

# **Council**

**Wednesday, 30 July 2008  
Commencing at 5.30 pm**

## **REPORT OF THE MAYOR**

**SUPPLEMENT TO THE AGENDA FOR A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL TO BE HELD AT  
WAITAKERE CENTRAL, 6 HENDERSON VALLEY ROAD, HENDERSON,  
WAITAKERE, ON WEDNESDAY, 30 JULY 2008,  
COMMENCING AT 5.30 PM**

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**6 REPORT OF THE MAYOR**

**RECOMMENDATION**

It is recommended that Council resolve to:

**Receive** the Report of the Mayor.

**Paying Tribute**

This July report pays tribute to some remarkable people. Firstly, two extraordinary locals - Yvonne Dufaur and the late Bill Moller. Both were characters of life and the west. Yvonne gives a great deal to the community and I wanted to acknowledge Yvonne because she reflects in many ways the women of the west who are often paged out of our history and rarely acknowledged for their commitment to their local neighbourhoods and New Zealand. I've always considered Yvonne to be one of the great New Zealand women and her story is here for you to enjoy and to acknowledge.

Bill Moller was one of those characters bigger than life. In the 70s and 80s the chances are you knew the west by the extrovert mayor Tim Shadbolt and the parties, functions and corporate events in the wild west at Moller's Barn. In those days, and they seem so distant, there were great party throwers around Auckland - the painter Charlie McPhee threw three day events and 1000 people turned up. And then there was Bill Moller who ran a barn in Carter Road as a function centre. But it wasn't just that. The barn was a showcase for music, western and rock. Bill's network was amazing. Every visiting rock star seemed to find their way to Moller's Barn, often in the company of Mayor Tim.

The other rather larger group I wish to acknowledge with this report is the Croatian community of the west. Croatians have made a huge contribution to this area and our part of the world. Many were refugees and aliens, often smuggled in to New Zealand on false passports, through the gap in the Austrian / Hungarian coalitions, ruled by the Turks and foreign governments for 500 years, and treated like serfs in their own homeland. Escaping to a strange and distant country like New Zealand must have filled them with hope and dread. There were three royal commissions to try and deal with the Croatian influence in New Zealand and they all came to nought. They paid an alien tax into the 1930s. They were great survivors, hard workers and I think remarkable people.

The new book on the Croatians in New Zealand, known of course as Dallies to us all, will be a pleasure to read. We proudly fly their flag to acknowledge them and who they are. They still of course speak a trapped language and often when they return to Croatia there is humour at their dialect. For when they came to New Zealand there was no slang or modern influence and so they speak here in Waitakere a classic, almost Shakespearean Croatian of the 19<sup>th</sup> century and they've kept that in tact, teaching their children and grandchildren the language as learned from their grandparents. The language contains no words like car parking, babysitting, supermarkets or McDonald's. But they are part of modern New Zealand, a 21<sup>st</sup> century Waitakere community. Although the kola is still danced they are now part of our business, social and cultural structure and fabric. No longer do they gravitate to vineyards and orchards. They celebrate life in this country and each other.



We as a city will celebrate with them in the new year by holding a major Henderson event. There will be some great events, much music and dancing, feasting and a few treats. Of course this will go around the Tarara milestone which will conclude the year of festivities.

### **And so to the tributes themselves.**

#### **To our Croatian Community**

Dobra dosli

I was indeed honoured to attend the Croatian National Day of Independence dinner at the Croatian Cultural Society which also celebrated 150 years of Croatian migration to New Zealand. Croatian migration is not well documented and the literature is scarce because the country of Croatia was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and later the two Yugoslavias. Croatians travelled on Austrian and Yugoslav Passports, so the identity of the Croatians was confused and they were referred to by various names - Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Aliens, Slavs, Croatians, Dalmatians, Dallies, Yugoslavs and indeed a combination of these. And so I am grateful to Davorin Ozich and the insightful information he gave us on the night and which I must acknowledge here and reads as follows:

*“The first known Croatians to have come to New Zealand were in 1858 on board the Austrian Naval Frigate Novara. Others followed in increasing numbers. Some came as sailors and adventures while most came looking for the chance to earn money to send home. The goldfields of the South Island and the Coromandel were the first destination. From the 1880s it was the gum fields. These physically strong, eager and enduring Croatian men quickly took to the hard work of a successful gum digger. They were paid by weight of clean kauri gum so they dug by day and scraped and polished by night. They could earn good money and as the word spread many more Croatians found their way to New Zealand.*

