



454–459 SQUADRONS ASSOCIATION ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE



Web site: www.454-459squadrons.org.au

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APRIL 2019 BULLETIN

courtesy of

YOUR 2019 COMMITTEE

[only available online]

Patron	FLGOFF John MacMahon - 454
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Treasurer – Michael Antonios	Son-in-law of Bill East - 459
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Table of Contents


ANZAC DAY MARCH	3
REUNION – VENUE	5
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS	7
TRIBUTES	8
Warrant Officer Michael IVICEVICH.....	8
Leading Aircraftman Brian Edward BALL	10
Flight Lieutenant Peter LAWTON	12
William “Bill” NOYCE	17
NOTE FROM THE HONORARY SECRETARY	19
OUR WEBSITE	20
PHOTOS FROM 2018 ANZAC DAY.....	22

ANZAC DAY MARCH

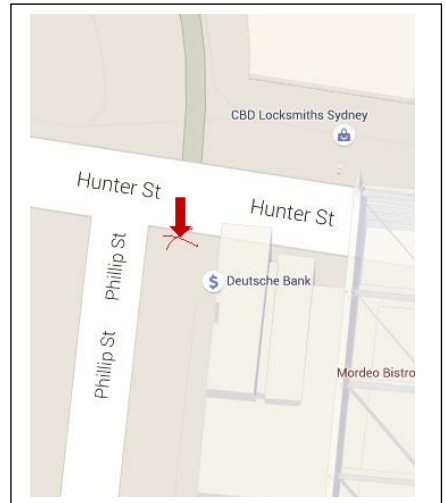
Note: The information below may change. Please keep an eye on our website for any last-minute updates.

Thursday, 25TH April 2019

Leader: Flying Officer John 'Doover' MacMahon - 454 Squadron

8.30 am – RAAF 454-459 Squadrons FORM UP on the Corner of Hunter & Phillip streets, Sydney. Meet Hunter Street at the bottom of the Deutsche Bank. Across the road is the Chifley Plaza. 

Association Committee members will be there to assist John MacMahon and the Squadrons' banner will be raised. There will only be one march round. The march commences 9 am.



Information provided by RSL: The Order of March – World War II Veterans including WW II Merchant Navy and BCOF. Head on corner of Phillip and Hunter Street and extending south down Phillip Street. Expected departure time for 454-459 Squadrons is between 9.25 and 9.45 am.

ROUTE – general information for all participants of March

Due to the construction work in George Street for the light rail project, the March will commence at the intersection of Martin Place and Elizabeth Street, travel south on Elizabeth Street to Liverpool Street, where Marchers will wheel left for dispersal.

Website: <http://rslnsw.org.au/commemoration/anzac/march>

Descendants please remember to wear your deceased Veterans' medals on your **right** breast. Last year despite only having one surviving veteran, John MacMahon and his carer, descendants from the 454-459 Squadrons were able to march behind the banner. Please join us for the 2019 march – we look forward to seeing you there. If you would like to view this map online go to this link:

http://www.rslnsw.org.au/uploads/ANZAC%20Day%20Updates%202019/J000495%20RSLNSW_ANZAC%20March%20Map%202019_v3.pdf



REUNION – VENUE
“The Kittyhawk” – Officer’s Mess
16 Phillip Lane, Sydney



The Committee is delighted to announce we will again be having our reunion at The Kittyhawk, located just below the corner of Macquarie and Bent Streets on the Circular Quay side. They are opening up for our exclusive use on ANZAC Day and we are sure you will be once again pleased with the facilities. The Officers' Mess is a separate function area occupying the whole of Level 1, for which there is 2-way lift access from 12 noon; internally, or externally directly onto the plaza forecourt to allow easy wheelchair access. Gerard, the owner of the venue and a WWII air-war history buff, will be on hand to welcome us and he has even very generously offered three of his large wall panels for us to hang some of our memorabilia on! It will be open from Midday – 3pm – with a bar and bistro-style restaurant and children are most welcome. Set food and beverage menus are available.

