

# LIVING AT A LIGHTHOUSE



RON & YVONNE  
TURNER



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# LIVING AT A LIGHTHOUSE

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**By Ron Turner**



All GPS coordinates are provided as points of reference only, and must always be cross-referenced with official maps and documentation before travelling. The supplied GPS coordinates must never be solely relied upon.

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# COPING WITH TOURISTS

- BUSTARD HEADS LIGHTHOUSE 2016 -

Chapter 1 - by © Ron Turner



Bustard Head was hot in January-February 2016. The perspiration dripped off our bodies daily. The air conditioning was already operational, namely, every window and door in the cottage was open and the wind blows through. Day after day the thunder has been rolling away in the distance. We could see the storms build up to the west and south – and move away to dump on the Fraser and Sunshine Coasts. The almost on-going rolling thunder was reminiscent of distant gunfire when the Army practice their live gunnery exercises at Tin Can Bay. Yet, I have only recorded 9mm rain here during the past week.

The evening of Tues 2 Feb. closed in early. Out to sea – in full view – jagged forks of lightning strike the ocean. My slow count between lightning and thunder continues; eight seconds, six, five, four ... This storm is approaching us. Electricity in our house was faltering from another storm behind us so we turned the lights off and sat at a table in the dark and watched the lightshow

outside. Three seconds, two, and ... The co-ordination of lightning and thunder indicated the storm was right above and the scene outside was of almost constant light as lightning and lighthouse battled it out.

Built on a hill 100 metres above the sea our current home is a beautifully restored cottage. The 1868 cast iron segmented lighthouse is 25 metres away, and its four beams of light are 15 metres above us, continually sweeping around, searching for the horizon and ships in distress.

It was fascinating to see the rays of light from the lighthouse diffused by the heavy rain. A flash of 0.063 seconds duration is followed 6.6 seconds later with another flash, then a further break of 3.3 seconds followed by another flash 6.6 seconds later. The immovable lighthouse held to its steady beat while the irresistible force of the storm beat around us and



slowly – ever so slowly – passed overhead. With almost continual sheet lightning illuminating the scene we noted the lawn mowing kangaroos had temporarily left, seeking shelter from the wind and rain.

With back-up battery power should the mains electricity fail there was no way to judge who won this contest. The light beams kept sweeping around overhead and I felt the contest between the immovable object and the irresistible force was a draw, or favoured the lighthouse – for it just kept shining.

The display was so reminiscent to me of another era – 1957; alone in a tiny hut above the Whitcombe River in the Southern Alps in New Zealand. The hut would tremble with the shock of thunder in the steep sided valley lit by lightning, and rats would scamper about the rafters. I have since returned there by helicopter – this time with Yvonne – and presented her with ice on the water in the wash bowl on her birthday.

Back at the lightstation a grey dawn clears away to a reasonable day. A quick check for red-backs parachuting from the light fittings, and ants in the pantry. Across to the rain gauge – 152.6mm of rain plus two click beetles and an ant lion. Once again I talk to the kangaroos grazing outside, quietly exhorting – now pleading with them – to eat more grass so I don't have to mow. Raise the flag. Into the display house and thankfully no water across the floor to be mopped up. Into the tower; no water on the ground-level floor. Odd, but good; it normally leaks. Up the 58 steps to the balcony level and a minor flood greets me. The rain has beaten in under the heavy cast iron door giving access to the balcony outside. Next, into the old generator shed (now a display site) and another flood to be mopped up confronts me. Apparently the wind was horizontal and forced the heavy rain in; most unusual. Breakfast, shave, and collect sponges and bucket. Leave the doors open to dry the area out. A lengthy incoming telephone call.

Time for a coffee. No, not now! Another telephone call comes in right after the first; the LARC will be here in 15 minutes with visitors. (We were expecting them hence the major effort to remove water someone might slip on – but the time had got away.) Damm! They should have the courtesy to allow me to have a coffee! Five minutes for a shower; dress and



*The LARC. © Ron Turner 2015.*

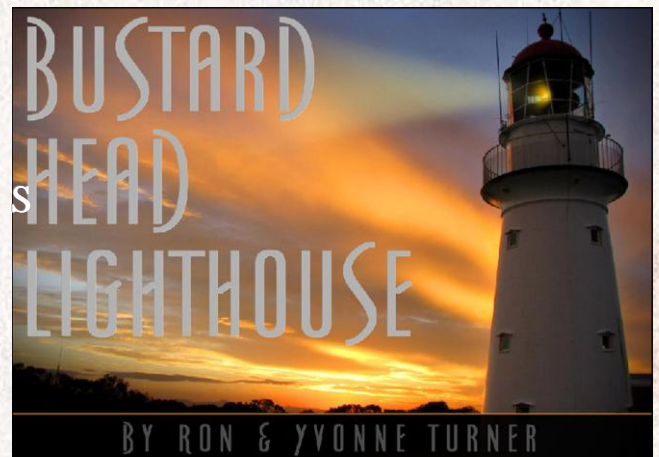


comb my hair, then outside for last minute preparations in time to calmly greet the LARC and commence my spiel; 'Welcome to the Bustard Head lightstation – you lucky people'.

The tour goes well. It was a small group and hence time to talk less hurriedly about life on a lightstation and how the womenfolk coped with their three burner kerosene stove with detachable oven. How they prepared yeast for bread by boiling potatoes and adding hops; their Coolgardie safe and icyball fridge, their crafts and hobbies and a gruesome museum description of how a man dies after picking up a conefish shell. The kerosene lanterns used in the cottages for 21 years after electricity was connected to the lighthouse. Time for photos; visitors thank me. Wave them goodbye and into the cottage for home-made bread, home-made honey and a home-grown mango for lunch. Shortly afterwards, and slowing down, it's too hot and humid to do anything. Time for a 'Nanny nap'. After all, my motto is 'Smoko – 9 to 5 daily.'

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- LIVING  
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-



Icyball fridge similar to that once used at the lighthouse





# REDBACK INVASION

- BUSTARD HEADS LIGHTHOUSE 2016 -

Chapter 2 - by © Ron Turner

View from the lighthouse.



Yvonne has a less tolerant attitude to web producing spiders than I do but... enough is enough. This is the finish, absolutely! We thought it was D Day in Europe when – one evening – we counted five red back spiders parachuting into the bathroom and kitchen. We have had two or three of these unwelcome visitors each day. Yvonne occasionally presents me with a flat spider she has

dealt with, and asks my opinion what it was. A week or so back I dispatched a large female red back under the fridge, and we have had other invaders from the ceiling light fittings on a daily basis. (Last year I found a large female between the bed spread and wooden bed head of a single bed, plus other smaller individuals).

Next morning, armed with brush, a torch and a can of spider control (guaranteed to eliminate spiders and their webs for up to six months)! I went under every bed, under every table and chair. Every cupboard was moved, and searched. The result – absolutely nothing!

We found three large female red backs in the display house and I wondered if Workplace Health and Safety have any rules about them! In this building there are two towels neatly hanging from the rail in the bathroom. I've never moved them; they may have been hanging there for years. Two of the red backs were living happily in the fold. A more thorough search of the building revealed – one daddy long legs spider. It was a real anti-climax.

I had previously moved the St Andrews Cross spider from our kitchen outside where, now living happily, it seems to be getting bigger when I check on it each morning.

The lighthouse tower was well populated with daddy long leg spiders – I had dealt with them previously – so I moved to the old generator shed, now a display area. The daddy long