*By 1890 there were more than 500 Croatians in the gum fields, in 1896 more than 1500 and by the turn of the 20th century more than 3000. According to Davorin, as the Croatians moved increasingly northward some stayed in the area and bought land or other ways of making a living such as farming, growing orchards and grapevines. Others were engaged in the fishing industry and others worked incredibly hard draining the swamps of the Hauraki Plains and the Bay of Plenty and then constructing retaining walls along Tamaki Drive and Waihi Gorge.*

*The source of the Croatian migration was mainly from the Croatian province of Dalmatia and would account for 90 percent of the early Croatian migration. Chain migration took place (father bought out son, cousin, uncle, neighbour and so on) which saw the depletion of their villages in Dalmatia and is the reason why there are so many of the same surname in the phone book. This early migration was virtually all men and boys. In the isolated far north Maori formed a special bond with the Croatians who they called Tarara. Many Croatian men took Maori brides and today a large number in the far north has a Croatian bloodline.*

*The Croatian migration continued in large numbers into the 1930s. By this time, as the Kauri gum had been depleted, a large number of Croatians who didn't settle in the various localities found their way to Auckland where they stayed in boarding houses. This was their village and more than 3000 Croatians lived here in their heyday. They re-grouped before moving on to other jobs and another way of life.*



*Some went to join their countrymen in Auckland's west. They had already started orchards, vineyards and gardens by buying land. Others worked as labourers or went into the fishing industry and some became tradesmen. All of them sought the chance to make a good living and better themselves.*

*The main Croatian migration occurred before World War Two, a small number came immediately after as refugees and from then to 1990 there were very few.*

*The 1940s saw the first wave of the first generation of Croatian University Graduates and intellectuals who were to become influential in the community as professionals, as doctors, lawyers, dentists, priests, architects, teachers, lecturers, artists and successful and influential businessmen.*

*The Croatian influence in the wine industry is enormous from the Croatian-born Romeo Bragato, the first government appointed viticulturalist. The Croatians have totally dominated the wine industry. In 1965 in Auckland's west 70 out of 79 wineries were Croatian owned. Where would the New Zealand wine industry be without brands such as Montana, Villa Maria, Nobilo, Delegat, Babich, Pleasant Valley, Kumeu River, Matua Valley, Westbrook, Selak, Lincoln, Oyster Bay and more?*

*Croatians have also had an enormous impact on the fishing industry, in academic circles, fashion, art, politics, in business and of course in many sports, all disproportionate to their numbers. There are no fewer than 14 All Blacks of Croatian descent - Nick Bradanovich, Percy Erceg, Ivan Vodanovich, Ron Urlich, Mike Burgoyne, Dave Loveridge, Frano Botica, Matthew Cooper, Greg Cooper, Kevin Boroevich, Mark Carter, Mike Brewer, Sean Fitzpatrick and currently Anthony Boric.*

*The community's proudest achievements have been the people knighted by the Queen - Sir James Belich, Dame Mira Szaszy (nee Petricevich) and George Fistonich.*

*New Zealand Croatians and their descendents, which number about 100,000, find themselves in all walks of life, they can claim and maintain their rightful place in the fabric of New Zealand society and they feature as one of the oldest, highly respected and largest immigrant groups."*

At the time of writing this report I was looking forward to the Prime Minister's 150 years celebrations at the banquet hall in the Beehive which was the night before the July council meeting so I will give you a verbal report on that.

I am proud of our Croatian heritage in the west and I am proud of the early migrants and their descendents. Hence my tribute here today.

### **To Yvonne Dufaur**

When it comes to community minded people they don't come much more community minded than Yvonne Dufaur of Piha. What a woman! I am proud to know her and to pay tribute to her in this report.

Yvonne moved to Auckland in 1987 from Tauranga and rented at Piha until she bought a section on the hill a couple of years later on which she put up a temporary small house. She had moved to Auckland because she was running her own consultancy for non-profit organisations and many of her high profile clients were in Auckland. She'd been out to Piha a couple of times and had fallen in love with it, as many people do. So when her husband died in 1988 she decided to move to the small coastal community permanently. Yvonne settled in Piha life.



