

Commandant

TEE EMM



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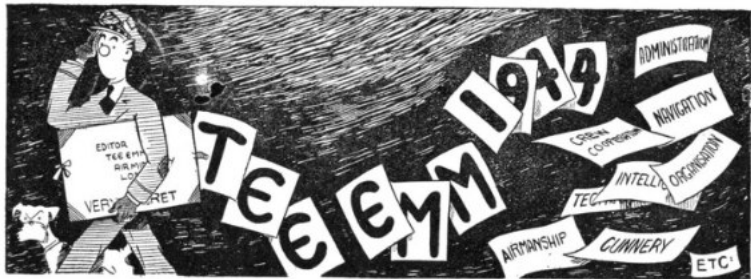
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*Pilot Officer Prune says—
"Take Tee Emm regularly!
Prevents that Thinking
Feeling!"*



"I hope that these Training Memoranda will continue to be as widely read and studied as they have been during the past three years. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of constant training in ensuring the highest operational efficiency.

C. Portal.

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

IT'S ONLY A VEREY PISTOL

WE admit we have not heard those actual words used about the Signal Pistol—commonly known as the Verrey Pistol—but we do know that they express a fairly widespread attitude of mind. This attitude of mind is that, since the Verrey pistol is only used for signalling and not for shooting at the enemy, therefore it isn't lethal, and can't do any real damage.

Now this is a very dangerous assumption. It arises from the fact that people do not stop to think about the Verrey pistol as such. Instead they unconsciously consider it in relation to the weapons the Air Force normally has to deal with—block-busting bombs, 20-mm. cannon, torpedoes, rocket-guns and the like; and in comparison the Verrey pistol does seem rather a toy. And naturally one doesn't treat toys as seriously as one does weapons; one doesn't even handle them in the same way as weapons.

Yet if you don't handle a Verrey pistol as if it were a weapon, you are mishandling it and, as the official publication puts it, "it must be clearly understood that if mishandled the Signal Pistol can become a lethal weapon." After all, a firework is definitely a toy, yet even a firework can become lethal if not treated the proper way.

This all too common attitude towards Verey pistols—namely, that they are comparatively harmless and practically not firearms at all—is manifested in three ways. All involve neglect of the three cardinal rules for dealing with fire-arms.

First, people are apt to leave the thing loaded. Subconscious argument: "After all it's only a Verey pistol; it's not as if it were a Service rifle or a machine gun."

Secondly, people fail to "prove" it; in other words, fail to satisfy themselves that it is unloaded, by "breaking" it and seeing that the breech is empty. You see a signal pistol lying about, pick it up and carelessly snap the trigger. Subconscious argument: "It's only a Verey pistol—just a bit of equipment someone forgot to put away."

Thirdly, people fail to observe that last cardinal rule: never point a weapon at anyone—even if you're confident it's unloaded, for frequently your confidence turns out to be misplaced. Subconscious argument: "It's only a Verey pistol; it's for signalling with and can't do any damage even if I do point it."

These three rules are all of equal importance in their way; for each checks the others. But only by rigidly observing *all three* of them can accidents be avoided with certainty. Failure to observe them is a sure passport to disaster.

Unfortunately these rules *are* all too frequently ignored—particularly in the case of Signal Pistols—due, as we said above, to that unfortunate but all too common impression that they are not lethal.

We will now tell you of a recent terrible tragedy. We do not relate it in order to allocate blame: all that was gone into at the Court of Inquiry. Our sole object is to show you that it *is* highly dangerous not to observe firearm rules—even though it's only a Verey pistol.

The story starts with a search party looking for the scene of a crash somewhere in the lonely hills of the North of England. Amongst other rescue kit, this party carried Verey pistols in their packs. The search was long and arduous, and at one point the more exhausted members of the party had to be sent home. During their journey it is probable that one of the pistols was loaded in case they lost their way. The emergency, however, did not arise; the loaded pistol was put back in the pack; and owing to extreme fatigue the fact was forgotten.

The packs were returned to their usual place in Station Sick Quarters; and here already we see failure to obey orders relating to firearms; for no inspection of pistols was carried out on return. Nor indeed were the Standing Orders explicit enough about this. They were stated, in fact, at the inquiry to be "inadequate, especially in the case of the pistols." *Only* a pistol, we note once more.

The packs, with others, stayed in their locked cupboards for over a week, and then an airman was instructed to overhaul, number and repack the rescue equipment. He took out four packs, removed the pistols from two of them, and without examining the weapons painted numbers on them. He then took out the remaining two pistols, and in spite of the fact that a second airman in the room had picked up a larger type Verey pistol and was talking about its having been left cocked, still did not "prove" the two pistols he held.

At this point a W.A.A.F. came out of an inner room and paused to put on her greatcoat. While she was making some general remark to the second airman the first inadvertently pressed the trigger of one of the two pistols he was holding.

It went off and shot the W.A.A.F. in the mouth, where the cartridge stayed stuck to the roof of her mouth and burning fiercely till the fire could be smothered.

The poor girl was taken to hospital, but died about twenty-four hours later.

Now that is a horrible accident, yet it is an accident which could have been prevented in many ways. If the pistol had not been left loaded it would not have happened. If the orders for proper inspection of Verrey pistols had been adequate and strictly carried out it would not have happened. If the pistol had been examined as soon as it was picked up to see if it *was* loaded it would not have happened. And if it had not been pointed at anyone, it would not have happened.

But it *did* happen.

The A.O.C. said in his final remarks "the people concerned did not realise the lethal nature of these firearms."

It was only a Verrey pistol—but an unhappy girl died a most horrible death.



GOOD OLD POLARIS!

