

Council

**Wednesday, 28 April 2010
Commencing at 5.30 pm**

REPORT OF THE MAYOR

**SUPPLEMENT TO THE AGENDA FOR A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL TO BE HELD IN THE
COUNCIL CHAMBER AT WAITAKERE CENTRAL, 6 HENDERSON VALLEY ROAD,
HENDERSON, WAITAKERE, ON WEDNESDAY, 28 APRIL 2010,
COMMENCING AT 5.30 PM**

6 REPORT OF THE MAYOR

RECOMMENDATION

It is recommended that the Council resolve to:

Receive the Report of the Mayor.

No gun show

Two shots were fired in a Hokitika house on 6 April 2010. When police got to the house, they found a man sobbing on the deck. Inside were the bodies of an elderly man and the disabled grandson he had been caring for, each killed by a single shotgun blast to the head.

The week after, the biggest arms fair in New Zealand was held at West Wave Recreation Centre, which is owned by this Council. Shotguns, semi-automatic weapons, military-style guns, hand guns, rifles, shooting accessories, knives and other edge weapons were on sale. War memorabilia and "militaria" were displayed throughout the centre. Children under 15 got in at a discounted rate while children under five got in free.

It didn't seem right.

New Zealand is becoming increasingly violent. Our community is concerned about shootings and other violent crime. Putting arms on display right next door to where our children are learning to swim flies in the face of those fears.

Let me be clear. This is not a knock on licensed gun owners. I am not equating them with criminals and I'm not saying that guns shouldn't be sold in established and responsible stores. But that wasn't what this arms fair was about. Most of the weapons on sale couldn't be used for sports or sports hunting. Machine guns are not the right weapon for bagging deer. No hunter uses a machine gun.

This fair is glamorizing guns. It sends the message that AK-47s, flick blades and other war weapons aren't just okay, they're part of a fun day out for the family. Watch *The Pacific* to get an idea of the very real horror these weapons wreak. They are not just a harmless fantasy.

On April 13, John Buckland of Hillcrest wrote a letter to the *New Zealand Herald* backing my stance. His father had fought in Gallipoli, and endured recurring bouts of malaria throughout his life as a result. The letter said he had not fought to have war weapons trivialized at an arms fair. They should be displayed respectfully, in a place that reminds us of their impact rather than desensitises us to it.

I can't speak for other cities. Maybe they want this arms fair. But Waitakere has a legacy as a Peace City, an eco city and an anti-nuclear city. It is the City that has stopped selling cheap alcohol in our supermarkets because of the harm it could cause. A fair selling weapons meant to kill and maim is out of line with our principles. It should not be held again in Waitakere.



In honour of our heroes

Waitakere has lost four of our heroes. Gerard Ngawiti, Malcolm Hahn, Cyril Nola and Murray Hooker died in the last two months. All played a vital part in building this city. Though they led very different lives, they were united in their commitment to their communities and their passion for helping others.

Gerard Ngawiti

Gerard Ngawiti died suddenly on 2 March. He left a gap that Waitakere will struggle to fill. He was a pillar of the Waitakere sporting community, a community leader, husband, father, librarian and a custodian of Maori history and whakapapa. His contributions to sport and the people of this city were immeasurable. They leave a legacy that will endure for years to come.

Gerard began working for Sport Waitakere a number of years ago as its Kaiwhakahaere, or Maori Advisor. His work there was honored when he became Kaumatua for the 2009 Unitec Sporting Excellence Koru Awards, opening and closing the event.

His involvement in sport ranged from playing, coaching and supporting to management and governance. Gerard played and coached at Massey Rugby Club, and was a North Harbour Rugby representative. His daughters were into netball so Gerard also managed their teams.

In recent years, Gerard's sporting passion has been devoted to touch rugby. He and his wife Carol served as co-chairs of Maori Touch NZ and were a driving force behind the development of the sport and the addition of annual touch tournaments to the sporting calendar. Gerard and Carol were the coordinators of New Zealand's inaugural Indigenous Touch Tournament in 2008 – a ground breaking and successful event, which has continued this year.