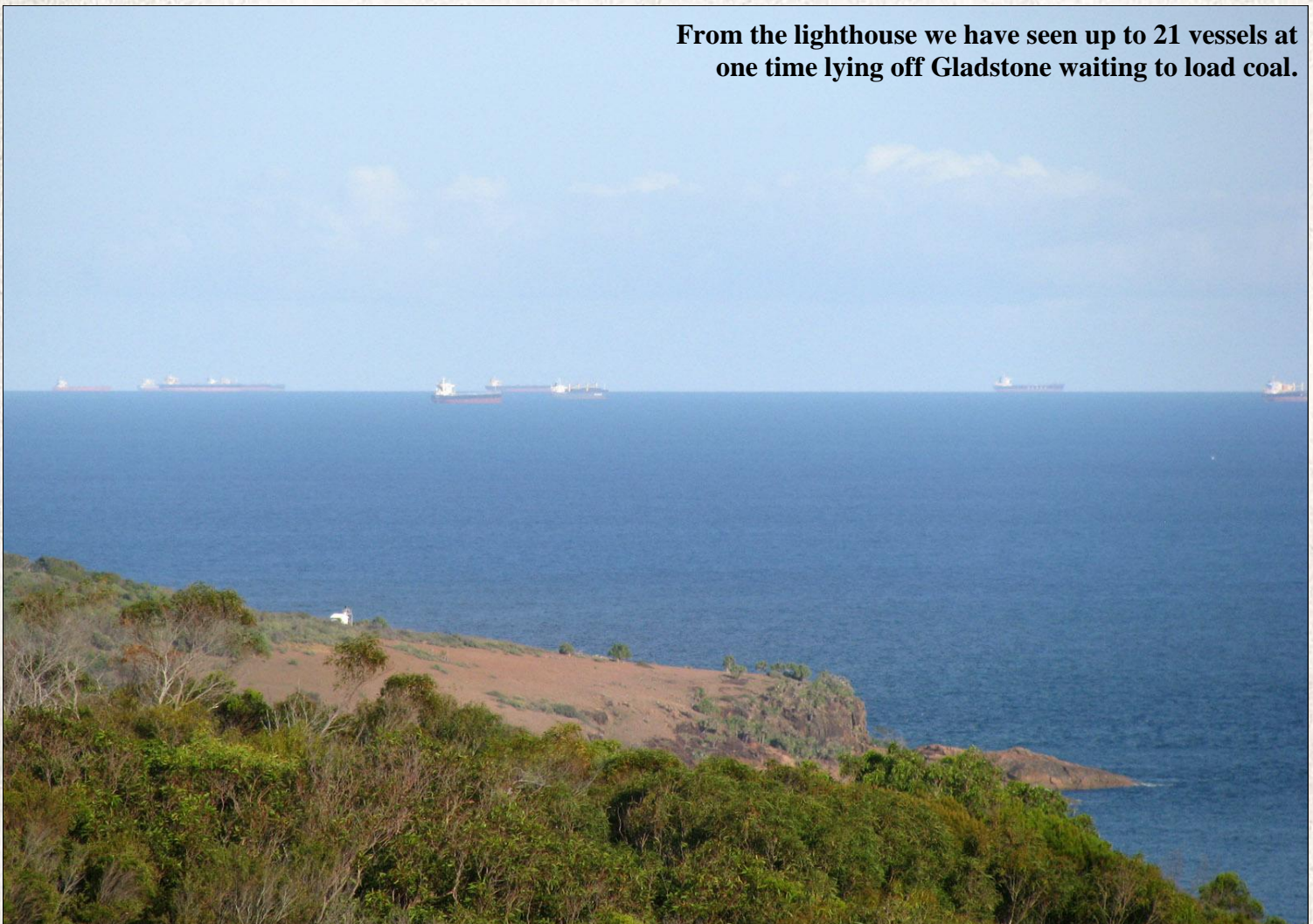


legs I thought I had killed now seemed to have multiplied, or their relatives had come for the funeral. There were more than I had noticed previously.

Next on the attack plan was the workshop. Hmmm! Not too bad. Then, the storeroom next door used to house paints, fuels, umbrellas and chairs for guests, hand tools and many other miscellaneous items. Two large female red backs and five egg sacs dispatched, one from under a chair. A mummified lizard suspended from a web was a tell tale sign of a red-back spider nearby. On to the last shed. Originally horse stables since 1868, then a garage for 4wd vehicles after WW2, this is now a general storeroom housing all manner of treasure. There are boxes, untold pieces of timber, glass, and the ride on mower. I only get in here about once each trip. There was just too much to pull it all apart, and I found nothing. Well, a couple of daddy long legs. Anyhow, being 50 metres distant from our house, it would take a while for unseen, resident spiders to hike across the lawn to reach us. Strange, not a huntsman to be seen. Nor, thankfully, a white-tailed spider. These can give a fresh rotting, ulcerated wound. Nasty!

However, I was not game to put my head up into the ceiling, or crawl around under the house. I have done the male protector sort of thing and anyhow, Yvonne's shoe is effective, quite deadly in fact.

**From the lighthouse we have seen up to 21 vessels at one time lying off Gladstone waiting to load coal.**







**Backpacker  
visitors.**



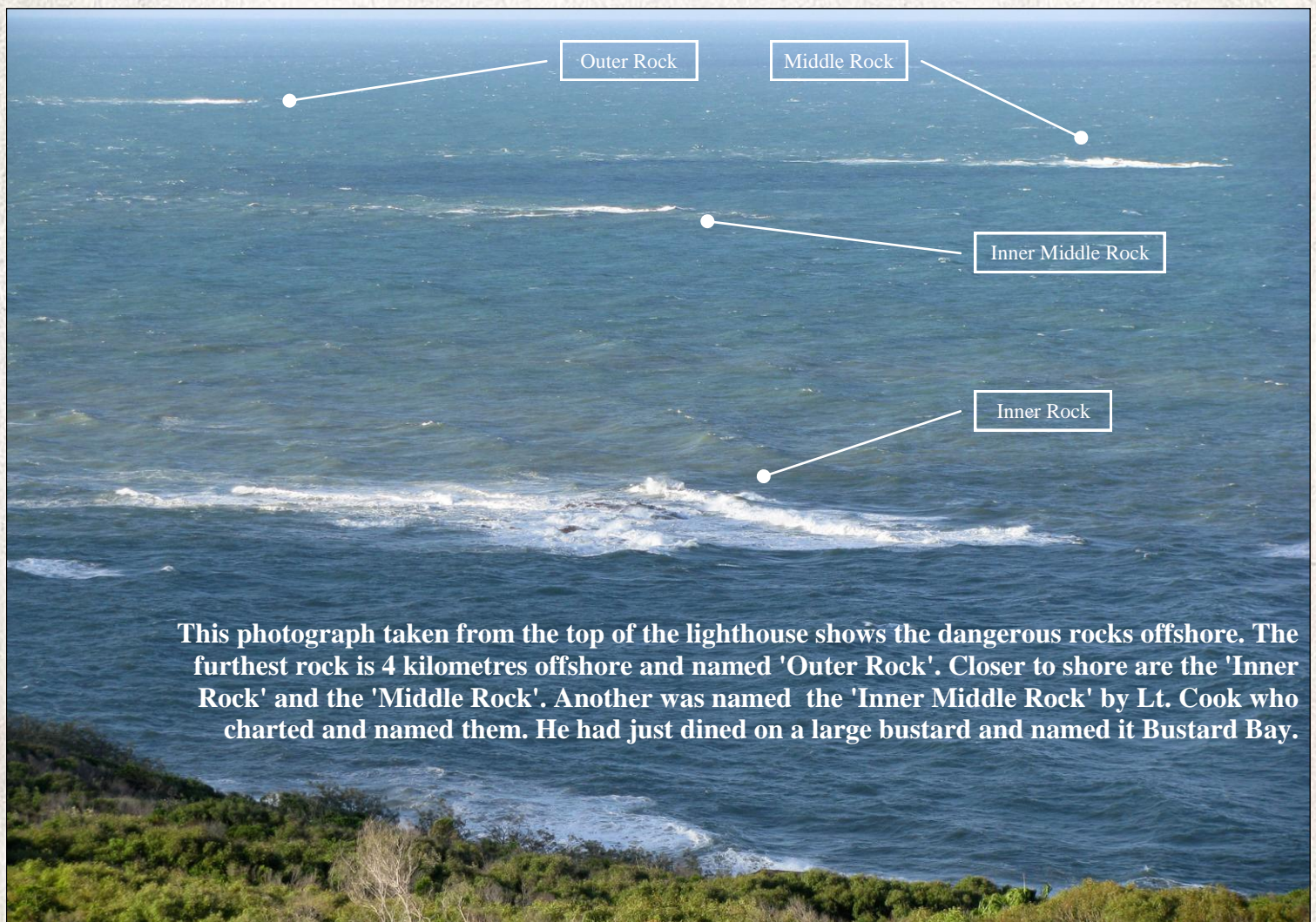
The wind blew incessantly from the southwest, and the days were hot and thundery. Then the strong wind veered to the southeast and brought rain, and a light blanket covering our bed of a night. Today dawned differently. The wind had eased off and the birds had come back into the shrubs around the house. Two lewin and four brown honey eaters, a pair of beautiful, melodious pied butcher birds and the more raucous noisy friar birds over in the bush edge. Fast flying rainbow lorikeets moving over the headland to the blossoms below. For the first time we are noticing small flocks of bar shouldered dove feeding on the lawn. Strolling down the track towards the Storeshed Beach there are masses of flowers on the bloodwoods in a more sheltered area, and the lorikeets are having a feast. We have only heard one pair of red tail black cockatoos but the small flock of Sulphur-crested cockatoo had dropped their feeding detritus on the ground beneath one tree. The rainbow bee eaters favour one area – near where a lightkeeper's wife was found with her throat cut from ear to ear – back in history. There are the odd spangled drongos chuckling away and the ever merry kookaburra. It is not a good place for birds but we still keep an eye and an ear open for different calls.

Twenty-eight visitors on the LARC and ten backpackers made for a busy day; all went well. I even got a bite from the English backpackers asking – innocently, of course – what they thought of the Union Jack being removed from our Australian flag.



Things are improving. Nine backpackers arrived, and there were nine kangaroos grazing on the lawn to greet them. Today's mix includes four English, one Swede, two German, and two from Kazakstan. I just had to ask the latter two if they had connections to the Russian mafia. Very well behaved, attentive, and happy once they got to the platform outside the top of the lighthouse and taking selfies. Then we can talk about the lighthouse.

I was overwhelmed a few days earlier. There were 10 English backpackers, the most ever. I always introduce myself, tell them a little about where Yvonne and I live and that we are here for four weeks. Then the preliminaries. Firstly, a warning: the lighthouse does not comply with modern safety regulations; they enter the lighthouse at their own risk. There are 58 steps to climb. I ask if they think they can make it. Then I tell them I have to inspect their eyeballs and engage them quickly, one by one. Explaining, I advise that if they are under the influence of liquor or drugs they may not enter the lighthouse. Sometimes I ask what language they are speaking for I find some of them hard to understand, even making allowances for the acoustics of the lighthouse interior. To be fair, I ask if they can understand my Australian accent and explain this came about because the children of convicts who came across from England, now playing together in a hostile land couldn't understand each other, and so a unique common Aussie accent developed.