PPOLARIS is a useful star. Unlike P.O. Prune it is sufficiently bright to be used with the astro-compass. Let us suppose that the object of the exercise is course-checking. Here's the form.

Use the astro-compass purely as a bearing plate with the line of sight directed at Polaris—and thus avoid all calculations.

All you have to do is :—

- (i) Level the sight.
- (ii) Set the True Bearing to 0° or L.H.A. North latitude to 180° .
- (iii) Set latitude to 90° .
- (iv) Ask the pilot to hold the aircraft steady on course ; then say no, you clot, I said *steady*, all right, all right, who's taking this sight, you or me, why not try keeping her steady, ah, that's better, thanks, pal, that's steady now !
- (v) Rotate the instrument until Polaris is steady in the sights, inclining the declination scale as necessary.
- (vi) Read off true course of the aircraft on the bottom scale against the " True Course " arrow.

Now all this measurement has assumed Polaris to be due North. This is where the catch comes—put on, like the handle of the tea-cup, to make it more difficult.

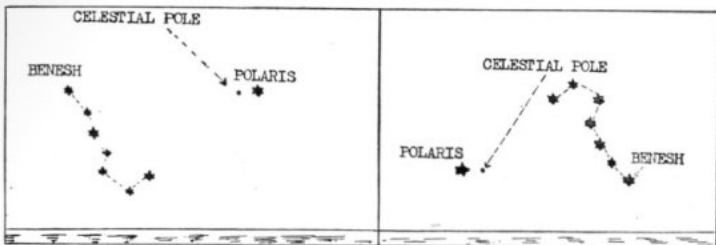
For in actual fact the azimuth of Polaris in these latitudes varies from 358° to 002° , and your course check isn't really accurate.

To get a more accurate course, set on the true azimuth of Polaris on the top scale against the "True Bearing" mark. The azimuth of Polaris can then very accurately be estimated without reference to tables by looking at the Plough and noting the position of Benetnasch ("Benesh" to friends) relative to Polaris.

For Benesh and Polaris are almost exactly on opposite sides of the true Celestial Pole so when Benesh is roughly level with Polaris but on the left of it, the azimuth is 002° , and when level but on the right the azimuth is 358° . And obviously when Benesh is directly above or below Polaris the azimuth is due North, and when half-way between these positions the azimuth is 001° or 359° according to whether Benesh is to the left or right of Polaris. (See Diagrams below.)

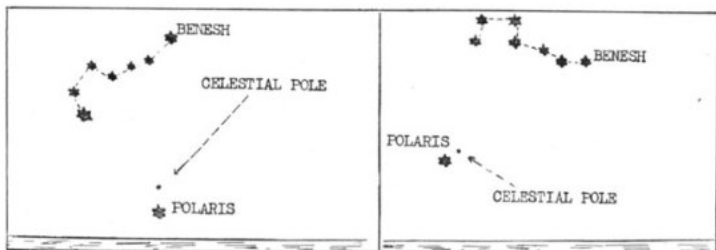
Easy! Good old Polaris!

Come to that—good old Benesh! Here'sh to 'im!



Azimuth of Polaris = 002° .

Azimuth of Polaris = 358° .



Azimuth of Polaris = 000° .

Azimuth of Polaris = 359° .

SABOTYPES

ARE you one of those types who, quite unconsciously and probably with the best motives in the world, yet manage to put in plenty of "sabotage hours?" Sabotypes definitely impede the war effort; their activities slow it down. While not deliberately throwing spanners in the works, they are increasingly putting grit in parts that should run smoothly.

Examine your conscience, and then ask yourself if you are one of them.

No. 2. UNWILLING INSTRUCTOR

He is generally a Flying Instructor, less often a Ground Instructor. But the trouble with him is that he doesn't want to be an instructor at all.

Of course he has a reason for this. He has been taken off ops and has had to leave the Squadron and his friends. Or he has just finished his own training and has been selected as an instructor, without having had a chance to fly operationally. Or any other reason. But he has, in short, a grievance.

This wouldn't matter if he were man enough to accept the position, and to realise that it's all the same Air Force, that everyone is in it to do his best in whatever job he's given. But he is an *unwilling* instructor. He kicks against it.

He says to himself, "There are plenty of other people who are better at instructing than I am. Why pick on me? I'd be much more use on ops. I've got good reports. I'm a good pilot."

And he *is* a good pilot. That is why he's been chosen for the job. For a good pilot, instead of being just one good pilot himself, may be the means of turning out scores of good pilots.

But he doesn't see it that way. He says to himself: "I was never born a teacher. I just haven't got this quality, this innate faculty for imparting information." You see, already he is fully convinced that the art of teaching others what he himself knows well is really a mysterious gift, which unluckily he missed when the Almighty was handing out good and bad qualities. And since one cannot help bad luck he then tells himself there's nothing he can do about it.

Pretty soon a new idea comes into his mind, a sort of faint hope, born of wishful thinking and fathered by lack of a sense of duty to the Service to which he belongs. He now says to himself: "If I'm no good as an instructor, they'll put me on real flying." And so he starts on his downward path. Not having been allowed to do just as he wants he refuses to co-operate.

Of course he doesn't deliberately try to make himself into a *bad* instructor. He

becomes one unconsciously—by just not putting his heart into it. Admittedly it takes will-power to create and nourish up in yourself enthusiasm for a job you didn't want in the first place and which is inclined to be boring compared with what you'd rather be doing; but good types are doing it every day. He, however, isn't a good type. And so he stooges along resentfully, hating every minute of it.