At the centre of all Gerard's work was a deep commitment to impacting and improving the lives of others. He was involved in educating and mentoring Maori in Waitakere. The belonging and discipline he gave through his sporting leadership changed the lives of many. So did his empathy and deep desire to pass on his wisdom, whether in sport or in life.

I knew him simply as someone who radiated warmth and kindness to all he met. He was not just a great sportsman, but a great man. His effect on this City was evident as he lay at Hoani Waititi Marae. Thousands turned up to pay respects to a man that had given his all to our people. As Deputy Mayor Penny Hulse wrote in the wake of his death, he exemplified "everything that is good". None of us can believe he is gone.

Thank you to Kaumatua and Pou Arahi Eru Thompson and his team for helping put this tribute together.

Malcolm Hahn

Few people meant more to this City than Malcolm Hahn. He was a great sportsman, a groundbreaking engineer, a staunch environmentalist and committed historian. But I will always know him as the saviour of the upper Waitemata Harbour. With his death at age 78, Whenuapai has lost its staunchest defender and Waitakere a passionate community watchdog.



Athletics was Malcolm's first love. He was a six time New Zealand javelin champion through the 1950s and 1960s, becoming the first New Zealander to throw a javelin more than 70m. That skill, combined with a great ability to communicate, made him a successful coach after his retirement from competition. He was among the first to coach disabled Kiwi athletes to the international paraplegic games.

Malcolm's athletic prowess made him a skilled surf lifesaver. He loved the beach and was known for carrying out daring rescues both on and off duty.

His career was as an electrical engineer and accomplished inventor. Malcolm designed one of the first rugby scrum machines as well as dozens of gym apparatus for his fellow athlete and friend Les Mills. Among his inventions was the first sprung floor to be used in New Zealand gyms.

The love of his life was wife Elaine. Together they raised five children in Grey Lynn. Both were heavily involved in their local school and community.

I got to know Malcolm after he moved to Whenuapai in 1983. There he became the local historian and one of the most dedicated and determined community activists I have ever seen. His greatest achievement was defending the upper reaches of the Waitemata Harbour. Disgusted by sewage being pumped into the Harbour's waters, he founded the group Guardians of the Upper Harbour. It single-handedly stopped the Air Force, Paremoro Prison and local farms from dumping waste into the sea. Malcolm continued to be involved in local issues at Whenuapai until his death, making his views known on new developments and other local issues.

A great and undying passion for his local area made Malcolm Hahn an icon of Whenuapai and Waitakere. He will be deeply missed.

Cyril Nola

A hundred years is a long time. Cyril Nola of Nola's Orchards on Parrs Cross Rd, Oratia went the distance. Cyril was from one of our great families of the West. He came to New Zealand from Pogora, Dalmatia in 1925, and settled in Oratia in the 1930s after a "horrible time" working on gum fields in Dargaville. Though he was happy in the West, he never lost his love for his home country, returning there many times.

He married Phyllis, also a Dalmatian, in 1934. They were together until her death 25 years ago.

Cyril was always active and healthy, running the streets as a recreational jogger for most of his life. A tireless energy allowed him to go phenomenal distances. On his birthday, he would run from his home in Glen Eden to Piha. When he was forced to give up the tradition at age 84, he started swimming his age in lengths at the Waterhole Swimming Centre at Parrs Park, Oratia. Cyril was also a great gymnast and could do the splits well into his 90s.

His energy was evident in his business Nola's Orchards. He worked there until he was in his 80s, becoming what his family described as the "world's oldest trolley boy". It is now one of the oldest and most iconic shops in the West.

Cyril Nola turned 100 in March. Just weeks later he died. I was among the many that turned out for his funeral. Here was a man that had a huge and lasting impact on his community. His family is a testament to his strength of character. I would like to join this council in honouring Cyril for a remarkable life and offering condolences to the Nola family.

Thank you to the Nola family for providing material for this tribute.



Murray Hooker

Murray Hooker, or Hook as he was known, hitchhiked from New Plymouth to Te Henga as a young man. It was the start of a 70 year love affair with the rugged West Coast beach. Hook devoted his life to being guardian of Te Henga. He made sure the Bethell buildings and name would be preserved there for all time. Like me, he was a man shaped by the coast.

