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Mayors for Peace

Secretariat Office

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Consultative status (Category II) with the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations

February 27, 2004

The Honorable Mr. Bob Harvey
Mayor of Waitakere
NEW ZEALAND

Dear Mayor,

I am writing you today to request that you join a high-level international delegation of mayors from some of the most significant cities of the world. This delegation will be a powerful presence at the opening of a vital preparatory conference of States Parties to the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons (NPT), which will be held at UN Headquarters in New York. The delegation will participate on April 27 and 28, 2004.

The world is losing sight of the vision of a nuclear-weapon-free world. In its place, a hellish vision of nuclear proliferation, counter-proliferation wars, and nuclear terrorism looms before us. The extraordinary danger this poses to a great city such as yours can hardly be exaggerated. In this age of homeland security and civil defense against weapons of mass destruction, the threat to our cities from nuclear weapons is something that we, as mayors, have a responsibility to do whatever we can to prevent.

The Mayoral Delegation will attend on a fact-finding and campaign-building mission that will constitute the critical first milestone in the Emergency Campaign adopted this past October 18 by the Sixth Executive Conference of Mayors for Peace and launched at the 2nd Global Citizens Assembly in Nagasaki on November 22, 2003. During two intensive days in New York, we will reaffirm the goal of a nuclear-weapon-free world and announce to the world that cities will not be passive cargo on the present course to disaster. We will present a compelling new vision, and this vision will go out from New York throughout the world in the form of a one-hour TV documentary of our delegation's work.

We are planning for the Mayors' Delegation to hold consultations with major international figures, notably UN Secretary General Kofi Annan, as well as key government delegations to the United Nations, including the New Agenda Coalition, the European Union, and the Non-Aligned Movement. We will arrange a special joint address to the NPT Meeting, and establish ties with civil society allies, including

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parliamentarians, representatives of international NGOs and concerned New York citizens. We will meet with the Mayor of New York City, Michael Bloomberg, and representatives of the emergency services, fire and police departments. Together we will mourn those who died at New York's "ground zero" on September 11, 2001, as we pledge to prevent any more ground zeros like Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

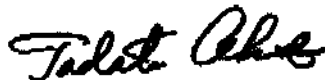
Please take a careful look at your already busy April 2004 calendar and, if at all possible, clear two days, 27-28 April, and the associated travel time, to be with us. Admittedly, this is no minor imposition, but when you have looked over the attached materials, we believe you will conclude that your citizens will understand the priority you accord this effort and thank you for it.

The enclosed description of the mission is not etched in stone. We welcome your input in formulating the objectives, activities and itinerary. No doubt your final decision will depend on how the delegation comes together both in terms of content and participation. Our goal is to obtain final confirmation from all delegation members no later than mid-February.

Please do join us. We want our children and grandchildren to gaze with yours at the sun setting over a sea of hope and know that, despite our conflicts and other serious problems, their world will not explode in terminal, radioactive violence. To achieve this simple and obvious objective, we must all do everything in our power to eliminate nuclear weapons and eliminate war altogether. Let us commit ourselves wholeheartedly to accomplishing this vital task by the time we turn this world over to our children.

Thank you for your kind attention to this sudden and urgent appeal. If you know already that participation this April is out of the question for you, please let us know. Otherwise, we will keep you informed as the delegation takes shape. Do not hesitate to contact us with any questions you may have, and we look forward to working closely with you.

Sincerely Yours,



Tadatosh Akiba
Mayor of Hiroshima
President of Mayors for Peace

The Mayoral Delegation to UN Headquarters

New York, April 27 and 28, 2004

A Summary

The mayors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are inviting the mayors of ten 'world-crossroads' cities to join them in New York on April 27 and 28 when the 187 States Parties to the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty begin the third and final Preparatory

Committee meeting (PrepCom) prior to the 2005 NPT Review Conference. The delegation to the PrepCom will be the first major milestone of the 2020 Vision Campaign of the World Conference of Mayors for Peace. The mission of the delegation will be two-fold: fact-finding and campaign-building.

Consultations with Key Players

The delegation will hold consultations regarding the 2020 Vision with the key players in the NPT review process. We will meet with Secretary General Kofi Annan and his top staff members. We will meet with key government delegations, including the New Agenda Coalition, the Non-Aligned Movement, and the European Union. We will arrange a special joint address to a plenary session of the Prepcom and will meet with parliamentarians and other allies supporting the campaign. We will also speak at public meetings with international NGOs and concerned New York citizens.

Laying the Foundations for 2005

The public meetings will be important for building an infrastructure in New York to support our ambitious plans for the 2005 Review Conference (please see the description of the campaign). To that end, we are planning a meeting with New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg and NYC's first responders. A press conference will be held at Ground Zero. Throughout, the message will be: the effects of a nuclear attack cannot be addressed through civil defense plans. We will only be truly safe when nuclear weapons have been eliminated.

