



JOURNAL OF THE 458 SQUADRON COUNCIL

Year 66 No 252 July 2015

Squadron President:

Keith Cousins - Australia

Squadron Vice-President:

Leon Armstrong - U.K



Commemorating ANZAC Centenary 1915-2015

Lest We Forget.

Squadron Treasurer: John Gibbins 33 Bridge Street, Lane Cove NSW 2066

Squadron Secretary: David Longhurst 129A Darling Street, Balmain NSW 2041

Assisted by: Stephen Bruce Unit 5/10 Kissing Point Road, Turrumurra NSW 2074

Newsletter Editor and Publisher: Roland Orchard. 78 Edward Road, Chirnside Park.Vic. 3116 Mobile-0400433382 email:editor@458raafsquadron.org

Flight Correspondents:

WA- Ted Jewell 61 Wyaree Rd. Mandurah, WA. 6210. Assisted by Bob Kelliher.

SA- Rick Michell 5 Armson Ave. Magill. SA.5072

VIC-Roland Orchard 78 Edward Road, Chirnside Park VIC. 3116

UK- Keith Wilkinson 23 Ferndale Pk, Tedmore, Stourbridge, W. Midlands. DY90RB

CANADA- Bryan Quinlan 1460 Haywood Ave., W. Vancouver, B.C. V7T 1V6. Canada.

* Post communications for Squadron Secretary to David Longhurst (address above), and for the Squadron (and NSW Flight) Treasurer to John Gibbins (address above)

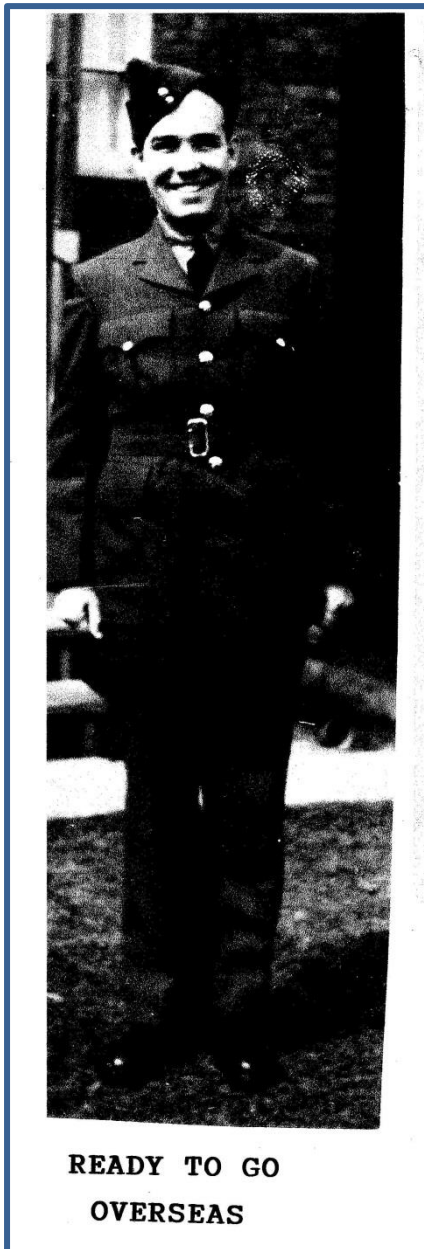
** Have you notified Roland Orchard if you prefer to receive your newsletter by email?

Are there others in your family, or circle of friends, who would like to receive a copy by e-mail? Please advise the Editor – see address and e-mail details above.

Contributions and reports for the next Newsletter are due to the Editor-Roland Orchard by 30th November 2015. Please feel free to mail or email in your stories, articles or enquires to Roland. All are welcome.

VALE	Tom Lindsay (Vice President)	-Canada Flight
	Bert Markland	-Canada Flight
	Jack Powers	-NSW Flight
	Elsie Hamilton	-NSW Flight
	Isabel Ridgway	-NSW Flight
	Barbara Pearce	- Vic. Flight
	Patricia Millar	-NSW Flight
	Isabel Ridgway	-NSW Flight
	Elsie Hamilton	-NSW Flight
	Eric Munkman	-NSW Flight

THE TOM LINDSAY STORY BY DAUGHTER

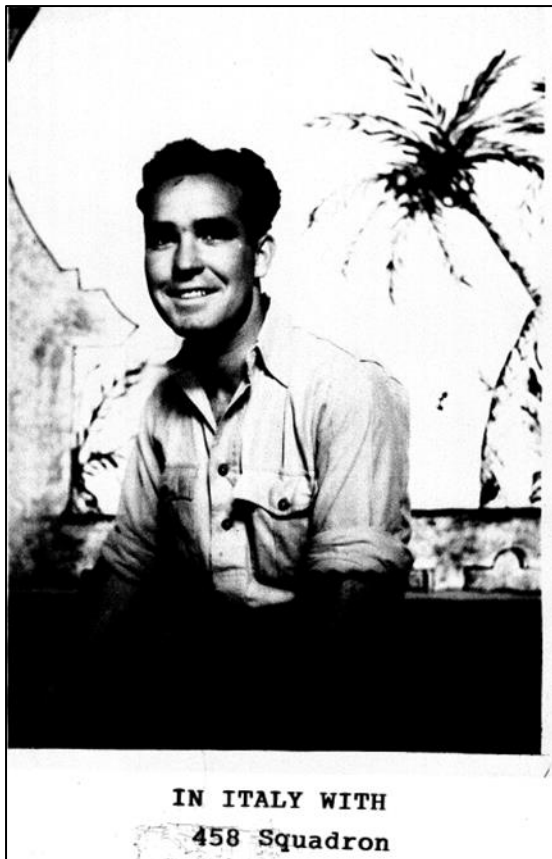


BETH HARVEY

My dad was born on in Belfast, Ireland, 1st March 1917, and immigrated to Canada when he was very young. His father left the family to return to Ireland. He went to work full time when he completed grade 7 and worked the following year as an office boy and at the same time took grade 8 at night school.

When the big depression came in 1929 he was a customs rater in a custom brokerage house. At the height of the depression his boss met with all the staff and advised them that half of you will be let go and the other half will work at half pay. Dad considered himself fortunate to still be employed even though he had to do twice as much work at half the pay. Such was the general attitude during these very hard times, far different from what is considered a depression in this day and age.

