

# TEE EMM



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



## THE THIRD YEAR

WITH this issue we start a new Volume of TEE EMM. An awe-inspiring thought! It hardly seems credible to us that it is our twenty-fifth issue, that we have been going now for over two years. It seems a hell of a time to us, though perhaps not to you. Rather like the riddle "Why do married men live longer than bachelors?" To which the answer is, "They don't, but it *seems* longer."

We'd like, however, to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have sent us articles during the year, and who have so kindly refrained from caustic comment when we have thought it necessary to alter or re-write them. We hope we have been of service (it's what we're being paid for anyway) and that you have found these pages helpful. We also hope you will continue to do so throughout the coming TEE EMM year.

\* \* \*

To commemorate the start of TEE EMM's third operational year, the Chief of the Air Staff has kindly sent us, and through us to all of you, the following message for the first issue of our Volume III.

"I hope that these Training Memoranda will continue to be as widely read and studied as they have been during the past two years. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of constant training in ensuring the highest operational efficiency. We must never regard training as being confined to the early stages. Training never stops; and Tee Emm contains valuable hints and lessons for you all at all stages of your Air Force careers."

*Air Chief Marshal, Chief of the Air Staff*

## A QUARTER CENTURY

On April 1st twenty-five years ago the Royal Air Force was born. It does not seem out of place to recall in this our April number that on that occasion His Majesty King George V, as General-in-Chief, sent the following telegram to the first Secretary of State for Air, Lord Rothermere :—

“To-day the Royal Air Force, of which you are the Minister in charge, comes into existence as a third arm of the defences of the Empire. As General-in-Chief I congratulate you on its birth, and I trust that it may enjoy a vigorous and successful life.

“I am confident that the union of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps will preserve and foster that ‘esprit de corps’ which these two forces have created by their splendid deeds.”

“GEORGE R.I.”

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The Tee Emm Crew comes to wish us a Happy Birthday



Reading from left to right : Sergeant Straddle (*Air Bomber*), Flying Officer Fixe (*Navigator*), Sergeant Backtune (*Wireless Operator*), Sergeant Winde (*Air Gunner*), and Pilot Officer Prune (*Pilot*).

## HINTS TO NEW W/OPS

THE main object of education is to teach you how to learn. The main object of a special course is to teach you how to set about becoming an expert in a special subject. It does not turn you into a ready-made one. When a man has been through many months of expensive training as a Wireless Operator and joins a Squadron for the first time, he does so as a specialist, not as an expert. Whether he becomes an expert and of full value to the rest of the crew, depends on what he does on the Station—on whether he sits back and drinks beer, or gets busy and drinks in information.

Once he has reported to his C.O. and his Flight Commander, he will find that the Squadron Signals Officer is the person who is most important to him and to whom he must go for information, help and what have you, in connection with his work. Popping in for a word with the C.O. or the Station Signals Officer just isn't done and is apt to be unpopular with those concerned; and indeed, even with those who are not.

Apart from the Squadron S.O., there will be a lot of "old hands" who have learnt much by experience and can save the "new boy" from many a prospective boob. And nearly all of them like doing

it! It's surprising how people enjoy giving information and help to newcomers if approached in the right way. It gives them a feeling of importance—and we all love that. So never be afraid of asking the old-timers for help or hints.

Another good thing to do is to get around to your W/T maintenance section. They, after all, service your set. In fact, in their eyes it is *their* set that you muck about with and, perhaps, get out of order when you are on ops. If they are decent chaps—and, you'll find they mostly are—they'll take a pride in your, or *their*, set—with the result that the more interest you show in it, the more they will be pleased; and so the more you will learn. And if you are called upon to do D.I.'s, take it as a really serious matter; your life and the lives of the rest of the crew with you, may depend on how you have done it.

When you come to make your first trip—or any other for that matter—be sure you have everything with you, including a spare pencil, and make a special point of being punctual. For remember, when you are on ops. you are no longer *you*, but part of a crew, and in any good crew each member depends upon every other one.



*"Never be afraid of asking old-timers for hints!" (But choose the right moment!)*

## LINES FROM PRUNE'S SHOOTING GALLERY



In our Christmas number we printed here and there, under the above title, some of our gallant Pilot Officer's overheard remarks. We seem to recall we offered a prize for the best one

sent in by our readers before the end of February.

