

*Why did we write this book?*

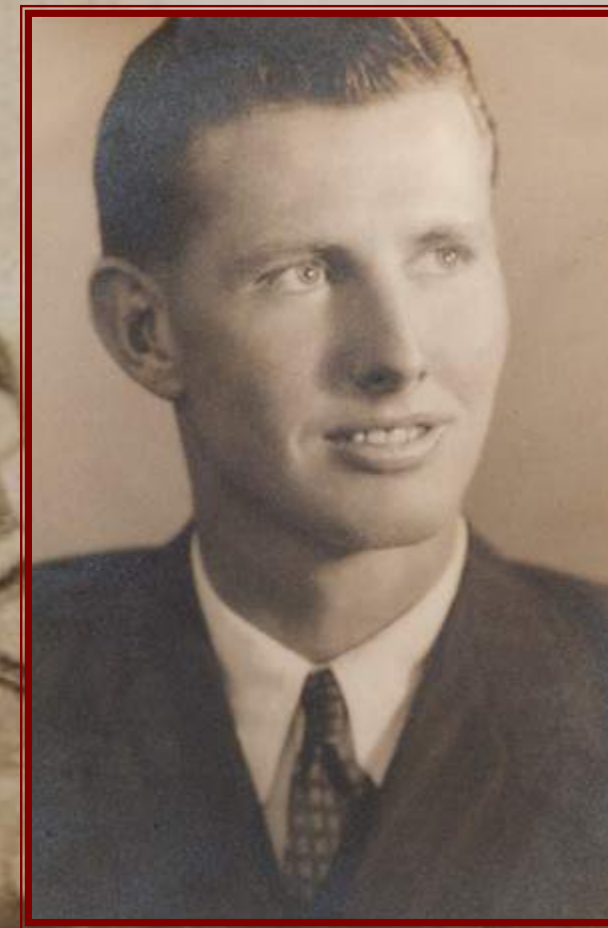
*The long life of Ian McLeod is a thread connecting us to a broad body of knowledge of his times and family history. This matters to his immediate family, for their own sake and because of a responsibility to pass on some of the story to their descendants.*

*Ian's story can also be a foundation for a wider McLeod chronicle. The window opens first on Ian's grandfather, Angus McLeod, sailing from Scotland to Australia in the mid-19th century with his wife Mary and their baby, Archibald.*

*Decades of the ensuing history can be told on a family website, [www.mcleod.org.au](http://www.mcleod.org.au) for which this book will be the foundation.*

# IAN McLEOD

## CHANCE & CHALLENGE



**PATRICK CORNISH**  
With help from the McLeod family



# A table full of memories

Ian McLeod looks back on decades of love, laughs and hard work

The kitchen table at 57 Kelvin Street, Maylands, has held a lot of scones. Many cups of tea have accompanied thousands of conversations. Ian McLeod and his five sons cannot get together often these days, but did on January 9, 2013, for this photograph. Ian's wife Dawn, who died in 2011, used to make the scones. Now Mark . . . sitting in the middle of the five here . . . has taken on the job. On his right are Gregory, with arms folded, and Jamie. To Mark's left are Rod, standing, and Glen.

Photo: Rod McLeod



## Pressing the pause button

**D**ark and quiet, long before dawn in a tin shed near Bookara, a tiny settlement on the Geraldton-Dongara railway line, Ian could hear his father, Angus McLeod, stirring. It was 4am, time to feed the horses that within a couple of hours would be ploughing the paddocks.

Angus was in his late 50s, a share farmer used to long hours without great reward. Ian, the seventh and last of the family, would soon be having breakfast with his mother, Mabel.

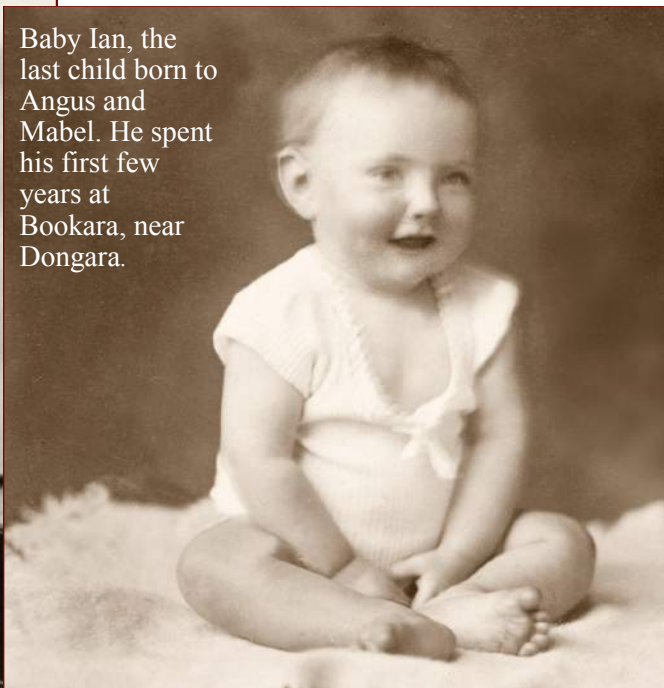
More than 80 years later, Ian Haigh McLeod of Maylands is a great-grandfather who has been a soldier, airman, policeman, electrician and carpenter.

This versatility was mainly his own choice. He has had opportunities not available to his father, whose own father – also Angus – had died when a cart overturned. Angus the Younger was then only 15.

In 1987 another Angus, Ian's grandson, was born to this particular Clan McLeod in WA.



Angus and Mabel,  
1903



Baby Ian, the last child born to Angus and Mabel. He spent his first few years at Bookara, near Dongara.

*"Mabel was quite well educated . . . she taught my father quite a lot, realising he had never had much of a chance in that regard."*

Angus McLeod was born in Warwick, Queensland, on December 31, 1876, and raised there. His father, Angus, had been born in Inverpolly, Scotland, in 1826 and with his wife Mary (née McSporrán) came to Australia on the ship Winifred in 1856, when he was 29. They brought their first child, Archibald.

Hard work has been the core of Ian's life. For much of his nine decades he was too busy to reflect and recount. However, in the months before and after his 90th birthday, he agreed to reminisce for the record.

*"My mother was Mabel Victoria, a widow with a daughter, Ethel. The girl was about three when Mabel met my father. Her maiden name was Bryans and her previous married name was Collins."*

*"Mabel was born in Hamilton, Bermuda, in early 1878 . . . She had an Irish father who had been in the British army and was jailed for nine months for assaulting an officer. However, he was not kicked out of the army. He eventually worked at a munitions factory in London."*

Angus Senior, the father, had never had the chance to be educated and ended up living on a small farm at Warwick. His occupation, on Angus Junior's birth certificate in 1876, is given as "boundary rider". He certified with "his mark", as the record shows, instead of a signature.

Angus Senior and Mary had at least 12 children, of whom Angus was one of the youngest. When he was born, eight siblings, including twins, were living. Another son, Will, followed Angus Junior.

In the mid-1890s, when Angus Junior was 20, he moved to Western Australia with a friend named Harry "Butcher" Wilson. They reached Coolgardie and had a right to expect that the gold boom, of which most people in the Eastern States had heard



Mabel Victoria Collins (née Bryans) McLeod, about 1908



Mabel aged about 18

*"My father met Mabel and her daughter Ethel. Ethel was to play a very important part in my life. First of all because she delivered me. She was 19 then. Angus and Mabel were married in York. I was the last, born when my mother was 44. Until I was about six I lived in a beach shack my parents owned at Port Denison, next to Dongara and just south of Geraldton. It was there that I learned to swim. Through good luck we eventually shifted to a big house named Koogereena at Kojerina on the Mullewa rail line about 12 miles from Geraldton."*

*"We lived in the back half of this 20-room house, which had a big yard for horses, dogs, whatever you wanted. The place had been built before World War I, costing 5000 pounds by a Mr Davies, who was W.B. Sewell's brother-in-law. Davies went broke and went to Perth. Sewell took it over."*

plenty, would set them up nicely.

*But they didn't do so well, I don't know why, so they came to Perth. Angus, my father, eventually got share farming with a man named W.B. Sewell, who had quite a bit of property. For wheat, mostly.*

**Certified Copy of an Entry in a Register of Births**  
(Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act, 1961.)


BIRTHS IN THE Greenough REGISTRY DISTRICT.

Column.

1 Registration Number 1/23 REGISTERED BY E McKinley, DISTRICT REGISTRAR.

| CHILD   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 (1) When and (2) Where born                 | 23rd day of March 1923 Bookara  |
| 3 (1) Name                                    | Ian Haigh   |
| (2) Whether present at Registration or not    | Not present   |
| 4 Sex   | Male  |
| PARENTS                                       |   |
| Father.                                       |   |
| 5 (1) Name and Surname                        | Angus McLeod  |
| (2) Rank or Profession of the Father          | Station Manager   |
| (3) Age                                       | 45 years  |
| (4) Birthplace                                | Queensland  |
| 6 (1) When and (2) Where married              |   |
| (3) Previous issue living                     | 19th day of February 1908 at Perth W.A.<br>Isobel Victoria 14 years<br>Sheilah Clare 12 years<br>Malcolm Graham 10 years<br>Heath Denison 7 years<br>Heather Sarina Edith 5 years<br>Corna Mary 2 years |
| (4) Previous issue deceased                   | -----   |
| 7 Mother.                                     |   |
| (1) Name and Maiden Surname of the Mother     | Mabel Victoria Collins  |
| (2) Age                                       | 44 years  |
| (3) Birthplace                                | Bermuda West Indies   |
| INFORMANT                                     |   |
| 8 (1) Signature                               | Certified to in writing by M.V. McLeod  |
| (2) Description                               | Mother  |
| (3) Residence of Informant                    | Bookara   |
| WITNESS                                       |   |
| 9 (1) Accoucher                               | No Doctor or Nurse available  |
| (2) Nurse by whom certified                   | -----   |
| (3) Names of Occupier or other Witnesses      | A. McLeod   |
| REGISTRAR                                     |   |
| 10 When Registered and Where                  | 27th day of April 1923 at Greenough   |
| 11 Signature of District Registrar            | E McKinley  |
| 12 Name, if added after Registration of Birth | -----   |

I, REGINALD ALFRED PEERS, Deputy Registrar General for the State of Western Australia do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an entry in a Register kept in this office.



“School for me was at Bringo, which used to be called 19-Mile Tank, on the road inland from Geraldton to Mount Magnet. It was a two-mile walk from home. My teacher’s name was Jack Halse, who later became a good friend. I stayed at school till Year 7. Played cricket in recess and lunchtimes . . . we had no grass but plenty of space. There were about 15 kids at the school, all in the same room. I got the cane only once from Jack. He was trying to show me how to do a sum in arithmetic . . . I just didn’t get it and he did his lolly. So he gave me three cuts on the hand. It upset him more than it hurt me, he said.”

Ian, who turned 10 in March 1933, remembers that the Great Depression lasted all through his childhood. Millions could not even earn a living. Luxuries disappeared. As most of his six older siblings left home and got jobs where and how they could, he was left at home with his now middle-aged mother and father.

“There was never much money but I do remember some good things. At Christmas my mother and father did their best. My brother Malcolm, 11 years older, gave me my first bike.

“And there was Carl “Charlie” Becker, a German migrant who took a liking to me. ‘How you going, little man?’ he used to say. He made me wooden toys. A sword and a trolley with wheels. I had a friend named Scottie Greenhorn. And we loved playing with these toys.

### Figures from the old days

This memoir retains the use of miles where appropriate. One mile equals 1.61 kilometres. One foot is 30cm, or 0.3 of a metre.

On February 14, 1966, Australia adopted decimal currency. One pound (20 shillings) became two dollars (100 cents).

“I took dogs to help catch rabbits and was pretty good with throwing stones to hit one.

“Charlie had been a cabin boy in the German navy. Later on, as the first world war got near, he was in danger of being interned, but my parents took him to safety in Mount Magnet, where they were living.

“Through all those difficult times we could always get meat. Ducks, for example. Father had a vegetable garden. We knew we were fortunate, living in the bush. Many people in Perth had rickets because of poor diet.

“We could usually buy a sheep for only 10 shillings. As for the rabbits, it was my mother who would say to me: ‘Go out and catch a rabbit or two, Ian.’ There were thousands of them in the hills near our place. There was a creek and on hot days, when they came to drink, it was quite easy to aim and catch one.”

When Ian was about 12 or 13, a drought forced another move. W.B. Sewell’s son had a station up north, and Angus, Mabel and Ian had to leave Kojarena and go back to Port Denison.

A friendship put Ian in touch with the world of European migrants. An Italian, Gino Franzanelli, had a business cutting and carting wood. He had a contract to take wood along the coast to Geraldton. He brought other Italians to work for him, giving them bed and board as payment. One boy about Ian’s age, Sestilio Nardini, became a good mate.



*“My sisters often worked either in Geraldton or for station people. The farmers’ wives thought themselves too ladylike to do rough jobs, so employed people of my sisters’ age. The girls had little choice.”*

(NOTE: Ian’s second eldest sister, Sheilah, died in 2007 at 97. His half-sister Ethel married Joe Horton and had three daughters: Marjorie, Jean and Nancy. Marj was five years younger than Ian.)

*“Later on, after leaving the forces, I lived with Ethel and her family in Perth. First in Victoria Park. They treated me like the son they never had. Made a big fuss of me.*

*“Joe was a bit older than her. He worked for Miller’s Timber and, though a bit over age, joined the army in World War II.*

*“Ethel died of cancer in 1978 at the age of 74.*

### **Ethel’s special delivery**

*“The reason Ethel delivered me, when she was 19, was that I was a month early. The local midwife was a bit keen on brandy and didn’t turn up, probably because she was drunk. So Ethel did the job.*

*“My parents looked after me as best they could. Mabel wanted me to get educated and asked my brothers Malcolm and Heath to pay for that. But I declined. When I was about 12 it was my teacher, Jack Halse, who wanted to take me to Perth for education, but my mother and father wouldn’t allow it.”*

It was in that year, as far as Ian remembers, that drought made things virtually impossible for share farmers like Angus McLeod. He couldn’t even sell what wheat he

had, so left it in the paddock and went north to work with his son Malcolm in Mt Magnet.

Gold mining had been one of the few prosperous lines of work in the early 30s. Malcolm had a cartage contract, mainly transporting wood.

When Malcolm joined up, at the beginning of World War II, Angus took over the business. Heath joined him and worked for a couple of years before he too joined the army.