Mayors and Parliamentarians: A necessary alliance for influencing national and international nuclear disarmament policy. (Aaron Tovish, Campaign Manager, Mayors for Peace)

Summary:

By coordinating their efforts, mayors and parliamentarians will be able to assist each other in the mobilization of colleagues, as well as being able to work more effectively with citizens and have a greater influence on governments at the national level.

A mayors-parliamentarians alliance combines two differing mandates to generate an enhanced authority on the issue of nuclear disarmament. Mayors bring an authority that is generally perceived as apolitical and geared towards the wellbeing of cities and their inhabitants. They generally display a practical, get-things-done approach and are closely attuned to the needs and desires of their city's inhabitants, and often have media access on issues dealing with the wellbeing of cities and their inhabitants. Parliamentarians bring an authority that is more closely connected to national government and the nuances of politics. They are accountable to the public on national and international issues and have direct input into government policy development.

Collaboration between mayors and parliamentarians would not only join these two mandates into a larger, politically more powerful force, it would also generate a powerful media and political message that nuclear issues concern the wellbeing and survival of both citizens and the State.

A very significant barrier to progress on disarmament is the lack of media attention to disarmament information and perspectives. Collaboration between parliamentarians and mayors will generate media through both the parliamentary news desks and the often wider network of news services that are city based and accessible by mayors.

The mayors-parliamentarians alliance will be powerful only if it is open to partnership with NGOs, who will be of great assistance in recruiting colleagues, generating public engagement and lobbying government officials and experts, and news generation through peaceful public demonstration.

Such partnership is important for action on any international issue, but it is particularly critical in the field of nuclear disarmament because security policy is not widely recognized as a natural concern of mayors. NGOs will be able to assist Mayors enunciate the reality that if nuclear weapons are used, cities and their inhabitants will suffer unimaginable damage, thus affirming Mayors' authority to act on this issue. Popular engagement is also necessary with respect to the role of parliamentarians as without it, parliamentarians find it difficult to get governments to consider bold disarmament initiatives.

As a general model, it will not suit all countries equally well. For example, the term "mayor" is used generically in the foregoing. In some countries, mayor is a purely ceremonial post, while real political action resides with a city council. In adapting the model to particular circumstances the main thing to keep in mind is maximizing the influence and/or pressure on the national executive. On the international stage, the objective is to maximize influence/pressure on international disarmament forums.

Cities of the World Peace Fair

Central Park, New York City, USA, May 8, 2005

In May 2005 the eyes of the world will be upon New York City. At UN Headquarters, nations will gather at the 2005 NPT Review Conference to grapple with both long-standing and new threats posed by nuclear weapons. In Central Park, a massive popular demonstration will demand that work begin now on the elimination of all nuclear weapons by 2020 AD - the 2020Vision.

The Central Park demonstration will be the main event of a World Peace Fair organized by cities from around the world in cooperation with neighborhoods throughout the Tri-Borough area, i.e. greater New York. New York is a microcosm of the world where you can find communities, large and small, of nearly every nationality on Earth. Over the coming year, cities, mayors, and civic organizations will be announcing their determination to be represented at the NPT Conference and at the World's Fair. These cities will be 'twinned' with the community of their compatriots in greater New York. Together they will plan their presence at the World's Fair. When the Mayor (or other city representative) arrives in New York in early May, he/she will visit the community and take part in a community meeting. And then, together they welcome all New Yorkers to their "city-community" in Central Park with their distinctive music, dance, costumes, poetry and food. New Yorkers from all communities and international participants will be able to take a stroll through the world, visiting city after city, listening to music and enjoying dance performances on "regional" stages, admiring local costumes and customs, and tasting ethnic dishes, all to the sound of many languages. From the Mayors and city representatives, they will learn about the cities and about their work for peace and nuclear disarmament.

**"No city wants to be the next Hiroshima;
all cities want to be freed from the threat of nuclear devastation."**

From the "World Stage," everyone will be able to enjoy top international performers and hear from the World's leading spokespersons for peace

and disarmament. The Peace Fair will be a celebration of the rich diversity of the world, and a dedication to peace in a nuclear-weapon-free world.

The event will attract the attention of the media of the world, of which there is a greater concentration in New York City than anywhere else on Earth. News of the event will be broadcast back to cities around the world, including interviews with the Mayor or other city representatives, spreading the word to people everywhere that the following weekend will be the opportunity for them to demonstrate in their own city or town. On that weekend, the world will witness a vast worldwide public mobilization. As the diplomats continue to meet in New York City they will know beyond a shadow of a doubt what the world expects of them, to start talks on a program to eliminate nuclear weapons by 2020. Our sincere hope is that our efforts will inspire them to rise to that challenge.

Planning for the New York and worldwide events must begin immediately. Mayors for Peace has begun this process with its Mayoral Delegation to the 2004 NPT preparatory meeting. Through meetings with UN officials, diplomats and NGO experts, the 2020Vision is being promoted and refined. Through meetings with New York City officials, civic leaders and peace activists, the foundations for the Cities of the World Peace Fair are being laid. Mayors for Peace is already reaching out to mayors around the world to come to New York in 2005, and whether or not they can be personally represented there, hopefully they will be fully engaged in planning for a city demonstration on the following weekend in May 2005.

