

THE FALLS Folkus

THE FALLS ESTATE LIFESTYLE VILLAGE MAGAZINE

WINTER 2021
EDITION 9

MOTHER'S DAY

Pink Ribbon champagne breakfast



BOOK REVIEW

and more

ANZAC

Commemoration



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THE FALLS ESTATE
A BEGROUP LIFESTYLE VILLAGE

MANAGER'S MESSAGE



Hello and welcome to the winter edition of the Folkus.

Over the past few months, we have continued to welcome many new residents to our village.

Along with new residents, we also welcomed new team members. It is fantastic to have people bring their fresh ideas, energy, and perspectives to the Village.

It is hard to believe that we are nearing the middle of the year, and residents are already starting to plan our annual Fashion Show – hope to see you here!

It is amazing to see the village centre come alive – always seeing something new and exciting happening and

residents getting involved.

I know that we now have folk waiting to move into our Village – hoping for a home to come up for sale. We will keep offering Open Days to keep you in touch with what is for sale – but every day is an Open Day. If you want a personal tour of everything this unique Village has to offer, give us a call – we would love to meet you to assist you to find your way into the best decision of your retired life!

Marie Annandale
Village Manager



Lighting a Candle is
Light, Love, Warmth,
Hope
and the World Needs
it All

COMMITTEE COMMENTS

Autumn seems to be leaving us with winter rapidly taking its place, getting colder, wetter, and darker earlier. A time to keep warm and dry. Looking ahead with New Residents Morning tea – get together, Mid-Winter Christmas Fest (dress up theme “Last of the Summer Wine”), Village Choir Entertains with afternoon tea and then our Mid-Winter

Olympics (start getting fit). A big thanks to all residents. It is your contribution and support which enables us to subsidise many events and activities. Thanks! Keep Dry, Keep Warm, Take Care and Keep Smiling.

Bob Somerville-Ryan
Chairperson



ALISON WAUGH

I was born in 1940 the sixth child in a family of eight. Mum called me and the brother and sister after me her three after thoughts as there was a gap of 5 years between me and the brother older than me. At the age of two my parents shifted from Wellington to a farm in Rotorangi and then at the age of five we moved again to another farm in Te Awamutu, then eventually to Huntly. My school years were at Rangiriri Primary school and Huntly college. The farm we were on was an island in the Waikato river. My ten years on this island had many interesting times especially when the river flooded, and we were isolated for a few weeks and had to get our food and mail delivered by boat. At the age of eighteen I started my nursing training at Waikato hospital, graduating in 1962. I met my husband Ian while training and we were married soon after I graduated. We had two daughters and my youngest Raewyn is a nurse. My oldest daughter



Noelene and her husband spent seven years as missionaries in Bangladesh. We did get to visit them just as the Gulf war ended and this was a very interesting trip seeing how another culture lives. In 1982 I took the job as Occupational Health Nurse at the NZ Refining Co, a position I then held for 18 years.

After retiring we shifted to Whangarei as our house was in the middle of where the canal for Marsden Cove was to be formed. Since retirement I have been very involved with the 60s Up movement of NZ, a movement helping to keep older people active, contributing members of their local community. For the last 3 years I have been National President and have been involved in travelling to many branches throughout New Zealand. After my husband's passing last year, I needed a new focus, and I am delighted to be part of the Falls community and look forward to taking part in the numerous activities on offer.

DENNIS AND THELMA PARR

It was in 1971 that we emigrated with our children from Yorkshire to New Zealand and built a house in Manurewa. Over the years our children grew up and left home and we decided to move to Papakura.

After our retirement in 1998 we went to live at Whangamata and enjoyed playing outdoor bowls for many years. In between times we managed to fit in some overseas European ship and river cruises enabling us to visit our son and family in Germany.

In 2013 we decided to move to Katikati, living very happily there until we moved to Whangarei, a few weeks ago, to be closer to our daughter and her family and her

grandchildren.

In all our nearly 50 years in New Zealand we have found people very friendly, including in the Falls Estate, and we are very happy here.



JULIE & PETER ARLIDGE

Julie- Born in Feilding and in the first ten years of her life lived in numerous cities and towns including Feilding, Foxton, Lower Hutt, Hastwell, back to Foxton and finally Palmerston North. Attended Palmerston North Girls High School and on leaving School worked in a Government Department until we were married in 1957. Had three children, two boys and one girl. Was involved in various voluntary organizations including, Schools, Driving for the Blind and various Churches.