This photograph taken from the top of the lighthouse shows the dangerous rocks offshore. The furthest rock is 4 kilometres offshore and named 'Outer Rock'. Closer to shore are the 'Inner Rock' and the 'Middle Rock'. Another was named the 'Inner Middle Rock' by Lt. Cook who charted and named them. He had just dined on a large bustard and named it Bustard Bay.

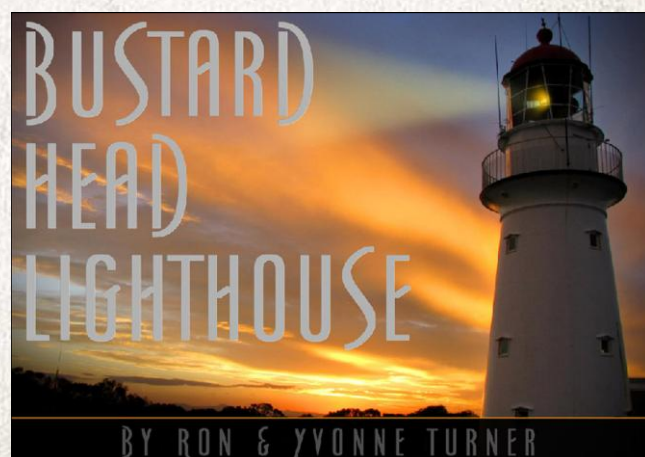


From the upper lighthouse platform I point out the site of the school and three original houses, and how two of them burnt down in 1932. They have no concept of a weatherboard house, so further explanation is needed, including what a semi-detached kitchen is. From experience, I keep photos of various aspects of lighthouses that I can show them. Perhaps the most fascinating is the original 3 m high lens lit by oil. The photos of the pressurised kerosene apparatus helps but once again the concept of mantles and intensity of the light is lost on them. I let them handle a mantle and light up the gas light as a demonstration. They readily understand the 120 mm diameter, 110 volt, 500 watt globe, and the taller 1000 watt tungsten halogen globe. What really surprises them is the 12 volt, 100 watt, 30 mm high quartz iodine globe currently in use. Its light reaches 20 kms out to sea.

Later, they often ask how we get here, and how we survive in such an isolated spot, and don't we get lonely. As they are camping in the bush on the high water mark – with occasional goannas and scrub turkeys and the odd snake wandering through – I point out the overhead electric line, and rub it in. We have all mod cons. Unlimited hot showers, (a groan!), an electric stove and hot water jug, a washing machine, refrigerator and freezer, a bread maker and television, and a DVD player. Time to find out their origins, and their current plans for travel, and work. There is general unease about proposed changes to our taxation laws. I wave them goodbye, saying I hope they enjoy their time in Australia. I recall the kindness and generosity of the Kiwis when I did a spot of hitchhiking around New Zealand's South Island – almost 60 years ago.

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# STATION MAINTENANCE

- BUSTARD HEADS LIGHTHOUSE 2016 -

Chapter 3 - by © Ron Turner



Lots of visitors here comment how nice it must be to live at the lightstation. I must ask the next jealous person how good they are at cleaning windows. There are 44 windows in each of the two houses and the display house must be kept in tip top condition for visitors. Near the ocean we receive ongoing salt spray onto the glass – both sides if the windows are kept open. A few spots of rain and they look awful. Depending of the frequency of visitors we can spend a lot of time cleaning them.

When I started to think my eyes were fogged one morning I knew the time had arrived to clean the windows in our own cottage. Being lazy, I just hose and squeegee them from the outside. Both the spots of accumulated salt caught in the insect netting – and salt spray inside the windows – will keep for a few more days when I will have to clean and polish more thoroughly for the incoming volunteers. Our month is drawing to a close.





Then there is the grass to be kept in order and trimmed around fences and paving stones. Although I have maintained a friendly relationship with the kangaroos – I talk to them often – their comfort zone extends about 6 or 7 metres and I don't try to get closer. Despite my quiet pleading, the grass and weeds have got away from them, and I will have to mow and use the brush cutter. That's another two long and full days – at least – so I leave this for a few days yet to present a tidy appearance to the next couple.

Some of the white fence railing was showing signs of rust so – hoping the showery rain will stay away for a few days – I set to and used the rotary wire brush to clean each affected point along a 50 metre stretch. Some spots needed more attention and I use the rotary sanding disc. First, the etch primer and the following day an epoxy undercoat. Two more coats of paint to come. Stay away rain!

It is strange the thoughts that wander into my mind when painting with no distractions of people, birds, radio or telephone. I drift back to 1956: the Chief Petty Officer is giving advice to Sturt Intake, the newest batch of conscripted Naval national servicemen. Navy tradition number one is: if it moves salute it; if it doesn't, paint it. And here I am, painting a fixture. The Navy were a little apprehensive, it seemed. The previous intake used the cover of darkness to carry a heavy whaleboat from the ocean foreshore and left it floating in the swimming pool. In a final contemptuous exercise they had hoisted some items of women's underwear aloft on the Commodore's flag pole. How shocking! We must have been a tame crowd for I never heard of any planning for such pranks, but we would have loved to know what the officer's stiff upper lip did when he saw such unorthodox material fluttering in the breeze from his personal flagpole.

Our perhaps complacent attitude changed somewhat when the order came around for all hands to splice the mainbrace. Time honoured Navy tradition number two stated splice the mainbrace means all hands to get a tot of rum. There we were, at HMAS Cerberus, the Victorian naval base on Westernport Bay, being taught our supporting role in manning a warship at sea – below the water line. We learned of the use of blood and other unsavoury concoctions to douse oil fires, and surfacing from a sinking ship by thrashing the water surface above to clear the film of fuel oil before opening your mouth and eyes. Now, however, there was a Problem. The permanent navy men got their tot but we were all under the prevailing legal age for drinking, and we were issued a soft drink. It was an insult – even to those that didn't drink. Those that did drink were furious, and there was serious talk of mutiny. Shortly after, we all moved to HMAS Penguin, in Sydney, where we loudly boo-ed





the (English) Chief Petty Officer about another Navy tradition. The Queens Regulations he read from said something about we should eat the weevils in our food – be thankful, and smile.

A plane going overhead breaks my reverie. It is bringing in a fresh lot of adventurous backpackers to camp on the beach below the lighthouse. They come up in the evening for a look inside the lighthouse. Mainly English, the last lot were very polite and listened attentively – until I asked what they thought of Australia (and New Zealand) removing the Union Jack from our respective flags? Are they going to vote yes or no to stay within the ECU. This generally gets a reaction and I keep them going. What do they know about England despatching convicts here, I ask. Now I have an reaction it leads to a better interaction and I get back to historical aspects how this lighthouse operated.

None of these young people have any concept of pressurised kerosene for lighting, or what a mantle is. Fortunately, in the storeshed, there is a gas lantern for volunteers to use in the event of a power outage. I let my visitors pass around an unburnt mantle explaining how those used in this lighthouses in the 1917 to 1935 era were much bigger, then I light the gas light. I provide a graph depicting how far out to sea the light from oil, kerosene and electricity reaches.

Two Swedes, two Norwegians, two Italians and three Canadians are welcomed into the lighthouse. I note one of the young Norwegian women wiped her feet on the mat, then started to take her sandals off. I make the observation her mother would be proud of her.



She beams, and I think she will text her mum – on the other side of the world – within minutes of leaving. (An earlier lot from England seemed to deliberately walk into puddles and mud before they entered the lighthouse – without wiping their feet.) I give a special welcome for the Canadians, lamenting at the lack of news we receive in Australia about Canada. Two of them had never seen a kangaroo. I explain how these animals sometimes rest under the house where there is shade and an ever present breeze. I give a brief introduction of Australia's kangaroos, wallabies and rat kangaroos, and how some climb trees.



Two of these young folk are that impressed with the mantle and gaslight display they take photos. I am pleased, but think their photos will only show an incandescent light too bright to look at. The group were pleasant – and spoke very well. I speculate at the possibility of sending some UK children to Europe to learn how to speak understandable English.

It has been another good day; only 11 LARC visitors which allows me a better chance to chat and answer questions more personally. A twenty something year old looks blankly at me when I talk about the kerosene era. I take her aside and pass a mantle for her to feel, and light the gas light. Two older visitors decline to venture inside the lighthouse tower so we sit and chat about why Bustard Head has the title of Lighthouse of Tragedy. The rest of the group venture to the cemetery and learn of drownings and heart attacks, of infant mortality – and the mosquitoes. Meanwhile, I chat about the lightkeeper's wife who was found in the bush with her throat cut, and the maids of Middle Island. This is the next island south of Bustard Head. A lightkeeper's widow took her three infant children to live there– she is buried in our cemetery with her husband. Two girls stayed on the island for seventy years – although one left on two occasions possibly to check on the latest fashions! Then there is the murder which led to an abduction of a teenage girl. She and the culprit were never seen again – despite the huge 500 pounds reward offered in 1912. I can generally fill in slack time with a bit of history.