And now our Sabotype's attitude becomes even more non-co-operative. He gets the idea that he's "fed up with instructing"—when in point of fact he's never done any real instructing at all, but has merely gone through the motions. He starts to ignore regulations—"they're good enough for these kids I'm teaching, but I'm a *flier*. Give me some Huns, and I'll show 'em what I can do. Any moment now they'll have me out of here and a really good fellow can take my place." For he has persuaded himself that, by forcing the authorities to get rid of him in this job, he is doing the Air Force a good turn; a good man will be released for fighting in the air; a better man than he will come and teach on the ground.

He does not know that however much they realise he's useless where he is they will not do that. They cannot get rid of him now; for the sake of morale and discipline they cannot give in to a fellow who selfishly wants to go his own way and not that of the Air Force.

And so he remains—sullen and unhelpful to the end. He is a thoroughly bad influence on all the pupils. He is no use to the country because he won't put his back into his work. He is no use to the war effort.

He is a Sabotype.

TAKING OFF IN FOG

Pilots under training may wonder why they are taught to take off on instruments alone. They realise, of course, that it is an excellent exercise in instrument flying and a convincing demonstration of how easily the aircraft can be persuaded to do the right thing. Pilot Officer Prune's *protégés* of the M.H.D.O.I.F. think that instrument take-offs are taught them so that they can use them always when night flying and so that nobody need go to the trouble of arranging a flare path to assist them to take off.

In fact, instrument flying take-offs are a normal part of every pilot's training, because it may become necessary for him on operations to take off in fog. Pilots of Meteorological Flights have for years been taking off in fog as a matter of course. Although fog *landings* without Fido (see article, "Fido No Fog," in May 1944 issue) are not yet within the capacity of most pilots, even with the existing radio aids, it does not take much imagination to see that it may be an operational necessity to order pilots to take

Pilotless Officer Prune takes off in a complete fog.

off in a fog which will clear before they are due to land or which is local enough to allow for landing diversions.

Once a pilot has been taught to take off on instruments alone and so has acquired confidence in his ability to do so, there is no difficulty in taking off in fog conditions with a visibility so restricted as to be, in effect, nil. All he has to do is to taxi to the runway, use his Direction Indicator and Magnetic Compass to align his aircraft with the known runway heading, and take off, keeping straight by the Direction Indicator.

A recent experiment in instrument flying take-offs, carried out by E.C.F.S. with six average fighter pilots, was extremely successful, as the comments of the Wing Commander Flying at the fighter unit to which they returned will show. He says: "It now appears that any average pilot in good instrument flying practice is capable of taking off in any visibility and climbing to any height. We have now tried instrument take-offs solo and in pairs and there seems to be nothing to prevent any pilot from becoming proficient at instrument take-offs once he has satisfied himself in some dual aircraft that the matter is possible."

IT CAME APART IN ME 'AND

HERE'S a small point about Signals, Distress, Two Star, Red.

Several reports have been received to the effect that when the firing ring on these signals is pulled, the thing doesn't work. Instead it just comes apart in the hand.

Well, TEE EMM's board of experts have gone into the matter and report that undoubtedly the trouble is this:

The firing ring (when the cap is removed) sticks out sideways at the top of the signal—see diagram herewith—and is, in point of fact, merely the end of a small metal fork which passes under a shoulder on the top of the striker, thus holding it up against a compressed spring. When this fork is pulled out from under the shoulder the striker is no longer held up and the spring forces it down on the detonator.

But obviously it must be pulled *sideways*. If you pull it *upwards*, i.e. along the direction of the length of the signal, instead of at right angles to it, there's quite a chance of wrenching the whole striker out against the spring. And this is probably what's been happening; for after all the action is very like drawing a cork out of a bottle and so comes naturally to many people.

So make sure you know the right way to pull the firing ring—*sideways*. As the signal is only used in emergency it's important that it should work. Otherwise your chances of being lifted out of your dinghy are considerably reduced.



MILLIONS OF MAPS

WHEN you hear people—generally the feminine half of the population—refer to “millions of people, my dear,” as having been at some function or other, you at once know there must have been anything over fifty. When they say “literally millions, but *literally*,” you gather that there may have been a couple of hundred. For millions is a word which is constantly being loosely employed (except of course on Budget Day) to mean just “rather a lot.” And as for “literally,” few words in our language are so misused.

But when it comes to such things as the maps made for and supplied to the R.A.F., for once the phrase “literally millions” can be correctly used. For in the four weeks prior to the first invasion of the Continent over *two and a half million* maps were issued to three Air Commands alone. What it is like now, when the scale of operations is vaster than ever, heaven alone knows. Or rather, heaven and the Map People alone know.

Which brings us to the point. The Map People tell us that—possible due to the enormous numbers so adequately supplied, there is an increasing tendency for their customers to say “plenty more where these come from” and use them wastefully and carelessly.

Now because there *are* plenty, it doesn't mean there are plenty *more* and that you needn't bother about looking after those you have. Even a piece of paper has value to-day; it has to be salvaged and not wasted. And a map is a good deal more than a piece of



Maps should be taken care of.

paper. It represents man-hours in designing and printing, transport and distribution. It represents also enormous storage space.

The map-printing facilities of this country are now stretched to the utmost, and this means that careless use of maps necessitates increased reprinting, and this in turn means the holding up of urgent requirements for other and perhaps more important maps.

You will admit that it is vital that the Air Force should have the right maps at the right time; and this is where you can help—by economising in your demands and using carefully what you have.

Millions of maps is certainly “plenty.” But “plenty,” as we said above, does *not* mean “plenty more” for you. It may even—unless you co-operate—mean “plenty *less*” for others.



S/LT. SWINGIT'S BOTTLENECK

S/Lt. SWINGIT has learnt the word "bottleneck." He's pretty proud of it too—and flings it around like confetti. He doesn't, however, always use it quite correctly.