But to be truly successful the Campaign must have the participation of many sectors of society. Mayors for Peace does not want to monopolize leadership. It is looking forward to working in close cooperation with all likeminded popularly based organizations. The Campaign was launched at the 2nd Citizen Assembly for the Elimination of Nuclear Weapons in Nagasaki, Japan, in November 2004. There has been excellent cooperation with several international NGOs since then, including IPPNW, IPB, Abolition 2000, INESAP and MPI. In the coming months, civil society organizations concerned with peace in the world and in our cities will be

invited to take part in the Cities Campaign and World Peace Fair.

Weekend

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1994

The New York Times

The Hotel In Chelsea That Art Calls Home

By MICHAEL T. KAUFMAN

THE premise for the adventure was simple enough. My wife and I would check into the Chelsea Hotel for a weekend of hobnobbing and gawking among the creatives we assumed to be living and staying at New York's Montparnasse on West 23d Street. We also hoped to encounter artistic ghosts and a *maud* of two.

Our entry was promising, with the plaques by the door noting that Mark Twain had stayed there and that Thomas Wolfe had lived in a corner suite. Another celebrated the stay of Brendan Behan, who, for a while, stopped drinking at the Chelsea, which was not the case with Dylan Thomas. Indeed, the tablet dedicated to the Welsh poet tells of how he "balled forth" from his rooms to the White Horse Tavern to gulp the whisky that killed him. There is also a sign saying that Arthur Miller had lived at the hotel, now a national landmark, for six years.

Across the lobby, haphazardly decorated with paintings by present and former tenants, our way to the reception page was blocked by a fat red dog lying on its side. At our approach it beat its tail in perfunctory welcome. We asked for a room with history.

"They all have history," said the clerk, handing us the key to 822.

The elevator descended, and out came a woman with clouds of red curls, very short shorts and at least four rings stapled between her upper lip and the bridge of her nose. "Hi, Kevin," she said to our bellman as she stepped out with a bag of laundry.

Heading up, we tried to quiz Kevin the bellhop about the redhead and our other new neighbors. Trying to sound both blasé and cool, we said, "Lots of weird people around here, huh?"

"Not really," said Kevin, who is 20, lives in the Bronx and has the discretion of a priest.

"Didn't Sid Vicious, the Sex Pistol, kill Nancy in one of these

rooms?" we asked.

"That was before I started work," said the bellman, brushing aside the question and showing us around our \$150-a-night suite. There was a bedroom that opened into a sitting room looking south through bay windows onto a lower Manhattan rooftop. The furniture, much of it wicker, was unmatched, and the most impressive feature was a carved marble fireplace with a faded Russian inscription in which most of the gilded letters were missing.

The refrigerator in the kitchenette had no mini-bar, nor were there any

barrels of overpriced potato chips. In the bathroom there were no little tubes of shampoo or conditioner or fragrant waters. There was a television set, but no cable and therefore no MTV, even though many rock musicians stay at the hotel. There was no Bible, and no paraphrases with suggestions for the tourist. There were, however, several Roach Motels set out discreetly in corners, but as our stay was to show, they were either unnecessary or highly effective.

We paused to consider our next step. Obviously, what we had to do

if we wanted to hobnob was to haunt the bars, the restaurants and the lounges, eavesdropping and making eye contact with patrons and bartenders. Except that the Chelsea, with its 400 rooms, has no bars, restaurants or lounges, no public areas at all except the two self-service elevators and the lobby.

