



JOURNAL OF THE 458 SQUADRON COUNCIL, Box 5289, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., 2001, AUSTRALIA.

Year 21, No.84.

August, 1970.

50c. per annum.

THE 25th. JUBILEE REUNION IN QUEENSLAND.

by Jim Holliday.
43, Stella St. Holland Park,
Queensland, 4121.

It is difficult for any one of us who were responsible for the organisation to comment on the Jubilee Reunion. We were aided by many favourable factors and many wonderful people. The combination, particularly the spirit of those who came, made the week-end go like a U.S. Spacecraft to the Moon.

Our visitors were the motivating force. Being very nice people---as all 458 ers are---they said the Reunion was the best yet. Let's hasten, without offending our genial guests, to aver that we didn't set out with this target in mind. Every new Reunion is the best one yet and next year's will be 100% on Broadbeach. Let's admit it though we were conscious that the many good folk who travelled so far to be with us on this occasion could not be let down. They couldn't come to a muddle. Fortunately we in Queensland are aided by the experience and the facilities of the holiday centres on the Gold Coast. The folk there are accustomed to handle such functions. Further, some of Australia's best chefs prefer to live on the Gold Coast, merely for its balmy atmosphere. Then, the weather was at its usual best: blue skies, warmth, gentle zephyrs---things we can't order but which Queensland's winter always provides. Perhaps I'm playing down the wonderful work of our Committee. They slaved over the schedule, the details, the organisation; dedicated, dutiful, self-effacing---they were the well-oiled wheels, steered, of course, by Flight President Chas. Richardson.

Now also is the time to thank Mollie and Lew Johnston, Muriel and Jack Baxter, our 458ers on the Gold Coast, for their on-the-spot efforts. Know-how, and exercise of elbow and mental muscle were their valuable contribution. Gordon Postle with his weekend residence on the G.C., gets most honourable mention with this most hallowed group.

Well, what did we do? The Friday night barbecue at the poolside of the Broadbeach hotel was an auspicious start, ushered in by words of warm welcome from Chas. Richardson. Joyous greetings, sore backs, crushed fingers, dislocated jaws, sore throats (and, of course, sore heads next morning) were the hazards of the evening. The tongues grew looser and the decibels of conversations hit an all-time high as the oil of alcohol freed the rusty doors of memory. Wives, children, teenagers, joined the fray with vigour and verve.

Next morning, at Marine Land we viewed a movie on sharks; saw the frolics of the trained whale and the dolphins while the sun shone in the blue, blue, sky. On to Tiki Village, for lunch laced with liquor while the accordion band strolled among the revitalised veterans. From there on the banks of the Nerang River, we proceeded in independent order to the Tweed and back to the Bird Sanctuary at Currumbin, where the birds, feathered, eat out of your hand.

Grilled duck was the pièce de resistance at the Dinner-Dance.

Jubilee Reunion (cont.)

that night. Nobody cared about containing the consumption of the oil of alchohol. Being on the premises of the Broadbeach Hotel, the hazards of the night were only a stumble on the steps. Squadron President Dave Firth spoke on behalf of the interstate members.

Sunday was our Remembrance Day. It started with a message from each of the Terrible Three of the Middle East: Father Johnny McNamara of Collingwood, Rt. Rev. Bob Davies, Bishop of Tasmania, and the Rev. Fred McKay, Superintendent of the Australian Inland Mission, shortly to become Moderator-General of the Presbyterian Church of Australia. I can say confidently that this was the highlight of the whole Reunion. The sincere, moving words of those three padres, emerging as they did from the tape recorder sitting on a table on the dais brought a lump to my throat and a dimness to my view. I'm sure there were many like me. Johnny, Bob and Fred., thanks. Your messages helped us remember more deeply because of your absence, perhaps. The "Reminiscences" which followed, ably chaired, probed, and aired by Lew Johnston brought many a carefully concealed secret to light and solved many a mystery. There was snow on the Hills at Shallufa. Squadron President Dave Firth produced a diary which proved it. The perpetrators of "Lagos Lagoon" were duly tried and sentenced. However the Couriers of the Goat's Head are still sworn to secrecy. Some unprintable evidence was presented --- some of it struck from the record by Judge Bernie McLoughlin. The day was livened by a lunch which presaged the smorgasbord, and further oil of alchohol, on Sunday evening at the Miami Hotel at the invitation of mine host for the evening, genial Gordon Postle. There on the table which was the focal point of the goodies was a roast sucking pig, flanked by a 36" baked Jewfish and a 33" baked Cod. A sight which jerked the most jaded appetite into full function.

