

# TEE EMM



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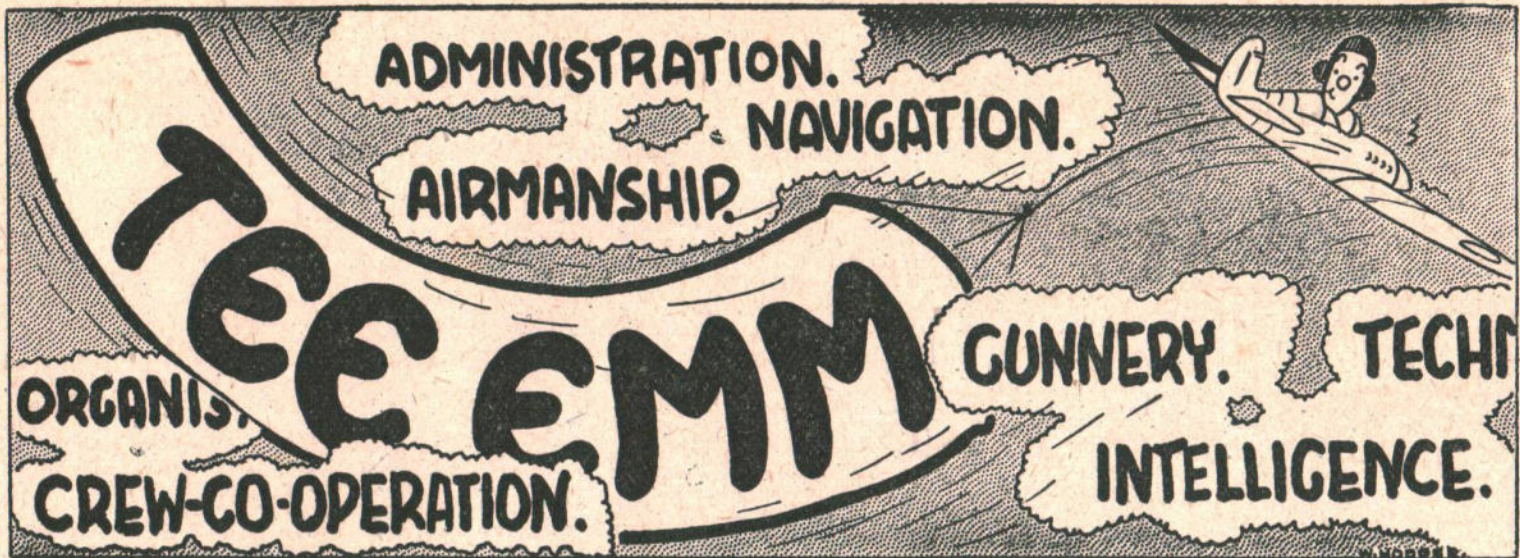
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*Pilot Officer Prune says—  
"Take Tee Emm regularly!  
Prevents that Thinking  
Feeling!"*

## WE CAN'T KEEP UP.

For any anachronisms in this issue of TEE EMM we offer apologies. Many articles were written and set up before there was much likelihood of an early end to the war and as a result they may give the impression that the war's still on. Sorry! It's just that events in the Far East have moved a little too quickly for a poor old monthly publication to keep up.



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

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

## ADMIN. AND THE FUTURE

### III. OFFICERS AND AIRMEN

**N**O amount of new-fangled sociology will alter human nature. There have always been leaders in battle and there have always been those who followed. Even when war is abolished for ever there will always be those who lead and command and those who follow and obey. And from that fact springs co-ordinated effort, the unity which results in maximum force.

Two thousand years ago a Commander told his junior officers that if they looked after their men, the men would take care of them. Equally to-day is it an officer's responsibility to supply the incentive for his men to give their best, in harmony and for a common cause.

Would, say, the paper boy, the milkman and the postman all suddenly obey an order given by you, when obedience meant danger? Would your casual acquaintances at the local work for you under enemy fire? It is very unlikely. But men *will* obey in danger, if they know, trust and respect the giver of the order. And this knowledge and trust is the essence of leadership.

In the Air Force of to-day the great majority of officers have been through the ranks. Do you remember the time *you* spent in the ranks? Cast your mind back and you will recollect that during that period certain officers over you stood out from the others, as officers whom you looked up to and respected and admired.

Why was this?

It was not just because they knew their job, but because they took an interest in *you*. They tried to help and encourage you; they looked after you; they did all they could for your comfort, entertainment and well-being. These officers made you feel that you were not a mere cog in some huge machine, but that you were an individual who counted. You probably remember their names to this day.

By contrast, you will recollect that there were other officers who meant little or nothing to you, because, in fact, they lacked the qualities of leadership. They counted so little in your life that by now you have no doubt forgotten them individually; you only remember them as a class.

Well, which type of officer are *you*? Which type do you *want* to be? Maybe you've never worked it out, and have only thought that being commissioned was an opportunity for self-advancement. Maybe you haven't realised that the men need officers whom they can respect and have confidence in—just as you needed them when you were in the ranks—and that they are measuring you up to this standard. They want you as a leader; if you aren't one, you are failing them. And they are *your* men.

Possibly, however, the organisation of the unit to which you belong is such that there are no airmen directly under your command. For example, you are a pilot, and the airmen who service your aircraft are commanded and administered by the Engineer Officer. But they *are* your men, in that they look after the aircraft in which you fly and fight, and you come in contact with them on the tarmac. You have, therefore, a definite opportunity of showing you realise your responsibility as one of the officers with whom they are closely concerned. You can get to know their names; you can have an appreciative word for them in return for the work that they are doing to keep your aircraft serviceable. You may be a soccer player and take part in their games; you may be a boxer and help in organising boxing; you may have experience in other activities, which you can contribute. You can, in short, make them thus respect and trust you. And then they won't let you down.

Remember, too, it is not only the airmen who service your aircraft to whom you are indebted. All on the Station, however indirectly, contribute to your doing your job as a pilot. The cooks, the aircraft-hands, the equipment assistants, the clerks; they all help. It is the co-ordinated effort of the whole which enables the unit to function, and as they have a duty to you, however indirect, so have you to them.

If the organisation of Station or unit is such that you are in command of a section or flight of airmen, you are fortunate. The fact of commanding them will give you the fullest opportunities to know them well and help them both in their work and play. If you do your job well a mutual respect will be established between you; and this is the basic requirement in the proper relationship of officers and airmen,

which, as we said in our first article of this series, makes for a happy, mutually co-operating, and therefore efficient Station.

See to it, therefore, that you do your bit towards the Station and Service efficiency; that you are an officer and leader, with all that this implies. Do not make the mistake of thinking that looking after the airmen is the responsibility of one or two officers only, or a Welfare Committee, and is nothing to do with you.

