

# THE FALLS Folkus

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THE FALLS ESTATE LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE



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THE FALLS ESTATE  
A BEGROUP LIFESTYLE VILLAGE





**Message from Marie Annandale**  
Village Manager, Falls Estate

I cannot stop expressing how proud I am of our beautiful Village and its residents. Our community is incredibly involved and always eager to support organisations in need. In April, Northland Rescue Helicopter visited the Village, and we proudly handed over more than \$700 raised through an in-house raffle, along with additional donations. This doesn't even take into account the generous contributions made for ANZAC. We strive to make life easier for our residents and recently the local pharmacy visited the Village, allowing residents to conveniently receive their flu vaccinations on site. Looking ahead, we are excited to announce a pop-up clothing shop for residents in June 2024. Our daily activities continue to be a highlight, providing enjoyment and engagement for everyone.

We currently have some vacancies in the Village. If you are considering joining our Falls Family, please give me a call for a private viewing. We would love to welcome you to our wonderful community.



**Message from Alison Waugh**  
Residents Committee Chairperson

The committee has organised an event every month so far so it has been busy the last few months. Thank you to all the committee members and volunteers for your help to make these events happen.

In March, we held a Dance and Music night with a sausage sizzle. Thank you to Michael Scutt and his helpers for a great night. I was sorry to miss this but had covid at the time. At Easter our 'Easter Bunnies' distributed Easter eggs to all residents.

On 13 April the Falls Summer Olympics were held. This was a fun day. Twelve teams took part in six different games over the afternoon to the accompaniment of many laughs from both contestants and spectators as balls and other 'missiles' went astray. Thank you to Joy, Bronwyn, Libby, Betty, and all the volunteers for a great, very well organised, day.

Our Anzac Day Service was very moving and I thank everyone who took part. Arthur Hori's speech about his time in the army, and especially in Vietnam, was particularly touching. The lunch afterwards of pie, peas, and potatoes was served by our committee and volunteers.

Our Mother's Day Brunch on 12 May was attended by 90 residents. Our caterers from Bob's Café served a delicious meal. Thank you to our men, Ray, Michael, Arthur, Ted, and Kevin. It was great to have gallant men waiting on the ladies. Thank you to Lynley, Cynthia, and other helpers who served the drinks. Three lucky draws were won by, you guessed it, the men. They graciously passed the goodies onto their ladies.

We have several more events planned before the AGM in July when a new committee will take over. Thank you to each of the residents who have helped and supported our Residents Committee.

## New Residents

# Paul and Glennys Brady

**Petanque and bowls players in the Village will be pleased to have our new residents, Paul and Glennys Brady just handy.**



Paul is a keen lawn and indoor bowler as well as a Petanque player. Glennys joined the Over 60s club before Paul retired and played Petanque there, really enjoying the game. When Paul stopped working he came along too, and got hooked on the entertaining target sport.

We caught up with this lovely couple virtually in the middle of their move from Parahaki so there were still items looking for good permanent spots, but they had already crossed paths with a few Villagers by then and found them very welcoming.

Both are Whangarei-born but looked around Orewa for potential retirement residences before popping in to an open home at Falls Estate which stayed in the backs of their minds. Ultimately, it was the most pleasantly situated.

As Paul said, "We haven't done anything yet because we're still moving in, but it appeals to us that you can do as many or as few activities as you want."

Glennys likes to potter around a bit with garden pots and both are readers. Paul prefers crime or war novels, and Glennys enjoys lighter fiction which is well-enough written that she feels she is there. Irish writer, Cathy Kelly has replaced Danielle Steel in her bookcase, because she 'got boring.' She confesses to enjoying women's magazines too and says the library is a good place to find them.



The Bradys love to travel, particularly on cruise ships and it's another reason they chose Falls Estate because of its safe and secure, lock-up-and-leave environment.

"On a cruise ship you have activities," says Paul. "You can do as much or as little as you want, and you're waited on hand and foot so Glennys doesn't have to cook, and there's a new port every day. There's always something to do, but if you don't want to be around people, you can lose yourself quite easily on a cruise ship."

"Most cruises are two to three weeks and seeing a new port every day is the whole beauty of it," he says. "We always go on the day tours. One of