*“My father also worked in the Hill 50 mine during the war. He retired when he was 72, in 1946, and returned to Port Denison to join Mabel. When he was 76 they shifted to Perth. I built a house for them in Carlisle, spending most of my weekends doing that. Unfortunately my father died in 1953, at 76, before it was ready.*

*“I often visited my mother at that house, where she lived till she died at 82 in 1960. She’d usually be listening to the radio when I arrived. That was her main entertainment. Of course, that was in the years before television. Ethel often visited too, and happened to be there when Mabel had a fatal heart attack.”*



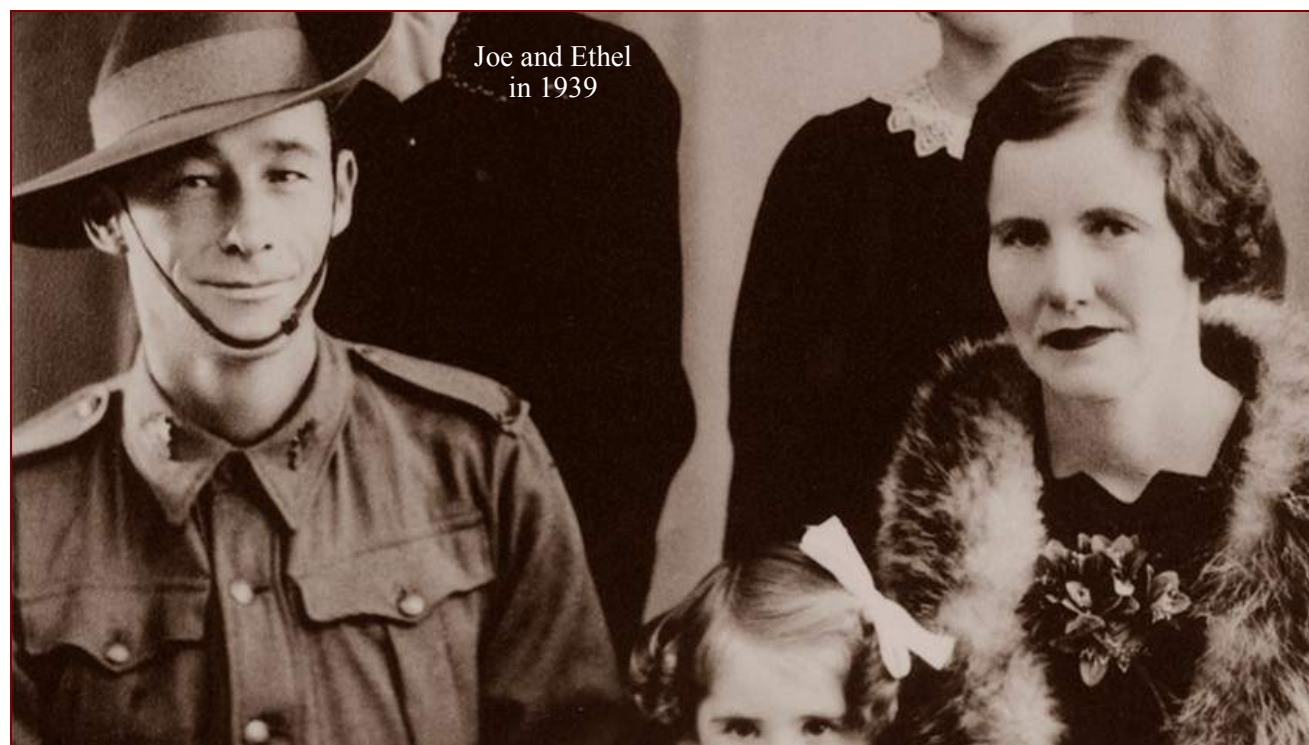
Angus and Mabel at Perth Zoo in 1952.



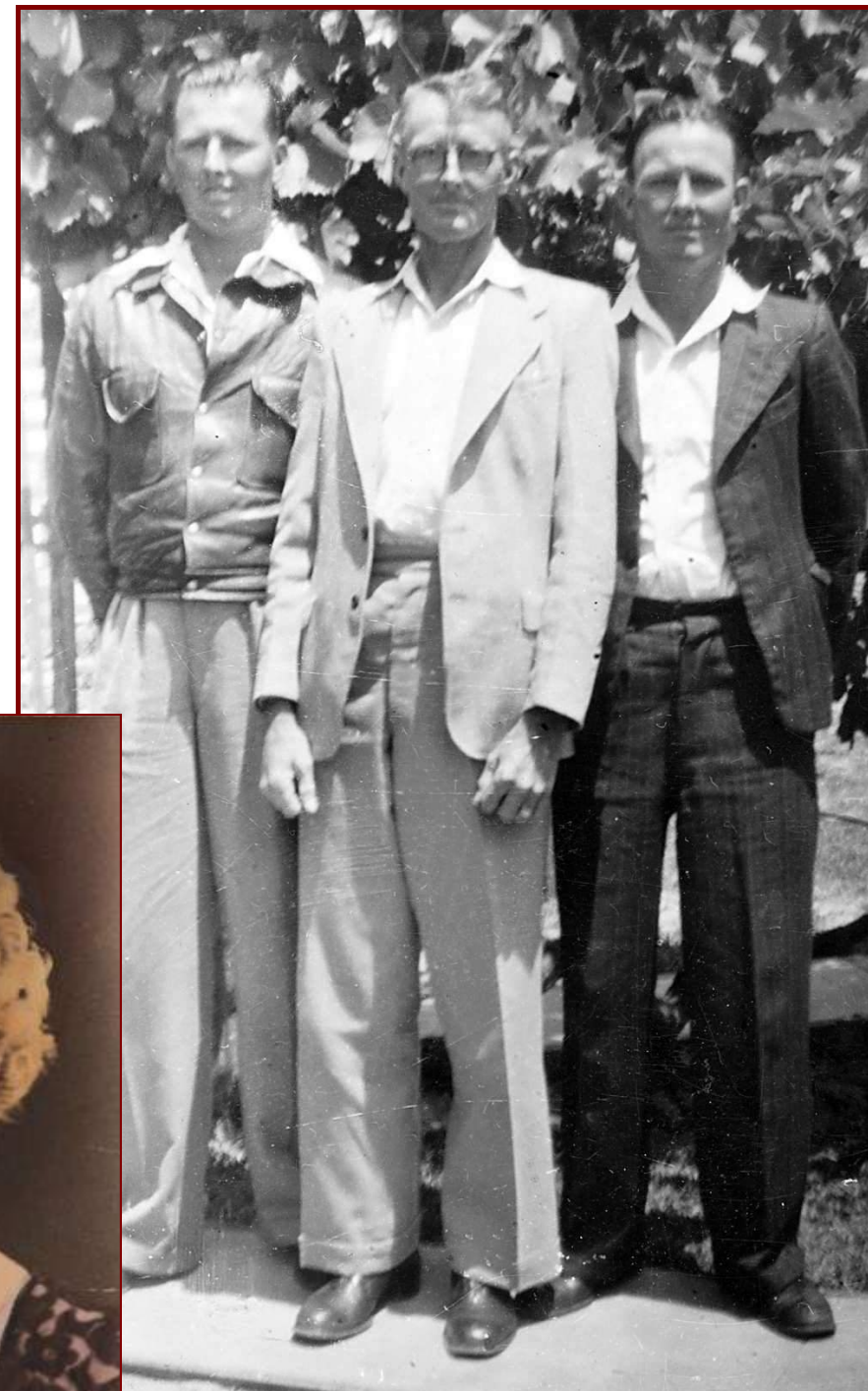
Sisters Isobel Victoria, right, and Sheilah Clare, about 1921.



Ethel and Joe Horton's wedding, 1928. Left to right: Angus, Joe's brother's wife, Joe's brother, Joe, Ethel, Ian's sister Isobel, Mabel's brother Bill Bryans, and Mabel.



Joe and Ethel in 1939



Three brothers: Malcolm, centre, with Ian, left, and Heath



Mabel in 1940

# Farewell to Scottish shores



Pier at Tanera, Loch Broom

## Glen McLeod explores the family background in the northern hemisphere

Almost a century before Ian McLeod was born on 23 March 1923, in a remote corner of Western Australia's Mid- West, his grandfather Angus came into this world<sup>1</sup> at Inverpolly<sup>2</sup>, a geographical area in the Assynt District, north of Ullapool, north-west Scotland. Remoteness and hard edges are something these apparently very different places have in common.

The story of Ian begins in Scotland, for the purposes of this book, for several reasons. One is that the book is about his life and not his ancestry. Secondly, there is a paucity of material about his forebears, even his parents.

The story of Ian's grandfather Angus and grandmother Mary can be pieced together only from fragments of evidence and a degree of speculation. Thirdly, the social context in Scotland, leading up to the emigration of his grandparents, is, in a sense, more relevant to Ian's history than are the lives of his forebears.



Inverpolly today has no identifiable town or village. Whatever was there is long gone. There is a remote lodge named "Inverpolly" just north of Loch Broom and Ullapool in the Assynt district of Ross-Shire. This county is now part of the administrative region of Highland.

Assynt, bare and dramatic, is today a tourist destination and place for the curious amateur geologist. Its distinctive landforms have featured in the education of generations of British geologists. In search of Inverpolly, you discover Stac Pollaidh (Stack Polly) and various other steep, inhospitable rock formations. The sheer ruggedness of this landscape is striking. How could anyone survive here, let alone support a family? This landscape and other evidence we shall mention, suggests that the early life of Angus McLeod senior and Mary would have been what Ian would call "tough". That is not to say that the rest of their lives was much better.

The social context was severe for Angus and Mary. By the time of his birth in 1827 ordinary folk were being driven out, literally, from their traditional lands. Whereas once the Highlands

had been productive and could sustain an agrarian population, the infamous Highland Clearances brought that to an end in the 100 years following the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745-1746.

In that era the modern world caught up with this anachronistic pocket of humanity, remote in distance and way of life, from Scotland's main centres of population. The Highland region and its ancient ways were irreparably broken.

The Clearances had become more brutal and overt by 1823. Farmers who had relied for centuries on a semi-feudal system of mutual obligations with their overlords were displaced. Their smallholdings were aggregated into large sheep runs and leased to English and Lowland Scottish farmers by the lairds, who needed money to cope with their own change in circumstances, in the years that followed the Battle of Culloden in 1746.



Winifred,  
1000  
tonnes







Angus and Mary's history in Australia can be pieced together to some extent by a contemporary newspaper account of his death.

We know that Mary lived until January 1923 and died in Brisbane. Between her arrival in Australia in 1857 and her death she bore, in Warwick, 10 more children, seven of whom were living when Angus, Ian's father, was born in 1876.

It was a sign of the times that this was the second Angus for Angus senior and Mary, the first having died in infancy. Angus and Mary were clearly determined to raise a boy named Angus.

Angus Senior's occupation is shown on his son's 1876 birth certificate as 'Boundary Rider'. His age at that time was said to be 50<sup>13</sup>. He died in 1888 at the age of 65, after an accident when driving a spring cart. The horse bolted and the cart turned over.

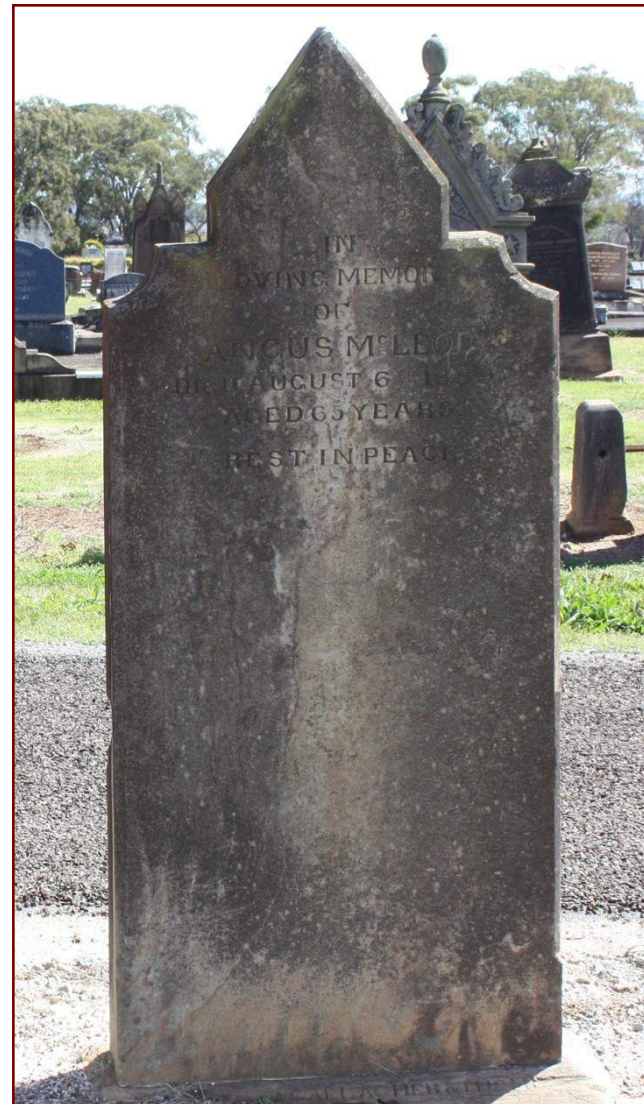
This was the received knowledge in the family as related by Ian and his brother Heath.

Angus Senior's great-great-grandson, Angus Patrick McLeod, was able to verify the story entirely when he searched archives in the Warwick Public library in 2013<sup>14</sup>. According to the article, Angus Senior was from Splyard Gully, near Warwick. He lived for about three weeks after the accident and died from internal injuries.

One of his sons<sup>15</sup> was with him at the time of the accident but was apparently not injured<sup>16</sup>. On the same 2013 trip Ian's grandson Angus also found the headstone of Angus McLeod senior in Warwick Cemetery<sup>17</sup>.

It is not clear what happened to Mary after Angus' death. It seems she lived near

Glengallan<sup>18</sup>, and may have worked at Glengallan Station outside Warwick. The homestead has been restored in recent years and



*"In loving memory of Angus McLeod, died August 6, 1888, aged 65 years. Rest in peace."*

has an archive which may be worth investigating to find out more information about the story of Angus and Mary in Australia.

### Full text of article on death of Angus McLeod, Warwick Examiner and Times, 8 August 1888

*'Another old resident of this district has passed away during the present week, in the person of Mr. Angus McLeod, of Splyard Gully. Three weeks ago he, along with one of his sons, drove into town with a young horse in the spring cart. Nothing of any consequence happened until about half the distance home had been traversed, when the horse became unmanageable and upset the cart. The son escaped without injury, but the father was not so fortunate, for the cart, for some reason or other, came down upon him, hurting him inwardly and fracturing two of his ribs. He was conveyed as soon as possible to Mr. W. Macdonald's residence in Guy-Street, and Dr Tilley was sent for. Everything that could be done for him was done, but the shock was too much for a man of his age, and death put an end to his sufferings at midnight on Sunday last, at the age of 65. The funeral took place on Monday and was largely attended. Deceased leaves a wife and a large family of grown up sons and daughters who have the sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.'*

The story of Angus Senior and Mary, although special to their descendants, is not so different from many migrant stories. They were displaced people from a very different place, culture and in some respects time. They were the left-overs from an ancient way of life which had been engulfed by the modern world. Within a short time they had adjusted and contributed to the building of a new nation. They were only one set of Ian's four grandparents. Their story could bear a lot more research, but that will have to be left to younger descendants.