This year we have invited descendant, Mr. Carl Fairbairn to deliver a tribute to his late grandfather, Pilot Officer Stanley [Ted] Gorman of 459 Squadron. We do urge you and all of your extended family to attend.

As in previous years any 454-459 Veterans & their wives will have their meal and drinks provided at no cost – speak with Michael Antonios (Treasurer) on the day. Rick Capel will be our MC.

Entry fee of \$10 per family will be collected at The Kittyhawk's Officers' Mess entrance and this fee will assist with meeting the public holiday venue cover charges.

WHEN YOU ARRIVE AT THE KITTYHAWK

- ➔ Attendees can arrive from midday
(Please note Kitty Hawk opens 12 noon-closing 3pm)
- ➔ Write a name tag for yourself & sign the Guest book
- ➔ Lunch 12.30 to 2.30 pm
- ➔ Formal proceedings from 1pm with the Ode and a toast to absent friends.

TRANSPORT

Railway Stations: Nearest - Martin Place and Circular Quay

Buses: Run along Elizabeth Street.

Taxi Services: Taxis are available.

Parking & Rates: Suggested parking stations are; The Domain Carpark - St Mary's Rd, Sydney with a public holiday daily rate of \$12 (6 am to 12 midnight) and there's also 131 Macquarie Street or 101 Phillip Street – very handy to the venue.

https://www.wilsonparking.com.au/park/2303_The-Domain-Car-Park_St-Marys-Road-Sydney

If on ANZAC day you cannot find the location for the start of the March, or if you are having any trouble locating the Venue for the Reunion, please do not hesitate to contact the following people from the Association by mobile for directions/assistance.

Rick Capel on 0421 054 757– Hon. Secretary, or
Michael Antonios on 0414 515 556 – Treasurer

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

UPDATE - The Association is thankful to all our members and descendants who have continued to provide financial support over the past years. This valuable support allowed the Association to

- Coordinate and commemorate ANZAC Day and its associated activities
- Create and update our newly designed website and promote the Squadron history and its members
- Produce and distribute the annual Squadron bulletin
- Support some of our veterans and families

Without the continued financial support, none of these initiatives would be possible.

Over the past year, the Association running costs have increased, and the number of our subscribers has declined. As a result, our Committee has reluctantly decided to **lift the minimum subscription fee to \$30**.

We're now advising you of this increase and respectfully request your continued financial support through regular subscription.

Naturally if you have any queries, please feel free to contact us through our website <https://www.454-459squadrons.org.au/contact>

Thank you once again for your support.

- **PayPal subscriptions:** can be made by following this link <https://www.454-459squadrons.org.au/subscription>
- **Electronic transfer to:** St George Bank BSB: 112 879
Account Number: 067 706 091
Please make sure you *enter your name* in the "Description field".
- **Post:** Bank or personal cheque would be appreciated, made payable to "454 459 Squadrons No.2 Account"
C/- The Treasurer, 454 459 Squadrons Association,
14 Driscoll Place, Barden Ridge, NSW 2234, Australia.
Please do not post Cash – thank you.

ABSENT COMRADES



It is with regret that we have been notified of the passing of the undermentioned members:

Date	Member	State	Sqdn	Notified By
09.10.16	Michael Ivcevich	WA	454	Daughter Helen
12.05.18	Brian Edward Ball	SA	454	David Ball
03.06.18	Peter Lawton	QLD	454	Daughter Susan Woodham
01.07.18	Bill Noyce	SA	454	Daughter Susan Sherriff

TRIBUTES

Warrant Officer Michael IVICEVICH

454 RAAF Squadron

Service No. 436604
Date of Birth: 18 Oct 1923
Place of Birth: VIS, DALMATIA
Date of Enlistment: 13 Feb 1943
Place of Enlistment: Perth, WA
Date of Discharge: 18 Dec 1945
Date of Death: 09 Oct 2016



From the Book “Alamein to the Alps” written by Mark Lax

Michael Ivcevich wrote these notes on his wartime experience.