Peter- Born in Palmerston North in 1934. Attended Terrace End Primary School, Intermediate Normal and Palmerston Boys' High. After four years of secondary School joined the family business in 1952 and worked in the Wholesale Fresh Fruit & Produce Industry for over forty years. Retired in 1996 and left Palmerston North in 1999. After thirteen years in Snells Beach moved to Whangarei. Over many years involved in the administration of Industry, Rugby, Racing, Golf



and, since leaving Palmerston North, two Probus Clubs. Enjoyed playing Golf and rock fishing until a back injury put a stop to both. Since living in Whangarei have grown plants and sold them at the Onerahi and Tikipunga markets. Now we both intend to enjoy The Falls

HARRY HEXTALL



Hi there! I am Harry Hextall, born in Australia but been here for over 40 years so I guess I could be classed as half Kiwi. Completed my Certificates as a Plumber, Drainer and Gasfitter in NSW and had my own business in my area. Worked later with the Metropolitan Water Board during the construction of the Warragamba Dam which fed Sydney and surrounding areas. During this time, I was in the Engineers Section of the CMF

military force (called the Territorials here) learning the basics of catering for the annual camps. Most of my training was done at nights and weekends in my own time. Had 13 years as a Volunteer Fireman in my town. Eventually I joined the Royal Australian Air Force as a cook and gained the rank of Corporal. We did lots of functions and officer nights as most of my time was served in the officers' mess. In 1974 I travelled around Australia and was working in Darwin when Cyclone Tracey struck. After 3 months there I decided to return to Sydney and bring my family to NZ for a holiday. After that I travelled through to the UK via the African continent. That was a great experience, but I headed back to NZ and have been here ever since. Spent some time in Wellington and Palmerston North before heading north and settling on a farmlet in Kaitia. Spent 30 years there and have been in Whangarei over 10 years. I think the Falls is my last move. I am a traveller and, when this Covid thing settles down, I will plan some more trips. I am into longline fishing, but the gear is getting heavier as the years go by, so I need a younger offsider with a bit of muscle, any takers?? Cheers Harry.

ARIE AND JOKE REEK

We are originally from Amsterdam in the Netherlands. We met in 1980, being on our own for a few years after our respective divorces. Arie has 2 daughters and I have a daughter and son. We married in 1982 and moved for work to San Francisco for 5 months and on to New Zealand, Taranaki. Arie worked at the Motonui Synfuel Plant as a chief inspection engineer and I volunteered at the Inglewood Primary School, teaching swimming. After 5 years we decided to stay in New Zealand, built an indoor swimming pool and I started my swimming school.

Work moved us again in 1993 this time to Kitimat, BC, Canada, a very isolated place to live, 200km south of Alaska's south point. The winter was rather cool and lots of snow, skiing was great. In 1995 we returned to Taranaki where I started a swimming school again and Arie went to work for STOS/Shell as technical superintendent for the different gas production stations. Arie retired in 2007 and since he always wanted to live up North, and as our son lived in Whangarei, we moved there.

Arie spent his time playing golf and, later bowls and I looked after the grandchildren and started work at Onerahi primary school as a teacher aide, mainly working with children with emotional and mental problems since that is what I used to do in Holland. In summer I was teaching all the classes to swim.

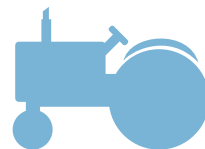


Arie's daughters live with their husbands and their 4 children in the Netherlands and my daughter now lives and works in PNG and my son and his 2 children live in Whangarei, which is great. Now we have just started a new chapter of our lives, moving into the Falls Estate.



When I am an old woman,
I shall wear purple
with a red hat which doesn't go.
I shall spend my pension on gin and shoes.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired.
I will eat up samples in shops and press doorbells.
I will go out in the rain in my slippers and pick flowers in
other peoples gardens.
I will learn to spit! (copied)

DOWN ON THE FARM



AN INTERVIEW WITH **Mary Williams**
- OUR RECEPTIONIST

Mary was born in Auckland, the youngest of three girls and the only blond, blue eyed, daughter. Her Mum often joked that the milkman was involved!

Mary lived in Papatoetoe until she married. They built their first home in Manukau where two daughters were born. They later sold up and moved to a 'posh subdivision', having the, 'worst house in the best street'.

A few years later Mary moved to Great Barrier Island with her son. They lived there for eleven years. After selling up, about five years ago, she bought five acres in Onerahi. 'A magic place of paddocks and bush in a built up area.' Down the long drive, away from the road, one is in the bush with views of Mount Tiger and a peek of the harbour. It is like being in your own private little world.

'The first thing I did was to purchase two calves for the paddocks. I cleared huge, mis-planted trees, (I own three chainsaws), and got twelve



rescue hens. Then came the bees. I started with two hives and was lucky to capture four swarms of bees in the same tree. I now have nine hives, and sixty kilos of honey. Currently I am renovating the huge deck, pulling up rotted boards and rebuilding it. The property is a lot of work for one person – but I love it!

