

# TEE EMM



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*for official use only*

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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.*

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

## HE SOLD HIS COUNTRY FOR A CIGARETTE

**W**E want to say a word—and a pretty serious one—to all of you who operate over enemy territory. All of you, in fact, who may have the misfortune to be taken prisoner.

As a P.O.W. you will, of course, be interrogated. Well, you all know the rules. You've been told them time and time again. Read "Two Dozen Don'ts for Prisoners of War" in November, 1941, TEE EMM—and refresh your memory. The only, repeat only, question you need answer is the official one—your name, number and rank. Beyond that, nothing.

You'd think that'd be simple enough, wouldn't you? Yet for many months now—since, in fact, the invasion enabled us to capture large numbers of German documents—proof has been coming in that air crew members, when taken prisoner, are by no means the tight-mouthed oysters they should be. In fact, some of them seem to fall over themselves to give vital information away, information valuable to the Hun and dangerous to their comrades who are still left in the game.

How this happens we do not know. But we suspect it is due to a complete

inability to take the war seriously—to realise that it still concerns *you*, even though you are out of it. It also derives from that sloppy sentimentality under the influence of which poor darling German prisoners are given cups of tea and cigarettes and meals at R.A.F. messes. It is the “after-all-he-put-up-a-pretty-good-show” attitude which so often results in treating captured Huns as though they were fearfully good fellows who just happened to have lost the cricket match. “Must be decent to the visiting team, what!”

The Hun knows this and plays on it. As a result German interrogation of our prisoners tends to become a sort of jolly conversation between intrepid birdmen who were on opposite sides but now that it's all over are just good pals. All Air Force chaps together. Pilot Officer Slopmouth is given a cigarette and made to feel one of the boys. Within a minute he's discussing with his captors the finer points of the game; he's comparing fighter tactics and aircraft performances; he's chatting happily about the relative conditions at German and U.K. airfields, or the differences between various Radar systems. He's giving away stuff with both hands—all in a friendly chat. He's selling his country for a cigarette.

We can hear you fellows disagreeing, even disbelieving. We can hear you saying “Good God, none of *us* would do that!” Well, we wonder. And to show that we have a right to wonder we'll quote you some authentic cases from German reports of P.O.W. interrogations—both British and U.S.—showing what P.O. Slopmouth and his like *have actually given away*.

Here, first, is Flying Officer —, shot down in March, 1944. He tells the Hun something he didn't then know, namely, that German fighters were to be attacked with rocket ammunition. “This advance information,” says the report, “was of great value to us; and then the prisoner, *without being in the least pressed*, went on to describe in detail experiments then actually being made in England with new methods of firing these rockets, which we found extremely useful.”

Now comes Flight-Lieutenant —, pilot of a Halifax. “Quite independently,” says his interrogator, “he stated that Mosquitos had flown in the bomber stream, and when I argued that it was impossible he described in complete detail his briefing on the subject.”

Again, the Huns in autumn 1943 were curious to learn all about the B.29. The information is pretty soon forthcoming. Prisoners give it with both hands, describing *in detail* the power units, armament, armour, speed, pressure cabin, bomb-load, and operational possibilities. It would seem the Hun doesn't need spies to get information from his enemies: he has it delivered to the door in person.

The P.51 secrets are also given away most generously by Sergeant —, a “very experienced and talkative” pilot. He is so full of praise for this aircraft and cares so little for his country that *three and a half closely written pages* of typescript are *his* contribution to the Hun war effort.

Again, a Spitfire pilot, who was an air construction engineer and so had private contacts with Research Stations, explains happily exactly what the plans are for reducing the number of types of Spitfire, says which types are going to be kept, and

describes exactly what each is going to be used for.

And the above is but a *very tiny* selection of the *pages* of vital stuff the Allied air crews so obligingly provide to help keep the Nazis going and to increase the death roll of their countrymen and their friends.

Quite incredible isn't it? Selling their country for a cigarette. We hope what we've said has implanted it really firmly in your mind that *you're* not going to do anything like that.

Because, mark you, you'd better not. For this is where we get really serious. You needn't imagine that, just because you're a prisoner and out of the war, no one over here is going to know what you say. They do already about many. They will about you. We're warning you. Picture the scene when one day you return to your squadron, having either escaped or been released. Aren't they pleased to see you, to congratulate you on that gong, to welcome you back into that happy coterie of friends? *Till* next morning when the Squadron Commander suddenly receives orders to put you under arrest for giving information to the enemy. He knows now what you have done, and so do all your pals. They move away or turn their backs on you. You've let the Squadron down: you've let your friends down. Worse, you've let the Service and your country down. Selling your country in wartime, wherever and however you do it, is a serious crime—with serious consequences.

All that we've written can be summed up in a very few words.