M1-M5 I have attached a eulogy for 'Hook' by Denis Woodward at pages M1 to M5.

Dealing with death

In the early days of *Metro* magazine, I wrote an article on Waikumete Cemetery. I spent six months on the research. It is a place with an extraordinary history. Every one of its graves tells a story of a person and a time.

This massive cemetery is now the biggest in New Zealand and one of the largest in the Southern Hemisphere at 108 hectares. Since 1908, it has been the main cemetery for the Auckland region. Much of its history was spent in the care of Auckland City Council, where it was left neglected. By the time I became Mayor in 1992, it had been unloved for a very long time.

A lot has changed since this City took over its running. We don't burn it off as Auckland used to in the 1960s, where great clouds of smoke could be seen from the CBD as the dry summer grass was lit. Gone is the old Jewish prayerhouse, which Dave Harre reclaimed from its use as a tractor shed at the marae. It now sits restored in the Oratia Cemetery.

But some things never change. Heritage buildings, the Chapel of Faith in the Oaks and the Sexton's House, have remained on the land since the public cemetery known as "Waikomiti" was formed in 1886. These buildings, along with the crematoriums and the Gravedigger's House are icons of Waikumete, reminding us of its vital role in Auckland's history.

Cemeteries say a lot about who we are as a community and as a country. Waikumete reflects our society's changing ways of dealing with death. The truth is we are slipping further and further towards denial. I remember the interviews I conducted for my research in the 1980s. Even then, a crop of undertakers were working hard to develop new coffins adorned with sports logos and cremation urns in the shape of golf bags. Now even eco-day has stands selling environmentally friendly caskets. If you're wanting to spend eternity laying down, you clearly have to be comfortable.

The sad truth is New Zealand and the rest of the Western world hasn't come to terms with death. No civilised society has ever treated bodies as cavalierly as we do now.

Ancient history shows we have always treated death with symbolism and story telling. Only the barbarians carted the dead quickly to a pit or a fire. Today Maori demonstrate how to treat the rituals and reality of death with respect and dignity. Communities respond to loss with raw grieving and lament. They are able to pay their respects in a meaningful way. But in modern New Zealand European society, we have simply gotten rid of the difficult business of actually confronting a corpse. We prefer to forget. Our dead bodies are taken promptly to be out of sight and out of mind. We bury our feeling of loss along with a body.



The poet and undertaker, Thomas Lynch, once said a good funeral is one that gets the dead where they need to go and the living where they need to be. There are some funerals that I am deeply moved by. And I am not beyond smiling at the foibles of the deceased. But these days funerals tend to be sports mates talking about drinking rituals, old girlfriends, nights out - glory days gone past. I hardly go to any that seem truly concerned and connected with the very real loss of someone good and true. Grief and mourning is implied, left unspoken behind polite conversation. We avoid it like the corpse that lies unattended in the closed coffin, waiting to be carted out so mourners can dash off for a cheer up of curling sandwiches and tea.

In some funerals that casket cannot even be seen. Thomas G. Long says in an article for the *New York Times* that for the first time in history, the presence of the dead at their own funeral has become optional, even undesirable – lest the body break the illusion of cloudless celebration. They could even spoil the mood and reveal the truth about grief.

In Waitakere, we need to be a people that treat their dead with dignity and respect. Waikumete is a reminder of who they were, their historic significance. This City is built on their legacy. We cannot just ignore them.

That is why I am delighted that the President of the West Auckland Historical Society, Trevor Pollard, and the Friends of Waikumete have joined together to urge the Council to create a historic precinct in the southern entry of the cemetery. In this area will be the restored Chapel of Faith in the Oaks, hopefully a restored Sexton's Cottage and the Gravedigger's Cottage, a beautiful example of Edwardian architecture. I want to cheer on those that recognise the place and purpose of these buildings in our history. I would like to urge all Council members and staff to cheer on their efforts. Take a weekend walk through Waikumete or any other cemetery of Auckland and see how important their work is.

