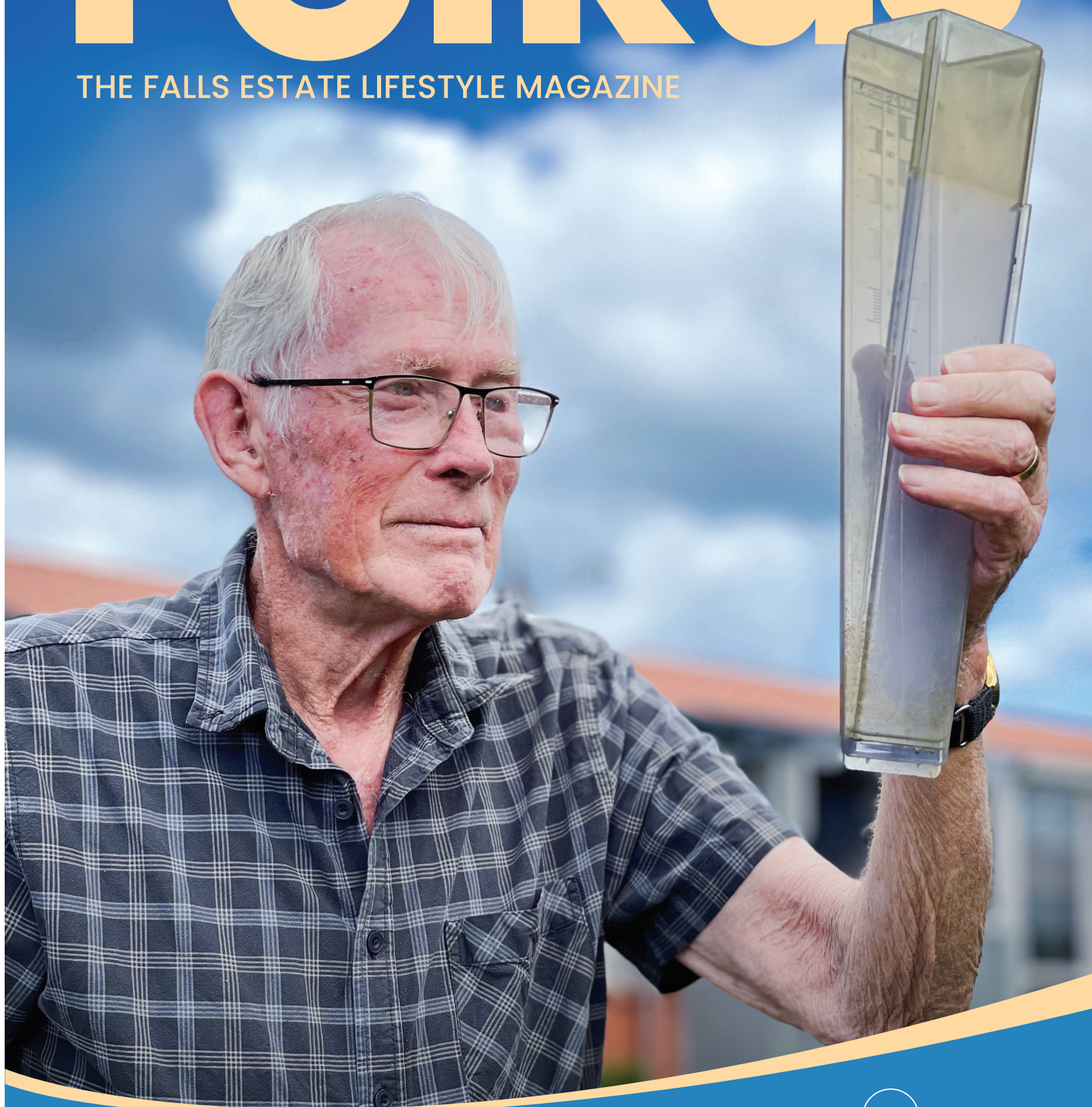


# THE FALLS Folkus

AUTUMN 2023 | EDITION 16

THE FALLS ESTATE LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE



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THE FALLS ESTATE  
A BEGROUP LIFESTYLE VILLAGE





## Message from Marie Annandale

Village Manager, Falls Estate

**W**e can only hope that Cyclone Gabrielle will stay in our rear window, as the devastation within some parts of the Country has been undesirable.

At the time of writing, the residents of the Falls have donated +\$1,500 towards New Zealanders in need. Even with this natural event, there is never a dull moment in the Village, always something happening.

High Tea is a special moment for me, as this is one of the many times where residents would share highlights of their lives. In this Folkus edition we welcome our new residents to the Village, and we can't wait for them to get involved in the many activities on offer in the Village.

We also share some great resident stories, ranging from Michael being an international badminton coach, David keeping tabs on the rainfall since 2003 and Terri fighting for animal rights through 'people power'.

Until next time, happy reading.



## Message from Alison Waugh

Residents Committee Chairperson

**S**ince the last Folkus Magazine, the Residents Committee was involved in many events and talks done by outside organisations. On Wednesday, 25 January 2023, residents came together for Burns Night, which was well organised and attended. A big thanks to the Residents Committee who helped with providing a meal. They did a great job!

We survived Cyclone Gabrielle with not much damage in our area. However, many areas in New Zealand suffered damage beyond belief and our thoughts are with all the people who have lost their homes, livelihoods and loved ones.