When WWII started dad volunteered in the RCAF and trained as a radar technician a comparatively new occupation with the introduction of radar detection. After completion of training in Canada he was sent to England for more advanced training. While there he went to Belfast to visit his father. He was then posted to the Mediterranean and subsequently posted to 458 RAAF Squadron in Italy and his story there has previously been sent for inclusion in the 458 website and ended at Gibraltar at war's end where the squadron was



disbanded.

Dad was posted back to Canada where he volunteered for duty in the Pacific but the war ended before he was posted so he received his discharge from the RCAF and returned to employment in custom brokerage and eventually co-owned his own business in Montréal. It was there he met and married my mother Fay who had also served in the air force.

While in Montréal they had two children, son Bruce, named after my mother's brother who had died from war injuries, and myself. Later we moved to Vancouver where he again opened his own custom brokerage business. He retired a number of times and eventually permanently when the family moved to West Vancouver. My mother passed away at age 85 about 14 years ago and

shortly after I started taking care of my dad.

In March of 2015 he celebrated his 98th birthday and exactly one month later on April Fool's Day he left us after a period of declining health and mobility.

See Tom Lindsay's Life Story: an Autobiography on our 458 Squadron Website. www.458raafsquadron.org

VALE Eric Munkman

Tribute to Eric Munkman by Dick and Pip Smith.

"What an extraordinary life Eric had. I clearly remember Eric coming up and "high fiving" me at the ANZAC March. To find out that he was in 458 Squadron, the same as Pip's father, is quite amazing. I wish I had known that at the time. What a wonderful life – to live to 96 years and to not only have served our country in one of its most dangerous wars but then to live on to such a grand old age... I dips me lid to Eric."

ERIC THOMAS MUNKMAN 1919 TO 2015



Eric was born in Chatswood, New South Wales and lived in that area until the beginning of the war. He attended Chatswood Primary School until 6th class by passing the Q.C. He then went on to Crows Nest Commercial School. On reaching 14 years of age, he left to seek employment, this being the tail end of the depression. He had happy memories of his growing years - wandering through the bush, swimming, fishing, football, selling newspapers to the fish shop, holiday time going from door to door selling gum tips and wild flowers to get pocket money.

He managed to get a job with a shipping and transport company as a delivery boy. He often said he was the fastest delivery boy in Sydney, scaling trams and hopping on the back of horse drawn wagons. He had to work long hours governed by the arrival and departure of ships. It was nothing for him to work 50 to 70 hours a week - no overtime. He received 2 shillings and sixpence for tea money with which he would buy a pie for 6d and save the rest. He was an assistant secretary when he left in 1940 to go into National Service.

On discharge from that he joined the R.A.A.F. and was asked what he did in "Civvie Street" - he answered "clerk" to which he received the reply "Good, you're in, we need clerks". After all, the pen is mightier than the sword.

It was at this point he met Dorothy - the love of his life.

He attended Maths classes in the evening hoping to re muster to air crew. He did his rookies at Richmond, then posted to Bradfield Park for clerical duties and then posted to Williamtown to be sent overseas. He often felt it was a blessing that he was not appointed to air crew.

Things were looking pretty grim and he left Australia on the 8th August, 1941, with 37 other ground crew which formed the nucleus of 458 Squadron and sailed on the "Awatea" via Auckland to Vancouver, then embarking, going across Canada to Halifax by rail, a journey of 5 nights and 6 days eating and sleeping where they sat. They then boarded the "Louis Pasteur", which was a pretty tough trip. They arrived in Greenock, Scotland, once again boarding a train to Bournemouth. His first impressions of England were poor, cold and thick fog, visibility zero and to top it off all his kit bag was lost and never found, losing all the mementos he had been given by his loved ones plus all his kit. They were billeted for a short period and then their next move was to York to be stationed at the aerodrome near the village of Holme on Spalding Moor, The squadron was being equipped with Wellington "Wimpy" bombers. His first impression of these aircraft was the size compared to those back in Australia.

The squadron was built to full strength with Aussies, English, Canadians, New Zealanders and South Africans. The operational duties were bombing Europe when the weather permitted. The winter of 1941 was the coldest for 50 years. After 6 months of operations they were shipped out to the Middle East with other troopships escorted by cruisers, destroyers, and flack ships being the largest convoy to leave at that time. In the M.E. they were stationed at Fayid awaiting their aircraft being ferried out from the U.K. This took some time and in the meantime they serviced an American squadron who had no ground crew. Then the squadron was reformed operating from dromes across North Africa, Sardinia, Italy and Gibraltar,

He arrived back home in July 1945 after 4 years away and within 3 weeks was married to Dorothy, enjoying a partnership for over 65 years.

They moved to Kogarah, renting a room in a house as it was hard to get a home at that time. He worked for the Repatriation Department for a short time, bought himself a 5 ton truck, which he said was a bomb. Not happy with that he joined the family building business, finding this being his niche. He finally retired at the age of 65 years.

He never lost touch with the Squadron. It continued on as a branch of the Air Force Association. He joined the committee in 1949 and

became President in 1970. He organised 2 overseas reunions and 5 within Australia. He always loved the comradeship in the squadron. In 1995 he was selected to represent the R.A.A.F. Ground Crew in the "Australia Remembers" contingent overseas to celebrate the 50 year cessation of hostilities in 1945.

After many years living at Willoughby and Forestville he and Dorothy decided to retire to the War Vets at Narrabeen in 1995. They continued to volunteer and worked tirelessly in the village making new friends and helping to raise funds.

Over the years Eric was awarded life membership of 458 Squadron Association, Life Membership of Willoughby Social Golf club and awarded 50 year Recognition Certificate to the Masonic Lodge. He was a very committed man.

Eric and Dorothy raised 2 children, Ron and Beryl, and were very proud of their 5 grandchildren and their 8 great grandchildren. Mum and Dad are loved and very much missed by their family

Beryl Dodds.

My Tribute to Eric Munkman by Rob Wilkinson.



There's something about these boys from 458
together they epitomised the term good mate
they came from all our corners and joined up as a band
as they went off into war to defend our sacred land.

They arrived back here as men and reflected on their plight
and Eric led the way to form the N.S.W. Flight
they honoured their loyal banner and were all of Eric's ilk
they got on with their lives, and they listened to Acker Bilk.

Eric's manner was impeccable, his humility without ends
he loved his family dearly and he treasured all his friends

There were many heartfelt stories, told as only Eric can
he inspired all us young ones – a caring gentle man.

He led us all with honour, he led us all with pride
as the flight marched on up George Street, together side by side

He was admired by so many, that couldn't be a myth
and he got a lot of pleasure from a high-five with Dick Smith

So, as the sun makes its way o'er the yardarm today
let's remember Eric fondly as his soul flies away

And celebrate good cheer a man with the most
have a whisky in hand as you rise for a toast.