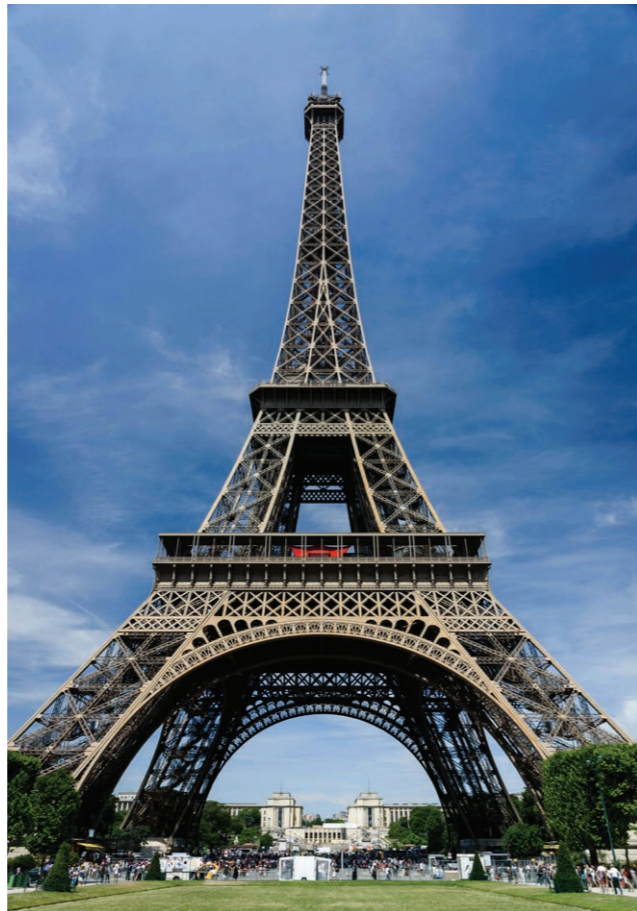






our favourites was a cruise from Venice to Rome which also included a dozen of the Greek Islands, including Santorini."

"Santorini is lovely place," says Glennys who had a particular hankering to ride to the peak of the island on a donkey, and did it. "It was a really unique experience and the views were beautiful. Most of that particular cruise, especially round the Greek Islands, was marked by the classic blues and whites of sky and sea, white-washed villages and white rocky terrains."



Another trip saw them on a Trafalgar Bus tour through France, Holland, Italy, Germany, and Great Britain for two to three weeks.

"We like tours," says Paul, because they're organised, otherwise we'd probably dilly-dally around and wouldn't get to see much. Driving in foreign countries is something I'd prefer to avoid too, so tours work for us."

Totally not fond of heights, in Paris Glennys decided to ascend the Eiffel Tower anyway and was rewarded by what she saw.

"The view is great and for that instance I overcame my aversion to being a long way off the ground without having the comfort of an aeroplane seat under me."

Last year the Bradys stayed down-under and took a cruise to the Great Barrier Reef. This year they're looking forward to flying to Hawaii and cruising back to Auckland. They're also looking forward to settling into Falls Estate Village life and meeting fellow residents.



"We've enjoyed it so far," they say.

# RECIPE

## WARM MANDARIN AUTUMN DESSERT

With so much lovely citrus around at this time of year, we've been experimenting, and the resulting warm dessert cake was so good we thought you might like it too. The following measurements will make you a lovely tangy dessert for eight people.

### Ingredients

- 6 Medium mandarins
- 175g Butter
- 175g Sugar
- 3 Eggs
- 175g Plain flour
- 1 Tsp Baking powder

### Icing

- ½ cup Icing sugar
- Hot water to moisten

### Instructions

Preheat oven to 175C, and grease and line the bottom of a 23cm cake tin.

Peel three mandarins and leave the others unpeeled. Chop them all coarsely before blending to a pulp in a food processor.

Keep two tablespoons of the slurry aside for icing later.

Add sugar to mixing bowl with butter and beat until it becomes a light creamy colour. Break one egg at a time into the batter, beating the batter in between each addition. Add sifted flour and baking powder to batter and mix to combine. Lastly add the mandarin pulp. Pour batter into prepared tin and bake for 45 minutes or until a test skewer comes out of the cake clean. Allow to stand for ten minutes before carefully removing from the tin and allowing to cool completely.



Mix the icing sugar with remaining fruit pulp and add sufficient hot water to achieve a thick pouring consistency. Put the cake onto a plate and drizzle the icing over it, then get it onto the table with lashings of cream, custard or yoghurt standing by to enjoy this treat at its warm delicious best!







# JACK MORGAN MUSEUM

Many of us were well and truly alive in the 1940s and a few slightly more rare models were even around in the 1930s, so more than anything, the Jack Morgan Museum represents nostalgia today.

But tomorrow that nostalgia will become serious history, and already some of the old milk separators and stationary engines held in the museum do constitute solid history.

Jack Morgan, founder of the Jack Morgan Museum next to the Hukerenui pub in Hukerenui, was Lynley Horne's dad.

"Dad didn't really preserve," Lynley says. "He just never threw anything away. Both my parents grew up through the Depression years and then the war, so neither of them threw much away - as I found out when I had to clean out the garage and their house after they passed away."



Some of the objects held in the museum are the everyday items the Morgan family used, and rather than throw them out when they bought replacements, Jack simply hung onto the retired objects because they might be useful one day. These items include an old egg cup, and Jack's watch which had stopped working, along with old shaving gear and other mundane daily items. He kept amassing them until he had to add another bay onto his shed so he could accommodate them.

When Jack retired from farming on Tapuhi Road (which runs next to the Hukerenui Hotel), he became interested in restoring stationary engines. He started actually collecting objects towards the end, said Lynley, when the family realised he



had all these things he'd saved over the years. The Hukerenui Hotel publican, Bob McGregor, suggested they build a museum and gifted an adjoining bare section for the project.

"It was pub talk initially," said Lynley, "but they decided there was so much memorabilia in Dad's three-bay workshop that they had enough to start a museum. When the word got round, people began to donate all their old treasures."

Lynley moved away from Hukerenui in 1994 and was less involved but says she helped name, number, and describe each item as it was donated. It was a professional cataloguing process known in the museum world as accessioning, and because it was done as things accumulated in the shed, it made the workload so much lighter when the museum became a reality.