By: Falls Roving Reporter (this reporter did get stung by bees)



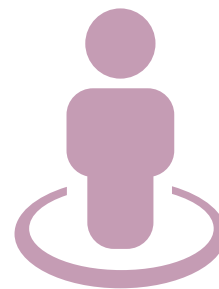
MOTHER'S DAY

On 9 May residents and families celebrated Mother's Day with a Pink Ribbon champagne breakfast hosted by our Residents Committee members and helpers. With the sale of pink ribbons, bookmarks, pens, etc. a total of \$375 was collected during this event, and donated to the Breast Cancer Foundation.



PEOPLE AND PLACES

EXPLORING OUR OWN BACKYARD



A DAY TRIP TO MATAKANA:

Our first stop was for morning tea at Morris & James Pottery factory. What a great place – the huge variety of pots, plates, wall art and such wonderful colours.

Anthony (Ants) Morris with his wife Sue James, started the factory in 1977. The surrounding farm land provided clay that had been used since the mid 1800's for brick making. The property they purchased was gorse and rubbish – including broken bricks, plus rats.

The clay goes through a cleaning process, is stored in slabs and wrapped until the right moisture and consistency. A tour of the factory took us through the processes involved.

Today, Ants, aged eighty-four, still resides in his original home on the property and wanders through the factory daily chatting to staff. (Sue James now lives in England). Ants continues making pottery items in his home.



Lunch was at the Rusty Pelican in Matakana township with time to wander the shops. Our next stop was at the 'Sculptureum'. This word is a combination of – sculpture and museum, made up by Anthony Grant, an Auckland based, 'hard working' as he refers to himself, lawyer. Grant purchased the land and created Sculptureum, 'because I think many people will find some things interesting and hopefully enriching. Many people will never see anything like them elsewhere.' This is so true.

This place is HUGE with gardens, interesting stone and concrete pathways, panels of sayings by renowned people world-wide, art and crafts of all sizes and shapes, numerous varieties of palms and trees, even a secure rabbit enclosure, (to prevent stoats getting at the large rabbits), plus aviaries. The indoor area has a display of art pieces, collected from around the world – as are the outside sculptures and art works. Grant has spent years from his youth travelling the world. Most art and sculpture pieces are by unknown artists, others are labeled with details. World renowned, is the collection of huge plastic colourful meerkats and snails – pink snails, that Grant specifically had manufactured.

The Sculptureum is surrounded by hills planted in grape vines which is a separate business. The variety of wines has increased over the years and are displayed with some art pieces. A licensed restaurant is on-site, and wines can be purchased. Grant has published a book, available on-site, of his reasons behind setting up the Sculptureum, his interests and views on 'art', and his world- wide travels. 'The Sculptureum Story'. A 'Helloworld' Tour.





DISCOVERING HAMILTON GARDENS:

Close to the city, Hamilton Gardens takes you on a journey. A journey to countries many of us only dream of visiting; small, enclosed garden design traditions – gardens representing fantasy, arts, aspects of relationship between people and plants.

Small, enclosed gardens include - Chinese Scholars' Garden, Japanese Garden of contemplation, Indian Char Bagh Garden,

Italian Renaissance Garden, English Flower Garden, Tudor Garden, Kate Shepherd Garden, Surrealist Garden, Concept Garden, Te Parapara Garden – traditional Maori horticulture, Kitchen Garden, Herb Garden, sustainable Backyard Garden. Currently in progress is a Pacifika Garden, Medieval Garden, Ancient Egyptian Garden, Baroque Garden. The gardens are alongside the Waikato River. Entry is free, parking \$5.

By: Falls Roving Reporter.



MAUNGATAPERE PACKARD MUSEUM:

On 28 April nine adult kids from the Falls took a trip to the museum and what a fantastic four hours we had. Reminiscing about those times back in the 1950/60's when motor bikes, cars and girls came in that order. The stories and chattering was endless.

As for myself, I remember my father coming in and telling all that he bought a new car, the year was 1953, and we all went outside to take a look. There she was, BERTHA, a 1938 Packard straight 6. Going into the museum there she was – an exact car. Sorry to say she did not last long at eight miles to the gallon and weighing approximately 2.5 tons.

Many wonderful motor bikes to be seen but a little disappointed no Lambretta scooter – mods and rockers times. Must say, they pulled the girls!

Then time for a spell in The Office Café, back to the bikes, then home.