Rob Wilkinson. 06 August 2015

OBITUARY

BILL TURIER



Bill was my co-pilot for the whole of my service with 458 Squadron RAAF until we were classified as 'tour expired' when stationed in Italy as the war in Europe was coming to an end. We first met on the RAF Station at Witherby Bush (Near Haverfordwest) in Wales. It was an Operational Training Unit and having just returned from the Middle East after a spell on Beauforts there, I was converting to Wellingtons.

I knew nobody when I arrived there and as I needed to recruit a crew, was fortunate to recruit an excellent team of WAGs, John Dunn, Horrie Campbell, John Longford and Navigator Cliff Hayward.

About a week later, Bill arrived fresh from training as a fighter pilot and completed the crew. We all appreciated his unassuming ways and impish sense of humour and his dedication to task at hand.

We were a diverse group (farmer's son, master builder, apprentice pharmacist, bank officer, factory tester and a Queensland boundary rider) but we all trained well together and three months later were considered to be an efficient Coastal Command crew.

By the end of Jan 1944 we were provided with a brand new Wellington fitted with all the latest equipment for finding and destroying submarines and shipping and off we went to 458 Squadron which was then stationed at Bone in Algeria, by way of Rabat Sal in Morocco.

Bill provided help to the navigator on the long journey to Rabat. We were buffeted by a severe Atlantic storm which rendered the wind forecasts useless and needed a new position point if we were to make a safe landfall. Bill had learnt enough astro navigation to use a bubble sextant and was able to provide two good star sights which the navigator used to get us back on course.

The role of 458 and other maritime squadrons was to clear the western Mediterranean of submarines and other hostile craft, as a necessary prelude to the invasion of southern France. Bill had many

duties to keep him busy; firstly acting as flight engineer, to monitor engine performance and remember to pump lubricating oil to each engine every hour, and to prepare and launch flares down the flare chute when required. When a radar contact was obtained he would man the Leigh Light controls, lower the searchlight and set the depth charges to 'live'.

All this was carried out at low level, usually at night and often in atrocious weather conditions.

Bill was a steady man under fire. On one memorable occasion we were on a reconnaissance sortie along the Italian coast near Genoa when we got boxed in an AA barrage and I decided the only chance of escape was to dive at high speed and head further out to sea. I only had time to yell "brace", as by this time I was treating our poor old Wimpy like it was a Spitfire. Bill was launching flares at the time so his intercom was disconnected, but he crawled along the floor (to beat the G forces) to the pilot's station, grabbed my arm and pointing urgently to the instrument panel shouted "airspeed". It was showing 90 knots and falling towards the stalling speed of 80 kt. I was able to convince him the needle was on its second time round the clock and we were then able to attend to the delicate task of getting ourselves out of the high speed dive we had gotten ourselves into.

When we had sorted ourselves out Bill's sardonic comment was "you know, skipper, I think those people were trying to kill us".

There were numerous occasions when Bill's steady nerve and dedication to the task served us well.

When the allied forces had secured the island of Sardinia 458



L-R Bill Turier, John Dunn, Horrie Campbell, and Bill Kelliher. Vatican 1944

Squadron moved to the airfield at Alghero to enable us to give close support to the forces in the invasion of southern France which took place on August 15 of 1944. We felt we may have been of some help there as the landings went ahead with surprisingly low casualties.

Some months later, when General Patton and his armies were well on the way to Paris, it was considered that 458's services were needed

over the other side of Italy where the British eighth army was under some pressure from troops supplied from Adriatic ports.

So 458 moved to Foggia which by now was a complex of several airfields and from here we had a satellite field at Ancona, where we continued our anti shipping activities until our crew was classified as 'Tour Expired'. The Squadron then left us, and went to Gibraltar where there was still a bit of "trade" out in the Atlantic.

L-R Bill Turier, John Dunn, Horrie Campbell, and Bill Kelliher. Reunion SA c1990



We finally found our way to Cairo and were separately posted to non-combat duties. It was a sad time for us all as we had been through a lot together without any friction developing in that time.

Our friendship has remained strong over the post war years and I now feel as if I have lost a twin brother in William Edward Turier, who died on 24th December 2014 aged 92, sadly missed by wife Dorothy and children. **Bill Kelliher**

To: editor@458raafsquadron.org

Subject: note re Bill Turier, 458 Squadron

Dear Roland,

This note is to inform you that Bill Turier passed away on 24th December 2014, peacefully at home after some time of slowing down, with mild dementia and congestive heart failure.

I would also like to confirm that Bill Kelliher has written Bill's obituary (sent to you or in the process of doing so).

We have enjoyed the many newsletters, other publications and various '458' events through the years, and I would like to thank all the people who have made 458 a memorable and endearing part of our lives. Thank you to all members of this very fraternal organization.

Yours sincerely,

Dorothy Turier and family

FLIGHT REPORTS

New South Wales Flight report by Squadron President Keith Cousins



Greetings,

Pranged in bathroom before retiring on Saturday night, having overdone physical training at Lady Davidson



Hospital on previous Wednesday. –Had to call Paramedics to elevate me to the vertical, having “baby crawled” to next room and pull phone to floor.

Fortunately lights still on, and was able to guide Paramedics through security gate and house entry. My eldest grand-daughter, (who has own websight) is currently in New Delhi on behalf of BBC and WHO, trying to convince the local population to quit smoking, when not in orbit between her home base in Beirut and Istanbul and among the Ghurkas of Katmandu {better to check her website). Between trips she was flown to Washington to receive an award from the American Journalists. Next February we should have two Doctors in the family- Sophie in Journalism and Emily in Sports Medicine –(whew!) Next communication I hope to relate how on 24/July,1942, the enemy tried to wipe out Winston S. Churchill, but he out-foxed them by coming by car. Best wishes,Keith,

*We all hope you are on the up & up after your ‘Prang’ , Keith.
ed.*

UK Flight Report by Keith Wilkinson



It is with great sadness that I have learned of the death of Jack Powers – who ten years ago invited me to visit him and his wife at their home in Sydney. My wife and I had just climbed the Sydney Harbour Bridge, and we were then treated to a tour of the city in Jack’s car, including a trip to his local race course. Jack, a wireless operator, air gunner with 458 Squadron, died on July 16 at the age of 91. He’d also served with 38 Squadron. We have a little statue of Buddha he gave us as a memento of our trip to see him Down Under.