If you think that, you are not doing your job; and if you're not doing your job, you're a bad officer.



W. HOOPER

NEWS FLASH

飛行中、不注意急ぎに「死者」の了。

AS we were making up this current issue, we received the above news flash from TEE EMM's Japanese Special Correspondent. We thought at first it was his usual request for more pay, or alternatively more beer, but it turns out to be merely that the Japs have surrendered or something; and that honalable colle-spondent now wants dishonable bowler hat.

QUICK MOTION

THERE has been some talk recently about the leisurely manner in which air-fields, now no longer required, are being evacuated. We heard, however, of a record evacuation the other day—all personnel being a mile from that airfield, and still running, within seven minutes.

It occurred when Prune was circling the airfield. He had merely stated that owing to weather conditions he had had to bring his atomic bomb back and was requesting permission to land.



## THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT



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

*Low Flying—Everything He Shouldn't—The Price of Casualness—You Won't Always Get Away With It—His Best Girl Saw It.*

**H**ERE'S a story about unauthorised low flying which resulted in a fatal accident. One of the victims was a pilot with a D.F.C. and two tours of operations to his credit.

Two pilots at an F.I.S. were authorised to carry out stalling, steep turns and precautionary landings in an Oxford, the aircraft to be flown for the first 45 minutes by the pilot with the D.F.C. Twenty minutes after take-off, a witness saw this aircraft flying along a railway line just above the tree tops and almost immediately afterwards heard two crashes. The engines had sounded normal. At about the same time another witness saw the aircraft flying low in a turn and then hit a tree and crash. Both occupants were killed.

The investigating officer stated that the primary cause of the accident was deliberate low flying in defiance of orders. What a way to end your life after surviving two tours of operations !

The next story is of an experienced pilot who did everything he shouldn't have done, and as a result damaged three aircraft. This pilot, with nearly 1,100 flying hours, started up an Auster without the assistance of the ground crew, without chocks under the wheels, and without anyone in the cockpit.

When the engine fired, the aircraft moved forward, gathered speed, and became out of control. The pilot tried to get into the Auster to reach the controls but couldn't do so. After rushing round in circles the aircraft hit another Auster and bounced off that into the tail of a Dakota which was under repair. The servicing people were of course delighted.

An aircraft took off at 00.30 on a cross country. The last seen or heard of it was just before it hit the ground and disintegrated, the occupants all being killed. The pilot, in this case a Flight Lieutenant with 991 hours experience, had taken off after he had signed the Form 700, but the signing of this form had meant so little to him that he failed to notice that the fuel state had not been shown. In point of fact the aircraft had not been refuelled at all, and in consequence shortly after take-off the aircraft ran short of petrol and crashed.

This Pilot Officer, a u/t pilot, was detailed to fly a Hurricane for local map reading practice for a period of one hour fifteen minutes at a height of 2,000 feet, but with the instruction not to go into cloud.

The pilot took off and a transmission was received by the Ground Station to the effect that he was "Scrambling local solo main tanks on." No further R/T calls were received and the next stage is the evidence of witnesses on the ground to the effect that the pilot with the Hurricane was carrying out what appeared to be battle practice in company with Harvard aircraft at a very low altitude over the low flying area. This battle practice came to an abrupt end when the pilot tried to do a stall turn which developed into a high speed stall at low altitude. The aircraft crashed into the roof of a house at extreme speed with the engine full on. The top storey of the house was almost knocked off, and the main part of the aircraft fell outside the wall and burst into flames.

This pilot had neglected to obey his briefing instructions and completely disregarded the low flying orders.

Another Pilot Officer, who had been on the same unit with him, gave evidence to the effect that *it was one of this pilot's habits to carry out stall turns between 700 and 1,000 feet when low flying.*

You may get away with it once or twice or even several times, but it doesn't follow you always will.

Yet again an accident with the all too familiar circumstances, disobedience of orders, unauthorised low flying and showing off.

The pilot, with 136 hours solo experience including two hours on type, was authorised to carry out an exercise at a height of 2,000 feet. He took off and the next heard of him was that the aircraft had wrecked itself in a tree, the pilot being killed.

The subsequent investigation brought to light the fact that a few days previously this pilot had heard from his girl friend that *she would be in the vicinity of the place at which he eventually crashed, and on that date.* She thus had an excellent view of his death.



## FORMATION NAVIGATION IN A.C.S.E.A.



**A**IRCREW posted to the Far Eastern theatre go there in anticipation not only of bags of sunshine and lashings of fresh fruit, but of very different flying conditions. Those who don't are due for some very rude shocks. The distances are great, there is a distressing absence of comforting landfalls, the number of navigational aids is limited (as yet), and the weather can be very awkward at times. None of these problems deter the average crew arriving from a different theatre, but they are apt to assume larger proportions when combined with those attached to flying and navigating in formation—probably for the first time.

Navigators, prone and accustomed to a certain amount of individuality in the air, are likely to view the prospect of navigating behind a leading aircraft as either "a

piece of cake" or "impossible, old boy," according to individual mentality. It is neither.

To think that in heavy bomber formation flying the only person who can navigate properly is that lucky type who is in the leading aircraft is not only a mistaken but a dangerous view-point to adopt. The leading navigator has the advantage, certainly, but he also has a heavy responsibility and carries the largest can. Navigators of following aircraft are not exempt from carrying their respective cans, even if they are smaller, their duty being, as always, to know where they are and where they are going at any given moment. This means full navigation with a track plot, an air plot and a properly sequenced log.

Co-ordination of flight planning is essential to the success of the sortie. All crews are in on this and should know the first course which is worked out by the leading navigator. There should also be complete agreement on the airspeeds to be flown at various stages of the flight. It is the duty of the leading aircraft to maintain these airspeeds at all costs and only to deviate from them when absolutely compelled to do so. When it is necessary to climb to operational height on track, the I.A.S., approximate rate of climb, and mean temperatures to be used should be agreed at briefing. All navigators are, however, responsible for keeping a weather eye on the thermometer and computing the True Air Speeds being flown.

Selection of the departure point is made with care. Due time is normally allowed for the aircraft to make loose formation prior to this point, but this is not always practicable. To avoid confusion it is a good idea for the leading aircraft to fire a Verey cartridge when course is set. The followers can then note the time and begin their plot even though they are some distance from the departure point and not yet in formation. In this respect the following navigators plot the position of the leader's aircraft as distinct from their own.