A fundraiser was organised, and money raised from our raffles on Friday, 24 February 2023 was all donated to this cause.

Keep well and safe.







**New Resident**

## Keen gardener & artist Lois Going



Art by Lois

**Lois Going arrive at The Falls Estate in November 2022, an easy decision having come from a large house and property when no other villages could offer a garden or roomy accommodation.**

**S**he grew up on a farm at Parua Bay and attended boarding school. Training as a primary teacher, Lois taught around Whangarei before marrying Matarau farmer, Wynne Going.

"We had a busy life," she says. "Wynne had a hay-baling contracting business and in the summer, you had to go for it. I boarded four workers, and the phone rang all day, but you had to give it your time to make it a good business."



Art by Lois



Wynne bought a guest house at Tutukaka with his brother and converted it into the Tutukaka Hotel. Then he and Lois bought land nearby, keeping a section for themselves which included a slipway and was developed into a business.

"Wynne was a keen fisherman. I'm a keen gardener and developed the garden. The soil was difficult, so I got into growing bromeliads and was in the Garden Discovery event several times, and part of the NZ Gardens Trust. I'd have a little art exhibition in the car shed during garden tours and displayed sculptures round the property."

"I was always interested in other countries; other ways, other peoples, and we toured all over Europe, Africa, Asia, and North & South America. Morocco and Italy were probably my favourite destinations."

Lois is also a passionate artist and began painting with a group which met at Natalie Findlay's property in the late 60s. "After Natalie died," she says, "five of us continued to paint together for years in an old cottage at Waikaraka. We named ourselves, 'The Party House Girls.' Later we moved to the empty potters' shed in the Town Basin, and when the potters returned, we moved to a smaller room in Reyburn House."

Lois paints with acrylics because they're easier to carry and they dry quickly. She has no intention to stop gardening, or painting, and is joining new art classes with Elena Nikolaeva.







**New Resident**

## Carol & Lew Price

**Two weeks after they moved into The Falls in late November, Lew and Carol Price took an eight-week trip in their 7.5 metre motorhome.**

**T**heir intention was to tour the entire North Island, and they did well until Gisborne became flooded, and they opted to go through Opotiki instead. On a second visit to Kaiawa, Cyclone Gabrielle had something to say, and they were trapped for several days. Last year they toured the South Island.

Originally from Auckland, Carol and Lew moved to Tutukaka to manage the holiday park for three years. Then Lew ran a fishing charter out of Tutukaka for eight years, but with charter regulations becoming more and more stringent, business became tough and he sold the boat.

"I used to run commercial boats, tugs and passenger craft," said Lew, "and one job took me for three years with a tug and barge to Napier when Hastings was building a sewage line out to sea. I'd move the barge around for them. That's when I met Carol, and forty years later, I still have her."

Lew is a fisho at heart and at the time of writing was due to travel via motorhome to Tokerau Beach where he and a friend fish with motorised set-line equipment. The Contiki tows a line with 25 hooks off the beach and then half an hour later winches it back in. His mate is getting schnapper on 18 out of 25 hooks at the moment.

The Prices enjoy their fish. "I smoke some," says Lew, "eat some raw, or coat and cook it in a frying pan."

"The people we've met at The Falls are all nice, and friendly," he says. "I'm on the Ngunguru Retirement Village board and still do maintenance over there, but acquaintances had chosen The Falls so we looked here and liked it. We have a lovely private little place and a nice garden."

Carol adds that they've just started growing some veges. She's the gardener, but if it had turned out that a garden wasn't possible, she would have been growing in pots. Pssst...Carol does line-dancing too!







New Resident

# John Kingdom

**Feeling the need to move on after a change in personal circumstances.**

**J**ohn Kingdom decided a Village presented the best option, and says he's delighted to find, "Very friendly people my own age with aspirations. I enjoy the Happy Hours, and it's nice to interact."

He'd looked into another Village, but the apartments didn't suit him, so since he was in town, he popped into The Falls to see his sister who'd lived here for four years. That eventuated into the securing of a nice-sized two bedroom unit into which he moved just before Christmas.

Originally from North London, John was working in Paddington as the foreman on sites operated by the largest carpentry contractor in London. When he needed more builders, he was invariably supplied with Eastern Europeans who could neither speak the language, nor knew what had to be done, but they worked for half the wage of Londoners. John could see the writing on the wall and asked his wife if she'd mind leaving her family to emigrate. They'd visited New Zealand a couple of times, and she was keen.

He bought a Hire-A-Hubby franchise in Auckland and three years later accepted a position as carpenter



for Howick Historic Village. "I got to restore really old buildings from the 1840s and 50s, including the Howick Defencibles (old army barracks) moved on to the Historic Village site. It was lovely too because people would donate antique tools for display."

He retired in 2008 and with his wife, bought an acre at Maungakaramaea, most of which they turned into parkland with large gardens and big lawns. Being a chippie of course, they renovated the house early on. He says, "I loved the bowling club at Maungakaramaea and was its president for a time."

John is a keen bowls player at The Falls too and represented us at the Mt Manaia open tournament recently (we came third), plus he got to take the raffled meat-pack home.

He is father to two sons and a daughter in their late 40s and early 50s and has a 20-year-old French Horn-playing granddaughter studying at the Eastman School of Music in New York. He's a keen reader, mostly Baldacci detective/lawyer type thrillers and loves The Falls' library.