They are: KEEP YOUR DAMN MOUTH SHUT. Or else . . .



*P.O. Slopmouth's contribution to the Hun War Effort.*

## AT THE SIGN OF THE CLOT AND COMPASS



*Being some Highly Diverting Anecdotes concerning Clottish Disregard of the Orders Relating to Firearms and Explosives, whereby has been caused Injury and Loss of Life.*

*As told to TEE EMM in the bar parlour of "The Clot and Compass" by Gaffer Bullbinder.*

"Heh! heh! I remember there was Pilot Officer Vacant. He dissected some shot gun cartridges and filled a tube with the powder. Pilot Officer Vapid then put his cigarette lighter to the end of the tube, to see what happened. That *would* be the time it worked first go off. He has to have someone else light his cigarettes for him now. . . . Blinded for life! Heh! Heh!

"And there was Flight Sergeant Smart. Used to be seen round a lot, he did. Not now though. Last time he

was seen he was 'ersing' a tight fuze with a hammer and chisel in a Bomb Fuzing shed full of explosive. He went up the easy way. . . .

"And Warrant Officer Brightbrain! Broke down about four hundred u/s Very cartridges and stepped down into a pit with a length of fuze. He was heard to strike a match, but after that no one knew where he went to. . . . Heh! Heh! Very effective method of destroying u/s cartridges, but comes expensive in Warrant Officers. . . .

"Let me see! Who else can I remember? Oh yes! Flight Lieutenant Clever. A great one for collecting 'souvenirs.' But he's given it up now. He put one in a vice and tapped it with a hammer to see if it was 'safe.' It wasn't.

"And Sergeant Duff. Always curious he was. Watched to see a hand-grenade hit the ground and explode before bobbing down in the trench. Hand-grenade got there first. . . . Heh! Heh!

"And Flying Officer Dud! He thought he'd unscrew a fuze to see what it was like. . . . Never had time to screw it up again. . . .

"And lots more of them. Good fellows all. But one doesn't see 'em around now. Pity! They never used to be backward in asking an old gaffer to have a pint. . . . I said *they never used to be backward in asking an old gaffer to have a pint.* . . . Oh, thank you, kindly, sir. . . ."

## “GEORGE WENT FOR A BURTON”

TOO often, after a flight, one hears from pilot or flight engineer the above verbal report on the new Mk. VIII George; and too often does the remark “George u/s” appear on the Form 700.

Is it true? Is this Mk. VIII Autopilot a complete failure? Is George a mere passenger in the boat, shunned by pilots as incompetent, distrusted by all?

If so—we repeat *if* so—there are only two logical things to do: Scrap him, or improve him.

Scrap him, you say? . . . Can you hear that clatter of feet? That’s all the George research experts in the Royal Aircraft Establishment coming out fighting, in furious defence of this suggested murder of their loved one. “Years of research,” they bellow angrily, “have put the Mk. VIII George in the cockpit; he can be, and has been, of the utmost value; all thus must not be wasted.”

Very well, then, don’t scrap him, you now say, but *improve* him. Here again the experts, though not quite so hostile, start snorting angrily, “George *is* improved: he is, to date, the ultimate improvement on the Mk. IV with which pilots are already familiar.” Of course they admit that the Mk. VIII George might be improved still further but they add bitterly: “Why go on improving, say, fountain pens for people who don’t use any sort of pen?”

Well again, perhaps they’ve got something there. So we hark back to our original statement—if George is a complete failure, scrap him or improve him—and bearing in mind there’s a case against

either course, it’s beginning to look to us as though he can’t be quite such a failure after all. And if this is so, if George is *not* a failure, then—still arguing logically—the fact that he continues to make himself unpopular by “going for a Burton” must be in many cases the fault of those who use him. For all the reports show that the new Mk. VIII Autopilot *is* unpopular in the majority of squadrons in Bomber and Transport Commands. Coastal Command have a somewhat higher level of George efficiency, but this is directly attributable to the vital nature of Autopilot flying in this Command and to the extra training given.

Let’s go a little further into the real causes of George’s unpopularity.



First and foremost, pilots do not appreciate the differences between the Mk. IV and the Mk. VIII. The Mk. VIII is, in fact, an improvement. Not only is it a much more simple affair, but in both course-keeping and course-changing and also in making turns it has very decidedly the edge over the Mk. IV. It is *not*, however, just a slightly different Mk. IV and therefore should not be looked on as such.

Again, pilots are naturally but human and so tend to prefer a gadget to which they are used, rather than a new gadget. But that's no excuse for not giving something new a proper trial. Especially when that new gadget is really a *better* gadget—or, if it isn't, what the hell's the use of the Research people?

