

Good-bye Chaps!  
TEE EMM



You've Had It!

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*for official use only*

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*Pilot Officer Prune says—  
"I hope you've taken Tee  
Emm regularly and that it  
did prevent that Thinking  
Feeling!"*

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## FROM THE CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF

SO TEE EMM must close down. During the last five years I have read it with enjoyment and interest. I am sure that the Service has benefited greatly from reading its characteristically humorous and readable pages, which have enabled a vast quantity of "gen" of the most serious and important kind to be absorbed. Many a prospective "Prune" is alive now because he read TEE EMM.

I hope that, throughout the Service, in places where they read, bound volumes of TEE EMM will be kept accessible, so that the odd moment may be beguiled with tastes of that blend of wit and wisdom which has been the essence of TEE EMM. Although the time has come when the publication of TEE EMM must cease, Prune and his fellows are still with us; they are eternal, they typify human fallibility, carelessness and folly. Thanks to TEE EMM we have been helped to see them for what they are; we must not let them hide themselves in the crowd again. The cold air of publicity and ridicule is one of the most valuable weapons in the campaign against finger-trouble. We must keep it up.

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

## AMBER TO RED

WELL, you can't say you haven't been warned. TEE EMM went from green to amber last month—amber for warning—and now it's red. Red for stop. And so here it comes—the last Editorial we shall write in these pages ; because after this month there'll be no more TEE EMM pages.

It's a long time since we wrote our first TEE EMM Editorial. Five years. So long ago in fact that we make no excuse for repeating part of what we then wrote, all timorous and new-born, wondering—finger in mouth and eyes opened in awe—just what life had to offer us.

We said :

" This is the first issue of a new Air Ministry publication, a monthly Memorandum on Training. It is perhaps a little different from the usual run of such publications, but new things frequently *are* different. The Royal Air Force, compared with the Navy and the Army, is a new Service. Our traditions are brilliant, but do not yet stretch very far back. But we *have* a tradition of ebullience, even of unconventionality—in short a tradition of the Spirit of Youth and all that Youth implies.

" It is not, therefore, out of keeping with this tradition that TEE EMM, the new R.A.F. Training Memorandum, should in a small way reflect this spirit by an occasional intrusion of light-heartedness into serious subjects, by an occasional unconventionality of treatment, by an occasional lack of stiffness in the presentation of training and instructional points and information. . . .

" The occasional joke, the occasional use of ' unofficial ' language, the occasional avoidance of ' Whitehallese ' never hurt anyone yet—and probably does a power of good. For just as underneath the outward light-heartedness of the officers and men of the Royal Air Force of to-day there is the constant realisation of the grim purpose every one of them has before him, so too will they realise that TEE EMM, in whatever form it is written, contains serious matter, the whole object of which is to *help*. The stuff, in short, is there."

We said the above because we were writing an Editorial for the first time and had to say something—but looking back on it later we realised that it was definitely a statement of policy for the magazine. Just like the *Daily Bumph*, which, if you remember, wrote in its first issue of 183—, " This paper stands for freedom of . . . our common heritage . . . the traditional right of all free-thinking people . . . fearless expression of opinion. . . ." But why should we go on ? You can say that sort of thing in your sleep.

What TEE EMM stood for, we hadn't at the actual time of writing very much idea—dithering as we were over writing an Editorial at all. Moreover, our chief concerns then were more mundane, such as how soon we should be promoted from Pilot Officer and were we getting our right allowances.

It was only after some lapse of time that we realised what our policy really was. It was nothing more nor less than to write up Service gen in simple straightforward language, to introduce occasional humour, and to present it all attractively and

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unconventionally. And by so doing to ensure that whatever we published would be *read*.

Well, we think we've achieved our modest aims. Anyway it's all over now. TEE EMM has completed its Five Year Plan and bows itself out.

On the other hand, we have a happy announcement. The Air Crew Training Bulletin is also ceasing publication. . . . We're sorry, that's not quite as tactfully put as it might be. What we mean is that while TEE EMM and the Bulletin are both disappearing, in their place you're going to have a fine new publication.

It is to be called "Air Clues" and the first number will appear in April. It is intended to appeal principally to air crew members, and covers all air crew subjects both technical and personal. It will also be a medium for distributing new information and, though it is an official publication, the views expressed in it will by no means be all official. Individual views will be encouraged, discussion invited and Air Force questions commented upon in a semi-official manner. Old Granfer TEE EMM wishes Baby the best of luck.

Well, that's about all we can say. We've come to the end of our last Editorial. Indeed, we're only going on writing to fill up the page. In reminiscent mood we wonder where today are all the lads who were Squadron Leaders with us in the old 1941 days. (Answer: Either Group Captains or Air Commodores!) Ah, well, nothing now remains but to bid you all an official farewell and hope that you will enjoy this final issue. As usual, it's not completely solemn. In fact, we've tried to make it a super-crazy Last Number, and we've done quite a lot of things in it we've been wanting to do for years.

Which settles one thing definitely. Even if this issue wasn't going to be the last, it will be by the time the Air Council see it.

## IF TEE EMM HAD GONE ON TILL 1956 . . .



*The Editor's Memory is so good he can remember when he was first a Squadron-Leader.*

## GALES IN COASTAL



WHEN a Coastal Command Station gets a gale warning it has a spot of potential trouble on its hands. For gales are likely to do moored aircraft quite a bit of no good, if left unattended. Hence the reason for gale crews, crews specially put on board before the wind gets up—not up the crew of course—so as to prevent damage or loss, if humanly possible.

The first point we wish to make about gale crews is that it is now generally accepted that it's better to leave the aircraft to the mercies of the weather rather than to the mercies of an inexperienced crew; *provided*, of course, that normal safeguards are taken, *i.e.*, correctly fitting front turret cover and having the aircraft moored securely as laid down in A.P. 1566E.

Another point also now generally accepted is that it is unwise, if not indeed dangerous, to run the engines continuously. The recurrent gusts of wind mean that the pilot must be constantly manipulating the throttle, if he is to keep the aircraft close up to the buoy; and this means that he would, after some hours, find it too great a strain to continue doing so efficiently. Moreover, at night it will probably rarely be light enough to see the buoy, an additional

difficulty. It has, therefore, been considered best to run engines for short periods only during the day.

A third point, before we get on to the actual duties of gale crews, is that they should not just go on board thinking they'll be off again soon. They may well have to stay there for two or three days, if the gale is anything like a gale. Therefore, don't forget warm clothing, sleeping bags or blankets, rations, and hot drinks.

The ideal gale crew should consist of one qualified Pilot, one Flight Engineer or Flight Mechanic, one W/Op. and one other type. This will ensure everyone getting regular spells off duty, and a watch system should be set up as soon as the aircraft has been thoroughly checked over.

Now for the duties in a nutshell. Some nutshell, for there seem to be a hell of a lot of them! Here are, first, the most important:

Immediately on going on board the Captain should see that the moorings are all correct and that the shackles are moused. He should then ensure that the front turret cover is properly fitted so as to prevent water coming into the bow compartment. Next, an inspection of the bilges, pumping out if necessary, and closing of all hatches, swash boards and bulkhead doors. During this he should have the Flight Engineer check over and start the auxiliary Power Unit and have the W/Op. check his R/T and W/T and establish a two-way communication with base on R/T—after which an hourly check should be kept. Finally, he should give the order to his crew to wear Mae

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We thought you'd like to see a picture of TEE EMM's outer office before it's de-requisitioned and handed back to the Air Ministry. The photo shows our W.A.A.F. Assistant Editor discussing a drawing with our artist. On the wall are some of our Pilot's Notes advertisements and in the middle is an oil painting of Prune which was on show (quite true!) at the National Portrait Gallery in 1941 during an exhibition of work by men in the Services. Under the table, on which are laid out all issues of TEE EMM to date, you will see our Deputy Assistant Editor. He is taking a short rest, for TEE EMM runs a twenty-four hour service. Twenty-four hours a week, we should explain.

West and not remove them without permission.

Secondary points to be attended to are these: one of the dinghies ready by rear door, in case a hurried retreat is necessary; serviceability of hand bilge-pump; fuel state checked, in case the engines are needed—and if there's time have a trial run of each; proper stowing of all movable equipment; and life-lines rigged on the main-planes.

Other checks to be made are of batteries—charging with A.P.U. if necessary—Aldis lamp, Verrey pistol, and all internal and external lighting.

And you'll have to get cracking on all the above, too, because the gale may not give you much time. However, once it's done, there you are, all set and ready. Blow, blow, thou winter winds!

They do blow. But don't just sit down and twiddle your thumbs. During the gale you must make frequent inspections of the bow compartments to see if water is coming in through the front turret, have periodical checks of the bilges, and see how the aircraft is riding. If the tide is causing her to lie out of wind, unlock the controls and keep her head to sea by rudder and ailerons. Remember, too, to use minimum lighting at night so as to save your batteries.

Well, you should be all right with all this, but one never knows. If conditions do become dangerous, you must be ready for real trouble. First warn all the crew, and then contact base. Get your mechanic to the panel, all set to start the engines, should you break adrift; and get the second dinghy ready to launch on the top deck; for you might, for all you know, actually founder. Have sandbags at hand, if you haven't already done this, in case the floats are damaged; and if it's night, switch on the internal lights. And, most important, stand by with your Verrey pistol; for if you *are* standing in danger or look like foundering, you must fire off distress signals without delay.

Well, that, we think, about covers the duties of gale crews. Some of the items are obviously less important than others, but don't be misled by that. An aircraft can be lost by neglecting a small point quite as easily as by neglecting a big one. More easily, in fact, for the small points are just the ones most likely to be overlooked.

And, above all, don't treat the whole business as a goddawful bind and curl up in your blankets, trusting to Heaven to help the aircraft ride out the storm. For if you do, you'll surely wake up in Davy Jones' locker.



# FAMOUS R.A.F. CHARACTER HONOURED

## Pilot Officer Prune at Investiture

**W**E are privileged to announce that, coincident with the closing down of TEE EMM, one of Pilot Officer Prune's last appearances before disappearing into the pin-stripe world was to attend an Investiture.

At this glittering function our gallant friend received the due reward for his years of service in the cause of better and bigger crashes and bigger and better boobs, in the shape of the insignia of the Most Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger.

As is well known, it is some years ago since the M.H.D.O.I.F. was earned by him and he first put up a black ribbon, but only now has it been possible for him to receive the actual Order in person. On four previous occasions arrangements were made, but on the first Prune mistook the day, turning up a week late; on the second he mistook the place, turning up at Windsor instead of Buckingham Palace; on the third he was in hospital owing to landing at a strange airfield; and on the fourth he "completely forgot all about it, old boy, poor show!"