Some years before then, the retired dentist corresponded with me about his adventures – including details of an attack his crew made on an Italian submarine in the Adriatic. Jack was on the Leigh Light Wellington radar at the time, picked up a blip and alerted his crew. His account goes: “With the rough locality I could give them they spotted our prey down the moon path and made the visual attack. Depth charges were dropped and after making the full circle we saw the ripples on the water but no sub.”

The kill was confirmed some time later when they took a well-earned nap in makeshift beds on the hangar floor. His pilot was awoken by an intelligence officer with the words: “John - you got him!”

The great grandson of a New Yorker, Jack’s name is now listed on the Wall of Honor at the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum in Washington. He had visited the USA during the war, en route to Britain. He had a funny story to tell

about his time in California. “600 airmen were made to strip naked and examined by the military doctors. We were addressed by a colonel and congratulated for being the cleanest body of men he had ever encountered. I assume he was used to examining his share of hillbillies and not the cream of Australian youth [a’hem].”

I have been contacted by two people in the UK appealing for information about their relatives who served with 458 Squadron.

Zina Saunders from Broadstairs in Kent has been researching the history of her uncle. She says Sgt Frederick Ernest Baker who was killed in an accident in the Mediterranean when his Wellington crashed due to blocked fuel lines. Mrs Saunders writes: “Although it’s rather a long shot, I was wondering if any of the three surviving members of the crew are still alive. “



She says they were: Sgt C Moncur, warrant officer A.I Thompson, and warrant officer R.F.W Clark. They were later prisoners of war in Poland.

I have also been contacted by Janet McLoughlin who’d love to hear from anyone who may remember her late father who served with 458. Thomas Barton (PICTURED) was a wireless operator, air gunner. He joined 458 in July 1943, possibly in Tunisia, and flew with F/O Wells. Sadly Mr Barton, who was

from Liverpool and worked as an upholsterer after the war, died in 1970 when Janet was just ten years old. She has got some information from her mother and from his Log Book but is trying to learn more – possibly from any surviving mates in 458 squadron. Mr Barton’s brother was a prisoner in the Far East.

If you know more about Thomas Barton you can contact Mrs McLoughlin at janmc59@hotmail.com

Canada Flight Report by Bryan Quinlan



I am very sorry to report that since the last newsletter we have lost two flight members, Bert Markland who passed away on 17 may after a long period spent in a care centre and flight president Tom Lindsay who died on 1 April. Bert was 93 and Tom was 98.

Tom's daughter Beth Harvey has provided the care for her dad at home for many years and she told me recently that he had said life was no longer fun and it was time to go. Bert’s wife Gladys who has been my contact since Bert became incapacitated expressed similar feelings



Recorder Photo-Oreva C. Tass
Tom Rowan, centre, a Second World War veteran from Porcupine Plain, does the ceremonial rock toss, officially opening the Saskatchewan Royal Canadian Legion's provincial tournament at the RECplex Jan. 23 to 25.

With a toss of the rock by Tom Rowan, a Second World War veteran from Porcupine Plain, the Saskatchewan Royal Canadian Legion officially opened its provincial curling tournament.

on his passing, although obviously sad occasions for both families. Contact has been lost with Jack Reynolds who must have moved into a care centre which means that there are only two remaining flight members, Tom Rowan and yours truly, the "kid" now nearing 93.

I earlier sent Roland interesting newspaper clippings on Tom Rowan and his younger brother which I presume will be included in this report.

In addition Beth kindly sent me an abridged version of her dad's life which I will send to Roland shortly, with the suggestion that it would make interesting reading as an entry in the 458 website rather than this report. I will leave that decision up to Roland.

Western Canada has been experiencing an unusually long period of very hot weather without any rain which has resulted in low storage reservoirs and strict watering regulations, as well as a great many forest fires in BC, Alberta and Saskatchewan, many caused by lightning particularly in BC. A welcome few days of cooler weather and some rain showers has been a welcome relief for everybody, particularly for my wife Joan as very hot weather aggravates her osteoarthritis and the pain in all her join

Tom Rowan's younger brother. At 81, Ted Rowan is still a star on the track



and field. Starting Track & Field at 70, he has set 15 Canadian records. In his younger days he was a successful amateur boxer losing only 2 out of 56 fights. As the article states, "At 81, still on the fast track" Ted, we salute you from Australia, New Zealand, the United Kingdom and indeed Canada.

South Australia Report by Rick Michell



We had a reasonable turn out for our ANZAC DAY reunion lunch at the Kensi Hotel.

Our midyear lunch on the 2nd of July was attended by Colin and Yvonne Hutchinson, Pat Cribb, Jean Barnes.

Also present was the Late Colin Michell son Rick, his daughter Trish and her husband Dave, we would like to thank Dave for organising the lunch at the Kensi. The Late Buck Pedersen daughters Lorraine and Pat also attended.

Pat daughter made cupcakes that were decorated with 458 Squadron the top of the cupcakes in 458 Squadron colours, many thanks to Pat's daughter.

Our Christmas lunch will be held on December 6th 2015 at the Kensi.

Anyone that would like to attend are most welcome.



Victoria Flight report by Roland Orchard



ANZAC Day 2015: Another resounding success in Melbourne.



Slightly damp, but the weather did not deter a reported 50 thousand to the Dawn Service at The Shrine, plus many more at The March itself. Those who marched were: Jane & Eric Foster, Rod Flentje, Neil Flentje, Karen Ganley and daughter Ebony, Roland Orchard and daughter Emily, Jeremy Orchard, Brian Paroissien, his son Nigel Paroissien and daughters Elise and Rochelle, Sue & Peter Jackson and Jill & Joe Summers. Thanks also to the 7 Air Force Cadets (from 404, 407, 408, 415, 418 Squadrons) who carried the picture of the Wellington and the Banner: Bailey Warren, Damian Verbakel, Steven Wong, Vishal Sandhoshkumar, Simon Ou, Dion Tupou and Kieran Collins. For more information and the full Victoria Flight AGM Report please visit our website or click on the following link or copy and paste the following address to your browser.

http://458raafsqadron.org/fileadmin/filemount/Anzac_Day_2015/458_Squadron_Association_AGM_25_April_2015.pdf



A Serendipitous Meeting. After adjourning the Vic. Flight AGM, most members had departed except for Jeremy and I. We were approached by a couple, Carron & Mary Bourke (pictured) enquiring about the 458 Squadron Banner; which was on full display in the restaurant, for all to see. After a short conversation I asked what their interest was in the RAAF. Mary then spoke of one of their sons serving in the RAAF currently on exchange in the UK. My mind focused sharply, since I had visited RAF Waddington Station in Lincolnshire, UK, the previous September. I asked Mary, whereabouts in the UK and she replied RAF Waddington. At this stage I had to sit down and quickly gather my thoughts. I then blurted out, “You live on Philip Island, don’t you?” Carron and Mary stared at me in stunned amazement and both answered in the affirmative. I then regaled the story of meeting up with their son FLGOFF Gerard Bourke and his personal tour of the RAF Station, Memorial Garden and The Heritage Centre. I thought this chance meeting quite bizarre as did Carron, Mary and their daughter.