In reality, of course, a bottleneck means a restriction somewhere in the flow of supply to demand. It means that although the demand to be met is not *really* greater than the original supply, the supply stream at some point in its course is partially choked so that the supply that does get through is not quite equal on arrival to the needs of the demanding end. To Swingit, however, a bottleneck has come to mean merely the fact that he doesn't get what he wants the moment he wants it.

Now bottlenecks are frequently unavoidable, though with efficient planning and organisation they should always be temporary. Take the case of shipping aircraft out East, for instance. This little job entails correct packing, proper stowing, labour for these, shipping space, convoys, reassembly and many many other things before a new Barracuda in England is a new Barracuda at some Distant Outpost of Empire ready

for Swingit to fly. Obviously unforeseen hitches can occur from time to time in any one of these operations, and these may cause momentary delay.

S/Lt. Swingit stamps his feet and wants to know where his new aircraft is—that accident with the old one wasn't *really* his fault—so let's look at this shipping of naval aircraft in more detail. Swingit's summing-up of the job, of course, is "Why, its easy! You just shove the things in — great wooden boxes, bung them in a ship and heave them out the other end," but, believe us (and as we've talked to the experts who arrange it all we ought to know) there's a little more to it than that. We'll tell you what they say.

Our primary object is to send you an aircraft so packed that, when you get it, it will be in good condition and will present the minimum difficulty in re-erection. Obviously we must strike a mean between sending the aircraft in one piece (very easy for you and hardest for the shipping people), and in lots of little pieces (a headache for you, and sheer joy for the shippers). Experience has shown that from two to four cases is the best.



S/Lt. Swingit cannot always have what he wants the moment he wants it—in this case a new aircraft.

Now whenever a dear new little aircraft appears in the cabbage bed, it promptly goes to the R.A.F. trial pack unit who pull it to pieces, study the bits, and decide how best it may be crated, having regard to economy of space and weight, and the general well-being of the aircraft. A Barracuda, for example, goes into four cases containing roughly : (i) fuselage minus engine, (ii) wings, (iii) power plant, and (iv) undercarriage and odd bits. Once all this has been decided, the packing cases are ordered, and the whole process can begin.

To get down to more detail we'll take the case of a Barracuda, to go out to Ceylon in July. Some time in May, the representatives of the Director of Air Equipment and the Director of Naval Air Organisation foregather and decide what and how many aircraft shall be shipped in July and to where. Our Barracuda for Ceylon is one of these and, within the next few days, an allotment goes out, allocating a Barracuda off

production to the R.A.F. packing centre. In early June, the aircraft flies in, all necessary modifications are completed, and it is checked for full equipment before being handed over to the packers.

Meanwhile, the R.A.F. have been told about it and they, in turn, have informed the Ministry of War Transport. A suitable convoy is selected and the shipping agents then examine the cargo facilities of the various ships in this convoy. They select the one whose hatches, derricks, etc. are most suitable for carrying, amongst other things, a number of large wooden packing cases more than 30 feet long and nearly 10 feet high, which must not be tilted more than a certain number of degrees during loading. Moreover, the stowage cannot permit any great weight being placed on top of them. A mixed cargo of tanks and aircraft cases, for example, would result in a great waste of space.

Down at the packing unit they have not been idle and, by late June, our hero

has been neatly tucked up in his four cases. These are now waiting to be put on a train to the port of embarkation, which duly takes place within a few days.

As a matter of fact, this all sounds too easy and we are quite ready to admit that sometimes a hitch does occur and someone has to moisten lips and start afresh.

But though it looks easy it isn't—even without hitches—and harping back to

bottlenecks we want to impress the following on S/Lt. Swingit.

Let him remember that every time he crashes his Barracuda at his Distant Outpost of Empire by some damfool act of carelessness, it means all the above business to get a new one. Let him not just clamber from the wreckage and if a brand new aircraft isn't available in a few minutes start grouching about a "bottle-neck."

He's made his own bottleneck.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF W/OPS. No. 4.



Monopoly of M/F Section for long periods.

AMERICAN MEDALS

WE published two months ago, for the benefit of our more curious readers, a list of the different types of wings worn by U.S.A.A.F. airmen.

We have now been asked to explain U.S. Air Force medals. So, having gone into a huddle with some of our Allies at a suitable meeting place not a hundred miles from Piccadilly, we have worked out the following list. It does not include campaign medals: solely the decorations (in order of precedence) which may be worn by the U.S. Army Air Force, and for what each is awarded. We are sorry we cannot do the pictures in colour, but they are life-size and will give you a general idea of the proportions.

1. Congressional Medal of Honour.

Awarded for gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty. Ribbon: light blue, with five white stars.



2. Distinguished Service Cross.

Awarded for extraordinary heroism in military operations against an armed enemy. Ribbon: thick red stripes at edges divided by thin white stripes from the remaining central blue.



3. Distinguished Service Medal.

Awarded for exceptionally meritorious service in a duty of great responsibility. Ribbon: broad red stripes at edges divided from a broader white central stripe by thin blue stripes.



4. Legion of Merit.

Awarded for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service. Ribbon: pink with two thin white stripes at edges.



5. Silver Star.

Awarded for gallantry in action, not warranting the award of Medal of Honour or Distinguished Service Cross. Ribbon: thin blue stripes at edges, then thinner white stripes, then broad blue stripes and then broad white stripes on either side of central red stripe of same size.



6. Distinguished Flying Cross.

Awarded for heroism or extraordinary achievement in aerial flight. Ribbon: thick blue stripes at edges, then thick white stripes, then broad blue stripes and a central red stripe with white edges to it.