# The Falls' bowls sponsorships & indoor bowls competition

**The Falls Estate sponsors Lawn Bowling open tournaments played against teams from other clubs, the most recent at Mt Manaia.**

**L**awn Bowling Clubs approach The Falls to invite our sponsorship and we generally donate around \$250-\$300 cash for an open tournament which is shared with the winning team. Whenever we sponsor a tournament, we also put a team forward to represent The Falls in the competition, usually four or five times a year.

One of our teams, led by Skip, Andrew Hawke, took third place in the open tournament at Mt Manaia. Noel Wech said, "That was really good for The Falls because we're not regular players. We go along to enjoy it and take pleasure in the hospitality. We get on quite well with the clubs. In the next tournament we may be able to give a few more team members a turn since we have six or eight players we can call on."



*Noel Wech and David Dobson taking part in the Falls indoor bowls competition.*

"When I first started seven years ago," said Noel, "The Falls was just beginning to put a team in. Sometimes we have the numbers, but often you might have only three players and because we're all a bit older one then gets sick or has a family situation. It's difficult, so we usually work with a back-up."





Falls sponsored tournament at One Tree Point

Bowls is a sport often associated with retired people, but with 560 Lawn Bowls Clubs in New Zealand many lawn-bowlers start much younger, some encouraged by older family members. That was the case for Andrew Hawke whose father was a good bowler, and his grandfather, grandmother, and mother, and some aunts and uncles. How could you not bowl?

Andrew took it to serious levels for 29 years from the age of 22, and then stopped for 18 years before taking it again up eighteen months ago after moving to The Falls. Since Christmas he's taken over organising The Falls team from Noel who says, "After seven years it's time I retired, despite having very much enjoyed the club comradeship and bowling. I was asked to be the lead player in the Threes and Fours championships, and we won a number of times."

Noel played at the Kamo Club for 30 years, having got started in the game while he was working at Kamo Bricklaying with Eric Hooper, a foundation member of the Club in the mid-1940s.

"Eric talked about it," says Noel. "I was over fifty at the time and thought to myself that if I joined now, I'd be pretty good at it by the time I retired, but it didn't quite work out like that. I never improved much because you have to put in time to get good at it, and I had a young family and couldn't get too involved."

Noel also says you need to keep up with Lawn Bowls. On the green the old larger black bowls go



out wide, but the new bowls don't go so wide so it's easier to become more accurate, but a more modern second-hand set of bowls costs in the vicinity of \$700.

"The new modern bowls are all different colours, so they look quite smart and it's much easier to tell where your bowls are when you're playing," says Noel. "If someone does a fast drive and knocks the header around and scatters the bowls, you have to know which ones are yours, and colours help a lot with that."

The attraction to bowls for Noel is the opportunity get out of your own environment and meet people. "The beer doesn't come into it as you get older," he says, "but it's good to meet new people and mix."





Noel is really a Lawn Bowls player, but he plays Indoor Bowls in The Falls' own private championships. He played Pairs in early February and Triples and won but the Fours were yet to come at the time of writing. The big obvious difference between Lawn and Indoor is the size of the green and the bowls themselves but it's more or less the same game with some adaptations, he says.

Andrew, who has lived at The Falls for two years, plays Lawn Bowls for the competition. The harder the competition, the better he likes it, and he's just not that keen on the indoor game. But then he was a serious competition Lawn Bowler for a long time.

"I used to love the competition," he says, "but now I play to enjoy the game. I used to skip (play last and pretty much run the team) and ran a few teams of my own. I played with Dad for the first year, and we're the only family I know in Northland with three generations to have each won Centre titles. My grandfather won one, Dad won two, and I won two in Northland before the Centre split into two and I won six of the Far North ones."

The Northern Centre went originally from Leigh to Cape Reinga but once it was split, the two Centres



became Far North from Moerewa to the Cape, and Northland, from Leigh to Hikurangi.

Andrew played Centre competitions as much as he could just for pleasure and says he did alright. "I played as far as Auckland quite a bit, and a couple of times in Taranaki and Tauranga. You meet a lot of people."

He now plays on Monday mornings only at Kamo Club.

Although there isn't sufficient room at The Falls Estate for a proper Lawn Bowling rink, there are four clubs around Whangarei at Kamo, Kensington, Whangarei, and Onerahi if you fancy really going for gold, and perhaps playing at more competitive



*Intense concentration during the One Tree Point tournament*





Club Member with  
Ray Bradley on the right

levels. Centre Bowling Championships take place near Christmas, but you have to be pretty good for that and be able to compete with younger very dedicated players.

Most Falls residents either go out for Lawn Bowls or enjoy playing the indoor game on the premises. It keeps your mind active and your body exercised and offers the opportunity for some fun and great company, says Noel.

**“It’s very easy after an active life to move into the Village and sit down to finally relax. The next thing you know, you’re not doing anything at all. Indoor bowling means you use your brain which keeps it working, and bowling keeps you agile and using your arms and legs.”**



“The main thing you need to be able to do physically,” he says, “is to step up and down to the green and be able to bend down to bowl. If you aren’t able to bend sufficiently to deliver a drive, it’s possible the bowl could drop onto the green and damage it.”