Likewise, the story of how Ian's mother Mabel Victoria came to Australia in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century as a young widow with a child (Ethel), should be investigated further. We know little about the accidental death of her first husband (Collins) in an explosion at the Woolwich Arsenal, in South-East London, her childhood in nearby Plumstead, and birth in 1878 in Hamilton, Bermuda, where her father John Bryans (b.1839), an enlisted soldier in the British Army, was stationed and living with her mother Margaret. We know Bryans was born in Fermanagh, in the Irish province of Ulster and today one of the six counties of Northern Ireland. It is probable he

was an Orangeman (Protestant), which in itself would be an interesting part of this narrative. The strands of these stories can be brought to light and woven into the bigger family tapestry by others.

Ian's Scottish ancestry has been given most attention because of his own consciousness of it. This came more from his mother<sup>19</sup>, who was of Irish descent, rather than his father, who according to Ian did not talk much about his ancestors. Family tradition has it that Mabel wanted to put England behind her as much as possible. Perhaps that is why she emphasised the family's Scottish heritage. She was also relatively well educated and enjoyed reading. The sheer other-worldliness and possible romance of the Scottish strand, with its tragedy, determination, endurance and eventual success may have captured her imagination. Certainly the story of Angus Senior and Mary is fascinating and will hopefully inspire future generations to pursue the family story.



## Chapter 2 footnotes

<sup>1</sup>Most accounts in ancestry.com.au state that his date of birth was 4 August 1823 (see for example, Janelle's family tree, ancestry.com.au). See also the extract from the Warwick Examiner and Times on page 17 of this book. However, his age is stated as 50 on his son Angus' 1876 birth certificate. We have been unable to find any evidence of Angus Senior's parents apart from an entry in ancestry.com.au

<sup>2</sup>This is the most likely interpretation of 'Javerpolly', which is specified as the place of birth of Ian's grandfather on the 1876 birth certificate of his father, also named Angus. We have been unable to trace 'Javerpolly'. 'Inverpolly' means 'across the Polly', which is a river in the Assynt District. There is an Inverpolly Lodge in the area.

<sup>3</sup>Janelle's family tree in ancestry.com.au says he was born in 'Lockbroom Ross and Cromarty'. However, the amalgamation of the Counties of Ross and Cromarty did not take place until 1890, although there was a Parliamentary constituency of that name from 1832. Given the spelling 'Lockbroom' and that Ross and Cromarty did not exist in any form until 1832, it is reasonable to accept the description on Ian's father's birth certificate as 'Inverpolly' and to doubt that he was actually born at Loch Broom as suggested in Janelle's family tree. Other family trees verify the date of birth.

<sup>4</sup>According to the Poulos family tree in ancestry.com.au, she was from Drumore, which is not far from Killean. She could have been referring to the Parish of Killean and Kilchenzie or the hamlet of Killean. This requires further research.

<sup>5</sup>Archibald and Mary McSporrán were married in 1831 in the Parish of Killean and Kilchenzie. In the 1841 census they are recorded as living in 'Argyll' which could mean they were still in Killean. However, in the 1851 census they are recorded as living in Campbell Town.

<sup>6</sup>Mary's grandparents Donald McSporrán (1773-1850) and Janet (née McBride, 1772-1861) were both born in Killean and Kilchenzie. Janet died

on Achamore, Gigha, Argyll, the small, most southerly Hebridian island, situated off the coast of Kintyre, not far, as crow flies, from Killean and Kilchenzie. If Angus was working on cargo or fishing boats, Gigha could have been a port of call.

<sup>7</sup>See footnote 4 above.

<sup>8</sup>The date of the marriage was 4 November 1854. Many of the displaced Highlanders ended up in the slums of Glasgow, before emigrating en masse to places like Texas and Queensland.

<sup>9</sup>Archibald died in 1930. He has the distinction of having for 11 years at least one great grandparent, that is, Janet, which we can assume was unusual in those days. Ian recalls references to 'Uncle Archibald' in his childhood.

<sup>10</sup>The *Winifred's Register* for the voyage leaving Greenock on 1 November 1856 includes records of the three. The records show that the adults paid 13 pounds each for their tickets. Our thanks for Joanne Cornish's research for this information, through ancestry.com.au

<sup>11</sup>Ibid. Today, about 1,190 pounds sterling.

<sup>12</sup>For a fuller description see Keith Dash and Barbara Hall *Leaving Home-The emigration of John McDonald & His Family to Australia* (undated): keithdash.net

<sup>13</sup>This would mean he was born in 1826. However, in the report on his death in 1888 in the *Warwick Examiner and Times* (see below) he is said to have been 65, which would place his birth in 1823.

<sup>14</sup>Article in *Warwick Examiner and Times*, 8 August, 1888, page 2, reproduced above.

<sup>15</sup>It is not clear which son this is, but it seems likely to have been Angus, Ian's father, who is likely to have been the youngest and at the time of death was 12 and therefore the only one who would fit the article's description of a 'boy'. See the article quoted above.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid

<sup>17</sup>See photograph, page 16.

<sup>18</sup><https://plus.google.com/110159898858574621468/about?gl=AU&hl=en-AU>

<sup>19</sup>Growing up working in the shop opposite Langley Park, Perth, (see later) with Aunty Lorna, Ian's older sister by two years, we learnt a lot about family history, including their mother's determination to focus on the family's Scottish heritage. Mabel, Ian and Lorna were foundation members of the Clan MacLeod Society of

Western Australia, which recently celebrated its 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. Ian is one of the few foundation members still living. He is the only one on the membership register with the same address, 57 Kelvin Street, Maylands, as when he joined.



Ben Sulvhein, from Loch Inver

# Out on his own and into the army 1938-1945

In 1938 war clouds were darkening in Europe.

In Australia, the Great Depression had lifted and people felt they could at last make plans. The building industry, for example, was picking up. A 15-year-old lad leaving home could reasonably expect to find work.

Ian McLeod headed from his parents' home in Mount Magnet to a station at Mt Farmer, 30km north-west of the town.

*"When I got there, drought was a problem for the owner, Miss Winifred Edhouse. She gave me general work, fetching things and fixing windmills. Malcolm had worked there and taught me quite a lot.*

*"If the windmills broke down, crows tried to nest on them. Sticks would then fall into the pipe and workings. So I had to undo the pump and clear it out. I was too young to have a driving licence so used a horse and sulky to visit my parents.*

*"Mornings I got up early and was finished at 4. Afternoon teatime. That was the routine. I milked the goats. The sheep my boss had bought were sent up in a railway truck – it was my job to bring them up to the station. There were often about 100 of them, sometimes more, in each load.*

*"I would ride a horse to the railway siding, taking the dog, and then drove them about 20 miles to Mt Farmer. The dog would stay a little distance from the sheep so the flock wouldn't break up.*

*"I was lucky in always being strong and healthy.*

*"I was almost 16 when war was declared. I heard about that from someone I met on the way into Magnet. Not long afterwards people were talking of men signing up for the army. Including Malcolm, who joined straight away and trained with the Ninth Division. He eventually fought at El Alamein, then at the siege of Tobruk.*

*"He was a sapper, laying mines. He saw some terrible accidents, he told me later. One bloke was tapping mines with a spanner, for example. And a mine blew up. Another time, Malcolm was crossing a stretch of vacant land . . . someone told him later: 'A German was firing at you but missed.' A lucky escape. Malcolm was a very good letter writer to our parents.*

*"After he came back to Australia with the Ninth, they trained in Queensland for going to New Guinea. He was at Lae, on the north coast, which is where we had a big win, cleaning up the Japanese. Kokoda gets a lot of publicity but it was Lae that was really important.*

*"Heath, a couple of years younger than Malcolm, was called up in 1941. He was in coastal units that guarded places including Rottnest. He was meant to be going overseas but he and his wife had three kids and she kicked up a fuss so he could stay in Australia."*

Ian was too young to be involved in the early years of the war but 1940 sticks in his mind for a different reason.

*"My boss's niece, Kathleen Edhouse, came up to live at the station. Her father had committed suicide. Kathleen was a bit older than me. We became very friendly and got engaged. The old lady depended on me for help and even offered to buy me the station if I married her niece.*



*"But being selfish, I didn't stay. I've still got the watch Winifred gave me. It had belonged to her father."*

Though the war meant shortages, including petrol, people in places like Mount Magnet could at least count on their own eggs and meat.

Ian was called up in 1942, soon after his 19<sup>th</sup> birthday in March. His orders were to report at Mount Magnet railway station.

*"The train was full of young men like me. As soon as we got to Perth we went to camp at Melville. We had training, lots of marching, being yelled at by the sergeant-major. Sleeping two to a tent.*

*"It was early winter and lots of us got colds, even pneumonia in some cases. The food was terrible. Stew mostly. 'When do we eat?' was a question you heard all the time. One day our group got hold of a sheep, so we had a good feed. It wasn't comfortable living. Many of us weren't used to living at close quarters.*

*"I never worried about going to war. I was just keen to do whatever job came my way.*

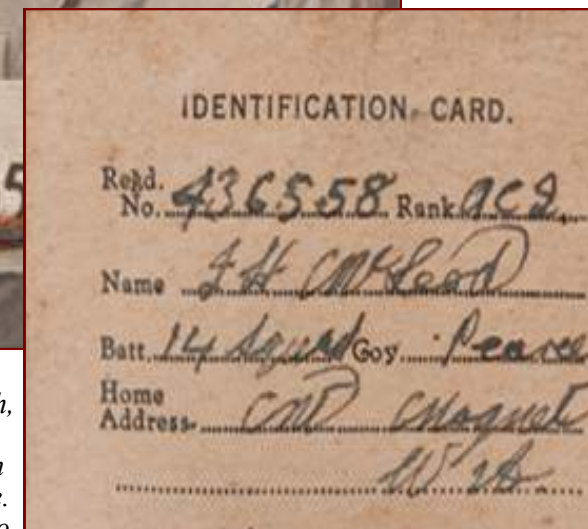
*"Things got worse when we had to give up our tents so they could be given to the Americans who'd just arrived. Now we were sleeping in the open. In the rain too.*

*"The Yanks went around the area knocking on doors. 'How many people are living here?' they'd ask. Do you have any spare room?"*

*"We did a route march to Northam. That was 64 miles in 42 hours. No one had much skin left on their feet."*

Leave was rare but Ian remembers getting three days off.

*"Many of the blokes played up with a fair bit of grog on the train, going up to Perth from Fremantle.*



*“When I knew my mother was going to come down from Magnet and be in town, I went AWOL so I could see her.*

*“An MP who questioned me let me off. When I got back to camp I found that my unit had gone out on manoeuvres. I escaped punishment thanks to the cook, a sergeant. He had a lot of power, I discovered. ‘I’ve got 50 men to feed,’ he told me. ‘And I haven’t got any staff. If you work in the cookhouse I’ll see you don’t get charged.’ He did too.*

*“Army life amused me. I managed to talk my way out of trouble.”*

Ian had never had much to do with Aboriginal people but soon learned a lesson in race relations.

*“A half-caste took a dislike to me for some reason. He seemed to enjoy niggling me. Something to do with being rude to his sister, whom I had never met. Things boiled over in the back of a truck and I called him a ‘black bastard’. You could have heard a pin drop. I certainly wasn’t agin them generally. One became my best friend.”*

Ian was with the 11<sup>th</sup> Battalion near Gidgegannup when about a dozen men tried to get the others to go on strike.

*“Morale wasn’t good. The food was crook, we couldn’t have leave, and men were very unhappy. Our CO, Colonel ‘Jigger’ James, heard about the strike plans. He was a former schoolmaster. Stood on a tree stump and lectured us. We used to imitate him by stuffing a pillow inside our shirts to make us tubbier.*

*“He told us we had caused trouble but he would sort it out. Anyway, we heard soon afterwards that he had been sent to another army unit.”*

Ian was also on the move, assigned to Brigade HQ at Forrest Park, Mt Lawley, after his



brother Heath had “claimed” him, a system of military deployment under which a man could have his younger brother posted to the same location.

*“One evening some of the guys got drunk and pulled pickets off the fence while walking back to HQ from the pub in Mt Lawley. They were followed by the police but our guard, acting like he was especially loyal to the army, refused to let them in. He was fined ten pounds.*

*“Perth was supposed to be maintaining a total blackout in case of air attack. One night an American soldier asked me: ‘Say, buddy,*

*where’s Perth?’*

*“‘You’re right here,’ I told him.”*

In the army, whether there is a war on or not, you do a lot of waiting. Before going overseas as World War II was drawing to a close, Ian made good use of his time in 1943 and 1944, the year he turned 21. Education was uppermost in his mind, particularly after he decided to try for the air force.

*“I realised I needed to know some trigonometry and algebra, so bought some books. I had left school early so hadn’t learned any of that. But I*

**1944 RAAF Victor Harbour, South Australia.**  
Ian is on the bench, far right

*could teach myself.*

*“I was sure I would enjoy the air force more than the army. Took the test and passed. My English was good enough. There was a physical exam too, with the doctor tapping my chest and asking me to breathe deep, that sort of thing. Eyesight, hearing, everything had to be good.*

*“First of all I went to training school in Busselton for a couple of months.”*

Leading Aircraftsman (LAC) McLeod, after more training in Victor Harbour, South Australia, qualified for air crew.

*“Air crew had a white strip on their caps. We did meteorology as well as maths. Learned to identify model aircraft. I studied pretty hard.*

*“One man had been an outstanding student . . . I got him to coach me. We knocked around together. Like a lot of those egghead types, he didn’t have much in the way of social skills. While at Victor Harbour we trainees sometimes went up to town, meaning Adelaide.*

*“I went before a board of about four senior officers who would decide if I was suitable for flying training. They wanted to find out such things as how I could handle a crisis in the air.*

*“My next move was to Cunderdin in WA, where I flew Tiger Moths, sometimes solo. On arriving there with about five other men, I was considered the best of the six. But I got flu and felt bad for quite a while.*

*“One of our officers was Fred Chaney who went on to be a Cabinet Minister a few years later.”*

*“One day I went solo. The wind changed and I came in to land downwind instead of upwind as we were supposed to. Fred was in the duty pilot’s office.*

*“The Moths had ploughshares at the rear, meant to reduce speed immediately after landing. The weather was rough . . . I was still feeling crook. That was it. I was told I should give away the piloting before I killed myself.”*

Ian switched to ground crew and eventually did an engineering course at the old Perth Boys School in St Georges Terrace. He

ended up dux of his class of about 40.

*“Turning 21 in March 1944, it wasn’t much of a time to be celebrating a personal milestone, but I did get the traditional commemorative key. Probably from Mum, who used to write regularly.*

*“I was now officially allowed to drink in a pub, though that wasn’t my scene.*

*“After completing that course I went over to Melbourne to train at technical college, as an aircraft electrician.*

*“I got into boxing, partly as a way to earn some money. Trained at a gym. I knew I was pretty good in the ring after winning a bout where I knocked out a light heavyweight in the second round. The trophy didn’t impress me much. I had done all that work and all I got was a little tin pot.*

*“One of the sergeants, a PT instructor, got me to go to West Melbourne stadium. A man called Ambrose Palmer, who had been a real champion, watched me box and invited me to train with him.*

*“I was delighted to get 10 pounds for one win. I was listed to fight an army champ but I had the flu.*

*“While in Victoria we WA blokes looked out for each other. One of these friends was Nick Gavros, who was training to be a Church of Christ minister. A good singer.*

*The course lasted about four months, after which I returned to WA.*

*“I was stationed at what was then Dunreath aerodrome, where Perth airport is now. From there it was back to Melbourne by ‘cattle train’.*

*“As we got ready to go overseas we went to another staging camp at Townsville. We*



Ian carried this photo postcard of Malcolm throughout the war

*were there about a month before going to Brisbane.”*

A less predictable war experience in the Queensland capital was working at the docks for a month when wharfies went on strike. Industrial tension was a regular feature of Australian ports during the war. Unlike most tasks in the military, this was a voluntary effort but with a degree of urgency – unloading machinery and weaponry for the conflict in the Far East.