Loose formation is kept over the long sea legs, enabling "George" to be used for lengthy spells. Were tight formation to be maintained, constant "jockeying" for position would render drifts and other navigational observations difficult to obtain. Small alterations of course by the leader to maintain track are discouraged, inasmuch as they tend to pass unnoticed and render the follower's airplots useless. The leader accordingly waits until a substantial alteration of 5 degrees or more is required. A Verey cartridge can also be fired to bring the time of the alteration to the notice of navigators who may be preoccupied (a kind word) at that moment. The extent of the alteration is assessed by the followers from observation of their own compass readings taken in conjunction with their estimated D.R.

Both leaders and followers keep an airplot and navigate by means of drift, astro, and radio compass bearings, the latter being very good in daytime. Courses are checked by the astro compass at regular intervals.

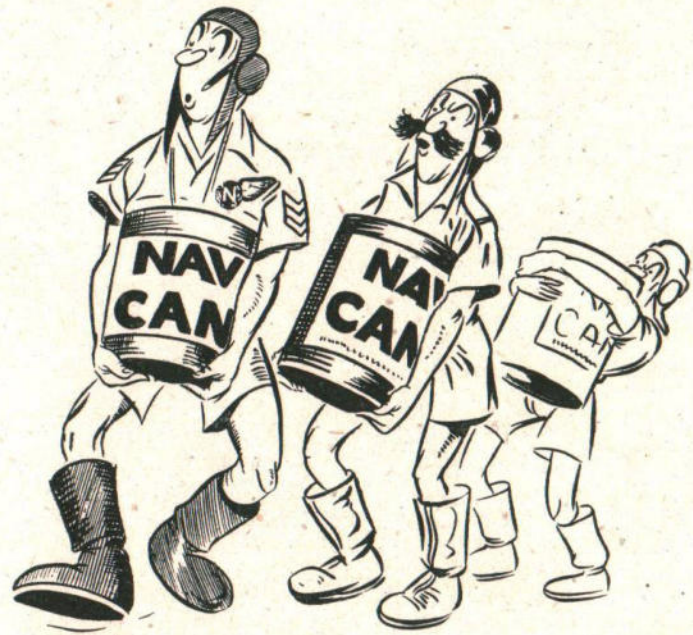
At a pre-arranged time the formation closes up, and is "tucked in" by the time

the first turning point is reached. Drift is observed immediately prior to and after the turn, to obtain a double drift wind.

Tight formation is maintained from now on, winds being found by airplot, and, at turning points, by double drift. Once over the enemy coast, however, track and ground speed methods are adopted.

The formation continues to an I.P. (Initial Point), a good pinpoint some 15 to 20 miles from the target, and turns in on the final leg. This procedure has the advantage of misleading the enemy as to the objective, and also enables the navigators to obtain a double drift wind in the target area.

The bombing completed, formation is maintained until the enemy coast is well behind, when break-up is allowed. All navigators are then released from "follow my leader," and working from their last fix or D.R. position are given larger cans to carry.



W. HOOPER.

## AIR TO GROUND

**I**N our June issue we had an article called "Clipped Wings" which explained that, though many air crew are now redundant they are not yet due for release and will therefore have to take over ground jobs from those in the lower release groups.

This month we're going to try to tell you actually how you get selected for these jobs—the idea being that it's all above board, nothing up the sleeve, and everyone out to pick the right man for the right job.

In point of fact, after an urgent telephone message, TEE EMM in person dropped in at one of the Holding Units for redundant air crew to see for our-

selves what it was all about. After we'd spent three days at the Hotel Metropole, Brighton, asking now and then where the Holding Unit was, we realised that either the telephone service or else our ears were not what they should have been, so we paid our bill and moved on to Blyton, where we ought to have been in the first place.

Blyton, a comparatively new Holding Unit, is divided into three separate departments.

The first is Progress, which simply deals with records and interviews and generally controls most activities of air crew while at the station.

The second is Employment, which deals with finding something for the air crew to do when not required for interview or boarding, for naturally, although you're there only three weeks, there is a certain amount of spare time.

This "something to do" consists largely of sports of all kinds, from cricket, swimming, tennis, badminton, and practically what you like. There is also an interesting two and half days' Battle Course. The most popular of these activities is farming, for which you are paid 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. an hour by the farmer. Nearly 90 per cent. of all air crew coming to Blyton take advantage of this, and the farmers are so keen to employ them that they sometimes use their own transport instead of Service transport, and, if you know farmers, that shows you how keen they must be. A Warrant Officer is kept busy all day arranging with the different farmers as to how many men are wanted, and where, and so on.



*"Did you say you were looking for a Holding Unit?"*

The third department is the Despatch Centre, which, as you may have guessed, is for despatching you from the Unit.

After the intake talk, which is given by a Wing Commander, a general descriptive talk covering all trades open to air crew is given. The front portion of your Appendix A (A.M.O. A.552/45) describes this) is completed at an individual interview with a senior officer on the staff of the Holding Unit. It would immensely help the work of the Holding Unit if all units saw to it that Appendix A was correctly filled up before sending their chaps off to the Re-allocation Boards. In many cases, Flight Commanders do not seem to have pulled their fingers out at all and the Holding Unit officers have to interview everyone again, going all through Appendix A to make sure that it is correctly completed.

As soon as this has been done you can go and see any specialist officer, such as the Accountant Officer if you are keen on Clerk Accounting as your ground trade, or the Engineering Officer if you prefer some branch of engineering. These specialists will give you the once over and let the Board know their recommendations, or, alternatively, tell you to try something else if they think that you are unsuitable. Following the preliminary interview on your Appendix A, you go before the Re-allocation Board after about a week and the Board carefully considers your choice of jobs and asks

questions in conjunction with the specialists' report, making their decision accordingly.

For air crew with a release group 25 and under, there is very little scope as regards ground trades owing to the length of time which would be taken up in training. For most of these chaps, ground jobs which require only local training or possibly no training at all—such as administrative posts—are the only outlet.

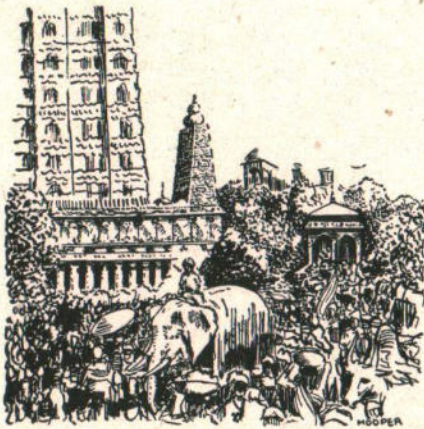
After the Board, you are then passed over to the Despatch Centre. You may be sent straight into a training course or to a unit for employment in the job for which you have been recommended pending going to a training course, or to a unit for direct employment. You might even be sent on leave pending posting; how much we cannot say, but any leave is grand.