Recently Brian Rudman wrote in the *New Zealand Herald* about the sad decline of the Symonds Street cemetery. The grave of Captain Hobson, founder of Auckland city, is one of the few graves in good condition. Many others have been vandalised or left to crumble. In Avondale, the grave of our ninth Premier Daniel Pollen has been allowed to rot. It is a poor reflection on Auckland City. To quote one more philosopher, William Gladstone: *"Truly, show me the manner in which a nation cares for its dead and I will measure the exactness of the mercies of its people."* Waitakere must care for its dead. That means taking care of Waikumete.

Music on the streets

It began as a way to promote Westie artists. Five years on, the Titirangi Festival of Music is one of the best shows in Auckland, transforming the village into a hive of music, art, culture and shopping.

I was at every night of this year's festival and I thought it was the best yet. It was great to see the local talent on show at Thursday's Westie Girls showcase. That was followed by the buzzing atmosphere of the Village Night. I launched our Bags Not Art Bags around 5:30pm and had the rest of the evening to take in the sights and sounds. Sitting in the Hangar listening to Luke Hurley play to a grinning crowd in the carpark next door was a highlight.

I want to congratulate to David Parker and his team of organisers on what they have achieved in Titirangi. They took a risk setting this up and it has paid off with one of the most entertaining and eclectic festivals around. Seeing that dream realised has taken a huge amount of dedication, commitment and belief. They have invested in our local talent and trusted them to deliver a great show. Year after year, they have. Long may it continue.



Tsunami warning

Imagine a police road block on a suburban street. There is yellow tape across the pavement. Police are ordering the houses cleared and pedestrians away. They say there is a gunman on the loose. Yet people are walking through with their friends or children. There are no reprimands or arrests. No way of stopping them.

It sounds impossible. But that's what happened on 28 February, when a tsunami warning was issued for all New Zealand. The threat was broadcast on radio, TV and the internet. Anyone going to the beach would be risking their lives.

Thousands went anyway. So-called tsunami watchers stared out to sea for a glimpse of the big wave. There seemed no way of stopping them. No consequences. Many were warned by surf lifesavers before stepping onto beaches, harbours and seafronts. They ignored them and planted their umbrellas in the sand. Volunteers from Civil Defence advised boaties against setting out to sea from dawn onwards. They were dismissed rudely. With harsh words and finger salutes, people took their families out for a day on the water.

These same families must have viewed the Indonesian and Pacific tsunamis endlessly on TV footage. They saw the devastation. These waves were no more than two metres high, yet they carried the whole ocean behind them. For tsunamis are not simply large breaking waves - they are a massive surge of displaced water that nothing can withstand.

For three years, North Shore Mayor George Wood and I worked towards setting up a tsunami warning system. It was a proud day when the first demonstration was held at Karekare Beach. We knew we had achieved a modern replacement for the church bells, fire sirens and alarms that had warned communities of impending disaster. We never thought that our biggest problem would be the public.

The problem is complacency. Many just don't believe we have anything to fear. Even as earthquakes have claimed the lives of 220,000 Haitians and 5,000 Chileans in the last few months, we are either blind to or dismissive of the chance of tragedy at home. Natural disasters are seen as something that happens to others, not to us.

Yet the New Zealand coastline has seen many tsunamis in its short history of human settlement. Recent surveys show rocks, sand and silt deposits up to a kilometre inland. The Krakatoa eruption in 1883 sent waves up Queen St. Our capital city lies on a major fault line. Rotorua is one of the biggest volcanic hotspots in the southern hemisphere. Lake Taupo is one of just a handful of supervolcanoes capable of sending the world into another ice age. It is inevitable that disaster will one day strike New Zealand.

So when the tsunami warning was issued on February 28, we had good reason to be concerned and to devote our efforts to reducing the danger. I would like to say how proud I felt of our response team Darryl Griffin, Brandon Guttery and Karl Nuttall and the many managers who established an emergency management office at 3am. Through the long night and into the dawn they tracked the tsunami waves coming across the Pacific. The technical support that was beamed into our headquarters was exceptional. First-hand information left nothing to chance.

Having all that work ignored and disregarded is enormously dispiriting. On television I called for greater powers to at least stop such foolish behaviour. The public of New Zealand will not forgive a disaster if lives are needlessly lost. They will demand a full inquiry and the results will condemn any warning that was not enforced. Civil Defence staff and surf lifesavers need more power to move on those who ignore tsunami warnings. They should be able to impose fines or other penalties. Therefore I ask this Council to recommend a review to ask what steps should be taken to ensure a beach can be closed just like a road.