Memories of Sunday were prawns, prawns, prawns. Big red ones, some up to 9" long. Just caught and cooked, purchased from a trawler just coming in from the night trawl: who will ever forget it? Big Jack Baxter at the wheel of his 60' prawner, smiling as a benevolent sea captain should, rendezvoused with one of his confreres in the middle of blue Broadwater. Much haggling over cents per pound! Scales finally produced and each bucket of those luscious red prawns carefully weighed and checked by a dozen eager members. This was the picnic day to Tipplers Passage. Beer prawns tea and sandwiches.

Then we said "Good Bye". Gordon Postle departing in the runabout Wimpy II with a threefold complement of passengers that weighed the vessel down to the gunwales. Jack Baxter's trawler aided by a ferry followed --- with prawns. A perfect end to a perfect weekend. Thanks to all who came to make possible a wonderful reunion. And thanks to the many who wrote, wired and telephoned their thanks. Your courtesy thrilled us.

Who was there?

Laurie and Betty Crowley	Syd and Pat. Bartram	Norm., Nancy and daughter Cugley
Wal and Betty Archbold	Ian Higlett with fiancée: John & Barbara Pilcher	
Lew and Mollie Johnston	Gordon and Marie Postle: Jack and Evelyn Lewis	
Bruce and Maisie Thomas	with Alan and Ruth Cleveland: Frank and Hilda Wilks	
Jack and Muriel Baxter	Bob, Betty and son and daughter: Helyar: Clive Wyman	
Harry and Pat Dorge and family:	Bernie McLoughlin	Bob and Beatrice McKinna
Ernie and Jean Laming	Eric and Kath Kelly and daughter:	Theo Ravenscroft
George Riddoch	Lloyd Simpson	Ted Kennedy John Carey
Jim and Lucy Palmer	Vin and Nancy Clohesy	Ian and Fee Showell and friends
Sam and Maisie Barlow	Yvonne Crompton	Harold and Kath Martin: Frank Wilson
Ron and Joan Russell	Gordon Peg and John Guthbertson	Arn. Scholar
Dave and Glad. Firth	Fred Strom	Noel Spurling Bernie Hughes
Horry and Mrs. Campbell	Arthur Green	Bill Laughlin Lock Simpson
Jack and Mrs. Thorpe	Otto and Mrs. Mann	Lofty and Marge Trewartha
Red and Mrs. McRae and friends	Mr and Mrs. Coce	Chas. and Olwyn Richardson
Don and Joan Brandon	Len and Ruth McDonnell	Jim, Peg and Richard Holliday
Bert and Isla Garland	Cec and Mrs. Bull	Jim and Joyce McKay
Bob Margaret Robert and Edwina Cock		Selwyn and Joan Foote
Jack and Shiela Hobbs	Tim and Joyce McQuaid	Jack and Patricia McKenzie
Harold and Norma Young and friends	the Wattersons	Charlie, Joyce, Lindsay and Tony Warren.

Telegrams of good wishes came from W. A. Flight, Bob Pollock, Jim Plunkett and Jock McGowen.

Stan Parker wrote from his new address --- Magnetic Street, Picnic Bay, Magnetic Island, 4810 sending apologies and best wishes. He wrote that he had just returned from 10 weeks in Greenslopes Repat. Hospital. Very naughty of you, Stan., you

should have let us know. We all sincerely hope you are well again now.

xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx

CROWEATER NEWS.

from Lofty Trewartha, 60, California St., Nailsworth, S.A.