However, the photo here shows him in all his glory going along to receive the much coveted Order with its dark black ribbon and light black stripe.

Another photo was taken just after this one, but we are unable to publish it for certain reasons which a close study of this one will reveal to those who know Prune.

Anyway, good old Percy! He deserves it. He is, by the way, again in hospital, after a recent unexpected fall.





and asked the artist for an illustration. He produced this. Of course we couldn't use it; indeed we've been wondering ever since what the esoteric significance of the damn thing is, if any. We can read the word "Report" all right, and the object is—if memory serves—an egg. After that our mind is 10/10 cloud.

Now let's see! What have we next? A series of little notes headed by the words "Work these in if poss." One reads: "Every PO has an Air Commode's lid in his knapsack!" And another one, which it's certainly too late to work in even if poss., is "TEE EMM Marches On." Quite inappropriate!

We've got a lot more junk in this Dust-bin of ours, but we're getting bored



picture shows Prune's own special mirage.

(Binder's own special mirage—which we've only just thought of, and hastily drawn—is on the left.)

We now come to an important-looking note in red pencil. It reads "Sicily—Café Royal 7.15 p.m." We have no solid clue to this. Either we were going to do a powerful and trenchant article about the invasion of Sicily and had to meet Eisenhower at 7.15 at the Café Royal to get the inside dope; or else—and it has just occurred to us—we were fixing a date for the evening over the 'phone and by accident spelt her name phonetically.

The little picture just below us on the right we do remember about. We were intending to report a report on air crew reporting late or something,



and so no doubt are you. So here's a picture on the bottom at the left which we've had for some while, marked simply "Needs good title." We think we've now got that title. We're calling it: "Look, Mum, I've got my wings!" And we hope, if the cap fits, you'll wear it.

"Tee Emm marches on" indeed! Far better have "Tee Emm, gentlemen, please!"

## DUST-BIN

SCRABBLING about in the welter of bump on our desk, prior to concluding our five years' impersonation of an R.A.F. officer, we found in some pre-Cambrian stratum a folder marked "Dust-bin." In this apparently we have for some while been putting odds and ends that have never been published in TEE EMM and that presumably we were keeping till an occasion presented itself. This issue looks like being our opportunity to print them—the only opportunity in fact. And after all, it's a pity to waste anything. So here they all are. Over to you!

First there is this picture on the right. It was to have been, as far as we recall, an illustration to an article entitled "The Effect of Wind on Range." What with one thing and another the article never got published—too flatulently written no doubt. And anyway there was a bit of a slip-up about the illustration because the artist misunderstood our briefing. He thought we'd said "The Effect of Wind on Dames."

Next is a stray paragraph, but what it means we haven't the vaguest idea. It's either Polish or a man gargling with safety razor blades.



WHOOPER.



"W pewnej amerykańskiej bazie morskiej na Dalekim Wschodzie, gdzie pracuje wiele 'Waves' /odpowiednik brytyjskich 'Wrens', wszelkie zapowiedzi zbiorek i t.p. dokonywane są przy pomocy glosników."

You can have it and welcome. How it got in our Dust-bin is beyond us. We can only suggest that at one time we'd been asked to write a special article for our Polish Allies—or possibly for a reader who habitually gargled with safety razor blades.

The next picture, on the left, dates back to the desert warfare period. We'd thought we'd been asked by a Member of the Air Council to produce an article on "Mirages." But that was a mirage in itself, because he later denied it in writing, one word only. Anyhow the

## “WHITCHALLESE”

AS our enormous war-time Air Force goes through the gradual process of slimming down to fit its new peace-time clothes, one thing seems to us to stick out a mile. That what we lose in quantity we must make up in quality. There's going to be no room in the peace-time R.A.F. for inefficiency. It has got to be 100 per cent. efficient—efficient in discipline, efficient in flying and technical knowledge, efficient in morale and health, and, in particular, efficient in administration.

We say “in particular,” because during the last six years administration has taken a bit of a back seat. There were two obvious reasons for this. First, the actual flying and fighting seemed so much more important; it directly destroyed Huns and Japs, which no amount of administrative desk work, however efficient, could do. And, secondly, administration was specialised to one Branch, largely composed of those who could not fly and fight: the fliers and fighters, therefore, were not concerned with it and were even inclined to view it with contempt.

But now all that is changed. The actual scrapping is over and administration's less spectacular function is no longer so overshadowed. And the fliers and fighters of the General Duties Branch have now *got* to concern themselves with it; for in peace it is one of those “general duties.” Administration must, in short, be 100 per cent. efficient if our Air Force is to keep that way too.

All the above is a very long-winded way of starting to write about one small facet of efficient administration—that is, efficient writing. But our very long-windedness, you'll see, is designed to lend point to what we are going to say.

A good deal of administrative desk-work involves writing—letters, orders, minutes, reports, appreciations or what-have-you. If, therefore, you are to be efficient at your job you must know how to write efficiently—that is, well. All the writing that you have to do must be good.

What exactly is good writing? (We are not, of course, talking of writing from the author's point of view, of writing as an art, but of the ordinary heel-and-toe writing of the office desk.) Well, the answer is a simple one. Write *clearly and concisely*. Write so that your meaning goes over in the fewest and simplest words



*New peace-time clothes.*



necessary circumlocutions which they can invent. The result is that kind of queer jargon in which most official correspondence appears to be conducted, and which we ourselves have long called "Whitehallsese."

Avoid it like the plague is our advice.

Mark you, good writing, that is, clear and concise writing, is not as easy as it sounds. Why? Because it means a little thought, a little effort, and a certain amount of practice. Prolix, turgid and diffuse writing in which the meaning is completely obscured is, on the other hand, as easy as pie. It needs no thought or effort. Just let it pour out. Even verbose writing which still retains its meaning is fairly easy. As witness the following, which we ourselves dashed off without



that can be used to express that meaning correctly. Don't fall into the common error of thinking that good writing means that you must interlard your prose with long words and blow it up with involved and portentous sentences. This not only obscures meaning, but wastes time; and so it is double inefficiency.

Yet it is just this unnatural long-winded turbidity in which such a large proportion of officialdom seems to delight. Mr. Perusal and Miss Personnel, and Flight Lieutenant Hyebrov for that matter, are firmly under the impression that whenever they take up their pens they must employ the longest words and the most un-



much difficulty the Christmas before last—being still under the influence of "perusing" some particularly obese minutes in a file:

(1) In view of the recent request from higher authority circulated to all Directorates and Branches of this Department of the Air Ministry, that, consequential upon the present paper shortage and the necessity for conserving existing supplies, units of the Royal Air Force should not exchange between themselves the customary greetings during the Christmas season in the form of Christmas cards, the Editor and all the staff of TEE EMM wish, nevertheless, to offer herewith this Branch's

place where your stream meets a road, as in due course it must do. The searchers, once taken to this place on the road, can then easily find the crash, for all they have to do is follow the stream up, keeping always to the main stream unless a tributary, equal or smaller, has a marker, in which case they follow that. And when they reach the final marker on the bank, all they then have to do is to go *straight up* hill.

One snag comes when these crashes happen at night, as they so often do. What is the form then? Stay up there till daylight; or try to get down? Our informant says he would almost always plump for the latter. If his companions were injured, as they most likely would be, a cold wet night in the open might easily prove fatal to them—if not to him as well—for exposure is much more dangerous than people realise.

And when you do start, *keep going*—no

matter how slowly. You must fight the cold, because that means fighting the mental inertia that comes with it. And if you get that, you've probably had it—and so have the friends who were relying on you. Our informant says he knows this because he owes his life to being made to keep going after his own particular "incident."



"Just an 'incident,' sir."

## HAPPIEST LANDINGS

(Continued from p. 304).

### CHAPTER VI

The big Lancaster roared through the night air. Two hundred, three hundred, four and then five crept up on the speedometer. At this rate von Stensch's overtaking could not be long delayed. Derek, daring and unconventional that he was, was alone in the monster aircraft. He had not bothered to wait for a crew, but had leaped into the first machine he saw. "If one man cannot do this job alone, then 'tis not worth doing," he had muttered with a merry laugh.

The Lancaster sped on. . . .

Stay! What was that? Ahead he saw a small speck of light. Was it? Yes! A German aircraft. Slowly, inexorably he crept up, while Kurt muttered curses, and Myrtle, her slim figure bound rigidly in the navigator's seat, breathed prayers through her gag, the while her woman's heart called for her lover to save her.

Closer and closer crept the huge Lancaster. At last Derek was alongside. Setting the controls to the same speed and direction as the other, with a merry laugh of daring he crept out along the wing.

(To be continued.)

## WHAT DO NOW ?

IT may so happen that you fly into a mountain side. (If you've been a regular reader of these pages you'll have a fair idea that this pretty frequently does happen.) It may also so happen that you survive. Well, as the Babu said, "Oah, sir, what do now?" In other words, what steps do you take to deal with your predicament?

You may or may not be in country covered by the Mountain Rescue Service. (See the article called "Rescue Hunt" in our issue of April, 1945.) If you are, it's big odds your mishap has been reported and they are already searching for you. But we will assume you have crashed into an "unserved" mountain-side and are alive and not badly hurt and have to look after yourself and any others with you who may be worse off than you.

The first thing to do is to keep your head. Get over the shock of the crash and get as full control of yourself as possible. Recognise the fact that you may be much more upset and dazed than you think; so don't go panicking. It is up to you, as the least badly hurt, to get assistance *and* get it to the right place. Often a half-conscious survivor starts right away struggling in a state of shock down the hillside with only a very vague idea of where the crashed kite and other survivors are located. Subsequently a long search has to be made for them—and, even when an M.R. Unit is on the job, those wasted hours may cost lives. This might have been avoided if the party of the first part had spent a few minutes pulling himself together and planning what was the best thing for him to do.

Well, here *is* what's best to do. Right from the horse's mouth—for we are basing this article on straight tips from a bloke who has actually had one of these mountain "incidents."

First, you have to get helpers to the scene quickly. So, if possible, fire a Verey pistol a couple of times to start the ball rolling. Next look to your friends. Set about giving them first aid. Protect them from the cold—one of your main enemies in these circumstances. Leave food and drink handy to them. Don't forget also to put the Verey pistol and cartridges nearby any one of your companions who may be in a fit condition to fire it, should he hear shouts.

Having done all that, you must now try to fetch help yourself. Strike off *directly* down hill, until you reach a stream or dried up stream bed. But don't go charging off down this right away: make a distinct ground marker on the upper side of the stream at the point you hit it. This marker can be either a cross with arms about two to three feet long, made of stones built up to six inches high, or else it can be a bit of parachute material with an end weighted down, and the other left to flutter in the wind.