"When something was past its use-by date," said

Lynley, "Dad put it on one of the shelves in his workshop by the house. Mum (Lorraine) did an incredible lot of work in accessioning. As items were donated, she would name the object, number it, describe it, note who had donated it, and record everything in a book. It was all done professionally and took about three years."

Lynley's younger sister, Shirley, also spent many long hours on this task and did a tremendous amount of the seemingly endless work because she became interested in it. This accessioning process, once uploaded onto a website which has not yet occurred, enables objects to be located. If you need to study a 1940s shaver or 1930s milk separator, you can search for such an item via a website such as E-hive, or, if you have a rough idea where such an object might be located, you can often access museum-specific websites to help you. Globally, most of the big museums have a public digital record of their objects and ephemera.







Jack Morgan was a lovely Dad and very good to his wife and two daughters. Lynley says his girls led a good life.

"Before I could drive," she says, "he was supportive with all our sporting things and we had a very happy home life when we were young. He was a good community man in the district and would help out no matter what it was, but most families in the area at that time did."

Life may have been good, but it was also hard. Much of today's labour-saving mechanical farming equipment didn't yet exist, so Jack had no time for hobbies although he followed rugby, and took his girls to netball and all their sporting engagements. In the evenings they played Crib or listened to the radio. Working the land and dairying saw Jack tired and in bed every night by 8 o'clock after a day of physical work and having to be up early to milk. He ran a hay-baling business in the summer months as well.

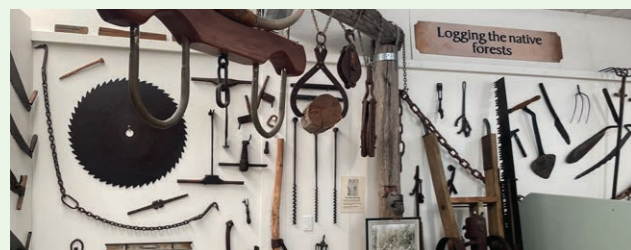
In those days the supermarket had yet to be born, and there were no vege shops. Everybody had a garden.

"Mum worked very hard and looked after the garden, although Dad would do the rotary hoeing. He was a quiet, quite shy man," said Lynley, who ended up as the boy of the family. "I had to learn to drive the tractor and do all the paddocks – which I hated."

In 2013 Jack and daughter, Shirley, were awarded the Paul Harris Award, the highest Rotary Award for their work in creating the Museum. He was 96 at the time. Shirley died in 2018. Jack died in 2013 two months after his 70th wedding anniversary.

Today the Jack Morgan Museum is also a popular place for school visits and a range of possibilities exist for youngsters to learn, including a shot at making butter, seeing a kauri gum collection, and seeing how an old-fashioned wash house worked with tubs and a wringer. The dental clinic is often of interest, and many of us slightly older folk remember all too well visits to what we called 'the murder house'.

Farming life is on show the way it used to be with a range of milk separators and a lot of other early machinery that usually attracts the attention of men.

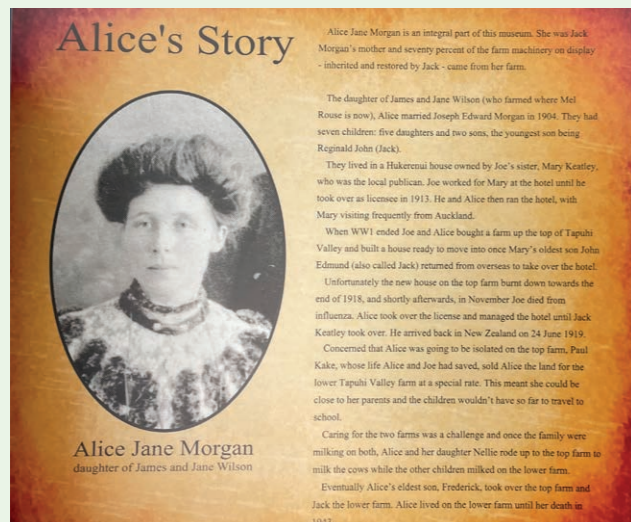


Originally conceived to conserve old things local people used, the real kernel behind the Museum was Jack Morgan's mother, Alice Morgan (nee Wilson). Alice died before Lynley was born, but she was one of the original Hukerenui settlers, and had at one stage owned the Hukerenui Hotel where Jack was born in 1916. When her husband died of Spanish Flu in 1918, Alice sold the hotel and settled in the district with perhaps five or six other families who all made their living from the land, which was no mean feat in the day.

Alice owned two farms and when war raised its ravenous head, Jack's brother went off to serve, so Jack had to stay behind to run the farms.

Jack, it turns out, was rather clever with his hands and could make almost anything. He should have been an engineer but the war put paid to that. The education of many bright young men in New Zealand was forfeited in the name of war. Jack's workshop, full of chainsaws, and all sorts of gadgets, was well known in the district

"Dad had two types of welder on the farm and he was a good welder himself," said Lynley. "In those days there were no engineering shops, and a lot of farmers came to him when they needed something fixed or made."