Jubilee Reunion.

Accompanied by the Board of Control I left Adelaide and headed for the Gold Coast and the Meter Maids on Sunday, June 7th. Travelling via Broken Hill we arrived at Dubbo, where by prior arrangement we joined forces with Red and Jackie McRae and pushed on towards Lismore. The red carpet was rolled out for us at the local club and we swung into action, determined to get expenses out of one-armed bandits. About midnight, much wiser and about 12 bucks in the red we got the message and headed back to the Motel.

Lew Johnston

Acting in the position of mine host, Lew enthusiastically welcomed us at the Broadbeach Hotel regardless of the fact that I had completely forgotten to notify them we were coming. This, the first official function, was a barbeque held in the grounds of the pub. and was a huge success. No doubt a lot will be written by others about the various functions arranged for us but to me that first night when I met old coppers again after 27 years was a memory I will treasure for many years to come.

Theo Ravenscroft

(of the Big Mo.) revealed some latent talent when he rendered "Flight of the Bumble Bee" on his trumpet, and an anonymous baritone should have been snapped up by J.C. Williamson for the treatment he gave "Old Black Joe" (I heard a whisper that it was Shorty Wilson).

The Aquarium and Tiki Village.

The Aquarium was a winner but I am still confused as to how Suzy managed to get top billing in all my photos. Lunch at the Tiki was over large steaks and pots of that glorious Castlemaine and we relaxed to the strains of a strolling band of musos. Was most pleased to see Bert Garland and Ian Higlett again after so many years.

Gordon Postle

Our host at the Miami Hotel on the Sunday evening provided us with a huge smorgasbord including a sucking pig and two huge fish. I overheard Yank Martin telling Joyce McQuaid about the breathtaking fight he had to land them.

Jack Baxter

Provided what to me was the highlight of the Reunion by making his prawn boat available for a trip down the coast to Stradbroke Island. What thoughts those succulent prawns and kegs of beer conjure up in my poor old half frozen mind as I shuffle to and from the salt mines these days!

In Conclusion.

I am sure that the South Aust. contingent will want me to thank the Queensland Flight for the way they received us and made the visit the success it was. S.A. was represented by:

Bert and Marg. Oliver
Ron and Jackie McRae
Arn Scholar

Ian and Fee Showell
Lofty and Marge Trewartha
John Carey.

Bruce and Maisie Thomas
Syd and Pat Bartram

All the best and hope to see you at the 50th Anniversary reunion.---Lofty.

xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx

N.S.W. FLIGHT NEWS.

from Cy. Irwin, 32 Rose Street, Ashfield, N.S.W., 2131.

"We Will Remember Them".

It is with deep regret that Squadron members are informed of the death of KEMP BEACH. Kemp passed away quite suddenly on the 31st. May following a heart attack. His many squadron friends and fellow committee members were stunned at the loss of a man who, now no longer with us, will remain in our

N.S. News. (cont.)

memory as the type of family man, squadron member, and citizen we would all like to be. At the last N.S.W. Reunion on Anzac Day Kemp was elected as N.S.W. Flight President and he was looking forward to a term of office in which N.S.W. Flight would be hosts for the 1971 All-States Reunion. Condolences are expressed on behalf of Squadron members throughout Australia to Joan and the children--John, Jan and Mary. Many 458 members attended Kemp's funeral service.

Games Nights.

Carpet bowls and darts, arranged by the Air Force Association for branches are played by the N.S.W. Flight. These are held in the Air Force Club. 458 has, roughly, a fixture a month and is doing moderately well. Husband and wife members for the team are welcome.

Air Force Week.

This, in September, will soon be upon us. N.S.W. Flight will participate in commemoration functions and, most particularly, in the Air Force Association Ball, to be held this year at the University of N.S.W. (The Round House) on Friday 18th. September. Would Squadron members wishing tickets please contact us for details of the Squadron party.

Squadron Golf Day.

