this Wigan ? "
And a gruff voice said : " Nein, Templehof ! "
So through not trying 'ard in the Beam Flight,
Sam is now in a camp East of Rhine.
And the space 'neath 'is wings with a label is filled
Saying : " Prisoner-of-war ninety-nine."



THE PILOT *WASN'T* KILLED—WHY ?

UNDER the heading of " The Pilot Was Killed—Why ? " we showed in our December issue a picture of a crashed aircraft with the pilot's seat intact. But since the pilot had not strapped himself in, he was killed, when he should otherwise have survived. Last month we again emphasised the importance of strapping yourself in by quoting other examples.

Here's yet another case which occurred only the other day when a very experienced test pilot landed a Spit on a grass airfield which was in poor condition.

Shortly after touching down, the port wheel sank into soft ground and was torn off, together with the complete port wing. The aeroplane immediately rolled on its back, and completed the last 100 odd yards of its landing run inverted. The pilot was trapped inside, but, fortunately, the plane did not catch fire. The pilot received slight facial injuries, but nothing more. Upon describing the incident he finished up by saying, " It was lucky I had my harness done up really tight, or I'd have had it."

You see, the importance of strapping yourself in correctly cannot be over emphasised. It *does* save lives.

A THOUSAND A YEAR

Prune says he reckons he's worth more really, but still it's not too bad, when does he start to collect ?

The answer is he doesn't ; for we're not talking about money. A thousand a year is the rate at which R.A.F. officers are now going to the new courses at the School of Air Support, Old Sarum. As a matter of fact, it's really more than a thousand, but we're ignoring the two senior courses—for Wing Commanders and upwards. (Indeed, it gives us quite a kick ignoring Wing Commanders and upwards.) The courses we want to tell you about in this article are for Squadron Leaders to Flying Officers.

The first thing about these courses is that, naturally, they are not for R.A.F. only. There are a slightly larger number of Army students and some Naval types as well ; for the whole idea is to teach a common doctrine in all matters affecting the air support of armies.

To this end the School has two Wings. One deals with Offensive Support, which means all types of air-to-ground support, from using a strategical bomber force in a tactical rôle down to Photographic Recce. The other Wing tackles the subject of Transport Support, which covers the planning and execution of airborne and air transport operation and supply of armies by air.

The Offensive Support Wing offers you two courses——apart from the senior one—a Staff Course of six days for Squadron Leaders and Flight Lieutenants, and a Junior Course of six days for G.D. Flying Officers to Squadron Leaders. Both courses are composed of lectures, exercises, demonstrations, and inter-Service discussions. The Staff Course deals with current and all other offensive support matters, while the Junior Course covers the practical aspects of air support in the forward areas.

The Transport Support Wing has only one course besides its senior one—an Intermediate Course, for Squadron Leaders and Flight Lieutenants, lasting thirteen days. This teaches the principles of organisation and planning of all aspects of air transport concerning the Army and R.A.F., with special reference to the Far East. It includes, by the way, some grand demonstrations of supply dropping—6 pdrs., jeeps and so on—and of glider landings and glider snatch.

Well, there you are ! That's the set-up in brief. Now a

word or two about the general idea of these most interesting courses for which many of you are quite likely to be selected. (Or, if you're keen, for which you may yourself apply.)*

First, don't get the idea that Offensive Support is solely the pigeon of the T.A.F., or that Transport Support is a subject sacred to Transport Command. Air and ground operations are more closely linked than ever before and will continue to be linked still more closely as time goes on—particularly as there seems to be very little limit to what can nowadays be packed up and delivered elsewhere by air, from troops to lorries, and from guns to complete Radar Stations.

It is therefore your duty to learn as much about it as you can, whatever Command or Force you are in. The Army depends more and more for success in its operations upon the co-operation of the flying people, whether heavy bombers, transports, fighters, or photo-recce aircraft, and so all of you are concerned in helping them. This you can do by understanding their problems and methods of operating and how you come into the picture. There's no black magic about it ; it's part of your education. Apart from the fact that all knowledge is valuable, you are making yourself a more efficient member of the Air Force, if, as well as knowing your own particular job, you also know how it fits into the broader scheme of things.

Again, a very valuable aspect of these courses is the chance it gives you to meet people in the Army, often direct from the front line, and to discuss things with them at first hand. This in itself is worth the money.

From the more practical aspect, we'd like to warn those who are going to the School of Air Support not to arrive late. The courses, being short, are highly condensed, and a mere day late on a six days' course means you've missed nearly 20 per cent. of what's going on.

Before going to Old Sarum you are also strongly advised to read two pamphlets —Army/Air Operations, 1 and 2. (These, by the way, only cover Offensive Support at the moment, but are shortly to be replaced by a new series, Nos. 1 to 5, which will cover all aspects of Air Support. Copies of these should be held by all units, but if not they can be got from A.P.F.S.

Well, that's all for to-day—except once more to emphasise the value of these new courses, and as we have been asked, to try to rouse your interest in them.

* The full gen on how to apply for these Courses will be found in an A.M.O. which has just been published. Ask to see it.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Extract from A.C.S.E.A. (Admin.) Order No. 11 of 1945.

"*In view of the shortage of red tape, indents for this article will be cut by 50%.*"

TEE EMM hasn't noticed any shortage here.

JOURNEY'S END

"What have you done with the precious life which was entrusted to your care?"

"My name is Percy Prune. My rank is Pilot-Officer. My number is 89008. I am afraid I cannot answer any other question."

"Good show, Prune! Come inside!"

ONLY THIRTY YEARS AGO

A LITTLE book lies on our desk, and since it's our birthday we'll take time off to tell you about it. It is a Training Manual—not a Training Memorandum like TEE EMM, but a Manual. It is, in fact, *the* Training Manual of the Royal Flying Corps (Military Wing), and the date is 1915.

It makes fascinating, if nostalgic, reading, and it certainly gives you an idea of the rapid growth of the Service to which you belong. Thirty years is a pretty short time for so much to have happened.

Look round your present U.K. airfield, and then listen to this, under the heading of *Landing Places:* "A permanent landing ground should be at least 300 yards by 300 yards in size . . . Landing grounds with telegraph posts and wire on their boundaries should be avoided." (Percy Prune's father, Philip Prune, was flying in the R.F.C. at that time, you may remember.)

Think, too, of your flare-path, angle of glide indicator, funnels, and all such lighting aids, and listen to this: "Acetylene lamps may be used to light up the landing ground . . . The most suitable form of flare is a bucket with half a gallon of petrol in it. This will burn for half-an-hour . . ."

Under "*Characteristics and Principal Duties of Aeroplanes*" are some charming pieces: "The average distance which an aeroplane can cover in calm weather is 250 miles . . . The number of hours flying per day that can be carried out by any R.F.C. unit is strictly limited and may be taken at an average of 10 hours per Squadron. . . . Aerial reconnaissance differs in many ways from that effected on the ground: First, it is very rapid. Aeroplanes can maintain a speed of from 50 to 90 miles an hour . . ."

Now a bit for Bomber crews to ponder over: "Aeroplanes can accomplish little or nothing in heavy rain, fog, gales, or darkness."

The chapter on *Fighting in the Air* is chock-full of interest. "Firearms," it says, "form the principal weapon of attack. . . . In many aeroplanes a machine gun can be used with great effect, a rifle or carbine is better adapted to others (Sergeant Winde has just gone all pale) and to some, such as single-seater scouts (Spitfire pilots please note) automatic pistols are all that can be readily used."

On the subject of attacking troops we read later: "The attack of troops on the ground may be undertaken at the discretion of the pilot, provided always that sufficient care is exercised in avoiding the attack of localities where any considerable injury is likely to be inflicted on peaceful inhabitants. (Berlin ?) The weapons which may be employed are (i) Machine guns; (ii) Steel arrows; (iii) Bombs containing high explosive."

Well, we could go on—but we mustn't take up too much space. But one thing! While the Training Manual of 1915 makes you realise the incredible development of the Air Force in a little over a quarter of a century, all through you will note, if you read it, that the basic principles remain unchanged.

