



Day 1
Wednesday, 30 April
Sydney to Lord Howe Island

The day started soon after dawn for some of us with early morning flights to Sydney to await the arrival of our fearless leader.

Our flight to Lord Howe was uneventful but the emphasis on the correct way to put on a life jacket and where to find the life raft is always disturbing.

We were greeted at Lord Howe by an Island official, our hosts Sue and Kevin Wilson and also by the rain which, thankfully, cleared up after an hour or so. Apparently the Island had a deluge the night before with 5 plus inches of rain with gale force winds.

After a short tour of the Island with Kevin and Sue we arrived at our home for the next 8 days – Ocean View Apartments. On the way our fearless leader and four others collected some bikes for our later use.

There were no planned activities for the rest of the day and many of us took the opportunity to explore the areas close to the apartments and also the museum which unfortunately closed at 4 p.m.

Dinner this evening was at the Garden Court Restaurant at Lorhiti Lodge. After a pleasant Chinese meal, John showed his navigation skills by showing us the way home via a short cut across a cow paddock whilst the rest of us practiced the old dance step called “Dodge the cow pat”.

We were met at the entrance to Ocean View by an immature shearwater that was not in the least perturbed by our arrival. Because of an approaching vehicle we shuffled him/her off the road in the hope that he/she might manage to make his way north to catch up with his parents.

The stars were shining brightly as we made our way to bed so hopefully it will be a fine day tomorrow.

Ron and Jan Davis



Day 2
Thursday, 1st May
Malabar & Northern Hills



Once again the day started early with a fine breakfast provided by our fearless leader and eaten outdoors on the deck of his unit.

Some of the party had taken the opportunity to have an early morning swim or stroll but for the majority of the party, to be faced with the uphill walk at the back of the lodge as the first activity of the day was something of a shock.

However we soon joined the Malabar track and found that the initial climb was just a doddle. Undaunted we continued upward and onward and before long were enjoying the extensive views from the Malabar summit.

From there we continued with frequent ups and downs along the ridge until we reached Kim’s Lookout. Then followed a long downhill back to ground-level in the vicinity of Old Settlement Beach.

A late lunch followed and soon after our fearless leader was ready to set off again. This time just a short walk along the Lagoon road brought us to Stephen’s Reserve. A circuit walk here gave us a marvellous opportunity to learn how to identify many of the local trees.

Later a number of the group went off to view the feeding of the fish at Ned’s Beach whilst others opted for coffee at Blue Peter’s.

Dinner was again eaten at the Garden Court Restaurant, but with an Australian meal for variety. This time the return trip across the cow patch seemed a familiar routine and we were back at Ocean View in a very short time. And then to bed after an interesting and varied day.

Beth Neyland and Vytas Macuilis

Day 3
Friday, 2nd May

**A visit to the Palm Nursery & a trip in
the Glass Bottom Boat**

A less energetic day today after breakfast we set out for the Kentia Palm Nursery. We arrive too early however it's a pleasant day and we don't have long to wait for mine host Larry Wilson who gave us a very interesting tour of the Nursery which exports two million plants a year to various parts of the world. However the bulk go to Holland. We saw from the seed germinating process to the more mature plants and at the end of the tour several people bought plants which can be taken home on the plane.

A quick transfer to the lagoon where we boarded our glass bottom boat for a trip to view the fish on the reef. With Dean at the helm we quickly reached the reef and there in the bottom of the boat was the passing parade of colourful fish of all shapes and sizes.

The hardy ones in the group donned flippers and snorkels and jumped over the side to get a very different view of the reef and its inhabitants.

Dean took a trip to the reef to find several sea urchins to encourage a large fish known as a double header to show its powers in demolishing them in quick time.

Whilst we were taking this trip the weather changed and it was a bit cold for those who had ventured into the water.

Back to Ocean View for a late lunch and then an afternoon of various pursuits.