Both Noel and Andrew say the way to get close to your target is the same as in any sport – practice. “A lot is in the actual delivery,” says Noel. “The better you understand how far out to go, and how well you pick the green (depending on your bowl because a newer bowl might only require to go out half a green), the better you’ll do. In Lawn Bowls you need to go out a full green, and with the really old bowls you might have to go out a rink and a half. It really is a matter of picking your green and hopefully when you deliver, it goes on that line each time.”

As Andrew says, “Practice, have a little bit of fitness, and after that it’s up to you what you make of it”.

The Falls is always keen to welcome new players if you’d like to try it out. Betty Harding is the lady in charge and very knowledgeable.

Just put your name up on the notice board, and turn up, and she’ll steer you, and help if you’re new to the game.





# Michael Scutt

## Coaching International Badminton



**Completely retired from badminton, Mike Scutt has been living among us since August 2021, walking 25-30kms a week, and giving people a hand where he can.**

**W**ell, most of the time. He is also a regular trekker in Nepal (15 visits). His recent trip in October 2022 took him through Canberra on his way back, where he caught up with Dominic Siow, his New South Wales Badminton Team Captain of 32 years earlier.

Today Dominic is a Motivational Speaker and author, and after his old friend and coach left, he posted on LinkedIn. Here is an extract from that post.



Michael (on the left) with the Scutt's Mutts

*'Mike Scutt was my New South Wales State Open badminton coach back in the day when I was a badminton nut and the badminton hall was my second home. Badminton in my motherland, Malaysia, was like cricket is to Indians and soccer to Brazilians. So when Mike came to coach our team, whilst I was open-minded, I wondered if there was much I'd learn. He wasn't an exceptional player which made me doubt his credentials.*

*Without disrespect to the many wonderful coaches I've had in Malaysia, Mike's coaching helped take my maturity in the sport to another level.*

*Mike was an amazing people manager and an astute student of the game. He had a great deal of self-confidence and was dedicated to helping his charges find and fulfill more of their highest potential.*

*At our first team meeting he pulled us together and simply shared that he was working with players of great talent and wasn't sure if he had anything to contribute to our growth. We should continue to train and work hard and we'd do well. In short, "nothing was broken".*







*For the first couple of sessions he observed, asked a few questions and got us to play a few matches. He took lots of notes. Looking back, I see he was rapport building and “seeking first to understand”, important pre-requisites to being a great influencer. One day he started a session by asking us to warm up with some “shadow badminton”. After observing me going through my routine for five minutes, he asked, “Dom, what are you doing?” I said, “Shadow badminton, like you asked”. He said, “At that pace? And for that duration?”*

*Mike made an indelible impact on my game in that one year. I understood the sport so much better, became more effective and efficient in my training and most importantly, he taught me to think deeply about how and why I did what I did and to be hungry to seek out better ways. He turned me from a player to a student of the sport. That’s carried over to my life and made it all the better and even more enriching.’*

Born in 1940 in Calcutta during the time of the Raj, Mike was a ‘week boarder,’ coming home on weekends. “Dad had three badminton courts marked on our front lawn and my taste for badminton was probably planted then,” he said. “We moved to London in 1949.

“I was fortunate to be talented at soccer and other sports but started playing badminton in Grammar School in 1957 and began making notes.

Badminton was played but not organised, so I got a mixed group in my school to play and organised a competition with other mixed grammar schools in West London. In 1959 when I left school, I joined the RAFA Badminton Club in Ealing. In winter the local swimming pool was boarded over with planks to form three badminton courts. Margaret Beck was a member of my club, and later, in 1973 she won the All England championships (equivalent to winning Wimbledon Tennis).”

Mike worked for Honeywell Controls in London as an instrumentation engineer. He emigrated to NZ in 1971 joining their subsidiary, Paykel Honeywell as electrical engineer in Ellerslie.

“My work must have formulated my thinking as a coach because it kept my mind quite organised mathematically and engineering-wise, and you had to be organised to be able to coach.

“I brought my badminton racquet on the plane with us, and within a few days was playing at Gillies Ave. It was the first time I’d played in a badminton-specific building.

“I set up a night school class for people who weren’t good at badminton (or were handicapped), and had great success. One chap only had half an arm on one side, some were grossly overweight, while others could hardly run. We had great fun, and they were grateful to be included in a formal club.”







"By 1973 I was coaching club juniors and badminton had generally taken a more formal attitude. I became a founding member of the NZ Badminton Coaches Assoc (NZBCA)."

On a trip to England, Mike achieved a Basic Coaching Award, followed by a similar NZ Coaching Award. "Englishman, Harry Jarvis, a senior lecturer in sport and excellence who was specifically involved with badminton, ran various courses in NZ over a couple of months – and I attained the Senior Coach's Award. Harry was my first real mentor. I had a lot of enthusiasm, and the capacity to motivate which he'd told us were the prerequisites for coaching, more than 'skills'."

By the late 70s Mike was successfully coaching NZ ranked young players who became the top NZ junior squad – having nicknamed themselves, Scutt's Mutts. Mike's daughter, Lynne played Premier Grade at age 13, and had a harder time than most as he tried to show impartiality. In the early 80s aspiring to the position of NZ National Coach, Mike was advised only top players could make that position. He thought differently and put a notice up in his office, 'Numero Uno'. The goal was visible.