As a result, however, of the conservative preference for George IV, George VIII finds himself in disfavour before he's really been properly tried, and so doesn't *get* properly tried. As a result, then, of *not* being properly tried he gives an inferior performance. And as a result of this the pilot thinks George VIII *is* inferior. He spreads this line about the place; other pilots believe him and in their turn become further prejudiced against poor old George VIII.

Here's an example of what we mean: a pilot trimmed "against" George with the manual trimmers in an attempt to change attitude, instead of using the George pitch control. He was then considerably shaken when the aircraft suddenly went into a steep dive. The reason, of course, was simply that the pilot hadn't read his George VIII notes, but that night it was all over the Mess that George was liable to go into steep

dives for no reason whatever. "Rotten design, old boy."

A further cause of George's unpopularity is that pilots, having airily assumed that some unexpected aerobatics are George's fault, yet don't bother to report exactly what went wrong. They write "George u/s" and the ground crew are hampered in discovering exactly how far, or in what way, George *is* to blame, and, if necessary, putting it right.

Thus they hardly ever get a chance to service him and discover his peculiarities. They in their turn think after all George must be at fault, as he's always reported u/s. They too begin to lose interest in a dud gadget.

In fact, taking it by and large, there's a strong anti-George VIII complex knocking around, and it's up to you to do your share in liquidating it. For George is in the aircraft solely for the pilot's relief and greater efficiency; and in certain theatres of war he is considered essential to successful operations.

The chief remedy for this state of affairs, of course, is more George VIII handling training for pilots and more servicing training for flight engineers and ground crews, and that is now officially in hand in a very big way.

Till increased training is available, however, the remedy lies in the hands of the pilots and flight engineers themselves. And they should remember, as hinted above, that the changing shape of the war may easily land them in a theatre, such as S.E. Asia, where George is not just a mere adjunct to flying but a vital necessity. (Don't say we didn't warn you!)

We advise you, therefore, to brief yourselves along the lines of the following:—

- (i) Get into your head that George VIII is *not* George IV.
- (ii) Read and learn your George VIII notes. Carry your Mk. VIII Autopilot pocket card with you.
- (iii) Handle him according to the notes—not according to your past experience of George IV, or your own ideas or whims.
- (iv) If he doesn't respond, try to find out *why*—ten to one it's *you*.
- (v) If you can't find out why, give full details on Form 700 and verbally to the ground crew and others concerned: don't brush it off with that good old "George went for a Burton" line, and have the same trouble next time.
- (vi) Give the George specialist on your Station the chance to fly with you and do final adjustments. He is dead keen to fly and you will get wizard George performance every time, if you let him know how interested you are.
- (vii) Use George as much as you can and try to understand him. The less you use him because you're disappointed in his performance the less practice you get; and equally the less practice the ground crew get in also understanding him and putting him right; and then the more disappointed you are

- next time. Break this vicious circle.
- (viii) Whenever George goes for a Burton remember that it's always possible that, as Shakespeare might have said: "The fault, dear Prunus, lies not in our George but in ourselves."

(Article inserted at request of *The Friends of George Society, the Aid to George Movement, Messrs. George-Lovers, Inc., and the R.S.P.C.G.*)



*George VIII is unpopular in the Mess.*

## READ THIS BOOK

Here is a book that all of you in the Service should read. The title is "*Per Ardua*"; it is by St. George Saunders, who gave us "The Battle of Britain"; and it is the first volume of a new history of the Air Force from its birth as an Air Battalion in 1911 as far as the beginning of this war. We unhesitatingly recommend it.

## THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY



**T**HE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to Sergeant — for Just a Slight Mix-up, Nothing Much.

When making a landing, this pilot flew his aircraft straight into the ground without apparently making any attempt to hold off. Questioned later, he said: "Well, sir, I got slightly mixed up between the throttle and the stick—holding off with the throttle and opening up with the stick."

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Lt. — of the — Air Force, attached R.A.F., for Refusing to be Hampered by Details.

When about to take off on a cross-country flight as part of his pilot training, he discovered his compass deviation card was missing. Nothing daunted, he immediately instructed a member of the ground staff to fetch him one from a nearby aircraft.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Flight Sergeant — for an Important Aerodynamical Discovery.

This Staff Pilot, while on a Navigation Exercise, landed at an airfield some hundred miles from base, as his Anson was "port wing low."

On being asked why, if the aircraft was difficult to fly, he did not return to base at once, he stated that it was not too bad on the first leg as the wind was on the port side.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Capt. — of the S.A.A.F. for Failing to Count His Chickens.

As pilot of an aircraft he was instructed to take out his crew for air-firing practice on the range. On arrival there he found that one member had been left behind—having gone back to the Flight for a helmet while the rest were emplaning. It was unfortunate for the success of the practice that it happened to be the air gunner.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to Squadron Leader —, Navigation Officer of a Transport Squadron, for Shattering Inability to Keep Up with Current Developments.