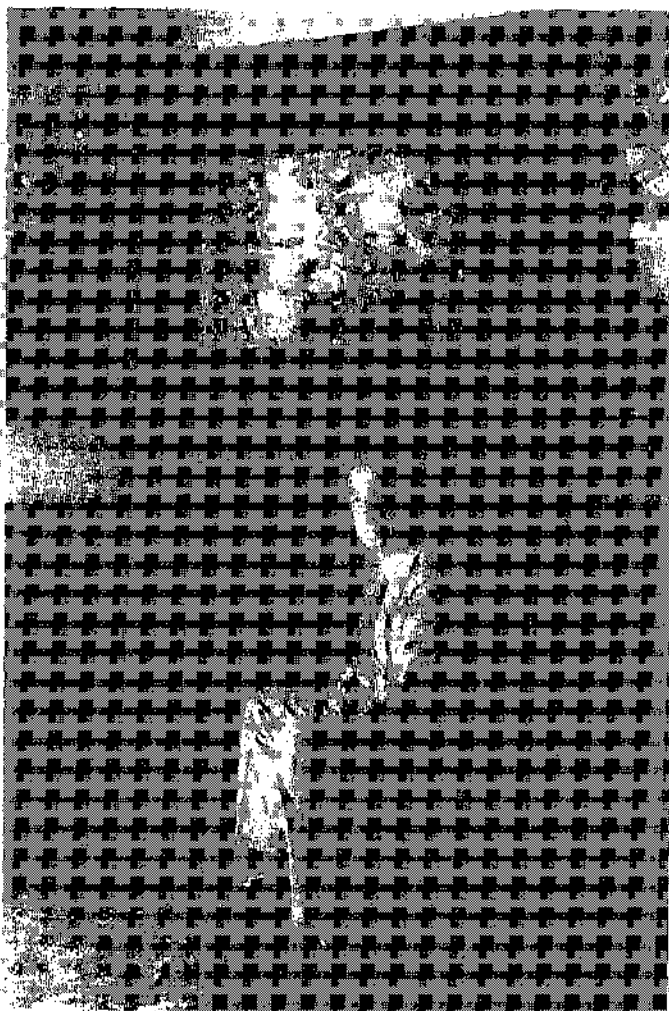
History and Discretion

There was nothing left but to come out from under cover and reveal ourselves and our mission to Stanley Bard, the man responsible for the Chelsea. He is the managing partner, the visionary impresario and cruise director who with brilliant ingenuity has kept the Chelsea free of MTV, cosmetic freeways, ice machines, mini-bars, restaurants, room service and virtually every other innovation of modern hostelry while protecting and promoting the unique character of the place.

"There is no other hotel like this anywhere in the entire world," Mr. Bard said proudly and possessively as he sat in his dark, cluttered and computer-free office off the lobby. Sure, he said, he will be glad to make a few phone calls that will open all the doors of the place for us, but first he would like to fill us in on some basic details.

The building, he explained, was built in 1882 as a cooperative apartment house whose thick walls attracted musicians who wanted to practice without giving offense. The building was built at great cost with high ceilings and its decorative wrought-iron staircase. It became a hotel in 1905, and his father took it over in 1939. Since then, it has catered to the needs of its largely creative clientele.

About half the units, he said, are rented on long-term leases that call for monthly payments of \$1,275 to \$3,000 a month. These tenants generally furnish and decorate such apartments to their own tastes, adding whatever they like, even cable and MTV. Maid service is optional. The rates for those rooms reserved



FRANK O. CONRAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Stanley Bard, the manager of the Chelsea Hotel, in the lobby, where paintings by current and former tenants are displayed.

Printed by The World-Telegram, Inc.

The Hotel In Chelsea That Art Calls Home

for transients rise from \$95 a day for a studio to \$295 for a two-bedroom suite.

As he speaks, Mr. Bard lovingly and respectfully drops names. Eugene O'Neill. Tennessee Williams. Virgil Thomson. William S. Burroughs. Robert Mapplethorpe and Paul Smith. More names here, he says, than anywhere else, more names than the Algonquin. Arthur C. Clarke. Katherine Dunham. Larry Rivers. Bob Dylan. Leonard Cohen.

"What about Sid Vicious?" we asked.

"Oh, he was very polite," said Mr. Bard, who has mostly nice things to say about all artists who pay their rent. But he parried further questions about the punk performer, who used to play the bass and vomit, by suggesting a tour.

'A Special Atmosphere'

He showed us a suite on the sixth floor: wide, small, moribund. It had a small headboard and small rugs and small chairs. In the elevator, we ran into Nicola, the French artist who designed it. Mr. Bard said she was "extremely talented." She said she had lived in the Chelsea for about a decade and could not think of living anywhere else. "It is not an artist colony," she said. "We don't visit each other. My best friends do not live here, but there is a special atmosphere, that Stanley preserves. There is creativity and there is privacy." Mr. Bard smiled happily.

The hotelier led the way to the suite in which Virgil Thomson had lived until he died in 1989. It was locked, but workers were stripping paint from the empty apartment next to it. Mr. Bard explained that it had just been vacated by the writer Yakov Lind and was being melded into Thomson's old apartment, which is now occupied by Philip Taaffe, the painter. Mr. Bard said this was the most beautiful apartment in the building and that Mr. Taaffe had furnished it with pieces he had purchased from Thomson's estate.

The painter was away in Europe, Mr. Bard said, but he thought he might get the key from Mr. Taaffe's decorators, who also live in the Chelsea, renting the apartment vacated this year by Viva, the onetime leading figure in Andy Warhol's salon. He knocked at the apartment and

identified himself. A husky voice called out, "Oh, Stanley, I am not at all ready to receive anyone." Mr. Bard backed off, saying, "They are very talented decorators."

Mr. Bard returned to his office to make the promised phone calls, which in fact did open many of the hotel's doors during the weekend. Some tenants recommended speaking to others, and through these conversations emerged a portrait of a hotel that is in fact like no other and of its curator, Stanley Bard.