Well, settled isn't actually a very appropriate word when you're talking about Yvonne. It implies slowing down or spending your time reading books in the sun and enjoying the Piha view. Not so Yvonne. Yep, she had a great view from her little house but there was no time for doing nothing. While she was winding down her business she started as a volunteer at the Piha Library. The community was fundraising for a new library and Yvonne, with all her expertise and passion, ended up in the thick of that activity. Piha got into her blood and she decided to stay permanently and built a 'proper' home in 1993. The rest, as they say, is history.

Yvonne joined the local resident and ratepayers association and served as president for three years. She became the local librarian. She joined Coast Care. She was appointed to the board of ECPAT, an organisation that fights against the sexual exploitation of children all over the world and an organisation that was started by a Kiwi. She was asked to be part of a small international team of trainers who, as volunteers, undertook an aid programme taken to nine Pacific Island nations to help them gain economic independence. She was commissioned by the New Zealand Federation of Voluntary Organisations to write two text books, one on Human Resources for staff of voluntary agencies and the other on the management of volunteer programmes and volunteers with the second. She delivered several papers on aspects of the not-for-profit sector one of which was presented to a South Pacific Nations Conference and is still being used as a teaching paper in the Diploma on Management of Non-Profit Agencies offered by Unitec in Auckland and Wellington. She also did quite a bit of writing including some scripts for Radio New Zealand and was one of the prize winners in the Wellington Festival of the Arts poetry competition and a runner up in the American Express short story writing competition.

In recent times Yvonne's been involved in the Yes to Piha Café campaign. Yvonne made a submission to the Royal Commission on Regional Governance to express her fervent wish Waitakere maintains its identity as well as frequent submissions to our Annual Plan and she set up the Auckland Volunteer Centre as well as serving on the board for several years, including a period as chair. Yvonne also does her daughter's business books. Yvonne won't disclose her age - she describes herself as "bloody old" - so her working schedule is particularly impressive.

Thankfully she's had some acknowledgement. I was proud to give her a citation for her work in 2003 and a couple of years after that she was awarded the MNZM (Member of the New Zealand Order of Merit). Nearly all of Piha thinks she's marvellous but Yvonne was genuinely surprised when the mayoral report contacted her in terms of this tribute. She's that kind of woman. Humble and modest about her achievements, of which there are clearly many. But she is also the first one to admit she is happy to use her natural instinct to be a bit bossy and get things done. "I'm a person with strong views and I get frustrated when things don't get done properly so I use my management skills to make sure they do," Yvonne says. And that's a huge benefit for Piha and this city. I am sure you join with me in a huge thank you to Yvonne for all her hard work and her commitment to the community. She's an interesting and special woman and I can't imagine Yvonne ever slowing down, so more good works will be sure to come. Yvonne will be joining us for dinner after the July council meeting and I am sure you will all enjoy catching up with her.

#### **To Bill Moller**

There are few people in the west of Auckland that wouldn't have been to Moller's Barn at some stage. It was a local landmark, an icon. And Bill Moller was a local legend and true son of the west.



Bill died on 19 June 2008 aged 87 and it was the end of the party. A socialite, Bill and his barn were famous for parties. The barn was open during the late 60s and 70s and was incredibly popular, with all kinds of people from the police to motorcycle gangs. Hundreds attended parties there at any one time and the venue was also used for festivals and concerts.

But it wasn't all fun and frivolity. Bill was one of those incredibly generous guys who would take in strangers and be a friend to deadbeats. Many appreciated his generosity and many didn't. Sadly some abused it. His place was burnt down, he was beaten up and many of the people who bludged off him couldn't give a damn whether he lived or died.

I wrote about Bill for Metro magazine in 1986, more than 20 years ago, just before Bill's barn was put up for sale. At the time I said the land would be cut up into 10 acre blocks and that that would be a sad waste of fun and good times. That's exactly what happened. The paddock where the large outdoor concerts were held now has three houses on it. And some spiffy looking driveways. I'm sure the local people haven't a clue what used to go on as fiddlers fiddled and clouds of marijuana drifted over the audience and into the pines. It was a very west occasion of the 1970s.