“I turned 18 years old a few months before Pearl Harbour and I was drafted into the army in January 1942. I was in the army for one year

then I enlisted in the Airforce, became a pilot and went overseas to England, Egypt and Italy. I was in the Airforce for 3 years.

When I was assigned to 454 Squadron at Villa Orba in Italy - the war was ending. Villa Orba is near the city of Udina about 60 kms north east from Venice. When the war in Europe ended there was a possibility that we would go to Okinawa to bomb targets in Japan. After America dropped the second atom bomb the war ended. It was time to go home.

It was arranged that on August 14, we would fly our aircraft and leave them with the British squadron which was about 10 kms away. We had a big party the night before and some partied too much and were unable to fly the next morning. I was very busy, after delivering an aircraft to the British, we were driven in a jeep back to Villa Orba and had to fly another aircraft over.

As I flew low over the base, now with all the aircraft gone I realised that I was flying the last flight and that the time of the proud and historical Royal Australian Airforce Squadron 454 had come to an end.

On August 17, 1945 we went by train from Verona to Taranto where we boarded the ship "Mororua" to take us to Alexandria, Egypt. On board there were about 1,000 German Prisoners of War. On the second day while we were walking on deck a German P.O.W. came towards us and one of my mates jumped forward and they embraced each other. They had gone to High School together in Melbourne. They talked about competing in sports and showed great respect towards each other. The German had gone to Germany to attend medical school.

When we arrived in Cairo we were informed that the ship that was to take us home had some engine problems and we would have to wait 4 weeks for the next ship.

Our Squadron Pastor organised an 8 day trip to Palestine, twenty-six of us went by truck and a jeep. We saw where Jesus was born, where he preached and where he died. It was a wonderful experience. We came from Egypt on the Sterling Castle and I had my 22nd birthday half way across the Indian Ocean. On October 29,

1945 we arrived in Fremantle. After four years in the service, one in the army and four in the air force, two of which were overseas, I was finally home. Amen.

Leading Aircraftman Brian Edward BALL

454 RAAF Squadron

Service Number: 115448
Date of Birth: 8 June 1923
Place of Birth: Torrensville, SA
Date of Enlistment: 12 Aug 1942
Date of Discharge: 4 Mar 1946
Date of Death: 12 May 2018



After leaving school, Brian had a couple of jobs for brief periods before obtaining employment at Austral Sheet Metal (ASM). His parents were very keen that their son should learn a trade so Brian began going to night school at the School of Mines in Adelaide to become a qualified welder. ASM made mainly stainless steel goods such as kitchenware and medical equipment but during World War II ASM won a war-time contract to make bomb cases. The lifting of production during war-time provided more employment opportunities and more chances to learn skills and get ahead. At night school, Brian learnt oxy welding and arc welding.

After only a year or so at ASM, Brian was busting to join the war effort. He had to wait until after his 18th birthday. Following the bombing of Pearl Harbour in 1941 and Darwin in early 1942, Brian decided to join the air force, but he had to ask permission from his supervisor at ASM first, as the ASM factory was doing essential war work. Nevertheless, the supervisor agreed to let Brian and another man go. Brian enlisted in the RAAF at Adelaide on 12 August 1942 and underwent training to become an aircraft electrician before being posted overseas.

LAC Brian Ball departed Australia by boat from Sydney in December 1943 to join the 454 Squadron RAAF in North Africa where he was posted at Benghazi, Libya working on Baltimore light bombers. When the squadron was relocated to Italy, Brian contracted malaria on the

boggy, mosquito-infested fields at Pescara on the Adriatic coast. Next, they were stationed further north at Falconara and then Cesenatico. Brian told us about an incident in Italy when he was nearly hit by an out-of-control aircraft on the runway. He had to run for his life, which was very difficult in the muddy conditions.