The NSW Report has reminded me to post this photo of Kim Shearman at work with his preferred mode of transport. It was quite surreal actually, my bros Jeremy, Chris and I were drooling over the static displays of aircraft when we came upon one of many RAAF displays. Next minute we hear,

“458 Squadron! My grandfather served with 458.” Kim had seen Jeremy and Chris’ 458 T Shirts. We promptly had photos taken ‘behind the barriers’ where we had a great chat with Kim and got up close and *nearly* personal with the FA/18 behind us.

West Australia Flight report by Bob Kelliher on behalf of Ted Jewell



Spoke to Ted today. He is recently out of hospital after brain surgery, but has the all clear, subject to a confirming scan on 4 September. (He is now taking no tablets!)



We had a fairly large 458 and Supporters gathering on 12 April at the South of Perth Yacht Club, and our next gathering is on Friday 28 August at the Air Force Club in Bullcreek. I can send you a report after this one! So no need to hold the Newsletter. **Bob Kelliher.** *Thanks for filling for Ted, Bob. On behalf of all 458 Squadron Association members, we hope Ted has a speedy and healthy recovery. ed*

ANZAC DAY 2015- SYDNEY & ANZAC COVE GALLIPOLI



FLGOFF Kim Shearman proudly wearing his Grandfather, Bob Shearman's medals.
ANZAC Day 2015. Sydney Australia



Adam Bruce laying a wreath at Anzac Cove, Gallipoli, on behalf of 458 Squadron.



Messages from New Zealand



President 458 Squadron Council

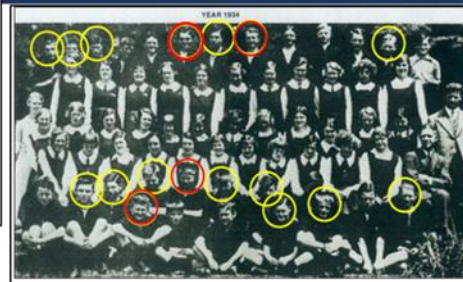
Dear Mr Cousins



I am the Principal of Kaipara College, Helensville, New Zealand, **Pilot officer Robert Burnie**, of 458 Squadron, attended this school when it was called Helensville District High School. Today we held our Anzac Day assembly. I used Robert's story as a way to personalise the centenary for our current students. I enclose, for your possible interest, the slides I used with the words I spoke added. Kind regards, **John Grant. Principal Kaipara College (formerly Helensville District High School)**



To Personalise ANZAC Day, here is the story of one of our Veterans, Robert Birnie. Here he is, a confident young man, with a proud smile on his face – Captain of the 1st XI Cricket Team and the 1st XV Rugby Team



This is the entire School of 1934. The yellow circles record all the boys who served in World War II. The red circles are those who were killed; Keith Jugill (BL), Robert Taylor (BR), Fred Wakelin (TR) and Robert Birnie (TL). The man standing on the right is teacher Mr. Wakelin.



Bob Birnie taken in 1931. He is wearing the All Black Rosette and has a wide smile on his face, his team having just beaten Australia 20-13. Bob was born in Westport on 2nd March, 1917. He was the only child of George and Irene Birnie. His father was the Post Master in Helensville.



Robert's name on the War Memorial on the main street of Helensville.



The Head Boy and Head Girl of Kaipara College lay the College wreath for its Veteran past Students.



Kaipara College Students, one for each ANZAC year form a Guard of Honour on the street above the War Memorial



The names of the crew inscribed on the Golleville memorial.

Robert Birnie

Born Westport, New Zealand
2 March 1917

Helensville District High School 1931-1934
Captain 1st XI Cricket
Captain 1st XV Rugby

Royal New Zealand Air Force 1940-1942
Killed in Action 9 January 1942
Cherbourg Peninsula, France
Aged 24

Memorials

- Golleville, France
- Helensville RSA, New Zealand
- Takapuna War Memorial, New Zealand
- Auckland War Memorial Museum
- Kaipara College Hall

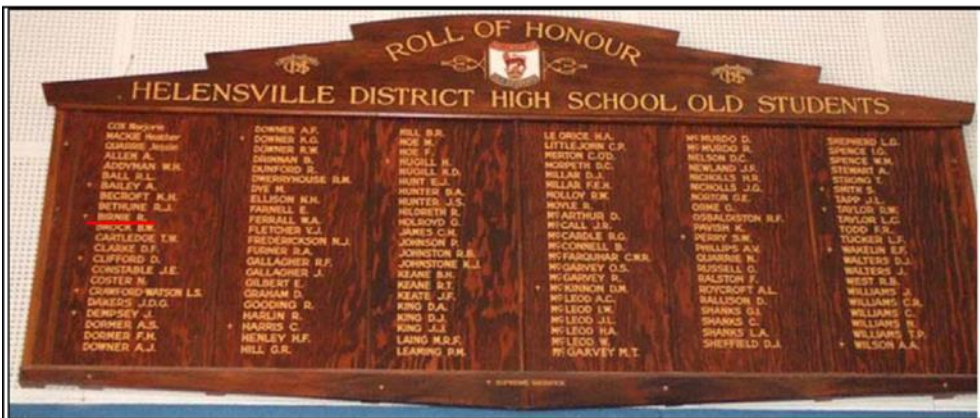




A representative officer of the New Zealand Air Force salutes the war dead after he lays a wreath immediately in front of Robert Burnie's name on the war memorial. The service flags are carried by the College Student leaders.



The last post sounds as the flag comes to half mast. College Student Leaders with the flags at the slope.



This Roll of Honour is in the Kaipara College Hall and records all the past students of the school – then known as Helensville District High School – who served in World War II. There are 130 names; 3 women and 127 men.