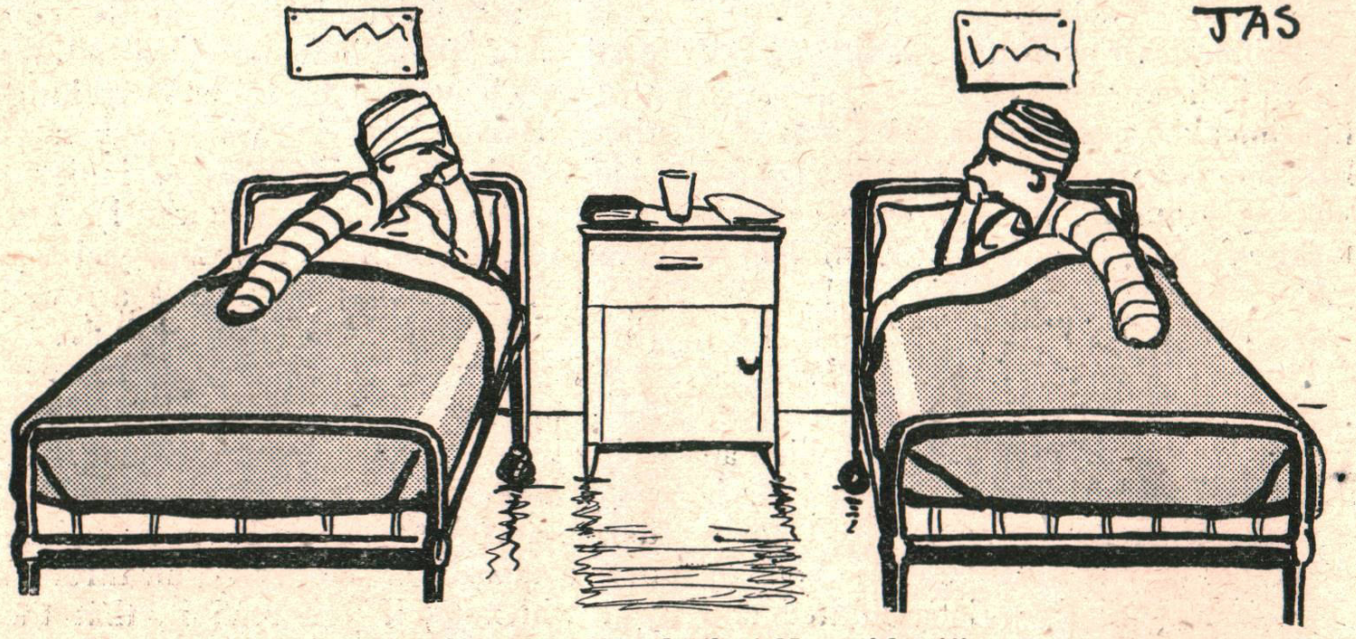
CRASH CO-OPERATION

Was it this lot?

Lack of crew co-operation is always regrettable. It is doubly so when all members of a crew fail to co-operate properly and by so failing run their aircraft into a hillside. We have just had a perfect case of this particular form of finger trouble. The aircraft, an Anson, crashed because it had (i) a Captain who asked the W/Op. for QDM's and did not receive them or query their non-receipt; (ii) a Navigator who received QDM's from the W/Op., did not know the Captain wanted them and in spite of large alterations in QDM's indicating that the aircraft was about 50° off track, did nothing at all; (iii) an Air Bomber who noticed a pundit well off track and kept quiet about it. These three people were in one aircraft and this overwhelming load of non-co-operationists led the aircraft into a hill at night. Happily no one was injured, but we are now an Anson less.

Indeed, the only crew co-operation in this regretable incident was co-operation in ensuring a crash.

COINCIDENCE



"Funny! I don't read Pilots' Notes either!"

WATER-HANDLING

" Water-handling," says Prune, " is a tricky business."

THIS is a matter requiring extreme care—particularly, as Prune will tell you, when putting water in a pink gin.

The Captain of a flying-boat, although approaching the subject from a different point of view from Prune, thinks likewise ; for to him water-handling is a matter of the highest importance. If you " drown " a pink gin you haven't lost very much, but if you drown a flying-boat—well, they're a little harder to come by. The flying-boat Captain knows full well that if he makes a bad mistake when on the water there is often nothing he can do but sit and wait. Wait that is for the crash, the fuss, and ultimately the endorsed log-book. Like ordinary taxying accidents, a dim view is taken of the breaker-up of an aircraft while on the water.

On analysis, the water problems which confront the flying-boat pilot are not as varied as they sometimes seem. Assuming that your Sunderland, Catalina or what-not has left its moorings in one piece and all the ropes and wires have been stowed away, it will be affected in its travel on the water by three things. They are (i) the wind ; (ii) the tide (or to be exact the water movement) ; and (iii) the engines (if working). So long as (ii) doesn't make you hit anything you can ignore it for the time being—but just wait till you come to moor up again !

Now what about wind ? First, a flying-boat weather-cocks, *i.e.*, all other things being equal, it will face into wind. (This is important to remember, apart from the fact that it enables you to look as though you really meant to take off across wind, besides being able to give it to the second pilot as the reason for practically anything.) The wind also blows the aircraft backwards, forwards or sideways according to its direction. The effect it has on the aircraft, of course, can be varied by use of the air controls ; you know the old business of rudder and opposite aileron ; when into wind it turns you out of wind. Wind also affects you to a greater degree the harder it blows. This remark isn't so ropey as it sounds, because if the wind blows hard enough the aircraft will want to face into it so much that all the engines on one side won't turn you right around. And it sometimes enables you to " sail " or travel backwards by just sitting there doing nothing, except show as much surface to the wind as possible, *i.e.*, by using the controls as aforesaid. This manœuvre has always been treated as if there was a certain amount of black

magic about it. In fact, however, with a little patience and practice it can easily be mastered. Indeed, if you are to overcome those one or two really awkward situations that are met in every boat pilot's career, it *must* be mastered.

We are now, we hope, sufficiently confident to leave the buoy.

The first thing is to get the aircraft put on short slip, while you decide just how you are going to pick your way out of the maze of aircraft, marine craft, buoys, shallow water, and the other hazards surrounding you. Having settled on this, you will know which way you will want to turn as soon as the buoy has been cleared. You may, of course, decide that you can't leave the buoy at all until something has been shifted ; in which case you put up your bleat about it and sit tight until it has been.

Always start first the engine on the side to which you wish to turn. Ordinarily this will bring the buoy on that side of the aircraft and enable you to use the buoy as a sort of pivot when you start the other one. If you've got four engines, you use the outers only at this stage, starting the inboard engines when you feel a bit happier about things. In emergency you can, in ordinary conditions, turn through 180 degrees on the buoy, but remember that it strains everything and you'll look silly if the short slip breaks. Anyway, it's not often necessary. You can also " sail " backwards off a buoy in a strong wind. Really, there are only two rules : Keep a look-out posted to watch behind at all times ; and don't leave the buoy until you have an engine on each side warm enough to answer to the throttle, *and* have made up your mind which way you intend to turn.

Whilst warming the engines preparatory to running up it is better, in a four-engined flying-boat, to set three of the throttles at something like 1,000–1,200 revs. and use the fourth to do any necessary alterations in course. It looks nicer (and it's easier) than using the throttles like railway signals. Besides which, it saves the engines and gives you more time to concentrate on other things—particularly at night when there are a large number of other things to concentrate upon. For that reason you should keep an additional look-out in the bow with an Aldis when taxying at night. Bear in mind, too, the position from which you propose to take off, so that you will be there when you have finished running up your engines.