Barbara Pearce & Lucy Clarke



Day 4
Saturday, 3rd May
Goat House, Boat Harbour, etc.

John announced last night that we should have a real walk or at least prepare ourselves for one. This morning he even fed us scramble eggs to boost our energy level.

At nine we were taken to our starting point and departed in two groups – the adventurers to the Goat House and those of us who know our limitations ambles to various scenic points. All I can say is that we had a nice, long walk (9am – 3pm) and stopped at some beautiful spots for lunch and cups of tea.

Lord Howe reminds me of my homeland of Hong Kong – a rocky island facing the many moods of the sea.

ONE
Mary Tang

Like furious pounding of a seething sea
You break me apart
And consume all

Yet in retreat you draw me within
Carrying me upon you
And I wallow in your embrace
And I gyrate to your refrain

Gently slapping
Playfully tickling
Yielding as I enter
Parting with sweet surrender

And we ride on the tide
To the Moon's rhythms
And we are one
And all is one

What a great day! Up at 7.30 for a hearty breakfast of scrambled eggs, courtesy of John. Then off in the mini-bus to Lagoon Road past the airstrip to the start of Goathouse Track. We started on our trek up.

We went through, through some distinct vegetation areas — palm forest, pandanus forest, which was just amazing, roots forming towering, cathedral-like structures through the dappled light and more open country of smaller leafed and ferny plants. We

started up Smoking Tree Ridge up some fairly steep bits with well-placed rope holds until we reached the rocky outcrop of the goat house.

At the Goathouse the country was more open and sunny as we were on the north-east side of Mount Lidgbird. There was a red-tailed tropic bird nesting up here, and others swooping around us.

What a fabulous view of the island to the north and the ocean to the east way above Boat Harbour with its turquoise streaks in the shallows.

The caves of the Goathouse gave protection from the sun and we had morning tea here and had a tropicbird perspective of the world.

Continuing a few feet around the track to the south of the mountain it was a whole different world, marked temperature drop, different vegetation; tree ferns and the rare flowering *Dracophyllum fitzgeraldii*. We had a spectacular view of Balls Pyramid, looking like a distant magic castle in a purple tinged sea..



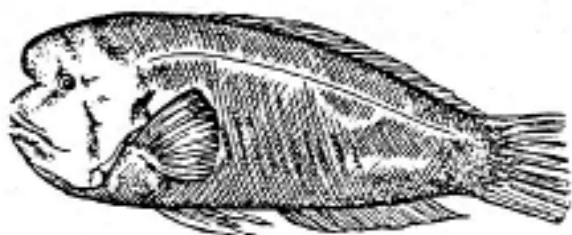
We scrambled down and continued on to Boat Harbour We had lunch here on the pebbly beach, a few of us had a swim the water temperature is perfect at the moment.

Off again and heading for Rocky Run through a dense stand of pandanus to a pretty place of creeks flowing over rocks.

On to Mutton Bird Point where lots of Masked Boobies were sitting, maybe on eggs, on the green grass looking like fluffy white blobs. We also saw a Sooty Tern flying overhead.

We walked back down to our pickup place and turned to have a goodbye glimpse at Mount Lidgbird as a rainbow formed in the darkening sky. A fitting end to a terrific day.

Robyn Mitchinson



Day 5

Sunday, 4th May

Valley of the Shadows & other things

Last night it blew & rained tremendously and continued this morning so no chance of a boat trip so after muesli and toast we set off in the rain to walk to Middle Beach and The Clear Place, and being Tasmanians we felt quite at home with the rough weather.

Along the track we saw the little Emerald Ground Doves nodding about taking very little notice of us.



Looked down on Middle Beach we had to walk around the huge gully created by a landslide some years ago. We walked through beautiful forest with huge Banyan trees at their most spectacular forms in the Valley of the Shadows where we stopped for morning tea. Went on to the Clear Place a small grassy clearing in the scrub with wonderful views of Mt Lidgbird and out to sea.

