



Vale Ian Anderson

Ian was born in Perth on 2 November 1932 but spent his childhood in Sydney. He completed his schooling as an average academic student while excelling in his athletics classes. This is where his love of running was born.

After completing school, he got a job in the transport industry and continued his pursuit of running where he gained selections for the Olympic Trials. Sadly, his dreams of Olympic Glory were taken by a workplace accident that broke his foot. He decided to make transport his career.

At 19 he moved to Brisbane to work. His understanding of logistics was quickly noticed by his superiors. These men became his mentors and taught him all they knew about business and transport.

The early 50's was an exciting time for young adults of Brisbane. Everyone gathered to dance on the sprung floor of the Cloudland Ballroom. He met a young lady, Wonga Robbins and they soon formed a union. They married in 1954 and over the course of time, had a family of three girls and a boy. As the youngest daughter, I was given the nickname of "me too" because I wanted to follow him everywhere he went.

My father had many passions when I was growing up. Music, fast cars and admiring pretty ladies. I always remember his fascination with the iconic beauty Sophia Loren and her perfect hourglass figure. But it was his love of fast cars that we shared together. Any new car he would buy was taken to Mount Gravatt mountain and put through its paces down those winding corners. Many a time my knuckles turned white from gripping my seat.

Ian always loved music and would sing at every opportunity that presented itself. We had an old Pianola and once I was old enough to reach, it was my job to pump the pedals while he sang his favourite songs. But it didn't take long before he knew he wanted professional lessons; a 30km trip every Saturday morning.

He soon joined the Apollo Mens' Choir and every ANZAC Day they would sing at the dawn service memorial in Brisbane City. For me it was always a special outing as a father and daughter, a parent teaching a child the value of showing respect.

As I entered my early teens, the unthinkable happened and Brisbane and surrounds flooded. The family business was located at Coopers Plains, one of the worst hit suburbs. Dad and I drove to the depot to collect the financial papers and in the half hour we were there the water rose so quickly we had to wade out through waist high water, him holding papers above his head, me sheltered behind him holding onto his trousers. It was that day that I knew that my father would always be my protector and hero.

Only two trucks from the fleet were saved. It was with sheer determination and dedication that Ian rebuilt Tartan Transport back to the full fleet of 32 trucks, the largest independently owned transport company in Brisbane.

It was around this time that the petrol industry hit a boom. Ian soon saw that this commodity was his next best investment. He purchased the Brisbane Mobil Agency called Petroleum Products.

The late 70s was a turbulent time for anyone involved in the petroleum industry. The major suppliers joined forces creating a monopoly on pricing and supply while driving the many station owners to bankruptcy. This didn't sit right with Ian, but as a businessman, he quickly saw his next best investment. He formed a new company, Freelance Distributors and used his combined buying power to supply the battlers with petrol sometimes up to 10c / litre cheaper than the company brand fuel they were forced to buy. Quiet night deliveries helped many of those station owners keep their businesses afloat.

As the business prospered and grew so did the need for larger premises. The Slacks Creek fuel depot was designed and built. This became the new headquarters of operations.

As was Ian's way, he actively oversaw the daily running of all his businesses. This proved very taxing and did not leave a lot of time to devote to his personal life. He knew there had to be more to life than just working to pay the Tax Man. He needed to find his next best investment to help him create the peaceful life he wanted with his new partner. The idea of such a life was born the day he learned of the idyllic beauty of Norfolk Island. He had found his next best investment: a haven to call home. Somewhere he could create the perfect life balance while giving back to the community through his passions in life.

This was the man you knew as Ian Anderson.

He and Monica came to Norfolk Island on holiday in 1987 and fell in love with the island. They decided they would like to move here and, after languishing on the quota for 13 months, were able to take over the business they had purchased – World Traders.

Ian always made sure he kept himself fit. He was a dedicated athlete and competed in middle distance running and steeplechase. Shortly after arriving at

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Ian Anderson - continued

Norfolk Island in 1988 Ian was asked by some parents to organize a running group for their children, which he did willingly. He led several groups of young athletes to competitions overseas. Ian was insistent that they all wear good running shoes, which was the beginning of his association with Asics. Ian was instrumental in inaugurating both the Norfolk Island Gift and the Around the Island Relay and Race which are still being run successfully more than 20 years on.