The long wait to “go to war” ended when Ian’s

unit boarded a Liberty ship and headed for Morotai island, just south of the Equator in the far east of the Netherlands East Indies (now Indonesia).

An unprecedented military move, approved by President Harry Truman, was about to change everything.

*“We heard the Americans had dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The general feeling seemed to be: ‘Good idea.’”*



Ian, left, and his brother Heath



Ian in a Spitfire on Tarakan

In August 1945 Ian arrived on Tarakan, a tiny island just off East Kalimantan (Borneo). This had been a major oil distribution point and was to see one of the final actions of six years of war.

*"We heard this place had seen a horrible savage and bloody operation. And all unnecessary. I didn't see anything first hand but the men who had been there for a few weeks told us about it. It seemed to have been a stupid decision by Australian General Thomas Blamey, who, many thought, simply wanted to be seen to have captured something."*

*"Japs had been digging tunnels in the hills but then started giving themselves up. Hundreds of prisoners were put in trucks. All probably glad the war was over."*

Tarakan was nominally an Allied victory but one source says it was "generally accepted as not having justified its cost." The official record states "Civilian casualties unknown."

*"We laid a landing strip, just steel mesh on top of a swamp."*

*"The CO was a squadron leader named Thomson. He had gone troppo, forever complaining there was something wrong with his plane. Always wore a full fireproof uniform, unlike a lot of blokes who got around in just a singlet and shorts. One day when I was on the landing strip he brought his plane in and forgot to put his wheels down. He went about 100 yards before his plane caught fire."*

*"Thomson had five seconds to open the cockpit and was very quick to undo his belt and stagger away through the flames. I jumped on the first vehicle and got down to where he was lying. They soon had him in an ambulance. Wouldn't drink water, said it was poisoned. So that fireproof gear protected him. Otherwise he would have died for sure."*

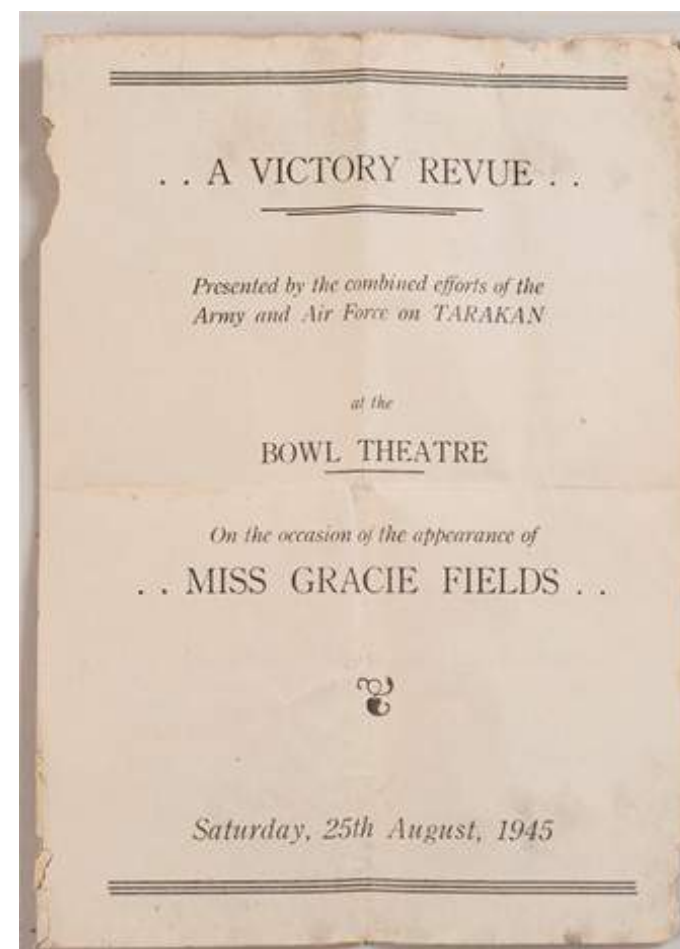
A surprise awaited Ian. He learned that his brother Malcolm had been on Tarakan, leaving the day before Ian arrived.



*"I managed to have lunch with some of his mates. Malcolm was one of the six-year men, away from home for the whole war, so naturally they were given the first chance to be shipped home."*

*"Out at sea we dumped a lot of heavy stuff we couldn't take with us. Within a few weeks I was on a ship that went all around New Guinea to Fremantle."*

*Once home I went to a staging camp at Shenton Park. After about a month there I was glad to get out of the army. That would be late 1945."*



# Civilian life and Dawn 1945-56

Now aged 22, Ian went to live with Ethel, his half-sister, who lived in Merton Street, Victoria Park, with her husband Joe Horton and their daughters Marge, Jean and Nancy

*"They were like sisters to me. Marge was five years younger than I was."*

After seeing his parents, who were living in



Ian and army mate Jack McArthur

Dongara, and exchanging news, Ian returned to the station at Mt Farmer for a while. He also worked on a mine at Mount Magnet. Returning to Perth, he completed a basic carpentry course and worked in Belmont, near the Horton home, as well as at South Fremantle's power station.

A connection made in Melbourne led to his meeting Dawn Riches, whom he would marry in 1949.

*"While doing that electrician's course in Melbourne I met several WA men, including one named Bill Riches. One day in 1946, back in Perth, he got in touch and invited me to his place to meet his family at 156 Peninsula Rd, Maylands."*

*"At the front gate I got chatting to his sister Pearl. She had quite a story – she was about to go the US to join her husband, Lotus Mansel Sims. Then I met Dawn and the rest of the family. We didn't start courting straight away."*

Chance was to play a strong part in Ian's relationship with Dawn.

While living and working in Mount Magnet he had become keen on cycling, an interest encouraged by his brother-in-law George Webster, Lorna's husband.

*"I won money for coming first in one race. George was a very good rider and his younger brother Ray was too. The club in Mt Magnet sent Ray down to York for a ride, and I went too, to keep an eye on him."*

*"While riding I had a bad fall . . . . I'm fairly sure I've still got the scar on my shoulder . . . and so instead of going straight back to Magnet I stayed in Perth. I phoned Dawn at her office in*

*the city and arranged to meet for lunch. She said yes, but didn't have a lot of time off work. We met down on the Esplanade."*

Ian left Magnet and moved in with Ethel and her family in Victoria Park. He and Dawn wed in September 1949, in the Church of Christ, Lake Street, and had a reception at her parents' home in Peninsula Road. They honeymooned at a guest house in Roleystone.

*"Dawn wanted to live near her family, so at first we rented rooms from a Mrs Thomson in Peninsula Road. Eventually the old lady needed those rooms for her family so we had to move. We lived in a caravan parked next to the Riches home for several months. For washing and showers we could use the house."*



Ian made a move that proved to be decisive – buying a block in Kelvin Street, a few blocks east of Peninsula Rd.

That is where all his five sons grew up and where he still lives today, more than six decades later.

He first built a sizeable shed in the garden, 20 ft by 15, for he and Dawn to live in while the house was built (see page 32).

*"It was difficult to get building materials. But you got to know people and what they could supply. I rode a pushbike to work . . . at least once this was as far as Armadale. Dawn,*





Ian and Dawn's wedding party. From left, Bob Turner (Ethel's son in law), June (Dawn's sister), and on other side Bill Riches and Lorelei Kent.



Mother of the bride, Flo, left, and mother of the groom, Mabel.

*a very skilled ledger machine operator, worked in Maylands for an engineering/plumbing firm. They thought very highly of her and often said the place could hardly run without her."*

Three months after Dawn became pregnant in mid-1953, Ian's 76-year-old father, Angus, died. This was just before completion of the house in Carlisle that Ian had been building for his parents.

*"At Kelvin Street we divided the shed into two rooms. There was a tap in the lean-to next to the shed. Dawn had a washboard and heated water in a copper."*

After Glen was born in March 1954 Dawn carried on with her office work for a while. Her mother, Flo, looked after the baby.

*"Dawn's father, Harry Riches, was a mechanic and Flo was a seamstress who*



*worked her fingers to the bone. All her three daughters were always immaculately turned out. She had to stop helping with Glen because by then her husband was unwell and she had her hands full caring for him."*



Ian and Dawn lived in this shed behind where the Kelvin Street house was built

From life in the shed, the next step was moving into the half of the house Ian had completed.

Soon after Glen turned two the twins were born (April 18, 1956) and the pressure on space grew.

*“It was still difficult to get building materials, though I knew managers who could get their hands on what they needed for themselves.*

*“One major reason for this difficulty was that the building trade wasn’t doing well . . . men I knew and had trained with, and were better carpenters than me, weren’t getting much work. In those days if a man was out of work for three weeks, and had a family, he would be in trouble.*

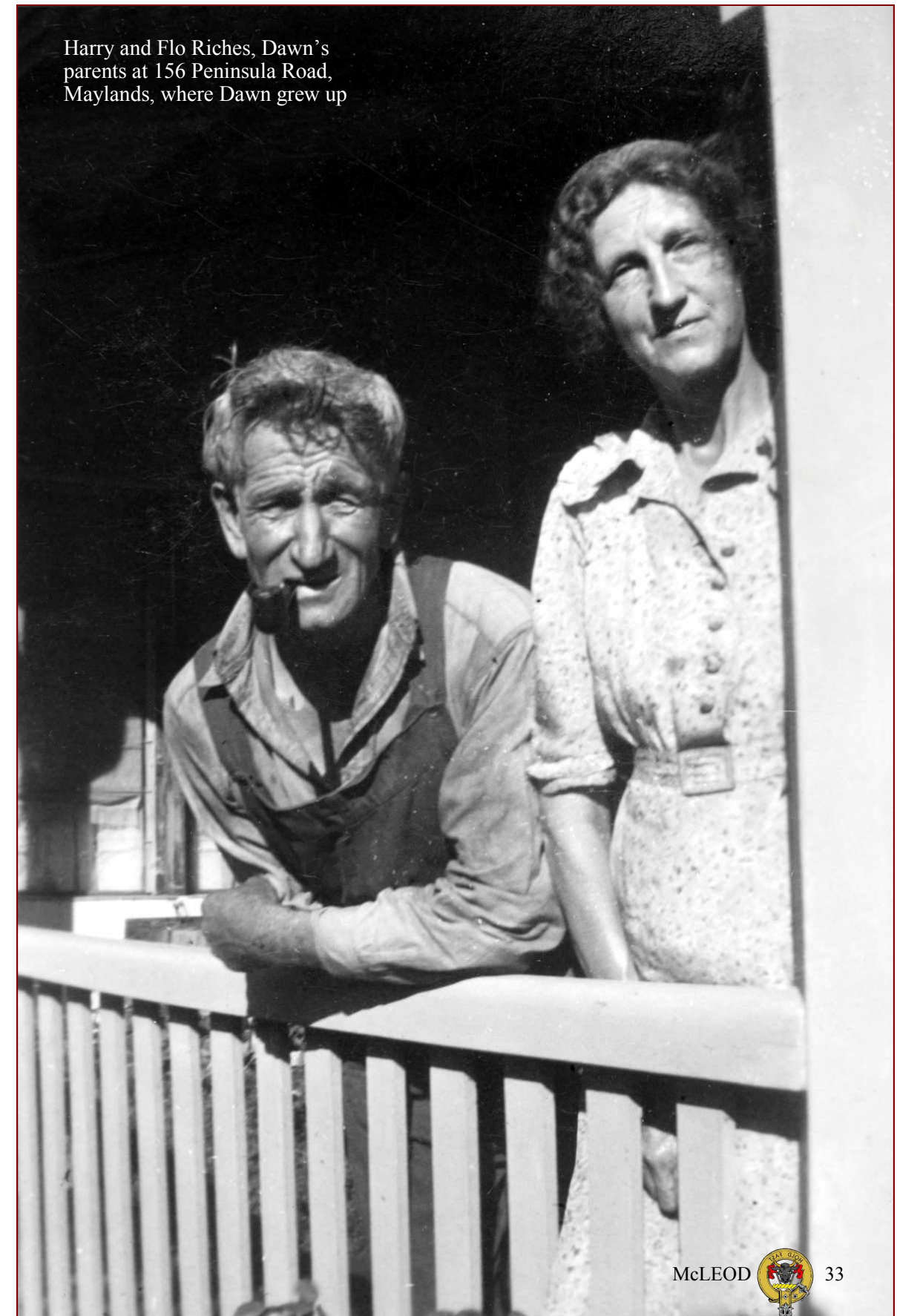
During World War II Ian drove aeroplanes but not cars or trucks. Only after his marriage did he formally begin to learn to drive.

*“My father-in-law Harry Riches gave me lessons. He had a Ford Plymouth and decided early on to take me up to Hay Street, which was extremely busy. He probably thought that would teach me to be careful.*

*“My first car was a 1926 Ford Essex and I still had it when Glen was born in 1954. That car had its final journey to the back yard at Kelvin Street. It had a tray on the back and the boys often enjoyed playing on it. The engine block is still there today.*

*“I had first driven a car at Dongara, but not really learning properly, in a truck that belonged to some young fella who was chasing my sister. One day I had a bit of an accident. Luckily I was moving slowly and everyone jumped out before the collision.*

*“My next car was a Morris Cowley, which I eventually sold for ten pounds. It was a bullnose type of thing, with a permanent crank handle that you used to start it. Other cars we owned were a Studebaker and a Dodge. Then came a Holden, bought from my friend, Bob Green, that should have been good but wasn’t.”*



Harry and Flo Riches, Dawn’s parents at 156 Peninsula Road, Maylands, where Dawn grew up

## Six siblings

**I**sobel Victoria (1908-1979) married Matt Marwood. They first lived in Northampton, where he ran the store. They then moved to Mt Magnet. The Marwoods had five children. The eldest, Alison, wed a local man who died a couple of years ago. Alison, who also had five children, died of cancer at 33.

Sheilah Clare (1910-2007) married Clarence Augustus (known as Bob) Bagley. Both lived to the 97. They had a son, Adrian, who lives in Herberton, Queensland, and daughter, Val, who lives in Manning and visits Ian regularly. Sheilah and Bob lived in Dongara, where he was first a shearer and then worked on the railways.

Malcolm Graham (1912-1963) married Jess (Jensine). Their daughters are Jensine and Helen. Malcolm died at 50 in a farm accident on their property in the Porongurups, inland from Albany.

Denison (1915-2004) married Stella Wedisha. Their children are Denis, a lawyer, Lindsay, accountant, and Shirley, who at 18 was murdered by Eric Edgar Cooke in 1963. From a previous marriage, Stella had Anne, Sandy and John.