The wind was so strong that it curled the waves skywards into great plumes of spray and created big black swirls that looked like a whales footprint. On the way home we called in to the Blue Peter the coolest caff on Lord Howe so the group sat down to coffee and talk.

Then the afternoon was free. Later, drinks in the sitting room where we each came up A with five books that would be suitable reading for a newcomer to Australia. We were bussed up to the Beachcomber Restaurant where we had a very nice meal and later walked back under a starry sky

Sheila Bannister and Helen Cutts.



Lord Howe Island Woodhen

Day 6

Monday, 5th May

North Bay, Mt. Eliza and other things

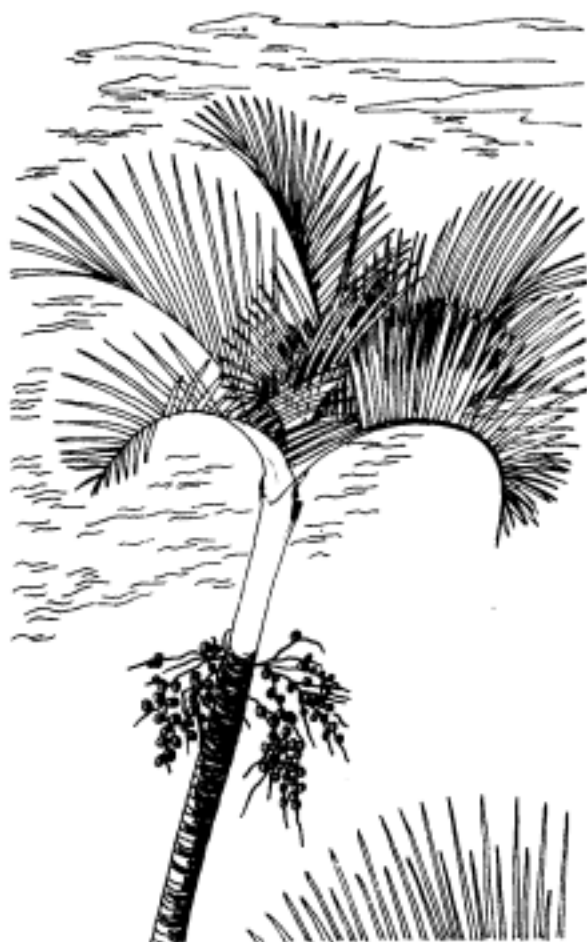
A wild and stormy night. Forecast for today is “Gales easing”. Not much sign of the easing.

(**Note:** The following day we learnt at the weather station that the wind gusts reached 85 knots. That is 100 mph or 170 kilometres per hour.)

Breakfast at Fearless Leader’s restaurant, of steaming thick glutinous porridge dotted with saltanas – filled the bellies, ready for the next adventure.

Fresh bread sandwiches prepared for lunch. But as the weather changed from sunshine to downpour, will we venture to Mount Eliza or ping pong in the games room? Eventually fourteen hardy souls headed off towards North Bay, through rain, hail and shine, with slippery conditions causing Helen to go in a spin, luckily with no serious damage. Lunch at North Beach in the shelter shed, out of the gale in which Magpie-Larks were seen flying backwards.

The climb up Mt Elizer was wind assisted so no records claimed. Fantastic views across the wind swept lagoon to Lidgbird and Gower. Diversion to the volcanic and coral boulder beach at Old Gulch.



Kentia Palm



Mt Gower — Isobel Wager

Evening entertainment provided at the wonderful Museum, starting with Ian Hutton’s slide show (including revelation of an illegal beetle exporting industry!). Happy hour merged into Chinese pizzas, then local identity Jim Dorman gave a personal tour of this fascinating museum collection – much the result of his own lifetime efforts and dreams.

The weather is still unpredictable.

Malcolm & Celia Lawrie



Boat Harbour, with Wolf Rock + Mutton Bird Island.

