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ORAL HISTORY RECORDING

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Identification: This is an interview with Air Marshal Fred Barnes on 20 May 1994 at his house at 165 Cassia[?] Court, Marina Drive East, The Anchorage, Tweed Heads.

Air Marshal, was there any service connections in your family?

No, none at all. My father didn't serve in the war at World War I which he might have done, and I had no military people in my background.

What about your first interest in flying?

Probably started when my father took me to Essendon Airport in Melbourne, as a lad of about twelve or thirteen, and I saw a DC2 that was visiting, and watched it taxi through the mud. That was my biggest memory, I think, before getting an interest in the Air Training Corps as about a sixteen-year-old, during the early part of World War II.

Was there encouragement from your family to join the Services?

No, I think my family's interest in those days, having not long survived the Depression of the '30s was to get me into a secure Public Service job.

A bit of a change from becoming a fighter pilot.

Just a bit.

So how did you eventually join the Air Force? Was it the encouragement of the Air Training Corps?

Yes, the Air Training Corps and the group of young people I mixed with in the days when I was sixteen through to eighteen. A group of us used to do a lot of ice skating together and discuss what we were going to do, if the war should last long enough, and I developed an interest in air crew and I think I used to pester the recruiting centre in Melbourne, in Russell Street, the old Lanes Motors building, to get me on an air crew course.

Where were you living at that time? Were you living in a suburb of Melbourne?

In Melbourne, Thornbury.

So you were right at the end of the war when you joined.

1943 I joined. I turned eighteen at the end of '42, November '42, but at that stage, I think, the machine was starting to wind down a bit and there were not that many vacancies on air crew courses, and I had to wait until, I think it was April '43, before I could get on a course.

So when you joined you had a full realisation you might serve in combat.

Oh yes, in '43 at that stage there was no public hint of the war reaching a climax.

Can you go through the training procedure at that stage? If you could just recall where you were initially trained, your officer course and then [inaudible].

Certainly, certainly. Well, Day one, to the recruit centre at Russell Street, medical examination and then on the night train to Sydney, and it was popularly rumoured at that time that we could expect to see the Sydney people at Albury Station on their way down to Somers, but the Victorian people nearly all went up to Bradfield Park in Sydney for what was called the Initial Training School. That was about two months and at the end of the first two months of basic training there was a division of the wireless/air gunners and gunners leaving to start their more advanced training, and those selected by some mysterious process to be pilots and navigators continued on for another few weeks. From Bradfield Park it was to Elementary Flying Training. For me it was at Narrandera in New South Wales.

Was that on Tiger Moths?

On Tiger Moths.

How did you take to initial flying training?

I remember my first flight in a Tiger Moth; I had flown a couple of times before, including in a Fairy Battle[?] as an

Air Training Corps cadet down at Sale. But there was an air experience flight and the instructor took me took me up, demonstrated some aerobatics, then turned the aircraft upside down and glided down up the wrong way, and I didn't mind the harness, I could keep my seat on the seat but what worried me was my feet fell up or down, as the case may be, and ended up underneath the cockpit combing. I remember thinking, I won't be able to hack this, my feet are going the wrong way, but from there on it worked out pretty well.

Did you feel comfortable in the air right from the beginning?

Yes, I don't remember any difficulties. I enjoyed the whole thing very much. I don't think my night flying was of a great standard but the rest of it went all right.

What about flying the Tiger? People look upon that aircraft with some degree of affection.

Yes, I can understand that. I later had the chance to fly the Bracket Trainer[?[which was built in Australia to be a successor for the Tiger Moth and it didn't have the same capabilities. The Tiger was, and still may be, a marvellous training aircraft.

How did you adapt to flying the tail draggers? These days they talk about the tricycle undercarriage as opposed to flying the tail-dragger.

I guess there was perhaps a little more skill required in the so-called three-point landing to judge the moment of stall and be just above the runway service but it was accepted then as that's the way aeroplanes were.

You were a young man of, say, nineteen. Was it nineteen?

Eighteen.

Eighteen. Where did you see your ambitions at that stage of your life? Did you have any or were you just looking at getting through your flying course?

I had some ambitions to go to medicine eventually. I was very fond of our old family doctor, a Dr Harley[?], from Northcote and he used to talk to me when he visited the house, as doctors did in those days. I think even for a cold or a snivel the

doctor came along to the house. I had an ambition to go into medicine eventually.

So you were going to leave the Air Force, leave air crew and become a doctor.

Oh yes, at that stage we were merely looking at the war-time Air Force; it was a commitment for the duration.

What was the feeling of the Australian people towards the war? Was there a positive, optimistic attitude, say, in - was it 1943?

'43, '44. Yes, there were some problems. I can remember troubles with wharf labourers not agreeing to load certain ships and that sort of attitude horrifying the population in general. But there was rationing of food and clothing which we probably would find intolerable these days but my impression was of whole-hearted support for the war, what was going on.

Where did you go for your advanced flying training?

From Narrandera it was off to Uranquinty which is just outside of Wagga, on Wirraways, and that again was a lot of fun.

What about the life of the young cadet? Can you describe it? I mean, living in the Mess and what social life you had. Did you go out with the local girls? Did you use the local pubs? Can you describe what it was like?

Certainly. There were organisations of local people who set out to make sure that the trainees going through places like Uranquinty were given some entertainment. A group of us, two or three of us - one chap I still correspond with - first of all bought an old car, the three of us, a Maxwell Tourer 1924 with a magneto ignition, I'll always remember, which we had fitted not only with the petrol tank but also with another tank for para-kerosene because petrol was rationed and we wouldn't have got any with the petrol ration, so we had it fitted for para-kerosene which we got from a very friendly local farmer, and were able to tour around quite a bit of the area. The particular farmer and his family lived over near the Rock, and they made us very welcome there. Yes, there were country dances, old-fashioned dances, a little bit of beer drinking, I'm afraid, at the weekends in Wagga, but no, the attitude then was intent on a course but have what fun you can outside.

Did any of your course members get into trouble? I mean, obviously young air crew were always have a very lively imagination and too much energy. What about some of the incidents that you can recall?

Well, I can remember two I'll tell you about. One concerned a chap called Arthur Beard[?] who was in the hut when the rest of the course got to Uranquinty - a very large, strong young man and when we questioned him as to where he came from he said he'd been in gaol. And a lot of further questioning to find out that Arthur Beard had been caught doing a beat-up, as it's called, in a Tiger Moth over one of the hotels in Leeton near Narrandera and it was pretty obvious that the Tiger Moth in those days was not only painted bright yellow with the Air Force roundels on it, but it had very large black numbers on it. So he'd been court martialled and given twenty-eight days in the military confinement barracks at Holsworthy but they didn't think too badly of him because they put him back on the next course, and that's when he joined us. Arthur Beard was a noted surf swimmer of the day and, in fact, he was given special leave from the course at Uranquinty to go and compete in Sydney. I didn't hear of him after Uranquinty until I was travelling in a car, travelling north of Sydney recently, and the Sunday morning show, 'Macka'[?] and the Sunday Morning, mentioned a group of Australian surf swimmers that had put on a demonstration carnival in England, I think in Wales, during World War II, and he mentioned some of the names and one of them was Arthur Beard. And then Macka went on to say that he'd tried to call Arthur Beard at home in Sydney and only got his wife who told him that Arthur wasn't available and he was down surf swimming, so that was first time that I knew Arthur Beard had successfully got through the war. But characters, I can tell you another one. When we were going through the course at Uranquinty, one of course mates was Morrie Burnett[?]. Now, Morrie Burnett was a little bit wild and none of us really believed his story that he was studying for the priesthood before he went into the Air Force. The weekend before Wings Parade at Uranquinty we were in Wagga having a drink and in those days the pubs were short of beer and they might open for half an hour and then you had to go and find another one and we were wandering across the road in the main street in Wagga to another pub and Morrie didn't see an old car coming along and it bumped him and he broke his arm, and we weren't due to go back to camp until that night and Morrie did tend to moan a bit about his arm and sat up in the train grizzling a bit, but we attended the Wings Parade the next morning, on the Monday, and the Officer Commanding stated that the Air Officer Commanding Western Australia, or western area, had come over to Uranquinty to present the wings to the course, including to his own son, and the man's name was Brierly[?]. And we looked at one another on parade and said, 'We don't know any Brierly', but sure enough it turned out to be Morrie Burnett. Morrie told us afterwards, and we found out, that he was already a graduate aeronautical engineer and like some of us he'd been 'Man

Powered'. In other words he wasn't allowed to leave his occupation to join the Services, so he'd simply enlisted under another name. And the Air Force treated that very well, I thought, because they allowed Morrie to go up. He did a successful tour in 77 Squadron, up in the Pacific on Kittyhawks, and then I think got out of the Air Force soon afterwards and went and resumed his academic career and I think he ended up in De Havillands[?] over in the United Kingdom where he became something of a propeller expert. And then I lost touch with Morrie for a number of years until I went down to Support Command in the late '70s and found Professor Morrie Brierly as the Professor of Mathematics at the Australian Air Force Academy. So there's a couple that I can remember off the top of my head of characters from those days.

Air Marshal, when you were awarded your wings, can you describe the atmosphere - who attended, what it was like in those days?

There wasn't very much of a ceremony. It was a monthly feature at places like Uranquinty. Courses graduated every month. In the main, the pilots were young fellows, nineteen thereabouts, so there were no families usually, but the staff at the base tried to make a little ceremony of it, but I think for most of us it was a sigh of relief and a question as to what happens next.

So it was really a bit like a sausage machine.