When the war broke out Robert was working as a post office clerk in Morrinsville. He enlisted in the New Zealand Air Force. He trained in Levin as an air observer until September 1940 when he went to Canada to train with the Canadian Air Force. He was commissioned in May 1941 and posted to 458 squadron based near Holme, England.

This is his plane. A Mk IV Wellington bomber (R1785)



The crew were buried next to each other in the Cherbourg Old Communal Cemetery, Manche, France.

Thank you, Principal Grant. On behalf of 458 Squadron Association Veterans and families we thank you and your Students for this very moving tribute to P/O Burnie. Lest We Forget.

Kaikohe stalwart added much to town

Those who saw three aeroplanes circling over Kaikohe at 2pm on Saturday witnessed a rare tribute paid to one of Kaikohe's better known stalwarts.

The three home-built Jodels flew in formation, honouring Kevin Ellis George, who died on January 9 after a short illness.

Kevin was born in 1923 in Kamo and attended Whangarei schools. During his late teens, he trained as a wartime pilot at the Whenuapai airbase, completing his training in Canada. He gained his twin engine experience flying Hudson Bombers and obtained his captain's rating in 1942. He then joined the Bomber Command 458 Squadron, flying Wellington bombers on missions over Europe and the Mediterranean.

Kevin served with the Royal NZ Air Force and, at times, with the Royal Air Force. Kevin played a key part for many years in squadron reunions and at the time of his death he was vice president and New Zealand correspondent for the squadron.

It was these wartime

OBITUARY



Kevin Ellis George
March 23, 1923 –
January 9, 2014

experiences that moulded his fierce determination to stand up for the rights of individuals against bureaucracy, a trait he carried into civilian life.

After the war, Kevin flew for the National Airways Corporation, New Zealand's national carrier, often flying into Kaikohe. It was on one of these scheduled flights that Kevin met Dawn Wilkinson, the NAC ticketing clerk at the Kaikohe airport. They were married in Kaikohe in 1961 in the Kaikohe Union Church.

Their first home was in Auckland and was co-

built by Kevin himself, as he had a talent for building and design and working with wood.

After leaving the corporation, he and Dawn shifted back to Kaikohe where Kevin honed his entrepreneurial skills, establishing a small departmental store in 1953.

The business met the needs of a community growing in size. He kept his finger on the pulse, his business acumen ensuring that he was always aware of where business was headed. The business prospered and he later sold it to Pat Coyne in 1969.

Kevin was a shining example of a strong community minded person, often mentoring others.

Following the sale of the business, Kevin took his family, Annette, David, Michael and Linda, to England and Europe for a year.

The family all look back on this period as a highlight of their lives. Not only were they able to see countries and cultures, but they gained a valuable insight to the contribution their father and others had made to world peace during World War II.



Wartime: The young Kevin George.

Travelled: The war took Kevin to Egypt.

Ever the astute business operator, Kevin used his talents for the benefit of his community by actively participating in the newly formed Citizens and Ratepayers Association.

A natural and very capable pilot, Kevin could not stay out of the air, so together with Bruce Gillies and Jack McKenzie an aeroplane was built from Jodel blueprint plans. The only thing not handmade was the engine and propeller.

This small two-seater aircraft, completed in 1968, took 4½ years to build. It is now owned by Fred Courtney. Piloted by Don McMillan, it was one of the three Jodels in Saturday's flypast.

It was the first home-built two-seater aeroplane in New Zealand. The other two Jodels in the sky on Saturday were piloted by Graham Walker and Alan Bayley.

Kevin was a staunch long-time member of the Northern Districts Aero Club. One of his self-



Park creation: Kevin and Dawn George at their home in Kaikohe.

appointed tasks was to monitor the growth of algal bloom on Lake Omarepe, it being easier to do this from the air as the discoloration was clearly evident. From his decades in the air, he had a formidable knowledge of New Zealand topography and geology.

A tireless freedom fighter, he was never afraid of hard work and his development of their home property at the bottom of Broadway is ample testimony to the fact. From a swampy paddock, he and Dawn created an idyllic retreat and what is now

arguably the most valuable private home property in Kaikohe.

The initial formation of the lake was done with a digger, but most of the soil forming the bank between the lake and the Mangamutu Stream was imported and placed by hand with wheelbarrow and shovel.

The park-like property became a favourite location for weddings.

Kevin's thirst for information was legendary. This characteristic encouraged him to research his ancestral roots, taking him to Cornwall, Ireland,

Scotland and Nova Scotia from where his ancestors, the Waipū settlers came.

This historical interest also encompassed the early missionary life in the Bay of Islands and Dawn's ancestry. He had an extensive library and often as a result of his own research challenged the history books.

Kaikohe has been richer for the life of Kevin George. He is survived by his wife, Dawn, sons David and Michael, daughter Linda, 12 grandchildren and a growing number of great-grandchildren.

Thanks to Michael George for sending this great article about his Dad, the Late Kevin George. Apologies for the size however this is the biggest I can get it so it fits on the page.

THANKS ROY.



Thanks to Roy Pearce for kindly donating this 458 Squadron Association Jacket once owned by Bill Hurford. Perhaps Bill's family would like to have it back?

Contact the editor.

editor@458raafsquadron.org

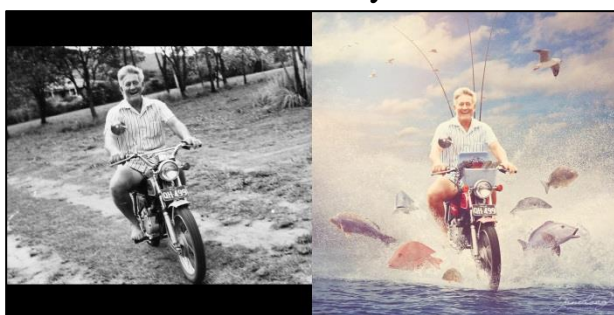
EMAILS Please accept my apologies if I don't publish your email. I receive hundreds between each Edition and although all emails are important and interesting I can only place a small number of them in this Journal due to page number restrictions. Thanks for your understanding. ed.