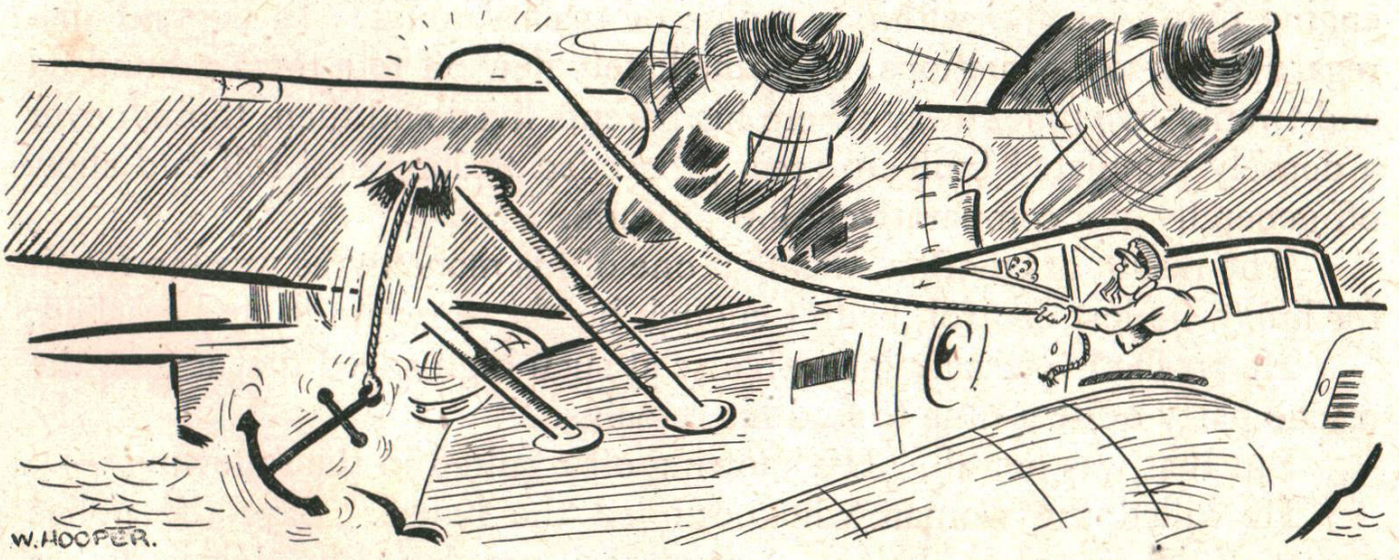
Finally, there's the question of Getting Back on the Buoy.

Up in front there's one of the crew with a short slip ready to run through the spreader of the buoy if you approach it near enough, and, of course, at a reasonable speed—the slower the better. You should, therefore, if on a four-engined boat, approach on two outer engines and directly into wind—so that you gain no forward speed by using engine to keep you straight—using flap to give added wind resistance—when flaps are fitted. If the wind isn't strong enough to slow you up sufficiently you have a drogue each side which someone will throw over the side when you give the appropriate signal. These constitute the only brakes you have and, once they're on, they stay that way until you travel slow enough for them to be tripped and brought inboard again. This is harder than it looks, too ; so don't bind if the crew say they can't do it. Unless it is essential

don't turn or taxy with your drogues out ; the water will build up sufficient pressure to snap even those steel cables.

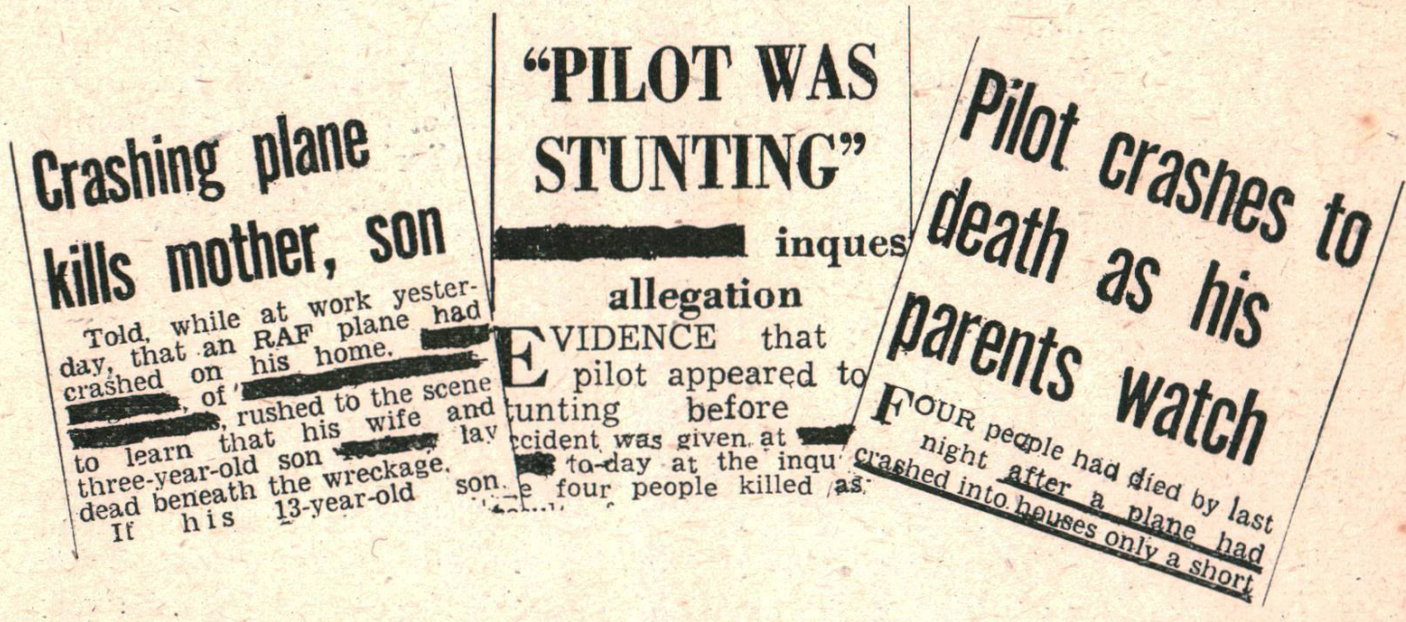
Well, so much for wind and engines. We'll now tackle the tide (or water movement). The tide is a friend if it travels in the same direction as the wind, because then both will help to slow your approach to the buoy. If it comes from any other direction, the thing to remember is that the aircraft will, even in the strongest tide, tend to face into wind, although it will travel in the direction of the resultant of the forces exerted on the aircraft by engines, wind and tide. You may, therefore, have to approach the buoy crab-wise—making allowance for the sideways travel ; or even up-tide, down-wind. There is unfortunately no strict rule as to which way it must be done, for so much depends on conditions. The slowest is the best.

In any circumstances in which you can't, or don't want to, use your engines, you can call on the help of a very experienced type driving a pinnace with large coils of rope on the back. Once he gets his hooks on to you he's in charge, except that you may toss away his ropes and take charge yourself if you consider there is some imminent danger into which he is leading you. This, however, leaves you out in the blue without engines or control, and the only thing left to do is to wait until the depth of water is reasonable and then heave over the anchor. Not every water bottom is suitable for anchoring, but sand and mud are O.K. as a rule. This once more makes you the master of your fate and captain of your soul, but it is unpopular with the crew who know that they will eventually have to haul the anchor in again. Avoid doing it, therefore, unless you are forced into it for the purpose of saving your aircraft, or because no mooring facilities are available. And when you become expert at doing all these things as well as the relatively simple business of taking off and landing, you can reckon yourself as a competent water-handler—capable even of putting just the right amount in Prune's pink gin.



P.O. Prune anchors.

He Got His Name in the Papers



Crashing plane kills mother, son

Told, while at work yesterday, that an RAF plane had crashed on his home. [redacted], of [redacted], rushed to the scene to learn that his wife and three-year-old son [redacted] lay dead beneath the wreckage. If his 13-year-old son [redacted]

"PILOT WAS STUNTING"

[redacted] inques

allegation

EVIDENCE that pilot appeared to [redacted] tunting before [redacted] ccident was given at [redacted] to-day at the inqu[redacted] four people killed as [redacted]

Pilot crashes to death as his parents watch

FOUR people had died by last night after a plane had crashed into houses only a short

YOU can get your name in the papers by winning the V.C. Or you can get it in another way—the easy way; the way shown above. By disobeying orders just in order to show off.

The " hero " of the above incident was a young Flight Lieutenant, pilot of a Mosquito, who had been ordered to carry out practice single-engine flying locally, within a radius of twenty miles. In flagrant disregard of these instructions, he immediately flew off to a town a hundred and twenty-five miles away where his parents lived and then, though over a densely populated built-up area, proceeded to loop and roll and show off generally at a comparatively low altitude.

The result, as so often, was that one of his manœuvres was too much for him; he lost control, hadn't enough height to regain it, and crashed.

He crashed vertically into a house at such high speed that it took the rescue party quite a time to find his remains.

But that was not all. His showing off resulted in the following :—

He killed the woman who occupied the house. Says the police report, " the body of Mrs. —— was recovered from the débris of her

home. Apart from being severely burned there were apparently multiple injuries to the body."

He also killed her small son. Says the police report, " going to the rear of the house I saw the charred body of ——, 3 years old."

He also killed another woman, though she was unlucky enough to have to endure five hours of agony before dying. Says the police report, " she was lying in the garden in front of her home and was being attended by Doctor ——. She was suffering from extensive burns and was removed to hospital where she died at 9.45 p.m. the same day."

We are afraid we cannot shed many tears over the death of that pilot. He is better out of the Service—and would have been had he lived.