Bill was one of the Mollers of New Plymouth, originally from Denmark, a descendent of Wilhelm Wiggo Moller who turned up in New Zealand in 1884 starting a coach service between Opunake and Hawera. His family was immense both in achievement and size; so much so they've got a book about them. Down Taranaki way the Moller name was a household word for success and achievement in both transport and motor cars. They were a survivor of Leyland's cutback worldwide, keeping Rover for New Zealand and then adding Volvo and Isuzu and a few other exciting and exotic rich cars to keep advertising men and land speculators happy and driving in comfort.

As a young man Moller was a bit of a black sheep of the family. He spent time on the early New Plymouth Oil rigs. Always fascinated by machinery he quickly learned the great New Zealand art of mucking around with motors. He got married early, came north to Auckland and settled down by the Whau Creek at the back of Kelston where land was cheap.

The west of Auckland attracted people like Moller - it always did and it always will. He liked the creek lapping round the property. He built a jetty and as his marriage started to crumble he spent more time with his kids and their friends, talking about their dreams and hopes for the future. At this time most men I think generally resign themselves to a dismal fate - a barren marriage, a lousy job and not much future. But Moller had better qualities than that. He bought himself a small tractor, leased a piece of land a bit further up the creek, put in a large and adventurous bean crop. It failed. When his marriage packed in totally Moller was a displaced person, probably almost destitute.

It was at this time he became friends with the amazing Odo Strowe who had escaped a Nazi raid on his flat in 1937 and managed to get out of Germany after running a small advertising agency during the day and producing anti-fascist literature during the night.



Strewe was recently married and living in a small house on Waikumete Hill. He was secretary of the New Zealand Rationalist Society and a socialist of no mean repute. For a living he worked as a landscape gardener and he and Moller and a number of other radical students of the day who later went on to be half the English Department at Auckland University, scraped together a living putting down gardens and lawns on the other side of town. Strewe and Moller were really the ringleaders of social and political change at that time. They would rage through Auckland parties and university pubs joined by people like Charlie McPhee, Dennis Knight-Turner, Albert Henry and later Bruno Lawrence. It was good rabble-rousing stuff. It's interesting Strewe's youngest daughter now lives with painter Dean Buchanan who seems to manage to carry on Strewe's tradition with the same style.

In the late 50s there weren't too many original thoughts to rub together in Auckland. Art, architecture and politics were dormant. Moller and Strewe worked together during the day landscaping the gardens of the eastern suburbs and raved into the night planning peoples' takeovers and the swift execution of the people who were paying their gardening bills.

It was all too good to last and there was an inevitable falling out. Moller went building, this time with Jack Abbot, a true craftsman in wood, who was building houses in Titirangi and the Waitakere Ranges that even today are great examples of the carpenter's art. Before pole houses, the Moller-Abbot houses were prototypes of good environmental design, expansive decks and large glass windows framed with teak, rimu and totara. Their houses had the feel of beautiful ships nestling in among ferns and native bush. It was then that Moller began to truly appreciate large timber structures with beamed ceilings and timbered halls. He dreamed of building his own environment that would recreate a special haven for good conversation, a resting place for friends and of course good times.

A 30 acre block up for sale at the head of the Oratia Valley clinched the dream and the deal. The first original part of Moller's barn took almost a year to build. Naturally he lived in it. Timber and shingles kept the rain out, although it always leaked a little. Sawdust was the floor. A fire in winter always blazed and welcomed conversation. You picked the subject and Moller had a good theory on it.

Gradually word got out about this rare haven and teenagers used to come up from New Lynn on Friday and Saturday nights brining a few be vies with them. Soon they would stay the weekend, enjoying the atmosphere, often to escape parental domination, drunken fathers and missing mothers.

Moller admitted that some had a police record but he didn't care. All were welcome. Some would sleep in cars; others were given a corner for a night or a weekend. He put on a few socials and people would tell their mates. Finally the local police turned up to warn Moller about having people on the premises drinking. They were mainly concerned about local teenagers being supplied grog and Moller, a moderate drinker himself, had to agree. Finally they brought a charge after a midnight raid and Moller was fined \$100. For a while it put him off being over generous.

Next he built an adjoining small house on the property for his life's treasures – paintings, carvings, pottery. He was a man of some considerable taste and appreciated good art. He knew the top Auckland artists so there was no trouble collecting good pieces.