Sunday 19/04/2015 Hi Roland

Thank you so much again for sending your wonderful newsletter. As ever it is well received. Tears (many!) came to my eyes reading about old Bill Flentje & his final weeks which were much like Dad's. It was great to read Neil's words. The Flentje family was just lovely to Mum when Dad died, sending her flowers as well as calling her to offer their condolences. Betty phoned Mum when her husband (Bill) died & the girls

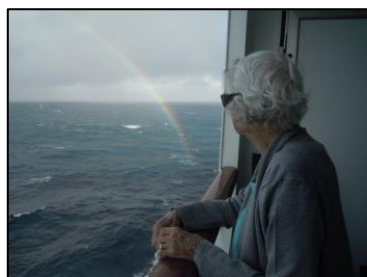


chatted. Thank you yet again, Roland for helping maintain this sense of connection & community within the 458 family. You must find it so difficult



when they pass on as you get to know many of these wonderful old men who have so much character & so many stories to tell. From my point of view I have many happy memories of my father, as well as amazing photos of his beautiful smile. These help. I have attached a

photo for you taken about 15 years ago, Dad (Dudley McKay) with one of his many grandsons. Hope you like the photo of Dad, put together from an old photo by one of my nieces (still fishing. He loved to fish & was always young at heart!). Mum (Enid) is in hospital as I write as she is still recovering from a flu virus picked up during a cruise to New Zealand. She & I went on a 2 week cruise recently. Unfortunately someone forgot to pack her passport in so she had a very stressful departure day. The passport arrived in the nick of time after one sister made a very speedy trip from the Sunshine Coast to the wharf at Hamilton. We were the last passengers to go through Customs!



Given Mum's age I think that the Customs guys stayed on longer. Anyway this mishap pushed her blood pressure up sky high & gave her insomnia which she had for the entire trip (not even valium helped), averaging (she & I) about 3 hours a night sleep! Poor girl, in spite of this she/we enjoyed the trip though. Have attached a couple of photos of her, one lucky one I caught with a rainbow! Some lovely memories. They're a feisty lot this generation. **Deb Favier**

Wed 8/04/2015 5:00 PM

Hello Roland

How timely to receive the 458 newsletter through my email this week. I write this from Nth Lincolnshire where I am staying with my cousin. Last weekend we went to the Holme Upon Spalding Moore where dad, TIM O'Riley was stationed with 458 Squadron. It was a wonder to see the 458 Corridor within the original Command Centre full of photos reflecting their story. It was an emotional experience that I wouldn't have missed for the world. I have taken some photos and will send some through when I get back. Thanks again. **Gail Rossini from Adelaide.** (What a coincidence, Gail. Your Mum sent me a letter which I've included in this Edition- Roland)

Mon 20/04/2015

My Father Dennis George Holland (Known as Doug) died on 30th July, 2014 in Garden Village Nursing Home Port Macquarie, NSW at the age of 90 Years, 11 months and 21 days. I say it like this because he almost made it to 91. His cremation service was held in Port Macquarie on his birthday 8th August 2014. He is survived by his wife Betty, Son Hugh , Daughter Margaret and Son John. His funeral service included a wonderful and informative Eulogy by a representative of the Port Macquarie Sub Branch of the RSL.

Dad often would talk of his experiences in the 458 Squadron. Like most veterans, he gave few details until very late in his life some of which only became known to the family in his last few years. **Hugh Holland**

Sunday 9/08/2015

Hello Roland, **Helen Martin here**; and I'm the youngest of Kath and Harold's 3 children. 458 had a huge impact on our childhood because of your terrific social activities. You could feel the bonds of friendship between the men and definitely friendships were forged between the wives. I remember Don Johnson's Xmas party with Santa and all the progressive dinners-move to another house for the next course-it was the 70s and I have many memories. Mostly how mum and dad seemed to have a great social life. 458rs were possibly able to cope being home after the war because the mateship was strong and who else could relate and show empathy?

Goodness, this is supposed to let readers know of Kath Martin's death on 30 June. She was in Cabrini, Ashwood for the last 2yrs. She had Alzheimer's AND vascular dementia (due to mini strokes). She had good and bad days and died of pneumonia due to getting a chest infection. She was 96: a good innings but we were fairly confident she would get the Queens telegram. She made some very good friends through 458 and if still alive, they would miss her deeply. Ron & Joan Russell, Ben & Val McCormack (not sure it's McC.. or C...), Sam & Maisie Barlow, Harry Ashworth and many more. She was a classy woman, my mum, and she shall be missed. Dad had 3 photo albums documenting 5-6 years. Are you still interested in them? **(Yes Helen, extremely interested thanks.**

Roland



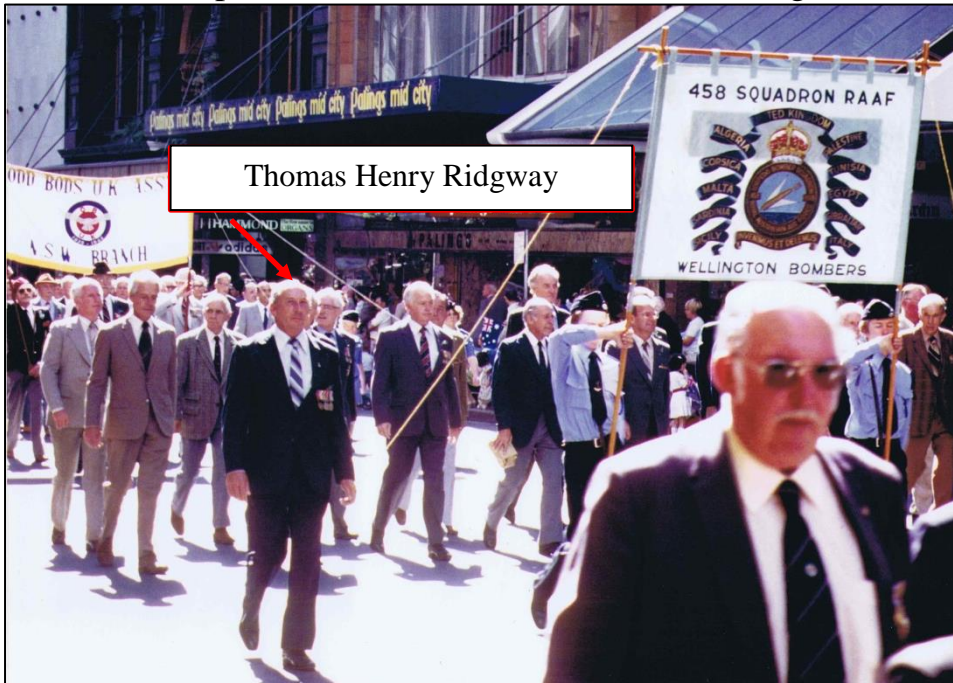
Thomas Henry RIDGWAY.

Flight Lieutenant 413255

My wife Isabel was born in Parkes on 31st May, 1922. I first met her when I was teaching in the district. We became good friends. In 1940 she went to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital for her nursing training.

