



EULOGY

Barry John Dean.

10th May 1945 – 2nd June 2015

Good morning. For those who do not know me I am Tony Ryan, a long-time friend of Barry.

I first met Barry when we were each posted into 36 Squadron Engine Section in late 1968. Barry had just spent a year in Vietnam with the Caribou aircraft.

We 'hit-it-off' from day one and became good friends and workmates. My recollection is that, in time, we both were promoted to the next rung on our respective ladders on the same day. As far as his work ethic was concerned Barry was a 'no nonsense' worker, always keen to improve his knowledge and always absolutely reliable.

Our careers followed very similar lines. During 1970 I began my training as a flight engineer and Barry followed along the same path a couple of years later. Our opportunities to share time together were fewer as we were often flying on different tasks. Barry's approach to his new role as a flight engineer was just as it had been as a ground engineer. Barry quickly demonstrated his abilities and became a valued member of the C130 Flight Engineer Brotherhood. Barry was very competent, easy to know and like. He enjoyed the flight engineer role and the respect of those with whom he flew. Barry was, in many ways, his own man. It is fair to say he was strong-willed and a firm believer in 'a fair go'. He sometimes had occasion to remind others that their view was not in accord with his. Barry became renowned among his peers as an expert 'Nostril Tosser' and when he uttered the words "excuse me" it was time to take notice. For those unfamiliar with the 'nostril toss', ASK ME LATER. Barry progressed up the ladder within the flight engineer Section.

During the second half of 1978, 36 Squadron was re-equipped with the then new C130H aeroplane, a vastly different aeroplane to the A Model on which we had all spent a number of years. In January 1979, when I left the squadron, Barry was appointed as Flight Engineer Leader of 36 Squadron. It was a big task. The aeroplane had only been introduced in the recent months and all crew members were relatively inexperienced on model. To ensure the flight engineer element was kept 'on-speed' required strong leadership qualities and, of course, good standards by those leading the section. Barry possessed those qualities and

personal standards. Barry was popular among his peers and he was held in high esteem by crew members of all categories, evidenced by the number of former work mates attending today and by the numerous expressions of condolence I have received.

As I mentioned before, Barry followed in my footsteps in many ways. Whilst I was operating on the B707, I was aware that Barry was very keen, at some time, to move onto that aircraft. He was held-back from making that move for some years, and so disadvantaged I think, simply because it was considered essential that he remain at 36 Squadron in his leadership role.

Sometime after I had left the RAAF, Barry got his opportunity to become a B707 flight engineer, the pinnacle in the RAAF flight engineer world, and again displayed his familiar dedication to the job and his ability.

When Barry eventually left the RAAF and began work in the civilian world he, like I had, probably thought he would not be flying for a living again. This was not to be, as he applied for and was employed by Cathay Pacific Airways as a Lockheed L1011 F/E. I had been with Cathay for a couple of years and when Barry arrived our friendship continued as though we had never been in different locations. In time, just as I had moved from the L1011 to the B747, so too did Barry. We often shared time in the company of each other. Barry and Margaret would visit Helen and me at our home and we would visit at their home. It was usual to have a few beers, a lovely meal and a few port wines. I am not sure when, but at some stage during our friendship Barry and I both agreed that we were more than just friends, we were brothers.

Our lives, post Cathay Pacific, have been very different. I have enjoyed good health, Barry had to battle medical issues which, in the first instance, led to his early return to Australia. Barry being the determined man I have known for almost 50 years did not allow his health issues to turn him into a couch potato. He bought land in the southern highlands and set about designing and building a beautiful log cabin. He owned a couple of beautiful boats from which he pursued his passion for fishing. To say that Barry was a generous man would be a gross understatement. He would, I am sure, literally give the shirt off his back to someone whom he thought needed it more than him.

As many would know, after a very long time enduring all sorts of setbacks with his heart illness, Barry was enjoying good health. Sadly, that did not last as Barry learned that he was suffering from cancer. These past years have been a rollercoaster ride for Barry, Margaret and the family. Along with Jack and Wendy Reilly, Helen and I were able to visit Barry in recent weeks and I am so grateful for that. Barry could justly be called 'Mr Positive', as I never once heard a word of complaint nor anything of a negative nature.

On behalf of all our mutual friends, both absent and present, I extend our sincere condolences to Margaret, Natalie, Craig and their families. We all share in your sorrow. Margaret, Natalie and Craig and their families have lost the foundation stone of their lives. I have lost a brother and I will surely miss his greeting of "G'day Brother" whenever we met or spoke. Rest in Peace my Brother.