In 1968 Moller took in a lad from New Lynn who was getting on the wrong side of the law. He was asked by the boy's father to have a go at straightening him out. He used to let the boy use one of the many cars which were being restored on the place and the kid systematically used his new transport to knock off Moller's friends' property. He was caught. Moller sent him back home. It was a few weeks later when driving up Carter Rd late one night he saw the flames of his house shooting skyward. He broke down the back door and managed to retrieve two prized American leather saddles. Nothing else survived.

The neighbours thought it served Moller right. There were rumours in the district that Moller's had been burned down by roving bike gangs he'd befriended and fallen out with. Moller kept silent about the incident. Over the summer he proceeded to turn the barn into a larger structure and lived above it in a large cosy room with a small balcony. In 1973 Moller threw the first of his commercial weekend parties. Not only did he give city folks a good country rage with good food, he started a trend which was to catch on rapidly. A party at Moller's Barn became very much the 'in thing'. Moller roped in friends to cook and to keep order. Buses brought them sober and took them home full. Moller made money for the first time. There were Saturday wilderness weddings under the green leafy trees and local marriage celebrants worked overtime, always under the watchful, benign eye of the host.

I visited Moller to talk and write about his next big adventure - selling up and moving. I climbed the dark narrow back stairway from the barn floor to his room upstairs. It was raining a summer storm in the hills; the trees were dripping the fresh, sweet rain of the Waitakeres. The stairway evoked every western movie you've ever seen - dark and steep with the small leather horse brasses on wooden-lined walls. Upstairs, a large dog eyed Moller's cat and her kittens. A potbelly stove sat silent in the middle of the floor surrounded by empty chairs. Around the walls were mementoes of better times at the Barn, on the dresser a superb cast of Moller's head done by John Quinn, over by the window a large fifties oil by Rex Head. Bottles, cups, records, books, photos, filled every space.

In 1974 Moller started the first Auckland Folk Festival. It worked so he held more. Dragon, Rocking Horse, Hello Sailor, Citizen Band - all the great groups played. Moller said he made little money and that cheques from promoters bounced.

In 1978 he turned over the property to a massive arts and craft festival, a first for Auckland. And it did well. They went on for quite a while.

And that's the way it was at Moller's Barn, Carter Rd, Oratia. Moller had one hell of a good time doing what he did. He never played the saint. Just a friend wearing cowboy boots. I was saddened by his death, as many people were, and can only hope that's he's enjoying one big party in the sky.

I have printed below a poem Kathy Park from Kiwi Valley wrote for her husband Larry to read - on horseback - at Bill's funeral. Enjoy.

An Ode to Bill Moller

A tale of Bill and Moller's barn  
the birthing place of many a good yarn  
of stories told in the middle of the night  
and parties blazing till the morning light



of a man who knew everyone he met  
the best friend any man could get  
and the women loved him best of all  
and at his feet they were known to fall

a man of trees and planting land  
holding his plough with a steady hand  
the steadfastness of this muscled arm  
offering peace to many, away from harm

but to all he challenged "Be what y' can be!"  
as he sipped again another cuppa tea  
but as always - he'd have to go  
"Got someone t' meet, can't waste time y'know"

he lived his life as a frugal affair  
his favourite cap shading that long white hair  
and valued things that money can't buy  
never on himself, tho' we all did try

he'd deliver the news of a global woe  
the trick - his twinkling eyes would show  
and while the sheep ate from his hand  
he'd formulate some wonderous plan

his thoughts as real as a young man's dream  
forever working on the ultimate scheme  
so each morning he woke with pride  
to the dreams he had deep inside

but now he's ridden off on his horse  
it's really quite logical of course  
he's had to go - got someone to see  
enjoying an eternal "cuppa tea"

### **On the International Stage**

You have all undoubtedly heard me talking about how well regarded Waitakere is on the international stage so I wanted to share the following email with you. It's from Professor Joe Schilling who was the main contact person in regards to my keynote presentation in Alexandria earlier this year. We do make a difference locally and globally.

On Saturday, 14 June the Alexandria City Council voted 7- 0 to adopt the cities' and the region's first Eco City Charter. Mayor Euille, vice Mayor Pepper, and Councilmember Krupicka led the accolades for city staff, the Environmental Policy Commission (EPC) and Virginia Tech's School of Urban Affairs and Planning. City Manager Hartman acknowledged it was the success of the Eco City Café and Summit that nudged him and his staff to recognize the importance and value of sustainability. He announced that William Skrabek will now head a new Office of Environmental Quality and will serve as the city's defacto sustainability coordinator. One of Skrabek's first tasks will be working with the EPC, with assistance from Virginia Tech, to promote the Charter and establish a two-phased process to revise the city's environmental action plan and set immediate priorities for the FY 2009 budget.