This will be held at Asquith Golf Club on Sunday 29th. November. This is very early advice but we should like all golfers to note the date and endeavour to attend.

Congratulations to our Editor.

Congratulations to Peter Alexander from all Squadron members. Peter was honoured in this year's Queen's Birthday Honours List with the award of Officer of the Order of the British Empire (O.B.E.).

Sydney Squadron members attended a function arranged by the Air Force Club to congratulate Peter and Rita. On the evening Sam Barlow was asked to present the Squadron's good wishes.

Peter's award was simply and well stated in the Honours List as an award from Her Majesty the Queen for his service to ex-Servicemen and women.

C.P.I.

xx xx

VOICES FROM THE PAST.

Two 458ers who have been out of contact with the Squadron for many years since the war have recently made contact again--one in person the other by letter.

Danny Dangaard.

Bob "Danny" Dangaard, well known to every long-time 458er, has lived with his Londoner wife, who it will be recalled he left from the Squadron to marry, has lived in Mareeba, Northern Queensland, with her and their children since his return. He has owned the Mareeba Milk and Ice Supply business. He and his wife recently left, with their teenage daughter, for a journey to Britain and to Denmark. Their son is in the army and recently left for Vietnam service.

Danny contacted the Squadron in Sydney and Alf. (Slappy) Hammond and Peter Alexander spent an evening with him at his hotel over some beers, recalling old--and now distant---days. John "Curly" Hosking met Danny when his aircraft landed in Sydney. They found the years had passed very lightly over him.

Stan. "Hash Knife" Hopewell.

Stan. was an electrician on 458 Squadron from its very early days and has been solidly uncommunicative for many years. It was therefore more than usually pleasing to hear from him recently:

He wrote:

Dear Peter,

I've always enjoyed receiving the 458 Newsletter and various reports, etc therein. I see Shorty Long and a number of others from time to time but you will have

Voices from the Past (cont.)

to forgive me for not taking an active part as various organisations have taken my time. But I was only thinking the other night does 458 have an official War Photo Album; I'm sure there must be a lot of photos taken by the 458 mob. As I was one of the Originals and having a look through some of the old snaps I thought I would like to send a few of them which might help dig up names of blokes I never see mentioned. Photos tell stories and I know quite a number had cameras with them and an official album would create quite a lot of interest at the various get-togethers.

I was one of those blokes who got sent on Detachments in the Middle East and finished up back in England in Jan., 1944 where we helped to form up 467 and 463 Squadrons--Lancasters, at Waddington. I finished up with the high rank of Sgt. Electrical Fitter.

One small photo I'm enclosing I've always prized in my own little way is one of Wavell which he posed personally for me and wished me luck. I took it at Lydda Airport in Palestine when we were operating with Col. Halversens (American) Liberator Squadron. I was there and saw Sgt. Barton dive in and pull a few Yanks from a burning Lib. He later got the American Medal. The same Yanks picked us up out of Egypt and we flew to Palestine where we serviced their aircraft for the bombing mission immediately. I don't know if you knew it but the Yanks wanted to keep us 458ers for good, but the R.A.F. won the day and back to Egypt we went to support Monty. One of these days I was going to write my story of the 4½ years away but just don't seem to get around to it.....

yours sincerely,

Stan. Hopewell (Hash Knife)

00 00 00 00 00 00 00

JOLLOW IN ENGLAND,--and SCOTLAND.

Arthur Jollow, 458er from Sydney, who works with Trans-Australia Airlines, has been revisiting Europe with his wife. He writes to us:

London: July 3rd.

As you see, back in the Old Dart and the Sun is shining! Last night we had a get-together at the Pathfinders Club which I understand you are familiar with. Only a small gathering; Sid and Mrs. Thompsett, Harry Bishop and wife, Len. Armstrong, and, of course, Tess and myself. A most enjoyable reunion and we hope to have another one, with Mick Mason added, ere we head for home.

We have had a wonderful trip so far: Hong Kong, Bangkok, New Delhi, Agra, Istanbul, Greece (eleven days), Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, England, across to Eire, and now back in England where we will hire a car and tour around for a month.