On being asked by his Engineering Officer whether he could get hold of an Air Mileage Unit for him, he replied that he would do his best. He then spent half an hour on the telephone, endeavouring to get into touch with the Commanding Officer of any neighbouring Air Mileage Unit!



### WANTED ON VOYAGE

**O**NE of these fine mornings you'll find that your pupil days are over and that you are about to go out and pay a dividend on the small fortune which has been spent on training you to meet and defeat the enemy.

Your appointment to a first-line Squadron will arrive and you will have to pack up your folding toothbrush and be on your way. What else to pack besides the folding toothbrush and in what to pack it is a problem well worth a little quiet consideration and will save you something in trouble and expense later on.

Your baggage should consist of a number of small items rather than a few large ones. When you and your gear have been up and down a gangway and in and out of boats a few times you will see why. For the same reason your boxes must be the stoutest you can muster and well secured. Sometimes they are hoisted on board in a provision net and dumped on the flight deck by a crane before being manhandled below, and the torpedo man who drives the crane doesn't treat your gear as though it was a load of eggs; and anyway he's

probably forgotten how fragile the old-fashioned kind used to be.

Now, what to pack? You won't know whether to look forward to frost-bite or sun-burn, but things being as they are, the odds are on the latter, so your present equipment of flying clothing and uniform, plus a few woollies from the knitters on the distaff side, will compete satisfactorily with the cold. For the more torrid outposts of Empire acquire a good but not too heavy suit of flying overalls; you must be fully covered up when flying, whatever the climate, to protect yourself from burns. You needn't wear much under your overalls.

For uniform and clothes other than flying clothing, the old-established complement of one I.E. and one A.R., or one on and one at the wash gets you nowhere "dhobying" is a chancy business and three of everything is a minimum. Khaki shorts, bush shirt, stockings and brown shoes are the everyday rig, but long drill trousers and long-sleeved shirts are required after sunset by local orders at most places, to keep the mosquitoes at bay. Khaki cap-covers go with both rigs. Number Tens are required for

watch-keeping and shoregoing in uniform; white shorts, shirts, shoes and stockings is the normal non-working rig. Sounds a lot but you will be away long enough to pay off your tailor if you make him a small allotment.

For plain clothes an outfit of birds'-nesting rig, flannels and some sort of coat is prescribed, with a pair of stout shoes for walking, when such is the only means of stretching your legs ashore. Some form of headgear is essential in order that you conform to the established customs of saluting and returning salutes in plain clothes. Games are organised on the flight deck and ashore, so that a pair of rugger shorts and ancillary equipment, gym shoes, etc., will be needed. Remember that you're certain to get some swimming, and your birthday suit isn't always enough.

Throw in a tin of prefabricated adhesive plaster dressing to cope with the odd cuts and abrasions—S/Lt. Swingit says they are very useful; he uses the empty tin for a cigarette case. What with that and an iodine pencil you can deal with quite a lot; for doctors are not always at your beck and call. Nor is there likely to be somebody handy to sew on the buttons that the dhoby firm tear off, so take a well-filled "housewife" if you know what we mean.

Books are heavy; so cut down your library to one or two real favourites with a makeweight of anything less treasured which you are prepared to give to the ship's library when read.

If you have a hobby which can conveniently be pursued at sea, take the doings (your butterfly net or whatnot) along, because you will get some time to



*Prune says, if he were S/Lt. Swingit he'd know just what he wanted on a voyage.*

play, and boredom can be your worst enemy.

Provide yourself, if you can, with a smallish holdall which can be stowed in the confined space of your aircraft; you are often away for a day or longer with only what you can carry in your aircraft, and hanging your sponge-bag on a convenient knob in the cockpit is untidy. S/Lt. Swingit says he finds his compass a convenient stowage for caps and things on cross countries.

Taken by and large, pack essentials only and keep them down to a minimum; remember that you might have to swim for it and it's a pity to lose anything

irreplaceable which is safer at home.

Before you go, it's a good thing to increase your overdraft by transferring some money to a Post Office Savings Bank Account. It's not easy to cash cheques on board, but the Paymaster can always let you have something out of the P.O.S.B.; also, if there is anybody you want a letter from while you are away it's again a good thing to get them to write to your Squadron instead of your ship. It comes to the same thing if you are on board, but sometimes you get disembarked and the mail can take quite a time to catch you up.

Well, that's the gen. Get packing.

## GET UP TO DATE



*P.O. Frune says he's always up to date.*

If you aren't up to date, get cracking. This should of course be a rule about every aspect of your Air Force job, but we're here referring particularly to R/T procedure.