So all of you who think that you may be going along to one of these Holding Units shortly to release an old man for the peace, don't turn up there with a chip on your shoulder thinking that you are getting a raw deal. The R.A.F. are doing all they can to help and, as we pointed out in an earlier article, are quite entitled to direct you to any employment—but this is 1945 and you are given a choice of over eighty different jobs.

Well that's all we can pass on to you! We were only there a day and left hurriedly before the Specialists got hold of us and sent us on an Editor's Course!



## INDIAN NOTES—2



Among the 275,000,000 Hindus there are some 2,000 castes and sub-castes. This makes it all very complicated as each caste has its place in relationship to the other. The religious and caste observance of the Brahmin, for instance, who belongs to the highest caste of Hindus, is so strict that should even the shadow of a man not of his own caste fall across his food, that food must be thrown away. The Hindu makes offerings to the images of many gods. He will not willingly take animal life and will do penances which sometimes go so far as severe bodily torture.

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## HOW DOES IT LOOK TO YOU?



"I get it," says Prune.

An instructor on arriving at a new unit asked an old-timer what the blokes were like.

"What were they like on your old unit?" the old-timer inquired. "Pretty ropey," he said. "Everybody was always cursing about something or other and chasing you round. It was a hell of a bind and life was pretty grim I can tell you."

"You'll find the people here exactly the same," was the answer.

Later in the day another new instructor arrived and put the same question. The old-timer also asked him what the people were like where he'd come from. "A grand lot," he said. "There was plenty of hard work but no binding and everybody helped everybody else. I was darned sorry to leave."

And the old-timer answered: "You'll find the people here exactly the same."  
Moral? Well, work it out yourself.

## THIS MONTH'S GOOD SHOW



TEE EMM's Good Show Medal is this month awarded to F/Lt. —, the pilot of a Liberator in Ceylon, for Doing the Right Thing in a Calm and Collected Manner.

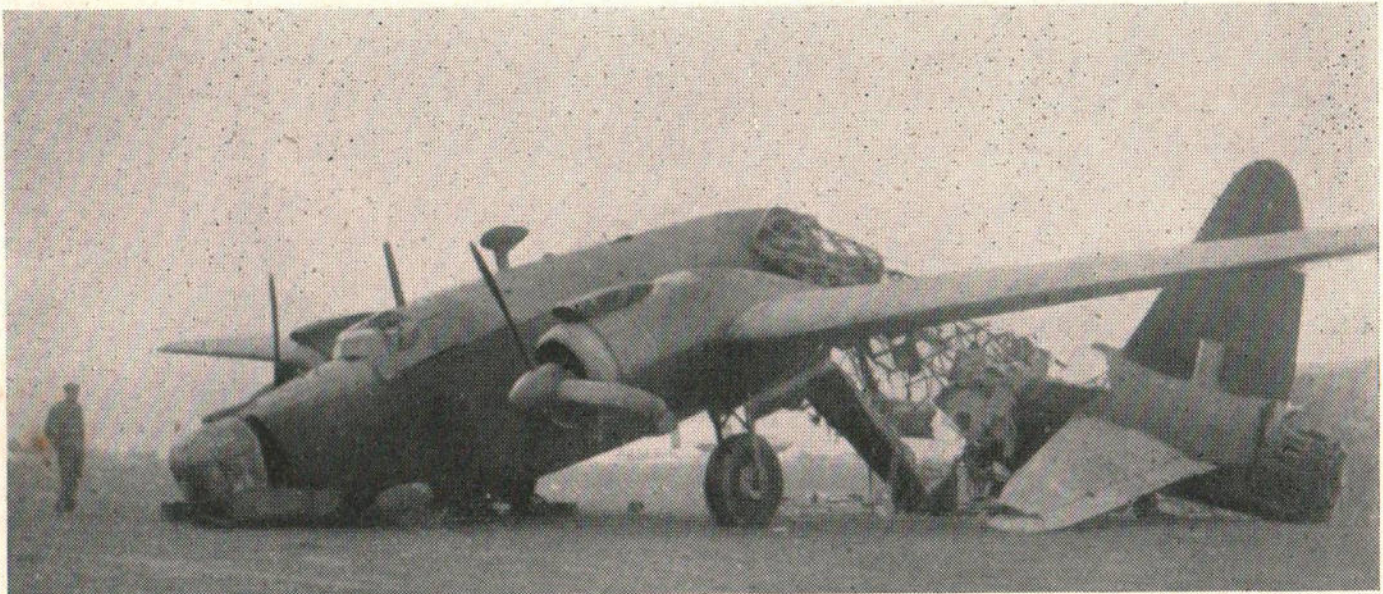
Just before his aircraft became airborne with a full operational load No. 4 engine cut out. The aircraft at once swung but the pilot quickly corrected this. The engine then picked up, but only for five seconds when it cut again.

The pilot thereupon feathered the recalcitrant engine and trimmed the aircraft, but discovered that height could only be maintained at full boost and r.p.m. He decided therefore that he could not attempt to carry out the sortie and so flew his aircraft out to sea, where bombs, fuel, ammunition and pyrotechnics were jettisoned. He then further lightened the load by flying round for two hours after which he came in and made a completely successful landing.

This was an excellent show on the pilot's part and his log book now carries a green endorsement.



## *Is Your Accident Really Necessary?*



Wimpey Was.

# High Spirits Cost Lives



**P**RUNE takes off on a flight. We don't know quite what his briefing is, but for once he keeps rigidly to it, nor does he make any major boobs.

A glow of self satisfaction spreads over him at this. He feels good. His spirits rise. He sings loudly in his cockpit, but luckily his somewhat bawdy warblings are drowned by the noise of the engine.

Finding himself at this point over the sea—which, he understands, has no high ground for him to fly into—he ventures down to 50 feet or so. Still in the best of high spirits and by now feeling rather martial, he pretends the war is still on and he is on a sortie to beat up enemy trawlers.

In his present unnaturally righteous mood he actually resists the temptation to beat up an inoffensive British trawler, in the absence of German ones; but a little further on he sees something floating on the water, which will do instead. It's nothing important—just some sort of a buoy which can easily be replaced, and isn't much value anyway.

He swoops on it and lets it have a burst.

This being Prune's day, his aim is for once accurate and he sends it to the bottom. He then goes on his way in better spirits than ever.

That night in the Mess his high spirits are infectious. He thumps the piano ; he sings ; he stands people beer ; he talks about having his finger out for good and all and of turning over a new leaf. He shoots lines right and left. For he has had a good day . . .