Yes, there was some of that.

Out of those young men you graduated with, how many of those were killed in their flying career?

I don't really know. As I indicated a moment ago, I didn't hear of Arthur Beard from 1944 through till 1994. There was a high casualty rate, I feel from what I've heard, among those who were fed out of ITS to go and be gunners particularly. During that war-time Empire Air Training Scheme, there was a split up after the end of every course. Some people went straight from Initial Training School to an elementary flying training school overseas. Others went at the end of elementary flying training and went over to Canada or Rhodesia, earlier, to continue their flying training, before ending up in UK. Now, of those that went the link from Australia to Britain or through Canada to Britain early and ended up in Bomber Command in, say, '44 there was a pretty high casualty rate with some of those people. Bomber Command were losing a lot of crews at that time. But unfortunately, the machine was such in those days, we were all moving around quickly or it seemed quickly,

that apart from special friends we made, we didn't that much contact with our course mates.

Did you have a choice on the type of aircraft that you were going to fly?

No, not at all. There was an aptitude testing system, both for manual dexterity and recognising things psychologists pushed at us, and no, no say, it just happened.

How do you compare the quality of pilots that were being pushed out at that stage of your career, compared with later in your life when you became a Commander of somewhere like Williamtown?

I think the quality was high because of a very high scrub rate. The wastage on the - well, not so much on the Initial Training School - but on Elementary Flying Training and Service Flying Training and OTU subsequent to that, there was a pretty high wastage. And as the war progressed the wastage rate got higher because they didn't need so many people, but ....

What was the wastage rate about - fifty or sixty per cent?

I don't think as high as that but per course it might have been about twenty to thirty per cent.

It seems throughout aviation history the scrub rate of about fifty per cent from the intake to the time that people passed their advanced flying courses, seems to be about fifty per cent.

Oh yes, I agree in total, yes. I can understand that in a way. The idea, certainly during war-time, was only to pass through those people who were assessed as being able to make the transition from training aircraft to operational aircraft with the minimum of failure, and it was cheaper that way - to weed them out at the Elementary Flying stage or the Service Flying stage.

Which operational aircraft were you posted to?

I went to the Kittyhawk, the P40.

How did you find the Kittyhawk?

Lovely old aeroplane, a bit slow but robust, sturdy and steady, and the old Alison[?] engine was as smooth as silk.

A bit of a transition from a Wirraway to a Kittyhawk?

Yes, I got one shock with the Kittyhawk. I'd become perhaps a little over-confident in the Wirraway, I knew of its flick characteristics.

When you say 'flick', that's when you were in a turn and ...?

Either that - you're talking about a high speed flick there, where the aircraft for its speed is pulled too tightly in and it just simply flicks out of the manoeuvre, usually a turn. But also there's a low-speed flick in the Wirraway where, if you get too slow, it can flick and in that regard was quite a dangerous aircraft for the unknowing.

So the Kittyhawk also had that sort of characteristic?

What I was going to say is, I found myself during the Operational Training Unit which was at Mildura, upside down, trying to hold the nose up or to stay inverted, watching for someone underneath when suddenly the aircraft departed into what I subsequently found was a tumble. In other words, the thing fell head over heels for a couple of turns and then flicked into an inverted spin, by which time I was panicking and I'd pushed the canopy off and was about to eject when it fell into a normal spin and I was able to recover. But that was a pretty valuable lesson that I got away with.

Seems to be an unusual manoeuvre.

Indeed.

What about the engines in those days? You mentioned it was a very smooth engine. Were they reliable?

Yes, at the OTU the aircraft were getting older, they were earlier models than those that were in the squadrons then. I think it was the P40E which had the most remarkable boost ability. It could be boosted up to seventy-two inches of manifold pressure which was rather an extraordinary amount. But no, I don't remember significant engine failures from the P40s, they were pretty reliable.

What increase did that boost give you over your standard horsepower?

I suppose it's fair to say the Alison wasn't a very powerful engine and it ran out of puff at about 25 000 feet, but - I'm just trying to relate it. The later versions probably went up to about sixty-four or sixty-six inches of boost at maximum. The total increase in horsepower, I'm sorry, you've got me; I just don't know.

What theatre of war were you training for?

By the time OTU came along, it was quite specific, we were training for the Pacific, but during the Elementary Flying Training and service flying training there was no particular direction pursued. It was just general flying training, but certainly by OTU at Mildura there was concentration on things like barges which was a bit of a do at the time - chasing Japanese barges along the coast and in the rivers around the islands. Yes, there was the thrust towards the Pacific war at Mildura.

So what was your first operational post?

77 Squadron up in the Pacific, and by this time the war was pretty well advanced. It was into '45 before I got up to the Pacific and joined 77 Squadron at Morotai[?] in the Celibes.

Can you describe what sort of activities the squadron was involved in? You mentioned shooting up barges.

Yes, well, in fact, I only got a few operational sorties with the Squadron; the war was close to ending. There was a little bit of dispirit at that time at Morotai because it was seen that the war had passed through and had gone to the Philippines and the Australian squadrons based on Morotai were attacking Japanese elements that were left in pockets and themselves by-passed, and really those Japanese could play no further effective part in the war, so to some extent it was a campaign that was not going to alter the outcome of the war, at all.

There was a mutiny by a number of pilots which you're obviously familiar with. I just wonder whether you might like to pass comment.

Yes, I'm sympathetic very much to their cause.

Can you describe how the mutiny came about?

No, I can't because I was too young. I was a flight sergeant by then, I think - a very minor cog in the whole affair, a very junior pilot, a 'boggy'[?], and I was vaguely aware of what was going on. I heard comment from some of the more senior pilots in the squadron but I just gathered that some of the squadron commanders and the wing commander got together and decided that it was pretty much a waste of men and effort that shouldn't be happening.

Now, the action was taken by Air Marshal Bostock[?] and he convened an inquiry.

Yes, as I understand it.

Can you remember the outcome of that inquiry?

I can't really. I think the officers concerned went home to Australia but I don't really know.

What was your feelings as a young fighter pilot up in Morotai? You were putting yourself on the line when you were still strafing, it was still dangerous yet it was right at the end of the war. What was your reactions to putting your life at risk for what would be a minimal return?

I'm afraid I'd have to say it was still an adventure. It was what we'd trained for and there was a sort of a feeling we didn't want to miss out on it. To have done anything else was not in our thoughts.

Were you up in Morotai at the cessation of conflict?

No, the Squadron, the Wing, 81 Wing, moved from Morotai to Labuan[?] Island in Borneo for the Borneo campaign which was very much an Australian campaign; it was an Australian 'do'. There was a bit more action there and much more satisfying in that it was a new campaign. Borneo needed to be relieved and it was an Australian do.

Was most of your flying ground strafing or did you get involved in air to air?

I have to confess that I never saw an enemy aircraft in the air. It was all ground attack work.

> So your training in Australia was obviously mainly concentrated towards ground attack as opposed to air to air.

Yes, yes. The Kittyhawk was a fighter by name but a ground attack aircraft in reality. It didn't have quite the performance to compete with, say, the Spitfire-type.

> How did young pilots up in the islands relieve stress or tension or relax? I mean, there wasn't a local cinema to go to.

Well, strangely enough, cinema was about the only relaxation. There were open air theatres so-called - a projection booth with a bit of cover over it and a screen out in the open and a few ammunition cases to sit on. A bit of card playing, I suppose. Not much drinking because there wasn't much alcohol available. I seem to recall there was some sort of ration of hard liquor for operational sorties or operational hours. It might have been an ounce an hour or something such, but there certainly wasn't much around.

> What was the morale like of the air crew?

Just so at Morotai but, as I indicated earlier, once we got over to Borneo it picked up again. But that was only for what? - a couple of months before the war ended.

> When people look at you, the fighters up in the islands, there must have been some off-sets: some of the country was beautiful, beautiful waters up there to swim in, there might have been good fishing. Was that a reality or was that nonsense?

No, nonsense. Labuan Island was a pretty place. Some of the other places weren't so great and once the war ended and we were waiting for the next step, Labuan Island was a lot of fun. It was an excellent surf beach, a lot of good fishing - some of it with explosives, I could tell you about some time. Volley ball was big, playing on the sand, despite the warnings of our doctor, Mick Cato[?], that we'd all end up with some sort of terrible worm - I can't think what it was called - if we keep running around in bare feet. A bit more alcohol by then, but no, we found .... There was a bit of boat building going on. We built boats for fishing.

Did you fish with what? - bungers of dynamite.

I suppose I should fess up. Whilst swimming in the waters around Labuan town which I can't think - it wasn't Georgetown, that's Penang. I can't remember what the town is on Labuan, but there was a nice surf beach there and we saw shoals of fish, thousands of them, but they weren't amenable to being caught with a rod and line and so we decided to try explosives, and we found that there was an ammunition, fairly close to our camp on Labuan that was ready for - well, it was ready for the move to British Commonwealth Occupation Force - and we first of all got some hand grenades and used those with great success, getting vast quantities of fish which we spread around the people. We had to dive for them. When the fish are killed like that, maybe ...