It's now some twenty months since a new R/T procedure was introduced for all Allied Services. On that April day, 1943, should have died the bad old long-winded repetitive R.A.F. procedure which dated back to those good old days when it was a fluke, nay, even an occasion for a party, if any message got across on the R/T.

But old habits die hard. Signals officers, it would seem, hide away in

their safes that all-important document, "R.A.F. Signals Manual, Part III, Procedure," with the result that verbose remarks like "Your message received and understood. Listening out" are still heard, instead of "Roger—Out." While as for Prune he's been heard to say "Sorry, old chap, don't get it. I can't hear you well, will you please repeat." Prune seemingly has never heard of the phrase "Say Again!", or, in real difficulty, "Say Again. Words Twice!"

Apart from the wasted time and the still existing possibilities of misunderstanding, we're afraid it reflects rather on the R.A.F. that some of its members are still apparently twenty months behind the times. Our Allies and other services get a bad impression—especially when they themselves are bang on with the current procedure. Moreover, it's dis-

heartening to pupils from up-to-date schools overseas to come back and find that the correct formulæ are not universally in use and that many people are still waffling along with the old ones No W/Op. would get the order of call-signs and so on wrong in a W/T message. Why should they, and pilots, do so over the R/T—especially when the “new” instructions are now twenty months old?

We don't, of course, say this applies to everybody in every Command in the R.A.F., but there are far too many of you still some miles behind the times.

Get up to date! And don't *think* you are up to date, because the R/T procedure in your squadron has been altered, perhaps from hearsay; maybe it's still slightly wrong. Get that “Signals Manual, Part III, Procedure,” and *make sure*.

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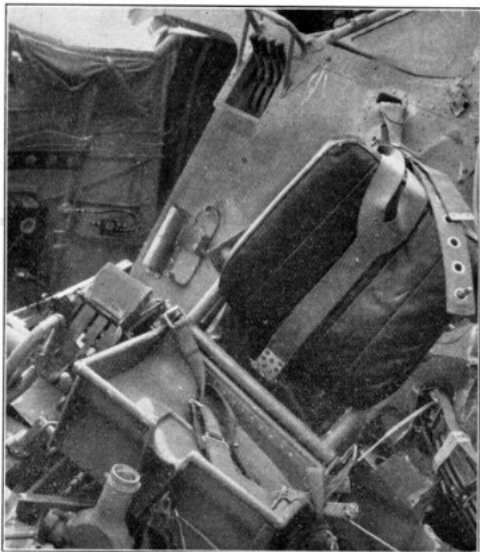
## THE PILOT WAS KILLED—WHY!

*Look at the picture and see if you can tell why the pilot was killed in this crash.*

It obviously wasn't a very bad one. The aircraft was not reduced to fragments or burnt to ashes. The pilot's seat is even intact. But—look at his Sutton harness.

**HE WAS NOT STRAPPED IN.**

Otherwise he'd have been alive to-day.





AN AIRMAN IS  
NOT  
A BAG OF  
FLOUR



IT can now be revealed that the above statement is strictly true. We grant you that one or two airmen of our acquaintance *look* very like bags of flour, but actually they are not bags of flour.

One great point of difference, for instance, between airmen and bags of flour is the way the Service controls them. It is almost impossible to waste or lose a bag of Service flour, though it may get stolen. On the other hand, in the Service as it is to-day, it seems only too easy to waste or even lose an airman, though in fairness we should add that nobody ever seems to want to steal him.

Why is this? Because the bag of flour is so closely controlled by those responsible for it at all stages of its Service life.

It is, for instance, demanded from the depôt on Form 140 which the Catering Officer signs. The depôt officer issuing the supplies has also to give his signature. It is then checked on to the lorry with the other foodstuffs. When the bag arrives at the Station, it is unloaded, checked again, and put in the Store which is kept locked when the staff are not about. An entry concerning it is further made on Form 848D by the Catering

Officer. From the Store the bag can only be released to the appropriate Mess when required, and an internal Form 140 covering this is signed by the Catering Officer. The Orderly Officer also has to sign showing that he is responsible for having checked the issue. A signature is finally obtained from the member of the Mess staff, who receives the bag of flour (with other foodstuffs), and then at last it ceases to be a bag and becomes flour in the Mess kitchen.

Well, we hope you weren't bored with that cradle-to-grave story of a bag of flour, which we admit sounds like an autograph-hunt. You can, however, see how closely controlled a bag of flour is by those responsible for it.

An airman, on the other hand, is all too often not closely controlled by those responsible for him. And those responsible are all of you—Flight Commanders, Section Commanders, W.O's., Sergeants—and so on—anyone who at any time has to organise and superintend the work of the airmen on the Station. Here are some true instances of bad control of airmen to show in detail just what we mean.