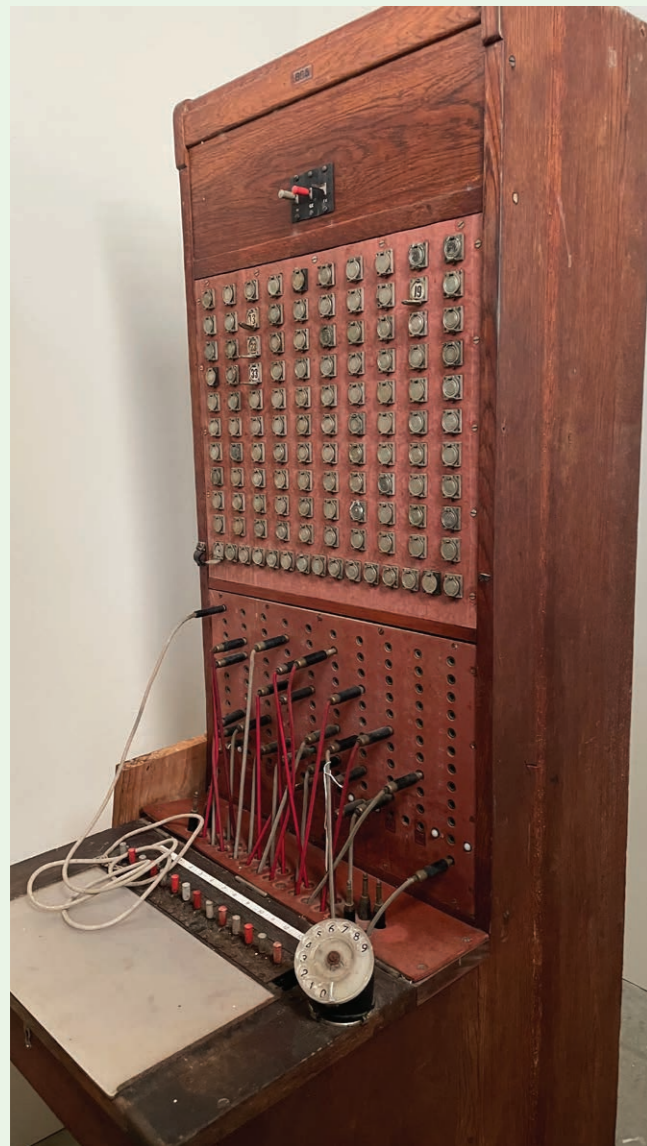
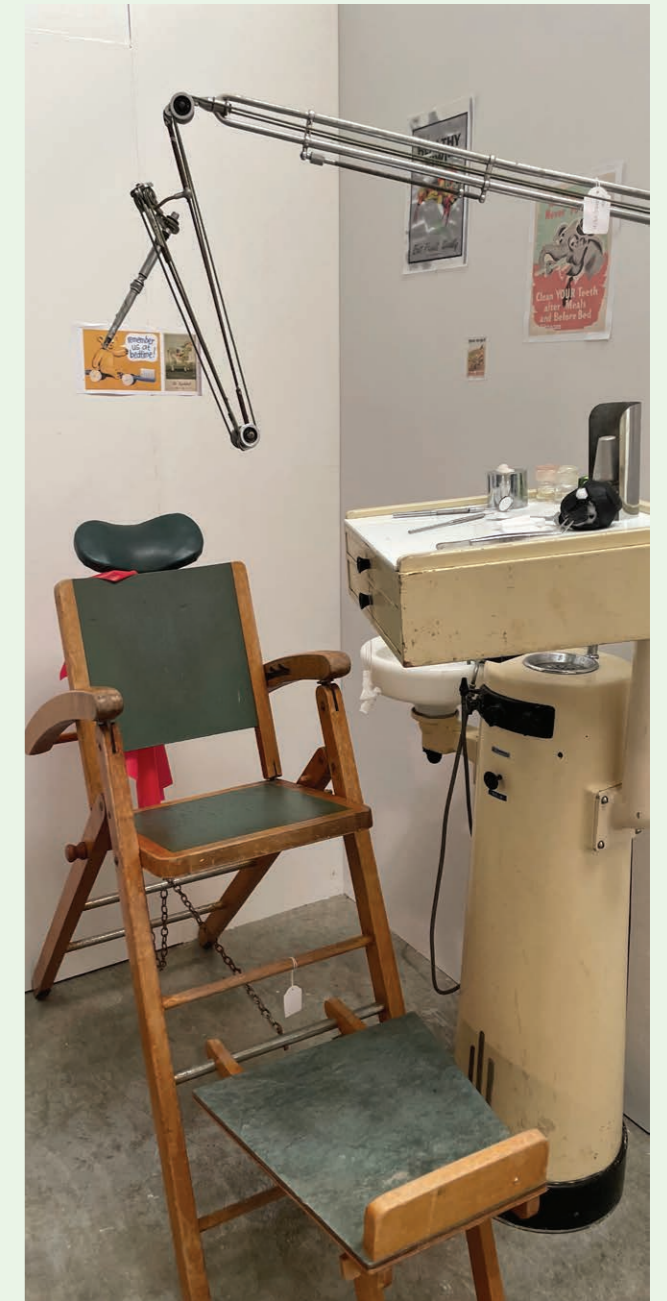




In 1983 a young artist, Chris Talbot Wilkie had executed a quick mural for Jack Morgan in the local War Memorial Hall. Noticing in 2012 that the Jack Morgan Museum had been built nearby for his first ever mural patron, now 97, Wilkie offered 'to give thanks back,' and entirely covered the front wall of the museum with muralled historic figures and relics. As well as the iconic figures, the mural shows the giant Puhipuhi kauri forest devastated by fires. Jack, according to legend, had his cataracts removed to see the artist's massive work.

