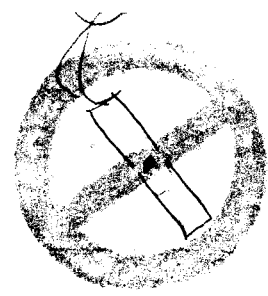




NORMAN WRIGGLESWORTH
 5540 NO. 1 RD
 RICHMOND BC CANADA
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February 20, 2006

Mayor Malcolm Brodie and Councillors
 No. 3 R.D.
 Richmond, B.C.

2345-01

Dear Mayor Brodie and Councillors:

I would like to have permission to speak at the February 27th meeting of the city council. I would like to speak for a total of ten minutes.

I would to speak about some smoking issues including smoking on ferries, smoking in bus shelters, smoking on verandahs of high rise apartments and smoking on playing grounds and near arenas.

I would like to ask the city council to set aside a small part of a park about thirty feet by thirty feet as a small non smoking playground for children. I would be willing to cover the cost of the construction of the equipment for the park. I would like to have a large non smoking sign on it. There would be a slide through the plastic tube of the cigarette which would be about two feet by twenty feet. The city could sell memorial benches to put around the perimeter of the park. I would like the the park to be named Shirley and

NORMAN WRIGGLESWORTH
5540 NO. 1 RD 6C4
RICHMOND BC CANADA
V7C 1T2 278 2252



in memory of my wife
Norman Parks This park may appear
in the Guinness Book of World Records
Thank you very much for your
consideration.

Yours sincerely,

N Wigglesworth

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WEEKEND PROFILE

The Norman Conquest

Norman Wrigglesworth celebrates 20 years of sending an anti-tobacco surface-to-air missile

by Chris Bryan
Staff Reporter

On a United Airlines flight to Miami about eight years ago, Norman Wrigglesworth was disturbed by a man smoking a cigarette.

He said as much, and the man stopped. But 20 minutes later, the man was smoking again.

"I threw my juice at him," recalls Richmond's foremost non-smoking crusader and watchdog against government wastage. "But I missed him, and I got two ladies."

In that case, the women forgave him. But to his chagrin, the airline refused to take action against the smoking man.

Norman wears his non-smoking crusade on his sleeve, and he also wears it in a home made badge on his yellow rain-slicker, in a nickel-sized button on his time-worn blue baseball cap and most of all, in the "world largest non-smoking sign" he has on the roof of his home at 5540 No. 1 Rd.

On Wednesday afternoon, about 50 residents and children from Thompson and Spurlin/Kwatts elementary schools came out for a cake-cutting ceremony to honour the sign's 20th anniversary.

But when it comes to smoking, he's particularly keen on speaking his mind.

On a cruise a few years ago, he admonished a woman for smoking in the non-smoking section. A couple days later two men, presumably her friends, threw Norman in the swimming pool.

He tells the story almost wistfully, his blue eyes seeming to twinkle above a boyish grin that always seems to smack of just a little mischief.

On Wednesday, a five-piece band played. Norman sang "Sons of the Sea," a Scottish song from his days in the Royal Navy during the Second World War. And they cut a cake that Norman commissioned from the foods class at Richmond High, led with a non-smoking sign and the words "cancer stick" on the cigarette.

Unfortunately, the event won't make the Guinness Book of World Records—something Norman's been aiming at for years. "I was hoping to get a huge crowd there to have the Biggest Cake-Cutting Ceremony but it fizzled out," he laments.

He's already tried to get his non-smoking sign (12-feet, one inch in diameter) in the book.

But ironically, Norman says, the biggest sign is 485 feet or so and "it's promoting cigarettes, you see." Born in South Kirby, Yorkshire more than 77 years ago, Norman has overcome odds that suggest conquering smoking might just be



Norman Wrigglesworth (left) listens as Rev. Paul Hacker played a tune at Wrigglesworth's party commemorating the 20th anniversary of his giant no-smoking sign.

possible.

Living hungry in the "Dirty Thirties," he says he found the best food scraps in the trash bin next to the post office. The postmen, he says, threw out the nicest bread. At the age of 10, he was fatherless, when his dad, a signman for London Northeastern Railway, was killed on the job. Norman ended up in an orphanage, a place he says was touted as the best in the England.

"I said 'My God if that's the best, God help the worst,'" Norman's job was to polish the floors. "The headmaster would wallop you on the backside with a big cane, good or bad," he says.

But it was there that he learned the value of conserving: to save hot water it was always two-to-a-tub and the kids were in bed at dusk to save electricity. "I guess (it was) the early teaching," he confirms. "Waste not want not, you see."

He was 17 when he joined the Navy. Tobacco was supplied cheap, and it was there that Norman developed the filthy habit.

He came to Canada in 1953, and Richmond became his home in 1956, the year he married his wife.

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Norman Wrigglesworth's sign as it appeared in The Richmond Review 20 years ago.

Shitler, but the beginning of his other defining passion came about 20 years later, in the office of his doctor. Norman was complaining of a "flu or something" and the doctor said something similar to what smokers have heard the world over: "Norman, you must quit smoking or you'll die. It's no good for you."

Norman quit immediately. "It was just like pointing a gun at me."

Today, the retired carpenter is a walking advertisement for good health. He's been on bike tours in Japan, New Zealand, Arizona, the Netherlands and Australia, and often can be seen cycling all over Richmond. He takes cruises in the Caribbean and the Baltic Sea.

He does both ballroom and square dancing. He belongs to a singing group. It's clear that the anti-smoking crusade—which started mere months after he kicked the habit—will continue indefinitely. Helicopter pilots based at Sea Island have told Norman they sometimes use his roof-top sign as a navigation device, knowing their landing pad is across the water. Perhaps someday that will be the sign's purpose and nothing more.