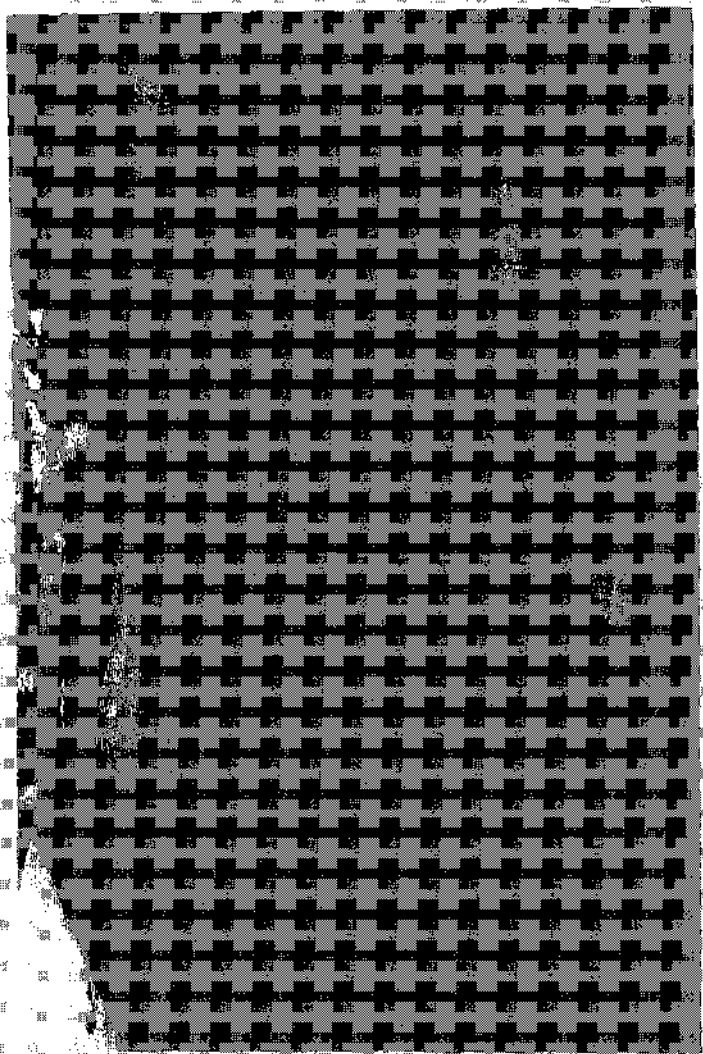
No Cliques, Please

George Chenéche, an Israeli-born painter, recalled how he arrived at the Chelsea. "It was 23 years ago," he said. "I had come from Paris, and I thought I would stay for a day or two while I looked for a studio. Stanley offered me a work space and this apartment on the fourth floor that once was used by Eugene O'Neill. Maybe I am lazy, but I stayed." The apartment now contains a large cage of doves, and the walls are hung with Mr. Chenéche's newest oils, which evoke the look of stained glass.

"This is not Montparnasse," said the painter, praising Mr. Bard for not having a bar on the premises. If there were a bar, he said, it would not be hard to imagine one school or clique at one end and a rival group at the other. "Here we have families, children, dogs," he said. "The lives here are creative, but they are private lives."

Keith Childs, the widow of the painter Bernard Childs, said credit for preserving the mix should go to Mr. Bard. And then, in what may have been an indiscretion, she cited, as an example what had happened to the Sid and Nancy room. It was room 100, she said, in which the musician's young girlfriend was killed, and later, after he had died of a heroin overdose, "little girls in black would put wreaths or light candles there. Ms. Childs said Mr. Bard realized this was not the same as having the plaque for Dylan Thomas. He ordered the room destroyed, and today parts of it have been incorporated into four other apartments.

Even Umberto and Schizo didn't know these details. Schizo is the red-head we first saw getting off the elevator; a singer and songwriter. Umberto is her manager and a pho-



Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times

Umberto and Schizo in their room, once occupied by Arthur Miller. Schizo says the resident spirits have helped her songwriting.

topographer. Their apartment, once occupied by Arthur Miller, is now done entirely in green and faux leopard skin. Six years ago, they came from Rome to the Chelsea.

"I think all the ghosts have been helpful," Schizo said. "I never wrote any music before, but since I am here I wrote 40 songs."