One day somebody at a Station wanted to contact a certain Section about a newly-arrived Corporal. The Section said he had been posted in three weeks earlier, but had proceeded immediately (they meant, "gone at once") on leave. Subsequent investigation showed that the Corporal had actually been posted in just over two weeks earlier on the *expiry* of leave granted by the previous Station. He had had therefore two consecutive leaves, and had been "lost" for over a fortnight, during which his own Section hadn't the least idea what he'd been doing. (We give the Corporal full marks anyway for working it, but he couldn't have done so if the Station had been efficiently run.)

Then there was the Station Sick Quarters which had just inoculated two airmen whom S.H.Q. alleged had been posted away three to four months previously.

And there was the S.H.Q. which produced a Nominal Roll containing the names of men posted away six months previously, and yet omitting *a hundred and forty* of their strength, including even their own S.W.O.

We could go on, but we won't. It just proves to you, doesn't it, that more attention is given to a bag of flour than to a human being. Yet the waste of a bag of flour is small in comparison with the waste of a fit airman's working hours. And the point of this article is to implore you to ask yourself, whether you're a Station Commander or a junior N.C.O.: "Am I equally careless in controlling those who work under me?"

We all know that if a Section Commander or Flight Sergeant thinks he is short of men he will put up quite a loud

bleat, but does he first make absolutely sure that the men he has are being employed to the best advantage? Or is the "organisation" left to someone else and then not checked up on. For instance, we know an N.C.O., in charge of a Sergeant's Mess, who was unable to say which of his staff were on duty and which were not—and as for which had taken a day off during the previous forty-eight hours he hadn't a clue. Nor, in our opinion, did the fault lie solely with the N.C.O., since few people work enthusiastically without some interest and control from above.

Here's another point. If a Section is overstaffed, is the Station Commander told about it? Those men may be urgently wanted in France, or on other work elsewhere. Yet with things as they are the Section Commander will often sit tight with a surplus of staff and then wonder why his men, finding they have less and less to do get slowly browned off.

Lavishness in the use of manpower probably has always been a Service weakness, and of course there was a time during this war when we had the bodies but not the aeroplanes. Now, by and large, we have the aeroplanes, but—though we are not speaking of aircrew—insufficient bodies. The Service must take its share of the manpower and its share *only*, and the need for economy in this is a *national* one. Consider the immense populations of our Allies, Russia and the U.S.A. To stay the pace, our manpower has clearly to be used more economically. All the indications are that in this country the amount of work to be done will be greater than the labour available. This is where

you now in the R.A.F. can help in national reconstruction.

Two final instances of the sort of thing that can and must be avoided.

A Flight Sergeant detailed three men one morning to sweep out a recreation room. He did not stop to think that three men could sweep out a room in a very short time, nor did he bother to go near them till late that afternoon. Had he done so he could (a) have put them on another job as soon as they had finished, and (b) put two of them on another job right away, because in point of fact there was only one broom available for the three of them!

Then there was a Warrant Officer on a satellite aerodrome who had only one man available to clean out the canteen. The man had other jobs besides this and, moreover, had been previously wounded; he did his best, but it was too much for one man. So the Warrant

Officer applied to his parent Station for assistance. In vain: they, too, they said, were hard pressed. One day the Warrant Officer went over to the parent Station and walked into their canteen. It was 10.30 hours. There were six men on duty in there. Two had brooms in their hands; two were playing billiards and two were reading the papers. The Warrant Officer had a good deal to say, but we can't possibly print it. . . .

Well, we ask for your co-operation. Find out, if you don't know, just what the men under you are doing. Ensure that there are no lost bodies, or men whom two people each think comes under the other, when in point of fact they are doing nothing. See that you have not too many men for what has to be done, and if so let others have the benefit. And above all, organise efficiently all the work those under you have to do.



"But, chiefy, there was only one broom."

## PUT THAT FIRE OUT



WE haven't talked much on this subject in TEE EMM lately, but as it's a cold autumn day we'll do a little wishful warming by writing about fires. Draw your chair up to the blaze of this article and listen to old Uncle Tee Emm.

Think of twelve million pounds! ("Cor," says Prune; "excuse me dribbling!") Yes, it's a lot of money—but believe it or not, that is the amount which is lost per annum by fires. Not fires caused by enemy action; just ordinary fires caused by carelessness. Worse even than the money loss in wartime is the loss of food, equipment, stores, and the man-hours spent in providing them.

In other words, fires are A Bad Thing: no one wants them, and therefore it's everybody's job—not merely the fire-fighting party's—to help in putting them out. Whence it follows that it's everybody's job to know something about the fire-fighting appliances on the Station and how to use them—just in case you have to grapple with a fire in a

hurry. (Read "One of Our Wellingtons was Burnt" in the February, 1944, TEE EMM, if you want to see how a valuable aircraft can become a total loss through people not knowing what to do and/or doing the wrong thing. "A proper moock-ooop, that wor!")