Out at sea, swearing men in a naval vessel are sweating to replace the buoy he has so light-heartedly destroyed. For it is an important one, marking an area of as yet unswept mines ; and shipping, now no longer in convoy, has only these aids to rely upon for its safety.

A little later the naval vessel itself strikes one of these mines. It is sunk and its crew are lost.

Back in the Mess the gay and irresponsible Prune, who believes he has for once had a boobless day, is still singing and drinking.

Out in the sea good men are drowning.

All thanks to Prune's high spirits.

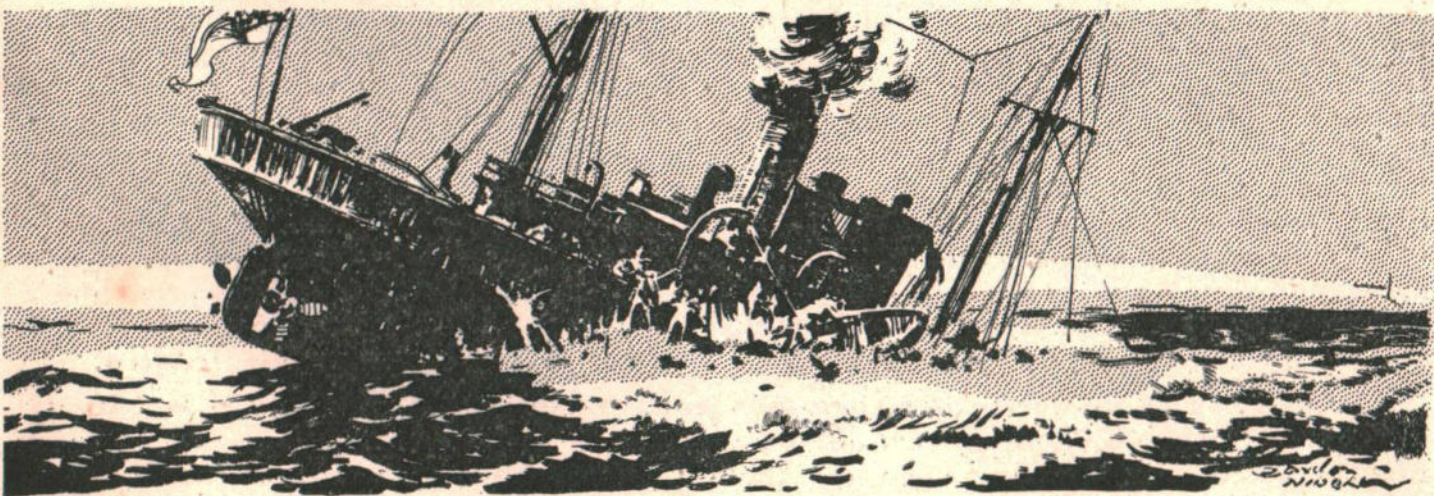
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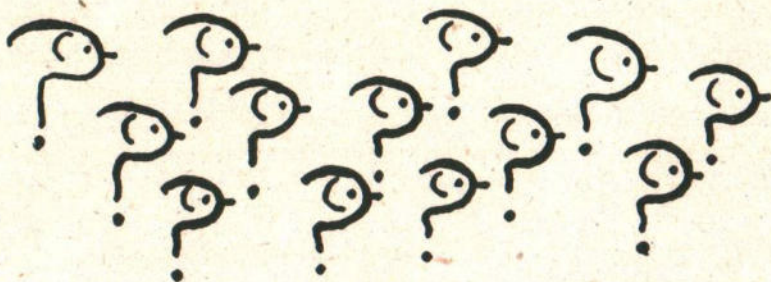
This is not fiction. It happened recently.

Some high-spirited young ass shot up a buoy and as a direct result a naval vessel was sunk with the loss of eighteen.

High spirits, you see, as well as careless flying, sometimes cost lives. Unfortunately not the culprits'.

Think of this story next time you are tempted to shoot up a buoy.





## TEE EMM'S Brains Trust

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

LETTER. "SIR:—I have just read TEE EMM Dec. '44, and since I used to instruct WOP/AIRS. and N.B.Ws. on manipulation of Marconi Equipment (G.P.) the article, 'It's There, So Get It,' interested me. In it the phrase occurs, 'Have you plenty of volume?' implying, I presume, that the volume control should be well advanced. That's quite O.K. for finding a bundle of squeals which you can dissect to find your station; but *not* for reading the signal, or even picking it out of the bundle of squeals.

"We always spent a great deal of time (in fact we begged, prayed, beseeched and threatened) in persuading the pupil to keep the volume *down*. There's always interference—stacks of it—and I always quoted the following parable to enable the pupils to see the light:

"Assume two people, X and Y, are talking to you together. If both yell at the top of their voices you can understand neither; even if X is shouting louder than Y, *you still can't understand him*, though you can certainly *hear* him. If, on the other hand, both speak quietly, you can concentrate on either, and even if they're both talking at the same 'volume,' you can understand either, despite the fact that they're both talking together.

"So with W/T reception. When you 'put the volume up,' you increase the strength both of the signal you want and of the interference equally, and I defy anyone to read, for any length of time, a loud signal through loud interference. Put the volume down, and you first of all cut down the background 'mush' (a great relief at any time), and it is also comparatively easy to read a weak signal through interference of the same strength. You can detect differences in tone between the signals and follow your station simply by the note of the signal. With volume at max. one very loud signal sounds the same as the other loud signal on top of it, and when you've listened for a few minutes your head feels like a bucket.

"Blokes enter the R.A.F. never having used a Transmitter and thinking that it's a difficult instrument to use. Again, they've all tuned in the B.B.C. on a civvy receiver and think that tuning a communications receiver is just as easy. Actually it's the other way round. The transmitter is easy—the dials tell you when you're tuned, and you can't go wrong—but the receiver requires care. Receiver tuning *is* a piece of cake, provided you realise that you must learn how to do it. Unfortunately too many pupils *and* too many instructors take the receiver for granted; a glance through the W/T Failure Reports (W/T Exercise Flying) of any Signals School will show a much larger number of Receiver than Transmitter Failures.

"The art of operating lies in the mastery of the receiver, and mastery of the receiver means mastery of the volume control—and if the words 'Keep the volume down when reading a station' were printed on every item of kit that a WOP/AIR uses, then he might do it and avoid many a head- and heart-ache—and the number of W/T failures would be reduced.

REPLY. The answer to our correspondent's letter is tied up with the Sensitivity and Selectivity of a Radio Receiver. Being an instructor he will be aware that this subject may be easily put over to a class mathematically, graphically and by demonstration. What he has to say is all very true, and it is, as he has indicated, difficult to make inex-

perienced operators appreciate that minimum possible volume should be used. But all his remarks apply to Selectivity and he implies that when having heard or detected a signal among the terrific "hash" that may be picked up and/or self-generated by the receiver, the operator must be capable of eliminating all undesired signals and noises.