Boat Harbour, Wolf Rock and Muttonbird Island



Land Snail *Gastrophysa asphix*



Day 7
Tuesday, 6th May
Meteorological Station and Transit Hill

At 9 a.m. we turned up at the Meteorological Station – an hour too soon, so we walked to Blinky’s Beach to be windswept. A dangerous looking surf was running.

Ten a.m. sharp the scientist on duty filled the weather balloon with hydrogen gas and we watched it climb swiftly. Every six hours this happens around the world, They ascend into the troposphere for 35 kms. The attached radios send back the required data through computers. Planes are able to use the information from the balloons to fly at heights where the wind will assist them to use less fuel, thus saving weight on the planes and also millions of dollars.

This afternoon we strolled up Transit Hill. We climbed the sight-seeing platform to watch Qantas taking off for Sydney. Back down through the Pines and on to Blue Peter’s for coffee, etc .

It is still windy but the rain is clearing.

Hilda and Joan.



Lidgbird & Gower

Day 8
Wednesday, 7th May
Little Island & Gower

Five people left for the Mt Gower climb at 7am and the rest of us walked to Little Island. There were assorted Petrels wheeling about the cliffs then diving seawards. On the walk back we heard – after John had tried a few Woodhen calls – a real woodhen. It soon appeared on the track with us and proceeded to peck around after the crumbs John provided. Then the second one arrived and the group spent a fascinated few minutes watching these beautiful birds.

Us non - Gower people spent the rest of the day revisiting favourite beaches and occasionally peering up at a cloud free Mt Gower wondering how the others were getting on.

Meanwhile back at the mountain – having scaled up with the aid of ropes Jack Schick our guide called up the Providence Petrels. They plummeted into our midst and allowed us to pick them up and pet them without showing the slightest sign of fear or aggression. Their burrows were evident in the mossy floor of the enchanted mist forest which extends for 52 acres.

Woodhens and currawongs ate lunch with us while we took in the unsurpassed view. The downhill run proved even more of a challenge to most of us as the ground was slippery after so many days of rain.

On the way down we saw Crofton weed growing which Jack pulled out. We also saw the kava plant but didn’t have time to distil any! The seeds of the moorei (Little Mt. Palm) were the ultimate proof that we had been to the summit as it is the only place they grow in the whole world.

As it was our last night in Paradise, John barbecued Kingfish and made a delicious dessert – after this each of the group provided entertainment. People made up songs, read personally composed poems, told jokes and worked on finishing up the last cask.

Annabelle and Helen.



Neds Beach

Day 9
Thursday, 9 May
A Free Morning & Farewell

Our last day on Lord Howe Island — reluctantly packing up, sharing our last breakfast, (five of our number recovering from the Mt Gower experience yesterday). Some energetic souls attacked Malabar yet again while others did last minute shopping, and the latte group gathered at The Blue Peter.

A calm, fine day after several days of intermittent showers and high winds had restored our hopes of a boat trip around the Island. However, Kevin pronounced the weather unsuitable so we set off in two van loads for a conducted tour of the Island's innovative Garbage Recycling and Disposal Plant. We marvelled that eight days in a hermetically sealed tank at 83 degrees C. can transform an input of sewage, carcasses, cooking oils, food waste and paper into a sterile, aerated, nutrient-rich compost. Never mind the smell!

Our Fearless Leader maintained his standard to the end with a delicious lunch.

Then our luggage was whisked away in the utility truck and we followed in the van, the second trip resulting in a flat tyre. No problems, the passengers alighted and walked the short distance.

Mt Gower was shrouded in mist as we watched our Dash 8 arrive in another light shower of rain and a new set of eager holiday makers filed past us across the tarmac. We were treated to magical views over the island as we departed and two hours later in Sydney said our fond farewells around the luggage carousel at T2 Terminal.

Thanks to our indefatigable, imperturbable, intrepid leader we had a holiday that was interesting, challenging, relaxing (and romantic I might say), with great company and a magic location.