Here then are some fire-fighting points. If you know them already, never mind: it won't hurt you to hear them again. And if you don't know them—well now's your chance!

First of all, extinguishers, which are dotted here and there about the Station. Mark them down mentally, as you steam to and fro, so that if you do suddenly find yourself making one of those present at a jolly camp blaze you'll know just where to go for an extinguisher, instead of having to embark upon a sort of hunt-the-slipper game.

There are three types of extinguishers. The red one throws a 25 foot jet when you push the knob in, but don't think you have to stand 25 feet away. The nearer the better; it's the force of the

jet, as well as the liquid itself, which puts the fire out. Don't use red extinguishers on oil or petrol fires. For these you want the brown ones.

The brown extinguisher gives out foam when turned upside down. It needs—like a cocktail—a good shaking now and then to keep the foam going, and the idea is to get this foam all over the fire like a blanket. Not getting air to burn with, the fire gets suffocated and goes out in despair.

Another extinguisher you'll meet with is carried in all M.T. vehicles. This is a small brass affair with a handle at one end. When you give the handle a half-turn and pump it like a bicycle pump, the doings will come out from a nozzle at the other end. It will tackle oil and petrol fires as well as ordinary ones.

Don't forget the good old stirrup pump, by the way. It's surprising what large fires this will put out. The jet, not spray, should be used, and get as close as you can: in fact try to *blow* the fire off its seating.

Should a fire be too large for either stirrup pump or extinguisher, fall back on hose. But by now you're probably getting a bit out of your depth as an amateur. This is where the professionals come in—those tough guys in the Fire Piquet. They know all about hose and how to work it—but the more *you* know the more you can help.

Which brings us to an important point. The Station Fire Section is always at your call night and day and can deliver a pump and a trained crew on the scene of action in a very short time. So *don't be afraid to call them in* if the fire is at all a big one. It's better to have them waste their time at a fire

where they turn out not to be needed after all, than to delay calling them and so let a fire do unnecessary damage, if not get out of hand altogether. Instructions on how to call the Fire Piquet are posted round and about on the Station—Form 459.

Of course, the best way of any to stop a fire is not to let it occur at all, and in this you can all help equally: you don't need to be specially trained. Remember, for instance, the following points:—

Don't chuck cigarette ends about: if you do, make sure they're out. Don't let oily rags collect in heaps: they often go off by spontaneous combustion. Don't let petrol splash over hot exhaust pipes. Watch out for sparks from static electricity. Make sure stoves are raked out at night. And *obey* "No Smoking" notices: Contrary to your probable belief, they are not put there just to annoy you when you want a gasper, but because lighting up a cigarette would be definitely dangerous.

"Cor," says Prune again, and gets up with a cheery, "Well, I now know more than I did before."

We escort him to the door—and return in time to tackle the waste-paper basket which has burst into flames from Prune's discarded cigarette end.



W.H

## IT IS THERE—SO GET IT

"I CAN tune the set all right; I can read morse; but I *can't* find the signal." This is an old complaint, but if you suffer from it don't let it get you down. All you need is—confidence.

Everybody who experiences this trouble overcomes it sooner or later; but you can overcome it sooner by realising at the start that the signal is THERE. And since it's there it can be picked up.

Start by just not worrying. Tell yourself you are going to do everything possible to get that signal. And then you will. Remember, to begin with, that gremlins are pretty fond of knocking the Het. switch off, or selecting the wrong aerial: don't let them catch you.

If it is a broadcast you want, set your receiver on the given frequency a minute before it's due to start. Allow thirty seconds after starting time and if you haven't heard anything swing your control a little to either side. Do this very carefully, sifting each buzz of morse for the familiar call sign. Know by heart any c/s which may be heard on your frequency—and don't be afraid to use the volume control.

Still no joy? All right! Swing away a few k/cs. on either side of the marker. Don't be afraid to move the control, but do it calmly as well as quickly.

You haven't got it yet? Well, is the receiver working as well as it should? Have you plenty of volume? Try another station which you know is working to prove if your set is O.K. If it is O.K. then obviously you are missing the signal you want in all the interference. Don't panic, don't give up—this is where you prove your worth.

If you are not under W/T silence you may call up as an emergency measure (but not of course during the broadcast period). Tune the transmitter by calibrations (if it is not already set up) and ask for call signs. In wireless operating, as in everything else, practice makes perfect—so practise.

If you find that your set is not O.K., try to locate and rectify the fault. In doing this you will miss the broadcast you wanted, but as you will certainly need your receiver in good order later in the flight, go to it.

