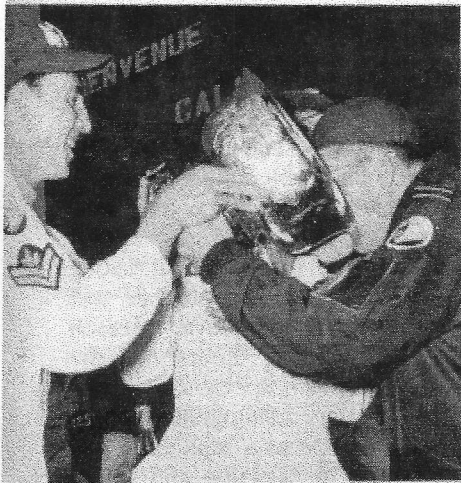
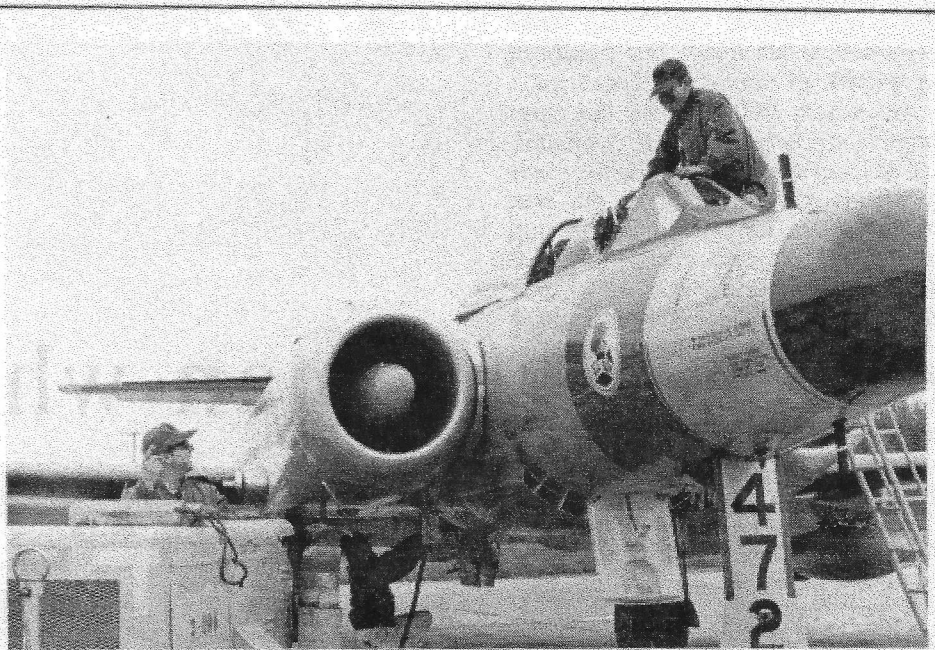




A quaff from the groundcrew trophy was reward for 425 Sqn's tech officer.



Snoopy-embazoned plaque was award for winning weapons techs of 425 Squadron.



THE BAD GUYS

In those classic horse-opera movies of the old west they'd be the guys who wore the black hats.

They are the bad guys; everybody wants to shoot at them.

In this case the villains are the jet-jockeys of 414 Electronic Warfare Squadron, their steeds are aging CF-100 *Canuck* jet interceptors, and their dirty tricks aren't contained in saddle bags, but in black boxes of electronic wizardry.

During Exercise Callshot 70, the CF-100s — affectionately called *Clunks* by friend and friendly foe alike — became target aircraft in the exercise range for CF-101B *Voodoo* interceptors from three competing Air Defence Command Squadrons.

Quick on the draw, they used every electronic counter-measure trick in the book to confound the fair-haired One-O-Wonders attempting to rack up mission accomplished scores. They made the good guys in the silvery *Voodoos* sweat.

"Sometimes they really hate to see us arrive on base," said one groundcrew technician.

He chuckled gleefully as he pointed out that the arrival of the *Clunks* for a Tac Eval (Tactical Evaluation Exercise) means long hours and hard work for air and groundcrew alike from the interceptor squadrons being tested.

The bad guys get lots of travel.

Operating from their home base in

Uplands near Ottawa, they not only serve in Canadian skies but are also called to test the proficiency of USAF units.

"Our American allies often get a surprise when we arrive at one of their bases. Sometimes the boys in the tower expect a USAF F-100, it shakes 'em up when a CF-100 arrives. They're not all that familiar with the *Clunk*," said one pilot.

One reason for pitting them against the USAF is that the *Clunk* is ideally suited to its task; — the CF-100's range and endurance, coupled with the skill of 414 Squadron aircrews, makes the combination a formidable enemy. And it happens that the *Clunk* is better than USAF aircraft adapted for the same role.

And if you're very humble and listen attentively you might learn the secret ambition of a *Clunk* driver when he's belled up to the bar in the mess after a big shoot-out.

The one-sided conversation might go something like this, after Captain Dastardly Dan has stirred his Sarsaparilla with his thumb and taken a long draught:

"Eventually one of us is bound to accomplish it (sneer). We hope to lead one of those *Voodoos* (snicker) around in ever decreasing circles until finally the big moment comes (dirty-grin) and he shoots his own tail off (snort) . . . with a simulated missile, of course!"