By 1980 Mike had separated, and left his engineering job, to become NZ's first full-time independent professional badminton coach. With his whole being thrust into the goal he coached numerous Ladies' day-clubs plus met coaching commitments at

night. "It meant I made just enough to live on, and it allowed me to coach."

He took schools on too, but sport was part of PE and most PE students weren't driven. In 1983 his NZ Under-17 team which included his daughter, won against Victoria, Australia in Auckland. By the mid-80s at the Junior National Levels, his Auckland Under-18s and Auckland Under-16s took team championships at national events – the 18s three times in a row and the 16s once at least.

In 1987 his Northern Region and Auckland teams again took national titles. On his birthday, 19 October, the day the stock-market crashed, he received a call from the president of the NZ Badminton Federation.







**In the early 80s aspiring to the position of NZ National Coach, Mike was advised only top players could make that position. He thought differently and put a notice up in his office, 'Numero Uno'. The goal was visible.**

"Congratulations, Mike. You are National Coach of the NZ Men's Thomas Cup Team."

Mike attempted to install in his players the belief they could be better. "If I couldn't make YOU believe that, then it wasn't worthwhile going further. In a team environment everyone has to get on with fellow players and the coach has to be fair. No favourites. When dealing with groups, sometimes a 'shepherding' aspect is necessary – everyone has a life and problems."

"Two of my boys, Glen Stewart and Kerrin Henderson, took bronzes at the Commonwealth Games, and gold at the French Championships in 1986," Mike said. It was a different type of high when a wheelchair-bound youngster in Canberra who could barely hold a racquet, went the full length of

the court with his shuttle balanced on his racquet, dribbling with the effort – to cheers all round - 1000 percent concentration. Those kinds of achievements make me proudest."

In 1992, Badminton became an Olympic sport, tracing its origins 2000 years earlier to Siam. The modern game is derived from Poona, a sport of British army officers in India in the 1860s. In 1992 bird (shuttlecock) speeds reached 160kph but modern speeds for some men see the bird leaving the racquet at up to 300kph.

Last year, two Scutt's Mutts players invited Mike to their combined 60th birthday party in Auckland. He says, "40 years on I met three generations of so many squads from the 80s, it made me quite emotional. That's the kinds of friendships we developed."







# Rain Falls into Dave Cooper's Trap

**Totally deaf in one ear, Dave Cooper has lived at The Falls for twenty-plus years, and for each of those years he has recorded daily rainfall, which varies from the official measuring station at Onerahi Airport by a few millimetres owing to landform. But more about that later.**

**R**ichard Townley in the UK began to measure rainfall in 1677 and early editions of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society published some of his data.

Rain gauges were in place around the country by 1820, though only a few dozen, but by 1860, the British Rainfall Organisation (BRO) began systematic collection of the by-then standardised data. The BRO was eventually assimilated into the Met Office around 1919.

Every morning for twenty years is fairly dedicated. It's just an interest, but Dave has a penchant for statistics. His interest in rainfall statistics began as a field officer making recommendations for a government department involved in land disbursements around the central North Island. The farmers complained that blocks being offered were too dry, and that they needed flat land on which to grow the lucerne that ruminants (cows/sheep) preferred to eat.



Dave needed to know if it was true that the offered land was too dry. As part of his work, he availed himself of MetService records, after which he was directed into other weather-record keeping offices. He learned that the land was indeed too dry with insufficient rainfall to sustainably farm. The experience of going through the rainfall records tickled the hidden statistician in him.

"I got interested," said Dave, "and just for fun started to keep the rainfall records for myself. In earlier years there was a monthly magazine and every month I'd supply the rainfall stats. A lot of people commented so I'm guessing they enjoyed reading it."

Dave says it's not difficult to gather and record rainfall. He uses the cheapest of the upright wedge-shaped rain gauges available from any Mitre 10 or Bunnings, and has it installed on a post outside his home.

"I looked at an electronic one, but it was too complicated, although probably more accurate. With mine I'm looking at plastic and could easily be 0.1 of a millimetre out."







"Read the instructions," he says, "and make sure interference from buildings, trees, and plants isn't possible. It has to be in an open space. I put each reading on my computer for the whole year and have a second monthly record as well. My brother in Hamilton does the same thing and we compare notes."

It's rare, because of its long narrow geography with two large bodies of water either side, that Northland doesn't get rain somewhere every day. Dave says, "Check out Auckland Rain Radar. It's perfectly accurate."

Official rainfall is recorded for Whangarei at Onerahi Airport. The Falls Estate tends to be marginally drier because it's higher by approximately 135m than the airport.

"When a weather system strikes a hill, it gets pushed up," he says, "and when a rain cloud gets higher and cooler, at a certain height the moisture condenses, and the cloud releases it as rain."



On the West Coast of the South Island, you have the Alps wet on one side and dry on the other and that's the same principle."

Dave's records tell him that November 2022 rainfall, when in previous years November was the driest month on average, recorded 428mm compared to the next highest November in 2017 of 118mm. The November average over 19 years to 2022 was 60mm. January 2023 rainfall was the highest in any one month since 2003 at 606mm. It's been wet out there!

"Sixty years ago," he says, "weather forecasting was fairly hit and miss with only two planes in the air over the Tasman at any time and perhaps a handful of radio-equipped ships which might make weather reports back to MetService. Today, the amount of information available to MetService is huge, and consequently far more accurate."