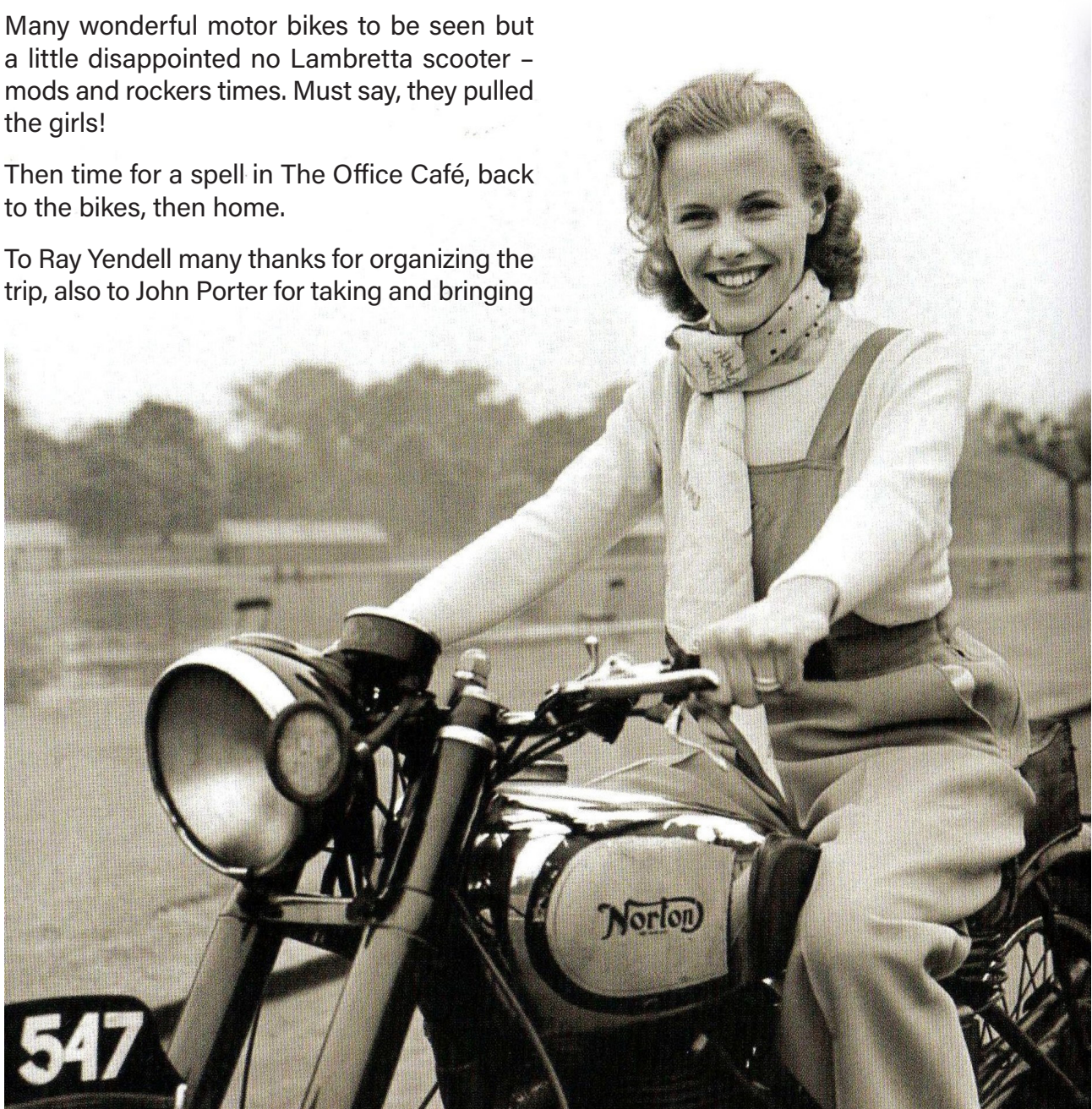
To Ray Yendell many thanks for organizing the trip, also to John Porter for taking and bringing

us all back safe and sound. (This could be a great ladies' day), from one of the over-enjoyed adult kids.

P.S. none of us kids took any photos – kids will be kids!

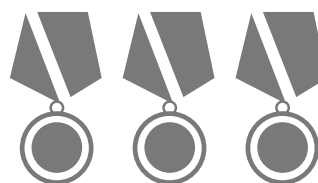
By: Fred Sackfield

I intended to be a writer but having been told it is easier to get a place in an Olympic team than to get published, I am now considering training for the next Olympics.



IN TIMES PAST

EARLY MEMORIES OF WWII



By Dave Firman

My home town of Hebburn, an industrial town in the North East county of Durham, England was one of the main targets for the German Luftwaffe bombing raids during the Second World War. The reason for the attacks was the fact that several large shipbuilding yards, producing naval ships, were based on the river a few miles East of Newcastle. These yards built several destroyers and cruisers, including HMS Kelly and HMS Jervis and also provided well equipped dry dock repair facilities for vessels damaged on the Northern Atlantic and North Sea convoys. Hebburn was also a coal producing town that mined huge amounts of coal for the generation of power to the shipyards and surrounding industries.