But if the operator has previously adjusted his receiver to this highly selective state—having reduced volume to a minimum—he would, more often than not, fail to hear a desired signal when tuning or searching for it.

In a nutshell, the sequence of operations required to read a signal should be :—

1. Find it—by expert tuning using ample but not necessarily maximum volume (as suggested in the December article).
2. Eliminate all interference—by careful manipulation, using minimum possible volume (as our correspondent indicates).
3. Calmly and efficiently read the signal—with the confidence that every really experienced operator acquires.

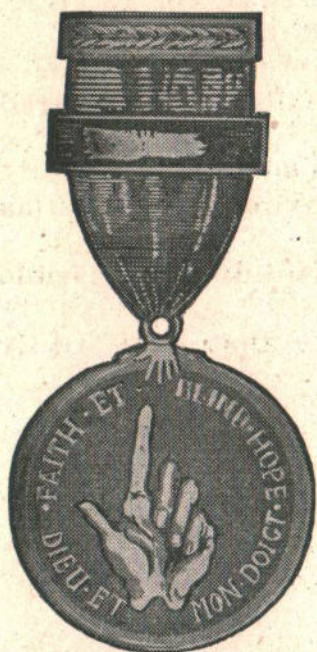
## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF NAVIGATORS

### No. 2



Rejecting Inconvenient Facts.

## THIS MONTH'S PRUNERY



**T**HE MOST HIGHLY DEROGATORY ORDER OF THE IRREMOVABLE FINGER (Patron: Pilot Officer Prune) has this month been awarded to F/Lt. — for Showing Great Perspicacity in the Tracing of Intercom Faults.

As captain of a Halifax aircraft returning from operations he requested the Wireless Operator to rectify some crackling that had developed on the intercom and received the reply that it sounded as though there might be a loose connection. All crew members were then asked to test their plugs.

This was carried out, but the noise still persisted and the W/Op. commenced searching for the trouble elsewhere. At this point the Captain remarked that there was no doubt about it; the trouble was in *his* plug. Somewhat puzzled, the W/Op. asked him how he was so sure. "Oh," came the reply, "it *must* be my plug; when I pull it out, the noise stops."

With commendable restraint the W/Op. refrained from pointing out that there was something else besides his plug the captain might pull out.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to S/Ldr. — for Not Letting Himself Be Put Upon by the Fleet Air Arm.

Coming down at an R.N.A.S., S/Ldr. — made a correct approach, landed on the duty runway and then taxied across the grass to the Control Tower. Here the Commander (Flying) asked him why he had taxied across the grass and received the reply that he always did that as his aircraft (a Dominie) was a light one. Asked next whether he had noticed the dumb-bell in the signals square, he answered that he'd seen a lot of them in his time, but had never known what they meant.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. has also been awarded to F/Sgt. — for Putting his Trust in Man Rather Than in Nature.

While flying over the sea F/Sgt. —, as rear gunner, was asked by the navigator to obtain some drifts on "white caps."

When after a long interval nothing more had been heard from him, the navigator asked the reason for the delay. F/Sgt. — pointed out indignantly that he was still waiting, but the "white caps" had not yet been launched from the aircraft.

The M.H.D.O.I.F. is also awarded to Flight Sergeant — for Not Knowing Where His Finger Was.

On returning from a firing exercise with port engine trouble he accidentally fired off his cannon shortly before touching down. Mistaking this for his port engine blowing up he promptly crashed, severely damaging the aircraft.

# Malaya

(Being a short history of one of the late theatres of war.)



*Straits Settlements shown with line underneath. (They include also Labuan, Cocos Islands, and Christmas Island.)*

*Federated States shown with broken line underneath.*

*Unfederated States shown unlined. (They include also Brunei.)*

**M**ALAYA, before Jap occupation, consisted of the Straits Settlements, the Federated States and the Unfederated States. The Straits Settlements were the British Settlements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, such as Singapore and Penang, and were entirely under British rule. The Federated Malay States and States such as Perak and Selangor were under their Malay rulers, but with British advisers and under British protection and supervision, while the Unfederated States, such as Johore and Kelantan were more or less politically and financially independent.

The Malay Peninsula has a population of about one-ninth the United Kingdom's. Of this population at the present day 44 per cent. are Malays, 40 per cent. Chinese and 14 per cent. Indians. The Chinese and Indians are largely immigrant workers who go home after a period in Malaya. In the last twenty years, however, these latter have been encouraged to settle in Malaya and spend their savings in the country. The Chinese form the trading, shopkeeping and labouring classes, chiefly in the towns. The Indians, while also small traders, moneylenders, and so on, form the bulk of the rubber plantation coolies. The Malay, being pleasant, courteous and easy-going, is a poor business man and very humanly averse to hard work in a tropical climate. He therefore prefers to be a peasant farmer, and let the rich soil do most of the work.

The climate has greatly influenced Malaya's development. The north-east



monsoon (from November to March) brings heavy rain and seas to the eastern coast and by forming sand bars makes entry to the ports difficult. The south-west monsoon (May to September) on the other hand is broken by the island of Sumatra so that on the west the wind is light and the weather fine, though heavy thunderstorms occur almost daily.

The Malayan rainfall is thus high, and since the country is only just north of the Equator, the climate is always warm, damp and enervating. Under these conditions tropical shrubs and trees grow all the year round, so that if the jungle is cleared and then left it will return within twelve months, producing a growth more difficult to penetrate than the original virgin jungle. The Malay, therefore, with his light agricultural implements was unable to clear the forest, and the bulk of the inhabitants lived in coastal villages or on the rivers or in ports near river mouths.

When the Europeans came, however, their rubber-planting and tin-mining operations cleared much of the country on the western and southern sides. Because of this and the absence of good harbours on the eastern side, which is open to the monsoon, most of the population of Malaya is concentrated round the better ports and the developed areas of the west and south.

The origin of the Malay is still obscure. About the seventh century Chinese and Arab traders have described a Malay

Kingdom in Java, which gradually extended its influence until by A.D. 1200 it ruled parts of Malaya and even distant Ceylon. Of course, these Malayan outposts were probably only small trading posts at the river mouths and Malaya as a whole was not cleared and occupied. Even so, some of them were important, for in 1292 Marco Polo visited and described several of them. About this time Mohammedanism was introduced from South India and the Malays were converted, although they kept many of their Buddhist customs. They adopted the Arabic script and numerals and the pilgrimages to Mecca did much to bind the Malays together and to introduce them to the civilisation of India and Arabia.