Then off you go down stream until it joins an equal or larger stream: never mind about the smaller tributaries which run in. Put another marker on your side of the junction, *i.e.*, on the side on which your stream enters the new one.

Go on down stream, leaving a similar marker at every junction with an equal or larger stream, and finally mark the

usual seasonable good wishes to all the other Branches of the Directorate of Operational Training in the undermentioned more economical form, which will not, it is hoped, militate to any appreciable extent against a successful conclusion of the war by drawing too heavily upon the country's already heavily depleted stocks of paper.

(2) Merry Xmas.

A hundred and twenty-eight words in one sentence, my masters, and we consider our meaning is still apparent. But *think* what we could have done if we hadn't bothered about getting our meaning across.

We're afraid we can't teach you just *how* to write clearly and concisely. It is a thing you must learn for yourself. Think out beforehand what you want to say and what is the shortest and most logical way of saying it. When written, ask yourself if it could have been put better or more shortly. Then criticise it from the point of view of the person who's going to read it. And practice will do the rest. You see, we can't do it for you : you must do it yourself.

What we *can* do here, however, is to show you some genuine examples of what you should avoid. They come from our private collection of "Whitehalese" culled by us with awe and delight during our sojourn in the Air Ministry. And, we repeat, they are *not* made up : each is taken from some official file, letter or memo which we have seen with our own eyes. For your guidance we have preceded each "Whitehalese" phrase with the English translation, or rather with what the fellow meant to say, and should have said, as distinct from the way he actually put it :

*What he meant* : "Approved by . . ."

*What he said* : "Received the concurrence of . . ."

*What he meant* : "Please finish this quickly !"

*What he said* : "May action be taken to accelerate completion of this work please !"

*What he meant* : "This duty will end . . ."

*What he said* : "Date of commencement of cessation of this duty will be . . ."

*What he meant* : "Agreed."

*What he said* : "The foregoing comments also represent my views."

*What he meant* : "These things often happen."

*What he said* : "The following phenomena will be found to occur with some frequency."

*What he meant* : "Properly ended."

*What he said* : "Brought to a suitable finality."

*What he meant* : "Should this syllabus be amended, and can it be done in the time ?"

*What he said* : "It is desired to consider this syllabus in detail with a view to

suggesting amendments, and to ascertain whether there are likely to be any difficulties in completing it in the time suggested."

*What he meant :* " It would be better with some pictures."

*What he said :* " It is recommended that the memorandum be made increasingly attractive by incorporating a large number of pictorial representations."

*What he meant :* " For instance."

*What he said :* " When the following points are borne in mind, the truth of the above statement will be appreciated."

You see what can be done ! Incredible, isn't it ?

And here, to conclude, are a few further examples. This time we have put the "Whitehalsee" first, so that you can try to dig out the English translation before we tell you :

*What he said :* " Consequent upon the introduction of the above modified syllabus, the following instructions regarding the administrative arrangements necessary in connection with flying training are issued for the guidance of and compliance by all concerned."

*What he meant :* " *Re* the above syllabus, all concerned should note the following instructions."

*What he said :* " While no unanimity of opinion exists on the advisability of releasing the pigeon under adverse weather conditions, various units have expressed the view that if these conditions prevail the pigeon should not be released if an S.O.S. message has been sent out and acknowledged."

*What he meant :* " Some units think the pigeon should not be released in bad weather if an S.O.S. has been acknowledged, but many do not agree."

*What he said :* " In an endeavour to overcome the lethargy reported as a result of the material in existing films being of a dull nature, we have put up this proposal :—

" Brightening up the film in its production stage and emphasising that humour is required in the film as a contrast."

*What he meant :* " We suggest making our dull films funnier."

*What he said :* " Frequent changes in material and consequential amendments to tactical methods necessitated by operational experience make it impracticable to revise the book fully and keep it up to date."

*What he meant :* Probably : " Changes in tactics make it hard to keep the book up to date." But your guess is as good as ours !

# TEE EMM'S LAST MESSAGE



**For Rapid Demob., Try Unauthorised  
Low Flying**

## OPERATION SWAN=SONG

WE have just been told that on some R.A.F. Stations a certain phrase has crept into common use. The phrase is "He's Tee Emmed himself." Apparently this denotes that the pilot in question has put up the super black, resulting in the worst possible type of aircraft accident. He has—probably while indulging in unauthorised low-flying or wilfully descending through cloud without bothering to find out where he was—not only crashed his aircraft, but killed himself and his crew or other innocent victims. And he has done it with such outstanding disobedience of regulations and such unqualified bad airmanship as to become the subject of an article in these pages.

Well, since TEE EMM is closing down, there'll be no more such articles. But we earnestly hope that there will be no more necessity for them either. We have been told that we have, during our five years' existence, saved many lives. That cannot really be proved. There are still very many accidents of those two main types—cloud-boring without knowing where you are and unauthorised low-flying—and no one can assert that there'd have been a greater number if we hadn't been plugging away at the subject, any more than that there'd have been just the same number if we'd never mentioned it.

Still, we like to believe what we're told, and to assume, rather high-handedly, that but for our articles St. Peter would have been considerably busier. We assume this, however, not because we want to take any credit, but just in order to make a final appeal—a serious and final appeal from the heart.

*Don't let Tee Emm down*—even though it's no longer appearing each month.

TEE EMM's body may lie mouldering in the grave, but—keep up the good work for us. Re-read the articles in the Index under "Accidents and Accident Prevention" and let them stick in your mind. Because we think it'll help.

The very moment when you are saying: "To hell with this! I'll come down through the cloud and make certain where I am," is *also* the moment when you can say "Wait! Is there high ground anywhere on or near my route? Am I certain I'm on my track? Can't I find out from the many many aids provided, if not from my own knowledge, just where I *really* am?" And it may mean the difference between life and death.

Again, the very moment when you are saying: "I'm browned off with this humdrum flying—I'll do a low beat up of the countryside and incidentally show my relations, or my best girl, or my earth-bound friends how well I can fly," is *also* the moment when you can say: "I'm about to disobey orders and fly dangerously, merely in order to show off." And again it may mean the difference between life and death.

Don't imagine that because TEE EMM no longer exists you can't "Tee Emm yourself" just as effectively as if we were still here to record publicly the manner of your foolish and unnecessary death and of the innocent friends you took with you.

This is TEE EMM's "Operation Swan-Song." Try and justify our past five years' existence. Don't let us down. Keep the good work going.

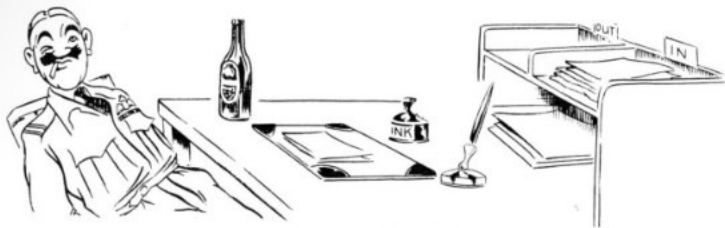
*What he said :* " It may therefore be of value briefly to discuss below the factors which can affect the results."

*What he meant :* " Here's an article about it." But as the article follows, why bother to say anything ?

*What he said :* " In our efforts against the enemy there is a very real improvement in results by our fighter forces and while the reverse might be the case with the Hun during the period under review, the steady rise in the success of the enemy fighter effort as disclosed by the figures is not materially changed when due allowance is made for this possibility."

*What he meant :* God knows !

Well, that's all for to-day. To sum up. Don't try to *write*. Put down what you want to say. Put it down *clearly*, because then your meaning will be clear : if it is not, you are inefficient. And put it down *concisely*, because then you are saving time : if you waste unnecessary time, you are again inefficient. Do not let " what you said " be something twice as long and twice as hard to understand as it ought to be, because then it will rarely turn out to be the same as " what you meant." Respect the King's English and let plain good writing be good enough for you.



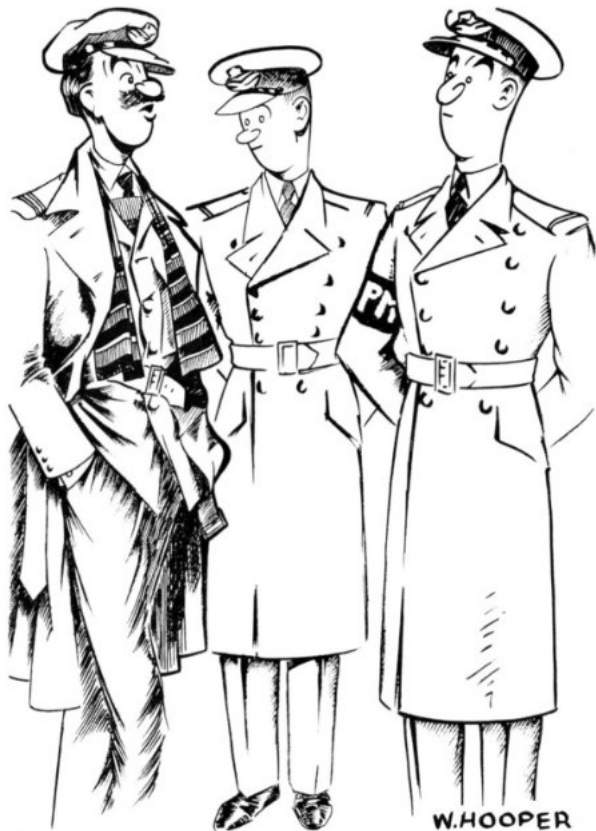
" Never try to write? I don't ! "

YOU MAE GO WEST THIS WAY.



Come Down Through Cloud and See Me Sometime.

# ON THE HOOKS?



"But you fellows don't understand. *I'm air crew.*"

## TRANSLATION EXAM.

*Question :* The following passage has been extracted from an Air Ministry Memorandum (original to be seen in our office) written in "Whitehalls." Translate it into the King's English.

"Consideration has been given to the method of naming variants of basic types of aircraft, in order to simplify the allocation of designations and reduce the number of marks the significance of which has to be memorised. In future, variants developed from a basic type for a different operational purpose will be distinguished, as a normal rule, by a combination of basic name and a letter or letters appropriate to the operational rôle. To avoid the possibility of confusion, the original type from which the variant is derived will similarly be differentiated. Each variant type will have its own independent series of mark, numbers added after its designation (name and letter(s) appropriate to its operational rôle), to distinguish significant changes in performance or interchangeability, as hitherto. It is not practicable to keep lateral correspondence between mark numbers and leading features of variant and original types, and such correspondence is not to be presumed."

*Answer :* "Aircraft will be given a name for each basic type with a letter or letters added for each variant."