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We had to dive for them. When the fish are killed like that, maybe twenty per cent float and the rest go to the bottom, so we had to dive and catch them. Then we ran out of hand grenades so we used one pound slabs of TNT with a detonator and a length of fuse, and we'd run out of those towards the end and the only thing we could do was try and make something up. So we got the explosive content out of .5 inch machine-gun cartridges and tipped that into a little can that held something like Enos - I think it was called Salvilatily[?], if I remember rightly - and fitted that with some of the detonators and fuses. I can remember the first trial with that new weapon quite well. Having lit the fuse, it might have been Fred Ingra[?] I think, went to throw the thing out into the shoal of fish but we hadn't done user trials and step one was to find out that the can wasn't very heavy and it didn't throw as far as the hand grenades, so that caused a bit of consternation. But there was more consternation when we found that it didn't sink, it sat on the surface, so there was a bit of panic for a while, and we had to do some modifications to the new weapon. But we got a lot of fish that way and the troops were particularly pleased to get the fish because the rations then were still pretty terrible. It was dried food or tinned food. I know I still have a dislike for beans and powdered milk, I hope I never see again.

How did you celebrate the end of conflict when you heard the news?

Oh.

Was it a sense of relief?

It was a sense of relief. I can only remember one particular incident. We'd had, in the squadron, a droppable rescue package that we'd built up in the squadron. The idea was, if a pilot should be downed and accessible, we could drop this. It was a fuel tank that had been emptied - droppable fuel tank - and fitted with a variety of things like flares and survival equipment generally. When the war ended this was broken out and the various flares were all set off at once, including parachute flares and various other flares, but there wasn't much to celebrate on or with. It was pretty basic living in those days.

You mentioned that you were interested in studying medicine after the war. Did you sit back and think where you wanted to go from there?

Well, I did, and what happened was that the offer to join the Interim Air Force came along and go to Japan with the Occupation Force and that ended up with a group of people that consisted basically of younger people like me who thought they hadn't really seen enough yet, and some pretty hard-headed experienced fellows who just liked that way of life and didn't want to let go. So away I went with this group to Japan, having spent the period from the end of the war through till about February 1946 sitting on Labuan waiting for the Occupation Force to go up there.

What was your task in Japan?

Our task was to - the collective British Commonwealth Occupation Force which was British, New Zealand, Indian and Australia was to control a prefecture of Japan, the south-western end of the main island of Honchu[?]. The Australian Air Force went to a base called Bofu[?], down near the straits between the middle island and the south-western island, and we flew reconnaissance patrols over the area. We were looking for any signs of residual military activity - Japanese military activity - smugglers, but generally having a presence, being seen.

Was there any thought of sabotage by some of the Japanese military?

No. One of the remarkable things to me was to find, after the stories we'd heard about the Japanese, to find that they were docile, I suppose is getting close to it. They were polite, helpful and apart from the occasional flashes from men who'd

been drinking - Japanese men who'd been drinking - completely docile.

> How did you handle that? Because there you saw the viciousness of the Japanese that you were fighting, and that was a reality, to this other side. How as a young man did you react to that?

Yes, it was a shock at the beginning. We were naturally wary in all our dealings but before we knew it there were young Japanese women making the beds and doing the washing and generally being around the quarters. A lot of the domestic tasks on the base were done by the Japanese men and women. They were all so helpful and polite that we were forced to revise our thinking.

> There was no animosity by the Japanese towards the Occupation Force?

None. I know of only two incidents I saw throughout my time in Japan: one, an old man stealing some clothes in a very obvious way, and he turned out to be senile and badly in need of medical care; and another occasion, as a younger officer by then, I was asked to defend a Japanese man at what amounted to a magistrate's court that had been set up by the Occupation Authorities to handle civil cases against the Occupation Force. This particular man had been doing some stealing and was a different character altogether. But he was the only one saw that gave me any cause for apprehension, at all.

> What are your feelings towards the Japanese people now, in retrospect?

I'm certainly not bitter. I am, however, of the view that one still should be careful. There is an arrogance there that I don't understand. There was, as I said a moment ago, a tinge of something that came out sometimes when Japanese men had been drinking together. I always found Japanese women delightful people to talk to, but there is something there that I don't understand.

> How did the Air Force hierarchy regard relations by RAAF airmen towards Japanese women? Obviously there must have been any number of relationships that took place, some casually, obviously through prostitution, others more seriously.

It was frowned on very severely at first. It was called 'fraternisation' and there were regulations about fraternisation, but, as you suggest, it was hard to stop; nature takes its course. There were no marriages as such in the first couple of years but later on towards 1948/49 there was free talk among the airmen, particularly, of their Japanese girlfriends and some of them were living off base with Japanese girls. Marriages occurred later on; some very happy marriages.

Did any of your colleagues, fellow pilots, marry Japanese girls?

No, not in those days. I know a couple of pilots who had very close associations with Japanese ladies.

When you were in Japan, I believe, you met your future wife?

Yes, that's true.

How did that come about? - because you were a very young fighter pilot, there wouldn't have been too many European-based women up there.

True. Well, a bit of a long story, I'll make it as quick as I can. There were ceremonial guards placed in various positions around Tokyo, including the gates into the Imperial Palace. And this was something of the prestige event and the Americans shared this with the British and British forces for a month at a time went to Tokyo from their area down to the south-west of the main island and did the Tokyo guard. Now, in the main, these were army units, as you might guess that did this, but also in their wisdom, the Authorities decided that the air force could participate and from time to time the air force, Australian Air Force in particular, would be asked to contribute what amounted to a company of men to go up with one of the army battalions, and I was fortunate enough to go up with one of these groups of Australian airmen who participated in the Tokyo guard. We lived in an area Ebasu[?] Barracks at the edge of Tokyo. It so happened that one of my friends of those days, a chap called Bill Horseman[?], had been up on an earlier one and he'd met an American man up there and he'd come to some deal with him which resulted in him owing this man a bottle of Scotch, so he asked me would I take the bottle of Scotch up to Tokyo with me when I went. So I made contact with this man called Irving Williams[?] and he said, 'That's great, thank you very much' and he wouldn't be able to get into town that day but his daughter could and perhaps I could pass it to her. So Pamela Williams came in to pick up the bottle of Scotch at the Maranuchi[?] Hotel in Tokyo and we started

talking. And Pamela, an Australian girl - her mother was Australian but her mother had married an American called Irving Williams and he was a long-serving American Red Cross man who at that stage was forming an organisation to care for merchant seamen called the United Seamen's Service and a sort of a welfare organisation. So that's how I got to know Pam.

Was there a reaction by her parents? I mean, fighter pilots have never got the best reputation for marriage prospects.

No, I certainly didn't meet any opposition from the parents (laughs).

Because that certainly is recognised. I recall going through pilot training, it was always looked upon by the local teachers' training college and nurses' college, you just don't go out with pilots.

I can understand that.

Did you marry in Japan?

Yes, we did a year or two later. Again, a bit of a story. I'd stayed on in Japan. I liked the life, the flying was great and there was lots of sporting activity, and ...

A fairly relaxed life, I guess.

Fairly relaxed, yes. In fact, I've always been very, very sorry I didn't make a greater effort then to learn Japanese. I dabbled in music and I dabbled in all sorts of things but I never concentrated on Japanese and I've been sorry ever since. By 1949 the occupation was starting to pack up and it was decided that two of the three Australian squadrons should go home and as I'd been there so long I was changed from 77 Squadron over to 82 Squadron which was one of those to go back, but because of the run-down some of the married quarters that had been built specially for the RAAF were becoming available and I did a little bit of manoeuvring and found I could get a married quarter, so Pam and I decided to be married up there.

You were commissioned by this stage?

I was commissioned by then. And we were married in Tokyo and moved back to Iwo Kuni[?] and lived there for about another year.

Was it a service wedding?

Yes, people like Bay Adams[?] was best man and Bill Horseman and it was an RAAF wedding. I don't think my father-in-law ever recovered from having that bunch of fighter pilots in his house.

Did you have a fly past? I know they used to do terrible things at weddings.

No, there was no fly past. I think perhaps a Dakota might have been involved to fly some of the wedding guests up from Iwo Kuni to Tokyo.

There was a degree of flexibility in those days about how one handled aircraft and personnel.

Well, the OC of the day was Geoff Newstead[?], then Group Captain Newstead, and he was certainly up at the wedding and I think maybe that's how the Dakota got there.

So it would have been a great excuse for a good social function.

Indeed.

So what did you do when you came back from Japan?

Back from Japan to 21 Squadron at Laverton which was then a Citizen Air Force Squadron equipped with Mustangs and I was only there for two or three months, I think. I was then posted down to Sale to do the flying instructor's course at Sale. Pam and I were at that stage building a house in Melbourne and I arrived at the Mess at Sale on the Sunday evening to be met by the Orderly Officer who was Ross Glassop[?], and Ross Glassop told me my posting to Sale had been cancelled and I was posted up to 77 Squadron, Japan - the Korean war had started. So I turned around and drove back to Melbourne and told Pam about this and had to catch a flight up to Richmond the next day.

As quick as that?

As quick as that. And my memory is there were twelve pilots I know and maybe twenty-five or more airmen, hurriedly culled out of the various units in Australia, who had had Mustang

experience, and we off on a chartered DC4 maybe back to Japan a day later.

As a young fighter pilot, were you aware of the rumblings up in Korea?

Not at all, not at all; that war had broken out was a complete surprise. I knew nothing about it.

So what presence did the Allies have in Japan or South Korea at that stage?

I don't think the Americans had anything on the ground in Korea at that stage, apart from maybe liaison type people. But in terms of aircraft, the Australian Occupation Force was down to the one squadron of Mustangs which, in fact, was due to leave, was packing up ready to come home. The Americans had some Mustangs and some early jets. I think they had F84s[?] and F80s[?] and aircraft life V26 Invaders[?], as well as Super Fortress[?].

Where were you flown to in Japan? - you went to Iwo Kuni.