Today Lynley Horne's involvement with the Jack Morgan Museum is peripheral, but she says there is no shortage of money to keep it running. For it to develop further, the museum needs more volunteers, and like all good exhibitions, can never get enough visitors. Visitor numbers have been steadily climbing again since the Covid period closures to around 900 per year, and school visiting numbers are growing too. The old cowshed is a big attraction for youngsters, and so is the demonstration in full dress of the era, of making butter. Youngsters love to operate the churn themselves and see cream becoming good old-fashioned New Zealand butter.

Jack's museum opened on 11 July 2011 and offers a look into real life yesteryear as most people in rural New Zealand communities lived it. It houses many everyday artefacts from the 30s and 40s, including school artefacts, the equipment from a dental practice, and old style cowshed. We thought it was well worth the visit.





**NEW ZEALAND'S EARLY**

# Far Northern Dairy Co-Operatives

**In 1897, seven year old Far North pioneer dairyman, Howard Dunn, was helping to hand-milk 30-40 cows at Pamapurua.**



became a founding director of the Kaitaia Dairy Company (KDC). Farmers were expected to supply 140 pounds of fat per year for each cow guaranteed. Robert guaranteed the produce of twenty-five cows. Factory produced butter was carted in two-ton loads by bullock to Awanui and shipped to Auckland weekly.

The first dairy factories set up by entrepreneurs had opened in the 1880s in Waikato and Taranaki. Entrepreneur-built factories were so successful that farmer co-operatives also began building them and by 1920, 85% of the existing 600 factories were farmer co-operative owned.

In Northland, the Oruru-Fairburn Dairy Company was established in 1901. By 1907 a milking plant for 60-90 cows, with the power to milk 120, had been established in Oruru. The Lawrence-Kennedy-Gillies machine was reputed to 'allow a woman and youth to milk 24 cows per hour.'

The farm also included ten acres of maize and fifteen acres of wheat and oats. The family sold the chaff at 2/6 a sack. They used the maize for making corn cakes and corn porridge for themselves and the rest went to the pigs.

In 1901 Robert Dunn, who had married one of Rev Joseph Matthews' daughters and was Howard's father,



That year the Victoria Valley Creamery also opened with supply from 242 cows guaranteed. The largest herd constituted twenty-five cows and the smallest, eight. The creamery supplied KDC until it burned down in 1910.

By then the Dunns were milking 80 cows by hand. Eleven year old Howard's share was ten cows in the morning and again at night, between which times he walked to school in Kaitaia.

Every day Howard took twelve 20-gallon cans of milk by horse-drawn dray to the factory, a round trip of 2.5 hours. Barely useable clay roads meant farmers often had to cut ti-tree on the way to the factory and lay it across the tracks so they could get the dray through. Milk was separated at the factory and farmers were returned an allotment of skim milk to feed their pigs.



Cowsheds weren't necessary when milking by hand and when a neighbour took ill, Howard milked his thirty-five cows by hand in the paddock twice a day, then delivered the cream to Victoria Valley Creamery for 30/- a week. The main dairying breed in the day was the Milking Shorthorn.

By 1909 home separators had become available. The 65 gallon Alfa-Laval separator cost £27/10, and by 1911 home separation had become the norm and the factory ceased its separation process.





Awanui began to supply KDC in 1909 but transport difficulties over rough roads led Herekino to start its own Company. In 1929, with suppliers opting for Kaitaia, Herekino was obliged close.

Utilising the new kerosene powered milking machine, Howard Dunn was able to milk 80-90 cows by himself from 1915, though he still developed land with horse and plough. A good horse team could turn over two acres a day.

Waipapakauri, Paparore and Kaiangaroa had been included in cream runs by 1916. By 1920 suppliers to Kaitaia Dairy Company numbered 136 and produced 213 tons. KDC purchased a truck in 1921 and began picking cream up. Because Kaitaia couldn't sustain the increasing output, in 1926 the Awanui factory was opened.

Now Te Kao also began supplying cream, delivering it with the Land Board lorry which enabled Waiharara and Houhora producers also to supply. By 1934, the KDC truck also collected from Whatuwhiwi.

Eventually dairy companies became involved with fertiliser, the supply of seeds and general stores, herd testing, pig marketing, lime supply, and the collection and disposal of bobby calves. They supplied WWII army and air department buildings to farmers at low cost for use as outbuildings. The operation of cool stores for butter opened the possibility for involvement with freezing works, and diversification brought dried milk manufacture, a veterinary services scheme, and the agency for Caltex Oil Company in 1949. At its height, KDC had its own trading store with knowledgeable staff wearing dust coats. This building was by 2011 used as the Postie+ Shop in Melba Street.



Reference - Kaitaia Co-Op Dairy Co - 70 Years of Service - 1901-1971 - All Photos courtesy of Te Ahu Museum. Kaitaia.