## COMMA-HOUND CORNER

**D**URING the past five years there have been a few TEE EMN readers who—though not heard from, as far as we can make out, at any othertime—nevertheless clock in almost by return of post if we misplace a comma or commit some other small typographical error. Sometimes the error is due to our own aged and failing eyesight for, which we must take the blame. Sometimes it is a slip by the printers after we have corrected the final proofs, but for which we still ave to take the blame.

For some while now it has been dawning on us that these particular correspondents of ours are not concerned so

much wit hthe intrinsic importance of any error—in fact, they rarely do detect important errors—but with mistakes *as* mistakes and the consequent pleasure of putting somebody else in the wrong. And we are really a little sorry for them, in that during five years we have't provided them with more typographical errors to smell out.

So as a final *pièce de résistance* we have, we hope, given them a real banquet in this short article. There are in the letterpress fifteen deliberate mistakes. Comma-hounds, can you spot them? There is no prize, but the answers will be found at the foot of page 280.

## YOUR EDITOR

**I**N response to numerous requests to be told exactly what your Editor looks like, we reproduce below the only two photographs of him we have been able to dig out. One, we are afraid, was taken some time ago, the other while he was on a ski-ing holiday. He has always looked on ski-ing as rather a sedentary pursuit.



[Jones]

[Esquimalt]

*Even the Editor of TEE EMM was young and innocent once.*



*The Editor in a characteristic pose during a ski-ing holiday.*

## HAPPIEST LANDINGS

*(Continued from p. 289).*

feelings. Then pulling himself together: "I can tell you this, Maltravers; if you are successful, I shall award you—" his heels came to attention—"the Victoria Cross."

"And, sir?" the other queried urgently. "And?"

Group Captain N. B. Biddable in a flash grasped his meaning. "And," he added, "I shall be proud to welcome you as a son-in-law. . . ." He turned away and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Wizard!" vouchsafed our Derek simply.

*(Continued on p. 309).*

## THE HEYDAY OF THE NAVIGATOR



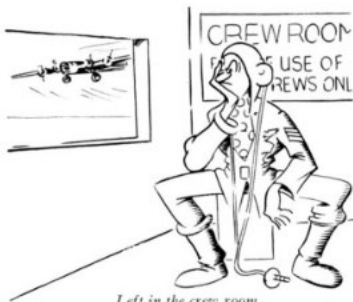
**B**EFORE the recent war navigation was primarily the pilot's business—or, in large aircraft such as flying boats, one of the pilot's. When over land, pilot-navigation, consisting of pre-flight planning, application of rough-and-ready mental D.R. and intensive map reading, was generally employed, and routes were chosen for their prominent landmarks and ground features. These methods were used on most flights by R.A.F. aircraft, and sufficed for the needs of the day, since navigational facilities were limited, cockpit space was often cramped and air speeds were low compared to those of the present time. Further, it was normally possible to adjust flights, not only to the best route, but also to the best weather conditions.

There were, of course, various long distance flights made, some of them over sea areas. Indeed, this had been foreseen when the first school of air navigation was opened at Calshot early in the 1920's. Long distance sea flights were made in flying boats and in such aircraft as Ansons. Full use was made of D.R. navigation based on accurate plotting and measurement of drift, and later on astronomical observations. On these

occasions it was normal to carry more than one pilot, and the navigation was carried out by whichever pilot was not flying the aircraft.

Then came the Munich crisis and it was realised that if this country were involved in a war in Central Europe over-land navigation would have to undergo far-reaching changes; and that the R.A.F. would have to master navigation by night under unfavourable conditions, if it was to achieve any sort of flexibility. Accordingly a new class of air crew known as the "air observer" was introduced. This type was to operate in heavy bombers, and he was to be capable of carrying out many of those air crew duties which would prove important in war. In 1938 a considerable number of these air observers—who were, in fact, combined navigators, bomb-aimers, air gunners, photographers and general odd job men—emerged from the training system.

It was not surprising that the newcomers, somewhat raw at their trade because of the skimpiness of experience on which their training was based, were regarded with considerable disfavour by those who had proved that they were able to get from point to point without difficulty in conditions of peace. This was especially so shortly after the outbreak of war, when air observers were upgraded to sergeant while possessing perhaps only a fraction of the service time of pilots with the same rank. In many cases, therefore, they were left in



*Left in the crew room.*

the crew room whilst the pilot flew the aircraft around on his own, and even when allowed up on authorised flights were barely trusted to navigate the aircraft to the appropriate destination. They were not helped, either, by the scarcity of navigational aids, or by the lack of co-operation from those whose duties they had partially usurped.

Possibly it was Bomber Command which had, by the very nature of its work, the greatest call upon the new air observers in the early days of the war. Yet we find that late in 1941 it was still not uncommon for two pilots to fly in a Hampden aircraft to the exclusion of an air observer. Ostensibly this was done on the plea that in the event of the "driver" being incapacitated the pilot-navigator could take over the controls, although in actual fact it was very difficult to get from the navigator's station to the pilot's seat. Indeed, it is believed that there is only one case on record where the second pilot successfully brought a Hampden aircraft home after its captain had been wounded.

Once established as a necessary evil,

the air observer had a great many battles to wage, many of them of far wider application than the bare problem of navigating the aircraft. Squadron Navigation Officers did not hold rank consistent with their duties as section leaders, and it was not uncommon to see a flight-sergeant pleading with a squadron leader flight commander on behalf of his fellow air observers for equal training facilities with the wireless operators, who were fortunate enough to have a flight lieutenant looking after their interests. It was not, in fact, until early in 1942 that Bomber Command Squadron Navigation Officers were upgraded to flight lieutenant rank, although normally the post of bombing leader, with its smaller responsibilities, was filled by a flight lieutenant air observer.

Further, positions of real responsibility such as Group Navigation Officer continued for a long time to be held by pilots who were from force of circumstances becoming increasingly out of touch with navigational problems. Air observers of the other commands were even more unfortunate: it was not until early 1944 that Coastal Command obtained a Station Navigation Officer establishment of squadron leader.

Inevitably in the earlier part of the war navigation was based on the G.R. concepts of the pre-war navigator pilot. Full use was made of D.R. navigation when drift-taking proved practicable, and this was supplemented by map reading and such wireless assistance as was available under wireless silence conditions. But as the enemy defences increased, and it was obvious that desultory bombing by isolated aircraft on dark nights deep in enemy territory

REPLY. It probably would have been better had we said "where theoretically no signal comes through." The duration and characteristics of the "cone of silence" are subject to so many vagaries that it is rather difficult to describe them in a short article. The term "cone of silence" has come to mean a point of positive identification (over the range transmitters) which varies appreciably, but in the main presents a pattern not unlike an inverted cone. The exact (aural) shape and duration of this area is affected by many things, including the type of receiver used, the aerial installation, the height at which the aircraft is flying and the operator's manipulation of the radio controls.

Pilot technique tends to vary considerably, although the correct method for crossing the cone and its identification is clearly outlined in the many radio range training manuals published.

It must be admitted that an area of absolute silence is rarely found in beam approach or radio range flying, although, when flown correctly, the characteristic surge, fade and resurgence should always be apparent. This is really what we meant by "cone of silence."

It should be noted that the article published in the October issue was purely an outline of broad principles, and no attempt should be made to fly the range without adequate pre-briefing, and if possible dual instruction.

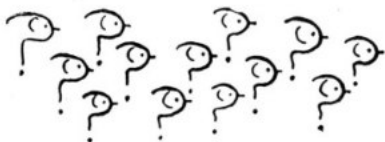


## INDIAN NOTES—5



India's history is long and fascinating. Great rulers have arisen, great causes have been won and lost. There have been numerous invasions, mostly by way of the North West Frontier. Alexander the Great invaded India in 327 B.C. and succeeded in reaching the sea through the Punjab and Sind. When he had withdrawn, the foundations of a great Empire were laid by Chandragupta Maurya, and extended by his son and his famous grandson, Asoka, who made Buddhism a world religion. On the death of Asoka the Empire crumbled and northern India was subjected to a number of invasions during the 400 years that followed. Mohammedanism reached India in the eighth century A.D., during the wars of conquest, and Muslim rule lasted for some hundreds of years till it was ousted by our own conquest of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The Portuguese were the first Europeans to reach India—Vasco da Gama having landed on the West Coast at the beginning of the sixteenth century—but they failed to hold their position against Dutch and British opposition. The English East India Company was formed in 1600 and was commercial in conception, but, from trade, acquired political and military power and successfully defeated French competition. The Company first became an instrument of Government under the Regulating Act of 1773. This innovation led through successive stages of Pitt's legislation in 1784 to the Government of India Act of 1858. Under this Act the East India Company's rights of administration were taken over and vested in the Crown.



## 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 have just finished reading the article "Riding the Range" in the October issue, Vol. 5, No. 7, of TEE EMM, and whilst congratulating you on the clear way with which you treat this subject, I feel one small point needs to be corrected in order to prevent young and inexperienced pilots losing confidence in this aid before they have given it a fair trial.

"I refer to the sentence 'As in Beam Approach, too, there is . . . a "cone of silence" when no signal comes through.' Now you are quite correct in stating that there is a cone of silence with the radio range but you are wrong to compare it with that of the Beam Approach. The radio range cone is so narrow as to be virtually non-existent and it is frequently swallowed up by the gap between the beam and the station call-sign; this applies even at heights in excess of 10,000 feet, when it might reasonably have been expected to have widened considerably, and in a slow aircraft. In a fast modern aircraft the cone of silence is passed so rapidly that it cannot be picked up even by a trained ear. The Beam Approach system, of course, has a wide band of silence and it is impossible to miss it.

"During the early days in Italy, before the introduction of Gee, I discovered quite by chance that there was a radio range close to the aerodrome. I obtained all particulars and, after giving it a thorough test myself, tried to induce my pilots to use it on any and every possible occasion. Unfortunately, they had had driven into them the cone of silence, which they could never locate and the absence of which made them suspicious; consequently many failed to use this valuable aid and crashed as a result of the omission. I had all reference to the cone removed from the local training syllabus and had another method taught, *i.e.*, rapid increase in signal strength as the transmitter is heard and change-over of A's and N's immediately the station has been passed. I found that pilots readily accepted this even though it is not entirely satisfactory, and it quite killed suspicion of the system as a whole. Incidentally, I had one of the warning lights to which you refer fitted to my own aircraft but found that it was so delicate that it was not reliable; but these have probably been improved by now.

"In conclusion I must warn you that I may have been talking utter drivel so far as radio ranges in the U.K. are concerned, since I have not flown in England for more than four years but I can assure you that I am right about those in Italy which I have every reason to believe are made and operated on the same lines.

"My experience, which covers many hours of "Range Riding" is purely practical. My own Technical Sigs people were only too keen to insist that there was a cone of silence and to assure me that I should have 'heard' it.