Instead, we think of those three perfectly innocent civilians killed in their homes just as surely and as terribly as if it had been done by a German bomb, and not by a British pilot who had flagrantly disobeyed his instructions in order to show off.

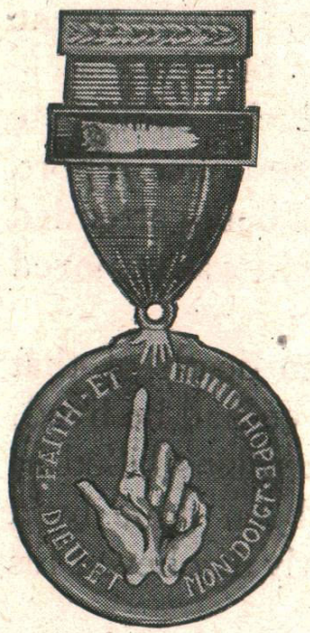
To add to the tragedy, the pilot's father and mother, for whose benefit this performance had been given, were able to witness the crash. Moreover, they almost certainly knew that it was their son. For before the R.A.F. Station concerned, who still supposed the pilot was flying locally as ordered, had heard anything about the accident, they were rung up by the father, who told them a Mosquito had crashed a quarter of a mile away from his house and was it his son in it ? This and the fact that the local police had several times complained of a Mosquito low flying over the same area, leads one to believe that it was by no means the first time the dead pilot had indulged in this exhibitionism. Had his parents, instead of apparently condoning it, expressed strong disapproval, their son might have been alive to-day.

And so might two women and a child.

The A.O.C.-in-C. officially commented on the results of the investigation in these words : " This accident is one of the most disgraceful suffered by the Command this year."

CARELESS FLYING COSTS LIVES

TEE EMM'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS



THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER (Patron : Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to Flying Officer ——, a Met. officer, for Knowing How to Fix it.

One night his teleprinter went u/s and though it was at once reported to the G.P.O., Flying Officer —— decided to forestall the Post Office Engineer by putting it right himself. His efforts to diagnose the fault, however, promptly resulted in his breaking the clutch-latch, an almost irreplaceable item in these days of shortage of spares, thus doubling the unserviceability of the machine.

A Joint to the Order is awarded him for Refusing to be Daunted by Small Mishaps in that, after having stripped the spare teleprinter and taken out its clutch-latch, which he fitted to the first machine, he also refitted the typehead bearing askew, so that when he switched on, it spilled the balls into the mechanism and the teleprinter seized up in a flurry of smoke, noise and yet further damage.

A Second Joint is awarded him for ringing up the G.P.O. to report *two* machines now u/s and at the same time demanding a reason for the lack of prompt service, though all the foregoing had taken place well within an hour.

A Third Joint is awarded him for subsequently explaining to the G.P.O. Engineer that he saw no reason why he shouldn't have rectified a teleprinter fault, as he had always been successful in stripping and cleaning alarm clocks.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Flying Officer —— for Seeing Through Things.

Flying Officer —— was about to take off from the airfield when Flying Control attempted to recall the aircraft owing to a mechanical defect of which the pilot had not been warned. The Airfield Controller gave him a white Aldis but he ignored it. When asked later why he had taken off against a " white " he replied that frankly he didn't know what " white " meant. He had therefore assumed it was a " green " with the coloured glass fallen out.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to Flying Officer —— for Simple Finger Trouble.

As a test pilot he took up a twin-engined aircraft and in order to check the operation of the balance cock he switched off the starboard tank and ran both engines off the port tank. This being found satisfactory he switched the balance cock off. He was in the middle of checking the feathering mechanism by feathering the port propeller when the starboard engine ran out of fuel as he had omitted to switch on the starboard tank again.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to L.A.C.W. ——, a W.A.A.F. wireless mechanic, for Determination to Make a Job of It.

While doing a D.I. on an aircraft, the Sergeant in charge of the section noticed that she seemed to be having a lot of trouble with the S.B.A. set. Asked if she wanted help she confessed that it seemed beyond her scope to put it properly right. " I can get the A's," she said, " but I can't get the N's."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to Flying Officer —— for Jumping to Conclusions.

This officer was detailed to carry out an Air Test. While running up his engines in dispersal, he tested the controls and found the rudder " jammed." He put the aircraft u/s and returned to the office. The ground crew, checking up a little later, found that it was unserviceable merely because the George control was " IN."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to Sergeant ——, an Air Bomber.

While on drogue firing Sergeant —— was put into the mid-upper by the Gunnery Leader and told to fire one gun only.

During the exercise the Gunnery Leader realised that in spite of his orders both guns were being fired. On mentioning this fact to the Air Bomber, he received the reply : " Well, I'm only pressing one trigger."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to Flight Lieutenant —— for Touching Faith in the Omniscence of the Law.

This Flight Commander reported to his Station Engineer officer that he had force-landed in a field eighty miles away, but added " The aircraft is quite all right to be flown off." Asked by the Engineer Officer how he knew that, he replied : " The policeman told me so."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Warrant Officer —— for Being as Polite to Brown Jobs as One Could Expect.

When leading a flight of airmen off a parade, he marched them right through an Army parade, actually passing between the Major and his contingent and without even a salute. Being reprimanded later, he said he thought it was all right, as he'd said " Pardon " when passing.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to Sergeant ——, a Rear Gunner, for Diagnosing a Tricky Fault At Last.

This gunner kept getting No. 1 stoppages on all four guns, which continued in spite of much cocking and firing. The fault was at last diagnosed as a mere omission to put the " Fire and Safe " units to " Fire."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to A.C.W. ——, a W.A.A.F. Mechanic, for Determination to Go Down to Posterity.

An aircraft which had just completed an inspection had suddenly to be put u/s as needing a new propeller. It had just been discovered that A.C.W. —— had carved her initials on one of the propellers with a soldering iron.

RESCUE HUNT

IT has at last filtered into P.O. Prune's mind that there is some sort of bunch of chaps who help a fellow if—or, in Prune's case, *when*—he crashes on a mountain side. Of course, Prune has his own ideas about the type of rescue party ; it is founded on the stories of Alpine rescues by monks and St. Bernard dogs with brandy kegs. And, adds Prune, as far as he's concerned it doesn't matter about the monks or the St. Bernards. Just a teeny-weeny little ten-gallon keg of brandy is good enough for him.

Well, to help Prune's ideas out, here are a few facts about that " bunch of chaps who help a fellow," the Mountain Rescue Service. Probably a large number of you know all about it already, but in case you don't, here goes.

The Mountain Rescue Service is specially designed to find, save, and ultimately put back into circulation any aeronauts who may have crashed or parachuted into the more lonely and mountainous parts of Great Britain, where inhabitants, if any, are few and far between and successful rescue is unlikely unless specially directed. The idea naturally is that in such places survivors of a crash—even if they aren't injured—must be got at as quickly as possible, if their lives are to be saved from death by exposure, cold, or starvation.

To this end, therefore, special units have been formed at Stations in these mountainous districts, such units being composed largely of experienced mountaineers or other tough guys who don't mind climbing up cliffs at night in blizzards, if it's to help a pal. Special rescue kit is also provided and kept ready at sick quarters, while the Senior M.O. is the chief organiser and specially detailed transport is always on hand.

Co-operating with this hardy gang of life-saving mountaineers are all the resources of the R.O.C., Flying Control, and indeed of the whole Air Force—but perhaps we can give you a better idea of how the wheels go round by taking P.O. Prune up in an aircraft and crashing him (though this is a job he's pretty good at doing himself) in, say, some remote part of Wild Wales.

Well, first of all, the crash is almost certain to have been suspected either by the Royal Observer Corps posts, which cover the countryside and make plots, or by a Group Sector Control, which is also plotting our course. In addition, our own Group will probably have sent out an overdue signal—and not the first time they've done it for Prune either. The moment, therefore, that a crash somewhere in the mountains is thus established, the nearest Station on which an M.R.S. unit is based will be contacted, with the approximate location and other details, and will be asked to get weaving.

At once Flying Control on that Station thunders into battle on the Tannoy with " Action Stations, Mountain Rescue." All over the Station the M.R. men drop what they are doing and dash off to Sick Quarters, where by then the S.M.O., in conjunction with Flying Control, has mapped out an initial plan of campaign as to liaison during search and so on, and is issuing all the special kit from

pyro's to restoratives (Prune's favourite brand, of course). They then pile into the vehicles allotted and off they go, like the cops in an old Keystone film.