Supporting the allied forces, they ended up in Udine in northern Italy, and Brian spent one day over the border in Klagenfurt Austria. He visited Venice before being trucked from northern Italy after VE Day to Naples from where they were evacuated by Lancaster bomber to London. While other squadron members were being re-formed to go into Germany or to go and fight the Japanese in the Pacific War, Brian took very ill with malaria again and ended up in hospital in London for two weeks. He was shipped back to Australia on the "Athlone Castle", arriving in Australia in January 1946. He was discharged on 4 March 1946.

Later that year, Brian married local girl Betty Peake on 21st December 1946 in Adelaide. They purchased the home of Brian's late grandmother in Mile End, not far from his boyhood home in Torrensville. Brian returned to his pre-wartime position at ASM. Brian was a skilled and respected worker. He became a shop steward and chairman of the Metal Workers Union, standing up for the interests of the factory workers. He was the ASM representative at meetings of all the metal trades' factories.

Betty and Brian had two children: David was born in 1949 and Dianne in 1954. Around 1960, Brian took on a second job. He started driving a taxi on Sundays and Monday nights and really enjoyed it. After a while he thought he could make a success of taxi driving full-time so in 1962 he resigned from ASM, applied for a set of taxi plates and purchased his first taxi – an EH Holden. Brian never regretted this move and he did well out of taxis. He bought a number of vehicles over the years until he retired aged in his 70s.

Brian maintained close friendships with his mates from the 1940s and was a regular at the ANZAC Day march in Adelaide.

Flight Lieutenant Peter LAWTON

454 RAAF Squadron

Service No. O17927 (425318)
Date of Birth: 27 Apr 1921
Place of Birth: SOUTHPORT, QLD
Date of Enlistment: 01 Feb 1942
Date of Discharge: 03 Jan 1946
Date of Death: 06 Jun 2018



Crew:

Flying Officer Jack Ennis - Pilot
Flight Lieutenant Peter Lawton - Nav(B)
Flight Sergeant Bill Burke - WOP/AG
Flight Sergeant Ted Denton WOP/AG

This is an amazing read – you feel like you are with the crew...

Flight Lieutenant Peter Lawton, a navigator/bomb aimer with Flying Officer Jack Ennis's crew, describes a typical Aegean reconnaissance sortie. "Our squadron's job was to maintain a ceaseless reconnaissance of the main Greek and Aegean harbours, and, incidentally, to provide anti-submarine cover for Allied convoys which were passing through the eastern Mediterranean. But the vital job was this unending search for enemy ships, no matter how small. Anything larger than a rowing boat, which we found and reported in these waters, ran the risk of being sunk by air attack from other Middle East aircraft.

All operations were controlled from Alexandria, and R.A.F. and Naval Headquarters - they boasted that they knew the name and tonnage of every major German-controlled ship in the Aegean Sea. If we could supply them with the position of these ships, our job was well done.

This reconnaissance work was done by a lone aircraft from our squadron, and it was rather an exacting task, always done from a low altitude. There were enemy fighter aerodromes at various strategic points scattered among the maze of islands which dot the Aegean Sea, and most of the harbours were protected by anti-aircraft guns.

Generally, we were briefed for a trip soon after dinner in the evening. We bump along the dusty road to Wing Headquarters in the back of a threeton “gharry”, and silently hope that the job on the morrow will not take us into any of the known “hot” spots.

The briefing officer details our time of take-off, which harbours we are to visit, which waters we are to patrol, our call-sign on the radio. In front of the intelligence officer are the latest reports concerning enemy activity, and he tells us which aerodromes German fighters have been sighted on recently.

He informs us of the latest position of Allied convoys which we may see during our crossing and re-crossing of the Mediterranean, and also the positions of our submarines. Each one of us is issued with an “escape pouch” in case we are forced down. It contains enough American dollars and Greek money to reward any friendly Greeks who may help us to get out of the country.