Last month, we had a lucky escape. There was no major damage. The people who crowded on the sand escaped unscathed. Next time we may not be so fortunate. Those heading to the shore to see a tsunami may finally get their wish. It will most likely be the last thing they ever see. If giving surf lifesavers and civil defence more powers is the only thing that's going to save them, it's worth it.

Commonwealth Games cop-out

Auckland's Mayors toured Eden Park recently. We all said such a magnificent facility needs to show itself off to the world again and again. I wondered why the Government pulled the plug on a bid for the 2018 Commonwealth Games.

For the last five years we have been breaking our backs to get world class infrastructure in place for the Rugby World Cup 2011. The whole of Auckland's rail line will be duplicated with state of the art rail stations at Newmarket and New Lynn. Public transport ticketing will be integrated. An entire motorway and bridge has been constructed in Mangere. The excitement is building. But once the party is over there is nothing else on the horizon.

This City doesn't need the legacy of Beijing in China. Right now, its architecturally astonishing Bird's Nest stadium serves only as the Happy Ice and Snow Season snow park. After that it will be converted into a shopping centre. That is fine for China, for its economy knows no bounds. New Zealand is a different story.

We should look at London. Its 2012 Olympic Game stadium is going to be one of the city's most important regeneration projects. London understands the business of legacy. It is using this one truly great event to give a new future to its most depressed suburbs and inject new life into local economies. Young people will see new opportunities to be medical specialists, coaches, managers, publicists, fitness trainers, elite technicians, psychologists, facilities operators and managers. Sport is an industry that stretches far beyond being an athlete.

Even a little Commonwealth Games legacy initiative, like the continued support for sports club development in Victoria, Australia, doesn't seem to be in the picture here. It's as if New Zealand has just caught a huge fish, knows it's going to land it in the boat, but is too afraid to put the line in the water to hook another one.

If you want to see the long term economic benefits of big scale sporting infrastructure, just look our waterfront. In the mid-1980s, the Labour Government passed special legislation to enable the construction of the American Express America's Cup basin. It was a highly significant project, built so that we could propose hosting the America's Cup. More than twenty years later, we have a greatly intensified harbour edge. The world's best match racing teams come to our shores to test their skills and machines against ours. For the last two months we have seen huge global publicity, television, and national pride as - yet again - the New Zealand team won against the world. That's twenty years of economic legacy from one government having a vision.

The other part of that legacy is a world-beating marine industry for competition yachts, superyachts, and marine technology that isn't just based in Auckland but across the North Island's main centres. There is a proven relationship between infrastructure, sporting events and long term economic gain.



That is the opportunity we have just collectively said no to. I respect that this country is strapped for cash and we have to make strictly financial decisions at the moment. But we are already running a severe risk that next year's massive party will leave us with a hangover, and not the common wealth we deserve.

The plastic invasion of Auckland

Last year I stood knee deep in Horahora Creek pulling rubbish out of the mangroves for Project Twin Streams. It was backbreaking work. I filled 20 bags an hour to load onto the Waitemata Harbour Clean-up Trust boat the Phil Warren. There were cardboard containers, discarded food, unwanted clothes and even shopping trolleys. But more than anything else, there were hundreds and hundreds of plastic bags.

At conferences around the world, I show the DVD of the Phil Warren team filling bags from Rangitoto, Waiheke and the Whau Stream and river. On 8 March, it led 1000 volunteers to Great Barrier Island. They returned with more than 29,000 litres of Auckland's rubbish. Ten workers will go through thousands of plastic bags, dissecting rubbish and analysing the content.

Each one of those bags is six grams of coal and gas. Billions have been deposited in our dumps and landfills. The rest go to our creeks, rivers and waterways. Yet most of them didn't need to be produced at all. When you look at people parking in suburban centres outside dairies or video outlets and returning with one or two items in a plastic bag, you will get my point.

There has been a plastic invasion of Auckland.