Dave isn't entirely about raindrops. He also likes to investigate murder mystery books and tackle a digital game of Crib from time to time, but he's definitely the right man with whom to get a conversation on the weather if you want one.

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# An Auckland Christmas

By Pat Smith



Ank, Sue & Pat at Fernz Hotel

**D**ecember 22nd – too late to do any last-minute Christmas Shopping. With Ank and Sue's families half a world away, and 2022 being my family's turn for Christmas with South Island in-laws, what better time to do "something different" - a holiday in Greater Auckland!

We were collected about midday on December 22nd, and driven to Fernz Motel in Birkenhead, Auckland, our home for the next week. Birkenhead turned out to be an ideal place for FOOD. Most nights we enjoyed dinner at one of the many local restaurants offering food from many different countries, I'm glad somebody else chose the ones we visited, and space only allows me to describe the highlights.

Later in the afternoon we met up with our two tour guides, Liz and Nikki, and the other travellers on the tour - all kiwis from as far away as Blenheim in the South Island. Some were new to Auckland, others, like me, were looking forward to revisiting places we had visited years ago when our children were young.

Once introduced we were off to an early dinner at a local 'Gastropub' - for the "not with it" like me, that's an upmarket pub serving excellent food - even the fish and chips were to die for! By 6p.m. we were heading off on our surprise evening tour. We thought the holiday was a Greater Auckland tour!! But no, we headed over the Bridge to Karangahape Road!



K Rd Nightclub

Strange looks at the group of oldies heading past all the suggestive, sexy posters into a nightclub - the early show of course! No doubt later shows would be what to expect along K Rd, but we saw a great show – a group, "The Madeleines", in beautiful gowns and with lovely clear voices, reminiscent of "When the Cat's Away". By 8.30pm, with Karangahape Rd livening up, we were off to our hotel! EARLY START tomorrow!

Most evenings, as we returned to our hotel reasonably early, we often drove around interesting areas on the North Shore where we could admire some lovely old villas and modern homes and catching glimpses of the Christmas lights, the Sky Tower and the bridge on the other side of the harbour as it became dark.

Over the next few days, we took various ferry trips. One was a cruise on the "Kewpie Too", remembered by many kiwis from her days up in the Far North, now cruising on the Kaipara Harbour.

A full day trip, with lunch on board and an interesting commentary on the harbour's history and the successful replanting of many native trees, in large areas, to bring the harbour back to the days before exporting its native woods overseas for boat building, especially the kauri so tall and straight, perfect for making masts for sailing ships.





Another day we had a very early start in case there was heavy holiday traffic. We were off to the Warkworth Sandspit to catch the Royal Mail Cruise to Kawau Island. Barbecue lunch was served on board as we approached Mansion House, one of the loveliest of New Zealand's sights with all the boats moored in the bay in front of the magnificent house built by Governor Grey for his retirement. We spent time on the island to visit the house, wander around the grounds amongst the peacocks or take one of the bush walks.

Our third ferry trip was to Waiheke Island. A short 20-minute trip from the bottom of Queen Street to Waiheke. First stop the Ostend Saturday Market. Not wanting to waste any browsing time, we collected takeaway coffee as we wandered around the many stalls displaying local crafts, wonderful jewellery, and the usual second handbook and clothes stalls.

Purchases made, we were off on an interesting tour of just a part of the Island before our next stop for tasting at the beautiful Allpress Olive Oil Rangihaua Estate, which also processes olives for a number of the Island's growers, so we sampled, and purchased, a number of oils. Then to the highlight of the day, lunch at Stonyridge Vineyard where we enjoyed wine tasting as we shared platters of delicious cold meats, cheeses, salmon and dips.

A trip to Muriwai beach was another enjoyable day. Some of us walked to see the gannet colony, then we all enjoyed home-made picnic in a cool shady corner away from the hordes of holidaymakers heading to the beach.



Mansion House



Gannet Colony



Takapuna Beach

On Christmas morning we were to stop for coffee and Christmas cake. We felt sorry for Nikki having to miss Christmas Day with her family but a short drive to our stop turned out to be one of the best mornings of the trip. At the natural amphitheatre at Takapuna beach Nikki's husband Tim, and Zoe their daughter, were there with our coffee and Christmas cake ready. Here we all enjoyed this lovely, traditional Takapuna Christmas morning performance on the Beach of a segment from Bruce Mason's play, "End of the Golden Weather" describing a child's perspective of Christmas.

A wonderful Christmas lunch was at Riverhead's old Tavern. It was a set menu but delicious – I can't recall the entrée, but the main course and dessert were very modern versions of lamb followed by trifle - all this with bubbles of course.

As if we needed more food, we were invited to Nikki and Tim's home for supper on Christmas night. Thankfully it was only light salad, but the lovely part for this group of oldies was enjoying family Christmas time with Zoe, still buzzing after her wonderful day and showing off her new swimming pool!







# People power is the most powerful thing on the planet

**During the 1970s as a member of SAFE (Save Animals from Experiments, and later, Save Animals from Exploitation) our very own Terri Walsh fought for the rights of animals which to that point hadn't had much of a voice.**

**A**nimal rights formed a major part of Terri's consciousness from the age of three when she first saw creatures with their fur or feathers still on, strung up in the local Herne Bay butcher shop in Kent, England.