Lest the reader feels I am a little xenophobic – or suffer from some anti-English phobia – I must mention

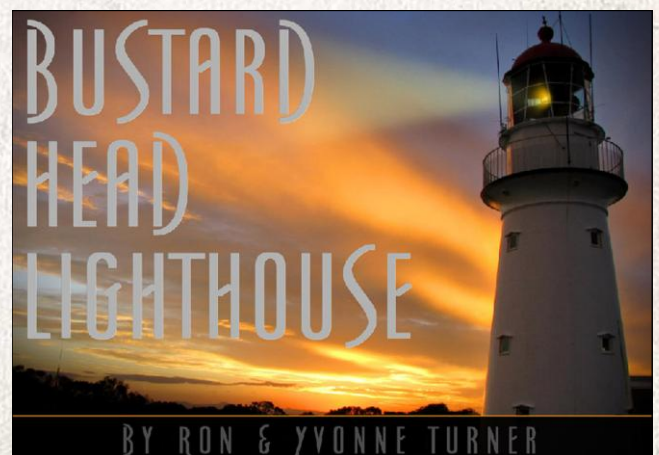




Kris. She is trim, taut, and terrific. With two university degrees she is the current Camp Supervisor looking after a fresh group of backpackers every two days, leading them along the beach and up the 1.6km track to the lightstation. She comes to our cottage for coffee bringing a cake. What I particularly like about her is that she is used to Australians, for water readily runs off her back. Yvonne and I are both impressed with this lass. Of Carribbean ancestry she can't help it if she was born in London, but we have invited her to call at our home in Gympie if she passes our way in the future, and this is a first for us. Anyhow, if one scratches a layer or two of skin off most Australians there will be an English ancestor underneath, and I am no different.

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# LIVING REMOTELY

- BUSTARD HEADS LIGHTHOUSE 2016 -

Chapter 4 - by © Ron Turner



How do you get here, and what do you do for food, are perhaps the two most frequently asked questions we get asked. (Once I was even asked if we ate the kangaroos for meat). There are two answers, depending on time. The short answer is that we and our food are delivered to the door of our cottage by the amphibious LARC, with boxes and boxes of food, clothing and other items to last for a month.

Which brings me to reflect on how former lightkeepers coped. Other volunteers talk to visitors of the vandalising and rebuilding of the cottages (men's work) but I like to talk of the early women, how they coped, and their crafts and hobbies. I have been helped immeasurably by chatting with Keith Foster who lived at the station during WWII. 110 volt electricity was connected to the lighthouse in 1935 but, for the next 21 years, all lighting, heating and cooking in the cottages depended on kerosene.





Courtesy Bustard Head Lighthouse Association. Artist © Cheryl Nugent

Orienting visitors as they enter the display cottage I point out that during the WWII era, all clothes washing in the laundry was by means of a drip fed kerosene boiler. The adjacent small room was the pantry, where stores were kept. They arrived about every three months and, on occasions, food became scarce due to rough weather delaying the re-supply ship. So, it was all hands to the rocks below to collect oysters, catch fish, or into the estuaries to catch mud crabs. (What a stressful life)! Native pigeons and kangaroos provided other sources of meat.

Food was landed on Boatshed Beach at the mouth of Pancake Creek, then carted the 2.4 kilometres up the slope using two horses.

Flour came in large bags (about 65 kg) and self raising flour was made by adding baking soda. Bags of potatoes were even larger. The quality of these was important as some were boiled and the heavily laden starch liquid kept. This was brewed up by adding hops to prepare yeast for bread making. There was corned beef and a variety of tinned salted meats and cured bacon. Heavily salted butter, and meats, had to be repeatedly soaked in water to remove the salt. Sugar came in 30 kg bags. There were 20 litre tins of honey and Golden Syrup came in 3 kg tins.

For cooking, a three burner kerosene stove was used – it was about a metre wide – and bread dough would be placed into a detachable oven. This oven was placed above two of the three burners; a low flame helped the dough rise. Roasts and biscuits etc. were made using this oven.





About 150 metres north of the station there was a garden down in the bush. An upthrust of rock and surrounding vegetation deflects wind over the top. Over the millenia, a build up of beautiful humus rich, sandy-loam soil has occurred. There is an old spring – we have only seen water from it once in several years and this was after very heavy rain – and a stone wall to keep stock from the nearby Turkey Beach station away. They

grew lettuce, carrots, paw paws, bananas and carrots. There are still some fruit trees to be seen; three mangos and some citrus. Wise visitors cover themselves liberally with insect repellent should they wish to visit.

The question of types and amounts of our food is one in which I defer to the Department of Internal affairs and we tend to use the first of two methods (I tend to stay clear of Yvonne's territory in the kitchen until wash-up time). From experience, we have developed a list of sufficient foods to last for more than a month.

We never rely on my catching fish but take some tins of fish for salads or making fish patties. Anyhow, Yvonne is not overly keen on my wandering alone through the scrub to reach the rocks for fishing, or scrambling along the rocky coastline, in case of snakes, or accidents. She has decanted a large bag of bread-mix flour into loaf-size bags and we have fresh bread every second or third day. Just in case of being marooned we take 2 kg of our own honey, Promite, peanut butter, and a jar of jam plus a mix of hi-fibre biscuits and cheese. Two tubs of butter just last the distance. Yvonne's frozen home made biscuits are always a treat.

We like our fresh fruit but bananas and grapes ran out during the latter part of week two. We brought 25 ripening mangoes from our orchard with us; any that ripened in advance of our need were frozen. Mango was on the menu every day. Frozen litchis from home were welcome as was frozen rock melon. Fresh tomatoes ran out the day before we left. We brought some lettuce and cabbage back home together with a few apples and some sealed ham.

We are not great fans of barbeques and don't take much fresh meat. Yvonne prepares a variety of stews at home. These and corn beef are frozen into meal size containers, as



are some fruits, and this takes the place of ice during transport. We had been given a large frozen organic chicken and it is used initially to help keep food cold. Because we have a good deal of frozen food we opt to drive the 370 kms from Gympie through the early hours of the morning, and have breakfast while waiting for the LARC.

As an alternative we can – if necessary – telephone the grocer at Agnes Waters for re-supply and they will box up an order for us. LARC staff then have to collect and transport it to the station – as long as there are enough visitors to ensure its operation. Having lived for many years in the country we have never had access to corner stores for daily foods nor do we like to impose or rely on the LARC. Then there is the possibility of storms and cyclones. In 2011 the remnants of Cyclone Tasha passed southerly along the ranges, inland of our island headland. We recorded 500 mm of rain in four days; just inland had double this, and more. Nearby Bundaberg was devastated; 300 homes were evacuated. Central Brisbane was flooded.

All roads around the district were cut and no tourists could reach the coast, or leave. Our approach of trying to be independent worked; we did not want the LARC to either evacuate us, or make a costly special resupply trip. So, we enjoyed the quietness and solitude, and steadily ate our way through food in the pantry, played music and dvds, read and watched television – and wrote. After this weather event we had no more tourists for three weeks.

One task for volunteers is to report any loss of electricity during storms. The instructions are laid out for us to follow; the telephone number to call, the account number and yes, tell the operator Bustard Head is not in the suburbs. Remind them the lighthouse relies on 240 volt electricity for safety at sea and backup batteries are only good for 48-72 hours. Ergon are good and windfall debris is removed from the line and power restored in less than a day. While it is nice to be able to mention safety at sea I hope other consumers get such prompt attention.

The backpackers operate separately and independently to LARC 1770 Tours and the lightstation, and the pilot faced a dilemma with Cyclone Tasha. He rang three times in the space of a few hours for a weather update – it was continually very rough with low variable cloud – then rang to ask if I could take a message to their camp. They had been scheduled to fly out but were now to be evacuated by LARC; the weather was just too dangerous for light planes. The track to the beach was heavily overgrown and I only had a shower jacket. Those poor backpackers; they had water in the tents and almost everything was wet. They must have thought I was some quaint ghost from the past when I walked into their camp dressed in the latest fashion wet weather gear (a *garbag* with holes for my head and arms.). However, many of them accepted my



advice to adopt the same water proofing. Carrying their meager belongings, they walked in the rain through the dripping vegetation, past the lightstation and down to Jenny Lind Creek – a total of 3.2 kms – to catch the LARC for a driving/boating return to civilisation along the beach. It had been too wet for the LARC to climb the hill to the station. What an adventure! And the sun finally came out for them during the return trip.

In 2016 we were just about to sit down for roast chicken with all the trimmings when a fresh group of backpackers arrived. This supervisor is a bit inconsiderate arriving right on 12 noon, but Yvonne rises to the occasion. Potatoes that were going to be mashed were browned – and I love roast potatoes. I take the backpackers into the lighthouse and provide some quiet, personal, diplomatic observations about roast chicken – and when he should bring visitors.



There was a bit of a groan from the backpackers who could smell our chicken. They are provided with a stew every night. Three years back the two Camp Supervisors were striving for a record; they had tallied 85 consecutive stews and we left them to it. We heard later this pair created a record that no one has since sought to smash; 113 consecutive stews.

Meanwhile, back in the cottage with microwave, toaster, jug and electric stove, we are well fed. Breakfast invariably is thick slices of home made toast, or home mixed muesli with either powdered or long-life milk and tinned fruit (when the fresh fruit ran out). Our home dried persimmon and dried mango are soaked overnight in water and this is poured over breakfast cereal and powdered milk. Lunch is often a mixed salad with different cold meats. With soups, Four-bean mix, baked beans and 4 dozen eggs we get a varied diet. We have pasta or rice or potato and hi-fibre biscuits to go with our stews.