# MEKONG RIVER

## CAMBODIAN TOUR

**It was the dry season in South East Asia on April 8, which means, hot.**

**M**ichael Scutt, Carol Burdon, and Anne and Kevin Gray disembarked their flight at Siem Reap, Cambodia into 35°C. The next day on tour to Angkor Wat, the temperature had risen by mid-morning to 42°C.

In March, Carol and Michael received a Northlanders Asian Adventure itinerary, and invitation to join a guided tour to Cambodia, which would cruise south down the Mekong River for 580kms before disembarking in Vietnam, and finishing with three days in Singapore. It sounded exotic and interesting so they signed up. Kevin and Anne Gray picked up the last two seats of the 28-person tour.

The tour group flew from Auckland via Singapore Airlines on 7 April with two House of Travel (HoT) leaders and arrived at the brand new airport of

Siem Reap, Cambodia's second largest city just over 200kms northwest of the capital, Phnom Penh.

In the heat at Angkor Wat the guides carried plenty of water. Peter, a knowledgeable extra local guide also accompanied the group.

Michael managed to climb to the top of Angkor Wat's central tower with twelve others from the group. He said they ascended via a series of chambers each about ten steps up, before finally climbing a steep set of wooden steps to the pinnacle.



"There were 80+ steps in this section," said Michael, "which was really scary because once you were committed, you had to continue. Angkor Wat's central tower is about ten storeys high so it was challenging."

"I love history," he said. "My father was a historian, and my mind was blown away to see such technically advanced architecture on such a massive scale from the tenth century. The architecture was unbelievable - and the engravings on all of the temples - pointed and carved rocks depicting gods, people, and activities. At the top you could see down around the temple, and the huge square moat."

The whole of this area was abandoned in the 16th century and was overgrown by jungle until French naturalist and explorer, Henri Mouhot discovered it in the 1840s and exposed it.

Carol was enthralled by the Angkor Wat temple complex. "It wasn't beautiful," she said, "but I can't begin to comprehend the magnificence of architecture of that magnitude twelve centuries ago."

The group returned via tuktuk the next day to catch the sun rise behind Angkor Wat's central tower.

"The huge red orb in the pinkish sky was truly spectacular," said Michael. "After Angkor Wat and the Banteay Srei (Ladies Temple) the previous day, we now visited Bayon and Te Prohm Temples. I think most of the group was tempted out by then."



That evening in Siem Reap some of the group had fun visiting noisy Pub St where there were street stalls, music and dancing in the street, and locals were out enjoying themselves.

Cambodian food generally consists of lots of fresh vegetables, fish, chicken, or pork, rice and noodles, and lots of sauces with not-too-hot tasty spices. Markets were cheap, as was the food. Our intrepid travellers felt safe no matter where they were over the entire journey.

On 11 April the group bussed from Siem Reap south 250kms to Kampong Cham through mostly flat farming country and rubber plantations. Comfort stops included one in a small village where herbs and fragrant spices were being manufactured into curry pastes. At Kampong Cham the tour disembarked from the bus and walked over a small hill behind which the Mekong River had been hiding and quietly sliding past.

They boarded the waiting Mekong Princess, a 63m boutique luxury two-level river boat built in 2015. With a 10m beam, shallow draft, and top speed of ten knots, the craft had a distinctively French colonial atmosphere, with lots of drapes and classical era furniture. Each cabin was furnished with fresh orchids. Twenty-nine crew met the group's every need, and the three delicious meals offered every day were more than most felt they really needed.







The Mekong River is the world's twelfth longest. It rises in the Tibetan Plateau and runs through China, Burma, Laos, Thailand, Cambodia and Vietnam. The group was awed by the incredible size of the river and the huge cargo ships plying the waterway. The Mekong Princess's minimal draft allowed her to travel up shallow tributaries where village industries thrived.

The vessel tied up at Angkor Bam early next morning at steps leading to another Buddhist temple where a monk gave blessings and tied a red string on their wrists for a small donation. The group visited a primary school where each sat with a pupil and worked through their morning lesson. A humbling experience said Michael. That day they voyaged 65kms downstream to the Cambodian capital, Phnom Penh.



The next day single-person cyclos (powered by a bicycle) ferried them to the Central Palace.

"I loved the grandeur and the gold of the Palace (one of several)," said Carol. Michael chimed in, "There was a silver pagoda which included 5,000 silver tiles, and the Buddha was decorated with over 9,000 diamonds. The gardens were magnificent – immaculate, colourful, manicured into hedges and topiary. We saw one 50m long manicured hedge in the shape of the trees which stuck out. The gardens and palaces were of phenomenal grandeur inside and out. Nothing in New Zealand even begins to approach such magnificent sites."



The following day the group travelled by bus to the school converted by Pol Pot into the infamous S.21 prison, and the Killing Fields which had previously been a longan orchard.

"I appreciated the guts of the Cambodians in showing this part of their ghastly recent history all without any excuses," said Michael.

"It was atrocious. There was a chankiri (killing tree) where soldiers smashed the heads of the children and babies of adult victims against the trunk. Marked by plaques along a boardwalk were pits in the ground which were mass graves. Apparently in heavy rains bones still rise from these pits created between 1975 and 1979. I really didn't want to go but I'm glad I did. The Cambodians say, 'So you learn a bit of our history, as atrocious as it is,'"

Carol said, "I had to see the history, but it was horrific and I had to move on very quickly."