Singapore and Malacca were founded during this period. The early city of Singapore was captured and most efficiently plundered by a Javanese king about 1300, as a result of which it was reduced to fishing village status again, with piracy as a profitable sideline. Malacca on the other hand gradually grew in importance as a trading city and clearing centre for local forest products and tin on their way to India and China. Eventually it gained ascendancy over the other Malay river settlements until even the Emperor of China sent envoys to treat with its rulers. The only threat was the fear of invasion from Siam.

Then in 1509 the shadow of things to come fell over the port, when the first





Portuguese ship sailed into the harbour. The Portuguese had recently discovered the Cape of Good Hope, had rounded it and had pushed their way into the Indian Ocean, which soon involved them in a bitter struggle with the Arabs and Indians for the trade of the East. In 1511, thanks to ocean-going ships and considerable determination, the Portuguese, under their famous leader D'Albuquerque, captured Malacca and soon afterwards opened up trading posts in Borneo, the Moluccas, and even Macao in China. Under this impulse of trading Malacca grew rapidly in size until it reached such a position that it was described by a contemporary, and obviously much impressed, European as "the biggest sea port in the whole world."

The Portuguese built Malacca up into a fortress of considerable strength. It has still many relics of this greatness. The cathedral, if it has survived bombing, stands to this day and looks strangely out of place in the sleepy eastern town. However, Portugal had not the reserves of man-power to develop her conquests in the East, and when Spain seized the Portuguese fleet, and then lost most of it in the Armada, the days of Portuguese sea power were ended.

Meanwhile the Dutch and the English were steadily pushing their trading ventures into the East at the expense of Portugal. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the East India Company

was formed and established a post at Acheen at the North of Sumatra, with other posts in Java and the Moluccas. The Dutch also had formed an East India Company aimed at a monopoly of Malayan trade, and soon they tried to force this monopoly throughout the East.

This Dutch policy had two important results. It upset the whole economy of native coastal trade in the East Indies and forced the Malay traders to turn pirate. Being eminently suited for this they went into the new profession with enormous gusto and carried on the business with great success until late in the last century. The other result of Dutch bids for monopoly was a bitter rivalry with the English for trading rights, from the many Malay Petty Chiefs, in spice and other tropical products. Feelings rose high on both sides and "local incidents" became common, until eventually in 1622 the Dutch settled matters by a local incident on a big scale, namely, the massacring of the whole English trading post at Amboina. This, not unnaturally, discouraged the English traders and they rapidly lost ground in the Far East, until at length Bencoolen, an ill-chosen post on the east coast of Sumatra, providing no shelter for ships for half the year, was our only foothold left.

Meanwhile the Dutch had established a trading post at Johore and, in 1641, with the help of the Malays, captured Malacca from the Portuguese. From that date for more than a hundred years





the Dutch were the paramount European influence in the Malayan Archipelago. They made treaties with local Malay Rajahs and established trading posts through which they collected tin and other produce. In spite of losses at sea and occasional routine massacres, this trade proved of great value to Holland, and Malacca, as the centre, grew in importance and strength.

The English East India Company with only the inferior port at Bencoolen was badly handicapped, but its distant Headquarters in Madras were only faintly interested. At last, in 1771, the Sultan of Kedah in Northern Malaya offered the East India Company (via a certain Captain Light, a retired Naval officer, representing a Madras firm at Kuala Kedah) the coast of Kedah in return for protection against the Siamese. Unfortunately the Company was still not interested, nor indeed was it able to provide the protection, and negotiations fell through. It was not until 1786 that the indefatigable Captain Light arranged for the Island of Penang to be ceded to the Company in exchange for a subsidy of 6,000 dollars (Mexican). This was also followed by the ceding of a large area of the mainland (Province Wellesley) for a further 4,000 dollars. This completely changed the situation; Penang was developed into a good port and the E.I.C. had taken one step further into the East.

Meanwhile events in Europe were moving fast and in 1795 Napoleon over-

ran Holland. The British promptly occupied Malacca as the protectors of Dutch rights. In 1811, Java was captured and Raffles, an employee of the East India Company, was made Governor General. At the end of the Napoleonic wars in 1816 Java was returned to the Dutch but Malacca was kept in exchange for Bencoolen, whereby we lost our hold in Sumatra.

However, the position had changed very considerably and the Dutch were unable to regain their stranglehold on the Malayan trade. In 1819 Raffles, who was a man of enormous drive and foresight, arranged with a Sultan of Johore to cede to us the swampy island of Singapore. The Dutch considered this sharp practice, as they did not consider that the Malay in question was the rightful Sultan, and protested bitterly. The British Government was uninterested in a mere unhealthy swamp and so it was only after a lot of argument that the Dutch agreed to recognise our rights to Singapore and Raffles was able to develop the free port of his dreams. Since all other ports had high customs duties a free port in the strategical position of Singapore at once attracted all the trade of the neighbouring islands and countries. Singapore very soon became a major port and business centre, whilst Malacca declined to the sleepy forgotten harbour that it is to-day.

Up to this time the life of the Malay had been little affected by Europeans.





The Malay Sultans and Rajahs had their Courts in the small towns on the rivers from which they ruled with lenience or despotism, as they thought fit. It is true that the British slowly put a stop to piracy and gave general protection against the Siamese, but there had been no need for active interference in the lives of the bulk of the people of Malaya.

Then about the middle of the nineteenth century events took a new turn. The discovery and exploitation of more and more tin in Malaya led to the rapid increase in the Chinese tin mining organisations. These soon divided into two rival factions—an old Chinese custom—and, each with its backing of thugs, fought on the land and sea until eventually the trade of Penang was seriously disorganised and coastal trading came to a standstill. The Malay Rajahs were quite unable to cope with these truculent immigrants and conditions grew chaotic. Eventually in 1874 a treaty was signed between the British and the Malay Chiefs of Perak, whereby the latter accepted a British Resident to advise on questions of Government other than religion and custom.

Order amongst the Chinese was soon restored, but when the Malay Chiefs found that the British ideas of government interfered with what they considered legitimate custom, the Resident became unpopular and was eventually speared. A small expedition was sent and eventually the three Chiefs respon-

sible for the murder were hanged and Sir Hugh Lowe, the founder of modern Perak, became Resident.

Under his guidance, Perak, governed by local Chiefs with the State Commissar, settled down and steadily developed. Between 1870 and 1890 the remaining Malayan States, seeing that there was something in this system, also accepted Residents and settled down to peaceful development. Finally in 1909 Siam agreed to transfer the sovereignty of the Malayan States of Kelantan, Trengganu, Kedah and Perlis in exchange for certain advantages in Siam. These States had by treaty accepted advisers and were all being steadily developed under their own Malay rulers.