Last year we had an invasion of the tiniest ants imaginable. I call them racehorse ants for they are about 1.5 mm long and run very fast. Curious, but none to be seen this year, but a slightly larger ant shows up on occasions in the pantry. I use my thumb to squash the odd ones and a little insecticide spray around the edges of the pantry to deter them. These ants also wander around the floor of the verandah. I can be sitting minding my own business when a sharp nip demands immediate attention. Almost always they climb the leg unobtrusively before having a nip. This year we have a larger, centimetre long, two-tone brown ant just wandering at will across the floor. They don't appear to be a problem, not showing interest in our food. Odd dead bodies show where we have walked on them.

In each of the two cottages there is a large refrigerator/freezer so we take some food to the other cottage if required. Odd tourists comment at this modern refrigerator so I produce a photo of a Coolgardie safe and explain its origins and how it works. These units were used prior to WWII. During the war an icy ball fridge was used and once again I produce a photo offering prizes for anyone who can tell me what it is. Only one chap in five odd years came near; occasional visitors think it is some kind of alcohol still. Invented by an Australian, it is a sealed unit containing a solution of ammonia and water. Heat is applied to the ridged or hot ball; this drives the ammonia into the smooth or icy ball. The unit is hung onto the wall of a chest type freezer – smooth ball in – and the chemical reaction commences. It lasts for two to three days and is efficient enough to be able to make ice inside the tube. After the war kerosene refrigerators were introduced.



*Icyball fridge cooling unit*

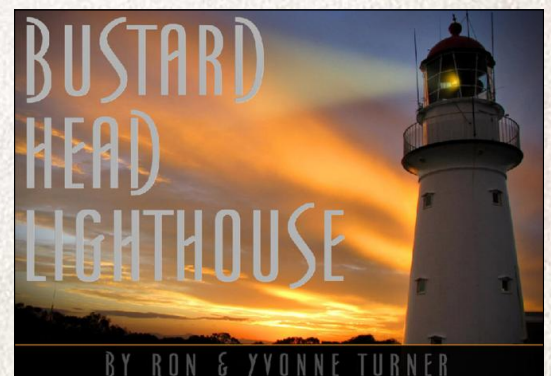


A big change to living conditions at Bustard Head for lightkeepers and their families followed the introduction of diesel generators. This enabled 240 volt refrigerators and freezers and washing machines to be used.

We are not great drinkers of alcohol; water is the main fluid either straight or as coffee or tea. Cool drinks include ginger cordial or Staminade. There are four water tanks at each cottage but, once again, we are used to remote living and this never allows for water wastage. The lightstation is situated in a rain shadow area. Should we go for a wander around the headland our emergency rations consist of dried fruits, mixed nuts, muesli bars and water – and extra insect repellant.

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# MARINE STINGERS

- BUSTARD HEADS LIGHTHOUSE 2016 -

Chapter 5 - by © Ron Turner

At 7.45 pm, 27 January 2015, the telephone at the lightstation cottage rang. The supervisor at Castaways backpacker's camp, on Aircraft beach, advised that a 23 year old male English backpacker entered the slightly discoloured ocean about 5.30 pm, and received a sting. This phone call was rather fortuitous for the camp supervisor had only changed his mobile telephone to Telstra a few days earlier. (Many overseas visitors find their phones don't work at Bustard Head). The victim was now vomiting and arrangements had been made; he was to be evacuated by LARC from the lightstation. Treatment advised to and by the camp supervisor was to immerse the affected part in hot water. There was (still) no vinegar at their camp.



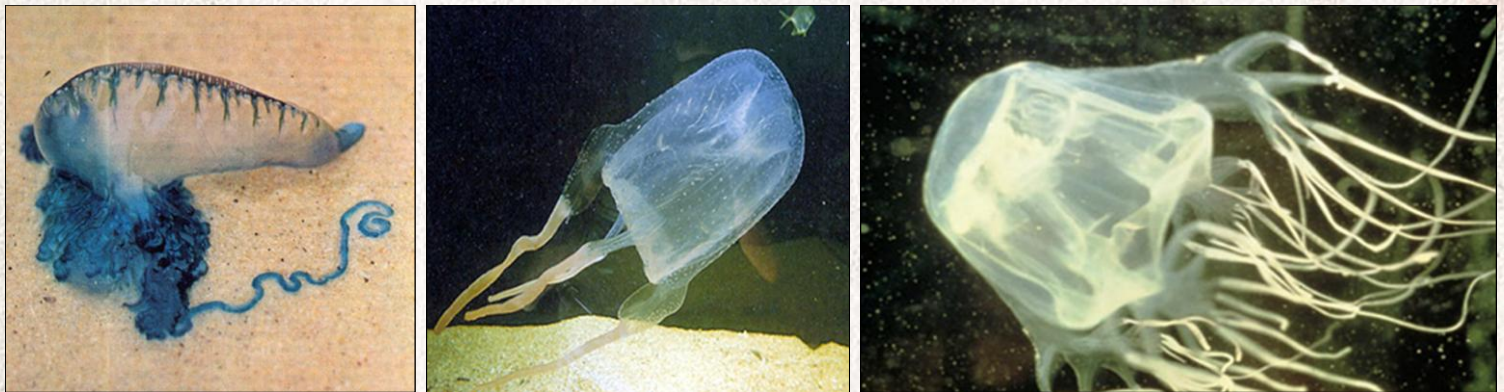
**Effects of marine stingers. At left is caused by the bluebottle, or Portuguese-man-of-war; at right is effects of morbakka or tamoya.**

Photographs courtesy Warren Smith and Queensland Government 2016



During our first trip to Queensland, in 1975, we became aware of marine stingers. Many popular beaches had warning signs about these nasty beasts at the entrance track, and a bottle of vinegar as an emergency first aid measure. A variety of these organisms can be encountered in the ocean. At least, they are unpleasant; at worst, the most severe pain, unconsciousness or death.

Our two sons accompanied me on spearfishing expeditions in our 5 metre Canadian canoe along the northern coastline. They quickly learned how to exit from the anchored canoe safely, and to climb aboard after swimming. It was great incentive to complete their correspondence school lessons, and a wonderful part of a family growing up together. At times we would be aware of a mild sting while in the water but could never see what had caused it. Possibly this was one of the near invisible trailing tendrils of a blue bottle, or Portuguese man-of-war. The effects on us were of a mild awareness, never serious stinging.



**Left; bluebottle. Centre; morbakka. Right. box jellyfish has caused fatalities.**

Photographs courtesy Warren Smith and Queensland Government 2016

During our periodic stays at Bustard Head Lightstation years later we would wander along beaches and into the backpacker's camp, introduce ourselves and have a yarn (whilst casting an experienced eye on general standards of the camp in this national park). During general conversation, I would ask whether they had any vinegar in camp. The response was often along the lines of a bemused 'No, you can't drink that, can you?'

Considering the potentially serious results of an unknown marine sting I telephoned the Poisons Information Centre describing the symptoms as far as I knew, seeking advice. I was somewhat disconcerted at confirmation of the hot water treatment which was at variance with my (limited) knowledge, and the First Aid book. What if the sting was on the torso? We didn't have any old head-hunter's cooking pots big enough.



The backpacker victim was flushed on arrival (not surprising after walking 1.6 km up the hill in the dark), but was quite coherent. He asked for and was given a few sips of water and responded positively to immersing his forearm in hot water (as hot as he could tolerate) in the kitchen sink, then a heat bag while reclining (Yvonne keeps all manner of interesting things in her dilly bag). Chatting quietly about his home in England and life in general, there was no further vomiting – but we had a bucket ready, just in case. There was no obvious signs of alcohol or drugs. He claimed not to have taken any drink since about 3 pm, but was taking some medication for a genetic problem. He had not taken any other drugs.

Obvious symptoms were splotchy red markings along the inner right forearm – which did not show any signs of tentacles adhering to the skin, or linear markings. There was a red collar-like marking around either side of the neck and onto the upper chest. He had not been wearing any clothing which might have resulted in partial sunburn. This did not appear to be as serious as I imagined. (The visible symptoms were consistent with those shown on a photo of a Morbakka sting I received later).

I have had a similar red splotchy skin reaction to a tick bite, and considered the neck markings being possibly more an allergic reaction rather than any large contact zone with a dangerous marine stinger. Some of these marine stingers have tentacles trailing for metres behind the main body. Along these tentacles are countless millions of tiny virulent stinging cells which are triggered on contact. Vinegar neutralises the discharge mechanism of these cells.

Round Hill Volunteer Marine Rescue at Agnes Waters were standing by and relayed my information to the LARC skipper, now travelling along the beach and then out of range of our two-way radio. In turn, he relayed this to the paramedic on board. On arrival at the lightstation the paramedic recorded the vital

symptoms of the patient. The victim was evacuated at 9.45 pm. It takes about 1½ hours travel during daylight to reach the Town of 1770, and he continued on for another hour to stay overnight at the Bundaberg Hospital for observation – just to be sure. (I later asked a nurse to interpret the read-out of the patient's vital symptoms. It showed

**Amphibious LARC coming ashore.**

Photo courtesy Barbara Thomas.





a slightly higher pulse and heart beat than might be expected of a young adult). Next day I photographed what appears to be a morbakka, or Moreton Bay stinger (*Morbakka fenneri*) on Boat Shed Beach at Bustard Head, about a kilometre from where this incident occurred. They can reach 15 cm in length. (Moreton Bay is the large bay east of Brisbane). I sent my photo to the



paramedic who attended. While he does not have prior experience with them he considers the effects indicate it could be the culprit involved. Later research reveals this jellyfish ranges from far north Queensland to Sydney, at least. It was only formally named and classified in 2008. Symptoms can be similar to those from the very dangerous Irrukanji stinger. These include lower back pain, nausea and vomiting, difficulty breathing, profuse sweating, severe cramps and spasms, and a feeling of impending doom.

