THE BARD OF BULLI REVISITED

In 1989, the IHS Bulletin printed two poems by the former Shire Town Clerk, W. H. Mitchell. Yet another gem from the pen of this obscure local poet has been uncovered. This latest find is slightly reminiscent of Alexander Pope in style. The verse is less august than Pope perhaps, but has a much greater command of unconscious irony than Pope could ever attain.

Readers will be delighted to know that even though Mitchell's verse remains obscure, his fabulous sprawling Federation bungalow at 87 Farrell Road Bulli (just down from the Council Chambers) has been given an elaborate new paint-job and the decorative verandah-brickwork highlighted. If ever the present-owner of Wyewurk undertakes the proposed alterations to Wyewurk at Thirroul, readers of the IHS Bulletin can sleep soundly that another of the Illawarra's literary shrines remains intact and lovingly cared-for.

SUBLIME POINT PHANTASY
(By W. H. MITCHELL)

The mountain lookout rears her stately head
O'er rock strewn terraces and tall green trees;
And yellow sands, from which white seagulls soar,
As silver spray is scattered by the breeze
Across the slopes that fringe the curving shore.

Below me lies a Lilliputian land,
Covered with tiny towns and curling streets.
I see white fences, chained like pygmy slaves,
Guarding the beaches where the cool sea beats
And youth, triumphant, rides the created waves.

The smiling sun has turned the sea to blue,
And fleecy clouds appear to drift along
Beneath the swelling waves. The sun-flecked foam
Splashes the far horizon. The sea's song
Touches my ears, then flies to Heaven's dome.

Far to the south, tall, smoking chimneys rise
Where men make white-hot steel. A smooth lake glows
With mirrored silver, as the ocean spills
Its angry waters, then, more gently flows
Over the land to meet the rising hills.

I stand, entranced, until the sun goes down
And soft night spreads her dark and cooling veil.
Bright twinkling stars peep from a windswept sky;
Shy fishes sport, leaving a clear white trail,
As weary seagulls cease their haunting cry.

The many coloured lights a pattern weave
Blue lights in streets; the flash of passing trains;
The rocking lamps of ships that cross the bay;
White lights in homes - while over all there reigns
The constant light-house with its warning ray.
A glow of light now gilds the water's edge  
Where sea meets sky, and where the full moon lies  
Struggling for, freedom - and, at last is free —  
From her distorted image, which then dies —  
Spilling a golden pathway o'er the sea.

Then, as the golden pathway reaches shore,  
I see the flitting form of fairy folk  
Dancing along its beams. White horses prance  
With mermaid riders, and sea-nymphs invoke  
The regal moon until she joins their dance.

I stay till dawn, the while the moon grows tired  
And sink to rest behind the mountain's rim.  
The fairies now are fled, as if they fear  
The morning light will make their brightness dim.  
Over the silent world gay sunbeams peer.

Oh! fair South Coast, froth thy enchanted throne  
I see the dawn unfold its radiant way  
Over the land where mountain meets the sea.  
I watch soft Night, embrace the virile Day  
Then hurry on - into Eternity.

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LANDLOPERS

(continued May Bulletin)

Saturday, 11th April.

We had hardly slipped between our blankets, when a wind of terrific violence swept down upon us, and the bush was full of mingled sounds of strife, the lashing of leafy boughs, groaning of tortured trees, and the rending and crashing of branches torn from the trunk and hurled to the ground. Then rain came pelting through the bush. I spread my oilcloth over the top of my bed, and lay listening to the storm and the tattoo of rain-drops. Bill had no means of protection, and was jealous.

He said: "It doesn't cover up the end of the bed."

I grunted.

He said: "The rain will get in and run under you."

"My troubles!" I said. "I'll sleep here, if the bed turns into a trough."

He rolled up his swag to keep his blankets dry, dressed himself, and sat by the fire. The warmth sent him to sleep; and he awoke towards morning, steaming. I believe he was sorry I had not got wet, but the rain had not lasted long, and I had warded it off without difficulty.

The wind still held its course, but we bathed in the lagoon, and defied low temperature and stinging volleys of sand, for at this point we were to bid farewell to the sea. The low-lying strip of land ends at Stanwell Park, for the coastal range of hills curves in and runs sheer down to the ocean.

We passed through Otford, a mining township, and followed the railway to Helensburgh, where we had dinner. The sand flew over us in clouds, and our