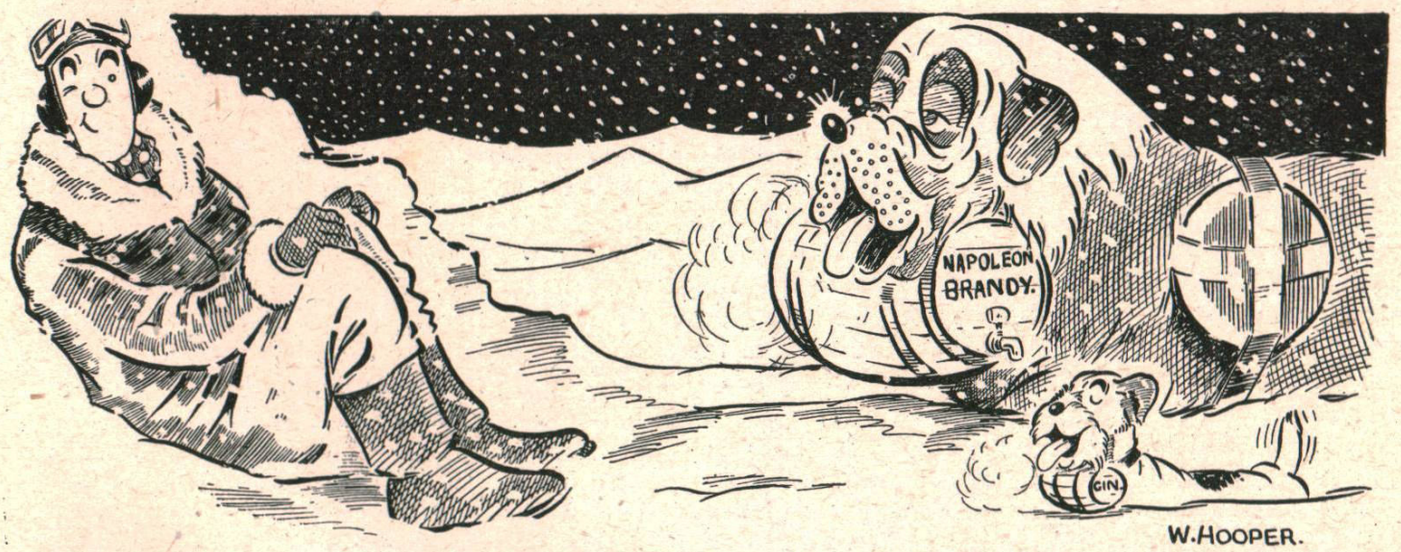
Meanwhile, the local police are in on the game, searching the countryside near the presumed scene of the accident, and in particular questioning shepherds, poachers, and other locals who know the territory intimately.

When the M.R.S. strong-arm squads arrive on the scene, they establish contact with the local searchers in order to co-ordinate the hunt. They then all go over the area with a fine comb. If visibility conditions are at all feasible, searching aircraft will also be nose down on the trail. During this the parties keep in touch with one another on "walkie-talkie" radio sets and with Flying Control at base by means of long distance radio, so that information either way can be passed with a minimum of delay.

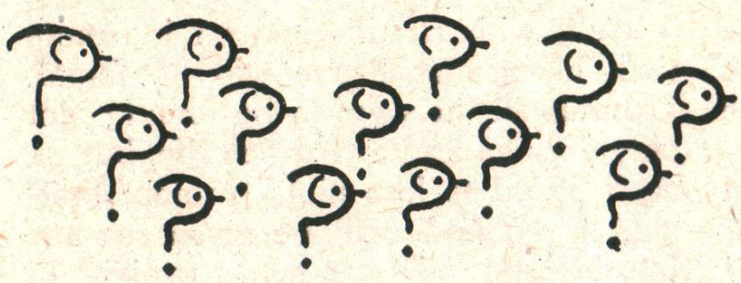
Well, with all this laid on it's more than likely that Prune will be found. Dammit all, he's *got* to be found; not only does he lead a charmed life, but we can't afford to lose him. Prompt first-aid, if required, will be given for any injuries and he'll be taken straight to hospital, if necessary, on the shoulders of the aforesaid strong-arm squad.

And then we'll leave him, hoping he now knows all about it.

Seriously, the above is not a mere line-shoot about the work of the M.R.S. It is intended to give you confidence when you are flying over lonely mountain country. It is intended to help you realise that, if you do crash, you are not likely to disappear from human ken till a few bones are found next spring, but that all the resources of the R.A.F., plus the special attentions of the M.R.S., are at your service, determined to bring you back alive. Yes, even P.O. Prune.



Prune has his own ideas on Mountain Rescue.



TEE EMM'S Brains Trust

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

LETTER. "SIR: I read your article, 'Is Your I.F. Up to Scratch?' in the February TEE EMM about the Link Trainer, and your few pleasant words about Link Instructors being keen. But here is a despairing cry echoed by most Link Instructors wherever they may be: air practice, air practice and still more air practice should be given to pilots on what they are taught in the Link. The Link Trainer is the finest and best of all the Synthetic Training Devices, yet, by not following up an hour in the Link by a corresponding hour in the air, its value is naught. Because of this apparent maxim that one does not practise what is preached in the Link, the L.T.I's. enthusiasm is wearing thin, very thin indeed, and we have reached the stage when we wonder if what we have done, and are doing, is to any end.

"I am referring in particular to radio beam flying which is the chief practice in the Link after the *ab initio* I.F. training. I have been teaching beam flying for over four years, and after the first year I began to realise I was teaching something which a pilot seldom, if ever, carried out in practice, and in which he consequently had little faith. Meeting many former pupils with operational experience I would demand all the gen on their S.B.A. experience. The answer? 'I don't think I've ever used it since doing it with you at O.T.U.' Not exactly encouraging to feel that our work does not appear to have any operational value.

"Probably not four out of five pilots could make a safe approach and landing on S.B.A. in emergency, simply through lack of confidence due to insufficient air experience. A B.A.T. course gives only the bare minimum of time to familiarise a pilot with signals and circuit and landing procedure. Thereafter he rarely hears a beam, let alone practises on the type he is flying. (A heavy aircraft cannot be treated in quite the same manner as an Oxford.)

"I remember the remarks of the D.L.H. pilots before the war about the Lorenz installation at Heston: 'Give us a longer landing run and we will be prepared to use the aerodrome in nil visibility.' How many pilots would say that to-day when runways of 2,000 yards and over are common? Every unit should have at least one aircraft (of the type in use at the unit) set aside solely for radio beam flying. Every practice carried out in the Link should be repeated in the air with the Link Instructors. Radio beam flying should be, and must be, second nature to a pilot until the devices developed in this war oust it altogether.

"In the meantime what are we poor Link people to do to raise our sagging spirits? S.B.A's are used chiefly it seems to get a position line. It doesn't need a Link Instructor to tell anyone how to do that, and we are not all E.F.T.S. Instructors where we can see the results of our work. Perhaps, TEE EMM, you can do something, or is it significant that articles on beam flying have seldom appeared in TEE EMM? All I can remember is a little rhyme on doing a B.A.T. course. As for Radio Range, nobody has a clue. Cynically yours."

REPLY. We've done what we can to help our cynical and despairing correspondent in his trouble by contacting representatives of various Commands and asking them, "Hey, what about this?"

Before passing on the gist of their replies, however, let us, "Tee Emm," answer his last paragraph. We admit we have not published much about the Beam, but we have had more than our correspondent thinks. In addition to the rhyme he mentioned, we have published "Standard Beam Approach" (Vol. I, No. 7), "Beam Approach" (Vol. II, No. 9) and "Beam Approach is Easy" (Vol. III, No. 5).

As a result of our researches in answer to our correspondent's moan we find the following. The general attitude towards S.B.A. from the Flying Training point of view is that in basic pilot training the pupil is trained to a high standard in the use of S.B.A. because (i) it is the most exacting exercise in applied instrument flying; (ii) it is an excellent medium for getting the pilot to fly by himself in cloud, which is a high psychological hurdle to leap; and (iii) it is a splendid basis for any other kind of bad weather approach system. In Bomber Command it appears that training in S.B.A. is considered to be a sound basis for instruction in new devices in process of installation. Though the large number of aircraft to be handled per airfield in a short time limits the weather conditions under which it can be used, an indication of its importance is the "Oval Orbit" procedure for its use. The tempo of operational flying unfortunately limits the amount of air practice possible.