**7. Soldier's Medal.**

Awarded for heroism not involving actual conflict with an enemy. Ribbon: thick red stripes at edges, the rest composed of narrow white and red stripes alternately, seven white, six red.

**8. Bronze Star.**

Awarded for heroic or meritorious achievement not involving aerial flight. Ribbon: red with thick blue central stripe, separated from red by white piping, white piping also all round the ribbon. (The official description is not yet available, so this must not necessarily be taken as accurate).

**9. Air Medal.**

Awarded for meritorious achievement in aerial flight, either single actions of merit or sustained operational activities. Ribbon: thick blue stripes at edges, then broad orange bands, central portion blue.

**10. Order of the Purple Heart.**

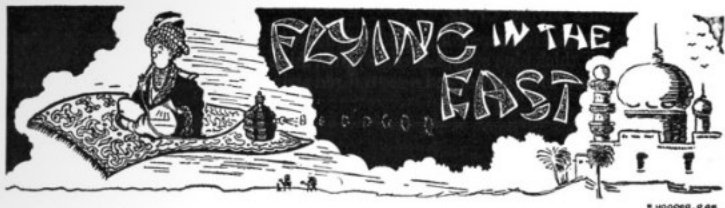
Awarded for wounds received in an action against an enemy. (Two or more wounds at same time only count as one). Ribbon: purple with two white stripes at edges.

**11. Good Conduct Medal.**

Awarded for exemplary behaviour, efficiency and fidelity of enlisted men. Ribbon: thick white stripes at edges, then thick red stripes, then thick white ones, central portion red.



For every subsequent award of any of above decorations a bronze oak-leaf cluster will be woven on the ribbon. Five bronze clusters are replaced by one silver cluster.



THIS month we conclude our little series of articles specially written for the benefit of those who may be posted to the East. Our last article is

VI. ON THE BURMA FRONT

Sooner or later, if you're posted to India you're almost certain to fetch up at one of the airfields on the Burma front.

Now unless you are sent to the Calcutta area you'll find no social life outside the camp. This, after all, is perhaps to be expected, for the airfields are very much out in the wilds and the life is rather primitive. There will be few, if any, entertainments other than those of a sporting nature, but if you are fond of shooting you will probably find plenty of scope. And, as we wrote last month, a shooting, or even camping, trip is very valuable practice for that moment, which may or may not come, when you have to walk back home through the jungle.

A proper *bandobast* (we're showing off our knowledge of Hindustani; it means roughly, organisation) is necessary for such expeditions, particularly if you are after big game.

There are also certain rules, some made for your comfort and security and some on behalf of the animals. You'll be very unpopular if you use machine guns

or delay action bombs against tigers; besides, unless you are experienced, the chances are that instead of getting a tiger, the tiger will get you.

So establish contact with the local authorities (usually forest officers) who control shooting and get a good *shikari* (more local language stuff, meaning hunter) and don't chase about places which belong to local rajahs without their permission. They are friendly types who will offer you good shooting and hospitality, but they naturally don't like trespassers. Unless you keep in with the "locals," in fact, they may clamp down on all shooting rights.

A good way of filling in spare moments, when stationed at out-of-the-way airfields, is to learn something about the country. Again, it'll help you, should you ever find yourself having to walk home. We discussed in some detail in our third article (April 1944) the types of country you'd have to fly over, but a general knowledge of Burma and its inhabitants is very useful.

Here are a few broad outlines.

Burma is divided roughly into three sections, all running North and South, as do all the larger streams and rivers. The most westerly section is the Arakan Yoma, mountainous country between the

coast and the Irrawaddy. It has not many inhabitants in the South, but as it extends northward it turns into the Chin hills, west of the Chindwin River. Here live the Chins, who are tough hill men. They do not like the Burmese overmuch, are great hunters, and fairly friendly if you treat them right.

Further up still, practically in Assam, you are among the Naga tribes. They are like Chins, only tougher and are reformed head-hunters. But being the nearest tribes to our forces, they are more under British influence than others, and so can be most helpful and well-disposed.

The middle section of Burma is the Irrawaddy Valley, with to the East of it the Sittang Valley, the Pegu hills lying in between. Naturally, it is the most thickly populated part of Burma, particularly the flat dry area above and below the Irrawaddy's junction with the Chindwin.

The Burmese are the principal inhabitants of all this section. By and large they are peaceful agricultural rice-growing peasants, except in the towns and larger villages where semi-education and political consciousness has tended to make them both treacherous and rather bloodthirsty. And even villages are to be avoided in the areas round Tharrawaddy, Ye, and Shwebo. They are ex-penal settlements and the inhabitants are hardly old-school-tee!

The most easterly of our three main sections of Burma is the Shan-Karen Hills, with the Salween river as the eastern boundary. The Karen Hills form the southern part and here live the Karens. They also hate the Burmese, and as they are much more pro-British than pro-Jap they are likely to be very helpful. The large majority of them

also are Christians.

North of the Karen Hills are the Shan states inhabited by Shans. These people were originally semi-independent states and as such didn't go in for politics. As a result they are simple and backward, but have a very strong sense of hospitality.



W. HOOPER

The Shans have a very strong sense of hospitality.

Up in the north-east corner live the Wahs, a charming bunch of people who speak no known language and so cannot understand that you don't wish to co-operate personally in their native pastime of head-hunting. Luckily you're unlikely to get to these parts.

In the far North are the Kachins, who are not unlike the Gurkhas and very good fighting men. They have had little contact with the outside world and if rightly treated are easy to get on with.