"May I wish long life to your excellent publication which I honestly believe to be the finest training manual ever produced and to congratulate and thank the brain who conceived it." (Of course we didn't mean to print that bit. Or did we? Aw! Shucks!)

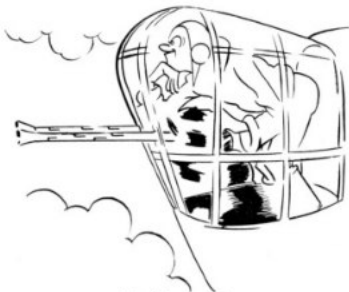
could not have a material effect on the winning of the war, alternative navigational aids were sought.

The immense change which subsequently took place may be said to have started with the general introduction of Gee early in 1942, and the consequent great improvement in navigational accuracy. Gee was the forerunner of an age of radar aids to navigation. In Bomber Command it was followed in rapid succession by various marks of H2S, together with Lucero, and in the later stages by Loran. At the same time great developments were made in Coastal Command's activities as a result of the development of ASV equipment, and the introduction of Loran.

All these complicated equipments became the responsibility of the air observer who was by this time generally known amongst air crews as "navigator." For a considerable while the navigator had had no time for gunnery; and the use of Gee over targets and the introduction of H2S as a blind bombing aid made it clear that some other member of the crew would have to take over the duties of bomb aiming. In consequence the category of air bomber was introduced. Shorn thus of his ancillary duties, the air observer was by degrees replaced by a new category, officially known as "navigator." This new type of crew member was trained solely for navigational duties, and they certainly demanded his full time and attention. Straight navigators were almost universally employed in Bomber Command. It was still necessary, however, for the navigator on Coastal Command sorties to do the bombing, and for Beaufighter and Mosquito navigators to possess wireless

qualifications. Additional categories introduced for these activities were "Navigator B," to which the air observer reverted, and "Navigator W."

These rough distributions of duties remained fairly fixed in all commands except Bomber, where the trend of events was involving the navigator in yet further changes of responsibility. It was pretty soon clear that the air bomber who had been brought in to assist the navigator would have to be responsible for such map reading as was required, thereby enabling the navigator to remain at his table behind blackout curtains, plotting and operating his radar equipment. This naturally meant a certain amount of navigational training for the air bomber. Having given the air bomber that training, it was not long before the navigator, whose "union" was becoming a power in the land, tried to delegate further duties to the air bomber. He felt justified in doing this because the air bomber was spending the greater part of his time in the front turret making a fruitless search for enemy aircraft believed to be carrying out head-on interceptions. After much



*A fruitless search.*

debate, it was proved that the chances of a head-on attack being made were a mere one in about a thousand sorties, that is, one in about thirty-three tours of operations. Hardly worth it!

The navigator, therefore, won his point, and had the air bomber extracted from his turret (the turret was later removed altogether from the Halifax), but gave him the task of obtaining pin-points from 20,000 feet on nights carefully selected for lack of moon. With this apparently small concession granted, the poor air bomber found he no longer had any means of avoiding the various duties which were now thrust upon him. Originally an expert in bombing and night photography, and now a map reader of recognised, if not infallible, ability, he soon found himself a combined sextant operator, launcher of flares, specialist in oxygen and chief ration consumer.

All this had given increasing kudos to the union to which the air bomber belonged. He next took it upon himself to approach the mystic radar sets, ostensibly to enable him to home the aircraft in the event of the navigator's indisposition, but in reality to complete a trio of parity which the navigator was magnanimously allowing the pilot to share with him.

The potential of the two unions— navigators' and air bombers'—was such that the pilot, unable to prepare a case of equal magnitude, suddenly remembered that as captain of aircraft he was, in fact, responsible for all the duties of the other air crew members. He realised that the perfect functioning of a crew depended upon team work, but that this was more and more beginning to centre round

the navigator who now not only requested information from his air bomber, directed his air gunner to keep his turret still while drift-taking, and criticised the accuracy of his wireless operator's loop bearings, but even told the pilot what air speed to fly. The navigator could actually be heard at times threatening to pack up unless the pilot flew the way he was told.

The pilot, therefore, soon began to take a renewed interest in the aircraft's navigation, and the navigation team became a reality. At the same time the navigator had now developed such a sense of his own importance that he claimed a right to equality with the pilot as a candidate for captain of air crew, and both in Bomber and Coastal Commands a number of leading navigators were so classified.

In an administrative capacity the navigator had worked subtly, worming himself into many positions of far-reaching importance. No longer did a squadron leader pilot control the group's navigation destinies, but a one-winged wing commander. Squadron leader navigators were commonly seen as Station Navigation Officers, and even as flight commanders. It was not surprising that the man who owed his reputation to his skill with pencil and paper, combined with a good basic knowledge of mathematics, should insinuate himself into those positions which had normally been held by men whose chief ambition often was to do aerobatics over the aerodrome at about fifty feet.

By his own efforts the navigator had achieved many positions which even the pilot envied, and the close of the war saw the development of navigation approach-

## THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY



**THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER** (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to Lieut. Commander — for Outstandingly Original R/T Procedure.

As Fighter Direction Officer controlling a Night Practice Interception and wishing to cancel his last message to the fighter aircraft, he unhesitatingly transmitted "Belay my last pipe" to the utmost confusion of the non-naval types he was controlling.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Pilot Officer — for Stealing Prune's Well-known Act.

His report after an accident read as follows: "I took off with my pitot head cover on, landed and had it removed. In my concern over the pitot head, I forgot to raise my flaps. As I was moving forward on my second take-off, I realised this and selected, as I thought, flaps up, but unfortunately I selected

wheels up and consequently pranged."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to L.A.C. — for Penetrating Observance Plus Imagination.

As Airman of the Watch he noticed three aircraft outside a hangar. As he looked, one of them taxied out and took off. Later on he observed that the other two were no longer outside the hangar, but failed to notice that they were inside. He accordingly marked all three airborne, complete with take-off times, reasonably spaced, and call signs.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Flight Lieutenant — for Efficiency, Just Efficiency.

As Signals Officer at a R.A.F. Station, he was informed that a certain extension line was u/s owing to the wire having been accidentally cut some six feet from the instrument.

He went to the office concerned, very efficiently diagnosed, from an inspection of the cut cords, just what repairs were needed and then very efficiently picked up the receiver with a view to issuing the necessary instructions to the P.B.X. It was only after waiting very impatiently for over two minutes for the exchange to answer that he realised the reason for their non-reply.

A Final joint to the M.H.D.I.O.F. has also been awarded to Pilot Officer P. Prune for a Dirty Crack.

On being demobilised he was heard to remark that he was not too pleased at having to leave the R.A.F. and go into civilian life, as he would forfeit his right to strike.



increasingly competent instruction has reduced them from 1 in 155 in the early days to 1 in 535 during the last year of training. Occasionally, too, they have their humorous side—as witness, the C.O. who broke his leg while demonstrating how easy parachuting was; and the Chief Instructor who after some score jumps in perfect safety just broke his leg—by simply slipping up on a bit of mud or something.

The instructors as a body have built up an impressive total of descents. Nearly every one of them to-day has reached his century, and one officer holds what is believed to be a world record with over 1,500. Their work, too, spreads further than Ringway. Instructors were attached to the Airborne Divisions and the S.A.S.; they were over Arnhem, France, Holland and the Rhine, and other unpleasant places on official operational despatching duties.

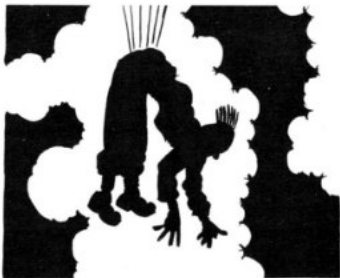
They also became involved in many unofficial operations as well. There was the sergeant who unintentionally and unexpectedly found himself floating downwards to the Rhineland invasion. Arrived downstairs he filled in time by

helping his stick in the battle, and ended up in charge of 500 prisoners. There was also the sergeant who stepped confidently along a Whitley fuselage to help despatch the last and obviously nervous khaki-clad figure of a Ringway secret syndicate—and found a lush and lovely Hungarian spy, sitting rather furtively in the fuselage, eyeing the aperture without any of the enthusiasm she usually reflected for her more intimate jobs.

And there were, too, instructors who lost their lives—killed in parachuting duties, or who flew into the stygian darkness of post D-day operations, and never came back.

In spite of all this and the admittedly hard work very few instructors left or were dismissed the school—except through injury. For there was a spirit abroad at Ringway akin to the spirit which animates a good squadron.

Why not go and pay the place a visit? You'll learn something—even if it's the obvious fact that our artist has never been there himself and his illustrations to the article are not, repeat not, factual!



ing full cycle with pilots vying for attractive navigational posts. There had never been any doubt that those members of air crew who had the dual qualification of pilot and navigator would be chosen for responsible navigational posts in the peace time air force, and such is evidently

the case.

So while the navigator now reluctantly sees much of his past power slipping from him, he will remain proud of his contribution to the very many valuable achievements of the R.A.F. during the war.

## OF COURSE THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN REALLY...



“Meet my son! He’s a Flying Officer!”

## WRITE TO THE PAPERS ABOUT IT!



*The way to do it.*

**H**ERE'S a bit of real good advice. You know that your aircraft occasionally develops defects, and that these defects should be reported by you in order to help maintain a high standard of serviceability. You do? Good! Well, this is the way you should report a defect.

Sit down and write an indignant letter of complaint to one of the daily papers, and sign yourself "Hard-driven Captain of Aircraft," or, quite simply, "Bomber Command." *That's* the proper way to do it.

There are, you see, three obvious advantages in this method. First, it probably will not be printed for some days, by which time the aircraft you are complaining about will have done several more flights and therefore the putting

right of the defect will be even more urgent; assuming, of course, it hasn't by then caused the actual loss of the kite, in which case you'll have had all your trouble for nothing.

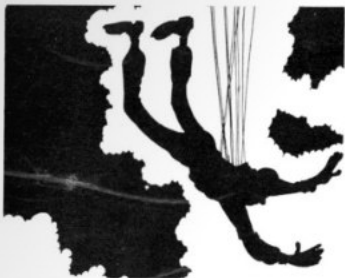
Secondly, writing to the papers means you don't have to bother your Flight Commander in person. He'll just see it in print. Of course, he may not read that particular paper, in which case you won't have bothered him at all.

Thirdly, it will give the public the impression that Bomber Command flies about in flak-riddled veteran Lancasters, repaired by airmen whose sole interest is their release group, and supervised by a Flight Sergeant with a Heath-Robinson complex. This is sure to lead to public indignation, questions in the House and probably a nation-wide probe into the conditions of your aircraft.

And, fourthly, it'll make you into an "author," than which there is no more satisfying feeling.