In Coastal Command the feeling is that S.B.A. is extremely valuable training for all kinds of blind approach used in the Command, but at the moment it is impracticable to allot aircraft specially for this training as they are of more use in operations.

Fighter Command say their night fighters are equipped with, and use, V.H.F. B.A., which is the same, as far as the pilot is concerned, as S.B.A.

Transport Command also takes up arms at the suggestion that S.B.A. is not much used by them. Our expert here has answered us at some length—possibly because our correspondent is at a Transport Command O.T.U.—and we can't do better than quote him *in extenso*. We in Transport Command (he says) really do use the Beam, alias S.B.A. The High Level Policy is quite definitely to provide all the gubbins and the instruction and the regular practice and really make the damn thing work—and the boys do get regular practice, in their operational aircraft, both at the Heavy Conversion Units and in the Squadrons.

This policy really pays dividends. More and more of the Captains, especially the Old and Wily Ones who drive the Long Range Liners, are getting the idea that "Beam is Best—Stick to Beam!" and "Beam is the Best Way Down!" Absolutely with no intention of shooting a line, here's a sample of what the boys do:

A Transport Harrow was over Leuchars and the cloud was solid at 150 feet. So Control told him the QDM and frequency and in he came on the Beam.

Two Libs. and a freighter Lanc. from Canada arrived over —— in thick fog (visibility 500 yards). There was much gnashing of American teeth—the U.S.A.T.C., who don't have S.B.A., were grounded because of fog—as one after another the three floated out of the grey to perfect landings, on the Beam.

Three Yorks were coming into —— from Malta, with cloud base 400 feet, visibility a mile: The first landed with no trouble at all, on the Beam, so the other two cancelled their request for diversions and they too came in very happily.

The Warwicks of the Europe Wing regularly check up on their Beam practice whenever they use a field with the gubbins: result is that bad weather never stops them at their big South Coast base because a Beam landing is their normal way down.

And, of course, the Beam training simplifies things enormously for the other instrument let-downs—Radio Range work, for instance. The main thing is to get the idea into the blokes' heads that the Beam *is* the Best Way Down. Once they get keen on the idea of instrument let-down, they'll keep themselves in practice.

Well, we don't know if that has been a help to—or even cleared the air for—our correspondent, but such as it is he's welcome. Just the "Tee Emm" service.

HELP FOR PRUNE

Prune just can't get it.

PRUNE must be ill.

You remember our article last February called " Oriental Met-icism," which was an attempt to elucidate the vagaries of the Indian weather. Prune, of course, couldn't understand a word of it, but to-day he actually came into the office and confessed that he had tried again, and still couldn't understand a word of it, could we sort of explain it, put it more shortly and simply for a chap who might be sort of flying there, and wanted a quick low-down on the weather likely to be encountered, if you knew what he meant.

Well, when we all recovered consciousness—for Prune *asking* for gen was a new one on us—we said we'd try and elucidate. But we warned Prune that the original article was the real thing, and any abridging could only be on the broadest lines.

Prune said, O.K., he got it, go ahead.

Well, first, we told him, it's dangerous to consider the causes and reasons for Indian weather without also taking into account that enormous mass of land and sea which surrounds the country—itself a sub-continent—but we'll ignore that, because we're trying to be brief.

Secondly, the majority of Service flying in India—note we say India and omit Burma—is done north of a line joining Bombay and Chittagong. So we'll omit Southern India too. In this part of the world, *i.e.*, North of the Bombay–Chittagong line, there are two very different types of weather during the year. They are referred to as the hot weather and the cold weather.

No one need worry very much about the cold weather, as for far the greater part of the time the climate is the best in the world ; so we'll take the hot weather first. This is the S.W. Monsoon period.

India is assailed by bad weather from the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal. The lows from the former are straightforward affairs which drop most of their rain on the western hills, in Bombay Province, and Central India. The latter produces lows which may have the destructive power of a cyclone ; these, generally speaking, travel up the Bay of Bengal in a north easterly direction, crossing inland anywhere between Orissa and Chittagong. They then alter course and travel north westerly. Very approximately, their course is up the Ganges plain. Weather in North East and North West India is largely governed by the track of these lows and according to the amount of " northing " in their

track you get rain or just plain damp hot air. Obviously North Eastern India gets worse weather than North Western India as it is nearer the head of the Bay.

As summer recedes, the lows which develop in the southern part of the Bay move west and thus cross India much further south. In the north of India, the hot, damp air of the monsoon is replaced by cooler, drier air which enters from the west. The cool, fine weather of winter has begun.

But you must realise, of course, it isn't quite as simple as all that. Northern India is afflicted by lows and their associated bad weather even in the winter months. These lows are of western origin and in the hot weather they travel well to the north, having little effect on the weather in India, but as the sun moves south the tracks of these lows also move south until they begin to draw energy from the Arabian Sea. Generally, these lows move across India between Baluchistan to Tibet and the mouth of the Indus to Nepal, bringing anything from cloud to moderate rain.

But, as we told Prune at the start, the division of weather isn't really as clear-cut as these few words may lead him to believe. On the other hand, he can probably now go back to reading "Oriental Met-icism" with a little better understanding.

TEE EMM'S OWN TRUMPET

As it's our birthday number we feel we might be excused for blowing our own trumpet once ("Just one little note! It won't take long.") Here's a letter we've had from Canada—the usual sort of letter asking for some odd back numbers to complete the writer's set. The writer, a Flying Officer, has evidently seen the light as regards the value of the gen in TEE EMM, both past, present and future (though not so much more future, we hope). His letter goes thus:

"Due to an apparent scarcity of TEE EMMS in Canada, or perhaps due to a greater interest in them by personnel in the land of the Maple Leaf, I have been unable to keep my TEE EMM set up to date, and would therefore be very thankful if you could please forward the following back numbers to me . . .

"At one time it was my custom to laugh at your articles on instruction, methods of, faults in, bumph and other articles, with the scorn that all good adherents of P.O. Prune have for such matters, but boy, oh boy! have I ever been glad to dig up some of that gen lately. . . ."

AN APPRECIATION

This is not a list of woes
But just a note of thanks—
In August's number you disclose
The daily fate of some M.O's
Who to the luncheon table goes *
From treating Other Ranks.

This is the time when he should feel
Exempt from duties call,
When he should eat his midday meal
Away from those he has to heal
Of limbs that ache and toes that peel
But does he ? Not at all !

He settles down to take the soup
With which his meal begins,
When he is tackled by a group
Of sufferers from ague, croup,
Acute lumbago when they stoop,
Or bruising of the shins.

He tries to set their minds at rest
(And eat his M. & V.),
But details of some P/O's chest,
Described with somewhat laboured zest,
Deprive him of his rightful rest
At breakfast, lunch or tea.

They dog one's footsteps all the day ;
It costs them not a dime.
One wonders if they're making hay
Against the ever-nearing day
When doctors claim the usual pay
Of 10/6 a time.

It's good to know our cause is backed
Against these meal-time cranks :
Oft-times have I the courage lacked
To have such patients bottoms smacked . . .
So for your timely words on tact
Kindly accept my thanks.

* Our poetical medico apparently prefers rhyme to grammar—but who shall gainsay him ?

AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

After the war is over. After the battle's done. Many a heart is bro-oken, Many a . . . Sorry, wrong song !

But many a heart may be broken if you find yourself out of the Service and out of a job at the same time.

There is no need, however, for this to happen if you let E.V.T. help you. As soon as the European war is over E.V.T. will swing into action. *You* can take part in the training which E.V.T. offers, training solely designed to improve your qualifications for earning a post-war living.

We wrote all about E.V.T. in November, 1944, TEE EMM—" How Will Your Civvy Suit Fit ?" If you didn't read it, do so. Something in it for you.

LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY

YOU have had already two articles in this short series, one dealing with how to survive in a dinghy and the other in the jungle. This month we publish a true-life story of a successful survival and escape in both jungle and dinghy which is full of instructive points. In order to emphasize these points in the most valuable manner possible we have had our tame survival expert stand at our shoulder and comment in italics during the narrative. You may now read on.