Thankfully, this event turned out to be more of an incident rather than a drama. During the 1970s a lightkeeper at Bustard Head received a telephone request from police to turn off the revolving beam in the lighthouse. There was a ship out to sea which had broken down, and the skipper didn't know where they were. They could see a lighthouse, but did not know which one it was. (Oh, for a breathaliser. Each lighthouse has a different sequence of flashing).

An unapproved action turning off the light could mean either a firing squad, dismissal, or a serious please explain; it could not be done without approval. He gave advice of a higher authority for the police to contact, and went to the lighthouse to see if he could see any signs of a ship in distress, advising police by the extension phone of a negative result. He then returned to enjoy the relatively new novelty of television in his cottage.

With permission obtained, the police again telephoned. This time, the phone was engaged, but the constable could hear the television. Contacting his own family, he asked them to change channels on his set at home, and determined the lightkeeper was

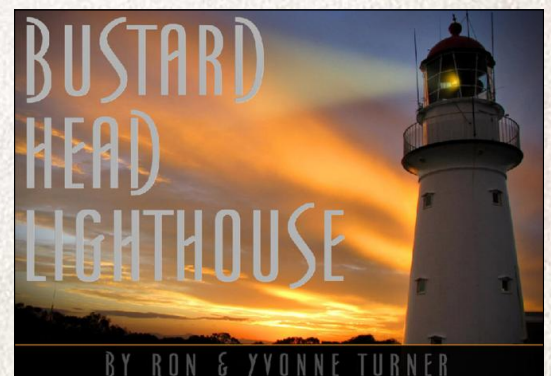


watching the ABC. He then sought approval from the ABC and they flashed a message across the screen; 'Would the Bustard Head lightkeeper please answer his phone.' (The lightkeeper hadn't replaced the handset on the main phone).

The light was extinguished for one minute. People aboard the ship advised they saw the light go out and now knew where they were, and the rescue took place. Such negligent carelessness on the skipper's part could have needlessly endangered the lives of others, especially those of rescuers. Any prudent skipper would have a chart on board, and any reasonable quality marine chart would show the character of each lighthouse along the coast, in effect, the duration of each flash, and time between flashes.

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# HE OF 111 STEWS

- BUSTARD HEAD LIGHTHOUSE 2017 -

Chapter 6 - by © Ron Turner

Castaway

© Cameron Smith 2017



Without doubt, our stay at the Bustard Head lightstation this year reached a new zenith; it was the year of Cameron, aka, 'He of 111 Stews'. We first met Cameron a few years back when he and Dave were working as camp supervisors at the nearby Castaways backpacker's camp, on Aircraft Beach. This was about two kilometres from the lightstation.

The Castaways' camp now has an international following on social media. Imagine being an escapee from the bitter northern winter, being flown to and 'left' on a remote 1.5 km long, gently shelving, sandy beach with rocks at either end, and watching the aircraft depart. Summer temperatures are in the order of 25 to 35 degrees.



'Marooned! Except for your fellow refugees, and supervisors Cameron and Dave. Give that bush a wide berth, there are wasps living there. Careful where you walk; snakes and goannas are common visitors (the two metre plus snakes are harmless pythons - but most visitors take some convincing).'

Each backpacker brings only personal needs; tents, sleeping bags and food is provided. The standard evening meal is a stew and, you've guessed it, Cameron and his mate were there for 111 nights. The Scots are often considered tough but, imagine, a stew

for the evening meal for 111 consecutive nights! (Probably had porridge for every breakfast as well; possibly why Scots are known as tough, fighting men). And now, 'He of 111 stews' is back for more supervising.

But a problem arose a few weeks ago. A plane engine failure; a landing in the sea was to be avoided at all costs as doors open outwards, and if the crash doesn't kill you, drowning tends to be final. So, the experienced pilot desperately attempts to turn back to the beach when the plane flips. One young backpacker killed; pilot and one other injured. Licence suspended while searching enquiries are conducted. Castaways temporarily shutdown; Survivors' camp on another beach continues, serviced by amphibious LARC (Lighter, Amphibious Resupply, Cargo).

So, 'He of 111 stews', having been back to Scotland, travelled around Australia, and worked in New Zealand is alone at Castaways. He runs, swims, kayaks and spear fishes each day away, writes music, plays his guitar and edits his photography, but the novelty wears off at 15 days. Girl friend at university overseas (probably feeling the cold).

'Cambo' needs to hike one kilometre along the beach to connect to the internet. He came up here twice (2.5 kms each way) when the LARC was due with a food re-supply for him. We gave him some home-made bread and biscuits, and later take macadamia nuts with home dried fruit and water down to the camp; he cooks pancakes for us, and we listen to his adventures.



Snake in camp  
© Cameron Smith 2017



He tells us of his former 'last day'. He and Dave decided to run back to road's end, at the Township of 1770, about 50 kilometres distant. This means crossing the headland and running the sandy beaches, swimming four estuarine creeks along the way. What about the sharks and crocodiles, I ask? We were going too fast, he replies. The pilot, having unloaded their luggage at 1770, returns and lands on the beach in front of them with a cool smoothie. Halfway across the last estuary an inebriated jet skier wants to know what they are doing out there. Then throws them a rope and tows them the rest of the way. Wow!

We invite him up and suggest (delicately, of course) that he might care to have a hot shower before sharing a meal. We had forgotten how much healthy young people can eat, but we invite him back. Now he has gone (by LARC), and we miss him. It is rather strange, when Yvonne and I later share our thoughts; 'he would have been a good son-in-law'. We hope to meet him again, for we have invited him to call if he passes our way in the future.

### **The 'Abominable Sandman'**

It is said of the Himalayas that Abominable Snowmen live there. In Queensland, reports surface from time to time of sightings of 'Yowies', said to be a hairy cross between an ape and man. Yowie is said to mean 'big foot', but I always tended to wonder what the informant (always swearing on a Bible) has been smoking? Two towns I know of have even erected statues of Yowies - but I suspect it is more to do with drawing tourists into local hotels than anything more tangible. That was, until I saw those big, wide footprints in the sand around here.



We are not particularly security conscious here, for with a burst of hot weather, every window and door is wide open, only covered with insect screens; nothing locked at all. Then Cameron called and took off his tough but flexible 'Vibrons'. They are like gloves, but worn on the foot. He uses them for running, hiking over rocks, swimming, and generally everywhere – and another Yowie myth is scuppered!

### **Twenty-three, Going On Thirteen**

Two helicopters circling around our



island home at 5.45 am just after dawn is enough to suggest 'Something is up'! A small boat owner took his two friends and a dog out fishing in the colouring dawn of a new day. Nothing strange in that, except this 23 year old skipper forgot to refuel his boat. Fortunately, he remembered to carry an Emergency Position Indicating Radiobeacon (Epirb), and activated it just before waves lifted the boat onto rocks. This alerted watchers in Canberra who pressed appropriate buttons. Helicopters were dispatched and found the boat and its sorry occupants on the rocks. One passenger off to hospital, but nothing was said of the fate of the dog.

Two thousand and seventeen is also the 'Year of the Daddy Long-legs Spider' here. Last year was the 'Year of the Red-back Spider', and I eliminated almost 100 of them. But we only found 11 of the red-striped residents this year. Number three was suspended from the bathroom ceiling like a paratrooper caught up in trees, while Yvonne and I walked underneath. It was possibly waiting for darkness to come right down. (I don't worry about the sensitivities and niceties of euthanasia).



Wreckage  
© Ron Turner 2017



But Daddy long-legs; there seem to be scores of them in the lighthouse tower and adjacent display shed. Now, I am generally sympathetic to most wildlife, but when these particular spiders leave their calling cards and spin their webs (which in turn catch dust and other insects), they can be a bit off-putting. After all, when talking about and showing off the history of this lightstation, I like to present a clean and tidy appearance. So, it's bad luck for the resident Daddy long-legs; they are dispatched and swept out the door to get blown away.

I love a good storm, but this year did not provide the cyclone I'd hoped for. Instead, I lie in bed of a night and it is quiet, yet not really quiet (suburbia and its cars and barking dogs is about fifty kilometres away). I listen to the wind and think how lucky we are to do so. How many other people can hear nothing but the wind? It is never really quiet; the wind comes in surges and little squalls, enough to slam one of the outward opening windows shut. There is an ongoing shudder when the wind vibrates its way past something either in the ceiling or under the cottage. Occasionally there is a howling sound when a stronger wind goes past radio and telephone antennae and their struts; sometimes a distant, dull roar comes as well. Experience tells me it is a booming surf, indicating a change of tide giving an idea of the wind direction.