Dad (Bob) was exempted from being called up for war service because of his profession as a blacksmith. He worked at one of the local ship building yards. Trade skills were needed back home to build up a military force to fight the Germans. Mom kept the home fires burning by helping out at the local women's auxiliary, knitting woollies for the troops and making tea and sandwiches for the firemen and wardens. She also took in washing from the sailors in exchange for food from the ships to earn extra money.

Dad took me down to the shipyard to watch the launch of the war ships that he helped build. They made a huge splash when they hit the water. The destroyer, HMS Kelly was the most famous one built in Hebburn as Lord



HMS Kelly on sea trials, 1939 (Image: Tyne & Wear Archives)

Louis Mountbatten, Prince Phillip's uncle, was her Commander. She was eventually sunk off Crete in the Mediterranean by German bombers.

Gas masks were handed out in case of a poison gas attack from the Germans. Mine was in a little cardboard box that had to be carried around, even to school, and when any air raids were expected.



Young children wearing their gas masks at school. Pinterest

The local fire station over the road was hit by a German incendiary bomb that caused a big fire.

All the glass windows in Dad's greenhouse and nearby houses were broken, caused by the bomb shrapnel.

Dad bred huge black rabbits and Rhode Island Red hens for food and eggs.

Went to see a downed German plane that crashed on the local football fields after being shot down by the local anti-aircraft gun unit.

As often happened, residential properties suffered consequential damage from these air raids.

The Council provided each home with an Anderson air raid shelter that had to be erected by the property's residents. Unknown to my

father there was an underground well in our back garden and after ground shaking raids nearby, water would seep into the shelter. Dad built raised bunks and shelves in the shelter to help us and our foodstuffs keep dry. My parents prepared emergency packs for the family and when the air raid siren sounded, these, and our gasmasks, were grabbed before we all rushed into the shelter until the all clear. After a raid my parents would clear the surrounding ground of bits of bomb shrapnel and try to repair any broken panes of glass in the house or greenhouse with cardboard or plywood. As our home was only a mile from the river and shipyards we spent many hours in the Anderson shelter.

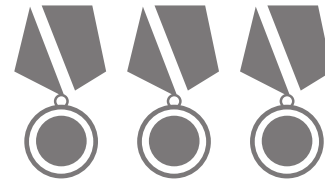
At the time the Government arranged accommodation in country homes in order to get the children out of the danger areas of the towns being attacked. Our neighbours sent their two daughters away but my folks elected to keep me with them at home. Despite all the raids our residential area was fortunate not to suffer too much serious damage and life continued with schooling and local family visits.



Young Dave Firman

THE WWII WARS

IN BRITAIN 1939-45



By Brian Atkins

I was not quite five when war broke out in September 1939, but almost from the first day Hull, my home town, was bombed incessantly by the Jerries.

The bombers used to fly up the Humber Estuary, having crossed the North Sea, to bomb the industrial cities of the North, especially Leeds and Sheffield, the steel towns, but Hull, being a port was also hit hard.

My first knowledge of the war was the air-raid shelter out the back yard. It had corrugated iron sides and roof and held two bunks, one for mum and dad and one for my brother Tony and myself. Each night we would go there; mum gave us a cup of cocoa, which, unbeknown to us, was laced with brandy, so we never, ever, heard the bombs falling during air-raids.

One day I heard mum talking to a neighbour about a bad raid two streets away, so a group of us four- to five-year-olds went over to see what had happened and to see if we could find any creatures or dead bodies – fortunately, we found none, but at one place we saw the top of an air-raid shelter poking out of the rubble, so we crawled over the bricks and debris and looked inside – black liquid – BLOOD! We ran like hell.

Not long after that, dad moved us all across the Humber to Grimsby, where we lived in rented rooms. Three weeks later our house in Hull got blasted – we found the front door upstairs in the back bedroom, and glass from the parlour window right through the upright piano. I realised much later that if we had still been there, we couldn't have survived. Whilst in Grimsby we could see Barrage Balloons flying over the Humber in an attempt to stop the German bombers,



Hull burns during bombing on May 8, 1941 (Hull Daily Mail)



Tony & Brian 1946

but they just flew over the top of them. I can remember seeing vapour trails of bombers as they flew inland.

Dad was transferred to an aerodrome in South Central England – Hampshire, to a place called Hampstead Norris where Wellington bombers practiced night flying. We lived in the nearby village of Ashampstead (where we stayed for almost all the rest of the war). Dad's job was to repair and maintain the aircraft engines.

