

# The Peace Sculpture Comes To Woodstock



*One of the interesting and exciting events coming our way in 2004 is the installation of a new sculpture in what will be renamed the "Peace Terrace", near the top of the High School ramp. This is the initiative of the class of '57, and we thought readers might enjoy tracing this project from its genesis to its imminent conclusion through the following diary.*

**LETTER FROM JERRY HOWARD '57, PROJECT CO-ORDINATOR, JUNE '02**

In celebration of the sesquicentennial of Woodstock School, the Class of 1957 (Goinkers) wish to make a special gift to the school. This gift is a sculpture in stainless steel. It was created by class member Jim Havens (a noted sculptor from Ohio) for an international competition. Cuneiform is the oldest known written form of language. It originated from the "fertile crescent" area of the Middle East and was used by the ancient Assyrians and Babylonians. The sculpture depicts the ancient cuneiform symbol for peace. This sculpture is most appropriate now as Woodstock celebrates 150 years of service to the international community.

**EMAIL FROM JERRY, NOVEMBER 5, '03**

With the help of a friend (Terry Atnip, a local contractor who also helped do the crating), the bale mover on my farm tractor and my skidloader, we loaded the sculpture crate onto my Semi-trailer (53 foot air ride logistic) and strapped it to the side wall for the trip to the Air India freight contractor (Alliance) at Chicago O'Hare Airport. The flight is Friday evening with a "lock-out"

time (after which no freight will be accepted for that flight) of 4 hours before departure. I didn't want to wait until Friday to make the delivery to O'Hare. Much prefer to get it done in

**REPORT FROM PETE WILDMAN, WOODSTOCK SCHOOL DEVELOPMENT OFFICE, 15<sup>TH</sup> NOVEMBER '03**

It's coming... no it isn't... yes it is... it's in Mumbai, it will be coming tomorrow... no, it will be the next day... From Friday 7th November I was on stand-by, bag packed and ready to go. Two Shatabdi tickets were booked and cancelled. Finally, on Wednesday we got the confirmation – the crate arrived from Mumbai today. Luckily a berth was available on the Mussoorie Express overnight.

plenty of time. Hopefully this project is on its final way. I hope that all goes well Monday with you and Star and customs clearance — I am definitely praying that way. "...rugged and steep though the pathway may be, Palms come from striving, you know."

**EMAIL FROM JERRY, NOVEMBER 6, '03**

It is 9:30 PM and I just got back home with the semi-truck from O'Hare Airport in Chicago. The "peace" sculpture is in the bonded warehouse, labeled and in the hands of the shipper. It is due to fly out tomorrow (Friday, November 7) and is to arrive in New Delhi 02:30 Sunday November 10. It is on it's way and literally out of my hands and control... Now, pray that all goes well through India customs. It is your turn Pete — I know you will do well on that end.

Dawn was breaking as we pulled in to Delhi. I'd been told that it wasn't worth arriving at the airport customs before midday, as the agents were doing all that could be done, so there was time for a leisurely stroll from Old Delhi station around Chandni Chowk, past the Red Fort, past the Kashmiri Gate and.. well, actually by then I was a bit footsore, so it seemed like a good idea to call an autorickshaw for the last mile or



l-r: David Jeffery, Jerry Howard '57, Marian Griffiths Demcisak '57, Bob Stoddard (Staff), Jim Havens '57, Esther Shull Riley '57, Dan Kopal '57.



Dawn over the Red Fort



And the city comes alive



The first State checkpoint, just out of Delhi



Moving ever so stately-like up the school driveway...



...and a final jockey into position

so to Connaught Place for breakfast and plenty of coffee while I waited for things to open.

I arrived in good time at the home of Manju Singh, the Delhi staff member who was going to accompany me to the airport. Time for tea and mithai while we stayed in touch with the agents by cell phone to check progress. Finally we set off for the airport and met up at the New Customs House, where the papers were working their way through the bureaucracy for import tax and handling charges assessment. Then to the imports warehouse for the next stage. I'm so glad that the agent was there to run around with the paperwork!

Stage 3 was the examination hall. I was really keen to get my first glimpse of the crating and the sculpture. I had in mind a great photo as the packaging was opened for inspection and the statue breathed the air of India.. but no cameras allowed. Eventually the crate appeared on the front of

a fork lift truck. Another wait and the men with the screwdrivers and crowbars appeared. Having been well primed by Jerry, I was able to persuade them to turn the crate the right way up and open it from the intended side. So there it was at last, with an honour guard of around six ladybugs who looked totally bemused at the change of environment. "Hey, Lily, when we crawled into this big box weren't we surrounded by, you know, fields and things?"

So we're all ready to load the truck in order to get an early start next day. Except the Customs House computer system has broken down and we can't get clearance until tomorrow. Next morning.. it's another waiting game. Again the tension mounts: if we can't get away before 4:00 p.m., we won't get through Delhi before the rush-hour ban on truck movements and we'll be waiting until 8:00 p.m. The timing was tight, but we did it. The 4:00 to 5:00 period saw us racing round the ring road, exercising great self-control when we were stuck in traffic.

So nothing more remained except a long drive up to Mussoorie, stopping at State boundaries for road taxes and clearance and at police checks to explain that it wasn't a weapon of mass destruction, more a symbol of peace instruction. The nearer we came to Mussoorie, the more the magic words "Woodstock School" gave us credibility and eased our passage. Even so, it was a long, weary journey. We left the airport at 4:00 p.m. and arrived at the school gate at 3:30 a.m.

Next morning was unloading, and that was far easier than we might have feared. A host of school employees, a couple of trolleys and the crate was safely ensconced in the shelter of the jeep park where it will remain, under cover and secure, until next May when it is moved to its permanent site, about 50 vertical feet from where it now sits.

So, thanks to the class of '57. We hope some of you at least can come and be there at the unveiling next June.

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REGISTRATION DEADLINE: APRIL 30, 2004