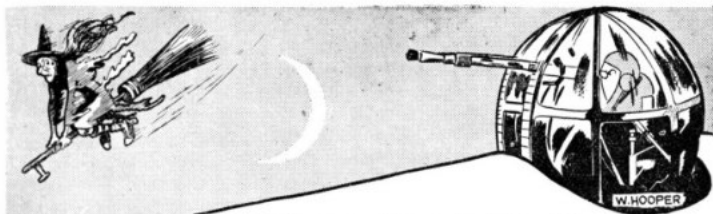
Above all, know your set. Know if it is calibrated slightly high or low; make sure you know its limitations; and then, if you have to, overcome them with the skill that your practice has brought.

In short *study* the matter. The subject is not a difficult one.



*The subject is not a difficult one—though the artist seems to have missed our point.*

## WHAT CAN YOU LEARN FROM THIS ?



*Sgt. Winde's night vision is so good he can see practically anything.*

**WE** print below a summary of a combat report. There's something to be learnt from it. See what it is—and then go thou and do likewise!

About midnight one night a Lancaster was homeward bound from the target, when the rear gunner reported a Ju 88 on the port quarter, range 1,000 yards. He warned the Captain to prepare to corkscrew to port. The E/A closed in and the rear gunner opened fire at 700 yards with a 3-second burst. The rear and mid-upper gunners continued with four further short bursts. The E/A opened fire at 650 yards.

At 600 yards range the Captain was ordered to corkscrew to port, and whilst doing so the E/A, firing all the time, closed in to 50 yards, then broke away to starboard quarter down.

During this encounter the starboard inner was shot out and the Lancaster started to fall out of control. The Captain warned the crew to bail out, but countermanded the order when he found he was able to get control again, though the port outer was by then vibrating very badly.

Five minutes after this attack, the rear

gunner sighted a single-engined aircraft at 800 yards on port quarter up, closing in. The E/A opened fire at about 700 yards, and the rear gunner replied, at the same time ordering corkscrew to port. The E/A closed in to 200 yards, then broke away to starboard down.

A few minutes later the mid-upper gunner sighted an E/A 1,000 yards away on the port beam. It closed in firing, but at 600 yards the Lancaster corkscrewed to port and threw it off. After a further five minutes the rear gunner reported a German fighter at 800 yards range on the port beam. As the rear gunner gave the Captain the order to corkscrew, the Captain saw another fighter crossing from port to starboard, 200 yards in front of him. It made a steep turn to port, opening fire at 1,000 yards range, but during the corkscrew both E/A were shaken off.

The Lancaster reached home safely, having been engaged with five enemy aircraft.

Here are the lessons to be learnt from this:—

(1) The value of training in night vision. In every case, you'll observe, the

Lancaster's crew see the E/A first and before it opens fire. In the third attack, indeed, even allowing for possible over-estimation, the gunner spots his opponent from a very long way away.

(2) The Captain's coolness and skill. With his aircraft falling out of control, he at once warns his crew to be ready to bale out, but is able to regain control so that baling out is not necessary.

(3) The excellent crew co-operation. The Captain works under the direction of his gunner with complete confidence in him, and the combat manoeuvres are thus well and effectively carried out.

(4) The value of combat manoeuvres in effectively shaking off enemy aircraft.

(5) The fact that a good pilot can manoeuvre and fight his aircraft with one engine gone and one damaged.

(6) The very obvious fact that this crew must have had plenty of fighter affiliation and profited by it.



*P.O. Prime says that guy's been in the Air Force so long he put Wilbur Wright through his I.T.W.*

### AIR SAVINGS GROUP

An aircraft on a flight from overseas to Sandra Parva crossed the coast at Pundit-super-Mare at 1230 hours and was heard calling "Darky" and asking for fighter assistance. Westpool balloons were grounded and a Typhoon from Granite-under-Hill led the aircraft to Safety Hall and broke cloud. The aircraft was a Liberator. Contact was made on Darky when he was informed that he was over Safety Hall and the pilot expressed his thanks, saying he was setting course for Sandra Parva. The track then appeared travelling south over the coast going towards France. Three stations were contacted and their HF/DF were all swung on to the appropriate frequency, but no contact could be made and the track faded near the French coast, reappearing off les Isles Verts flying north with a hostile aircraft close behind.

Two Spitfires were ordered up from Pundit Park and the Liberator was intercepted and led to Wimpole Hill, where it landed safely at 1632 hours.

The pilot stated that he got lost, and when led to Safety Hall mistook the Station for Sawby Hall and assumed he was north of Wet-Channel and so flew south for Sandra Parva. When les Isles Verts were sighted he thought they were the Blue Islands until he was hit by gunfire, which set his inner port engine on fire.



He just wanted to keep it as a souvenir.

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.

# Pilot's Notes



*"I must have left 'em behind!"*