Back to Iwo Kuni, the squadron was still there. By the time we got back there they'd been in action for about six or seven days.

So you were amongst the first Australian air crew to be involved in the Korean conflict.

Yes, apart from those who were still resident there when the war started.

So there was only just a very small gap from the time you left Japan till the time you went back.

Yes, indeed.

What were you told about ...? What were you briefed about the North Koreans? Did you have any intelligence that was worthwhile?

Yes, in a way. There'd been a United Nations team there in Korea and there was an Australian Air Force officer among them, 'Dubbo' Rankin[?], was one of a group of three, and I'm trying

to think of the army officer's name - Australian Army officer - and the third person in that group was a man from El Salvador. They had some knowledge and were able to give us some knowledge of what was happening and what it was all about, but it was all happening so quickly that it was a matter of go over and see what was happening.

Can you describe the atmosphere at Iwo Kuni and the preparation that was being made? There must have been a lot of very frenetic activity.

Yes, certainly. As I indicated, the squadron was packing up. The aircraft were about to be cocooned, ready to be brought home somehow from Japan to Australia. So there was a deal of preparation of the aircraft, particularly the ground troops had a very heavy load. The war was such a moving thing, and I mean 'moving' in the terms that things were happening so quickly that it was a matter of take off from Japan, report into by radio to the American controller then based at Taigoo[?] and get instructions in the air of what to do and where to go.

Would you regard it as being ad hoc?

Not quite because the system was there. The air to ground control system was there and it was working. It's hard to see how they could have coped better because of the fervid situation.

Now, all the Australians were under American control.

Yes.

How did that work?

Fine. We'd been used to it during the Occupation Force. We'd worked with the Fifth Air Force. We'd been under operational control of the Fifth Air Force throughout the occupation, so there was nothing new about that bit.

Now, in the initial phase you didn't expect to have any air to air contact, it was all ground strafing.

Yes, again, it was ground strafing. There were a few, very few, North Korean aircraft around.

Did you see any in the initial phase?

I think I saw two that I could be sure about, but they were not aggressive to us.

What about ground strafing, what sort of targets did you have?

Men, trucks, railway, railway vehicles, stores.

Was this right up near the border region?

Yes, the North Koreans had moved quickly so that the South Korean perimeter was being reduced rapidly and before too long ...

This perimeter[?], you're talking about the border area?

The border between the invading forces from the north and the South Koreans. Within a matter of days the North Korean forces were pressing down towards the South Korean capital, and indeed were within artillery range of Taigoo.

You were obviously fired at from the ground?

Yes.

Quite a frightening experience, really.

Yes and no, in that we were low level - it wasn't heavy artillery so there weren't the big black puffs and the flashes of gunfire from the ground except on rare occasions in well defended places. Most of us didn't see much of it other than when it hit us.

Now, you were just flying Mustangs in this initial phase?

Yes.

What was your expected fate? If you were shot and you had to parachute out, what was your anticipated fate?

One hoped to be able to evade and get back to safety. There were helicopters even then, not in great numbers, but there were some rescues of Australian by helicopter at that stage.

But if you were caught?

We didn't really know. We didn't lose anyone as a prisoner until Gordon Harvey[?] was shot down near Peong Yang[?] in about December 1950, prior to that there'd been some casualties but they were dead ones.

You lost a number of fellow pilots, I think, including Lou Spence[?] was one of them.

Yes, in fact when I got back up to Japan to 77 Squadron, one of my old friends, Squadron Leader Graham Strout[?], had already been lost, and yes, there were a number. Lou Spence was a shock to all of us. I'd have to say he was a man of very high reputation, a man who most of us thought was a senior officer on the making - very senior officer on the making, and a very popular man.

That wouldn't do anything for your morale, although as a young pilot, I suppose, the invincibility of youth ....

Exactly. I don't think you could continue in that sort of environment unless you had that sort of feeling that it's not going to be you.

Were you working on right on the limit of your range with the Mustang when you were operating out of Iwo Kuni?

At that stage, no, it was very close at times. From taking off at Taigoo to launching weapons might be ten minutes. The battle was very close then. Later on, there were some very long range flights.

What was your anticipated posting at that stage?

It was nine months for the Australians. The Americans then were operating on 100 operational sorties, in the fighter squadrons, but we were operating on nine months a tour.

In the latter stage did you have any air to air contact?

No, I never had, not on Mustangs.

They had this peculiar situation whether they were North Korean pilots, whether they might have been Chinese or even Russians.

Yes.

Did you get any intelligence filtered back in the early stages that that may be so?

No, we knew the air war was going on up above us when we were at the stage where the southern forces and the American forces were combined - the United Nations forces - had pushed way up north, up through past Hamhung[?]. And we were operating our Mustangs well north of Hamhung in support of the United Nation forces. So we knew the air war was going on above us with MiGs[?] and the American jet aircraft, but we heard whispers that some of them might have been Russian or some of them might have been Chinese, but we didn't know.

So you may well have been strafing Chinese as well as North Korean troops.

Certainly. In the big breakthrough when the Chinese forces - well, we presumed Chinese forces - came down from the north and started pushing the marines back from .... Oh, I can't remember the name of the reservoir. Was it Chosin[?]? The reservoir was to the north of Hamhung, anyway. The Australian squadron was then based at Hamhung and we were attacking the forces that were pushing the marines back; we didn't know what they were.

It's been suggested by one of your colleagues that the Chinese felt they were bullet-proof because they picked up intelligence through one of the spies, either it was Philby or one of those others, that the Americans would not attack China.

Yes, I think the main point to make there is that the MiG aircraft flying out of China had a one-sided asset - situation - in that they could take off from north of the border, climb up to height and then come across at height from their sanctuary north of the border to attack the American jets, then later on the Australian jets, and then duck out of the fight to sanctuary back in China, again. So they had a decided advantage that way. As to ground troops, don't know, but we certainly had no way of telling what the people were on the ground we were sent to attack; I presume they were Chinese.

During your nine months, you flew the Mustang the whole period?

Yes

You didn't get posted on to the Meteors?

No, I'd in effect finished my tour, the nine months were up just at that time and I was back in Iwo Kuni, having finished my tour, ready to go south, when the Meteors arrived. They arrived cocooned on an aircraft carrier at Iwo Kuni, and two of us, Pip Olarenchor[?] and myself, stayed on for a little bit, did a conversion to the Meteors at Iwo Kuni and worked - not exactly test flying but just flying them after they were de-cocooned and made ready - and we worked out some SOPs[?], if you like: how to do pairs[?]; let downs; how to do formation in the Meteor, what you lined up on what ....

You did standard operating procedures?

Standard operating procedures, so Pip and I worked on those for a couple of weeks and then I flew one of the - went over in the Dakota and flew one of the Mustangs back from ... by that time the troops were down in the south at Pusan[?], the squadron, and flew one of the Mustangs back to Iwo Kuni and then departed from there, and that's when the chaps got on with the conversion from Mustangs to Meteors.

What was your opinion of the Meteor for Korean operations? They've been much criticised in some quarters.

Yes, I can understand that. The Meteor had some advantages and disadvantages. It was not a developed ground attack aircraft and it didn't have a marvellous high altitude performance. It had a limited Mach number that was a bit low. I think it was .82. So it couldn't compete with the MiGs in very high altitude work. Didn't have the speed of the MiG. It was a pretty useful fighter down around the 30 000 to ...

END TAPE 1, SIDE B

BEGIN TAPE 2, SIDE A

It was a pretty useful fighter down around the 30 000 to 35 000 foot area, but it had its shortcomings, yes.

You felt as though the Australian government and the RAAF simply made the wrong decision about purchasing the Meteors as opposed to going to American aircraft?

It's not so much the wrong decision, I think. From what I understand, it was perhaps the only decision they had in that they would have liked to have got American jets, but they just simply weren't available to them.

Just on reflection in Korea, we're looking back now and seeing the rumblings again in the North because of their nuclear policy. How do you perceive that, looking back, maybe the job wasn't done properly?

Yeah, it's hard to tell; it's North and South Vietnam again. I don't know. I really don't know. It's back to a question: should Macarthur have been allowed to take the United Nations forces further up into North Korea? What the casualties would have been? If he had been successful in controlling all of North Korea would it have lasted? I don't know. We can only guess.

What did Fred Barnes, the young fighter pilot, learn from Korea?

Oh dear. First, that it's not as much fun after you're married as when you're single and careless. Secondly, political interference in the conduct of a military campaign is not very wise. I hope that there'll be another Vietnam-type operation where there is such political control. And, I suppose, thirdly, war is for very young men who are not ready to think too much.

Did you get back to Australia jaundiced with even the thought of giving up an air force career and then taking up medicine again?

No, I think by that time I'd been given a permanent commission in the Air Force. I liked the life. I liked the people. I liked the activity. I was posted to the Aircraft Research and Development in Laverton to come home to, and no, at that stage I thought I was too old to resume any sort of academic activity.

Air Marshal, just returning to Korea again. What about the stress on pilots?

There was a stress. The flying rate was, at times, very high. I can recall flying on one occasion out of Iwo Kuni, over to Korea, flying four operational strikes within the immediate vicinity at Taigoo, staying overnight in a tent, flying four more sorties the next day - operational sorties - and then back to Iwo Kuni that evening. We were getting forty-five/fifty operational hours a month, and that was all of the pilots, and there were a lot of us. You remember, twelve of us flew up from Australia, there were already twenty-four or twenty-five pilots there, all were flying at that rate. I've thought since, reading books that have been written about the total Korean campaign, that that was the high intensity period; in that first nine months when the war was so mobile. If you remember, the North Koreans drove down, pushed South Koreans into the south-east corner of Korea, then there was the insertion of United Nations forces and the landing over on the west coast, and the North Korean forces being driven all the way back up the island or up the isthmus, rather, and then the Chinese forces coming in from the north and the whole thing pushing way down south again. There was a lot of heavy fighting, a lot of close support of the army on the ground from the Mustangs - a very fluid situation. The squadron, after all, in that nine months had four moves. They went from Iwo Kuni to Pusan, up to Hamhung and then back down to Pusan.