Waitakere is trying to do something about it. In 2006, I travelled to Australia to meet the guru of plastic bag bans - Mat Cross. He inspired both me and retailers in Titirangi and Green Bay about the possibility of using alternative bags. That year I proposed the Bags Not project to rid Waitakere of plastic bags.

At first it did not go to plan. This council did not accept a proposal to ban plastic bags by 2010. Maybe we feared retailer backlash. Maybe we simply did not have the courage or will to do it.

I thought it could have been a major branding tool for Waitakere on the international stage. Centres like Titirangi and Green Bay would have thrived. Major cities including Paris and Sydney have already done it. We could have too.

Instead we got a compromise. A Bags Not scheme that would work with retailers to eliminate plastic shopping bags. It has proved an excellent initiative. Businesses including Pak 'n' Save and The Warehouse have given their support by charging for plastic bags. Shoppers are adopting reusable bags.

On 26 March, we launched the latest phase of the campaign. Leading Auckland artists Dean Buchanan, Anna Crichton, Judy Millar and Reuben Paterson contributed their designs to a range of Bags Not Art Bags. The bags are now on sale at The Warehouse and other retailers. Our creative communities are now in the fight to stop plastic bags polluting our pristine West Coast. It's a fight we can't afford to lose. I encourage you all to go out and get yourself an art bag.



Celebrating the Corbans

I recently attended a reunion of one of the great founding families of the West – the Corbans. Their 100-year legacy of hard work, perseverance enterprise has helped shape our city.

Assid Abraham Corban boarded a boat away from Lebanon in 1891. He left behind Shweir - the village his family had lived in for centuries. His wife Najibie and first child Khaleel waved him goodbye.

He became a successful trader in Auckland, using the money he earned to buy a vineyard in the unforgiving earth of Henderson. At first his friends laughed, saying he should have stopped off at the mental hospital in Avondale.

But that vineyard became the founding business of this city. The Corban homestead became the cultural heart of Henderson. And Assid's descendents became the backbone of our community.

One meaning of Corban is “gift”. This family has been a gift to the West.

M6-M10

I have attached a speech written by Alex and Alwyn Corban on the family's history at pages M6 to M10.

Recognition for John Ross

John Ross has spent his life serving the war veterans of New Zealand. For nearly 20 years he has held key positions at the Swanson Returned Services Association (RSA), serving mainly in welfare. Every year he drives thousands of kilometres to visit sick servicemen, never asking for a refund on his petrol costs.

His efforts have earned a reputation as a tireless worker, with his desire to serve staying resilient even when his health does not. There is nothing that can stop him coming to the aid of a veteran, whether to comfort them in sickness or campaign for a better welfare deal. He is a living illustration of the RSA motto “People Helping People”.

This month John got the recognition he deserves. He was presented the RNZRSA National Award at his home RSA in Swanson before Deputy Mayor Penny Hulse and Auckland RSA President Gary Walker. There he received a tribute for his years working as an advocate for the veterans of Waitakere and New Zealand. Today I would like to add the tribute of this council. Thank you John on all you have done for our community and congratulations on your award. You've earned it.

Tribute to Peter Gill

Waitakere would like to honour veteran motoring writer Peter Gill of Opanuku Rd, Henderson. Peter has contributed immensely to his profession over a 40 year career. He is not only a leading light in journalism, but a true Westie. All his writing has been done in the West. This is the place he grew up in and the place he wants to die. I would like to thank him for praising Waitakere as a place with a unique vision and character and acknowledge his commitment to the West.



Well done Edwin Delaat

The future of sailing lives in Waitakere. Thirteen-year-old Glen Eden local Edwin Delaat is already beating people more than twice his age in sailing competitions around New Zealand.

Edwin is the youngest person ever to compete in the Coastal Classic Yacht Race from Auckland to the Bay of Islands. He has also competed in annual race around White Island. His list of nautical qualifications is impressive. In 2008 he gained his Boatmasters and in 2009, a certificate in Advanced Sea Survival. His ultimate dream is to sail around the world in the Volvo Ocean Race. That race is confirmed as stopping over in New Zealand in 2011.

I want to join this Council in congratulating Edwin on all he has achieved so far and wish him well in future.