So there you are! A word of warning, though.

*Don't* adopt the humdrum pedantic method of reporting the defect fully on the After Flight Certificate. *Don't* go personally later on to see that it has been tackled. *Don't*, if it hasn't been properly dealt with and you are still dissatisfied, take it up with your Flight Commander. *Don't*, in short, let any stupid determination to see the defect put right as soon as possible side-track your proper and laudable desire to burst into print.



ject, plus twenty jumps for good measure. If you pass this and the C.O. is satisfied that you are also competent to teach—well, you're taken formally on the staff.

Now what does a full-fledged instructor do? Well, every fortnight the Army sends several hundred would-be paratroopers to Ringway—raw material. Each instructor gets ten of these blokes who form a "stick." Anything up to ten sticks makes a "syndicate," and there is a Syndicate Officer over each syndicate. Then the fun begins.

If you were to peep into the main hangar and watch an instructor put his stick through its paces, you would see numerous soldiers shooting down slides, jumping off platforms, rolling on mats, swinging against the hangar roof, and careering down from open traps. All this lasts five days and is called "ground training." Rather a misnomer, we feel, considering the poor devils seem only very occasionally to make contact with the ground, and then pretty violently.

Next comes jumping from a tethered balloon and then from an aircraft in flight, in a good "exit (or goodbye-to-

all-that) position." They are also taught how to manipulate their way through 700 feet of air by means of lift-webs and canopy control, and how to land without hurting themselves—much—in a nice smooth roll.

It is, you see, a pretty full life, yet it only takes two to four weeks; after which the ten little joints of the stick disperse to their respective battalions with a brand-new badge, a hell of a swagger and perhaps a bit of a hangover from the farewell party. They have by then eight parachute jumps to their credit—two day-balloon jumps, five aircraft jumps, the last two of which have been made with kitbags, and one night-balloon jump.

It's hard work, but it's good and thorough work. There are accidents, of course; you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs—or perhaps we could put it more tactfully by saying you can't have a training establishment staging up to a couple of thousand parachute jumps a week without an occasional casualty. But they are relatively few; and hard work, unremitting care, and



## “HAPPIDROME”



**P**ARACHUTING is the art of getting from the air into action on the ground in the shortest possible time and all in one piece; and it became increasingly important as the war went on. It will undoubtedly become still more important in the future. Airborne divisions will multiply, and every man in ground-borne divisions will have been taught how to parachute at a pinch.

Having got which bit of guff off our chest we'll make no further excuse for telling you in these pages a little about the Parachute Training School at Ringway, near Manchester. For though it trains soldiers it is staffed and run by the R.A.F. Moreover, all Britain's paratroopers were trained either there, or at overseas schools almost entirely staffed by Ringway instructors. The soldiers, by the way, call it "Happidrome."

It all started in 1940 when the higher ups told the lower downs that Britain had to have parachutists. So training began with a handful of Army and R.A.F.

volunteers who had done some professional parachuting or else just liked the idea. The half-completed Manchester Municipal Airport was commandeered and the initial training equipment consisted of a thousand Whitleys and six parachutes. . . . I'm sorreh! I think I've got that wrong; I'll read it again . . . the initial training equipment consisted of *six* Whitleys and a *thousand* parachutes.

A few months later the R.A.F. took over the job completely, and thereafter all instructors, whether officers or N.C.O's, were recruited from the ranks of the Physical Training Branch. It is therefore purely an R.A.F. run show.

How does one become a parachute instructor, you ask? Well, first of all by wanting to be one. Not everyone does you know. And then by volunteering, through—yes, you've guessed it—the usual channels. Then, if approved, you go to Ringway and take a course—which includes all the known gen on the sub-



# PRUNE MARRIED

## AIR FORCE ROMANCE

### CONGRATULATIONS POUR IN

THOSE who have followed Pilot Officer Percy Prune's career in the Air Force will be delighted to know that in between all the boobs and crashes he found time for romance. In other words, Love dive-bombed his heart. Or, in yet other words, Cupid gave him a five-second burst of arrow and sent him spinning down in flames. Or in other words still, he went for a feminine Burton.

And who, you ask, is the fortunate girl; that one among all available womanhood chosen to carry on the Prune name and fame? Well, you need not ask; for you must already have guessed. It is none other than our dear friend Waff Winsum—bless her little heart!

It is three years ago now since he first met her. Ah, the memory of that meeting! It was while his aircraft was being serviced and Prune was still in the cockpit when a slender boyish figure passed him carrying a bit of cowling and



*"It was love at first sight," said the gallant Pilot Officer.*

with an oily smudge on her arm.

Prune took one look at her and the general effect on him was as of a chap shot through the heart—as indeed he metaphorically was. He just stared and stared dazedly, occasionally muttering “Wizard” or “Good show!” to himself until finally aroused by a fitter tapping him on the shoulder and intimating that it was about time he took part in the war again. It was, as he himself put it, love at first sight.

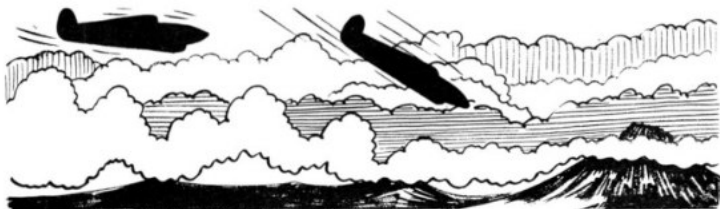
By the time you read these lines both Waff Winsum and Pilot Officer Percy Prune will have been demobilised and all that remains for us to do is to wish them all three the happiest of civilian lives. Indeed, congratulations are already pouring in. Yes, all *three*, we said; for it is just over a year ago that the Prune-Winsum nuptials were first celebrated, though it has been up till now kept secret, and the union has been blessed by little Peter Prune.



*Three years ago it all began.*



## SING=SONG AT THE CLOUD BORERS' CLUB



You take the high road and I'll take the low road,  
And I'll be in Heaven afore ye . . .

Percy Prune

18  
15

PART II

Serial No. 820771/A

Number 89008 Rank P/D

Branch or Trade G.D.

Surname PRUNE

Initials P.

Unit Air Ministry  
Accident & Universal Branch

Release Class  
**A**

The best man was Mr. Harrow... Many guests attended the reception held at Stuart's Cafe, Wellington, among whom were Mrs. E. M. Lang, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. J. Hall, Mrs. Tandy, Miss Estelle Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Honour Pilot Officer F. Prune, Mrs. Joyce and Miss Dorothy Lester, Mrs. Dell, Mrs. Kenneth, Miss F. Grace, Miss Knibb, Mr. Housley, Capt. Litchford, C.F., Mrs. Medland and Mrs.

(BELOW THIS LINE IS FOR USE OF DISPERSAL CENTRE)

The above named is to report to this Centre at 10.30 hrs hours on 30.11.1946

Date reported 31/3/46



R.A.F. FORM 2  
OFFICER



ROYAL AIR FORCE  
SERVICE AND RELEASE

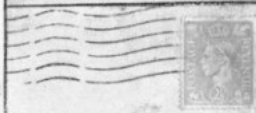
Rank Pilot Officer

Personal Number 89008

Surname PRUNE

Initials P.

Class of Release



Percy Prune, M.H.D.O.I.F.,  
Director,  
"E Emm",  
Air Ministry,  
Aadalstral House,  
London, W.C.2.

TEE EMM  
S/LDR A.A. WILLIS OBE. MC.  
W/O R. PRUNE, MHDOIF

NOT TRANSFERABLE

Certified that P/O P. Prune  
of Free term Branch  
is a Member of the Air Ministry (Whitehall)

Recreational Club, at  
Date 1/1/46

Proud, H. J. G. E., A/Cdre. . . . .	FS607a 1156	—
Proud, J., Miss . . . . .	T405 1648	Typing
Prous, S. K., F/L . . . . .	Y107 4247	D.G. of E.
Provost Marshal . . . . .	MT118 MT34*	—
Prune, P., P/O . . . . .	P602 2405	TEE Emm
Pryce, J. E., F/O . . . . .	E191 1741	M.A. 3
Pryce, N. L., Mrs. . . . .	JH100 JB23	Accts. 15 (d)
Pryce, W. G., F/L . . . . .	A341 2740	E. S. 6 (a)

MORE  
PRUNE  
SOON

TEE EMM



"New-bug."

He left suddenly under a 10/10ths cloud, and in 1940 went up to the Varsity to Judas College. No sooner had he gone up than he was sent down and then called up.

He was commissioned in the R.A.F. on the 1st April, 1941, his birthday, and finally enough the date of the first issue of TEE EMM.

Since then he has been in Fighter Command, where he accounted for so many Spitfires that he was transferred to Bomber Command where he accounted for so many Lancasters that he was transferred to Transport Command, who wouldn't let him touch a single one of their planes, but had him transferred to the Air Ministry, where from sheer force of habit he promptly

accounted for the three model aircraft hanging in this office.

And in this office he stayed till his demobilisation this month. Had the distrustful clot who telephoned to us his base suspicions only paid us a visit he would have

been able to see Prune with his own eyes. Well, not Prune in person perhaps; for it's rather difficult to catch him in—the girls and the licensing hours being what they are in the neighbourhood, but at least he would have seen his name on our door, his desk and chair in our office, the many letters addressed to him, as usual awaiting to be answered till Prune feels like it, and above all his name in the official Air Ministry telephone directory.

In support of which we publish on the opposite page a few confirmatory items to show we are not lying.

And so, bah, to you, sir, unbelieving infidel and sceptic! Are you convinced *now*?



"Upper III B."



"Blood."



At Judas College.

## THREE AND THREE-QUARTER YEARS AGO

*Here is the last of our series of reprinted articles from corresponding issues of Tee Emm of three and three-quarter years ago. It is from our June, 1942, issue.*

### IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

WE have received the following from a Pilot Officer. It is perfectly genuine and quite unsolicited. We publish it with the writer's permission, in the hope that his sincere and straightforward statement may help to prevent other accidents due to similar disregard of the regulations.