How did the pilots from World War II who had a very rough trot from the early stages of World War II, how did they cope with going to another very stressful environment?

In my days there, I thought, very well. I particularly admired the activities of people like Pip Olarenshaw[?] who'd already had a fair way, and I must say that the outstanding man of my days there, after the CO, Lou Spence, was killed, was Dick Cresswell[?]. Now, Dick Cresswell had had a long war in World War II. He was sent up in a hurry to take over the squadron after Lou Spence was killed and Dick Cresswell led very much from the front. He was in every activity that was on, leading the squadron. I've always thought that he was not well treated by the Authorities as a result of that effort. Subsequent squadron commanders were awarded the DSO, I'd have seen Dick as the one who should have got the first one. As for the stress, I would have to tell you about one pilot for whom the whole thing got too much. A flight lieutenant, a nice chap, able, one of us, and he got holed one day, a small bullet or a small shell of a bullet went through this cockpit canopy. He seemed to be coping with that very well. He talked to reporters. He had a photograph taken of him pointing to the hole in his canopy but the next morning I was driving the crew truck down from where we lived at the southern end of Pusan strip to the opposite end where the aircraft were and I saw this chap walking diagonally across the airfield carrying his bag. So I waited on the roadside until he came close and said, 'Hey, do you want a lift?', and he climbed in, and I said, 'Are you

going on leave?', and he gave me no answer. I said, 'Where do you want to go?'. He said, 'Down to the Dakota', and we were using the Dakota to communicate between the squadron and Iwo Kuni, and he promptly disappeared into the Dakota and went back to Iwo Kuni. I went back to the quarters end an hour or so later and saw Dick Cresswell and I said, 'Oh, is so-and-so going on leave?'. He said, 'No'. Now, that man just disappeared like that, but he's the only one I knew of to whom the stress was too much, and I'd accept it as that - the stress was too much for that man in those circumstances. But I don't know the situation after the Meteor phase started.

How did you look at it at the time? I mean, on reflection you can say, well, everyone's got their limits on stress?

I think that's what I accepted then. The man was one of us. He was not someone you'd have ever thought that that might happen to.

Did you find in combat situations it was often the one that you thought would not cope, was the one that came to the fore? Did you have some sort of innate feeling for your fellow pilots about how they coped with stress?

No, I don't remember that. I don't remember any apprehensions about anyone. I don't remember anyone showing any reluctance, at all. I do remember some people making what I felt were rather exaggerated claims as to what they'd achieved, but apart from that, no.

What about awards to pilots? Now, you were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for your service in Korea. What about this equitable arrangement for awards? There seems to be a lot of criticism about how we go about it.

Yes, well, I've already commented that I thought Dick Cresswell was hard done by. I had a feeling that there were some American awards given to the squadron that were on some sort of ration or percentage basis, I don't know. I didn't ever pursue it. I don't have a feeling about it.

As you mentioned, when you came back to Australia you were with the Aircraft Research Development Unit and you had this peculiar in-house course for test pilots, as opposed to going to the Empire Test Pilot School in the UK. Was that course appropriate or do you think it was inadequate?

Oh, it was adequate for what I did. There were three of us, I think, given what was called an Abbreviated Australian Test Pilots' Course at ARDU at Laverton, and our chief instructor was Jim Rowlands who subsequently became Chief of Air Staff and then Governor of New South Wales, and Rod Noble[?], who became Chief of the Air Force Technical Services, was another of the instructors. They had been through the Empire Test Pilots Course and they covered the basics of what was required of a test pilot. I found it enough for what I did.

Why did the RAAF do it? Were they trying to save money?

I suspect that was part of it, yes. The Empire Test Pilots Course, as I understand, was a very expensive course.

Now, later you did a lot of test flying for the Pyker[?] which was the piloted Jindivick[?].

Yes. I'd been happily working at Laverton at ARDU and one the then CO, Gel Cumming[?], called me in and said he'd like me to go over to Woomera on the Jindivick project, and would I go down to the hospital and talk to Flight Lieutenant Fred Knudsen. So I took myself down to the hospital and found Fred Knudsen who I'd known for many years - he'd been in the Occupation Force with us in Japan - and there he was exercising out on the edge of the road. He was in plaster all over and I found out that he'd had an unfortunate accident in the Pyker, the piloted version of the Jindivick at Woomera, and he briefed me on some of the aspects of it which I knew nothing about. And then subsequently Pam and I were off to Woomera, up into the desert. I think it was called ARDU Detachment B in those days at Woomera. There was a small team there under Wing Commander Sid Brazier[?], involved in flying a variety of aircraft related to trials of weapons, bombs, bomb release systems, inertial systems, all sorts of funny things were going on. My role was primarily related to the Jindivick program. The Jindivick was the small jet target which was needed for the newly developing weapons. The first Pyker, the first piloted version that Freddy Knudsen had pranged was not any further use and the second version, and fortunately, in their wisdom, in planning the thing, they had planned on two piloted versions, and the government aircraft factory who'd be a pre-war cadet and pilot in the Air Force, John Miles[?], had basically tested this new version or the second version as an aircraft and it was over to me. I think in defence of Fred Knudsen and his little problem at Woomera, I'd have to say that the engine in the Pyker was a very tricky little engine. It was a tiny pure jet but it had derived from an engine, a turbo-prop engine, called the Double Mamba[?], and was in effect one half of a Double Mamba engine and instead of being a turbo-prop it was a pure jet and it revved at an extremely high speed. I think it was 14 000 revs, and the ground idle was only about 4 000 revs,

but unfortunately the engine speed between 4 000 and about 11 000 was very touchy. If you moved the throttle at all quickly it would stall and apparently, we're not sure but apparently, Fred Knudsen had got caught with the engine speed a bit slow and when he tried to ease it up on a demonstration fly-by for some sort of VIP at Woomera, the damn thing, compressor stalled and then flamed out on him and he had no option but to end up in a heap on the ground, but anyway, so be it. I, under the instructions of John Miles, flew the Pyker and found it a very tricky little aeroplane. It was the basic size and shape of the pilotless version and somehow they had to fit into that a cockpit and flight controls, an undercarriage, so it was condensed, to say the least. The undercarriage system, for example, operated on an air bottle and there was just enough air in that for a couple of retractions. The wheel brakes were like conventional car brakes but toe pedal operated and there was a tiny little master cylinder used to operate the wheel brake. There was no tail wheel. It was a conventional three-wheeler type thing, and there was a tail skid at the back end that simply dragged along the ground. But I learnt to fly that little aircraft and then there was a whole series of trials on the Pyker, getting ready for the Jindivick. Having proved the aircraft itself - that it would fly and the wheels would come up and down - we got ahead with checking things like the auto-pilot which was an essential part of a pilotless aircraft, and then the radio control links from the ground to the little aeroplane, and then the relaying back to the ground of the flight instruments in the aircraft, so that eventually it would be possible to fly a Jindivick remotely, have a remote sensing back to the ground of the flight instruments and to be able to put it through the various aspects of taking off, climbing, flying whatever sortie was needed and getting back to the ground again. But it wasn't without problems. The first problem was that John Miles, in fact, had had an engine flame out in the air with the Pyker and had 'dead sticked' it, as we call it. He managed to get back on the ground without an engine. It was assumed at the time that that had something to do with a bunt that had occurred in the aircraft. In other words, the nose suddenly dropped and there was a negative G impact for a moment and the aircraft flamed out or the engine flamed out. So my first task was to do some bunts in this little aeroplane which I did soon after take-off, and nothing happened, the engine kept going, so we proceeded with the trials I was talking about. We'd got as far as auto-pilot trials and on one occasion I disconnected the auto-pilot and the aircraft bunted because it was out of trim and the engine stopped. So we were in radio contact with the ground and I was describing all this and said what was happening, and I went ahead and got a relight, managed to relight the aircraft engine in the air and did a normal landing. So then we had to stop for a while and think what was causing these flame outs, and eventually it turned out to be that the .... There was no fuel pump in the aircraft as such, before the main pump, there was no booster pump, as we call them, the fuel was pushed out of the tanks by compressing the top part of the tank with air and

once the fuel was pushed through the lines to the main engine pump it was fine. But what had been happening was that as the flight continued, air was being absorbed under pressure into the fuel and as the fuel fed through the filters it released air again, and this air would go through the engine or through the igniters in a bubble and the engine stopped, and that was quite a complicated program. I finished up with cameras sitting in the cockpit with me and photographing the instrument panel - little movie cameras. It was only by carefully watching the sequence of when the fuel pressure flickered and then the fire burnt out and so on that they were able to trace back as to what it might be. But then back to the test flying. There were some modifications at times to various systems, to improve the performance of the auto-pilot, for example. And the final stage was having people on the ground fly the Pyker with me in it in what amounted to a take-off, a circuit and a landing, and that was a little bit interesting at times because, I mentioned, the aircraft was very twitchy. It was a progressive effect you got from moving the stick, it was an instantaneous effect, so it did move fairly quickly when control forces were applied. But to protect myself, the designer of it, Ian Fleming[?], who I got to know very well indeed over the years, had three cut-out buttons fitted for me: one on the throttle, one on the stick and another one on the dashboard and I could hit any one of those three and disconnect the auto-pilot link immediately, but that wasn't too bad and we got to the stage of being ready for the first Jindivick.