III. Amphibious Escape

The pilot was shot down when bombing Jap A.A. positions in New Britain and baled out. His parachute opened at about 500 feet, and came down among trees, catching some branches and leaving the pilot dangling two feet only from the ground. (*Definite bit of luck here! He had landed only a mile and a half from the Jap positions and had his parachute been caught higher up, he might not have been able to get down without injury or before search parties arrived.*)

He at once made for some thicker trees nearby, but after going a short distance returned to collect his dinghy from his parachute. (*This is good. He obeyed first instincts, but reason quickly took charge. As it happened this decision was his salvation. Moral: Don't panic.*)

He was minus his jungle pack, because he had been carrying it, not on his person, but in the cockpit, thinking it could be grabbed if necessary; also, being a large man, he felt that it cramped him for space when worn on his belt. (*Wear your jungle pack always, even if it does mean a tight squeeze in the cockpit.*) Everything in his pockets had fallen out, and he had lost his watch and water bottle, but still had his knife and revolver. (*Pockets of flying-suits should be securely fastened; but at any rate he did still have two of the most important aids to survival.*)

Taking a rough bearing from the sun he set out southward with the object of reaching a river which would lead him to the coast. Traversing steep hills and gullies, he set himself a programme of roughly ten minutes rest for every half-hour's walking. (*Good! Don't go at it bald-headed and crock yourself up in a day.*) He further conserved his strength

by retracing his steps to easier places when river crossings involved negotiating steep slopes. Going was difficult because of vines or low growth; there were a number of trails going southward, but he followed them only if they looked old and showed no boot prints. (*He's obviously got his head screwed on all right.*)

Coming to a creek of clear water he remembered a hint which he had read somewhere and forced mouthfuls of water into his Mae West (U.S. type) until it contained about three-quarters of a gallon. (*Remember this useful tip about using a Mae West as a water bottle, if you've lost yours. He'd "read it somewhere"—and now so have you!*) At night he slept on high ground in a coconut plantation. He opened some nuts with his knife (*that most essential of all escape aids*) and drank the milk. He found a pear-like fruit with a rough brown skin and rectangular hollows filled with fluid, decidedly good to eat. The leaves were broad with a dark green upper side; the foliage was all high on the tree. (*It's not a bad idea to learn to recognize some of the edible fruits and plants which you are likely to meet with, instead of having to experiment. You may not always be lucky.*)

The pilot kept to the ridges whenever possible and made his general way south until, about 1600 hours, he reached the flats of a large river. Here he sighted his first Japs: three swimming a little further up the stream. Planning to travel down the river in his dinghy, he waited for night.

Having set out on his journey by water he found that the stream was in places heavily obstructed by fallen trees and it required care to save the dinghy from damage, especially as in some places the current was fairly strong. (*Be prepared for snags when you are using your dinghy in a river; it's no good being wise after the event, as the dinghy's probably had it by then.*)

Before taking to the dinghy he tied it to him with his revolver lanyard. Branches in the river several times capsized the dinghy but because of this precaution he did not lose it. (*Once again, be wise before the event.*) The journey down the winding river, which was up to 60 yards wide in places, took about two and a half hours.

As far as he could he kept to the side shaded from the moonlight. He rested on the bank once or twice and during one of these halts spent some time polishing his knife to a sufficient brightness to enable its use as an emergency mirror. (*This fellow is thinking well ahead; we hope you'll do so too.*)

It was a long struggle to get past the breakers at the river mouth but, this accomplished, he hoisted sail, and paddling as well, set out to sea. His first object was to get well away from land, the second to head north into the path of strikes going to and from Rabaul. (*Always make for places that give most chance of rescue*).

Daylight found him an estimated five to seven miles from the shore and with the coming of light he took in the sail for fear it would be seen from the shore.

For food he had a tin of K rations and he found it not very palatable and could not eat much of it, but thinks that it must have been nourishing as he did not feel weak. (*Emergency rations are de-*

signed to keep you alive scientifically not necessarily luxuriously !)

That day he saw numerous aircraft going to and from Rabaul but all were too high to be likely to see him. He fired one of his two-star distress signals in an unsuccessful effort to attract a formation. The cartridge functioned although it was wet. He was fearful of using many distress signals for fear the wrong people saw him.

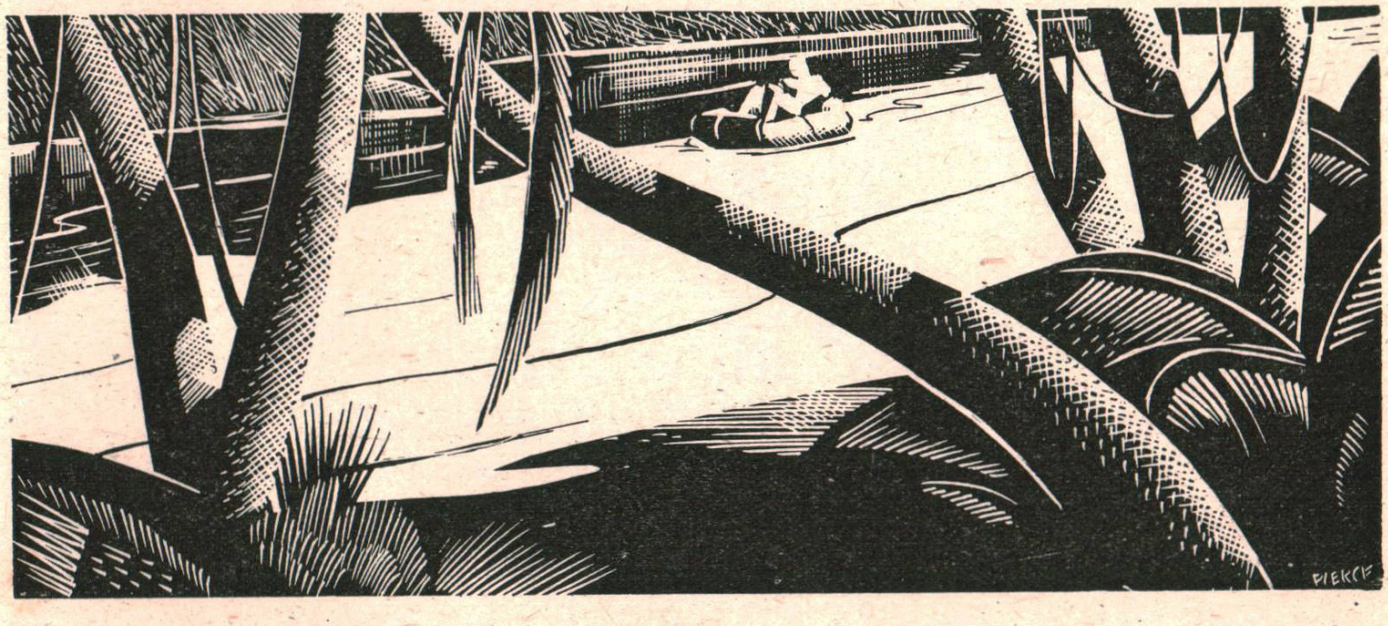
The second night was fairly rough and the sail was lowered and a sea anchor put out. During the second day he saw only a few planes.

On the third day at about 0930 or 1000 hours two gunboats hove into sight. Because of his red sail they saw the dinghy immediately. (*Always remember that though you can see an aircraft in the sky, your dinghy is a very small speck in the ocean and you must do something about it.*)

He came through his ordeal still feeling fairly strong but suffering from immersion sores and chafing of his skin against the side of the dinghy. (*Whether he could have done anything to prevent this, we do not know, but read our first article,* TEE EMM *for January,* 1945, *p.* 226.) There was always water in the bottom of the dinghy and at times he had to do a lot of baling. He was wet through for a good deal of the time although he used a waterproof cape in an effort to keep the water from coming in over the "bow" of the dinghy.

When rescued he still had half a tin of K rations and plenty of water, having used both sparingly. (*Sound policy ! Ration yourself from the start—you never know how long it'll be before you're rescued.*)

So there's another one saved. (*And we think he deserved it, for he kept his head—and used it—in a dangerous situation. His survival was largely due to having formulated a reasonable plan of action with a set objective for which to work, particularly while still on land, and to having remembered and put into effect the information he had read and heard on survival and evasion.*)



THREE AND THREE-QUARTER YEARS AGO

Carrying on with our plan of publishing each month a selected article from our corresponding issue of three and three-quarter years ago, we print this month the following piece from our issue of July, 1941 :

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU CRASH AN AIRCRAFT?

WE agree with Abraham Lincoln that the man who never made a mistake never made anything else. But these mistakes—costly mistakes some of them—are they *all* really inevitable ? Inevitable, remember, means " impossible to avoid." Is it inevitable that pilots should forget to change over tanks ? Can they avoid finishing up in the tree tops through not looking at a weather map, or forgetting to take a watch, or applying drift correction the wrong way round ?