Heather Sarina Edith (1917-1967) married Frank Semmons, a journalist on country papers. They lived in several places. This sister suffered mental illness and took her own life. Before World War II Ian stayed with them several times. There are three children, including a son, Frank, who lives in Queensland, Winnie Bannister, Darwin, and a daughter in Bridgetown.

Lorna Mary (1921-1990), the youngest sibling, married George Webster and had two children, Teddy and Yvonne. Lorna died of Alzheimer's disease at 69.



George and Lorna Webster with Teddy and Yvonne. Below is a 1955 family picnic, with Mansell Sims, Pearl Sims, Florence, Dawn, Glen, Ian and June Riches

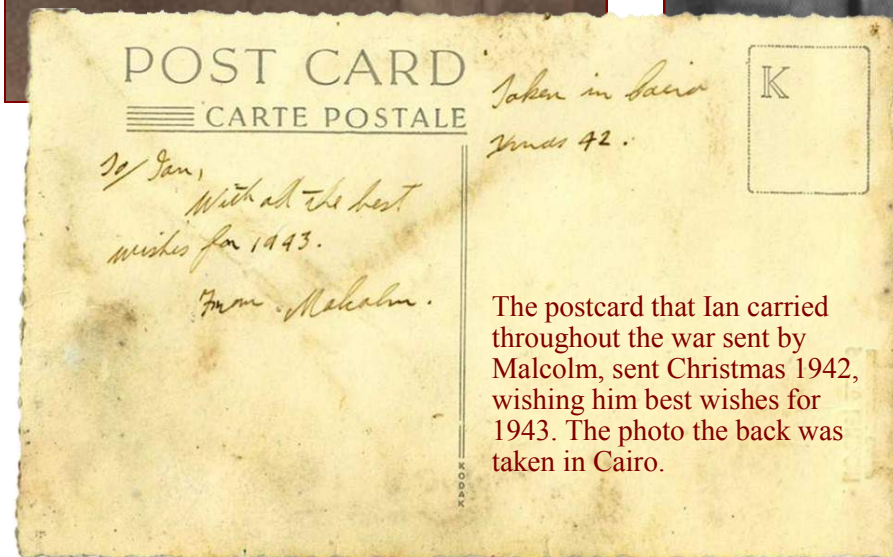


Heath

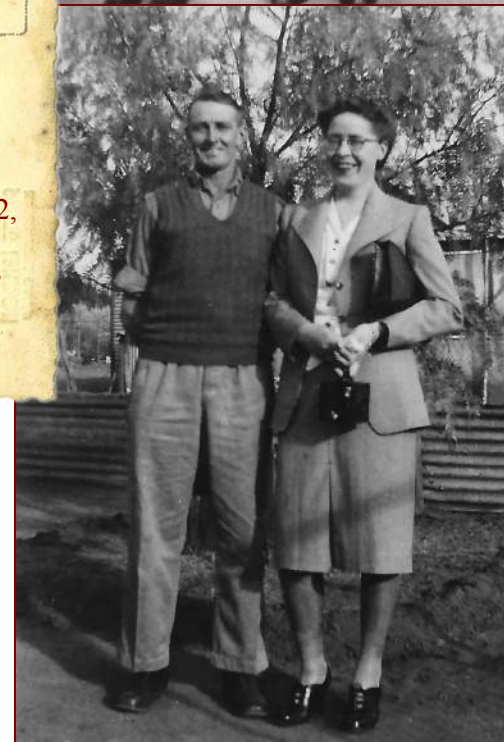




Lindsay McLeod



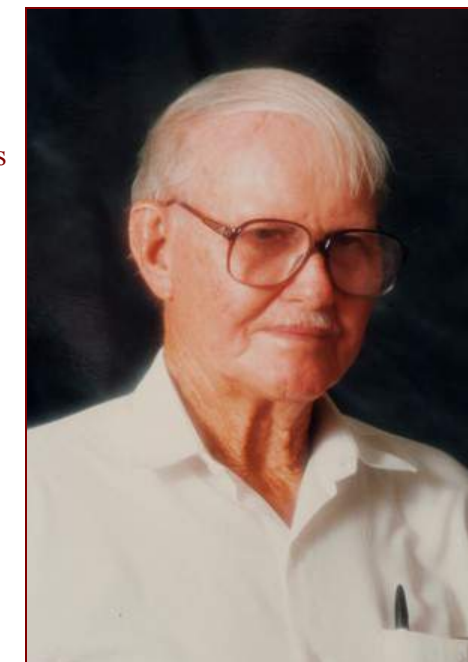
The postcard that Ian carried throughout the war sent by Malcolm, sent Christmas 1942, wishing him best wishes for 1943. The photo the back was taken in Cairo.



Malcolm and Jess with children Jensine and Helen.

Ian and Glen with Jensine and Denis.

Heath in later years

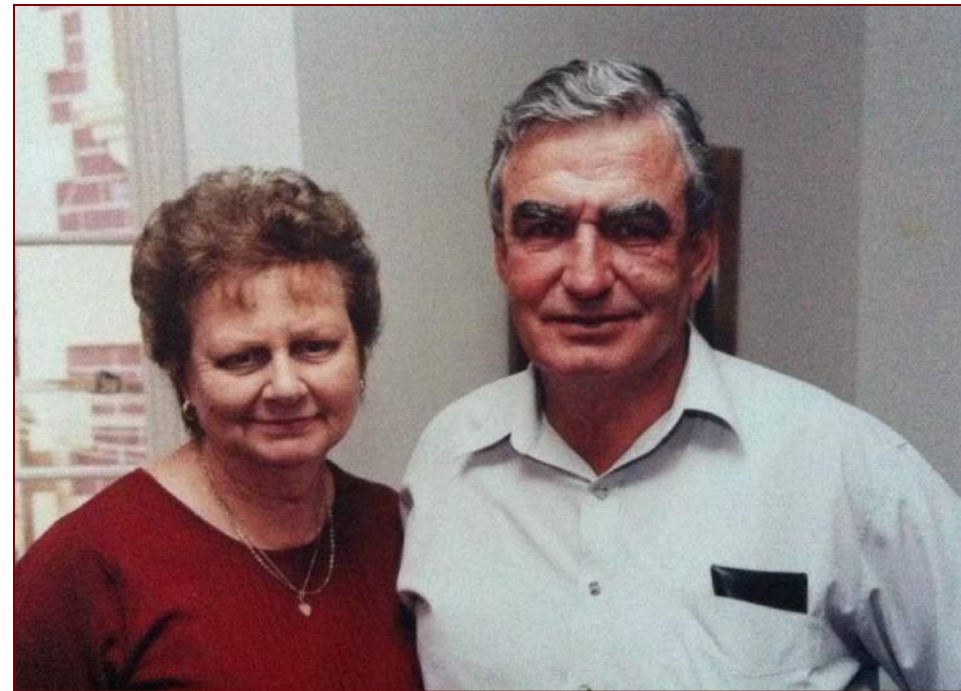




Above: McLeod family adults in the 1950s.  
 Below: At the wedding of Kim Riches, Dawn's nephew, to Lorraine Anderson, are, from left, Bill Riches, his wife Iris, Glen, Ian, Dawn, Auntie Gretch Clancy, Jack Clancy and Pearl Sims.



Ian with sister Sheilah and husband Bob Bagley, circa 1995.



Val (Sheilah's daughter) and husband Rob Christie.

## On the beat 1954 to 1983



**F**or a while Ian joined the Public Works Department, but the year 1954 was to bring another momentous change: he joined the Police Force.

*“The Government was calling for police recruits and my sister Lorna was among those who said it would be a good idea to join.”*

*“I was much older than many of the starters but was accepted and posted to the City Central Station, on the corner of Beaufort and Roe Streets. We mainly learned on the job, seeing how the sergeant did things. We did have a good Scottish instructor but compared with today the training was very limited.”*

*“We worked a six-day week, with just one rostered day off. Our shifts could be 7 till 3, 3 till 11, or 11 till 7. We sometimes used a police vehicle to get around – but also went by tram.”*

Ian remembers most people he had to deal with as being well-behaved.

*“One Aboriginal man was abusing me . . . he wanted me to attack him just so we could have a fight. Many of them hated being physically restrained. Some had been arrested many times. Anyway, this particular man I simply refused to fight. One reason was I had just had my uniform dry-cleaned and didn’t want to be rolling around on the ground. We had to pay for the dry-cleaning ourselves.”*

*“I hardly ever used my baton. In fact I remember that years later, when I was stationed at Inglewood, a man called to say someone had found my baton somewhere in the South West.”*

*“I was on duty during the Queen’s visit in March 1954 (she arrived on the 26<sup>th</sup> from Kalgoorlie). There were hordes of police in St Georges Terrace, ordered to stand with their back to the royal procession, looking at the buildings.”*

Ian says he probably did sneak a look at the Very Important Visitor, who had been crowned in the previous year, and her entourage.

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# THE QUEEN ARRIVES IN PERTH

## Landing As Sun Sets

There were smiles and cheers from Guildford to Fremantle last night when Perth greeted the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they drove to the Gothic to spend their first night in Western Australia.

Earlier they had landed at Perth Airport in cool, overcast weather after flying from Kalgoorlie, where the temperature had been near the century.

They landed at Perth as the sun was setting and tinged with pink the drab grey of the clouds.

The Queen was wearing the third of the three different ensembles she had used during the day.

Her appearance at the door of the Constellation aircraft, three minutes after it had come to a stop in front of the A.N.A. hangar at 6.25 p.m. was greeted with wild cheering.

Her welcome by the Perth airport crowd of more than 2,000 was in contrast to the restrained greeting given at Kalgoorlie.

### Welcome Grows In Warmth

It was not until they drove to Kalgoorlie Oval, and the children there let loose their enthusiasm, that the welcome matched the day in warmth.

After she had circled the oval, with a sunshade held over her as protection against the sunshine, the Queen made her first speech in this State in reply to an address of welcome by the Mayor of Kalgoorlie (Mr. R. G. Moore).

After Kalgoorlie it was Boulder's turn, and then the Queen's Constellation took off again from Kalgoorlie—about 50 minutes later than the scheduled time—on the last stage of its flight towards the Indian Ocean.

As the Queen stepped on to the tarmac at Perth while photographers' flash bulbs lit up the near-darkness, she was greeted by the Governor (Sir Charles Gairdner) and Lady Gairdner.

She and the Duke then walked to inspect the R.A.A.F. guard of honour before mounting the dais with the Premier (Mr. Hawke) to meet prominent Perth people.

Presentations completed, the Queen, waving and smiling, walked to her car to drive towards an expectant and now dark city.

### Hood Down In A Cold Wind

The Queen's car left the airport with the hood down, although there was a cold wind, and it was kept down for much of the 17½ mile drive to Fremantle.

It became virtually a Royal Progress as the car was frequently slowed almost to walking-pace at the Queen's command.

There was seldom a moment during the drive when there were not at least a few people to cheer and smile and wave a flag.

It was not the city's night last night.

Its bright lights were left behind as the procession of cars turned into the residential districts south of the river.

There was an atmosphere here almost of informality, with people standing on their front fences to cheer, with children already dressed for bed, and gay lights strung along the fronts of little shops.

Fremantle's enthusiasm matched that of the suburbs as the Queen drove to the Cliff-street harbour entrance and on to a gaily-decorated Victoria Quay.

She and the Duke went on board the Gothic about 14 hours late at 8.15 p.m., smiling and exchanging some words as they climbed the gangway and were escorted to their suite.

### Weekend Programme

Arrangements for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh today and tomorrow are as follows:

| TODAY  | TOMORROW  |
|--|---|
| 9.45 a.m.: Leave the Gothic for Government House.            | 2.15 p.m.: State tour officials received.                                       |
| 11 a.m.: Arrive at Government House.                         | 2.30 p.m.: Investiture at Government House.                                     |
| 11.5 a.m.: Meeting of Executive Council at Government House. | 3.15 p.m.: Leave Government House for the Perth Esplanade.                      |
| 11.30 a.m.: Inspect guard of honour.                         | 3.30 p.m.: Parade of ex-service men and women.                                  |
| 11.35 a.m.: Royal progress through Perth begins.             | 4.15 p.m.: Leave for Government House.  |
| 11.55 a.m.: Wreath-laying at the State War Memorial.         | 9 p.m.: Leave Government House for Parliamentary reception at Parliament House. |
| 12.5 p.m.: Tree-planting at the War Memorial entrance.       | 9.15 p.m.: Arrive at Parliament House.  |
| 12.10 p.m.: Royal progress resumes.                          | 9.35 p.m.: Leave Parliament House for the Gothic.                               |
| 12.40 p.m.: Civic reception on the Perth Esplanade.          |   |
| 1 p.m.: Royal progress ends at Government House.             |   |

No official engagement. (Details, Page 9.)

The Queen smiles happily as she drives from Perth airport last evening in an enclosed car to the Royal yacht Gothic at Fremantle. The Duke of Edinburgh sits at her left, his face partly obscured in shadow.



WA Police Pipe Band in Perth, Scotland, 1975.  
 Back row: Bert Smith (middle)  
 Middle row: Ian (3rd from left), Mac Napier, Chips Rafferty, unknown  
 Front row: Angus Martin (3rd from left), Alex Mitchell, Tony Copeland, Alex Fraser

Music would eventually play a major role in Ian's life, through not only his membership of the police but also the strong mateship there.

*"Up on the Mount Farmer station, as a boy, I had played a guitar a bit. But that instrument met a sad end.*

*"One day we had a helluva storm that knocked over the chaff house. The chaff grains spilt everywhere. The wet and wind ruined the guitar."*

The presence at the station of a gramophone and 78rpm (78 revolutions per minute on the turntable) records of Scottish music gave him an ear for bagpipes and drums.

*"Those records were bought and taken there by my brother Malcolm, who was, by the way, a good singer.*

*"Many years later, while I was in the police, a few of the blokes talked about starting a pipe band. Alec Mitchell, who had joined the force at the same time as me, was going to be drum major.*

*"I wasn't particularly interested but my mate Joe Newcombe was. So was Jim Robertson, we called*

*him Robbie. Another was Alec Mitchell.*

*"They suggested we go down and practise at the Police Academy in Maylands. We got instruments from somewhere. I was almost 40, a bit late to be starting in music, but I thought, give it a go.*

*"I was a tenor drum. The main job for this position was keeping the beat. Tenor drums are mainly for show – they are not so important to the musical side of things.*

*"Of course the bass drum is also about keeping the beat. We had half a dozen pipers and some side drummers. To practise at home . . . to get the timing right . . . I used a tape recorder.*

*"By the late 1960s we were good enough to play at band events. Narrogin was one, which attracted bands from different places. But we also flew up to Broome, which I enjoyed even though on the plane, an Avro Anson, I was sick for most of the trip up. Down on my knees, I was. We stayed in Broome about a week. I remember that all sorts of weird people turned up and started to play along with the band. And we enjoyed a cruise on a pearling lugger."*

## The hunt for a killer

The most dramatic event in the police career of Ian McLeod . . . number 2919 . . . was in 1963. This was the search for Brian William Robinson, a fugitive murderer.