A stronger wind can produce some good howling or shrieking when surging around the lighthouse. Two tall radio antennae and two even taller lightning conductors (with support struts), all combine with the hand railing around the upper platform to produce some unusual acoustics. Drifting off to sleep, I wonder if the sound is reminiscent of one lightkeeper's wife's last



Lighthouse  
© Ron Turner 2017



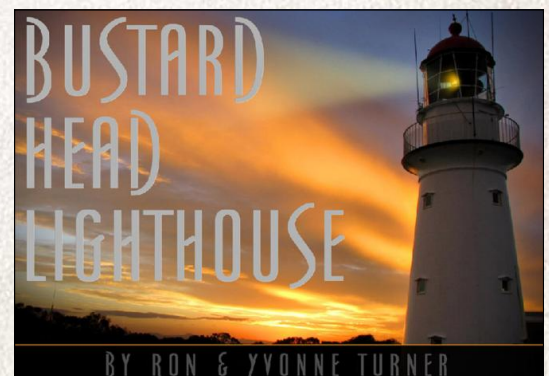
cry, her throat cut from ear to ear.

With the light of day, we notice the build up of extra dust caught in the flyscreens; there are often rivulets of moisture running down the netting and these tend to carry salt crystals. For those starry-eyed visitors longing to live at a lighthouse, I point out there are 96 windows (and screens) to be cleaned, but that is just part of living at a lighthouse.



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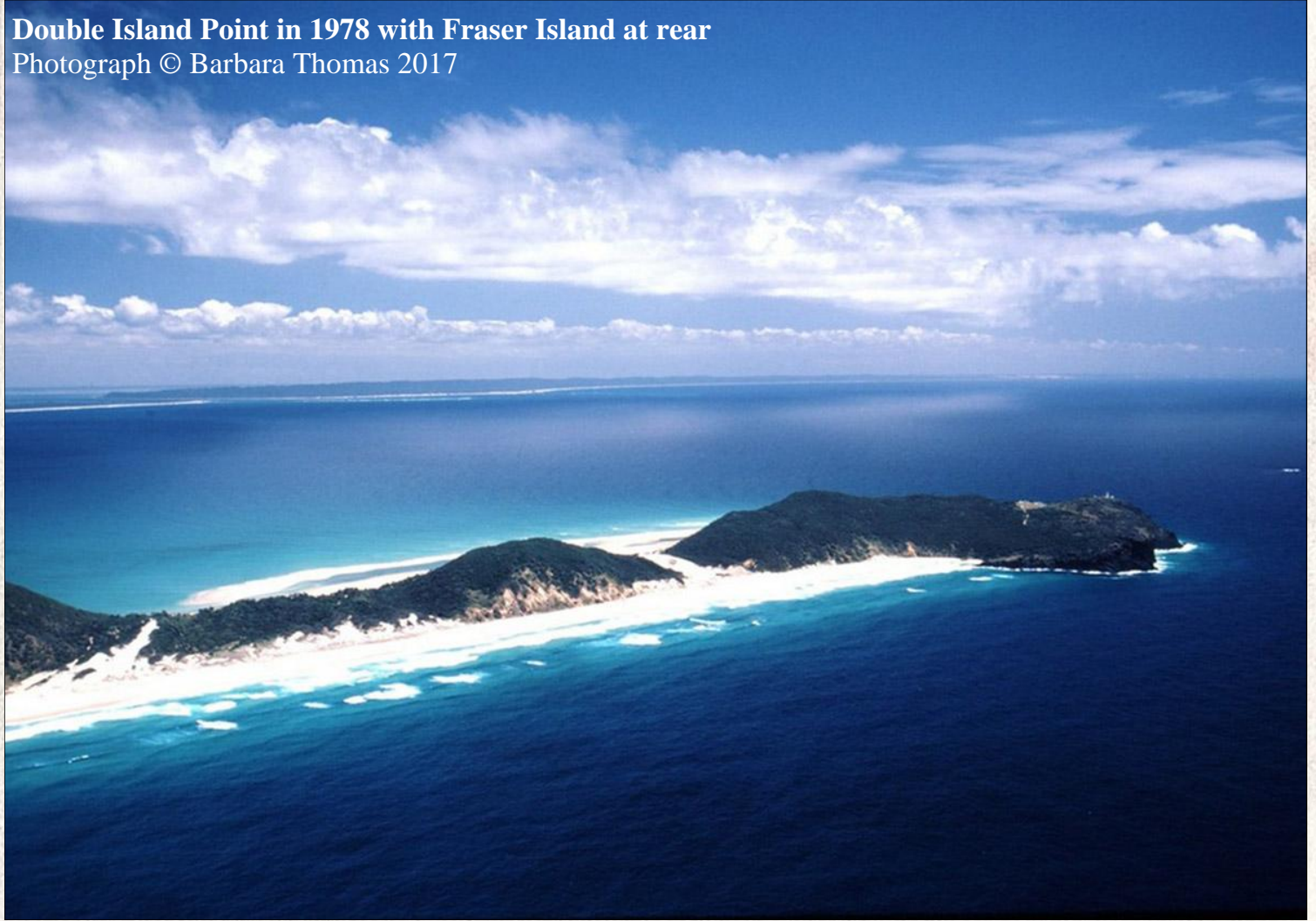


# WHALE WATCHING

- DOUBLE ISLAND POINT LIGHTHOUSE 2017 -

Chapter 7 - by © Ron Turner

**Double Island Point in 1978 with Fraser Island at rear**  
Photograph © Barbara Thomas 2017



Double Island Point and its lightstation would be our top spot for volunteering. Jutting into the sea, this idyllic section of the Great Sandy National Park is comprised of rough, volcanic, andesite rocks and boulders. It was the perfect home to variety of reptiles, especially the death adder, eastern brown, taipan and red bellied black snakes. These animals have declined in number, most likely due to the introduction of the cane toad.

While the lighthouse tower is Commonwealth controlled, the Noosa Parks Association (a local conservation group) obtained a 20 year lease over a small part of the headland. Members staying overnight all contribute two hours work daily towards restoring and improving the headland. Over some years, they have wrought an outstanding change



in removing 120 years of detritus left behind, eliminating weeds, and replanting with site-specific native plants.

The focus of today's volunteers is to maintain the heritage values of the area and provide an interpretive service to visitors. With the consent of Queensland Parks and Wildlife Service, we are tackling weeds across other areas of the national park headland. Another important function is to maintain a presence, to deter vandalism.

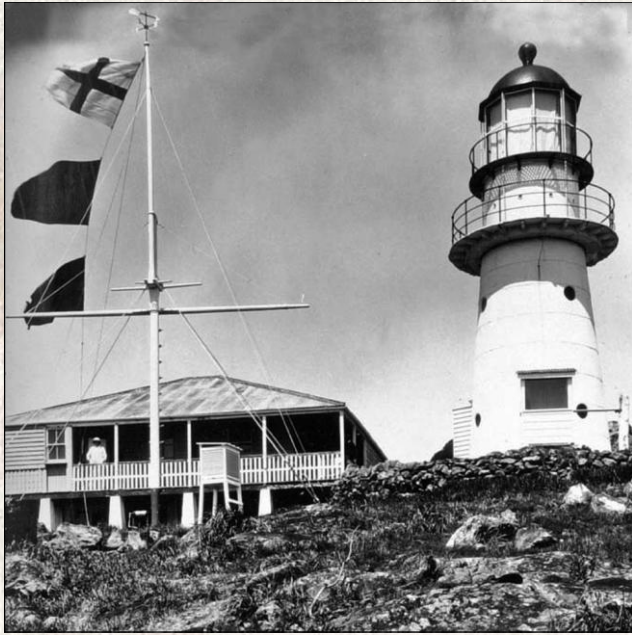
Our 2017 visit coincided with some windy weather over Double Island Point. It seems the gods of the winds have had a disagreement for it blew, firstly, strong and cold from the south east. Then, a lull, with more gentle winds from the north west, then it turned to the south, strong and cold. In the lee of the headland we had some good whale viewing; an aggregation of about 50 dolphins, some manta rays and many turtles. Whatever the weather, it is a privilege to stay here.

Most visitors appear to live in Queensland; one very astute couple from Albury accepted my advice and returned the following day. They sat on the cliff top for two hours and were thrilled at the on-going spectacle of whales and dolphins. Another visitor was from Canada; he made the point he wasn't from a certain neighbouring country. Once again I expressed regret at not hearing more news from his country. It is always rather off-putting for me to see visitors hiking up to the lighthouse carrying a can or bottle for the nearest bin is 10 kilometres away. One intrepid traveler even asked if there was 'any more beer up top?'

Double Island Point is recognized for its natural, rugged beauty, its marine animal viewing, and for its history and heritage. The public are allowed to drive on adjacent beaches and this brings many visitors to the area. There is a kilometre long walking track to reach the headland. (Volunteers access the station past a locked gate, driving along a sandy track to the cottage door, complete with all our provisions).







Volunteers handling the interpretive role need to have good knowledge of the lightstation history and its wildlife, and this was our role for the week. Despite the current crop of visitors being focussed mainly on whales, now and again we get some interested in the lighthouse, and its history.

The three original cottages were built on top of the headland in 1884, all close to the lighthouse to facilitate immediate action should any faults develop with the light. Two cottages were located on the edge of very steep cliff and subject to winds from every direction. In 1894, the head lightkeeper's house (above) was almost destroyed in a cyclone, while the lighthouse was recorded as having 'narrowly escaped destruction'. In 1929 another cyclone partially unroofed this cottage with the debris ending 'over the edge of the cliff'. On this occasion, part of a second cottage roof was lifted. It was roped down, while nearby sheds and their contents were blown away. In 1933, two new cottages were built in a more sheltered area 300 metres away and the original houses removed. More recently, a wind gust of 196 kmph was recorded on the cliff-top, in 2006.