Thus, in spite of the early indifference of the British Government and largely at the request of the people of Malaya, thanks too to the foresight of such men as Captain Light, Sir Stamford Raffles and Sir Hugh Lowe, the peoples of Malaya have been brought up to the happy conditions which existed prior to the Japanese war. Here, at least, contrary to common belief, our Empire has been expanded peaceably and not by means of the "licentious and brutal" soldiery.

For those interested in the subject here are a few works on Malaya which should be available in any good library:—

- |                        |               |
|------------------------|---------------|
| "Britain and Malaya"   | . Windstedt.  |
| "Men of Malaya"        | . Dalton.     |
| "Lights of Singapore"  | . Braddell.   |
| "Footprints in Malaya" | . Swettenham. |
| "British Malaya"       | . Cherry.     |



## THREE AND THREE-QUARTER YEARS AGO

*This month we publish, as our selected article from the corresponding issue of three and three-quarter years ago, the Editorial from TEE EMM of December, 1941.*

### TEE EMM FOR DECEMBER

**I**F you are hanging by your eyebrows to the top of a high cliff you are pretty careful not to let go. All your will is concentrated upon holding out. If, however, you are hanging on to the top rung of a ladder, your will to hold on is perhaps not functioning in quite such a single-minded fashion; for if you do slip, you know that there is another rung a few inches below, and you can hang on to that.

This homely simile—if you have any cliffs or ladders in your home—can be applied to a lot of things, but very aptly to that thing known as “Appearances.”

What are appearances? P.O. Prune at once says: “Oh, something you have to keep up; like your trousers,” gives a hearty laugh, and picks up an illustrated paper. P.O. Prune is simply avoiding the question; too much like something serious. Another man might say: “Appearances are things that don’t matter any more than the polish on a button; if the button is doing its work—that’s what counts.” That man is deceiving himself—because he is lazy. You will find that in reality he doesn’t like doing that little bit of extra work which makes a good show, which engenders smartness and cleanliness: and *because* he doesn’t like it he has persuaded himself to the hearty he-man belief that the essentials are the real and only thing. A third man might answer the question in this way: “Appearances! They’re a sort of a reflection of what is behind. A symbol of something underneath. They *mean* something.” And this chap has the right answer.

Appearances certainly do *mean* something, because they stand for something. Dirty buttons will keep your tunic round you just as well as clean ones, but clean ones show that the tunic’s wearer *likes* to be clean and is willing to do a spot of inessential work to keep so. Essentials, as the second fellow rightly said, are the real thing, but they are not, as he wrongly said, the only thing. He’s only arguing that way to get out of a bit of extra trouble. He is, in other words, not putting up as good a show as he might; and that tells you plainly that he is slack.

How often are we judged by appearances? Many more times than you’d think. Ever heard an Officer of the Watch in the Navy comment sarcastically upon an ill-kept boat from another ship, or a signal not picked up as quickly as it might? His sarcasm isn’t directed at the boat’s crew or the signalman: it involves the whole ship. He blames the ship’s company from Captain down to deck boy.

Or take the Army! Does a visiting General tell off a sloppily-dressed sentry, or guard slow in turning out? No, he says to himself, “That unit’s discipline

is poor ; the unit is therefore inefficient"—and later he tears a regal strip off the C.O.

So too in the Air Force. Consider the real implication behind a duty pilots' room with tea-cups unwashed on the table, kit strewn about, cigarette ends on the floor thick as autumn leaves, dirt everywhere. Consider the meaning of aircraft at dispersal caked with oil and mud. It isn't easy to keep aircraft at dispersal shining like Life Guards' chargers, but a good deal can be done. Not merely for the look of things either. Filthy aircraft cannot be efficiently inspected : you cannot see what you are inspecting.

And here you notice that the inessentials of appearances, the mere reflection of something behind, have begun to slip into *essentials*. A slightly lower standard of cleanliness has been accepted and that lower standard is *not* appearances only. If dirty aircraft cannot be efficiently inspected, they will be that much less efficient in themselves. If one unimportant part of an aircraft is allowed to get dirty, the dirt will soon get to other parts—and these may be vital working parts.

It's only a little slip—from the top rung of a ladder to the next ; but it *is* a slip. And who is to say that that slip from top to second is any less vital than from second to third ? Or from third to fourth ? When you once start lowering standards, where do you draw the line ? Dirty buttons may do their job as well as clean ones, but the man who habitually avoids cleaning them because it's an inessential is the man who is not going to bother about a loose button till it actually comes off—and is lost. And then he's going to say that four buttons aren't really essential ; three do the job just as well. And so on, till he would be clad in rags and a two-day beard, if he were allowed—still, however, talking about " essentials."

No, there is only one way ; hang on to that *top* rung as tightly as possible—just as if it were a cliff. Keep at the highest standard of cleanliness that you can yourself ; see that all for whom you are responsible do so too. That way only lies true efficiency.

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## DOOMIE SAYS



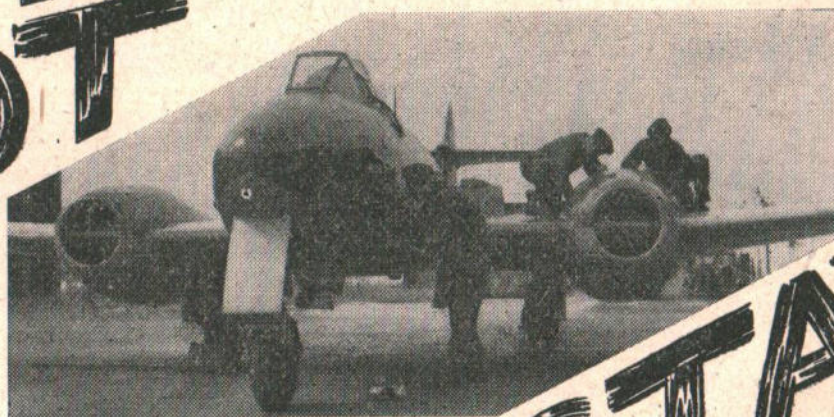
Doomie-buoy says Don't shoot me.

## ADVERTISEMENT PAGE

**P**ERHAPS you are wondering why we've suddenly burst out with an advertisement. Well, strictly between ourselves, and don't let the Air Ministry hear, it's because the Editor's Age and Sex Group is due to come up pretty soon and he's trying to earn a dishonest penny to help him start off in Civvy Street. You'd be surprised how much we've jewed out of the Directorate of Manning for publishing the stuff just below.

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**For further details ask your Section Commander, Adjutant, Education Officer or Padre.**



He said he'd show his pals something new in Aerobatics.

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