It started with a call from Central Station to the deli next to Langley Park that Ian had bought as a sideline: "We need you back on duty," was the order.

*"I soon found out that the incident involved a family named Robinson in Belmont. Troublemakers. Father, who worked at a knackery, and son always arguing. Police had been there many times.*

*"Tommy Blackman, our new sergeant at Inglewood, had sent a constable, who was just knocking off duty late one Saturday afternoon, to the Robinson home. As the constable was walking to the front door, Brian Robinson, who was 23, shot him dead. He then left the house and shot a man in a car nearby. He forced a taxi driver to drive him to the northern part of Perth, near Gnangara Road. I went to Central, grabbed a .303 and drove up there with a couple of CIB blokes. The public knew about this now because word had gone out over police radio.*

Ian has a fine photograph of himself with his friend Bert Smith, taken during a visit to Perth, Scotland, in 1975. This was the first time he had been overseas since the war in 1945.

*"Bert, unfortunately, has since died.*

*"On our day in the Scottish Perth it was surprisingly hot."*

The police hierarchy, realising that the band were a good PR image for the force, were reasonable about allowing the band members time to practise.

Ian managed to fit plenty of family life with his duties.

*"I was stationed at Inglewood for 11 years so got to know the men there pretty well. I could nick off home for tea. This was a godsend so that I could help do things like bath the boys when they were small. Dawn suffered from migraines but always managed to look after the boys very well.*

*"I could nearly always get time off for Christmas and summer holidays. We spent many Christmases in Kalamunda with Dawn's brother Bill Riches. He and his wife Iris (who now lives in Albany) had five kids roughly the same ages as ours."*



1975, with Bert Smith in Perth, Scotland.

*“Television crews were covering it. When we arrived at Gnangara there were hundreds of blokes with rifles offering to help the search. At least 50 police were there too. We tried to get these armed blokes to stay in a line but that is always difficult. We were worried someone would get killed.*”

*“Eventually someone shot Robinson. Wounded, not killed. Bill Hawke and Tony Martin, a judo expert, looked for him and found his bush camp. Robinson dived for his gun. Tony jumped and pulled him down.”*

The Robinson incident was described as the largest and most dangerous manhunt in WA history.



Police historical records describe it as the first and last time the viewers of a WA television station armed themselves to assist the police in capturing a fugitive from the law.

*“I remember Barney Rule, a real ‘bush sergeant’. Liked a drink. Not a bad bloke.*”

*“Among our jobs was going out on patrol to make sure the pubs closed at 9pm. If I was with Barney we’d have a couple of beers at several pubs. So it took a while to return to the station..*”

*“One thing that the 1960s brought was better police vehicles. In the old days we had a motorbike and sidecar, which are not too easy to handle. We ran into a few telegraph poles.*”

*“I bought the deli by Langley Park from a man named O’Brien. My sister Lorna worked the business with me but I was there most times when not on police duty. Dawn did the books. I did the shopping at a wholesaler place in Wellington St. Glen, who was then about nine or 10, helped a lot at weekends. Rod hated it and tried to get out of it. Jamie was not so bad. Gregory was good.”*

*“In 1976 I was transferred to Northam police station. I lived up there, in a police house, so it became impossible to run the shop.*”

*“The younger boys were teenagers by then, so it wasn’t so hard on Dawn running the home by herself. However, she still had the migraines. We had tried tablets and injections but they didn’t help. I could have helped her more. If I could have my life again I would not have spent so long building the house myself. I could have got on to the Vets Dept long before I did. It was a bit selfish to do so much of it on my own.*”

*“Looking back, I have very fond memories of family holidays. When Mark was four years old we went to Kalbarri. ‘Look out for the waves, Dad,’ he used to say.*”

*“Because Glen was the eldest I suppose I’m closer to him than to the others. And he was in*

CITY FORECAST: SHOWERS. FRESH N.W. WINDS. MAX. 68DEG.

# The West Australian

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## Robinson Sentenced To Death For Killing

### Glass Barricade

Brian William Robinson was sentenced to death yesterday for having wilfully murdered Constable Noel Iles.

The 23-year-old labourer, of Epsom-avenue, Belmont, was found guilty in the Criminal Court.

The jury of eight men and four women reached the verdict after 70 minutes.

Robinson remained quiet as he was sentenced by Mr Justice Hale after a three-day trial.

An indictment charging Robinson with having wilfully murdered Andrew Gervan McDougall (36), bread carter, of Maida Vale-road, Belmont, was adjourned till next month.

The charges alleged that Constable Iles (29), of Belgravia-street, Cloverdale, and McDougall were killed at Belmont on February 9.

**Shot**

Mr Justice Hale told the jurors in his summing-up that he presumed they would have no difficulty in accepting evidence that Constable Iles was shot to death with a shotgun.

The next question was the identity of the killer.

Evidence had been given that a shot came from the lounge-room window of Robinson's house and that a second shot was fired near a car in the road.

Above all, the judge said, members of the jury must exclude from their minds anything that they had heard or read about the case before coming into the court.

“To make a court of justice function as we wish it to function,” he said, “it is essential that the tribunal reach its decision solely on the evidence lawfully adduced at trial.

Robinson not guilty on the ground of insanity. It must be satisfied on the balance of probabilities that at the time of the alleged crime he was suffering from a disease affecting his mind.

The jury must also be satisfied that mental disease rendered Robinson incapable of understanding the physical nature of what he was doing or incapable of controlling his actions or of knowing that what he was doing was wrong in the estimation of ordinary people.

The existence or otherwise of insanity was a question of fact and it was for the jury to decide on all the relevant evidence.

It was possible by adequate evidence to prove insanity without any medical evidence.

• More in Page 18



## Open Finding On Dead N.S.W. Pair

SYDNEY, Wed.—Coroner J. J. Loomes said today that the only thing he could say with certainty about Dr Gilbert Bogle and Mrs Margaret Chandler was that their deaths were unnatural.

He recorded an open finding that the couple died from acute circulatory failure, on the banks of the Lane Cove River, near Fuller's Bridge on New Year's

Leg Irons and measles did not stop three-year-old Laurel Tanner from saying goodbye to W.A. Police Union president Joseph Pereira at the Perth Airport yesterday.

Laurel wanted to farewell Mr Pereira, who is going to Geneva to attend the International Labour Organisation congress, because the union is sponsoring her education and treatment at the Sir James Mitchell Spastic Centre in Mt. Lawley.

There was one drawback to yesterday's farewell. Mr Pereira had never had measles, so Laurel's goodbyes had to be made from behind the protection of a car's closed win-

## Pope Does Not Respond To Transfusions

VATICAN CITY, Wed.—Pope John failed to respond to blood transfusions today and is still in a critical condition.

Earlier, Vatican officials said he had shown slight improvement in his general condition.

When he received Cardinal Cicognani this morning, he expressed emotion at the

Rabbis said: “Pope John's vision, courage and great humanitarianism have provided leadership and clarified the goal towards greater understanding among people of all faiths.” —A.A.P.-Reuters.

*the band with me. He had started learning to play the bass drum at 17.”*

Twice a year Ian meets his old police mates. It is a dwindling band. Joe Newcombe, one of his best friends, died of lung disease three years ago.

*“Dave Barron is one who’s still alive. Ray Bowra has gone. Tony Copeland was a drummer in the band. Alec Fraser is still with us, as is Johnny Watts, the footballer.*”

*“He was known as John K. Watts when he was a radio announcer. He was stationed at Bayswater. Even though only 22 he drove a new car. His club, East Perth, must have bought it for him.”*



## Shots end a day of high drama

*The hunt for Brian William Robinson was an extraordinary event. Former detective Brian Purdue prepared this summary for the WA Police Historical Society*

"I was a detective with the Fraud Squad and was on duty with Detective Max Marshall. We had been called to a city department store to apprehend a male person who had stolen an electrical appliance. We apprehended the offender and were approaching the Roe Street Central Police Station when an urgent call was broadcast over the police radio advising that an officer had been shot at Belmont and all cars were to proceed to the scene.

"We instructed the offender to enter the police station and advise the staff to charge him with stealing. Somewhat to our surprise we later learnt he had carried out our instructions.

"We then proceeded to the scene and on arrival were advised that a police officer and a member of the public had been shot dead and that the offender had abducted a taxi driver in his taxi and was now in the Gnangara Pine Plantation.

"The police radio sought a police officer conversant with the junction of Wanneroo Road and Gnangara Road. I was the only officer aware of this locality. We were advised that a taxi had been sighted by a search aircraft, bogged on a track in the plantation and we were to attend.

"Other police had also arrived and together we approached the bogged taxi with the plane hovering overhead. At this stage we were unaware if the taxi driver and offender were in the taxi and accordingly approached the vehicle with caution. As we neared the vehicle a shot was fired which was at first assumed to be from the offender. We then learnt that it was accidentally fired by a police officer and that the taxi was empty. We were later advised that the taxi driver was located safely by other police.

"Instructions were given that all available police were to constantly patrol the perimeter of the plantation in an effort to restrict the offender to this area as darkness was approaching. It was intended to search the plantation at first light, including use of a native tracker.

"The following morning my task was to assist and protect Tracker Mick Wilson who was on holiday from Port Hedland.

"Approximately 200 yards behind us were about six police officers, prepared to move quickly if the tracker informed me we were close to the offender. After many hours of tracking he told me we were getting close to the offender.

"I indicated to the officers following us to move forward. We heard several shots and I advised the tracker to stop. I moved closer to him. Hearing the shots, the six officers immediately

moved to protect us. Within a short time of hearing the shots we were informed by police that the offender had been shot.

"When we walked out of the bush to the roadway we learnt of the armed members of the public being called to assist the police. When we realised we had been directly in the path of the armed police and members of the public it became evident we had been exposed to considerable risk from 'friendly fire'. It was fortunate that the offender was shot before many police and the public opened fire.

"I commend the skills of tracker Mick Wilson, particularly his courage to continue to perform his task in the knowledge that he was at all times completely exposed to the risk of being shot by the offender or perhaps from 'friendly fire'. We learned that the taxi driver had deliberately bogged his vehicle.

"Robinson panicked and ran into the bush. He was flushed out the next day and arrested. He was tried and convicted, and on 29 May

## POLICE FORCE TO AID WIDOW OF CONSTABLE

**A special appeal will be opened today among members of the W.A. Police Force to raise £2,500 to pay off a house for the widow of Constable Noel Iles (29), who was shot dead last Saturday in Epsom-avenue, Belmont.**

Police Commissioner J. M. O'Brien said yesterday that members of the Perth C.I.B. had suggested the appeal.

"It will be a gesture from Constable Iles's mates in the force. I am supporting the fund enthusiastically," he said.

## Holdup Man Goes Hungry

NEW YORK, Tues: A hungry bandit lost his nerve when trying to hold up a service station in Ottawa, Iowa.

1963 was sentenced to death.

The sentence read, "Prisoner is to be returned to his former custody and at a time and place to be approved by the Governor, to be hanged by the neck until he be dead".

Robinson, who had been charged on two indictments 984 and 985, was sentenced for the former. The second indictment was not proceeded with. He was hanged at Fremantle Gaol on 20 January 1964.



# York, a space to keep busy



York, which had been the Swan River Colony's first inland town, took a hell of a battering from a storm associated with Cyclone Bianca in January 2011.

Among the historic buildings damaged beyond repair was 168 Avon Terrace, a few metres east of the town centre, which Ian had owned for more than 30 years. The building on the site, for many years the York Hotel, was constructed in the 1860s, largely a replica of Faversham House, the handsome edifice built by the Monger family on a hill just to the west.

*"The huge winds on that day in 2011 caused such damage that the seven flats connected to the main building had to be demolished."*

*"The flats were in a two-storey building, three upstairs and four down. Fortunately I had a tenant in one of them so was able to claim insurance."*

The storm was one of the most violent to hit York for many years. Sheets of corrugated iron were wrapped around some of the town's railway signs. Wooden posts next to Faversham House on the hill were snapped in half. Several roofs were badly hit.

Demolition of Ian's flats ended an era of accommodation, mainly for single people of

advancing years, that would otherwise have been hard to find in York. Ian had got to know some of them well, partly because of his regular visits from home in Maylands, often to fix something in the flats.

*"George was one tenant. Ivy another. There were bathrooms in each flat. A bit of tiling, perhaps, and general maintenance – that's the sort of thing I did over the years. Dawn often came with me . . . she would keep busy with a bit of sewing, perhaps."*

The Ashworth family were among the colourful York identities he came to know.

*"I bought the place in 1979 from Terry Ashworth. His father Charlie had owned the place and passed it down. It was my brother-in-law Bill Riches who persuaded me to buy 168 Avon Terrace. He'd got into country real estate and suggested I have a look at it. A few things needed fixing at the start but it seemed like a worthwhile project."*

Ian was still in the police force in the early 1980s, but his sons had grown up and he had fewer family commitments. There was enough spare time to devote to a property where his carpentry and general handyman skills could be put to good use.

*"Dawn and I got into the routine of going to York once a fortnight. One of the flats became a second home for us. Sometimes one of our boys would go up with me."*

Just as owning the deli next to Langley Park had opened up a new world to the McLeods, so the York connection introduced people that Ian would never have met in Maylands.

*"Rough and ready" . . . "Salt of the earth, sometimes a little too salty."*

Such descriptions applied. He got to know about brothers who raised fists and flattened each other. An electrician, Bert Meredith, did lots of work for Ian but, when asked how much he was owed, told Ian he'd get around to sending a bill "some other time".

*"Bert had an old house in York," says Ian, "the yard was full of old cars, masonry, all sorts. When I first knew him he lived with his parents. After his father died he looked after his mother until she died in her 90s. The family then turned up to demand their share of the property and assets. Fights broke out there too."*

*"Peter Ashworth, who was a tenant, had a close friend who was a real estate agent. One day I saw in the paper*

*that the friend had been exposed as a con man."*

*"One of my tenants, who lived in the flats on and off, was a colourful character with all sorts of unlikely stories to tell. Eddie Thornton. He claimed to be 18th in line to the British throne. A good bloke, I thought."*

*"Used to visit me at home in Kelvin Street, where I'd give him breakfast. Eddie was the one living there when the big storm hit. "Well, recently a couple of detectives from Victoria turned up and arrested him. We're not sure where he is now."*

For all the ups and downs, Avon Terrace has proved a good investment. The land on which the flats stood is big enough for at least two houses or shops.

There's an orange tree in the back yard.





Handsome brickwork fronting onto Avon Terrace gives an idea of the original craftsmanship. The metal awnings over the windows were added much later.



Glen foresees a family discussion on the future of the place that is part of McLeod family folklore.

He mentions that his father got to know a local estate agent Roy Burton, who started the York jazz festival. A musician, he has a jazz club in Mt Hawthorn where patrons enter through a phone box.

What remains at No. 168 Avon Terrace today is a building that used to be a billiards hall attached to the hotel. Customers walked through from the bars to play. Additions were made, probably in the 1960s.