Back to our tent for an early night in bed, Jack and I discuss tactics. We finally agree on the best way to approach each harbour, and by this time we have been in bed for an hour. Sleep during the night is fitful, and one tends to have vivid dreams. It's odds on that you are already awake at 4.30 a.m. when the guard comes to waken you.

The reward for getting up so early is an extra egg for breakfast, but you always feel that you do not appreciate it as much as you should. The ride in the truck to the aerodrome in the early-morning desert air is most invigorating, but somehow you are not inclined to notice that either.

At the Operations Room I ring through to H.Q. and get the latest weather report which I write in my log. We collect binoculars and a camera, and then drive out to our waiting Baltimore. Heavy dew covers her windscreens, and one of the ‘erks’ is busy trying to remove it with a cloth. In the darkness we get everything aboard, and find somewhere to stow the equipment in the kite's cramped interior. I grin when I hear little Billy, the gunner, cursing quietly to himself as he tries to get the crate containing the homing pigeons through the hatch. He always does that. But one day those pigeons may save our lives.

We climb into our seats about ten minutes before take-off time, then check the various instruments. Jack starts the motors. We begin to taxi out to the runway. It's a difficult aeroplane to taxi in the dark, so I poke the Aldis lamp out of the window and light up the edge of the strip to help Jack a bit. After the motors have been run up, we begin to gather speed down the lighted flare path.

Gradually the speed builds up, but the kite takes a long run to get airborne because she is overloaded with a full petrol tank instead of bombs in the bomb-bay. This extra fuel almost doubles our range. We circle the flare path once, I give Jack the first heading, and we set course. There are nearly 400 miles of open sea ahead before we next sight land. The few scattered lights which denote Benghazi, slide away behind us, and we slide on into the darkness with the Mediterranean a thousand feet below.

As soon as it is light enough to see the waves I check the drift. An alteration of course of a couple of degrees usually follows this. Soon the sun begins to peep over the eastern horizon, the Med begins to take on its exclusive shade of blue, and it makes you almost feel good. Every ten minutes I check the drift and keep a good watch on the wind-lanes on the sea for any sign of a change in wind direction. As we pass the half-way point to Crete I inform Jack and we begin to lose height slowly, edging down until we are just above the tops of the waves at about thirty feet. The Jerries find it difficult to pick up a low flying aircraft on their Radar. Billy now tests his guns by firing a couple of bursts. We check our petrol consumption and find everything OK.

Five minutes before my calculated estimated time of arrival, we see, like a faint blue smudge on the horizon, the outline of Anti-Kythera Island, dead ahead. It seems like a sleeping sentry ready to be awakened at the slightest sound. As we approach Kythera Strait four pairs of eyes search every inch of the early-morning sky. "No welcoming party, anyway," Jack remarks.

Soon we are skimming the waves through the Strait; subconsciously I hear the note of the motors go into a higher tone as Jack opens the throttles a little to bring our speed up to 190 m.p.h. Always, as we fly through this narrow strait between the

mainland of Greece and the Island of Crete, I get the same feeling inside of me. It is one of uncertainty as to the future - almost like walking through prison gates, hearing the clang as they shut, and feeling that there is no certainty as to when they will ever open again.

Inside, we turn east, and fly along the coast of forbidding-looking Crete. I check drift, write it in my log, scan the water with binoculars. Nobody says a word. We reach our turning point, and I give Jack the course north to Melos Island; more commonly known today as Milos Island. Still nobody speaks. A microphone switched on at How low can you go? This lighthouse photographed on one such recce. at this stage means something; you begin to dread hearing the click and the whirring noise which indicates that one of the crew is about to report something.

Then, suddenly, - "Three aircraft dead ahead," from Jack, and immediately we go into a steep turn to starboard, the motors scream as the pitch goes into fine and the throttles are opened. Quickly I note the time and our position then take a look through the binoculars. I tell Jack that I think they are Arados. Billy now takes over directing the pilot, reports their relative position every ten seconds, but in three or four minutes time the enemy has given up the chase. Our speed is always our main defence. I give Jack a new course back to the spot where we first sighted the Arados, for they may have been protecting some ships, and ships are our business. We search the area but sight nothing.

