

WE CELEBRATE AND GIVE THANKS FOR THE LIFE OF

AIR MARSHAL
ERROL JOHN 'MAC' MCCORMACK AO

30 AUGUST 1941 – 8 APRIL 2024



ANZAC MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF ST. PAUL,
ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, DUNTROON
MONDAY, 22 APRIL 2024





Australian Government

Defence

STATEMENT OF SERVICE

Full name:	Errol John McCORMACK
Service number:	O17731
Category of service:	Royal Australian Air Force
Date of enlistment:	07 MAR 62
Date of discharge:	27 JUN 63
Appointed to Commission:	28 JUN 63
Termination of Commission:	19 JUN 01
Employment:	General Duties Branch/Pilot
Rank on discharge:	Air Marshal

POSTINGS

RAAF Recruit Centre Brisbane	07 MAR 62
No. 1 Basic Flying Training School	09 MAR 62
No. 1 Advanced Flying Training School	14 JAN 63
No. 81 Wing	08 JUL 63
No. 2 (Fighter) Operational Conversion Unit	29 JUL 63
No. 78 Wing	08 MAY 64
No. 3 Squadron	11 MAY 64
No. 79 Squadron	29 JUL 64
No. 77 Squadron	24 SEP 64
No. 3 Squadron	05 OCT 64
No. 79 Squadron	15 MAR 65
No. 3 Squadron	06 MAY 65
RAAF Ubon	02 JUN 66
No. 3 Command Squadron	17 JUN 66
Base Squadron Amberley	30 JUL 66
Headquarters 82 Wing	01 SEP 66
No. 2 Squadron	17 APR 67

Headquarters 82 Wing	28 OCT 67
RAAF Washington	12 JAN 70
RAAF Support Unit Canberra	07 DEC 72
RAAF Staff College	14 JAN 76
No. 1 Squadron	10 AUG 77
RAAF Staff College	18 DEC 79
RAAF Support Unit Canberra	23 JUN 80
RAAF Support Unit Glenbrook	12 JUL 83
Headquarters Amberley	26 MAY 86
Headquarters Strike Reconnaissance Group	01 DEC 88
RAAF Support Unit Canberra	06 FEB 89
Australian Defence Staff – Washington	04 JAN 93
RAAF Support Unit Canberra	05 DEC 94
Defence Personnel Centre Canberra	19 JUN 01

HONOURS AND AWARDS

Officer of the Order of Australia, Member of the Order of Australia

Australian Active Service Medal 1945-75 with Clasps

‘MALAYSIA’ ‘VIETNAM’ ‘THAILAND’

General Service Medal 1962 with Clasps ‘BORNEO’ ‘MALAY PENINSULA’

Vietnam Medal

Australian Service Medal 1945-75 with Clasps ‘THAILAND’ ‘SE ASIA’

Centenary Medal

Defence Force Service Medal with First, Second, Third and Fourth Clasp

National Medal

Australian Defence Medal

Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal Pingat Jasa Malaysia

United States of America Legion of Merit – Commander

Singapore Meritorious Service Medal (Pingat Jasa Gemilang)

Republic of Vietnam Cross of Gallantry with Palm Unit Citation

United States of America Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with
Valour Device

Returned from Active Service Badge

WELCOME

Presiding Chaplain – Chaplain (Wing Commander) Robyn Kidd

QUEENS COLOUR

Please stand for the march in of the Queens Colour
of the Royal Australian Air Force.

INTRODUCTION

EULOGIES

AIRMSHL Geoff Brown AO (Ret)

Mr Ken Moore

READING

The Man From Ironbark

A.B. 'Banjo' Patterson

AIRMSHL Robert Chipman AO, CSC.

REFLECTION

THE FAREWELL AND COMMITTAL

THE ODE

Please stand. Military members are reminded to salute for
The Last Post and men in civilian attire are requested to
remove headdress.

LAST POST

ONE MINUTE SILENCE

ROUSE

QUEENS COLOUR

Please remain standing for the marching out of the Colour
of the Royal Australian Air Force.