> Who was flying the aircraft from the ground? Were they pilots?

A team of - not entirely, in fact that was an interesting period. Before he had his unfortunate accident, Freddy Knudsen was going to be one of that team eventually and it was to be a Government Aircraft Factory team, no a Department of Supply Team. One of the people involved had been a war-time pilot but was now working with the Department of Supply and he did partake in the team eventually. But after that particular accident with Fred Knudsen there was a change of heart and it became an Air Force project rather than a Department of Supply project and, yes, we did get in the main Air Force current pilots on the ground control team.

> It must have been rather frightening as a pilot, sitting there and letting someone else fly.

Yes, well, interesting at times, yes.

> Was the Pyker one of the world's smallest jets at that time?

Oh, I think it must have been. It had a wing span, I think, of about eighteen feet. It was a tiny little aeroplane.

Was there any expression of interest from the US Air Force and the Royal Air Force?

Yes. The aircraft finished up - the Jindivick system - finished up in England in a big way, in Sweden, and in the United States, and even then there was interest being shown in it. It was probably, and I think I saw the other day where there's been an order placed again just recently, what? - forty years later for further orders. A very successful project indeed.

How did the missile itself or the pilotless aircraft land? It took off on a trolley, didn't it?

Yes, perhaps I could describe that briefly. First of all, the auto-pilot had five fixed - I can't think what you'd call them, never mind - five fixed stages, situations. Stage one was take-off where the attitude was set at three degrees, nose up, full power, flaps up and so on, and the take-off was, as you correctly say, on a trolley, a tricycle trolley, and it was so arranged that - and the trolley was steered with a gyro, a gyro contained on the trolley itself. So first stage was press the go button, engine up to full power, press go and the engine roared down the middle of the runway, hopefully, and at the pre-set take-off unsticked speed, the trolley latches are undone, the aircraft rotated and simply flew away from the trolley and the trolley brakes were put on, and the aircraft continued - Jindivick - with that fixed nose up position, full power climbing. The next set position was straight and level which was another button to push and it flew straight and level at a moderate speed at whatever height you'd pressed straight and level. There was a fast level position which was the same condition but faster, obviously. There was what was called high speed glide and that was to come back down from height where it had been operating, and that was again a fixed nose position down, speed brakes out and power back. And then when it was in a position to come in for the final landing, it was land glide which was power back further, fixed nose position or fixed descent angle, gear down, and air brakes still out. But all of those positions could be overcome by the controller's box which had the conventional controls: left, right, up, down, power. So it was under control visually at take-off. It was under Radar control throughout, or Radar monitoring, for all its upper work and the team in the upper air had a navigator among them. And then it was brought back into visual contact with the ground for landing and then control was assumed from the ground in visual contact - two people alongside the runway, one controlling azimuth, direction, and the other one controlling the vertical and power of the aircraft, who was

situated alongside the runway about near where touchdown was estimated to be. And the aircraft, Jindivick, landed - I said undercarriage - it was actually a skid, it landed on a steel skid with little protector devices underneath the wing tips. There was also control system mounted in a Meteor, a dual Meteor, a Meteor 7, so that that could take over control, too, if needed.

There must have been some interesting incidents with this flying in pilotless Jindivick during the early stages.

Yeah, I can remember some incidents. Day one, first flight - well, there was an aborted one in that the trolley gyro packed up or was not set properly and the thing ran off the runway, but the real flight everything went well: take-off was great, climb up was great, level flight was great - monitored closely by the Meteor and by this stage I was in the back of the Meteor with that control box - and we got around to the land glide position. In other words it was in sight of the ground, it was lined up on the runway, everything was go and the people on the ground pressed 'land glide' which should have pulled the power back, put the flaps down, the undercarriage or the landing skid down, and instead of which, those things happened, but the aircraft reared up, put her nose high, stalled, fell away, recovered, climbed up, fell away and stalled, and they were trying to control it from the ground and I tried to control it from the air. No luck at all, it just went its own way and eventually impinged on the desert a few miles from the airfield, and eventually it was discovered that in their last minute adjustments the auto-pilot technicians had made a boo-boo and what had happened was - the effect was that when 'land glide' was selected, yes, the skid went down, the flaps went down but it went full back stick and this poor little aeroplane was trying to fly with the stick pulled back, so no wonder it packed up. That was sad because everything was going so well. There was a later occasion where the fuel was cut off in mid-air, up at height, and I was able to take control of it in the air from the Meteor, full mate on it, and fly it down 'dead stick' and it land it on a salt pan near the airfield we were using called Evatts Field, and it was recovered from the salt pan in pretty good condition, in fact, it was not damaged, and they were able to ascertain that the system was such that if there was any sort of momentary power fluctuation, the fuel cut off. So they made it the other way, so that that didn't happen again. Let's see. There was another occasion where something happened with the latches on the tricycle and the wretched Jindivick took off with the tricycle still stuck to it, and we managed to land that, again from the Meteor, back on the same salt pan and that didn't up in quite as good condition because the trolley wasn't the greatest thing to land on top of, and the Jindivick slid off the top of it towards the end of the landing run and banged itself up a little bit, but again they were able to recover it and repair it and so on.

One actually got lost, didn't it? It just got out of radio range.

That was after my day, yes. I'd heard about it. It was on a sortie in the Woomera area and just simply departed south towards Adelaide and they couldn't control. I think by then they had a self-destruct on board it and they were able to destruct it in the air where it didn't do any harm to anybody.

So when you left that posting, obviously it was a very satisfying posting but probably not one of the greatest aeroplanes you'd flown.

Where did I go from there?

Obviously when you left it was a very satisfying project but probably not the greatest aircraft that you'd flown.

Oh no, agreed. It did what was needed of it, I guess. It was not meant for comfort or speed; it had a task to do.

Where did you go after Woomera?

From Woomera we went straight on exchange to the United States. I was given a two-year exchange position with the American Air Force. In our isolation in Woomera I knew nothing of this pending exchange program. It was the first exchange with the Americans, and in fact my wife had been ill and I got a couple of phone calls from the Air Force Headquarters then in Melbourne to say how was Pam and was she well enough to travel? And I thought, oh, they're going to send me to something nasty. I told them what the situation was, but eventually they said, 'Is she well enough to go to America?', and we had no trouble deciding that. so we sailed as a group on about New Year 1954. There were ten of us going on exchange and another two or three going to the staff in Washington with our families on the *Oronsay*, and that was a marvellous trip. It was the first voyage of the Orient line through the Pacific; apparently their routes had always been Australia out the other way to England and they laid it on and we had a marvellous trip over to England through Hawaii and up to Vancouver.

A great way to be posted.

Yes, I didn't know life was as good as that. My post was a place called George Air Force Base at Victaville[?] in California, down on the edge of the Mohave[?] Desert, in the

same area as Murock[?], the famous American testing station - air force. It was then a wing of Sabres, three Sabre squadrons, F86Fs[?]. So I learnt to fly the Sabre there with the Americans. Then after the first six months we converted to the F100A, the big, heavy American fighter, and I did another eighteen months on those before we came home, but that was a great thrill. I found the Americans were a very efficient air force at that stage. I got to do things that I hadn't done before like night squadron full motions in fighter aircraft. They had a very strong accent on mobility. They were prepared to go to war at a moment's notice, so that the squadrons all had their mobility kits, as they called them, packed and ready to go. The system was exercise regularly. The first thing the squadrons would know would be they'd see some strange transport aircraft coming into the circuit area and about that time they'd get a signal to say they were to move to Spain tomorrow or some other place tomorrow, and they did it.

Air Marshal, did your tour in the States influence your thinking when you returned to Australia?

I think so. I was very impressed with their performance. I brought back a number of manuals with me from the USAF, tactics manuals, instructional manuals. Yes, I was impressed with their performance. They were very able people.

Now, you were about a Senior Flight Lieutenant Squadron Leader rank then.

Yes, I was promoted, in fact, when I left Woomera, so I was a Squadron Leader throughout the tour with the Americans.

Where did you see your career or the Air Force Office see your career progressing from at that stage?

I didn't know. At that stage in Australia, the Australian Sabre was coming along and it was operating in a limited way at Williamtown, again under Dickie Cresswell, called the Sabre Trials Flight. And they'd really done the initial steps of accepting the Sabre into the Australian Air Force, and I was posted there straight from America to form 3 Squadron, the first Sabre squadron. So the Air Force used the skills, I guess, I'd got in America to get the Australian Sabre underway.

That was quite a tight little coterie of pilots, wasn't it? They led very much their own ship.

Yes, I guess so. I didn't see much of it. I remember Des Murphy[?] was one of the group, and perhaps there was some disappointment that more of them didn't move over to 3 Squadron but it was an event that was happening before I got there. We just simply got on with converting people to the Sabre when I got there, whoever was posted to 3 Squadron.

The Sabre was a pretty good aircraft: good air frame and good Rolls engine.

Yes.

Did you see it as a very successful element in the progression of fighters [inaudible]?

Yes, indeed, I saw it as a better aircraft than the F86F that I'd flown with the Americans; certainly a better engine; better weapons. The Aidan[?] cannon was a better air to air weapon than the .5 inch machine-guns. We had some little problems in that the sighting system was still the sighting system for .5 inch machine-guns, not the cannon, so there were a few little problems. A lot of performance figures had to be checked because of the difference between the F86F and the Australian/Avon[?] Sabre.