We conclude that the enemy aircraft were merely enroute for Crete, so we continue on our way north to Melos. As the island looms up ahead we start to climb, and edge round to its western side, for that is where we have decided to [make our] approach. We dive across the harbour, and Billy reports a red Very light being shot up, so that means the flak batteries are ready for us. As we scream down at over 300 m.p.h. I open my window, have a look at the quayside through the binoculars, mentally note the five ships, pick up the camera, and take three photos.

Through my earphones I hear Billy in the background quietly reporting the flak bursts. We've got all the information we want, so I say to Jack, "OK, mate," and he immediately throws the aircraft

into a steep turn to port and we head for the sea again. I pick up my log and make the appropriate entries, conferring all the while with Jack and Billy and Ted about the size of the ships and the amount of flak. I set the new course for Monemvasia and work out the time of arrival. As we fly west towards Greece, I make out the first sighting report of the ships in Melos and pass the message over the intercom to Ted, the wireless operator. Then while he is transmitting that we make up the weather report and the amplifying report. They go to Ted when he is ready, and he wirelessly them back to base. The strange rock formation, which juts out into the sea at Monemvasia, is visible when we are still twenty miles away.

We climb to a thousand feet, dive across the harbour, the flak comes up, the photographs are taken, and we set course for Cape Maleas. Then there are more sighting reports to compile. By now, we have been inside the Aegean for an hour and a half; this is the last little stretch, and we're all anxious to be on the way home. Fifteen minutes after passing Maleas, we're again passing through Kythera Strait. Now we can relax for the long drag home across the Med. I give Jack the course, take a drift, give Ted our time of arrival at base, bring my log up to date, I dig the thermos and sandwiches out of the bag and find them most welcome. When I have eaten mine, I take the controls to give Jack a spell from flying the kite.

We talk a bit more than usual now, nattering about the trip, the ships we saw, the flak, the fighters, anything at all. I don't fly very well, but having only the compass, altimeter and airspeed instruments makes it a bit difficult. We find at about a thousand feet, that 24 inches of boost, 1650 rpm will give us 165 miles an hour Indicated Air Speed, and a consumption of 84 gallons an hour. This is our most economical cruising speed and makes a safety range of three-and-three-quarter hours, calculating safety range to be eighty-two percent of the absolute maximum.

The North African coast looms up, and that parched desert looks good. The coast of Australia is the only sight, which would be better at this moment. I hand over to Jack, we fly down the coast over battered Benghazi, circle our field, and touch down five hours and twenty minutes after we took off. No detail is too small for the Intelligence Officer when he is debriefing us. He writes the whole story down. The whole procedure takes half an hour, and it is quite

annoying to four very tired men. We're very glad to get back to the old tent where some food and a sleep await us. We all have that satisfied feeling of a job well done."



The Crew - Jack Ennis, Bill Burke, Peter Lawton and Ted Denton.
Ennis Collection

William "Bill" NOYCE

454 RAAF Squadron

Service No. 1247676

Place of Birth: Durban, South Africa

Date of Death: 01 Jul 2018



The information below was provided by Bill Noyce in a letter dated February 2006

"Our ANZAC Days here in South Australia were very good with a Barbecue at a member's house, in recent years we held them in a band room. I was a member of the food then, it was the usual pies, pastries, sandwiches, etc and we would have an average of 20 including wives. This last two years we have had lunch in a Hotel with just 4 members plus wives and daughters. Also, in the March was just Bob Mitchell and myself to represent the Squadron.

I'm one of the original members of the Squadron from the day it started to the finish in Northern Italy."

Editor's note; unfortunately, despite our best efforts, we have been unable to uncover any further information about Bill. If anyone is able to shed further light on the life of Bill Noyce please contact us.