Ian and Glen visited just before Christmas 2013. Then nearing his 91st birthday, he still pointed out little jobs that need doing.

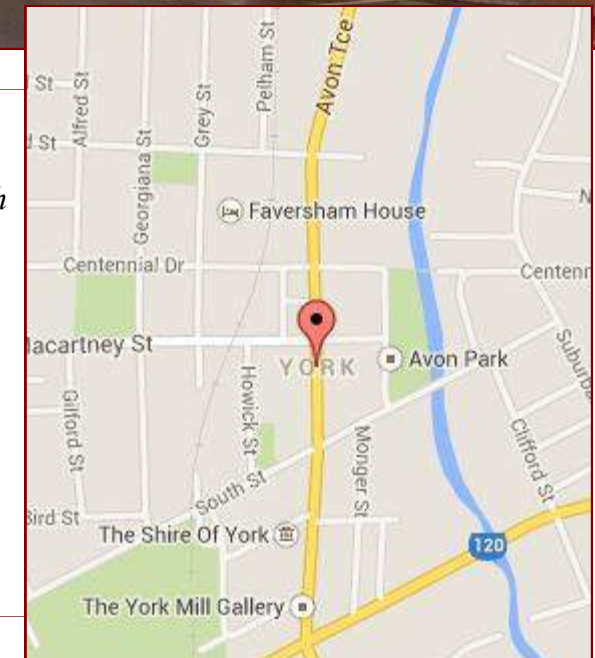
*“A new door is needed there . . . I put all that shelving in this bedroom cupboard, better have a look . . . Not sure when I’ll get all this done.”*

In 2014 he paid a builder to put in steel supports for the back rooms. It was time to let someone else do the heavy lifting.

### Part of York’s fabric of history

*On Avon Terrace a couple of hundred metres south of Ian’s place is the Castle Hotel, a reminder of York’s considerable architectural heritage. On the corner of South St, it hosts conferences, including the Royal Western Australia Historical Society’s gathering of Affiliates in 2010.*

*On the map (right) Ian’s place is directly opposite Faversham House . . . where the “h” in Faversham intersects with the Terrace. The Avon River is a few metres farther east.*



## The Boys



The Famous Five in 1963. Glen at the back. Front row: Mark, Greg, Rod and Jamie



Jamie, Greg with Fat Cat, Dawn, Ian and Mark, Glen at front, 1968

## Glen Angus, 1954

*As the eldest son, Glen had the strongest connection with the Terrace Road deli that was an important part of Ian's life. "The Shop" was a hub for the boys to learn people skills and make customers feel welcome. Glen's reminiscence here is not only a family story but a lively vignette of Perth's "flats land in the 1960s and 1970s".*



Weekends in the McLeod household took on a new dimension after Ian bought a deli at the corner of Hill Street and Terrace Road, Perth.

Today the ice creams are more expensive, an Australian flag flies . . . but the range of customers is still eclectic.

At some time in 1963, when I was nine, I had feelings of loss and frustration at Dad's uncharacteristic absences on what Mum said was "business".

We learned he had bought a shop from an acquaintance named Fred O'Brien, in the name of I.H. and D.L. McLeod, trading as Langley Park Store.

It is not difficult to understand he took this step. A policeman's wage, though solid, was not princely. Five children under nine had to be raised.

Perth in the 1960s, despite economic vibrancy, was still a place where the quietness of suburbs was punctuated from time to time only by the droning of lawnmowers and from wirelesses.

There were a few restaurants, usually Italian or Greek (although Dad once took me to a Slav steakhouse called the Botsis), the ubiquitous milk bar and many corner stores or little self-service outlets of chains like Freecorns, 4 Square and Tom the Cheap Grocer.

Against this background, The Shop was, for about 15 years, to give five Maylands boys a window to a world beyond their schools and suburban milieu.

The location opposite Langley Park, generated a broad church of customers from the neighbouring flats. Terrace Road still has a good number of those Krantz and Sheldon-built late 1940s buildings. When Dad had the Shop, there were dozens of red-brick three-storey oblong buildings, stretching from Victoria Avenue to Plain Street and the Causeway. The Shop –

which is still trading today – was simply a converted flat at 114 Terrace Road.

Residents of the flats walked in not only for bread and milk and but also their daily or weekly provisions – everything from Jiffy Firelighters, to Ponds Cold Cream, frozen meats, fresh or canned fruit and vegetables. Who were these people? In the early years there were many older single people or couples, who seemed to us somewhat refined, though some had too many airs and graces. There were retired schoolteachers like Miss Thomas and Miss Henry, the former headmistress of Governor Stirling High School, Miss Smythe – a dragon to us – and the genuinely refined Miss Thompson, who came daily for a fresh “rowl”. The Children’s Court Magistrate, Bill Fellowes, and his wife were good customers. The clipped Melbourne Club-accented “Mr Hallmark,” so named for his daily purchase of that brand of cigarettes, was another.

Single, lonely men, who had plenty of time to talk, sought out the company of a man and his



Glen and Joanne with children Louise, Rory and Angus, 1994.

boys, behind a counter, who had to listen. While some customers shared their story, others, like the South African white man married to a younger lady of mixed race, were private people.

Migrants and travellers abounded. There was Harry the Rhodesian who flew with the RAF in World War II, brother and sister Mr and Miss Brown, who were aged colonials from Malta with impeccable manners who would always greet and farewell you with “Good afternoon”.

When speaking to you they had an uncanny ability to make you feel important. applied to Viscount Raynham, a young English The same aristocrat who seemed to be doing a variation on the idea of The Grand Tour, which included driving across the Simpson Desert alone in a Land Rover and ended up living in the flats. He would always leave you feeling jolly, and signed his cheques ‘Raynham’. He is now the 8th Marquess Townsend, having succeeded his father to that title in 2010.

Likewise, Steen Binslev, the dental student son of a very rich Swedish retailer, was charming and down to earth. On weekends, summer and winter, there were many junior hockey, softball and netball players whose perspiring bodies, would jam-pack the little customer area as they waited to buy ice cream, cool drinks and confectionery.

Dad connected well with the customers. Some, like the German Herbert Seigith and his arthritis-ridden common law wife, Mrs Hardy, became our good friends. Dad would help them out with a free grocery delivery every week, as they struggled a bit. Herbert had been in the German Army during World War II and the French Foreign Legion immediately after.

Dad’s practical charity was not limited to Herbert. When cake was left over at the end of the day, Dad would drop it off to Aboriginal groups in Wellington Square.

Over the years he would often remind us of the important opportunity the Shop gave us. We

With Louise, Rupert and Hamish, Christmas 2013.



certainly learned a lot from his example of how to work hard, converse and joke with customers, as well as provide a service.

We learnt that the best way to connect and see the better side of a person is to show them respect.

No account of the Shop would be complete without mention of Aunty Lorna, who from beginning to end managed the shop. We would work with her on weekends when Dad was rostered on in the police. This gave us exposure to that side of the family which we would not have had.

Aunty Lorna liked talking about family history, particularly from the standpoint of Scottish history, in the form of anecdotes, myths and legends passed on from her mother Mabel.



Rory and Angus, March 2013.

# Jamie Ian, 1956

*“We had a great road trip to the bush north of Perth . . . his home territory.”*

For our birthdays, up to our late teens, we always got our presents in the morning and Mum would always have baked cake for us, which we had together - just the boys and parents.

When Rod and I turned 21 in 1977, it was of course a special occasion. There was a marquee in the garden. At least 50 friends of mine and Rod's. And a few relatives, of course. My parents would have gone to considerable trouble to put that event together.

I was given a special watch which I still cherish.

In our later years, i.e. thirties onward, every one except Greg had gone our separate ways so when someone had a birthday we would always gather at his house/place.

Later, when three of my brothers had children, we would always do the same for the young ones.

At Christmas we would always play cricket on the school oval opposite 57 Kelvin Street. That was always great fun, especially with Dad there.



57 Kelvin Street, where Ian still lives., now with Jamie.

Then a turkey dinner in the evening.

After Rod and I turned 40 we would have our birthday family dinner at either Mark's or Glen's. Another great chance to catch up with everyone.

Probably the best times interacting with my father came in the May holidays, when we would always go away for a week or so. Up to when I was about 10 we usually went to Lancelin, staying in a shack. We'd go fishing and climb the sandhills.

From about 1966 onward we always went to Mandurah in May.

Dad would be in the boat, usually with me, Rod and Mark, everybody jumping around to escape being nipped by the crabs. Totally crazy and dangerous. We almost had a collision with a large boat one night. Dad was quite a risk taker.

Another couple of memorable times: Rod



The shed behind the house today. The family lived in this for five years.

and I did a road trip of about 10 days with Dad, all the way up to Kununurra. I was about 19 so it must have been 1975. Dad had a yellow Ford Falcon sedan we called it the Yellow Terror.

It was a real adventure, staying in caravan parks and camping out. Dad loved to get into the bush. In fact he could call himself the master from the bush. It was quite a strenuous trip as it was very hot. No air con in the car. We went off the beaten track a few times.

The rains came as we were on our way back to Perth, it was a race to get through the roads before they were washed away. Once we had to drive on the railway lines to cross the De Grey river, I think it was.



The car did a complete 360-degree spin on wet gravel, just missing the edge of the road which dropped down a few feet.

I did another road trip, just with Dad in my Capri. I suppose I was 23 or 24, so it would have been 1979 or 80. This was up to Shark Bay. His home territory. It was great listening to his stories of growing up in and around the area.

Once Dad was in the bush he did seem to be a slightly different person – more relaxed and open.



# Roderick Hamilton, 1956

*“Manners and etiquette were qualities he passed on to us boys”*

Dad was always a hard worker and had two jobs to support the family. His day job in the police involved long hours doing shift work. He put in more “shifts” at the deli at weekends.

In addition to this, Dad also built his mother's house in his days as a carpenter, before joining the Force. I remember that when we were young we went to help him out with the hard physical work of fixing up the house after she died.

Dad insisted on good manners, which all we boys all had to follow. This has stood us in good stead in our adult lives and we readily notice bad manners in others. Thinking about his other qualities, honesty was always one that Dad insisted on at all times.

One of my fondest memories was going to Mandurah every year from when I was 12 to 18. Over those years we had a variety of small boats to go crabbing and prawning in the estuary. We would go out with Dad every night with tilly lamps and reap the bounty offered by the water.

The biggest haul of king prawns was an amazing 36 dozen in one night. We had a variety of boats, ranging from a 10-foot dinghy, which was stolen from us, to a Canadian canvas canoe.

When venturing into the estuary, it was amazing that the boats didn't sink because they were always overloaded with people and gear and the current was very strong. Any near-capsizing incident was always laughed off.

One notorious occasion was when Jamie, Greg and I set out into the estuary in a small boat with a two-and-a-half horsepower Seagull motor. The idea was to meet Mum and Dad on the Murray River bank.

However, not long into the voyage, we realised just how big the estuary was and we could not see the far side. At this point the engine failed and the water became extremely rough. Greg was crying his eyes out, fearing it was our last moment on Earth. Jamie and I took the oars and rowed against the chop to shore.

Dad took us to out of the way places where there were hardly any facilities at all. Lancelin was one example. Dad drove the 1960 FC Holden sedan. Falcon station wagon while we five boys in the back seat sang along to country and western songs.

We stayed in a shack where we were all squeezed like sardines, but who cares? We had lots of fun running up and down the sandhills and clowning around.



Scones made in Ian's kitchen 2013



Rod and Linda before Alistair (above)

And as parents with Alistair in 2013



# Mark Ellison, 1958

*“Always with a smile on seeing the grandchildren, always showing interest in them.”*

Dad is a grandfather to seven children: Louise, Angus, Matthew, Rory, Gavin, Katie and Alistair. There’s also one great-grandson, Hamish, born in 2012.

All of them consider their Grandad as very special in their lives. He is always ready with a big smile as he welcomes you and rushes to find enough chairs to have us all seated together around the kitchen table. While Dawn was alive, the routine at Kelvin Street was that one by one the children would file in, receive a big hug from both grandparents.

Nowadays it is a firm handshake with a “How are you?”, or for the girls a kiss.

The kitchen has always been the hub of the home and this is where we all gather. Ian is genuinely interested in all that is happening in their lives and will have a one-on-one conversation with each one about their week, whether it be work, sport, school, university, girlfriends, boyfriends, friends or family. It goes without saying that he is a good role model. Manners and etiquette are admirable qualities he and Mum passed on, not only their sons, but to their children. He is respected and expects respect in return.

With Ian and Dawn the children were always on their best behaviour, remembering their “please” and “thankyous” and definitely to never, ever say anything inappropriate in front of their elders. Dad’s opinion has always been accepted and, even if not always agreed with, was not to be challenged as this was extremely disrespectful.

Over the years he would come along to sporting events, school assemblies, award presentations or graduations, and would not hesitate to spend the best part of a day at a cricket match.

Dad would never miss a special event and enjoys them wholeheartedly, especially when the grandchildren are making him proud.

Not enough could be said for Dad’s selflessness across the years when the kids were growing up. He was always willing to drop every task to help in any way possible. All the grandchildren have always been spoiled by Dad and Mum.

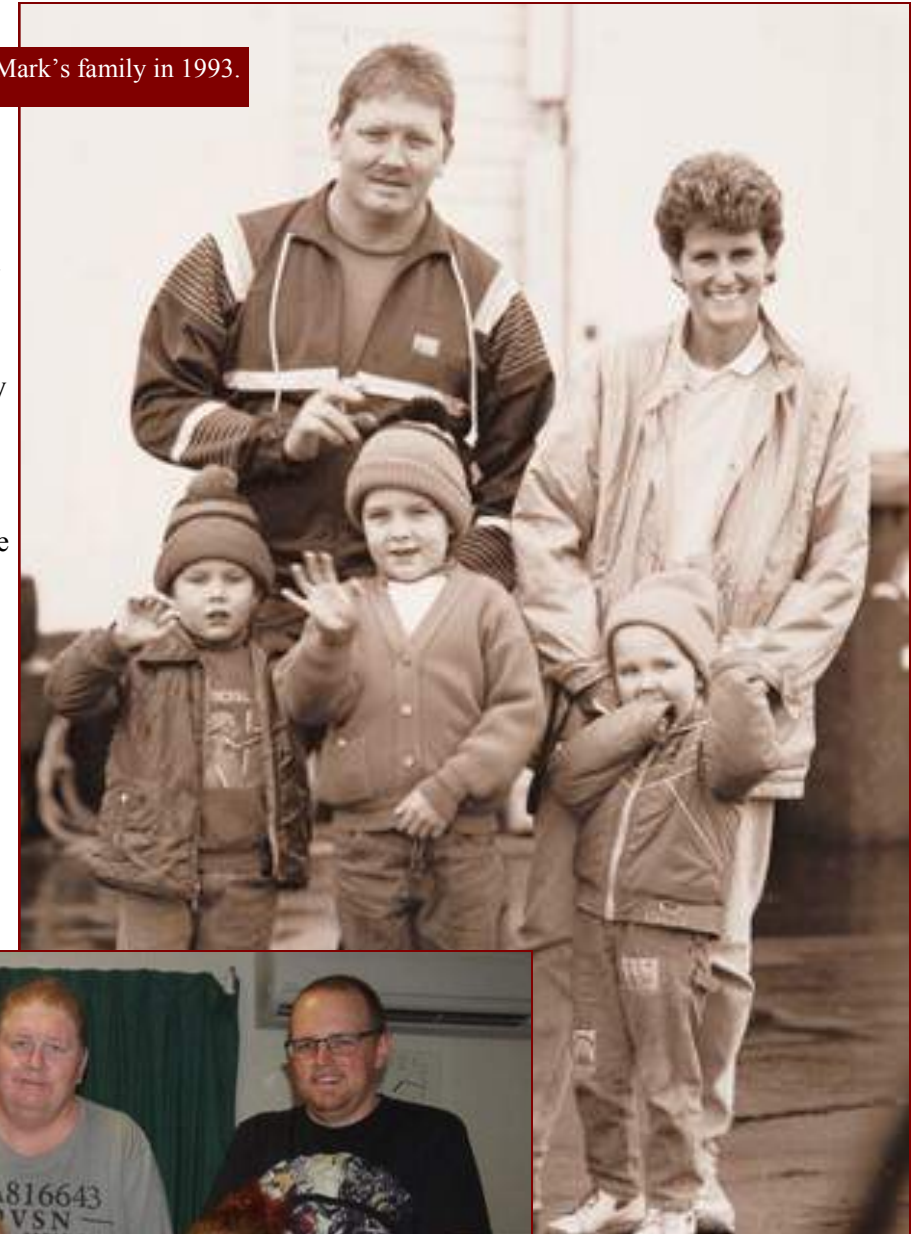
Mark and Lenny, about 2000, with, from left, Gavin, Katie (Katherine) and Matthew.