Revisiting the location of our honeymoon 45 years ago met all of our expectations.

Evelyn and Ian Ware (The Shutterbug and The Tripod Toter)



Lord Howe Island 1958 (the Ware's Honeymoon)



Red-tailed Tropic Bird

Flying on Dash 8
by Mary Tang

Hovering above clouds
Casting shadows on the deep blue sea
Shrouding peaks of mountains proud
Mist and rain on ferns and trees

Blue white blue white blue
Sky and clouds above the sea
Float with you and me



Fitzgeraldii

List of Australian Books

for someone new coming to Australia to learn
about this country.

- "A Fortunate Life" - A.B. Facey **
"The Future Eaters" - Tim Flannery
"Romulus My Father" - Raymond Gaita
"A Million Wild Acres" - Eric Rolls
"Feral Futures" - Tim Lowe
"Cloud Street" - Tim Winton **
"Dirt Music" - Tim Winton
"The Fatal Shore" - Robert Hughes **
"Patrick White" - David Marr
"The Getting of Wisdom" - Henry Handel Richardson
"Picnic at Hanging Rock" - ?? Lindsay
"Wisdom Man" - Banjo Clarke (Aboriginal Elder)
"Cutler, V.C." - Colleen McCullough
"Mailman of the Birdsville Track, Tom Kruse" - Kristin
Weidenbach
"Australia's Population Challenge" - Steve Vizard
"The Hot Seat" - Richard Woolcott
Stories of Detective Bonnie - Arthur Upfield
"Australian Geographic"
"The Man from Snowy River" - Tim Winton
"How the Kangaroo got its fat - Aboriginal Dreamtime
stories"
"The Nature of Australia" - Richard Attenborough
"Kakadu" - Ian James Morris (Steve Parrish Publishing)
"Strine" - (A book)
"Beautiful Lies" - Tim Flannery
"Drylands" - Thea Astley
"Recollections of a Bleeding Heart" - Don Watson
"Ned Kelly" - Peter Carey
"Journey Amongst Men" - Jock Marshall & Russell
Drysedale
"Kings in Grass Castles" - Mary Durack
"Bush Life in Tasmania" - Fenton
"The Road from Coorain" - Jill Ker Conway
"Down-under" - Bill Bryson
"My Place" - Sally Morgan *
Biography of Weary Dunlop
"The Sound of One Hand Clapping" - Richard Flannagan
"There's More To Life than Sex and Money" - Collected
Essays.
"They're a Weird Mob" - Nino Culotta (John O'Grady)

Lord Howe Island

By Joan Auty

I am an island born of fire,
Tossed up through endless aeons past
And slowly clad in land attire,
Crown jewel of an ocean vast.

I am an island curved and calm,
Girt by coral and calm lagoon,
Home of the lovely Kentia palm,
Pacific wrapped in sea cocoon.

See in the south my misted peaks,
Lidgbird and Gower brooding down,
One to the other mutely speaks,
Each in its costly grey-green gown.

Watch Mount Eliza raise her face,
Forest dressed in the morning dew,
Guardian of the northern place,
Bright cast in every shade and hue.

Look for my islets gathered round,
Pyramid watched through distant haze,
Seas to my depths with life abound,
Defiant of poetic praise.

I am the shelter life and lee,
To creatures rare from ancient times,
A raft in the unforgiving sea
To worldly birds from colder climes.

I am the place that draws the heart,
A Paradise where dreams are spun,
Soft treasury of Nature's art,
A cosmos 'neath the global sun.

I am an island touched by man,
For brief years in his history,
Please help preserve me if you can,
A gift of the utmost rarity.



Hilda's Lord Howe Limerick

The Gallant young man from Old Dart
Who followed the compass and chart
From the ship "Supply" tall,
Casting his eye was Lidgbird Ball
Who discovered Lord Howe — That's smart.