The Mekong Princess sailed early on 15 April and after short village stops everyone disembarked at Can Tho City. There the group was welcomed by unicorn dancers at the Zihuang Pagoda. A motorised sampan took the group to floating markets up another tributary. Once ashore they visited a wet market where sea and river animals, snails, and fish were sold.



On 17 April after a visit to Ben Tree Island (Coconut Island) up a little tributary, they were taken by tuktuk to a coconut-sweets industry, then three per sampan on a 1.5m wide creek were taken to another small factory where they were given bowls of luscious fruit.

They sailed approximately 71 nautical miles later that day to Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon) in Vietnam. After 580kms on the Mekong River, they stayed their last night on the Mekong Princess, transferring to the Intercontinental Hotel next day. While there the group visited the Central Post Office, Opera House, and City hall.





That night they boarded the Saigon Princess for a Harbour Cruise and dinner, during which an entire lobster was served on each of their plates. Later the group led the dancing.

The next day they visited the Cu Chi tunnels which are part of a massive network of tunnels underlying the area. They were constructed initially to hide soldiers and weapons from the French, and then used again during the Vietnam War. Kevin went through a 30m long tunnel but Michael's claustrophobia kept him topside.



On their way to the tunnels they stopped at a little factory making fabulous ornaments and paintings from bamboo, crushed egg shells and seashells which were all painted. Some were huge – but each extraordinarily beautiful item was made by a victim of Agent Orange.



"What really struck us in Ho Chi Minh," said Carol, "were the ten million motorbikes on the street." Michael adds, "You had to have a talent to cross the road. They obey all the rules. It was just the number – twelve million people and ten million motorcycles, yet there appeared to be no air pollution."

Cambodians and Vietnamese are very similar looking peoples. Some of the women were absolutely beautiful, very graceful movers, especially when doing traditional dance complete with long fingernails. Few people of either nation spoke much English and those who did tended to be the young people, but communication wasn't difficult.

On 20 April the group flew to Singapore for three nights. They visited the Green Lung of the City Gardens which mainly grew stunning orchids. In the afternoon they visited Gardens by the Bay comprising the Flower Dome and the Cloud Forest gardens.

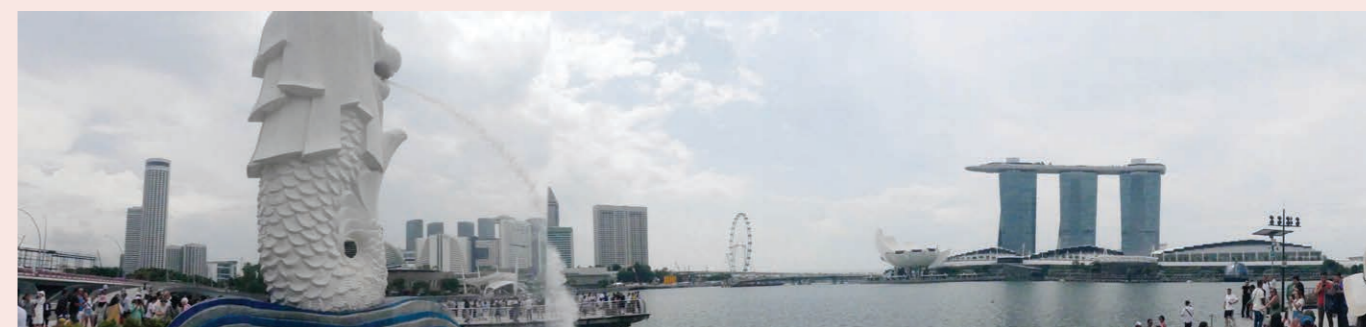


In the Cloud Forest they went to the top of the 10m wide waterfall. A lift took them up at least five or six storeys, from whence the sheer size and complexity of the dome and the trees and flowers - flowers were everywhere – could be fully appreciated. The gardens were temperature controlled and included a series of little streams and waterfalls as well as the massive waterfall. A realistic model of a lion's head snarled from a cave entrance.

"Deer and dragons - there was too much to describe," says Michael.

In Singapore the humid temperature was in the high 20s.

"On the last day we were free to do as we pleased," said Michael, "and Carol and I opted to experience a Singapore Gin Sling at Raffles Hotel. We took the underground rail, about five or six trips for the massive total of \$NZ6 for each of us.



"I had the Sling and Carol had the limey-tasting beautiful non-alcoholic Ceylon Fruit Cup." Raffles gives you a bag of peanuts in their shells. The shells are expected to be left on the floor. I hadn't ever seen that before.

"When Singapore reclaimed more land, the famous Merlion had to be re-sited right out to the edge of the bay. With a bit of walking through various hotels I eventually found it, along with the incredible skyline."

It was time to come home. The trip to the airport was via a 13km tunnel partially under the sea. The Singaporeans built the entire tube on land, then dug the sea-bed out and dropped the 13km tube in sections straight into position – from go to whoa in four years, said Michael. Our Singaporean guide told us unemployment doesn't exist, and no people live in cars. If you have an injury a home is provided for you. They don't give you any money if you are able to work but unwilling to do so.

Michael says, it was good to have familiar faces with us, and we made other friends in the group as we travelled, and Kevin and Anne knew lots of the other people.