Skrabek, along with members of the council and EPC were clear they could not have accomplished these tasks without the assistance of Professors Schilling, Mastran and McCarty. EPC Chair Fielder noted the overall team effort and contribution of the graduate students who worked on the project well beyond the minimum class requirements. Professor Schilling observed that inspiration from Waitakere, New Zealand's Mayor Bob Harvey and Director of Communication Wally Thomas were critical in giving local leaders and citizens a glimpse of what it means to be a true eco city. New Office Director Skrabek presented the council with a good example of how those ideas from Waitakere will take root in Alexandria when he suggested that his first priority for the next fiscal year would be a request to create a new position of eco city educator to work with the local schools and the community on sustainability education.

Bob and Wally to send you an e-mail does not do justice for the role that you two played to ensure that local leaders really understood the importance of their first step in adopting the Charter. I will send along a final copy in the next few days. Hope this finds you two well. Tom n Jack celebrate the big #1 on Thursday. I have had several conversations with Kevin at USCM and will follow up with potential speaking opportunities here in the states and in NZ. More to follow.

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### **Milestones**

#### **Obituary - Frank Grubisa**

It was with sadness I learned of the death of Frank Grubisa earlier this month. Frank worked for us many years ago, I think during Assid Corban's time as mayor. He donated a large cabinet and many China plates to the city which are now in the archives at the library. The cabinet used to be outside the cafeteria in the old building. Frank worked for council at the balefill station and the story goes that he would find interesting things there at the dump and sell them in order to buy the plates for his collection. He had literally hundreds of them and the local kids all knew and loved him. When they visited Frank he would give them a plate. Frank was very environmentally minded and he died aged 80. He never married and had no children but he will be greatly missed by those who knew him.

#### **Straight off Da Street**

I always enjoy being around young people and this event had more than 300 of them gathered together at Henderson High to have a good time and raise money for the Karekare Surf Lifesaving Club. It was a great night and the organisers of this event, Young Believers (a programme run by the McLaren Park and Henderson South community initiative) are to be congratulated. The group focuses on youth and leadership development, bringing out the strengths in young people, goal-setting and building quality relationships as well as having lots of fun. The aim of the hip hop event I attended was to provide a safe alcohol and drug free youth event, encourage positive youth and community social development skills, showcase the commitment of the Young Believers and its leaders and to inform the local community of what is available for them in the local area. They succeeded at every level.



### **United Way**

This is an annual event I always try to attend. It's our way of saying thank you to an organisation which allocates grants to a variety of charities and community groups. Without this funding many of these groups wouldn't be able to exist. United Way has been operating in New Zealand for more than 30 years and focuses on supporting small to medium-sized human welfare charities that lack the name, recognition or size to attract significant funds but none the less provide essential services in the community. As always everyone who attended was very glad to receive the funding.

### **Police Awards**

It was also a great honour to be present when our local constabulary held its awards. As you know here in Waitakere we have a great relationship with the police so I was delighted to attend this event along with Waitemata District commander, Superintendent Viv Rickard and Relieving Area Commander, Waitakere Detective Inspector Mike Bush. First up was the presentation of a national award, the New Zealand special Service Medal (Erebus). This award was instituted in November 2006 to recognise the service of those New Zealanders and citizens of other countries involved with the extremely difficult and very unpleasant, hazardous and extreme circumstances associated with the body recovery, crash investigation and victim identification phases of Operation Overdue, mounted by the New Zealand Police following the crash of Air New Zealand Flight 901 on the north slope of Mount Erebus. As you know, our very own Councillor Ross Dallow, received one. This year the medal went to Senior Sergeant Ross Hunter. Congratulations Ross. Other recipients were: District Commander's Commendation - Constable Shawn Wanden; Long Service Awards - Detective Nick Davenport, Senior Constable Kevin Morgan, Senior Constable Andre Morris, Sergeant Craig Davey; Long Service Badges (non-sworn) - Maureen Gunning, Pauline McDonald; Certificate of Promotion - Sergeant Marianne Dempster; Area Commander's Certificate of Appreciation - Constable Andrew Rush, Constable Hodder, Constable Huggins, Detective Sergeant Jason McIntosh, Sergeant Grant Watson, Warren Strand; Other - Constable Mike Clague, Constable Faga Siaki, Senior Constable Andre Morris; Special Award - Pipe Major Andrew Baker.