The Burmese language is understood by nearly all these varying tribes, and it's not a bad idea to use up a wet afternoon or so in learning up some stock phrases and essential words—like aircraft, water, food, illness, reward, path, medicine and so on. They may be very, very useful indeed. The language is not difficult to pronounce and is made up entirely of monosyllables—some of which have a familiar ring. "Milk" for instance is "Say" in Burmese, "rope" is "Joe," "Coconut" is "Own the" and best of all "Motorcar" is "Mow-tow-car."

Make up your own list and keep it with you.

Your health when stationed at a Burma airfield is very important. We have touched several times in TEE EMM on living in hot countries so won't reiterate in detail. But here are just a few pointers from the layman's rather than the medico's point of view.

To avoid "prickly heat," that greatest

of curses, have a shower twice a day, if possible, and never wear clothes twice without having them washed.

Don't drink too much. The belief that alcohol keeps away some of the diseases that occur in the East may have something in it, but it means alcohol *in moderation*. And *not* during the heat of the day but only after sundown.

Keep fit! The climate may make you feel lazy about taking exercise but don't let it stop you from doing so. Play what games you can and keep active mentally as well as physically.

Remember that even the smallest cuts may lead to blood-poisoning unless you treat them with antiseptic.

Bear in mind that the various inoculations you have to have are not just the M.O.'s idea of a bit of fun to while away an idle hour. They are essential; so make sure you get them.

Finally, if you don't feel well, go and see a doctor *at once*.



Prune always goes to the doctor the moment he feels a little off-colour.

RAF AIR SAVINGS GROUP

HERE are some more true stories of the help given to aircraft in distress. The idea is that not only can you realise just how the Air Safety people do help you—but can study the methods used and so know how to play your part in building up a record total of Air Savings.

At 1705 hours on a night in March a track appeared, on the Filter Room table at a Group Headquarters, of an aircraft 100 miles S.E. of Wizard Head travelling east. It was not definitely identified, but believed to be a trans-Atlantic Fortress bound for a West Coast Airport. As he was obviously miles off course arrangements were made for fighters to go up and intercept. The airport was advised of his position and asked if they could provide his call-sign. The call-sign was then passed to a Coastal Group with a request that watches should be opened up on the appropriate wave-length at a number of their suitably situated airfields. The aircraft continued east to a point 130 miles S.E. of Wizard Head. It then turned S.W. and at 1850 hours was sixty-five miles east of Darky Head flying south. At 1820 hours the fighters made a successful interception and reported back to base that the aircraft was a Fortress and that one of its engines was u/s. Air/Sea Rescue launches were brought to readiness and a Walrus was sent up from "X" to meet the incoming aircraft. The fighters successfully led the Fortress to their base where he landed at 1910 hours with only thirty minutes' endurance left.

The Flying Control Liaison Officer at an H.Q. noticed one winter morning a Flying Fortress from Aldis Camps wandering very badly and obviously endeavouring to locate his position. Stations Much Homing, Higher Squeaking, and Finger-out, were at once asked to try to contact him on "Darky"—but they had no luck. Higher Squeaking eventually raised him on 4220, but only intermittently. As the Fortress was above cloud, it was decided to despatch a section of Spitfires to intercept and lead it to Much Homing, while Higher Squeaking was requested to pass a message to the Fortress to look out for the section of Spitfires and to follow them.

Interception was successful and the Fortress landed safely at Much Homing. The pilot of the Fortress stated that he was out of touch with Aldis Camp and could only get Higher Squeaking intermittently. From them, however, he did get sufficient information to show that Spitfires would intercept him, so he remained above cloud and was eventually picked up. He had no knowledge of his exact position and was afraid to attempt to break cloud as the cloud base was lower than the high hills in this area.

Wise lad! If only everybody remembered this last, there'd be fewer accidents.

HE NEVER NOTICED



FROM the above picture you will see that P.O. Prune, in going up to the bar to get a final one for the road before closing time, has failed to notice Ye Olde Tudor Beame and has sustained a juicy crack on the dome.

Now compared with an aircraft a beam—even an Olde Tudor one—is a small thing. Dumb though Prune is, you'd be inclined to say that not even he would fail to notice a large aircraft and charge into it. *But* you'd be wrong. Prune, and his fellow-prunes, are quite capable of even that. In case you don't believe us, here's a recent case—a sergeant fighter pilot, being the culprit.

A certain squadron was forming up prior to take-off on a sweep. Sgt. — apparently had trouble in starting his engine and as he was late came taxiing out much too fast. He taxied behind the Squadron, but *failed to see* aircraft "Z" which was stationary and in position for take-off. Unable to turn or apply

brakes in time Sgt. —'s port wing caught and broke the propeller and port wing of aircraft "Z."

Now Sgt. — had a good strip torn off, achieved a log-book endorsement, *BUT* the only injury he received was possibly a mental one, due to being told off and having his log-book endorsed—and no doubt he didn't suffer from that very long. As a result he probably didn't, and never will, realise that his words "I never noticed . . ." actually meant this :

Item One : Two thousand pounds' worth of damage which will have to be paid, in the last resort, by the taxpayers—and that is, the people of Britain including you, us and even Sgt. — himself.

Item Two : The loss of hundreds of hours of work by skilled craftsmen.

Item Three : A Squadron carrying out a sweep two aircraft under strength, which might easily have resulted in the loss of further aircraft and possibly lives.

And all from one blind burst of enthusiastic carelessness.

Now carelessness on the ground may not be physically disastrous to you personally, but in the air your chances of becoming a member of the "Harp and Wings" Club are infinitely greater. For don't forget that, though we're talking about taxying accidents due to sheer carelessness, yet records show that those pilots who have not developed a sense of care on the ground are those whose chances of a really "bang-on air-to-air prang" are greatest.