The fact that it had a successful Rolls engine, did that influence you at all later when we looked at the Mirage, because I know Air Marshal Rowlands, he tested a Mirage equipped with a Rolls engine with an afterburner?

Yes, perhaps I can tell you a little bit about that because I saw the Mirage later on quite a bit. I got the impression talking to the Frenchmen that first, they were surprised that they had any chance of selling a French aeroplane to the Australians and secondly, having accepted that there might be a possibility they assumed that there was no way they would be able to sell a French aeroplane with a French engine and the initiative to try the Rolls Royce Avon in the Mirage was very much a selling point on behalf of the Frenchmen. I know that it was done and I know it flew well but probably the right decision was made to stick with the French Atar[?] engine.

Why do you think that was? Better fuel consumption or performance?

Yes, good performance. None of the problems we had with the Sabre in working out all the systems again and there were a

number of problems with the Australian Sabre and the Avon that had to be solved.

> Your career at this stage was going very much towards the test flying technical side, as was proved later on when you were sent to France when you involved with the purchase of the Mirage.

Perhaps so. I didn't look at in that way in those days. I was delighted to be involved in the Mirage program.

> Was that one of the highlights of your career, being involved in the Mirage program?

I suppose it was.

> Did you see it as the right aircraft? There was a number of competitors about that stage. I know the Brits were pushing the Lightning very hard and the F104, I believe, was being looked at.

Yes. I'd have to say and I used to say it then. In fact I had a saying that 'the people of the Pilbara will never see a Mirage', and it simply that the Mirage didn't have the range that's needed for the Australian environment. Delightful aircraft, flew beautifully, but didn't have the load carrying capacity and the range that's needed in Australia. The F18 is the sort of aircraft, whatever its equivalent was years ago. Yeah, it's a little bit like ....

> What sort of program did the Air Force go through in selection? With the F18 it was a very stringent procedure. Did they have a similar procedure when they looked at the Mirage?

Yes, my understanding was that there were world trips going on, looking at all sorts of possible aircraft. I'm not unhappy about the RAF Lightning not being involved or not being successful. The F4, in its day, the Phantom, was a far better aeroplane for Australia than the Mirage.

> So in some ways you're quite critical of the purchase of the Mirage because of its inadequacy of legs.

Yes. We're fortunate that we didn't have a situation requiring combat whilst we had the Mirage. It wouldn't fit in with the American systems. We would get no support in the way of

logistics through the American system because it wouldn't fit the aeroplane.

> Yet, it wasn't a political decision to buy the Mirage, was it?

Oh no, it was done in good faith, I believe, by those involved. It's just my personal view that it wasn't quite right.

> Can you remember the procedure they went through, we were just talking about then, the stringent procedures that were followed, can you recall exactly how we went about purchasing the Mirage?

No, I don't because again I was out of sequence with that bit. I was devilling away in the personnel area of the Air Force at that stage, minding my own business, talking about promotions and recruiting and training and all those things and wasn't involved with the air staff and the selection process, at all.

> When you were in France what was your task? What was your actual job in France?

Well, the first time was to go over and convert to the aeroplane with the team. It ended up being Micky Parer[?], Tex Watson[?] and Col Ackland[?], and we were to learn the aircraft, the systems, fly the aircraft, convert to it over there and come back and start the training in Australia when we returned.

> How did you view the aircraft after your first flight - after flying the Sabre? Was it a massive increase in technology and performance?

Yes, in both. We went from a fairly simple aircraft to a quite sophisticated aircraft in systems. We went to an afterburner, we went to an auto-pilot of a type, we went to a fly-by wire of a type, we went to a triangular shaped aerofoil with the complications of that sort of control system.

> Delta wing.

Delta wing, thank you, I was lost on it for a moment. We went to an afterburner, we went to air Radar and later an air to ground Radar which we'd never had in the fighter world, and performance was something again. I'd have to say that the acceleration and the high mach performance of the Mirage was

outstanding. It was relatively easy to slip that aircraft through to Mach II and in today's terms the F18 doesn't go that fast.

It's often been criticised about the Mirage, about being a very, very high workload aeroplane. Do you think it was really a bit beyond the average squadron pilot, that it was just too high a workload?

I don't think so. I don't really remember problems along that line. I recently had the fortune to visit Williamtown and listen to some of the current F18 pilots running a briefing for the benefit of some visitors and I was impressed with the complexity of that aeroplane and the complexity needed in the briefing. I see it as at least as difficult to operate as a system as the Mirage was.

The physical aspect of flying a Mirage was more difficult, it's been said, than flying an F18.

That could be, yes.

Although the systems obviously in the F18 are more complex. The fact that we lost so many aircraft and pilots suggest that there was difficulty that was there.

There could have been an overload, yes, in some circumstances.

You being a test pilot with your background, you would have found it easier to cope with that than an average squadron pilot?

I don't think so. I'd have to say that .... Well, for a start, I don't think the test pilot fraternity would accept me as a test pilot, and secondly, my test piloting experience was pretty brief. I'd have to class myself more as a squadron pilot. No, I don't really remember anyone we scrubbed, for example, going to convert to the Mirage. I know the Sabre OCU used to scrub people sometimes if they didn't measure up but I don't remember ever scrubbing anybody converting to the Mirage.

Just socially, I mean you talked about your posting to the States. I know that in that Mirage story your posting to France was a very enjoyable experience.

Oh yes, indeed.

So you got to learn a lot about red wines on your tour?

Yeah, I think I've said that when we arrived at the first French training base, all four of us, over at Strasbourg, over in the Alsace-Lorraine area, there was very fine red wine in carafes on the table at every meal. In fact, I've talked to some of the Frenchmen who I got to know well about drinking and alcohol and flying, and the attitude was along the lines that: oh no, we don't have alcohol before we wine, only beer and wine. And to their mind alcohol was hard liquor.

So it was quite [inaudible] that they would fly after having alcohol?

Yes, to our mind it was. They didn't have much. They might have a small glass or maybe two but they accepted that was not alcohol, that was food, that was part of the normal meal.

What about the difficulties of taking your family across there? You had a wife and children who probably weren't fluent in French.

Exactly. I'm talking, beginning when I went solo, in 1963 for the training stage. I was only away about four and a half months then, I think. But later, a year or so later, I was sent over as the Air Attaché and took the family. Well, that's not true. We took the two girls who were then about eleven and nine, and the two boys stayed at boarding school. By some strange quirk had my wife had started taking French lessons in Australia, without any thought at all of ever going to France, in Canberra, where I was a staff officer at the time. So she had a little bit of grounding and I'd done a French language in the RAAF School of Languages at Point Cook before I went to France myself on the first occasion, so I had some French. We had a struggle for a while. The girls had a slightly different problem. We put them, deliberately, into ...

END TAPE 2, SIDE A

BEGIN TAPE 2, SIDE B

We put them, deliberately, into a so-called bi-lang, a bi-lingual school, French and English, but that turned out to be about half a day English and the rest of the week French and for a month or so they had a struggle. In fact, I can remember some terrible nights, sitting up with the elder girl, Cathy[?], trying to talk mathematics with her because not only was she starting to get into a higher level of mathematics but the

wretched French don't call a quadrilateral equation, something that translates into quadrilateral equation, they call it something entirely different, so there were different names for little mathematical formula and things. But it took maybe two months and then suddenly I found the house full of little French children after school, all piping away, including my two, in French and no trouble. So they absorbed it well. We adults had much more trouble.

How do you look at that posting? Was it one of the great highlights of your career?

Oh yes, yes - thoroughly enjoyed it. We made some fine friends over there among the French. I can remember, for example, Bernard de Rousier[?] who subsequently became the French Air Attaché in Australia, was tremendously hospitable, he and his wife, Brigitte. Tony de Graaf[?] who represented the Maitre[?] Missile Company, and his wife who were English, were great hosts and friends. de Graaf had an interesting history. He was a member of the French Resistance during World War II but he was a staunchly non-Communist man and he, whilst he was an active Resistance worker, the thread of a lot of the Resistance people was Communist and he had a great confrontation with them at the end of the war and he decamped to England and worked in England for some years before the situation settled to the stage that he could move back into the French business world. No, we had a very enjoyable time. There were rather too many cocktail parties. There were something like 125 foreign missions or embassies in Paris, all of them trying to make their way in the diplomatic world, and it finished that we decided that we would attend only functions run by the old Commonwealth and the Americans. And it got to the stage where four of us became great friends; it was the American Attaché, the Canadian Attaché and the British Attaché. We got to the stage where we could look above the crowd to one another and say, 'let's go', and this would be a cocktail party or a formal reception of some sort and we'd go and have a quiet dinner together, and we're still friends, we still keep in contact.

Must have been coming back to Australia looks like it was all downhill from there.

Not really.

What job was offered to you when you came back?

Well, in my day we were never offered anything. We were told where we were going. Back from France, I went straight to Butterworth, that's right. We moved straight from Paris to

Butterworth without the option, and I had a further three years at Butterworth.

So you were CO of the squadron there?

No, I was what's called the ASO, the Air Staff Officer. It's a Group Captain appointment. It's the equivalent of what used to be OC Wing, and I think probably they've got OC Wings again now, I'm not sure.

How was that job, working with the Malaysians?