Well, we've had a grand selection sent along—funnily enough in a few cases the same line arrived from two or three sources—and we think it's worth while printing some of the better ones below.

A specially selected Judging Committee of highly intelligent types, plus a few not so intelligent, was convened at a delightful meeting place round the corner, which for security and other more selfish reasons we cannot disclose, and the matter was thrashed out to the last man and the last round: When the last man had paid for the last round, the prize, a bound Volume I of TEE EMM, was formally awarded to a Pilot Officer in Bomber Command. A popular win!

And now here are some of the better entries :—

"I was flying so low my navigator had to stand up to see over the waves."

"It's not really blind flying: the instruments aren't in Braille."

"I never can keep my windscreen clean for long: I think it's the smoke of the Bremen fires."

"I've spent more time rolling off the top of loops than you have flying straight and level; so pipe down."

"I identified the target as Saarbrücken by the letters S.U.D.C. on the side of a fire-engine; for Saarbrücken Urban District Council, of course."

"I was flying so low over the Channel that the spray got in my pitot tube and the A.S.I. was registering in knots."

"My landings are always so good that I have to call up Control by TR9 to find out if I'm on the deck!"

"Rod and line fishing! Why, I borrow a F.A.A. Swordfish and use the deck hook."

"I bounced so high when I first touched down that I had to slip off height to get in!"

P.O. Prune has just looked over our shoulder and swears he never said a single one of the above and that any one who thought he overheard them is a liar. "What, me shoot a line?" says Prune. "I've no need to!"



# FINGERS AREN'T ALWAYS IRREMOVABLE

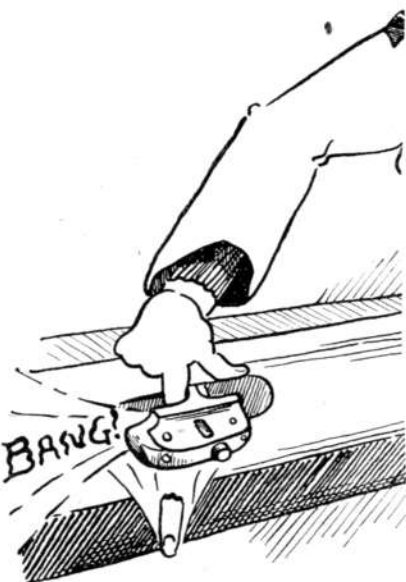
The old story of the armour to beat the gun, and then the gun to beat the armour has been repeated in the case of the barrage balloon. Explosive cutters are now fitted on the leading edge of our bomber aircraft, the general idea being that as the balloon cable slips into the cutter-housing it trips a trigger which explodes a cartridge. The cartridge, in turn, fires a chisel towards an anvil and frees the aeroplane by cutting the cable. All this is a Good Show.

On the other hand, it may turn out to be a Bad Show—that is, if it isn't after all a balloon cable which receives attention but an inquisitive finger.

For fighter aircraft are not fitted with this device, yet Fighter Stations quite often have our bombers dropping in on them, to refuel, or pass the time of day, or ask where they are, or simply have lunch. And A.C. Plonk—as a fighter aircraft mechanic and so not knowing much about bombers—may easily, while clambering over one such, stick his finger into the slot which was all set to receive a balloon cable. Result: removal of the finger.

Remember this, bomber crews who land at a Fighter Station. You may know all about your cable-cutters, but others may not. The finger may be that of an inquisitive Plonk, who wonders what the slot is for; or of a quite innocent Plonk, unable to avoid in the dark something he knows nothing about. But the removal will be just as neat and expeditious. So warn all concerned! Don't let them think—afterwards—that it was a practical joke in poor taste on your part.

If you *don't* warn them, it'll be your fault if a valuable mechanic is put out of action.





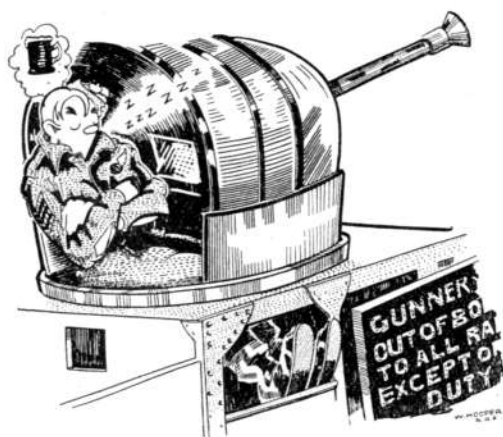
## “THERE’S A WINDE IN THE TURRET, BROTHER!”