Such accidents are definitely *not* inevitable. Lack of preparation, forgetfulness, hurry—these are the things which cause the great majority of aircraft accidents. In one word (for there's no escaping it), CARELESSNESS.

What happens when you *carelessly* crash an aircraft ? Lots of things besides the mere writing of it off. There are many others, besides the pilot, who suffer from that carelessness. Who are these people ?

First, the other chaps, who, like you, want to have a crack at the Hun. The more aircraft they have, the more often they can fly and fight or the more efficient will be their training. Serviceable aircraft are precious. Do these other chaps flock round to congratulate you and stand you drinks when you carelessly wipe off an undercarriage after landing across wind with drift on ? Don't try it to see ! Guess the answer !

Then there are the maintenance crews. They work themselves to the bone keeping serviceability as high as possible. Ever been round the dispersal fields at night, long after official packing-up time, and seen them perched on rickety ladders, working by torchlight in cold and wind and rain to finish off dailies so that you can get cracking again first thing in the morning ? Do you think they cheer and declare a public holiday when you carelessly forget to lower the wheels and use their best aircraft as an aerodrome plough ?

Next come the flight commander and instructors whose pilots have to get a maximum number of flying hours in a minimum of time. Do they give a grateful sigh and shut up shop when the last serviceable aircraft has been pranged against a hangar because its pilot would land towards obstacles, and carelessly forgot to notice that the wind had dropped ? Ask them—if you don't already know the answer.

Then the factory people, who only see their homes between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m., or else work all night in blitzed towns. Seventy thousand of their man-hours can be swept away in three seconds—

all because some pilot carelessly took off in coarse pitch. Does it amuse them? Do they start in to build a new aircraft with nothing more than a "Tut-tut! Boys will be boys." No, they are more likely to coin the slogan: "We make 'em: you break 'em!"

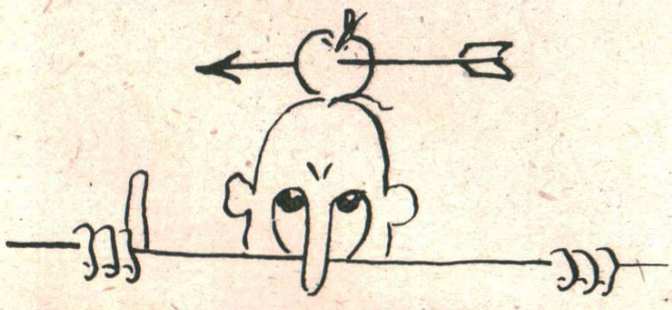
Next are the staffs, who know that (broadly speaking) training aircraft + operational aircraft = total aircraft production; and that only operational aircraft will win the war. Do they rejoice when yet another O.T.U. Hurricane or Wellington, Spitfire or Blenheim is flattened against a farmhouse because the pilot carelessly forgot to look at his petrol cocks?

Then there are, to take another view, the doctors and nurses, bandaging and changing pillows and waiting hand and foot on a pilot who thinks he's a ruddy hospital hero—when he's only there because he carelessly lifted the flaps instead of the wheels directly after taking off. They do it because it's their job; but what do they really think?

And lastly, there are all those inhabitants of the small village that saved and skimped and gloriously subscribed the full amount of a Spitfire. They can't be really grateful when said Spitfire is carelessly put out of action by a pilot, perhaps not even on an operational flight. It is his carelessness which has destroyed the aircraft subscribed for by that village as surely as if he had set about it with a sledge-hammer. He has thrown their money into the sea.

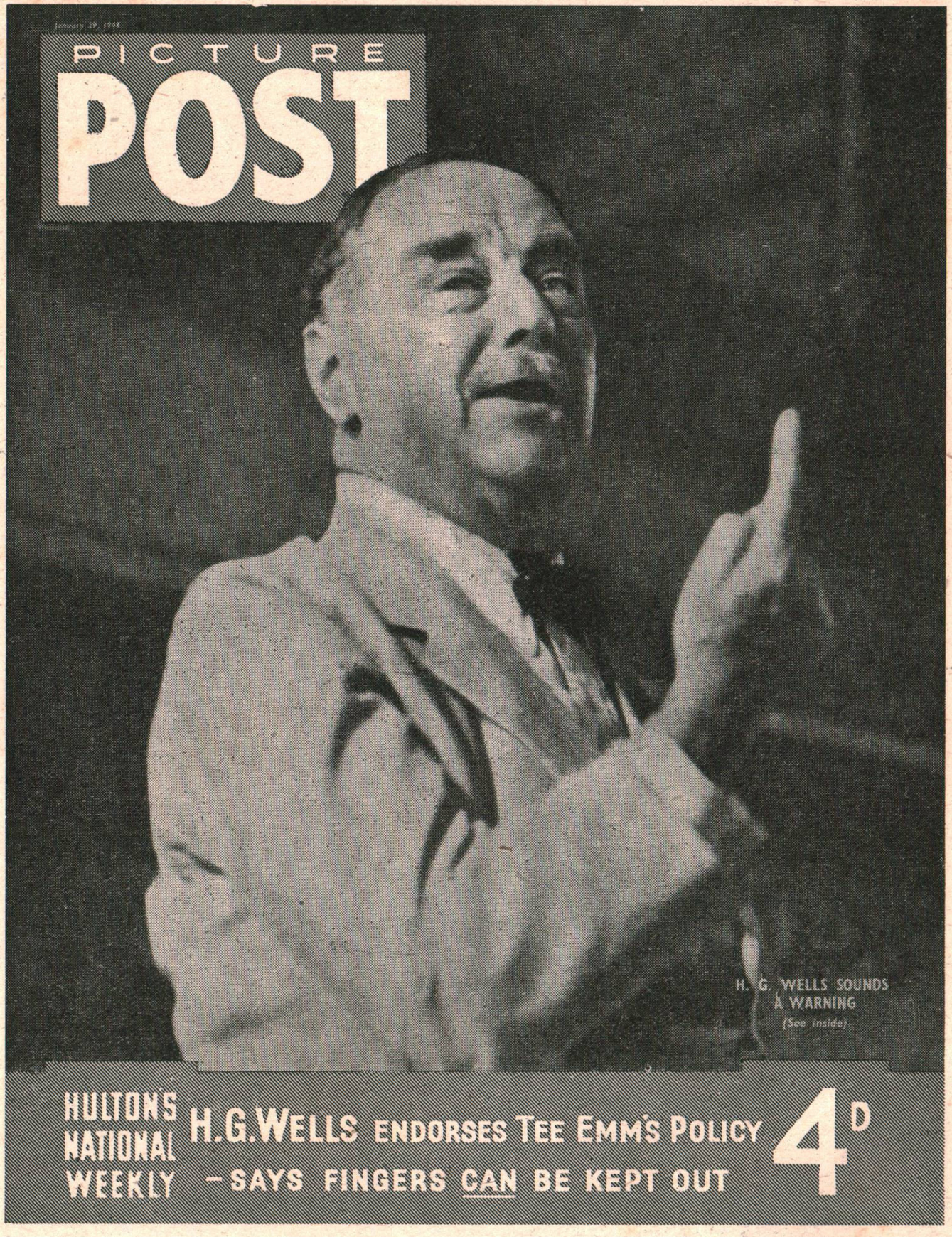
Nine out of ten so-called accidents happen because someone, generally the pilot, did not have a little more patience, or did not give that concentrated care and thought, either in the air or just before starting, which flying requires of him. To-day aeroplanes are among the most precious possessions of the British Empire; so, when you are dealing with them, think systematically, clearly, thoroughly. Keep your head, and use it. Then you will build up good habits, and be able to do all the right things naturally and with ease. And, above all, free yourselves from any possibility of being labelled Courageous but Careless fighters. If your carelessness destroys a 'plane, you have done just what Goering's Messerschmidt's are trying to do. Why do that old Butter-keg's work for him?

DOOMIE SAYS—



Doomie Tell says, DON'T Get the Wrong Target.

Doomie Harold says so too.


January 29, 1948
PICTURE
POST
H. G. WELLS SOUNDS
A WARNING
(See inside)
HULTON'S
NATIONAL
WEEKLY
H.G.WELLS ENDORSES TEE EMM'S POLICY
– SAYS FINGERS CAN BE KEPT OUT
4D

He said it would never happen to him.

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PILOT'S NOTES-

makes flying child's play