Fine. It was a stage when the Sabre squadrons were closing down and going home and the Mirage squadrons were coming up. Ted Radford[?] brought the first Mirage squadron up there not long after I got there. One of the shocks and horrors was the casualties of the Vietnam War. They were being flown back by medical vac. aircraft out of Vietnam, through Butterworth and then south, and it was a bit of a shock to see these poor chaps coming back in a bit of a mess. The system was to overnight them in the hospital at Butterworth and make sure they were well enough for the longer flight down into Australia. I made a point of meeting every medi-vac flight at Butterworth to make sure that everything went just exactly as it should.

Do you feel as though we should have put a fighter squadron into Vietnam?

I don't know. The Sabre squadrons could have fitted in but again the Mirage squadrons would have much difficulty because of the different weapons, different systems, different requirements, metric threads. You couldn't even go and get a nut and bolt through the American system - no.

This is an interview with Air Vice Marshal Fred Barnes, tape 2.

Air Marshal, what were your highlights during your posting to Butterworth?

I enjoyed the tour there. It was back with the flying outfit. I was able to fly regularly with the squadrons. We had some grand cooperation with the British while they were still there. The British were operating the Radar unit on the Penang hill, across the straits from Butterworth. We had no real problems in those days. It was the start of the integrated air defence system; closer cooperation between Singapore and Malaysia.

We'd seen the rather unhappy breakdown of the original Malaysia when Singapore was, in my view, discarded by the Malaysians. But no, it was a good tour. I got to understand the Malays a lot better, both socially and on the job.

You had rather a surprising posting next, going from there across to the UK to the Royal College of Defence Studies.

Indeed, yes. It was a disappointment in one way only, and this was because we'd had two years in Paris, followed by three years at Butterworth, and then overseas posting in a row, was bad for us domestically because our boys had been away at boarding school. They were each in the stage where they were starting their careers. We'd had to send the girls home from Butterworth when they got up to secondary school level, so I thought in that way we were disadvantaged personally, socially. But on the other hand, a posting to the Royal College of Defence Studies was an advantage and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Basically the organisation was fairly shrewd because you were crossed there with Group Captain Dave Evans, as he was then, and one became Chief of the Air Staff and the other Deputy Chief of the Air Staff.

Ah, could be. Well, one has to say that the Royal College of Defence Studies is seen as preparation for higher rank and they'd have got the thing dreadfully wrong if they'd sent the two of us over there and we'd stayed as Group Captains for the rest of our career.

It's surprising enough that you really were both in the slot to become Chief of the Air Staff.

Yes.

So those days really it was just a toss of the coin [inaudible] who gets the job.

Yes, agreed.

What was your greatest memories about RCDS? Some people called it a junket, others have said it's extremely useful.

I'd have to say it was a bit of a sabbatical. We didn't work hard long hours, for sure. On the other hand, there were many things to be learned. We had, on the course, a wide range of

people from places: from Nigeria, South Africa, India, Pakistan, the Commonwealth, people with a great deal of experience in a great many things and areas. The Indian and Pakistani, for example, were talking to one another but they'd been fighting a war against one another only shortly before they got to RCDS. The staff were hand-picked, highly capable people. The lecturers were first class.

Maybe an important time for reflection.

Yes, I saw it that way. Now, it's true that we enjoyed some aspects. We got tickets to Wimbledon. We got tickets to Trooping of the Colours. We went to a test match which happened to be on and went to Lords that year. So there were many things like that. But it was worth it. I think the money was invested - the costs.

Coming back to Australia was a bit of a shock after three overseas tours.

Yes, it was. Back to Canberra.

Even worse.

Even worse. Back to a house that we hadn't seen for six years; it had been tenanted. Back to the personnel world which I'd been in many years before in the '59-62 period, but I went back as Director-General of Personnel which has some other name these days, I assume.

It's Director-General of Personnel.

Is it? Good.

It's changed again, it's DGPers[?], so everything goes around in circles. Was that an important prelude to you taking over Williamtown, the fighter base?

I don't think so. We were in personnel in those days involved in the routine things: promotions, appointments, postings, training, although training was largely controlled through Support Command but some training policy in our area. Interesting work, I suppose, but different to the fighter world.

What were your thoughts when you got posted to Williamtown? There you were a fighter pilot reaching the pinnacle of that side of your career.

Great. I enjoyed being back again with the people I know so well, same old aeroplane, of course, the Mirage had been around for a few years by then, so there were no problems relating directly to the things I'd been used to, like new aircraft, new problems - everything had settled down.

Why are fighter pilots different? It's well known in the Air Force that transport, maritime, fighter pilots, strike pilots, they're quite different. Why are fighter pilots different? You can talk as a young fighter pilot and one who commanded a major fighter base.

I don't know, I suppose it's there. Maybe they are a people who are a bit quick on the uptake, maybe. Certainly they tend to play a bit hard. The system screens them, I suppose, somehow. I don't know, some magical way.

Because the system does actually encourage them to develop this degree of arrogance because if you're going up in a high performance aeroplane, you've really got to think that you're pretty good.

I guess there might be something involved in that, yeah. They can't rely on or blame anyone else.

They do seem to have a greater esprit-de-corps, that they're very tied together because they have to rely so closely on one another.

It could be. I'm afraid you've got me a little bit because I haven't seen the other side very much.

What about when you were promoted to Air Vice Marshal and you were given Support Command down in Melbourne, really, before the age of fifty? That wasn't a bad achievement.

It came as a bit of a surprise because I was only at Williamtown for a year and the posting and the promotion, particularly, came as a bit of a surprise to say the least, and it meant a move back to Melbourne which, incidentally, was my home town which I hadn't seen much of for many years, and, of course, a different field altogether. Support Command was involved in flying training, all sorts of training, support

logistic, engineering support and running a whole range of training schools. A different field from being a 'knuckle-head' so-called.

Did you adapt reasonably easily to what could be termed the blunt end of the Air Force?

I hope so. I certainly enjoyed it. I met people in Melbourne - great contacts in Melbourne. Found a great deal of support. Got involved in things I didn't know about like the RAAF Welfare Trust Fund and the Rats[?] Veterans Residences that had another interesting background to them. They'd started with prize money during World War II and there were residences for ex-Air Force veterans scattered around Australia that belonged to this trust.

What about the demise of flying training at Point Cook to a flight grading system, a civvy flight grading system?

Disappoints me greatly. I am apprehensive about the strength of the Air Force to meet a commitment in an emergency, a threat. If I could take you back to the Korean war briefly, there was something like twenty-five pilots there when the war started, there were another twelve flown up straight away - experienced Mustang pilots, combat ready if you like. But within two years it was necessary to have six RAF officers on exchange to be able to man that squadron. We're now looking at some forty to fifty FA18 trained pilots scattered throughout the Air Force to man about seventy aircraft. There was always a thought in my day in the personnel world that you had to have more pilots available to man the squadrons should there be a threat. Yes, okay, they'd be manned on one pilot per aeroplane now but in the event of any sort of war commitment, you'd have to man that up to one and a half, maybe two to one, in the fighter squadrons. And that was reasonable because you knew you had trained pilots tucked away in staff positions, as flying instructors, in various other places where in an real threat situation you could drag them out and feed the squadrons. When I hear of flying training going to outside organisations and staff positions being filled by non-military people I see the loss of that support group, that reserve of pilots that could well be needed.

It must disappoint you then.

It does, indeed.

Why is the Air Force, maybe, shooting itself in the foot? Why don't we take these things on more seriously?

I don't know. I'm away and have been away from the environment now for a number of years - too many to think about - a dozen and I don't know what the situation is. I saw the Tange Report go through when Defence was reorganised many years ago, when I was, in fact, in personnel, and I used to partake in briefing sessions for the Chief of the Air Staff of the Day, Air Marshal Jim Rowlands, and I saw the threat then to way the Air Force had been organised in that many of the controls that had been in the military forces were going to the central defence organisation and at one stage, I think, I said to Air Marshal Rowlands then, that 'You sir, are going to be left with only authority for and responsibility for welfare command and discipline, and all the tools that react to those things or associated with those things are going to be in the hands of other people who haven't got those responsibilities', and I'm afraid I've seen that sort of thing happen.

When you were posted to Canberra and you became Deputy Chief did you get seething frustration that you couldn't do what you really wanted to do?

Yes, yes. So much of the time of the senior staffing the Air Force in Canberra in those days was spent in conferences fighting for something we thought was essential but being defeated in a voting system where we had one vote out of five or six or seven; a very frustrating period, under a system that we weren't meant to win.

You're always recognised in the Air Force as being a gentleman but also an officer that was forthright with their opinions. Do you think that might have prevented you becoming or gaining the top office in the Air Force?

I don't know, I never will, but let me say that I have no feeling that I was beaten to the job by someone that I didn't respect. I suppose that I was paired up with David Evans and I admire David Evans.

It really does come to the flick of the coin, doesn't it?

Oh yes.

Air Marshal, any regrets about your career?

None at all. I remember when I left the Air Force being interviewed by the then defence correspondent of the Canberra Times, Frank Cranston, and we talked in general terms about this: would you do it again? And he said among other things,

'Well, what would your advice be to young fellows?'. I said, 'Tell them to get stuck into their maths and science and join the Air Force'. And I think he printed that article under that heading: 'Get stuck into your maths and science', and I'd still say so.

What about the future for Fred Barnes and your wife, Pam?

We're enjoying life here in Tweed Heads where we now live. We have a wide range of friends in the area. There are some twenty-four of us meet for golf every Wednesday; about twenty of those are ex-Air Force officers. We have another group we go out to dinner with once a month. We have another group we play bridge with. I frankly haven't got time to do the things I'd like to do.

Air Marshal, thank you.

Thanks very much.

END OF INTERVIEW