We realise, of course, that in a few isolated cases extenuating circumstances

such as genuine brake pressure failure, or unmarked bad ground, absolve a pilot from being blamed for a taxying accident, but statistics show that in approximately 95 per cent. of taxying accidents the pilot has been guilty of a definite lapse into carelessness. Although control and discipline has been considerably tightened, pilots are still committing the three cardinal sins of taxying. Do you know what they are? Read, mark, and learn below

1. TAXYING TOO FAST.
2. INADEQUATE LOOK-OUT.
3. LACK OF PATIENCE.

THE NEW BEAMERY

Herewith a slight reminder
About a new idea
To brighten up the beamery
And make it much more clear.

The boffins have discovered,
After making many a test,
That birdmen after dicing
Are seldom at their best.

They find that even clever types
Sometimes behave like clots,
And trying beam approaches
Muddle dashes up with dots.

But if the pilot hears a
Di-dah instead of dit,
The chances of confusion are
Lessened quite a bit.

And finger-packing Freddie
Who starboard drifts too far
Contrariwise hears *dah-dit*
Instead of hearing *dah*.

So if you're in the front beam,
The symbol's A to port;
But if you drift to starboard
You'll hear the other sort.

This change to A-N keying
Will soon be spread about,
So get the gen beforehand
And pull your finger out.

GEOGRAPHY NOTE

There is one town in France which P.O. Prune is anxious to see liberated as soon as possible. It is in the Finisterre Department. Its name is St. Jean du Doigt. Obviously called after Prune's patron saint.

THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY



THE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to Flying Officer — for Persistent Refusal to Give Away Information Likely to be of Value to All Concerned.

Wishing to get certain maps, this officer applied to the correct source on the correct form but, ignoring the conspicuous space provided on the form for his unit and postal address, merely signed his name (without even his rank) to the demand.

A Joint to the Order is awarded him, because three weeks later he wrote again taking exactly the same precautions to conceal his whereabouts. The fact that he stated that the maps were for "Intelligence purposes" could hardly be considered as a valuable clue.

A second Joint to the Order is awarded because a week later he repeated his demand, this time underlining the word "Intelligence"—for some reason best known to himself, in that he again omitted to give any hint as to his address or unit.

A third Joint is awarded because three weeks later he submitted a fourth demand, still without any reference to his whereabouts.

It is to be regretted, however, that on this occasion his system broke down, for he made the mistake of asking for "Maps of Harrogate" (no precise number of copies) and thus narrowed the search to the Harrogate area, where his name was at last traced. It is however considered that such a minor slip should not be allowed to detract from his eligibility for immediate award of a M.H.D.O.I.F. with Three Joints.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to F/O — for Finding a New Way of Losing Height.

During a night flying exercise the pilot turned round and round a red light which he saw on the ground and had lost 2,000 feet before he realised that the light was not on the ground after all, but was the port navigation light on his own wing-tip.*

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to S./Lt. (A) — for a Genuine "There Was I On My Back . . ."

Subsequent to an accident while taking off in a Wildcat he submitted the following report:—

"As I proceeded on the take-off run I felt my starboard wing was down. To avoid what I thought might be a swing to port I applied full port aileron control. This must have lowered my port wing for I then swerved violently to starboard. I applied full throttle and was just airborne and recovering from the swing when I hit the snow piled up on the side of the runway, proceeded a short distance and went over on my back."

BUY A BALLOON, PRETTY GENTLEMAN

OVER London and other areas are floating hundreds of British barrage balloons. They are there to catch the German Air Force.

Mind you, they are not mere balloons with a fairly harmless cable attached to them. The cable is "armed."

In other words an aircraft flying into it does not—if it is a heavy aircraft—merely snap the cable and pass on more or less undamaged, save through exceptional bad luck. It gets Involved With Happenings.

We don't need here to go into details about such happenings; but briefly they may be one of two things.

Either the cable comes completely adrift from both balloon and ground and in company with two little parachutes winds itself lovingly all over your aircraft. Or else it comes adrift as before, but this time with a bomb mixed up in the whole sorry business.

Probably a lot of you know this but evidently there are some who don't, as witness this extract from a report about a pilot who tried conclusions with a balloon cable and came off second best. It reads:—

"The pilot of the four-engined night bomber appeared to know nothing of balloon armament and was of the opinion that they were dealing with the cable only. He had always assumed that any heavy aircraft would break the cable easily."

Well, the only comment we can pass is that he was lucky to emerge from the encounter in sufficient shape to be able to correct his wrong assumption personally and not have St. Peter explain it to him. But there are many others who haven't—so many that we're actually beginning to wonder whether the balloons are there to catch the German Air Force, or ours.

Do you realise that in a recent eight weeks—April and May—there have been twenty-two cases of our pilots flying into balloon cables with loss of life, crashed and damaged aircraft, etc.?

And do you also realise that in eighteen months not a single German aircraft has hit one?

Why, pretty soon the Air Safety people will be asking to have the balloons done away with as being a menace solely to our pilots.

No wonder old Butterkeg Goering says "Buy a balloon, pretty gentleman!"

But don't *you* buy it! Balloon cables are more dangerous than some of you seem to think.





There's Been an Accident!



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

What Not To Do—Form 700 Again—Little Things and Big Things—Adding Up to a Crash—Other people May Be Careless, But Why Should You?

A LANCASTER with four passengers coming home from a cross-country arrived at base as dusk was falling and visibility very poor. Flying Control was contacted and R/T instructions were given to stand by. These were received and acknowledged.