*"About the middle of last December I was lying in Hospital dictating a statement for the Court of Inquiry. My eyes were bandaged and I could not remember the crash, only what came before it. The Squadron Leader sitting at the bedside had just told me my Radio-Observer had been killed.*

*"But the crash was not in a 'Beau,' not on operations, not at night. We had taken a 'Maggie' up for a pleasure flip one afternoon; he sat in front because I was going to let him take the controls. I can remember doing some pretty ropery manœuvres chasing a flight of plover, and I can remember handing over to him, but that is all. Witnesses say that we were flying low, and that while in a turn the lower wing hit some telephone wires. Whatever happened, he was, as the M.O. put it, partially decapitated, while I had a fractured skull, broken nose and something funny in my eyes. When the bandages came off I used to see double.*

*"It was stupid of me to disregard the regulations, and let my Radio-Observer take over; it was still more stupid to do as I must have done, and let him fly low; but what is important, and what I'd like other pilots to know, is that I regarded myself as a good pilot, careful, steady, and ready for emergencies. For what it is worth, I came top in the flying ability marking at my S.F.T.S., and have always been rated 'above average'; and yet I did this thing. I am amazed at my own criminal idiocy.*

*"Now, after three months in Hospital, and two months hanging about on the ground, the C.M.E. has passed me 'fit for non-operational flying at home.' And the Blitz has started! The squadron has, after those months of inaction, started to bag Huns. Non-operational flying at home!*

*"But, of course, I may never fly again. They have arranged the Court Martial for next week."*

## "TEE EMM'S" GRAND NEW SERIAL STORY

WE have much pleasure in announcing that, in order to celebrate our final issue, we are starting a grand new serial. It has an Air Force setting and has been specially written for TEE EMM by Miss Betty Blue, who has a most extensive knowledge of the R.A.F., having at different times been "engaged" (her own words) to seven Air Force officers, two sergeants, and once an S.W.O. by mistake.



*A Tale of War, Romance and a Pure Girl's Love. Spiced with Thrills, Danger and Drama. Throbbing with Passion and Pilot's Notes.*

**New Readers Begin Here.** (It's the beginning anyway.)

### PEOPLE IN THE STORY

**Derek Maltravers**, Flight Lieutenant, D.S.O. (3), D.F.C. (4), A.F.C. (5), handsome, tall, virile, most popular pilot on Dungbury Parva R.A.F. Station. At Dungbury Parva, ever the main target for German bombing raids, men live dangerously indeed; for it is well known in the Wilhelmstrasse that if the famed Dungbury Parva airfield can but be put out of action, the war will be as good as won. Derek's war career has been one of exceptional brilliance and daring, for he has pursued and shot down, with his boyish laugh, twenty-five enemy aircraft. (Considering he is a bomber pilot, this is indeed somewhat exceptional.) He is in love with

**Myrtle Biddable**, slim, blonde, glamorous, nineteen-year-old daughter of the Station Commander. She is the darling of the Station and her madcap boyish pranks of daring are the talk of the Mess and of the bars of the local inns where the air crews forgather in the evening. Even the Americans on their airfield seven miles away know her as "Moitle" and actually treat her with respect. Her father,

**Group Captain N. B. Biddable, D.S.O.**, is the most famous Station Commander in all England. His judgment is sought in high places indeed. Many a vital secret, confided by the Air Council to him alone, lies locked behind that blue tunic. Much would the Germans give to have him in their grip. One of them even has a plan for doing this, no less a one than

family, however, appears some two hundred years later. He was Sir Percivale de Prune who was knighted after Cr cy. He it was who took as his crest the now famous emblem of an index finger, inflexant, non-movant, with the motto "Semper Inanum."

Then there was Sir Pritchard Proon (1530-1592), who, fired by Sir Walter Raleigh's example, once spread a cloak over a puddle for Queen Elizabeth. The fact that he was a trifle short-sighted and that what he took for a puddle was really an open manhole led to his speedy, very speedy, retirement from Court.

Three hundred years later we hear of a Percivall Pruin who fought as a Royalist in the Civil War and had the family characteristics developed to a high degree. Indeed, when King Charles heard that Percivall had taken up arms on his behalf he at once expressed grave doubts of ultimate victory. A Prune cousin, however, fought on the other side and so evened things out. He was named, after the religious fashion of the day, Praise-him-all-ye-works-of-the-Lord. P.H.A.Y.W.O.T.L.Pruin joined Cromwell's Ironsides, was nicknamed "Ironhead," and put in the front of all the charges to soften up the opposition.

Other illustrious Prune ancestors were Captain Percy Prune who served on Marlborough's staff—when he remembered to do so; Paul "Beau" Prune, who for many years was a leader of fashion in Bath, but ultimately died in Penbury while on a holiday there; and Major Pritchard Prune of that famous regiment the Hundred and Eightieth Foot, or "Fighting Drunks."

Then there was our Percy's own grandfather, Philip Prune, the well-known racing motorist. He took part in the big race of 1895 from Paris to Bordeaux and back—or rather would have taken part if he'd been able to get his car to start. He was still trying three days later when the winning car returned. In true Prune tradition, from 1900 to 1902, he owned, and succeeded in damaging beyond repair, thirteen cars. He died in January, 1903 at the age of 43 years and a speed of 35 m.p.h., together with three friends to whom he was giving a lift.

Last but not least, came Percy Prune's father, Peter "Ropey" Prune. He flew in the last war and in three months had destroyed twenty-seven aircraft—mostly Bristols and Sopwiths. After his twenty-sixth machine was confirmed he was sent home for a rest. His twenty-seventh, and final, machine was, of course, the one he flew home in. He only went up once again—shortly before his death. Very shortly indeed, in fact.

And so we come finally to Pilot Officer Percy Prune.

Percy was born, naturally enough, on April 1st, 1922, at Ineyne Manor. At the age of six months, beginning as he meant to go on, he crashed his cradle, and within the next six months had crashed five replacements. As a child in the nursery he was so backward that at one time his parents weren't certain which way he was growing, or going. They went so far as to engage a mind specialist; but he soon threw up the job, saying he had nothing to work upon.

Percy, however, did manage to grow up and went to school at St. Finga's, Herts, rising through the following years from "new-bug," via "Upper III B" to "blood."

# PRUNE DOES HE EXIST ?

We are horrified. We are shattered. We are speechless with rage, surprise and indignation. We . . . Words fail us.

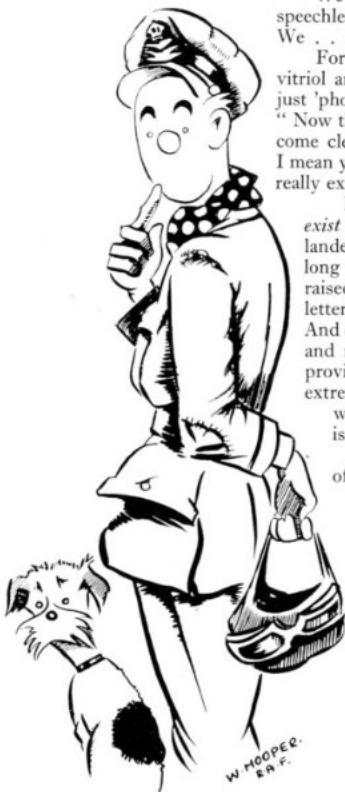
For *someone*—may Allah turn his beer to vitriol and moths breed in his pin-stripe suit—has just 'phoned us up and spoken words to this effect: "Now that TEE EMM is packing up, you're going to come clean about Pilot Officer Prune, aren't you? I mean you're going to confess at last that he doesn't really exist?"

Did you *hear* that sacrilege? *Prune doesn't exist!* Shades of crashed Spitfires and forced-landed Lancasters! Not exist indeed! Long, long ago, when the first whisper of suspicion raised its ugly head, didn't Prune at once pen a letter to TEE EMM with his own fair hand? And didn't we print it in our January, 1942, issue and reproduce his signature in facsimile—thus proving not only that Prune existed, but also the extremely unlikely fact that he could actually write? Prune not exist, forsooth—why, he is more real and alive than most of us!

We know we have already devoted a lot of space in this issue to the affairs of our gallant Percy and had not intended to write any more. But after such a vile innuendo we feel we must give this heretical telephoning clot the final works about Prune, even if it means recapitulating what is generally known to many of you.

So far from being a war-time myth, Percy Prune, of Ineyne Manor, Prune Parva, Sussex, comes of a very old and illustrious stock, a certain Percivalle de Prun, having indeed come over with the Conqueror. He fell at the Battle of Hastings. Three times to be precise, on each occasion having got his sword, as usual, between his legs.

The best known member of the



"Does anyone really say that I don't?"

**Hauptmann Kurt von Stensch**, *hardbitten ace-flyer of the Reich. He has ruthlessly fought his way up to his present position of trusted lone-wolf of the Luftwaffe by skill and brutality. He wants Myrtle in his power, having fallen in love with her photograph, taken by and from a prisoner. Were they to know this, the intrepid birdmen of Dungbury Parva would be up in arms at such presumption, even*

**Pilot Officer Banana**, *the butt of the Mess, and*

**Flying Officer Smith**, *slow-witted, honest, bosom friend and ardent worshipper of the gay, brave and debonair Derek Maltravers.*

You may now read on.

## CHAPTER I

The night was dark, for the evenings were drawing in; or as the rustics of Dungbury Parva would say "evenings be drawing in." Indeed many of them did say it, as they sat huddled together in one small corner of the bar of "The Cad and Camisole," the rest of the bar being entirely filled, as usual, with R.A.F. officers. The rustics could, of course, have gone to "The Bawdy Ostrich," further down the village street, except that the bar there would be entirely filled, as usual, with R.A.F. sergeants. Or they could have gone to "The Bug and Strumpet" further up the village street, except that the bar there would be entirely filled, as usual, with R.A.F. warrant officers.

Centre of a merry group in the first of the three hostelries just referred to, was the handsome, tall, virile figure of Derek Maltravers, his ever-present admirer Flying Officer Smith at his side, laughing heartily at his idol's quips and cranks, whether he understood them or not. The air was thick with beer fumes, cigarette smoke, and highly technical R.A.F. jargon. "Wizard!" a baby-faced young man, who for all his nineteen summers yet wore on his breast the ribbon of the D.F.C., would say. "Good show!" would reply his companion gravely with all the camaraderie of shared knowledge. And through it all there constantly rang out among the rafters, Pilot Officer Banana's high-pitched laugh, causing the old rustics in their corner to stir uneasily, cross their fingers and order another quart apiece.



## CHAPTER II

Some way away from this carefree gathering a scene of a very different nature was being enacted. High up in the darkling sky over England was flying a lone German aircraft. German it was indeed, but a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing, for it bore the British roundels on its wings and the pilot was none other than Kurt von Stensch. His aircraft was further fitted with a special device which prevented the British radiogram stations apprehending its approach; a very necessary precaution, for von Stensch was engaged on a mission more daring than ever before.

Straight for Dungbury Parva he flew; and, arrived over the airfield, in perfect English he requested permission to land. This was readily granted, by the L.A.C. on duty, to one whom in his simplicity he took to be "an officer returning from one of these here joy-rides." Nor were his suspicions in any way aroused when the "officer" stepped from the aircraft; for Kurt wore a British bomber pilot's uniform, complete with the usual D.F.C.