One night there was a terrible accident – a Wellington bomber went down in flames in woods nearby and all crew were killed. It was summer time and school holidays so myself, brother Tony and friend Jimmy, got packed lunches and a bottle of water from mum and we walked to the crash site. The burnt-out wreck of the bomber was still there and we searched for bullets and any bits worth taking, but found none, so we pretended to fly the bomber to Berlin and bomb the capital and shot down one

hundred planes!! We strolled back home and found blokes tearing around the countryside looking for us – we couldn't understand the panic – until we got home and found the time was past eleven at night! Double British summer time, (this enabled working longer hours during daylight mostly for farmers and food growers.) Most of the time one wouldn't think there was a war on. However, occasionally we were reminded – vapour trails high in the sky as dog fights took place between Spitfires and Messerschmitts. One day we saw this silver thing floating slowly down – it was a Barrage Balloon with a leak. The local Home guard went to the local quarry for practice firing rounds; one day a military glider had accidentally dropped the tow rope and landed just outside the village. Occasionally in the evening we would see a glow in the Eastern sky – London burning after another big air raid. Each occasion created excitement.

At school we knitted long lengths of wool to be sent away – we never knew what for. We also frayed cloth for padding and stuffing. We gathered bags and bags of rose hips for supply to the forces. All this during school time, for the war effort.

One day we were walking through the beech woods when we came across hundreds of soldiers camping in camouflaged tents – they gave us big chunks of cheese and butter and large loaves to take home. We never realised that they were waiting for the signal to move to Southampton and Portsmouth to board ships as part of the great invasion of Normandy – D Day, 1944

Finally, we knew the war was over when dad was demobbed and returned home from India. We moved to Plymouth, Devon and there we saw the results of heavy bombing – not one building stood in the centre of the city, Nissan huts became shops

COMMEMORATING ANZAC DAY

IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA 2012

East New Britain, the second largest Island of the PNG group, is riddled with remnants from WW11. Remains of Japanese and British war planes, cannons, tanks, jeeps, plus the numerous tunnels dug by the locals under Japanese invaders. Tunnels inland with rail lines running to the ocean where submarines were hidden. These tunnels are huge and inside still have the barges on the rails that transported the submarines.

Anzac Day 2012: along with New Zealand VSA volunteers and expat Aussies, plus relatives of those who lost their lives, I was privileged to be involved in services commemorating the 70th anniversary of the sinking of the Japanese ship, Montevideo Maru, all those years ago. This was a special service held on the beach at Simpson Harbour, Rabaul, and for the first time ever, the Australian Government admitted to the bombing of this ship and offered an apology to the relatives of those Australian prisoners of war that were killed.

This is the speech given by ex-sergeant Jim Burrowes, 'M' Special Unit.

'I am pleased to meet you all, including my fellow Coastwatcher Matt Foley, to commemorate the disastrous loss of the Montevideo Maru, with all 1,053 POWs aboard, 70 years ago.



In doing so, I would ask that we also remember the other casualties of the Japanese invasion of Rabaul, including the 160 Tol massacre victims, the 450 escapees who endured untold miseries and sickness before rescue on the Lakatoi and Laurabada (and of whom barely 10% were fit enough to return to active service), the gallant members of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, the three Turner brothers and the 200 innocent Rabaul civilians, the capture of whom brings back unbelievable memories of the obscene slave trade.

May we also remember the wonderful contribution of the 'Fuzzy Wuzzy angels' – the New Guinea nationals – who continue this day to gently and responsibly contribute so much to the community.

I have been very comforted to hear from many of you your stories of our loved ones now gone, to learn that we are not alone in our grief and anger, which we have now shared and thus with some abatement.

It has been YOU, the relatives of those on board the Montevideo Maru who are the real victims of the disaster; your loved ones are the casualties. One prefers not to imagine the final terror and panic of those last ten minutes of the sinking, but at least there is some solace in that they were saved from three and a half years of abject slavery in the coal mines of Hainan.

Your losses were compounded by the complete abandonment of any responsibility by the Australian Government, which declared the Rabaul contingent as hostages to fight to the end, the infamous 'every man for himself' order, and not one pinnace nor PBY Catalina sent to New Britain to rescue any escapees awaiting at the shores.

My older brother was one of the POWs on the Montevideo Maru. My twin brother went down in his Beaufort bomber's first raid out of Goodenough Island to bomb Rabaul in

December 1943, and coincidentally I was also destined to serve as a signaller Coastwatcher in the Baining Mountains overlooking Rabaul.

I now ask that you stand for the Ode and a minute's silence during which we will hear the haunting Last Post'.



THEY SHALL GROW NOT OLD,
AS WE WHO ARE LEFT GROW OLD

AGE SHALL NOT WEARY THEM,
NOR THE YEARS CONDEMN

AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN,
AND IN THE MORNING

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

LEST WE FORGET!