**S**HOULD his pilot make a heavy landing, there is nobody more ready to point it out than our Sergeant Winde. “Have a heart, skip!” he says when there’s a bit of a bump, as if the pilot had put the aircraft down badly with the deliberate intention of shaking Winde’s teeth out through the top of his skull. And the poor pilot has no answer—except to tell Winde to shut his trap—for he has no chance of pointing out Winde’s frequently far greater ineptitude in handling his own machine, namely his turret.

But Justice is coming to the pilot’s aid. Winde is being slowly, if ungrammatically, caught up with. In those Brains-behind-the-Bombers there is now blooming an Idea. By an ingenious cinematographic device it will shortly be possible to test Winde at work; it will be proved to all the world, beyond a shadow of doubt, whether he can—or can not—satisfactorily manipulate his turret. And the laugh may then well be with the pilot.

Sergeant Winde looks both surprised and a little apprehensive at this news. “Manipulate my turret,” he says. “Of course, I think I . . . but it’s not *my* fault if I haven’t been taught properly.”

We tell Winde he *has* been taught properly—as far as instructors *can* teach such a subject. But the teaching of it is not only in their hands—it’s also in Winde’s.



They can’t stand over him all the time. They can’t inject skill, like a doctor injecting a drug. Winde must do a lot of the teaching himself. Wasn’t there a spotlight trainer at Winde’s A.G.S., and O.T.U. and H.C.U.? Wasn’t there a training turret also, provided by a kindly Government and a harassed Equipment Officer? But didn’t Winde spend most of his time therein merely counting the minutes before he could leave, or else dreaming of beer?

“Oh well,” says Winde, skilfully dodging the issue. “That’s all past history. I’m in an Operational

Squadron now, and I don’t have to work no more!”

We point out sorrowfully that his poor ruddy pilot is also in an Operational Squadron and, if he’s any good at all, realises that his work has only just begun.

Does Winde realise this too? Evidently not. So we try to impress on him that every time he flies he must practise swinging his sight quickly on to other air-



craft and then keeping it there *continuously*. For those are the two things that are most difficult to do. He wasn't given his wing just to work the turret from side to side. It doesn't matter how far away the aircraft is, provided it gives a point to aim at and follow with the sight. If he can't see any other aircraft, he can try aiming at something on the ground.

And when he's not flying he can always make use of the turret training stand on the ground—yes, even though he's no longer at an O.T.U. Most stations also have a spotlight trainer. And if he can't get these, surely he can find a turret that can be dragged into the open. Then he can aim at aircraft in the air or follow the lines of the horizon.

"Provided," puts in Winde hopefully, "it's fine weather . . ."

We dash his hopes. If the weather is bad, Winde can stay in the hangar and follow the lines drawn on the walls. Follow them slowly, steadily and accurately. It is the slow and steady movements, not the large and rapid ones, that need patient practice to attain perfection. And Winde will certainly need a lot of patience. And practice.

So what it all comes down to is this. Before Sergeant Winde starts making any more cracks at his pilot's flying, let him satisfy himself that he is as competent in handling his machine as his pilot in managing his.



## DO YOU KNOW . . . ?

**T**HERE are (literally) a hundred and one things a Wireless Operator *must* know. There are, of course, a great many others that he *ought* to know. The question is: Does he?

Well, he can soon find out, for here is an admirable little Quiz Book—"Do You Know . . . ?" (A.M. Pamphlet 148) which asks the 101 "Must" Questions. Its main object is to enable those at O.T.U.'s to check up on their knowledge, but it also serves as a grand refresher course for those who have passed on to Operational Units.

The answers are not given—nor must you write them in when testing yourself—in case the booklet should get into wrong hands, when it might be of value to the enemy. (Unless, of course, you've got all the answers wrong!) But incidentally, this is a much better way of learning than merely turning to an Answers Page, murmuring, "Oh, of course!" and promptly forgetting again.

The booklet has already been issued to O.T.U.'s, (O.) A.F.U.'s, etc., but as many air crews may not know of its existence, we are giving it a little notice here. It's of interest primarily to Navigators (W) and (BW) and to W.Op./A.G.'s; and also to anyone who likes clever drawings, for it's amusingly illustrated.