### **Jared Blumenfeld**

To say Jared's presentation was inspiring and aspirational is an understatement. I thought it was nothing short of spectacular. Jared runs the environmental directorate of San Francisco City reporting directly to the mayor and while he talked about all the initiatives San Fran is undertaking his underlying message was all about leadership and commitment to the cause. I was particularly impressed with the environmental levy on rates and the recycling efforts of the city. Very impressive indeed. We only had a short time to talk to Jared about we were doing in Waitakere but despite that I think he too was impressed by us.

### **Farewell to Dai**

For the past 11 years Dai Bindoff has been the safe pair of hands of this organisation. I was sad at the news he had decided to leave but I am sure Dai will always be around and a true friend of this council and this city. Dai's work here has made an impressionable difference. Over the years I have worked closely with Dai and he has always provided sound communications advice. I always valued his opinion and his commitment to his work and this council and its community was clear. Dai always managed to drill down into any complicated issue and work out the right communications approach. I am sure you join with me in wishing Dai well for its future endeavours and to thank him for his years of commitment, dedication and hard work.



## Congratulations

To the Waitakere Cricket Club which is the first in New Zealand to achieve the Gold Halberg Trust Award. Over the past year the club has been participating in a number of development initiatives facilitated by Sport Waitakere. It has achieved Silver status in the ClubMark accreditation system, designed to help clubs develop healthy practices and increase their viability in the community. ClubMark focuses on areas such as governance and management, health and safety, membership, responsible alcohol management and coach development. As part of the ClubMark process Waitakere Cricket signed on to go through the Halberg Trust SportAccess process, a quality assurance mark that identifies this club as being inclusive of the community, including disabled people.

The Halberg Trust developed SportAccess in partnership with ASB Trust. Since the launch of this initiative in June 2005, many clubs and facilities have signed up to work towards identifying and enhancing sustainable inclusive sport and recreation opportunities. The process involves completing a Self-Review, to identify strengths and weaknesses, and initiating a 'BarrierFree Audit' of the clubrooms and surrounds. From here the project team can develop a No Exceptions Action Plan (NEAP). A NEAP outlines the actions and practices that the club will implement, including such things as upgrades to the building, training for staff and coaches to ensure people with a disability are made to feel welcome, and the development of mentoring/buddy systems. The coaches also participated in a No exceptions Training workshop, designed specifically to up-skill coaches in how to better include disabled players. At a function held recently at the clubrooms Sir Murray Halberg presented to the Chairman of Waitakere Cricket, Allen Teunissen, the GOLD Award and congratulated the club on being the first to complete this very exciting milestone. Congratulations from us all.



From left Jody Moran Sport Opportunities Advisor - Halberg Trust and Sport Waitakere, Christine Shepherd Club Development Advisor - Sport Waitakere, Brian Windler, Project coordinator, Sir Murray Halberg, Chairman Allen Theunissen and Lynette Adams Sport Waitakere CEO.



### **Our Olympians**

Last but certainly not least I would like to pay tribute to our athletes who have succeeded in Beijing Olympic selection. They are a credit to this city. We wish them every success in China.

Ria Percival, Amber Hearn, Kirsty Yallop and Kristy Hill - Women's football, Beatrice Faumuina - Discus (coached by our own Ross Dallow), Carl Evans - Yachting, Krystal Forgesson - Hockey. Daniel Bell - Swimming (Medley Relay) Mark Herring - Swimming (Freestyle Relay), Lauren Boyle - Swimming (Freestyle Relay), Donna Bouzaid - Swimming coach.

Congratulations also to the following Waitakere based athletes who have been selected in the 30 strong team to the 2008 Beijing Paralympic Games: Amanda Slade - Boccia, Daniel Sharp - Swimming, Cameron Leslie - Swimming, Simon Mayne - Swimming coach.

RA Harvey, QSO, JP  
**MAYOR OF WAITAKERE**