

# Rally to Otorohanga Kiwi House and surrounding areas

By Glennys Muir

The scribe and her chauffer left Katikati 7.45am to meet up with other Jag club members at Crabb Road by 9.00am. The weather looked promising, until we hit the Kaimais where the blanket of fog nearly obscured the road, let alone any features along the way, which was to be the norm until later in the day.

Just after 9am, 10 cars including 6 ladies and their chauffers set off towards the first stop of Arapuni Swing Bridge. We bypassed Tirau, which I have to assume was deliberate so we ladies would not be tempted to disrupt the day by bargain hunting, anyway I digress, on to Arapuni. We stopped on the side of the road, why we were all wondering later, as we made our way down to the bridge there was a perfectly good car park at the bottom. The bridge spanning 152 metres was incredible to look at from above and had easy access to it from the bottom. It was started in 1925 and completed in 1926, for workers building the power station to have



access for the construction which was completed in 1929. After a good look at the area, we made our way back to our vehicles, where I noticed an unusual sign by our car. Just like the Ducks Crossing sign this one said Quail Crossing, would have loved to have seen that.

Onward through dairying countryside towards Otorohanga and the Kiwi House. Throughout the day we passed over many one-way bridges, which gives you some idea of the side roads we were travelling. On arrival at the Kiwi house, we were all eager to see these lovely little birds in their own environment. Sadly, this was not to be, as you can't really count the one, we saw on the screen in its box having a nanny nap. Many of us



***No Kiwis or Tuataras, but at least we found some geckos***



had been to this highlight before with varying degrees of years in between, but I think we all agreed that the up grading of the grounds and features, was certainly well done.

One area was closed off as they were doing construction, but due to (you guessed it) Covid and lack of materials this was well behind. By now we were all feeling a bit peckish so off to the Homestead, by the Big Apple at Waitomo for lunch.

Tummies satisfied, next stop Te Kuiti. We won't bring up how many of us missed the turn off to the memorial bridge, maybe it was the after-lunch stupor one gets.



Stopping at Sir Colin Meads statue, photos were taken and “the wags” had to try their luck at competing with the statue. At the garden beside the statue, Colin’s daughter Shelley and a friend were planting Tulip bulbs, which were Sir Colin’s favourites.

dairy herds to cattle and sheep. Along the way I saw four stags complete with antlers, which made me realise we are halfway through the year with six months till Christmas. Finally, in Tokoroa we met up to view the renewed Chainsaw man and say our goodbyes, agreeing it had been a long, but great day. My thanks especially to Noel for the organising and the great clear instructions and the calibre of print without having to take my glasses on and off.



*Glennys*