"It dawned on me when I looked up at them, and announced, 'There's Uncle Jack's rabbit, Mum'. The connection between eating meat and dead animals was immediate and I stopped wanting to eat meat," Terri says. "I ate a bit of fish to keep my mother happy, but she snuck stock into our food unbeknownst to us, so I wasn't actually vegan until I had control over what I ate – but it's almost 60 years now.

"The thing is all life is one life. Animals have just as much right to a full happy life as humans do.



"Animals were being used in experiments, so I became involved as I got older with Abolish AntiVivisection in England to help save them from exploitation. With AntiViv I learned much more about how animals were being used."

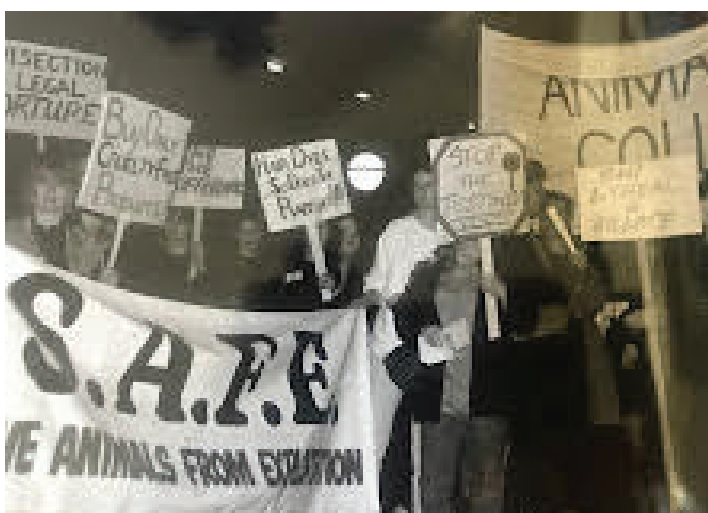
SAFE's history goes back to 1932 when a few volunteers incorporated themselves as a branch of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection. It had been discovered that animals were being experimented on for the purpose of advancing women's make-up, and the early organisation pushed for availability of products which didn't involve animal cruelty.

"When I came to NZ in the late 60s," says Terri, "barely any animal-cruelty-free products were available, whereas in England I'd had a range of choices. So, I got involved with SAFE here."

"SAFE was protesting in the 70s but didn't get much publicity," says Terri. "The first protest we did about circus animals was in Queen St. Circuses were coming to NZ with caged wild animals which spent most of their lives in the cages. That's when I stood up to protest, mostly outside the circuses. Some people were interested and agreed with us.







**“Once I got a call advising there was a hit-man after me because of our Circus protests, so I called the Police but the very nice man told me they couldn’t do anything until I’d been hit. That was quite funny.”**

“We might have 30-40 protestors on route to the circus, and sometimes it was just me and four or five others. Access to media in the 70s wasn’t easy. We only had landlines in those days and after SAFE meetings every couple of months, we’d call so many who’d also call so many, and we’d try to get radio or press coverage.

“Successes being achieved overseas got into the papers here which helped. People would join us on the walking protests if they agreed with us, but it was a different world then, not controlled by cell phones and internet. The best exposure was on TV because people were really hooked on it.

“We protested outside the university on their



open day with six of us carrying posters because they were using animals in the science departments for teaching anatomy and physiology. They even had a couple of cats. We’d get a lot of support because people just didn’t realise what was going on. The newspaper would turn up and that helped spread the information about what was being done to animals and it stopped pretty quickly. People power is the most powerful thing on the planet.”

In NZ Terri found that while the weather was not harsh, intensive farming had begun and was burgeoning - battery hens, pigs, and rabbits. “They were being caged, sometimes in pens in which they couldn’t even turn around. That’s when a lot of people stood up, particularly after SAFE produced on-farm images of what was really going on.

“People didn’t realise what was going on in the slaughterhouses either. I got permission to go into a slaughterhouse in the early 80s when we really stood up to stop live animal exports.



Many of the men in the slaughterhouse agreed everything should be done with the least possible stress and without cruelty to the animals, and they were pleased to learn we were there to gather info to stop animals being transported.

"Farm animals were being caged, sometimes two or three to a cage, and loaded onto transport ships. On the wharf I was fortunate to meet a man involved with checking animal transport ships and asked if I could have a look, all friendly. 'Of course, he said, 'yes, come and look. They're lovely. They enjoy this.'

**"Live animal exports were finally banned until John Key brought it all back again to make more money."**

Terri knew her own rights too. Having arrived in NZ as companion to her mother while she visited two brothers who had immigrated after the war, she became permanent by default when her mother refused to return to Old Blighty. Terri decided to get a mortgage, only to learn that women could

not own mortgages. She had worked for lawyers in Australia and the UK so knew Commonwealth women were standing up, and women in Britain could get mortgages.

"Because men owned the houses," she said, "they could throw women and children into the street if they chose, and I met a number of such women at a night-job sorting mail for the Post Office.

"I threatened the bank with stories in the newspapers, and the CEO came up from Wellington and changed it so women could borrow under their own name."

Still involved with SAFE, Terri says, "World-wide people are much more aware of animal rights, and children's rights. We managed to get people's awareness and that was the important thing. Activism is still relevant since they brought back live animal shipments. Dog racing is banned at last, but we still have rodeo. People have more awareness and empathy such as when whales beach, and they're much more sensitive to all life, and that extends to the planet."