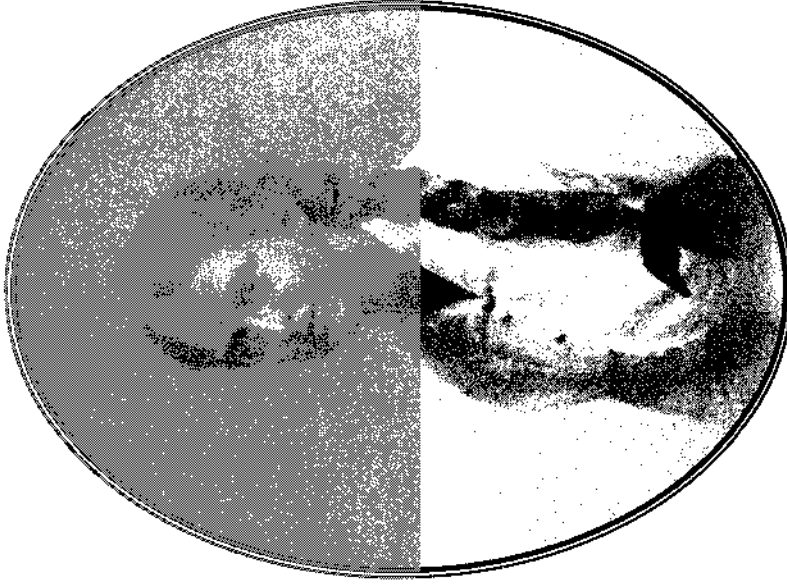
Then there is Mildred Baker, bright-eyed woman in her 90th year who has known the Chelsea since the days she served as assistant director of the W.P.A. artist project, lining up jobs for impoverished painters during the Depression. She is comfortable at the Chelsea, happy to attend her neighbors' shows and concerts.

"Sometimes I like to just sit in the lobby and watch the young people," she said. "Where do you think they get all their money?"

And so we, too, wondered when on occasion we would watch some

leather-shedding vanguard of haute bohemia check in, to the slow matronome of the fatdog's tail. But by the time the weekend ended and asked for our bill, we were feeling, if not quite at home, then at least comfortable as on a visit to the home of a quirky aunt who had lived hard and seen much. We had not missed room service or restaurants or any of those things that, for want of a better word, are described as amenities. We found any number of pleasant places no out within walking distance of the hotel, at 222 West 23d Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and we had not minded using our own shampoo. Our rooms were quiet, and when we slept we slept well. When we were awake, our surroundings provoked the imagination, although we never actually saw any ghosts or muses. Like the management, they were discreet.

In Loving Memory
of



Say not "goodnight" but
in some fairer clime,
bid me "good morning"

Alice Dorothy Woodward

1st November 1899 - 14th May 2004

MIO

Shannon

Kaye Shannon

A Service for

Alice

held at

St Aidan's Church, Remuera

on Wednesday, 19th May 2004 at 2pm

MINISTER: *The Venerable Win Blyth, Archdeacon of Auckland*

ORGANIST: *Bryce Mason*

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Praise, my soul, The King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us
Well our feeble frame He knows
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father which art in heaven
Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive them that trespass against us;
Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.

Amen

READING: *Revelations 21:1-7*

Alice Woodward's Life – at 104 years this can't be brief!

(as Read by Alice's son Dennis Woodward)

Mother was born, last of 7 children to John and Catherine Bethell, towards the end of 1899. The fig tree, in front of the big home at Te Henga, still flourishing, was planted soon after, to commemorate this birth. Within a year, her mother had died from tuberculosis. Soon after, Clara Wickham took her mothers place, as a loving, caring stepmother, for many years. Her father, (and I will call him Pa Bethell from now on), was concerned that TB might strike again, and kept mother out of school, saying that she was too **fragile!!** **104** years later, how wrong he was! Babies and old age were the only things to ever hospitalise her. So without too much school time, she was everywhere with Pa – on the farm, fishing trips, journeys to Waitakere, visiting Te Kawerau, the Maoris at Waiti – a healthy, free childhood. Her childhood memories were mostly of Te Henga, but there was also the big house at Avondale, where the family lived for a good part of the year, and from whence she attended Auckland Girls Grammar School. However she always maintained that her best education however, was from the regular visitors to Te Henga, amongst whom were top educators of their time.

World War One, during mother's teenage years had sad consequences for her, as so many young men who had come regularly to Te Henga, were lost. One in particular Arthur Butler whom she surely would have married, left us a wonderful legacy of photographs of the West Coast and many of my mother as a young beautiful girl.

Among Pa Bethell's friends were the Woodward and Horsley families and it was at one of their picnics that Mother met a recently returned soldier, William Woodward, who was very soon to depart to take up a position as Crown Prosecutor in the New Zealand mandated islands of Western Samoa – at that time it would have appeared as a far flung colonial outpost, in the middle of nowhere, a week or twos ship voyage from home. When I spoke at Mother's 90th birthday, I described her as a person who **never ever** turned down any of life's opportunities. So when my father proposed to her, two days before leaving for this strange and unknown Apia, she said YES! – no messing about in those days! He left, and Mother had a hectic few months of lessons in dancing, piano and preparation of a tropical trousseau, for what was going to be a significant position in Apia society. She sailed off with only her mother-in-law, as companion and chaperone, and was married at the age of 20 without family or friends present, but with all the trimmings.

JULIET WOODWARD

(Granddaughter of Alice Woodward)

My grandfather's handwritten diary reads in his comments about Alice just after their wedding:

"We have been married two days, and what I loved in Alice by guess before, I now find less than the reality now." Playing and singing as I never thought she could, looking so straight and proud, and so well and strong. I new she was the dearest and now I know she is the finest girl."