In the early 90s, Ian and his friend and running mate, Graeme Donaldson, formed the Norfolk Island Veterans Athletics Club to bid for the 1992 Oceania Association's Veteran Games. They were a great success with athletes coming from Australia, New Zealand and many of the Pacific Islands. Ian was also heavily involved in the organization of the second Championships on Norfolk Island in 2000.

Ian held many positions, including President, of the Oceania Masters Association and, in 2018 he was granted Life Membership. In part due to Ian's efforts, Norfolk Island was named a member of the IAAF which brought considerable benefits to athletics on the island and enabled local athletes to compete in international competitions.

Although Union was not his favourite code, Ian has been a member of the Creaky Ol' Convicts for a number of years. He was part of the original team of the Norfolk Island Mutineers who competed in the inaugural Masters Rugby competition in Runaway Bay in 2010. Ian was the oldest registered rugby player in Australia and was very chuffed when Mal Meninga wanted to be photographed with him. Ian was a lifelong devotee of the Broncos and it was timely that he should be laid to rest on the day of the State of Origin match.

When Covid interrupted the Masters Rugby competition, Ian took up a new sport of indoor rowing and in his first competition in 2021 took out three gold medals in the Queensland Indoor Rowing Championships.

Ian was very proud of instigating the Readers and Writers Festival which brought interesting authors and many visitors to the Island with the assistance of Norfolk Jet Express.

Ian also cared very much for the betterment of Norfolk Island. He was involved for several years with the Chamber of Commerce in which he served on the Committee. And in 2007 he took the ultimate plunge and stood for election to the Legislative Assembly. He often regretted that he had not been able to achieve what he had hoped during his time there.

Ian was blessed with a lovely tenor voice and delighted in entertaining both on stage and with friends. One of his first memories of performing was his role as a bridesmaid in a school production of Trial by Jury, ---that is until his voice broke. When he reached the age of 70 he discovered that there were no roles for tenors of his vintage so he and Monica set about writing musical plays for themselves and others. They wrote some 17 in all, many based on G&S melodies, including several for young people

which they thoroughly enjoyed directing. Ian auditioned for Australia's Got Talent and, although he was not selected, he was very proud when the selector commented that he had "a very good set of pipes". Ian set up the Norfolk Island Community Choir which he led until he fractured his pelvis and had to curtail his activities.

Ian and Monica have been for many years a committed member of NATS and delighted in performing, directing and in hosting their productions at the theatre. When World Traders moved towards the centre of town and Ian was unable to sell the building, he decided to turn it into a cinema and a theatre, which would be a home for NATS and an entertainment centre for the island.

Ian was not a deeply religious man, but he enjoyed the Church of England services, especially Evensong. His tastes were traditional. He preferred the Book of Common Prayer and the King James' Bible but was pleased to sing in the choir when he could, whichever hymn book was being used. He was the first member of The Friends of Saint Barnabas. In 1990 Ian and Monica were married in this beautiful chapel.

Ian was an astute businessman, a caring father, a loving husband, a keen athlete, often referred to as the "mad runner", and a generous contributor to many causes in many ways. He had a live mind which never stopped planning for the future, perhaps believing, as Dr. Andy suggested, that he would live to 105. However, sadly this was not to be. Ian is no longer with us but, as they say and as he would have wished, ----- he lived until he died.

Ian will be sorely missed by his wife Monica, daughters Kerry and Jaque, son Geoffrey, step children Lesley and Philippe, grandchildren Nigel, Kristel, Oscar and Hunter and greatgrandchildren Olivia, Miriam, Samuel, Frank and Sienna.

Rest in Peace Ian.

Thank You

My heartfelt thanks to James, Jimbo and Petra for their invaluable help in our emergency.

Thank you to Doctor Sam, Doctor Blair and all the nurses and staff at the Norfolk Island Hospital for their exceptional care and advice at a difficult time.

Thank you to the Reverend Laurie Carleton for conducting the service, to the grave diggers, hearse driver, pall bearers, the singers and to the ladies who made the beautiful floral wreaths.

Thank you to all the family members who flew to the island to be here for Ian's funeral and special thanks to the community of Norfolk Island for their cards, flowers, gifts of food and supportive messages and for demonstrating the high regard they had for Ian, a man who cared so deeply for the island he had made his home.

Monica Anderson