It was always a priority of his to ensure there was enough food, including treats they weren’t allowed to eat at home. He would often give pocket money too.

Family events such as birthdays would see us all gather at a family member’s home, and in later years at a Chinese restaurant. Family has always been so important to Dad. For his own birthday he never wished for more than to see his family.

Mark’s family in 1993.



With Ian, about 2013.



# Gregory John, 1960

*“Dad is a no-nonsense, no-fuss, straight-shooting man. At times perhaps overly stern, but whatever his foibles, I have always had great respect for him.”*



“One example was when Dad was in his late 70s. While visiting Australia from my home in Japan I was preparing for bed around 1am.

“Suddenly I heard a man shouting, and banging on the side gate. Instantly I went for my secret weapon. Dad. I woke him and he was immediately alert, ready for action. We went outside and saw a solid young man. He was drunk and agitated as he yelled the name of a woman he was seeking.

“My father approached him, with me closely behind, and convinced him she was not in our house. As we moved away from the gate and across the front lawn, the guy suddenly turned and tried to hit my father. He quickly avoided his punch, grabbed his arm, twisted it behind his back and forced him face first onto the ground.

“Dad calmed him down, stood him up and pushed him on his way. My father usually downplays this sort of event. He has no interest in recounting them.

“He often reminded me of John Wayne or even the Hollywood sheriff Wyatt Earp. This probably stemmed from his time in the police. He never backs down from difficult or dangerous situations.

“His ability to remain calm and in control has always amazed me. During difficult times I usually hit the red panic button and ended up running around like a chicken with its head cut off.

“A few years later – remember, he’s now in his mid-80s – it was around midnight and he called out from the shower to come and help. There was no panic in his voice. I saw pools of blood on the floor. Dad was calmly sitting in a chair attempting to stem the blood spurting from a puncture on his ankle. He asked me to bring a coin and some tape from the kitchen.

“He simply placed the coin over the wound, taped it and ‘voila’. Problem solved.  
“After some time he was persuaded to have the wound treated in hospital. He often needs



considerable persuading to go to the doctor or hospital. You could see this as stubborn, but I admire it. Nowadays many people fall into a foetal position, whimpering, at the drop of a hat.

“Another time he called for help while on some DIY project. He handed me the electric drill and asked me to drill into his thumb nail to release the blood from a blister under his nail. As always, I hesitated, and he, as always, said: “Grow up” or “Don’t be such a wimp.” He never batted an eyelid.

“I think it was a disappointment to Dad that his sons didn’t take a greater interest in the carpentry skills he acquired before joining the police. However, helping him often involved scaling wonky ladders, tramping around on or crawling inside rooves or under the house, climbing trees.

“I for one wasn’t keen on anything that took me away from watching Barbara Eden in “I Dream of Jeannie” on TV.

“Despite all that, I did enjoy hanging out with him and still do. Chores, DIY. He’d be surprised

to know I did learn a bit from him. You can identify a good Disston woodsaw by the five nuts securing the wooden handle to the metal saw. Before screwing in a screw, add soap to it so it will go in easily.

“A bastard is not just an illegitimate child or unlikeable person, but also a metal file (a flat bastard file). I can fix taps. My father always said that about 90 per cent of DIY was preparation. “Just get on with it” was his approach to life generally.

“Even though at times he seemed unnecessarily irritated or strict, he was always there if we needed help. Considering too my mother’s constant work and care, I consider myself fortunate to have had such parents.”

## Dancer gets his reward

GREG McLeod’s love affair with Chinese dance will soon make him one of the first Westerners to study the art form.

The 27-year-old Maylands man has been accepted at the Hong Kong Academy of Performing Arts where he will study for a year.

Later, he hopes to continue his studies in Beijing under Professor Li Wenxiang who visited WA last year.

“I want to utilise Chinese dance with contemporary Australian dance,” he said.

This report in *The West Australian* in 1987 accompanied a photo of Greg in a Chinese costume known as “Chi-pau”. He was a graduate of the WA Academy of Performing Arts.

## Family and friends



### Old mates gather for Ian's 90th in March 2013

Back row: Miles Fitzgerald, with Ian and Iris Salter. Front, from left, Ray Bowra's widow, Audrey, and Judy Newcombe. On either side of Ian are Valery and Dave Barron.

Ian, as would be expected since he was the youngest born to Angus and Mabel, is their sole living child. Of all his nieces of nephews, the one he sees most is Val Christie, daughter of his sister Sheilah.

*"She lives in Manning and comes over to me about once a week, usually on a Thursday or a Friday. She'll make a cup of tea. She's the sort of person everyone likes. Val has a wide circle of friends."*

Her son, Brendon, who worked for Telecom, has two children.

*"Her daughter, Caroline, has often had a liking for bikies. She's never married but with one of these bikies, named Robert Dew, she had son. He's Robert too. Caroline is a very capable person and has never had any problem getting good jobs. Some of those have been up north, and when she was up there it was Val who looked after young Robert. He is now about 16, a big kid with a good attitude."*

*"With Val I enjoy exchanging a bit of family gossip. Her husband Rob died in his late 60s about four years ago. Had bowel cancer . . . Should have gone to the doctor much earlier."*

Ian is pleased and proud to see that his grandchildren have the qualities, such as honesty and treating people fairly, that he passed on to his five sons.

*"Glen, as the eldest, is the one I had most to do with. Dawn looked after the others very well."*

*"When Glen and his family were living in England he got sick and I went over to help. Rory was about to have his first birthday. . . I changed his nappy quite a few times. Angus was four, Louise six."*

*"One day I was taking them to the shops. Angus was hanging back, being a bit difficult. 'Come on, you Pommie,' I told him. Louise said, in a cultured voice, 'He's not always like that, Grandad.' That rather put me in my place."*

Ian keeps up with his mates too.

*"About once a month I have lunch with friends such as Alan Salter and Miles*

*Fitzgerald, who is as Irish as Paddy's Pig. They come and collect me and we usually go to the Dome in Maylands. We go over stories, the old days. Their wives, both very good people, stay home."*

*"On October 7 Alan is organising for us to go to a pub, Canning Bridge. Glen comes too . . . They have all known him since he was a boy. He likes chatting to them. I've lost Joe Newcombe . . . but his wife Judy comes."*

*"Unfortunately I have lost touch with Bert Smith's wife."*

*Ray Bowra, he's gone now, but his wife joins us. There are about a dozen of us altogether."*

*"Another group I see are the blokes I signed up for the police with. There are only about 5 or 6 out of 45 left. We enjoy meals together."*

One friend has introduced Ian to visions well beyond Maylands. Charlie Wong was brought up in Hong Kong and ended up on pearling loggers working out of Broome.

*"He's a good mate . . . phoned when I came out of hospital recently. I met him about 15 years ago, while we were both walking our dogs in the park. Mine was Blackie. Charlie is now about 75, a widower with four grown-up children. A couple of them live in the Eastern States, including a son who is a Seventh Day Adventist minister."*

*"Charlie came to live in Perth after his Broome days ended. Up there his work was maintenance on boats, fixing pumps, that sort of thing. He told me about a terrible cyclone that killed quite a few people."*

*"I really enjoy chatting to him. He took me on a trip all around Perth – he knew a lot*

about so many of the buildings. We finished up having afternoon tea at Kings Park."

## Two and five make seven

There is great diversity among the five boys raised by Ian and Dawn in Maylands. There are a lawyer, a photographer and a dancer, to give just some examples. Gregory has lived in Japan for many years; Jamie has recently lived in Thailand and is now back in Perth. These two have never married.

*"I was probably tougher on the four older ones than on Gregory, who was more under the control of his mother than of me. Maybe my job as a policeman made me determined to make rules and abide by them."*

*"However, my bosses in the police were often flexible enough to let me have a bit of time off to go home, to bath the boys, for example. This was a help to Dawn, who often*

*suffered from migraines. This was especially important when the twins were small.*

*"Glen, as the eldest, was given responsibilities and I tried to shelter him sometimes."*

*"When he was about four he took his tricycle to the next street, further than he was allowed to ride. When he came back he knew he had done wrong and I asked him to choose his punishment."*

*"A thrashing, or I would take his bike away for a Week. He took his medicine, jumped on his trike and pedalled away. Job done."*

Giving your children choices, and respecting their decision, is wise.

Ian with Dawn, 1992.



Indeed, respect for others, as life's journey rolls on, has been a key quality in Ian.

His sons and daughters-in-law keep a weather eye on his daily needs, but the old man is as independent-minded today as he was on the first day he earned a shilling. He'll accept a little help, in getting around, but prefers to grip his walking-stick, stride to his car and fire up the ignition.

*"I don't know why anyone would want to read my life story," he says. "There's not much there."*



## And so into the sixth McLeod generation in Australia

St George's Cathedral, Perth, January 13, 2013: Ian joins family on both sides for the christening of his first great-grandchild, Hamish McLeod Quekett. This is Glen's grandson. From left, great-grandmother Nicki Quekett, grandmother of the boy's father, Rupert Quekett, and great-grandparents Hazel and Joe Butorac,

Those who know him beg to differ. It is in fact a tale of resilience, versatility and "doing the right thing". Ian McLeod's life stretches from the days before radio came to Western Australia to a time when his descendants connect instantly with anywhere in the world.

Everything is faster now but his values and standards remain the same.

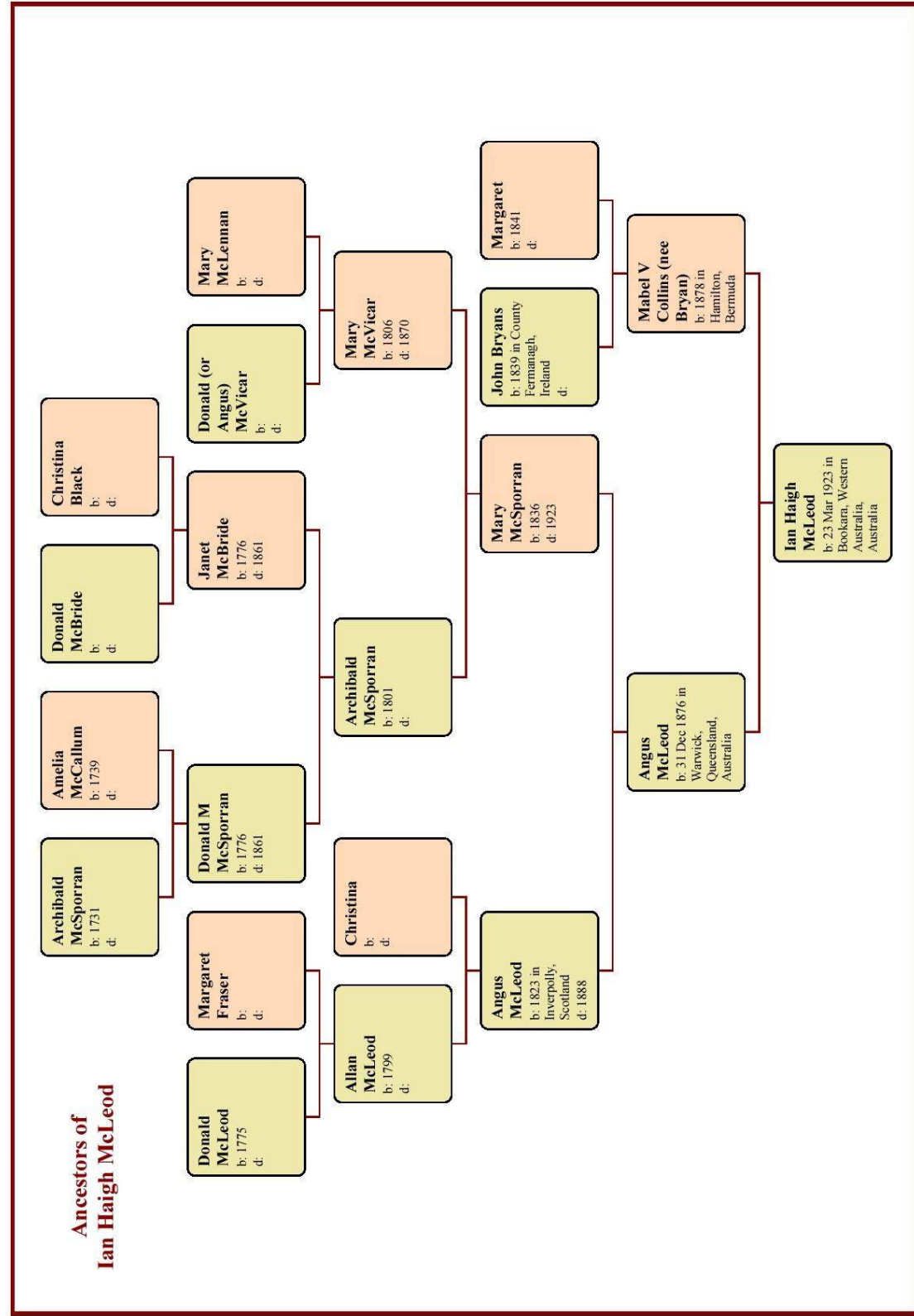
Ian prospecting in the Goldfields, 1983.



Dawn in her garden  
At 57 Kelvin Street.



Family photo taken in about 2000. Left to right, standing is Gavin, Matthew, Angus, Heath, Katie, Glen, Joanne and Linda. Sitting are Rory, Dawn, Ian, Louise, Mark, Lennie and Greg. Front is Rod.



### Descendants of Ian Haigh McLeod