The dream ended when they landed in Auckland on 25 April.





# HERB



**Wild Rocket**  
*Diplotaxis tenuifolia*



**Rocket**  
*Eruca vesicaria subsp. Sativa*

**While around twenty species of Rocket exist, the main culinary choices are Wild Rocket (tougher leafed, spicier) which grows year round, and salad Rocket, the generally cultivated, larger, softer-leafed variety.**

**T**his fresh slightly peppery herb is from the Brassicaceae family. It is known as Rockette in England, Arugula in the USA, Rucola, Cola, Ruchetta, and Eruca in Italy, and Roquette in France.

### History

Native to the Mediterranean and parts of Europe and Western Asia, Rocket is has been part of human diets for millennia, and was also known as a medicinal herb. Pliny the Elder recorded Eruca in his *Historia Naturalis* in 1 AD but Rocket was recorded as Orot or Oroth in the Old Testament, (Second Book of Kings) in 6 BC.

Regarded as an aphrodisiac in Western Asia, Virgil wrote "...et Venerem revocans eruca morantem..." (Eruca revives drowsy Venus.) In 2013 the journal of Al-Nahrain University published a study noting that arugula leaf



extracts boosted testosterone levels and sperm activity in mice so it seems likely that Virgil might have been onto something.

Cultivation was prohibited in medieval monasteries, but love potions often included arugula. Romans understood the herb to have anaesthetic properties.

### Nutrients

Rocket contains high levels of Vitamins A, B, C and K. It also contains the minerals, calcium, folate, manganese potassium, iron, phosphorus, zinc, and copper. It is also high in carotenoids, and contains less oxalic acid than mustard greens, spinach, or purslane.

### Medicinal uses

High levels of antioxidant compounds protect your cells and may reverse cell damage. Glucosinolates responsible for the strong fragrance and bitter flavour may defend against breast, prostate, colon and lung cancers. Rocket may help with inflammation and the ample Vitamin K is good for bones and potentially osteoporosis. People on blood thinners should go easy with rocket because Vitamin K is a blood-clotting agent.



### Spice up your plate

Rocket's bright, peppery flavour is lighter in young leaves but stronger in older leaves. Wild Rocket has smaller deeply serrated leaves and a more pronounced flavour. The flowers of both species are edible and make a lovely decoration on the top of a salad. This herb lifts salads and adds colour and enlivens stir fry dishes. Chop and sprinkle rocket over pizza and cheese dishes, or add it to soups and casseroles. Rocket is great as a pesto combined with basil or parsley, and peeps your sandwiches up too.

### Grow Rocket

Rocket usually reaches about 45cm in gardens, although left to grow wild might reach a straggly metre in height. It's very easy to grow, and prefers cool partially shady growing conditions. Plant it in winter for spring harvesting, or in autumn, for a winter crop. Wild Rocket usually grows throughout winter, providing peppery greens year round. Salad Rocket generally dies over winter unless in a greenhouse, but in a sheltered Northland position should also grow through winter.



Hot weather causes Rocket to bolt (flower and seed early). The seeds will drop freely from pods, and if allowed, will start a new growing cycle. If you want to save seeds, wait for the stems and pods to brown, then harvest. The pods are fragile at this stage so it's a good idea to clip the stems into plastic bags and de-seed inside on a hard surface or on light-coloured paper (seeds are very small). Rocket likes moisture but hates wet feet, so a well-drained planting area is best. If the soil is too dry it toughens the leaves. Rocket grows well in pots. The young plants don't like to be crowded so spread seed thinly and press them lightly into the soil for germination in 7-14 days. The plant has a longish tap root so be careful when transplanting. It's better to plant directly into soil.

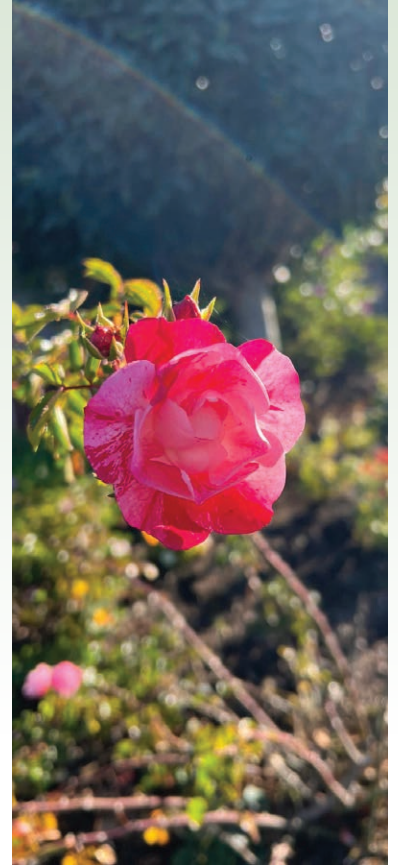
Pick regularly to keep growth happening.



# Dinner Is Served



Dinner service is available on a Tuesday and Friday night.



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Any comments & feedback are welcome!

Send them to: [marie.annandale@thebegroup.co.nz](mailto:marie.annandale@thebegroup.co.nz)



Open Day and Muffins are ready for our visitors.



The Falls residents donated over \$700 to the Northland Rescue Helicopter.



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