Didn't get to Foggia, due to lacking a car at this point but did get to Naples, which is not my cup of tea anymore. Thoroughly enjoyed Rome, Venice and Florence but on Capri we were charged \$1-40 for two cups of nescafe at a footpath cafe of no great pretensions. I inquired if it was true that local thieves were sentenced to run coffee shops.

Sid Thompsett has given me a colour photograph of the 458 Tree at Holme, flourishing ten feet tall by now. By the way, Sid's 18 year old daughter gets married in two weeks to an R.A.F. chap!

I had a most unusual and rewarding experience while driving from Paris to Calais; visited the grave of an uncle after whom I was named and who was killed in 1918. The small cemetery is beautifully kept and is a very great credit to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and its employees. I had doubts after 52 years and was delighted to see the care still taken.

Edinburgh, July 19th.

Have just passed through Yorkshire and visited Holme-- where we stayed the night at the Cross Keys of many memories, some of them very amusing, including one concerning one Alfred Hammond and Twosey Taylor.

The Inn is of course under new management, but we received a warm welcome from them and some locals and chatted far into the night.

Jollow's Jaunts (cont.)

The next day we visited the cemetery atop the hill overlooking the village where several of our mates of early days are buried.

Despite the fact that it is midsummer over here, Holme lived up to its reputation: it was a bleak drizzly day with a savage cold wind that sent us hunting for warm clothes. The place is now in the hands of Hawker Siddeley, as an experimental station, and the Security guards were huddled around a huge fire. The hangars are still intact but it is a desolate place. One bright spot, the 458 Tree continues to flourish and one security guard remembers us as the first Squadron to operate there. They were very friendly and co-operative, allowing me in to photograph the famous tree and its plaque. Long may it flourish!

Regards to all,

Arthur Jollow

xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx

OTHER NEWS ITEMS OF 458ers.

VIN CLOHESY attended the Broadbeach Reunion with his wife and gave us a phone call in Sydney on his return journey back towards Hamilton in Victoria where he lives. Is prospering, is with the Railways, has a son and a daughter;

ALLAN BROWN is a Lapidarian--wonders if any other 458 is also.

PETER ALEXANDER is going overseas in August to attend the triennial General Assembly of the World Veterans Federation, of which he is the Council Member for Australia. Plans to travel via Nairobi, Kenya, hoping to see Bruce and Christina McKenzie, to Vienna where the Assembly is, and to return via Oberammergau (where the Passion Play is now on). Thereafter through Munich, Budapest, Istanbul, Athens, Teheran, Delhi, Katmandu, Singapore--staying a few days in each place. Expects to return on September 25th.

xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx xx

VALETE !KEMP BEACH-----JACK WILSON.

As reported above, Kemp Beach passed away very suddenly shortly after his election as N.S.W. Flight President of 458 Squadron, leaving a widow and three children. His son is a soldier. Kemp was with 458 through nearly all its history as a Fitter. He was noted as an athlete and particularly as a wrestler. He worked after the war with the Bank of New South Wales in Sydney and was a very active member not only of 458 in its postwar association but also of the Air Force Association and the Returned Services League; in the latter he was active in its Youth Club work.

Jack Wilson, also a longtime Fitter member of 458, returned after the war to Collarenebri, New South Wales, and ran the Town's electricity supply and a garage there. He had been unwell for some years and died fairly suddenly on 24th. February. His widow and his son, Jack jnr., who is nearly 23 are carrying on the garage.

458's sincere sympathy to the families of these old companions and friends. We will remember them.

THE EDITOR (P.C. Alexander)

Box 5289, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., 2001, Australia.

READERS are reminded that a number of 458 items are available for purchase. These include the excellent plastic 458 Car badge; the 458 Squadron tie, and the blue 458 Squadron Association lapel badge. (\$1-00; \$3-00, and 75cents respectively)

Apply to the Squadron Secretary (Bob Bruce), Box 5289, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.