In May 1940 I volunteered for Aircrew training but was not called up until August 1941. Then it was Bradfield Park for equipment, ITS at Sandgate, Queensland, followed by Navigation at Cootamundra. Then off to Evans Head for

Bombing and Gunnery. This completed my basic training and I was granted a commission. I then went to Parkes for Astro Navigation and back to Bradfield Park. I had kept in touch with Isabel and as I was to go overseas we became



Thomas Henry Ridgway

engaged on 25th May and I sailed to the UK on 31st May.

In England I was posted to an OTU at Cranwell. It was a disaster. Two crashes and we had lost a pilot and a WAG. So we started another OTU

at Limavady in Northern Ireland. Our President Keith was there.

Finally after more courses we had a brand new Mk.X Wellington to fly to the Middle East. We reached West Africa, flew past Rommel's retreating army and onto Cairo.

We were posted to a Detachment of 38 Squadron. We flew mostly from Benghazi on offensive ops to Greece and Crete.

I finished my tour and then did a course as Bombing Leader.

I returned to Australia in November 1944 and we were married on 4th January, 1945. We spent the rest of the war as a married couple mostly at Ballarat, where we flew Liberators and I was an Instructor on the Radar Nordon Bombing Sight.

I went to an ANZAC Day march where I was cheerfully greeted by Peter Alexander and was promptly made an Associate Member of 458 Squadron. We

spent many happy years going to Reunions at Salander Bay, Moss Vale and finally at Checkers Terrey Hills.

2014 was a bad year. On 17th May I went to hospital and Isabel to Seaside Nursing Home at Warriewood. During the next 12 months my wife of 70 years slowly faded away and on the 12th May 2015 she passed peacefully on.

I spent many weeks in various hospitals and on the 8th October, 2014 I was deemed High Risk and came here to Peter Cosgrove Nursing Home at Narrabeen. I can walk with a walker but cannot leave without a carer, even for a few hours.

Finally let me congratulate the 2nd generation for carrying on and your special 250th Edition was magnificent.

(You are most welcome, Sir. – 2nd Gen 'lot')

Robert “Bob” SHERRAH.

Warrant Officer 39187



A Great collage of Bob Sherrah and his mates. **Thanks to Chris Sherrah.**

Chris writes, “With regards information about my father, he never really spoke much about the War and any details I can gather would be those found in the War Services Records. Unfortunately my mother has dementia. Kind Regards, **Chris.**”

We appreciate the photos, Chris. Especially the one of your Dad. An absolute classic portrait photograph. Maybe someone can help out to name some of the servicemen in the group photos. Roland.

Letter from Barbara O'Riley, Crafers, South Australia.



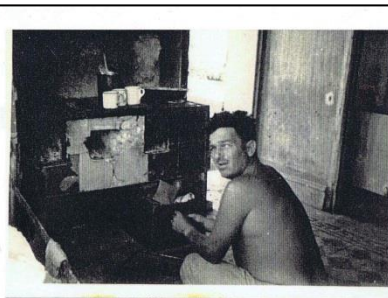
“Hi Roland,
 Many thanks for the interesting contents,
 (250th Journal) especially Ron Eggers daughter. He
 was best man at our wedding in June, 1944. My
 husband E.J. (Tim) O'Riley was rear gunner in 458
 Squadron. Canadian Micky Reid was his pilot; we
 corresponded regularly after the war.

Please find enclosed a donation and a few photos.

Yours sincerely
 Barbara O'Riley



A tent with a touch of class - our W/Reks operator - Bob Boulton & Ron Eggers navigator



Aussie 'Butch' Power - Cooks for us four who at Protville early to locate a camp site



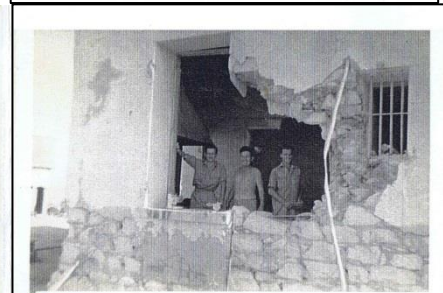
Bob Boulton again on extreme vigil



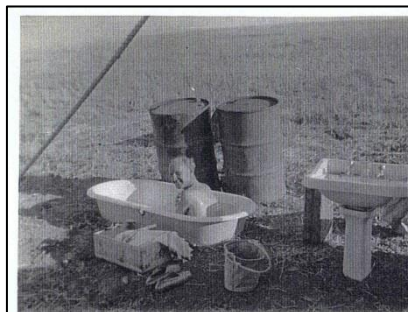
Engineering office, orderly Sgt & Dr Anquetin chesit!



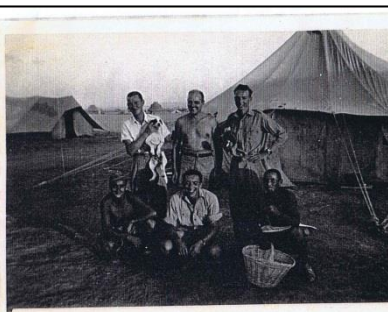
Hardy Aussies - our tented encampment at Protville, Tunisia - in background



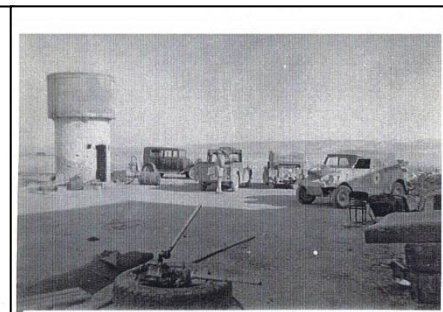
June '43, Five of us lived in this farm house in Tunisia Feb & week before arrival of our Squadron.



Sydn Adjutant bathes in luxury. Tub & Basin from a abandoned homes



Two Mess Sgts on either side of Billan POW - back row. Also POW's in front



Vehicles at the farm - left by the Germans

Reproduced with kind permission from Mrs. Barbara O'Riley. Please do not copy these photos without first gaining permission from Mrs O'Riley. Thanks once again for the donation Barbara. Ed.

Thanks to the following for their kind Donations to 458 Squadron Association .

These donations help with the ongoing 458 Website hosting, future website development and 458 Newsletter printing & postage costs. All donations small or large are most welcome and appreciated.

Tom Rowan. Porcupine Plain, Saskatchewan, Canada.

Barbara O'Riley. Crafers, South Australia.

Our Memorabilia Page at www.458raafsquadron.org

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