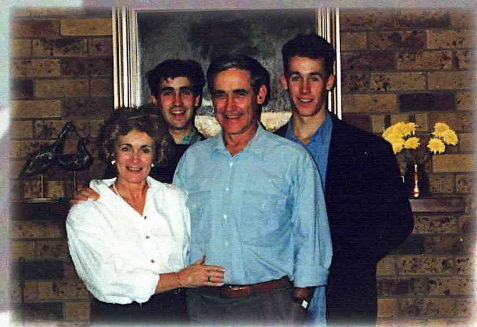
PRESENTATION OF ENSIGN

VOLLEY FIRE

Three volleys of blank ammunition will be fired.
Please prepare yourselves for the shock of the noise.

DEPARTURE OF CASKET

Once the casket has left the Chapel, please make your way out
of the main door, or any of the doors to your right, as there will
be a 3 SQN F-35 flypast in missing man formation. There will
also be a Guard of honour lining the street to your right. Family,
friends and military personnel are also invited to line the street.



*Errol's family thank you for attending today to remember and honour
their husband, father, grandfather and brother. They warmly invite you
to attend the Wake for Mac, at the Royal Canberra Golf Club,
71 Bentham Street, Yarralumla, beginning at 3pm.*



THE MAN FROM IRONBARK

It was the man from Ironbark who struck the Sydney town,
He wandered over street and park, he wandered up and down.
He loitered here he loitered there, till he was like to drop,
Until at last in sheer despair he sought a barber's shop.
"Ere! shave my beard and whiskers off, I'll be a man of mark,
I'll go and do the Sydney toff up home in Ironbark."

The barber man was small and flash, as barbers mostly are,
He wore a strike-your-fancy sash he smoked a huge cigar;
He was a humorist of note and keen at repartee,
He laid the odds and kept a "tote", whatever that may be,
And when he saw our friend arrive, he whispered, "Here's a lark!
Just watch me catch him all alive, this man from Ironbark."

There were some gilded youths that sat along the barber's wall.
Their eyes were dull, their heads were flat, they had no brains
at all;

To them the barber passed the wink his dexter eyelid shut,
"I'll make this bloomin' yokel think his bloomin' throat is cut."
And as he soaped and rubbed it in he made a rude remark:
"I s'pose the flats is pretty green up there in Ironbark."

A grunt was all reply he got; he shaved the bushman's chin,
Then made the water boiling hot and dipped the razor in.
He raised his hand, his brow grew black, he paused awhile to gloat,
Then slashed the red-hot razor-back across his victim's throat;
Upon the newly-shaven skin it made a livid mark
No doubt, it fairly took him in — the man from Ironbark.

He fetched a wild up-country yell might wake the dead to hear,
And though his throat, he knew full well, was cut from ear to ear,
He struggled gamely to his feet, and faced the murd'rous foe:
"You've done for me! you dog, I'm beat! One hit before I go!
I only wish I had a knife, you blessed murdering shark!
But you'll remember all your life the man from Ironbark."

He lifted up his hairy paw, with one tremendous clout
He landed on the barber's jaw, and knocked the barber out.
He set to work with nail and tooth, he made the place a wreck;
He grabbed the nearest gilded youth, and tried to break his neck.
And all the while his throat he held to save his vital spark,
And "Murder! Bloody murder!" yelled the man from Ironbark.

A peeler man who heard the din came in to see the show;
He tried to run the bushman in, but he refused to go.
And when at last the barber spoke, and said "'Twas all in fun'
'Twas just a little harmless joke, a trifle overdone."
"A joke!" he cried, "By George, that's fine; a lively sort of lark;
I'd like to catch that murdering swine some night in Ironbark."

And now while round the shearing floor the list'ning shearers gape,
He tells the story o'er and o'er, and brags of his escape.
"Them barber chaps what keeps a tote, By George, I've
had enough,
One tried to cut my bloomin' throat, but thank the Lord
it's tough."
And whether he's believed or no, there's one thing to remark,
That flowing beards are all the go way up in Ironbark.

A.B. 'Banjo' Paterson



The Walk

Come with me,
Let's walk towards the sun.
The road seems far away —
I promise, it's not long.
But if by any chance,
You get tired along the way
Please, do not hold back,
Rest.

Listen to my heart —
the things I want to say.
It says...
"I love you,
I love you."
With every beat, it makes.

— Sophie M.