Reading continued by Dennis Woodward

During the next 10 years mother had 4 children, which actually was a record for a European woman living in Samoa at the time. Dad subsequently became Chief Judge of Western Samoa, so mother lead an interesting and enjoyable life, as wife of a high profile civil servant, with balls and tennis parties at Government House, Vailima, which had been R.L. Stevenson's home, and formal excursions to Savaii and other parts of the islands.

Just 3 months after they were married, Edward the then Prince of Wales, visited them in Apia. My father describes him in his diary as a "rather shy boy, with fine blue eyes, a clear English skin, and a rather natural, impetuous speech." Young 20 year old Alice, so recently of Te Henga, coped well with all that Royal occasion, and later treasured the chair that the young Prince sat on, we still have.

Towards the end of this time the Samoan revolt against colonial government, know as "the Mau", became a serious threat to European's safety, to the extent that very pregnant Mother and her babies were advised to be taken away by their friendly servants, and to be kept in hiding and in safety.

After 10 years in Samoa, the family resettled in New Zealand, first Wellington, then New Plymouth, where Dad was Stipendary Magistrate. At that time, Dad's wisdom, that no one ever questioned, was that Mother would be too young when her 4 children would be grown up and left home. Mother agreed, and so it was my good luck to be the fifth, trailing the field nevertheless, by a good margin.

We all have the happiest memories of 25 years in Maranui – the old house in New Plymouth. A grand old property – large gardens, orchards, lawns, bush and a paddock or two for a cow. For mother it was a demanding reality, running a big home for her large family which she did efficiently and happily – none of the smiling Chinese servants of Samoan days, but she did have a regular charlady, and an old live-in cowman/gardener. There were family weddings on the big lawn, and later great gatherings of three generations. The more the house overflowed, the more Mother enjoyed it. These times when Mother was with her happy ever growing, wider family, were her happiest years.

In 1950 Mother and Dad went to England travelling on a "Blue Star" ship - it carried meat and butter for Britain, together with 15 or 20 passengers – I have a lump of 2 inch thick armoured glass from the porthole in Mother and Dad's cabin that smashed during a dreadful storm in the Atlantic. Maybe that was why Mother was always a little anxious, sailing with me on my boat, when it heeled over a little!!! Not that it prevented her from coming for a sail with us on her 90th birthday – she was after all the lady who takes life's opportunities.

They travelled through England and the still war-ravaged Europe, up the Rhine, through Paris, over the passes to Austria and Switzerland – all in a little Ford Anglia – often shocked by the still unrepaired war damage. They lived for a while on the shores of Lake Geneva, with John who was working there with the UN refugee organization. Mother learned enough French to shop for food at the markets, and to swap recipes with the local housewives. Later back in London, Mother had to cope with Dad's need for a serious prolonged operation – she had to cope with London on her own, getting to the hospital each day, and assisting with his recovery, far from home and family support. They had much to remember when they finally got back to New Zealand.

It was a big wrench and a huge job to leave Maranui in the late 1960's, and shift to Auckland for good. The biggest removal truck I have ever seen was chock-a-block, and we still had not fitted in two large fully-grown camellia trees, and a 14 pointer stag's head – these were tied to the outside of the truck for the trip up to Auckland, and are still flourishing.

Lochiel Road was their next home – it was a warm and always welcoming home – the flower filled vases, the winter fires, and the bikkie tins always full, and the brilliant colourful garden that they created. Mother's enthusiasm and skills in her lovely garden have been passed on to her children and grandchildren, and her slips and cuttings live on all over Masterton and elsewhere. There was always a bed and a meal for the growing number of grandchildren and friends. And quite a few stayed for longer times – Marc, Anne, Susan and many more – strengthening their bonds with, and love, for their caring grandmother. Jill and I and our girls also were specially fortunate, spending much time with Nanan, and giving her even more joy and reason for living.

Out of town friends and family also often called in for whatever, so it became very much the hub of the wider family. This would not have been without Mother's generosity, kindness, warmth and patience. And with a big family and an ageing husband, she did have much to be patient about! But never was there anger, criticism or anything judgemental from her. Always a generosity of spirit, and never a bad word to say about anyone.

Dad died in 1970, just after their golden wedding anniversary. Mother had to struggle with things quite new to her – driving around Auckland, writing her own cheques, managing all her affairs – she coped admirably. Aged 70, she took yet another of life's opportunities – to visit John and Adair in Ethiopia. Off she went, all on her own, a recent widow – Australia, Bombay, Nairobi, a safari, and a stay at "Treetops" and on to Addis Ababa. She was there for six months revelling in the experiences of such a different way of life. Of course I tried to get travel and medical insurance for her – Addis Ababa is well off the beaten track, and at 8000 feet above sea level, health difficulties at her age were quite possible and she was considered "high risk"! The only insurance available at her **advanced** age would have covered the cost of bringing her home, had she met her end. We didn't even consider it!! Of course.