By: Trudy McKnight (25.4.2012)

BOOK REVIEW

NANCY WAKE - NEW ZEALAND'S GREATEST WAR HEROINE.



Nancy Wake was born in Wellington, 30th August 1912. The 'tapuhi', midwife, told her mother, Ella Wake, that Nancy was born with a 'Caul' a thin veil of skin covering the top of her head – 'this means your baby will always be lucky. Wherever she goes, whatever she does, the gods will look after her.'

Most of Nancy's schooling was in Australia. At eighteen she was a nurse working in a country 'lunatic asylum'. In her early twenties she began a world tour working as a free-lance journalist. Nancy married a Frenchman Henri Fiocca in Marseille and when the Germans invaded, she joined the Resistance Movement. By 1943 Nancy was on the Gestapo's 'most wanted' list. Their nickname for her was 'white mouse' due to her elusiveness. Nancy eventually escaped to Britain and joined the British Special Operations Executive. She parachuted back into France, and became the leader of a seven thousand strong branch of the underground fighting force.

After the war Captain Nancy Wake was awarded the British George Medal, the French

Croix de Guerre, the Resistance Medal – an honour granted rarely and never to foreigners, the United States Medal of Freedom. Nancy also received New Zealand and Australian honours.

Nancy has written her auto biography titled, 'The White Mouse'. Two further biographies have been written about her war time resistance work. In both of these Nancy was interviewed by the authors. Both authors are Australian, one claiming Nancy was an Australian!

'Nancy Wake – SOE's Greatest Heroine' by Russell Braddon. This book has more detail of Nancy's input into the resistance movement, plus photographs. This is available in Whangarei public library.

'Nancy Wake – a biography of our greatest war heroine' – by Peter Fitzsimons. This is available in Fall's library.

DVD – Nancy Wake, Gestapo's Most Wanted. Available in Fall's DVD library.

By: Trudy McKnight



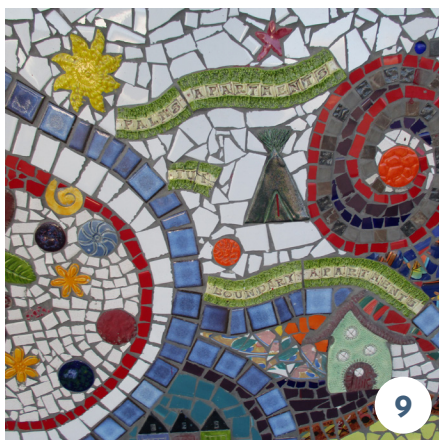
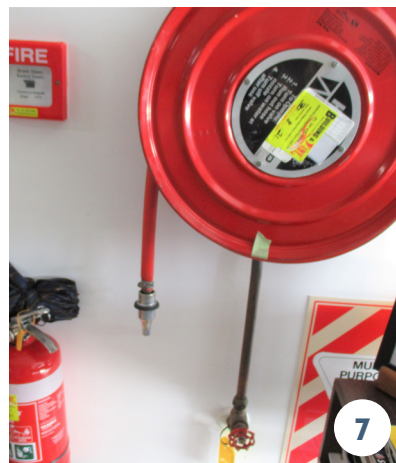
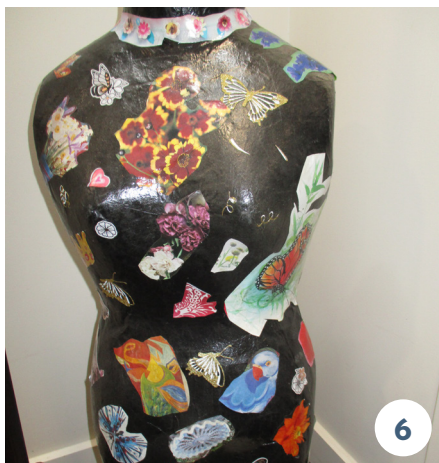
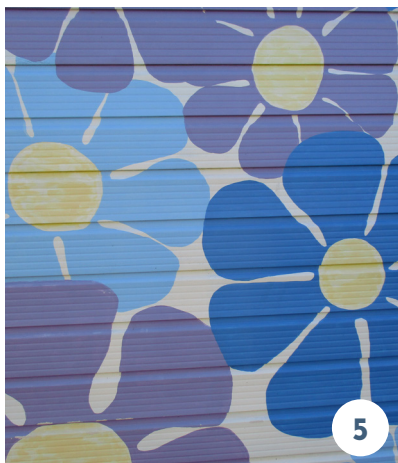


FALLS QUIZ

IN - OUT - AROUND - THE FALLS

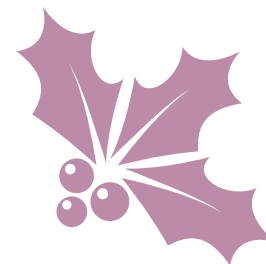
WHERE
WOULD
YOU FIND
THIS?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 22



MID WINTER CHRISTMAS

FUNCTION



Our Residents Committee and helpers did it again! A well organised Mid-Winter Christmas function was attended by many residents, with Back In Time providing entertainment for the event. They kept folk on the dance floor with

music from the 50's & 60's and 70's ranging from country to rock & roll. Amber Wallace Catering prepared a delicious buffet, fitting for the function.