Having given instructions for refuelling, von Stensch drew a secret map, skilfully limned on a cigarette, from his pocket and soon ascertained where Group Captain Biddable's quarters were.

In a few minutes he was seated in the latter's drawing-room, invited in in all good faith; for the Station Commander merely took him for one of his many officers whom he did not as yet actually know by sight. Indeed a skilful reference by Kurt to TEE EMM merely served to convince the older man of the other's *bona fides*.

"Why, Daddie, whom have we here?" interrupted a girlish voice, as none other than Myrtle entered the room.

"Just one of my officers," replied her father; but for a moment a shadow passed across the girl's slim features, for certainly she knew very intimately nearly every officer on the Station; yet this one she did not recognise.

"A recently joined one," interposed von Stensch calmly, though the blood was coursing through his veins at actual sight of the glamorous girl whose photograph had roused his evil passion.

"It's a lovely night, is not it?" vouchsafed Myrtle, setting him at once at his ease.



that the real remedy was to change the impedance of the systems to a few ohms only, so that the amount of water required for an effective leakage path would be very great.

To change from a "high" to a "low" impedance system was a very great step and it was approached with a certain apprehension. For it would mean the replacement of literally millions of telephone earpieces and many many aircraft intercom. amplifiers. A further complication was that telephone earpieces are personal equipment and therefore it would be necessary with the change-over to ensure that the two types of equipment, that is, high and low, were not used in one aircraft. One crew member with a low impedance set in a high impedance aircraft would, of course, completely ditch the intercom. for all the others.

Also, in order to keep the wheels turning, it would be necessary to have an interim measure so that squadrons could change over without interruption of their task. The Type 35 assembly was developed for this purpose, the telephone cord with the "sausage," a switched transformer, so that any type of earpiece could be adapted to any type of system until such time as all aircraft and all helmets were modified for the "low" impedance of 150 ohms, which was the value eventually adopted as most suitable. "Low" impedance earpieces, by the way, can be recognised by the *white* rectangle of paint on the outside of the case.

Now it is possible—and this is the whole point of this short article—that air crew who temporarily gave up flying before the change-over was made and who kept their headsets, are now returning to

flying duties with this unsuitable equipment and as a result are complaining of weak intercom. Well, regular squadron types will be checked in the normal way and their headsets, if not correct, will be quickly detected, but itinerant flyers could quite conceivably go on indefinitely suffering from inefficient intercom. and their crew mates would be dubbed as dim because the defaulting member can never hear what they are saying.

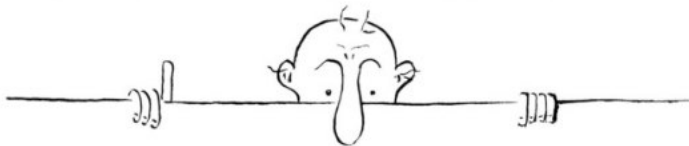
It is quite possible that the situation does not exist, but it is equally possible that there is insufficient appreciation of the position by a certain minority—including, of course, Prune.

Which is just why we have printed these short words of wisdom.



*P.O. Prune says that guy's got so many gongs he has to carry his own deviation card.*

## WOT! NO TITLE?

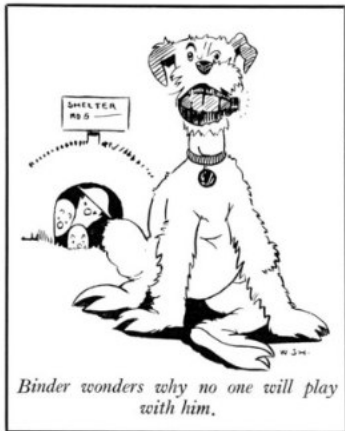


**N**O, no title! We've been thinking up titles for articles for five years now, and we're just about fed up with it. You can darn well invent your own for this one. But we'd better warn you that it's a slightly technical piece about airborne radio-telephone equipment. It follows up, as it were, the article called "More Sense" in our last issue—indeed, it is, in fact, a series of additional great thoughts by the originator of that particular piece. Are you all ready?

Then, go!

He says: There is another aspect of aircraft intercom. equipment which may still be a source of error with air crew, and that is the "high" and "low" impedance systems. In the early days of the war aircraft intercom. systems had a high percentage of unserviceability due to the fact that atmospheric dampness and the dampness from condensation in aircraft hulls adversely affected the systems by coupling input and output elements. This caused loss of output in the first instance and eventually produced a persistent howl which made intercom. impossible. Drying out, changing mic./tel. sockets and various protective measures were resorted to on a large scale to combat the ill effects of the dampness. Indeed, Signals types will never forget the abnormal number of man-hours which were eaten up in the efforts to get the aircraft into the air.

The impedance of those intercom. systems that were so susceptible to damp effect was 20,000 ohms and therefore leakage paths in the system due to dampness only needed a very small degree of wet to become effective. The Air Ministry soon took note of the seriousness of the situation, but it was realised that the measures being taken in the Service were only palliatives and



"Yes, indeed, and even lovelier in the air. With your father's permission, would you like me to take you up for a 'flip' in my Sheffield?"

Good-humouredly the elder man gave his consent; for he liked to see his only daughter enjoying herself and at the same time giving pleasure to others.

Whereat the young couple left. Kurt was masking a gleam of triumph. "Next stop, Germany," he was thinking to himself; "and then we shall see how deeply the English Group-Schwein values his country's secrets when set in the scale against the safety—nay, even honour—of his daughter. For perhaps, I and she . . . she and I . . ." As they stepped out into the night, the calm darkness hid the vile anticipations of a diseased mind that showed nakedly in his cruel eyes.

### CHAPTER III

Left alone, the Group Captain pondered. After a while he grew uneasy. His keen intuition had begun to tell him that something was wrong somewhere, and it was not long before his quick brain had leapt upon the one mistake von Stensch had all unwittingly made.

"My *Sheffield*" he had said. Did, Biddable asked himself, his Station have any Sheffields? They had Lancasters and Halifaxes and Stirlings, and they'd once had Manchesters, but no other towns. . . .

"Curse it!" he suddenly swore roughly, leaping from his seat. There was *no such aircraft*, any more than there was a Fulham West fighter or a Tooting bomber.

In a bare minute he had covered the two paces to the door. But even as he reached it, the roar of an aircraft taking off smote his ears. . . .

He bowed his head; then straightened it. One man alone could help him, could, in fact, save not only his daughter, but Britain. Derek Maltravers!

### CHAPTER IV

The scenes of merriment at "The Cad and Camisole," "The Bawdy Ostrich" and "The Bug and Strumpet" were abruptly hushed, as loudspeakers, installed there because so few officers were ever up at the mess, blared forth: "Calling all bars! Calling all bars! Flight Lieutenant Derek Maltravers, D.S.O. (3), D.F.C. (4), A.F.C. (5) to report to the Station Commander immediately. Urgent, urgent. Geelford, Geelford, this is Geelford. The treyne now standing at Pletform Faive is for. . . .

But vaulting lightly over chairs and villagers alike, Derek had gone. . . .

### CHAPTER V

With set, stern face Group Captain Biddable told the handsome virile young man all. "If you can catch the imposter before he gets to Germany, Britain is saved. But if not. . . ." He bit his lip in emotion and was silent for a moment.

"I understand, sir. You may rely in me. Not only my country calls me, but—" he looked the other straight in the eyes—"my heart."

"Good show" muttered Biddable hoarsely, momentarily overcome by his

(Continued on p. 304).

## "WHODUNNIT ?"

SINCE the final issue of TEE EMM was foreshadowed last month it has been suggested from various quarters that I, the Editor, should come out from behind the smoke-screen of the Editorial-cum-Air-Ministerial "we" and write a personal article, if only to say good-bye face to face, instead of anonymously from under the desk.

Well, to do this is all against TEE EMM rules. These columns have never permitted personal writing or signed contributions, but have always aimed at being the mouthpiece of Air Ministry policy, as indicated, suggested, approved or dictated by the Air Force high-ups. And the rule, I may say, suited me just fine. (Indeed I made it myself!) For I was in the delightful position of being able to write something in one issue—and then, if challenged or attacked, hide behind practically the whole of the Air Council in the next.

However, I'm coming clean at last—appearing all naked, as it were—and I'm very glad for two reasons to have the opportunity. The first is that, being an author by profession I have, for some seventeen years up to 1941, believed that keeping one's name in front of the public was one of the necessities of financial existence, as well as the breath of life. But I never for a moment realised when I was first hauled up to the Air Ministry and asked if I could create and run some kind of monthly Training Memorandum—which air crews would actually *read*—that because it was to be an "official use only" Air Ministry publication, I should have to suppress rigorously the average author's inborn desire to tell everyone at the drop of a hat just what he's doing, writing and selling—whether they're interested or not. And certainly I never dreamed that my "little bit of nonsense" was going to be very successful, but that for five years I was going to be practically gagged. By gagged I mean prevented from breathing on my nails, polishing them on my lapel, and with bags of false modesty casually revealing to all and sundry TEE EMM's success and my identity as its creator. Even calling myself "we"—like Royalty, or the man with fleas—was no consolation.

However, there it is . . .

My second, and main, reason for welcoming this opportunity of a "personal appearance," so kindly granted by the authorities—and in

particular by that extremely pleasant, courteous, clever and charming, fellow, the Editor of TEE EMM—is that I can express personal gratitude, and in this lovely large type too. I can now openly thank everyone in the Royal Air Force from Air Council to Air Crew Sergeant (and even those stalwarts below the rank of Sergeant who, while not officially issued with TEE EMM, so often, I gather, surreptitiously swiped copies) for their loyal support and approval of my unexpected plunge into the uncharted and rather peculiar seas of service journalism. Not forgetting by any means to thank my office staff who, though changing from time to time (except the artist), have throughout helped run it so loyally.

I've had, during these five years, criticism of my TEE EMM infant; and I've had praise. I've had angry letters; I've had enquiring letters; I've had grateful letters; and I've had one or two letters of such fulsomeness that I've wondered if the writer's idea was to turn up later in the office and touch me for a couple of quid. But always, I think, in every letter I've had *interest*. My original—and only—briefing has, therefore, obviously been fulfilled; TEE EMM *has* been read, and the powders of gen concealed in the jam of light-heartedness have, therefore, been swallowed—I can only hope with good effect.

Above all, in letters, I've had many "thank-you's" for the work TEE EMM has been trying to do. And for all of this, I too say "thank-you," with great sincerity.

And, I'm afraid, goodbye.

Good luck!

*Anthony Armstrong Willis*

*Late Squadron Leader.*

*Late Editor Tee Emm.*





He always read his Pilot's Notes.\*

\* We've been longing to write this for years.



Positively the Last Appearance!



WOT! NO MORE TEE EMM'S?