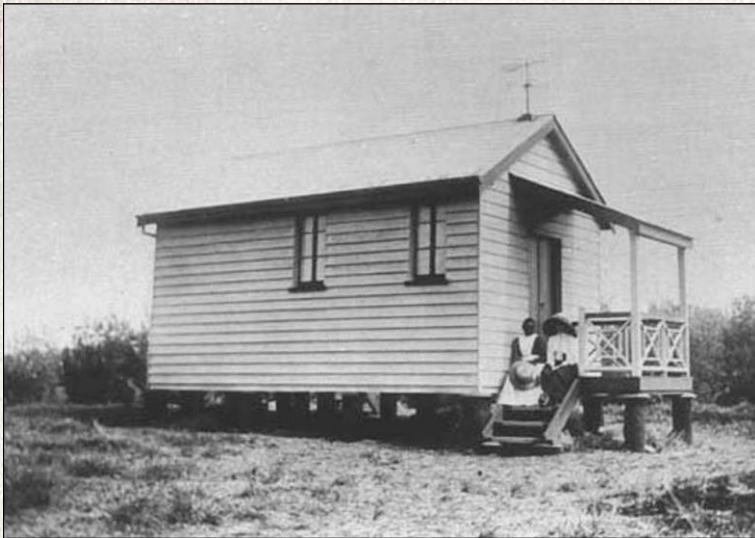
Life was not easy for the early lightkeepers and their families. Bulk supplies for the station arrived four times a year by sea. Weekly food and mail were landed at a pilot station at Inskip Point, and brought around the beach 15 kilometres on a horse and buggy to the foot of the headland. Another horse and wooden sled was then used to bring the supplies up the kilometre long sandy slope to the station. (In 1908 access along the beach to Inskip Point became impassable. Inskip Point has a long history of developing sink holes with up to 2 hectares of the beach front disappearing on one occasion.) After WW1, early trucks were ferried across the Noosa River (65kms to the south) on rowing boats tied together, and driven along Teewah Beach where, once again, the horse and sled took over. Four wheel drives became available after WWII.



Left and centre photo = Archives. Right photo: Australian Maritime Service



The first amphibious vehicle to service the station was used in 1974. Off-loaded from the re-supply ship moored in Wide Bay, the Lighter Amphibious Re-supply Cargo (LARC) effected a dramatic change in station operations. Bulk fuel was able to be transported to a new 4x5000 litre tank farm and 240 volt electricity was connected to the lighthouse and cottages 24 hours a day. Better refrigeration and freezers became available. Two concrete tracks were built to facilitate LARC access up the last steep slope to the lighthouse in 1978.

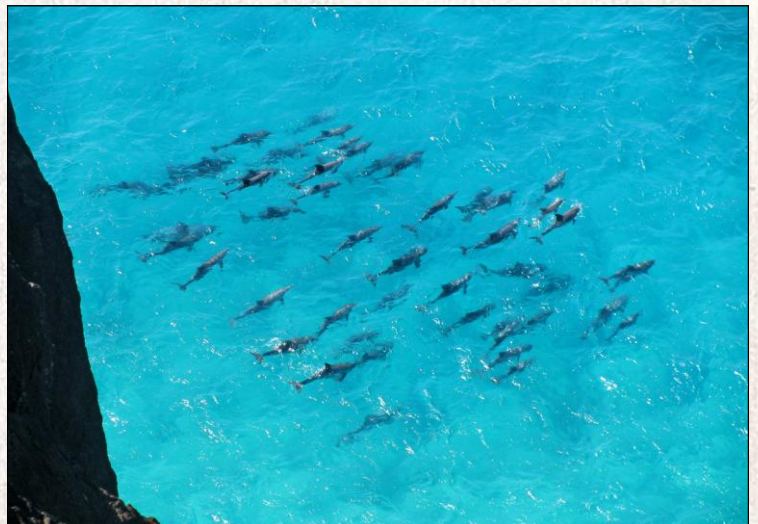


Over the years many children lived at the lightstation. A provisional school was built on the present cottage precinct and the doors opened in 1886 for ten children. Despite a public perception living at a lighthouse was an idyllic lifestyle, there has been an undercurrent of tension between some families, and Double Island Point was no exception. The teachers were expected to board with the head lightkeeper. This did not agree with the often young female

teachers and caused frequent changes in teaching staff. One of the teachers either lived in a tent or slept in the school, which eventually closed in 1922.

From the headland it is possible to see the tops of two large sand dunes. These were the tops of 'islands laying under the land' that Lt James Cook recorded from out to sea when he sailed past during his voyage of discovery, in 1788. It is also possible to point out details of the rescue of Eliza Fraser in 1836; where the rescue party of soldiers and convicts travelled north along Teewah Beach, and where they camped in the lee of the point. The Wide Bay Bar and Fraser Island can be seen; this is where ex-convict Graham used a leaky Aboriginal bark canoe to cross the kilometre wide water way to reach the island.

Beneath the headland pods of dolphins often cruise lazily past. Turtles and sometimes manta and other rays are reasonably common; less common are dugong and shark.





Current estimates range from 20,000 to 30,000 whales going north in early Winter, returning south in early Spring. The headland provides an excellent viewing platform for this seasonal migration.

Two kilometres offshore, Wolf Rock presents a hazard to shipping. The water here is 30 metres deep, and there are three pinnacles lying beneath the surface. It is currently a popular dive site into a protected grey nurse shark nursery area.

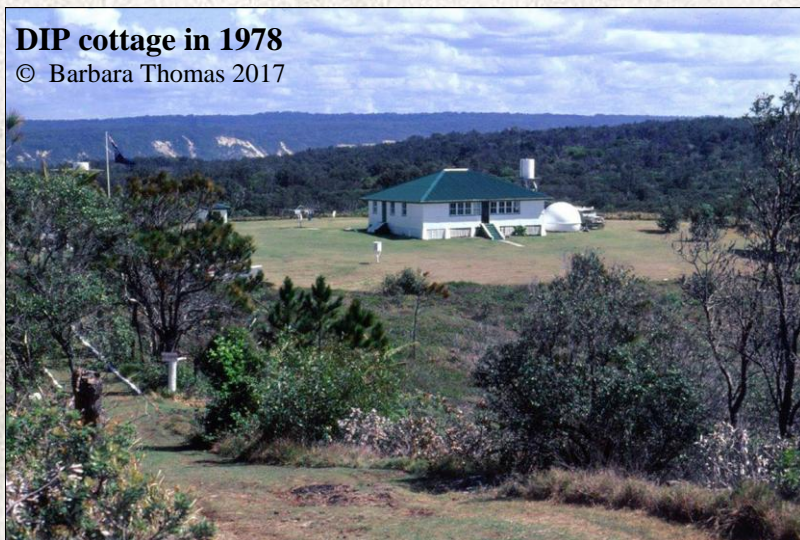


The 1884 lighthouse tower, and opposing view across Wolf Rock to the Double Island Point headland. Wolf Rock photo: Cheryl Maughan

In maintaining the heritage values of the area the comfortable 1933 cottages have been re-furbished, but not altered. Lighting and hot water is operated by means of a solar

**DIP cottage in 1978**

© Barbara Thomas 2017



system; cooking and refrigeration by means of LP gas. Volunteers are asked not to bring electrical appliances. There is no television or DVD players, and limited water on occasions. Most visitors to the headland go to the tower precinct and may not be aware of the presence of the cottages due to re-vegetation. With very few visitors wandering about, the cottage area is secluded, and quiet.



I often hike up to the windproof watch hut before breakfast to scan the ocean to see what is new. The Noosa Parks Association have committed to having volunteers spend two hours here daily for an hour each side of low tide (beaches are considered to be roads.)



Some purists disparage Queensland's lighthouses but they were built to suit local conditions, often of sand or coral. Many were constructed with a wooden frame, clad with light iron, and had a wooden weight tube. Quicker and cheaper to erect, this 1884 tower has stood the test of time; it has weathered many storms and cyclones – and does not suffer from rising damp as do many southern concrete

or stone towers. Changes to its method of operation parallels that of Bustard Head (oil, incandescent kerosene, 110 volt then 240 volt followed by solar and demanning).

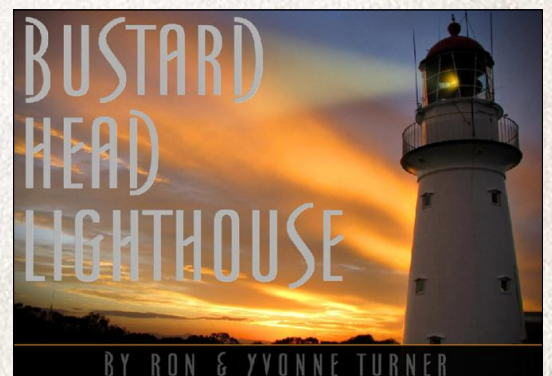
To be eligible to volunteer at Double Island Point you must be a member of the Noosa Parks Association. An accommodation fee is payable which goes towards upkeep of the buildings. You are required to work for two hours every day, and may only stay for one week annually.







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*By Ron & Yvonne Turner*