ROBERTSON’S LOOKOUT

Members will recall some little time ago that proposals were made by this Society for the restoration of an old lookout (Robertson’s), and the creation of a new one at the top of Throsby’s track down the mountain to Bulli. It is a pleasure now to report on progress.

The Illawarra State Recreation Area Trustees have favourably received both projects. Throsby’s is a long-range one, because it is a much bigger undertaking, involving as it does permission of the Department of Main Roads and probably capital works. But it is in the Trust’s overall plan of management, and will doubtless come to fruition in time.

Robertson’s lookout is now restored, the first completed project of the Trust and a good one too. The walking tracks were re-located by Venturers from 1st Mt. St. Thomas Troop of Scouts and the Trust had new handrails installed at considerable expense. True, an error was made when the signpost was made to read “Robinson’s”, but this error had already been detected when we discreetly enquired, and remedial work has been ordered.

The result is that Illawarra now has a re-furbished tourist attraction which will give great and renewed pleasure, and particularly to residents who knew it of old. The site is easily seen on Harry Graham Drive, just north of the coal depot, and the walk to the lookout is short (300 metres), pleasant, of even grade, and rewarding in the spectacular views it affords. So the Trust and its voluntary helpers are to be congratulated.

—Edgar Beale.

ILLAWARRA: A SONNET

Our member Mrs. E. Waples has forwarded to the Bulletin the following sonnet, written by the Right Rev. G. A. D’Arcy Irvine, a former Rector (1898-1907) of St. Michael’s Church, and afterwards Bishop Coadjutor of Sydney. It was quoted by the then Rector at the reception to the Archbishop of Sydney and Mrs. Loane on 15th September, 1966:

O ILLAWARRA! dowered with lavish hand,
Thy fadeless glories be it mine to sing:
For thou art beautiful in everything
Between the sheltering range and sea-washed sand.
And all thy mountains, shores, and fruitful land:
Thy palms and ferns and flame-trees blossoming:
Thine islands five, that midst the breakers stand;
Thy beauteous lake, whose wooded islands ring
With the wild magpies’ notes of mellow sound —
These all unite in one harmonious song:
They all sing praise to God the whole year round.
Their voice is heard amid the heavenly throng,
While hearts of men attuned the strain prolong.
Ah, glad are they who such fair scenes have found.