ANNE BROWN

(Granddaughter of Alice Woodward)

Nanna's time with us in Ethiopia was one of the happiest memories of my life. She absolutely loved the excitement of living there and spent most of her time with her great mate, my mum, Adair.

They'd go off shopping in the funny little markets while leaving their car in the care of two ten year old Ethiopian boys, Tsefale and Momutu. They would sit faithfully beside the car and ward off any trouble to earn a bit of money. One day, Nana and my mother arrived to find only one there. Nana asked: "what happened to Tsefale?" and Momutu said: "Oh, he's in jail today!"

Another exciting time was when I was invited to a party on the other side of town and being away on mission, Dad was unable to drive me. Mum drove through the pitch black night over pot holed roads & through darkened shantytowns while Nana rode shotgun in the passenger seat with Dad's pistol at the ready in case of danger.

Nana's biggest day was probably getting all dressed up to accompany Mum & Dad to the palace in order to meet Haile Selassie, the Emperor of Ethiopia.

Nana was always extremely game and adventurous but the only thing that really frightened her was the sound of the hyenas howling at night outside our high fence which was surrounded by open country. The hyenas used to come around because of the horses and howl just on the other side of the fence. However we had a night watchman, Aragi whom Nana adored & in order to reassure her, Aragi would sit outside her window and sing his Ethiopian chants which were hardly more uplifting than the hyena's! Life in Africa was an adventure for us all, and Nana, even at the age of 71, took all the challenges in her stride and loved Ethiopia and its people dearly.

(Reading continued by Dennis Woodward)

Mother's 26 years in her Lochiel Road home were happy, busy and focussed on her widening family. Eventually, late in life, she gradually gave up her responsibilities and accepted whatever help we could give her. However, the ladies from Caughey Preston, who routinely called on her once a year, to see if the time had come, were disappointed, year after year!! Finally, at 96 years old, she gracefully accepted that the Caughey Preston retirement home was the right place for her to be, and there she was superbly served and looked after for the next decade, leaving many staff members with memories of her graciousness and sweet uncomplaining nature as well as her flashes of Irish wit on occasion. She always showed gratitude, and was unfailingly polite, to all those "angel nurses" who helped her through those years. They saw her for the wonderful lady that she was.

During these later years, dear Win has helped us so much with Mother's care – she has regularly given us communion with Mother during the last 10 years and been a wonderful support to the whole family.

And even till recent days, her life was not entirely without opportunities – every year, for **many** years, Mother enjoyed Christmas Day with us – lovely occasions, but sometimes a bit of a battle with wheelchairs and things. Last year at Christmas, the wheelchair taxi did not arrive at Caughey Preston to pick her up, so Clare, Mathew and I popped her in the open red sports car and brought her home- aged 103 years – she loved it!!

Mother was above all a giver. You never left her home without some gift of food, flowers, sweets or a little treasure. It seems that even the youngest of us has cottoned on to Nanan's giving nature.

JULIET WOODWARD – message from Clare

Clare is unable to be with us today, however we received a Message from Clare in Canada yesterday. It reads:

Last week, I was having a cuddle with Sam and Ben, and explaining to them that their great-nana was very sick, and would probably die soon. Sam, who is just 5, asked wistfully " Do you think that Great-Nana has any sweets left ?" I replied that as she loved sweets so much, she had probably finished them all. To which Sam replied " Well.... if she hasn't finished them all, do you think we could have her sweets when she dies? "

This reminded me of how whenever you went to visit Nanan , when it was time to go, she would always give you a few sweets out of her tin on the shelf in the

living room at Lochiel Rd. Or if you were a bigger person, some home-made bikkies or a sponge cake. She would never let you leave empty-handed!

The boys will miss their Great-Nana, racing down the hallways at Caughy-Preston to see who can get to her room first. And then jumping on the lever at the end of her bed to make the bed go up and down. And of course, the way her eyes light up whenever she sees them.

Continued – Dennis Woodward)

There were inevitable sadnesses in her later life, the loss of so many contemporaries, as well as her husband, her beloved sister Elsie, her son John, two dear grandchildren and others whom she had close and loving relationships. She has seen so many pass on, while **she continued**, year after year to just go on, every day counting her blessings, with the courage and optimism that reflected her wonderful faith throughout her long life.

JULIET WOODWARD

(Granddaughter of Alice Woodward)

Excerpt from Bobbie's book published just this year – the final paragraph and the Cottage refers to Otawewe at Te Henga:

Inside the cottage is a gallery of photographs of those who are no longer with us. Alice's photograph is not among them yet. Each winter the jonquils that she planted as a girl in 1914 raise their heavy perfumed heads, and the ancient fig tree, bare of leaves, and like Alice 104 years old, prepares to send forth new growth, yet again. And Alice wakes and sleeps, "perchance to dream."

She lives now in a world peopled by long dead brothers and sisters. Sometimes she asks that a message be taken to father to tell him she is coming home soon.

END.