



Vale
Duncan Sanderson

14th July 1944 - 28th May 2021

Duncan was born in London during the Second World War on 14th July 1944 to Roy and Yvonne Sanderson. After the truce was declared, the family moved to a small seaside village near Penzance. Two years later Duncan's younger brother Patrick was born. Duncan spent his first two years of schooling there including time at school in Switzerland, where he delighted in skiing to school.

In 1952, the big adventure to Australia began with a 6 week voyage through the Suez Canal to India, and ending in Melbourne. The family settled in Geelong, where Duncan and Patrick began school at Geelong Grammar.

Duncan excelled at sport and played cricket and Australian rules football, however his preferred sport was gymnastics at which he excelled and he represented the school at numerous tournaments, including the Victorian Championships. His time at school was marked by highlights and some not so glamorous moments when he clashed with authority. It seems his political leanings were developing at this point.

Let us look at just one example. The Great Train Heist. In 1960 when returning from his school year in the Victorian mountains at Timbertop, Duncan and a few of his mates thought it would be a good idea to consume a bottle of sherry prior to their departure for the train ride back to Melbourne. They wandered up to the engine and were given a look inside at the controls as the driver explained how things worked. He then went to inspect things at the front of the train before departure, so Duncan and his mates grabbed the opportunity to release the brakes and took off. By the time they reached Spencer Street station, they had failed to stop at all the stations along the way so were met by some very angry officials, as well as the police. As a result they were all expelled. Lucky for them they were re-installed following a very large donation to the school by one of the boys' parents.

(continued overleaf)



BAR OPEN

6 Days from 12 noon
(Closed Thursday)

Lunch on the Deck

Saturday to Tuesday
Sunday Roast Lunch

Woodfired

Pizza

Friday Night



C A S T A W A Y
— NORFOLK ISLAND —

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Duncan Sanderson - continued

This episode did nothing to dampen Duncan's distance for authority.

Outside of schooling, his passion was yachting and by age 13 he had won the Royal Geelong Yacht Club championship for the second consecutive year. Following this he sailed in many ocean races, which culminated in the 1959 Sydney to Hobart.

Duncan's career began with a job involving sealing of cracks and joints at Melbourne airport which involved pouring molten bitumen in between aircraft movements.

In 1962, Roy and Duncan moved to Norfolk and Yvonne and Patrick followed a year later. Roy and Yvonne moved here to open the first pharmacy on the island. Duncan's work on Norfolk started with a sports store, followed by an earth moving business. During this time he bought a small cottage on Mission Rd. He also worked as a barman at Kingfisher Hotel where he met Mollie. They married in 1965. They had Brett in 1968, and Miles in 1972.

In 1979, Duncan opened Norfolk Souvenirs, which very quickly turned into Duncan's Jewellers, the family business which continues today.

Rest well my older brother.

Patrick

Dunc was such a big character and so many fond memories for me. I was so pleased when I heard he was back on the island, and able to have the last month of his life at home in Burnt Pine with a room with a view to the gardens planted decades earlier by his mother Yvonne.

The tenacity and passion that Duncan threw at whatever he was keen on was always inspiring, from sailing, fishing, waterskiing, football, tennis, house projects, the pool, breeding fish, reading, the dogs, cars, the business, entertaining, and it would be remiss to not mention his love of a good party.

He was a great conservationist, spending years regenerating native rainforest both at Mission Road and Rooty Hill, and of course more recently his political advocacy and protest.

His willingness to share those things with us when we visited was inspiring, as was the interest he took in whatever we were up to, and then seeing him do the same with our sons Zac and Joe in more recent visits.

But for me, my fondest memories and largest inspiration was the way Duncan (and you all) did hospitality; relaxed and friendly (at least mostly!) conversation, large quantities of delicious food and a generously filled fridge. They are all things that I attempt to replicate (with some success! but without the climate, the giant milled pine table or that cheeky grin!)

Timothy. Duncan's nephew

Family memories...

Dunc held a life-long interest in current affairs and talk back radio, a good debate or a good story. His many years of doing business in the USA ensured he closely followed American politics.

He had so many fond memories of his time on

Norfolk and especially the good old days, his adoration of the old island identities and their practical jokes and humour.

There were his days and moonlit nights riding his big chestnut horse Slack - they were always together and they'd race out to Kingfisher and gallop back.

Duncan and Mollie's house at the bottom of Mission hill, was in a strategic position. When the road was still dirt and it had been raining, Duncan was frequently asked by people coming home late from Kingfisher to pull their cars up the hill with his jeep.

He spent many happy years gardening, sailing and fishing.

Many years later, in Duncan's retirement, he spent most of his days, with a smile on his face and his hands in the earth at Rooty Hill Road. He and Mollie planted around 6000 native trees as part of a regeneration project on the family property.

He dedicated the last 5 years of his life to the people of Norfolk Island, by his service at Tent Embassy.

Uckluns' Waye

As those of us that know, know that gwen daun-a-taun fe dar final rest, en fond farewells, es so steeped in Island tradition en ar Norfuk waye gut waye too much sullen fe name individually.

We do death and dying so well orn Norf'k.

Funerals are free and everything is voluntary, right down to the gravediggers, some of whom have been turning up rain, hail or shine for the past 5 decades.

We give thanks to our forebearers, who taught us that it takes a community to farewell a loved one. To dem gravedigger, dem wreath-maker, dem baker, dem sweet cook, dem flower deliverers, dem driver, dem musician en singer, cinematograpen, en tech crew, dem huggers, dem sullen usa nod en smile, dem one el do it awkward as hell (ulla sti waye), de sullun usa offer up dem's hoem or shed, dem lawn mowers, dem car washers, dem sullen usa maek you laugh, dem sullen mek you cly, dem one offeren up dems' shoulder ulla ear, to Kimmy P and Brett who Miles felt naesy fe nawa mention during his tribute, the shopkeepers who won't take money, to the sullen dropping in a bottle ulla 3 or offering up dems stash of beer... En dem numerous guards of honour.

We give awas most humble en heartfelt thanks.

Moll, Brett and Miles.

Inasmuch.

Thank You

The family of the late Ernie Friend would like to thank those who shared the internment of Dad's ashes on Friday 30 April.

Special thanks to Sexton Shane for preparing the site and David Buffett AM for being the MC for the ceremony.

Thanks also for all the kind thoughts and support from those who couldn't make it to the internment.

We are so glad to have Dad back together with Mum. Thanks f'us.