NOTE FROM THE HONORARY SECRETARY

Rick Capel



We are trying to ensure we have the most up-to-date information for any of our descendants of the 454 459 Squadrons. If you have access to the Internet, please go to our website <https://www.454-459squadrons.org.au/contact> or our new and exclusive Facebook group <https://www.facebook.com/groups/348000605705789/> and let us know your email address and to which member of the 454 459 Squadrons you are related. This information will help us keep all of your descendants updated on the Association's activities, and in the future, may help descendants trace their genealogy. A very worthwhile exercise to complete.

I would also like to see more quality photos loaded on to the website that might give us further insight into the lives of survivors after the war. Scanning technology has improved dramatically in recent years and it could be a worthwhile exercise to revisit old photos and archives so as to select and scan [or rescan] to obtain higher quality images for loading up to the website together with relevant background names and relevant notes.

In reviewing this bulletin, I must thank on behalf of all of us the tireless work behind the scenes conducted by such a dedicated couple, Michael and Pamela Antonios, they are the backbone of this association and have done a wonderful job in pulling this altogether.

ANZAC Day falls three days after Easter Monday, so it will be a short working week, given that fact, it is important that those of us who are not going away on holidays, make a special effort to be at the Parade this year and at our Reunion afterwards at the

Kittyhawk. The Officers' Mess is set up exclusively for our use and is a wonderful opportunity to introduce new generations of descendants to the traditions of ANZAC Day and the exploits of those who served. I look forward to seeing you all there.

In compiling this Bulletin the 454-459 Squadrons Association would like to express our gratitude for being able to research the late Professor Leon Kane-Maguire's book "Desert Scorpions - A History of 459 Squadron 1942-1945" & Mark Lax's book "Alamein to the Alps" – 454 Squadron RAAF 1941-1945.

OUR WEBSITE

News:

We're constantly updating our website with new stories, pictures and memoirs from various members who have been kind enough to share this valuable content. Please check the home page <https://www.454-459squadrons.org.au/> for the latest updates.

The screenshot shows the homepage of the 454 and 459 RAAF Squadrons website. The header features the title "454 and 459 RAAF Squadrons" and a "Login/Sign up" link. Below the header is a navigation menu with links for Home, Anzac Day 2018, Our History, Members, Media, Forum, About, and Contact, along with a search bar. The main content area displays a photograph of a group of people gathered around a table, with a prominent "Online Community Forum is now available" call-to-action box overlaid on the right. The box includes the text "Are you a descendant? Why not join and be part of the 454 and 459 online community" and a red "Join" button. Below the photo is a quote: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few" by Sir Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill. At the bottom, there are two circular icons labeled "Our History" and "Memoirs of our FEW".

Link to our Patron Flying Officer John MacMahon's page <https://www.454-459squadrons.org.au/macmahonjg>

Facebook:

Did you know that the 454 and 459 Squadrons have a public Facebook page? Why not check it out at <https://www.facebook.com/454459squadrons/>

In addition to the public Facebook page, we've now introduced a [**private and exclusive Facebook group**](#) accessible only to approved members and descendants of the 454 and 459 Squadrons (ie it's not viewable or accessible to the public).

We now have over 30 members and descendants who have joined this group, with more joining every day. So, if you haven't signed up for this, we'd love for you to join us there. <https://www.facebook.com/groups/348000605705789/>

Over the coming months, we'll decommission and remove the Website Forum <https://www.454-459squadrons.org.au/forum> and have the Facebook group as the preferred method for members interaction.

Reminder:

Since early 2018, the Email address for the Association thesecretary@454-459squadrons.org.au **no longer works**. If you need to contact us, please use the Contact Us page <https://www.454-459squadrons.org.au/contact>

PHOTOS FROM 2018 ANZAC DAY



John "Doover" MacMahon – 454 Squadron – leading the march



John MacMahon – at The Kittyhawk Restaurant with family

More photos and videos of Anzac day 2018 are also available on the website

<https://www.454-459squadrons.org.au/anzacday2018>