In spite of this, however, the pilot decided that he knew better. He lost height in an endeavour to break cloud and see the ground. The result was that about the same time that he saw it, he also hit it—with his port wing. The aircraft crashed; the pilot and another were killed, and seven injured. An example of What Not To Do.

Now here is another accident, which started with four Spitfires flying just above 10/10 cloud. Not knowing quite where they were the leader was asking for a fix when one of the formation reported that he had only fifteen gallons of petrol left.

As they had not been flying for more than forty-five minutes he was told that his gauge must have stuck, but apparently he did not believe it. The thought of running out of petrol above 10/10 cloud caused him to panic (he had not long before had a serious crash with seven months in hospital) with the result that in his pre-occupation he became separated and later was seen to come out of cloud at a few hundred feet, fail to clear a hill and crash with serious injuries.

Now the primary cause of that accident, according to the A.O.C., was a defective petrol gauge which frequently stuck at fifteen gallons when the tank was nearly full. This was known to other pilots but they had not put the aircraft U/S. In other words, a Form 700 erash again.

Talking of Form 700, we don't want to give our readers the idea that bump is as important as flying, but we do want to impress the fact that your good types do pay attention to it, knowing its value in the scheme of things; while those who ignore it are quite frequently not efficient in other ways. To give you an example, here's a Wellington pilot going off on low-level bombing exercise over sea. He just didn't bother to sign Form 700. In point of fact, it didn't matter; but what he did do was this. He had been ordered to start his runs at 400 feet, lose height gradually to 50 feet and not to turn below 150 feet. He made, however, seventeen runs on the target turning each time at 150 feet, diving sharply to 20 feet at the start and carrying out his runs at that height.

On the eighteenth run he overdid the dive and went into the sea. Six men were killed. The Group Commander stated that it was "gross disobedience of instructions, including the elementary one of failing to sign the Form 700."

Now that failure to sign Form 700 was nothing whatever to do with the accident and didn't matter one way or the other, but it does go to show that a bad type in small ways is often a bad type in big ones.

Here's a case in which a lot of little faults by different people added up into an accident involving nine deaths.

A calibrating flight was being undertaken in a Sunderland, briefing being to fly at 3,000 feet when possible. Three hours after take-off the aircraft flew into a hillside in cloud. Here are the factors which added up to this sad result.

(i) Rather too optimistic a weather report was given, compared with actual conditions, though it *was* stated there was a probability of low cloud in the area. The reason was that the forecast did not cover the *complete* area over which the aircraft would have to fly.

(ii) The Briefing Officer did not notice this, and thus failed to ensure that a full report was available.

(iii) During briefing the Navigator stated he had all the correct maps and charts, but there was no evidence to show that he carried them on the flight.

(iv) The Captain of the aircraft was flying at a height less than that of the highest ground in the particular area when the crash occurred, even though visibility was poor. There were no instructions to remain at 3,000 feet if conditions were unsuitable.

(v) The Captain continued the flight in cloud instead of going up to a safe height or returning to Base.

When an Oxford was being taxied to dispersal the pilot found he could not turn to park into wind because an oil bowser had been left partly on the taxi track. Annoyed apparently at this evidence of someone else's carelessness the pilot unfortunately became careless himself. He taxied on, intending to turn in an open space in front, but taxied more quickly than he should have done and without ensuring that there were no other obstructions. He promptly ran into a trench and smashed his aircraft.

LEARN FROM THE OTHER FELLOW'S SUCCESSES

HERE'S an example of extremely able airmanship on the part of a Wellington pilot, and a pupil at that. Not only did he have to think and act pretty quickly, but he carried out overshoot procedure and made a first-class landing on his next approach, all on one engine.

This pilot was taking off on a Bullseye exercise and was only 10 feet off the ground when his port engine cut out from petrol failure. He took feathering procedure immediately—but let him tell it in his own words. Here's the extract from his report :



"By the time prop was fully feathered I had gained no altitude and could not get a/c above 90 m.p.h. A/c swung about 20 degrees to port after taking off and I had to fly over high ground south-west of airfield. At highest part of ground I was unable to gain enough altitude to clear a tree and scraped branches on bottom of fuselage, but not touching starboard prop. Ground started to drop away and I was able to shove control column forward and increase speed from 85 to 110 m.p.h. With increased speed climbed to 100 ft. and removed 10 degrees flap. With aid of navigator located airfield. Called twice on TR.9 but received no reply. Then lined up with runway and selected u/c down, descended to 350 feet and realised that u/c would have to be pumped down. As I had no flap down I considered it safe to go round again and called navigator to front to pump wheels. I did a right hand circuit at 700 feet and made a normal single-engine approach with airspeed 100 to 105 m.p.h. Navigator remained at front and pumped down flaps as required, about 50 degrees. Ordered remainder of crew to crash stations. Touched down at 90 mp.h." All darn good!

Here's an extract from a report of a Beaufighter ditching. It shows how easy things are if you use common sense. "The aircraft came to rest level in the water and the dinghy released itself, but broke loose. The pilot, despite a broken nose, swam after the dinghy—his navigator could not swim. In the five days before rescue came they sailed (with makeshift sail) 68 out of 130 miles home, they had three-quarters of their water left and half the food and would have undoubtedly reached land safely." The Station Commander comments: "The pilot and navigator showed considerable presence of mind in the way they behaved in the dinghy. A happy ending to an unfortunate accident."



He didn't believe in going round again.

THE EMM, the Royal Air Force's Training Memorandum, is a "Restricted" publication. This means that those not entitled to see it are *not* to see it. It is primarily a Training Memorandum for air-crews, instructors and all those in the Air Force connected with these jobs. It is, in short, a Service Training Memorandum written *for* the Service, issued *by* the Service, and restricted *to* the Service.



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