## On Poetry in my Life

By Ank Mellema

*Imagine for a moment ...  
to return to the original source of inspiration  
where Beginning was/is a spring river  
and  
everything reflects that place where  
you belong ---  
Being - yourself - Being - Poetry ...  
Connecting with Self & Others.*



**I am an amateur.** (Italian for amatore, a lover) A lover of words. I am at that stage of my life, where I wrestle with the words to describe my aging process, my limitations thereof. Without it sounding like a litany of complaints & regrets.

I still need to belong. I still need to share, my memories, life experiences, and reflections on how I make meaning from the griefs, sorrows and losses. I, like all of us, have lived through times where life has moulded us into Being. How and when do I/we embrace our frailties and limitations of aging and mortality? How can I achieve a clear seeing, loving & accepting attitude of the flaws in human nature, and myself? And not harden my heart against the multitude of conflicting feelings and thought processes? It is easy to get lost.

Someone once said: "Should I get 'lost', just point me in the direction of a poem" & Yes! there are poems for any-one, some are just 'words', others can deepen our experience of ourself, connecting again to that deep well of knowing and belonging. By finding that sacred place & seeing my world with new eyes, a stillness, a healing, a recognition of beauty, wonder and joy occurs.

## When I am amongst trees

By Mary Oliver. (From selected Poems)

*When I am amongst trees,  
especially the pohutakawas,  
equally the beech, the oaks and the pines  
they give off such hints of gladness.*

*I would almost say that they save me,  
and daily---*

*I am so distanced from hope, of myself,  
in which I have goodness, and discernment,  
and never hurry through the world  
but walk slowly,  
and bow often.*

*Around me the trees stir in their leaves  
and call out, "--Stay awhile."*

*The light flows from the branches.  
They call again, "It's simple," they say'  
"and you too have come  
into this world to do this, to go easy,  
to be filled with light,  
and to shine".*

*(and I shimmer like a poem,  
whispering with the trees. Ank.)*



# POEM





# COMPANIONSHIP

By Brian Atkins

**The dictionary defines Companionship as a feeling of fellowship, or friendship; the state of spending time with someone: the idea of compassion, empathy, and the offer of companionship to combat loneliness.**

**F**or nine long years after the passing of my wife, I missed the joy of sharing life with someone. It was lonely despite the outward appearance of seemingly enjoying life. Friends certainly helped life to plod on, but there was always something missing – companionship.

One day, just over a year ago, a lady seeking help visited me. She had caught a bus to Kamo, but then become isolated due to her poor sight. Fortunately, a friend, Libby, helped her return to the Village. Pat wanted to reward Libby in some way, so she asked if it was possible to give the 'Angel of the Week Award'. 'Of course, it is possible,' I replied and announced it at the following Village Happy Hour. As Pat left, she gave me a peck on the cheek.

Well, that stirred something in me. All I wanted to do was see her again. So, I went to her house and from that moment we have become inseparable. I feel contented and thankful to once more have a companion with whom to share views and everyday matters of life.

I have become Pat's 'white walking stick', but we both feel immensely comfortable in each other's company.

We take turns to provide meals, go for car drives to anywhere, morning coffees, lunches, and dinners at the various local eateries in Whangarei.



We visit Pat's relations, and my daughter, and tell each other stories of past times with spouses, the events in our lives, and discuss New Zealand and World events and how it may affect us. And we travel...Fiji, Tasmania, Fiji again, and potentially to Europe for a river cruise, and to meet my brother in England.

As long as we are together, it doesn't matter what we do or where we go. May it continue for a long time.





# NATIVE PLANT

## Poor Knights Lily (*Xeronema callistemon*)

**The extraordinary Poor Knights Lily is a reasonably hardy smaller plant with mid-to-light green, blade-like foliage similar to flax.**

**Y**oung plants can take up to 15 years before bursting into spectacular bright-crimson half-bottlebrush shaped flowers. They usually flower from September to December. The plant can grow to a metre tall and spread up to four metres wide when it is well-clumped.

This native plant grows naturally only on the Poor Knights Islands, and Taranga Island in the Hen and Chickens group. It does really well on tiny soil deposits in rocky crevices in exposed high positions. Seed sometimes finds its way into the elbows of pohutukawa branches and other trees and establishes in them as epiphytes.

The Poor Knights Lily is pollinated on the islands by small lizards walking across the flowers as well as by birds and butterflies.

The lily flourishes on the islands in spite of wind, salt spray, and excessive exposure to sun, and the soil often dries out for long periods. These factors make *X.callistemon* a very hardy species. It loves to be closely bound in pots, and in the ground, they need good drainage and ideally to be compressed between rocks.



They need exposure to breezes and for half the day, exposure to direct sun. They want plenty of water, but will choke if waterlogged, and they incline to frost-tenderness.

Mature (flowering) Poor Knights Lilies are stunning when grown in rows, but are equally impressive on decks and patios in pots. Allow to dry out between waterings.

The Poor Knights Lily was discovered in 1924 by New Zealand botanists, H.H. Hamilton and W.R.B. Oliver. A Poor Knights Lily from the 1924 discovery was planted in Mrs A R Pickmere's home garden in Whangarei and apparently still thrives. In 1929 Captain Bollins on the government survey vessel, Tutanekai, established a plant in Russell in the Pompallier House grounds where it still grows today.







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**Any comments & feedback are welcome!**

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