The Happy Wanderer Malcolm & Celia Lawrie

I love to go a wandering
Along the mountain track.
But don't forget the hips and knees
And poor old aged back.
Valderie, etc
My poor old aged back.

To clamber down the mountain side
That's what I love to do.
I slip and slide on my backside
But don't land in cow poo.
Valderie, etc
But don't slip in cow poo.

We clambered up to Goat House Cave
'Twas on the 3rd of May.
But when Ralf led us back again
He led us the wrong way.
Valderie, etc
He led us the wrong way.

We ventured on to Boat Harbour
For lunch with juice to sip
But then the brave they shocked us all –
They had a skinny dip.
Valderie, etc
They had a skinny dip

We're Vytus, Beth, Mary, Robyn and Sheila,
And Helen, Malcolm, Celia, Jan and Ron,
Plus Barbara, Lucy, Hilda, Joan, Helen and
Annabelle,
And Ian, Evelyn, Ralf and John.
Valderie,
And fearless leader John.

We love to go a wandering
Along the mountain track.
But don't forget the hips and knees,
And poor old aged back.
Valderie,
My poor old aged back.



Collecting Fungi Helen Jones

Turning old logs, disturbing frogs and beetles.
Lots of time on your hands and knees,
Then wading in bogs until all your toes freeze.
Trip on a root and tumble right down
to the bottom of the hill –
And there it is – What a thrill !
At last it is found "*Secotium fragariosum*"!!
Then a voice from above calls out loud and clear –
Is this what your looking for?
There's one up here -----

These Are a Few of My Favourite Things Mary Tang, Celia Lawrie and Robyn Mitchinson

Blue Peters coffee and sweet frionds for me,
Johnny's hot porridge and Sharan's cakes for tea
Happy Hour chatters and red wine with crackers,
These are a few of my favourite things,

Rustles of palm trees as we walk home each night
Ripples of calm seas and skies full of star light
Clouds that fly by like the birds on their wings
These are a few of my favourite things

Chorus:

*When the wind blows
When the day's cold
When I am feeling low
I simply remember my favourite things
Then I start feeling warm glows*

Walking together in all kinds of weather
Raincoats and brollies and tough shoes of leather
Rain in my hair, What do I care?
These are a few of the things we must bear.

Chatting and laughing on steep mountain passes
Slipping and sliding and losing one's glasses
I can be me, felling so free,
How about making a nice cup of tea.

Chorus:

*When the wind blows
When the rain falls
Walking Mt Gower goes
But there's an alternative that we all know
Little café — cappuccino*

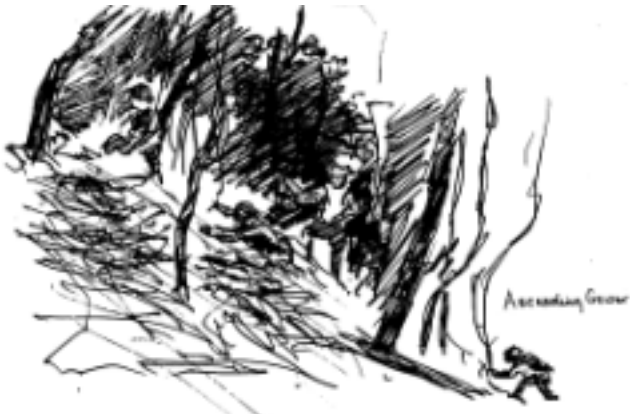
Double headed fishes, and gold whistlers calling
Climbing up mountains and not even falling
Little brown doves with their emerald wings
These are a few of my favourite things.

Banyan trees spreading and pandanus growing,
Crystal clear mountain streams happily flowing
Tropicbirds soar in the blue sky above
These are a few of the things that I love.

Chorus:

*When I step in a big cow pat
On the path home
I simply remember my favourite things
And then I don't feel alone.*





Ascending Gower

**Participants names and addresses not
for publication**



Lidgberg from Valley of Shandour's Aron