Kevin & Lesley & Elaine



Brian



Lew & Eunice



Ray & Elaine



Jocelyn, Ailsa & Eila



Angie



Lynley



Back in Time



Denis, Helen & Lesley



Michael, Marie, Ailsa, Carol & Eila



Libby

FALLS QUIZ

IN - OUT - AROUND - THE FALLS



QUIZ ANSWERS!



In front of Unit 8



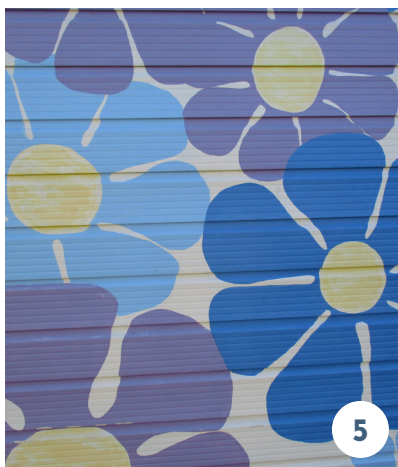
Key pad at front gate entrance



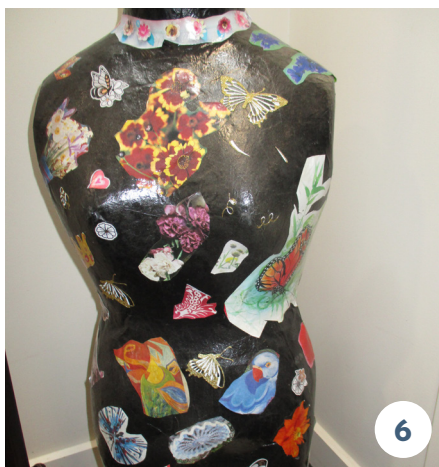
Bowls room, admin building



Coffee Machine, admin building



Outside wall of Forget-me-not
next door to village



At entrance to DVD library



Back entrance/foyer near
notice board



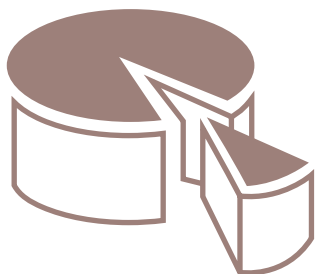
Community vege garden
at back of village



Inside 'Bee Hive' building



Outside residents' garages to the
right, inside main gate entrance



DESSERT FOR ONE

PUDDING IN A MUG

CHOCOLATE SPONGE PUD

Grease (butter) or oil spray a drinking mug

In a small bowl add:

2 heaped dessertspoons self-raising flour

1 heaped dessertspoon drinking chocolate

1 heaped dessertspoon sugar

½ teaspoon baking powder

1 dessertspoon cooking oil – combine and add milk until a slightly runny mixture. Pour mixture into a mug – just over half full. Microwave 1minute 30seconds. Cool before turning out onto plate. Loosen by running a knife around the pud in the mug first. Serve with yogurt, cream or ice cream.



LEMON OR ORANGE PUD

Grease (butter) or oil spray a drinking mug

In a small bowl add:

2 heaped dessertspoons self-raising flour

1 heaped dessertspoon sugar

½ teaspoon baking powder

1 dessertspoon cooking oil

- Finely grated rind of lemon or orange

Juice of lemon or orange – combine and add milk until a slightly runny mixture.

Place in bottom of mug- 1 heaped teaspoon brown sugar (optional)

Pour mixture into mug – just over half full. Microwave 1minute 30 seconds. Cool before turning out onto plate. Loosen by running a knife around the pud in the mug first. Serve with ice cream, cream or yogurt.

SNAPPED!



Any comments & feedback are welcome!
Send them to: marie.annandale@thebegroup.co.nz



Dougie Chowns - Scottish leader



Citrus Season



Resident Flower
Arrangement in
Reception



Doug Healey with one of his
many hand crafted automobiles



Dave Dobson & Oleen Yendell

Are you computer savvy? Would you like your Folkus sent to you by email?

Just let us know - email marie.annandale@thebegroup.co.nz and it will be our pleasure to save trees but ensure you get your copy of The Falls Folkus



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THE FALLS ESTATE
A BEGROUP LIFESTYLE VILLAGE