



OPENING A HIKERS' TRAIL TO BUNGAROO.

The Secret of Bungaroo

By R. Emerson Curtis

A man with horse and cart was busy dumping gravel.

"Yes; this 'ere road'll take you right down to Bungaroo. How far? Couple hundred yards or so. Yes; new road, this. 'Bout fifty relief workers been on it for a year. If you want to see what kind of a job they made and why the road was built, you go right on down to the bottom."

PRESENTLY I heard voices, gay shouts, and laughter from the bottom of the gorge. A picnic party? Another two hundred yards along a horseshoe curve and a break in the trees disclosed the secret of Bungaroo.

A dozen young people in scarlet, green, and blue were frolicking in a sun-splashed pool. Probably for centuries the aboriginal knew this fresh-water pool, where two tumbling, racing, twisting creeks join hands and linger for a little while before bounding on down the gorge towards Middle Harbour. Later the settlers of St. Ives and other highlands scrambled down the rocky slopes for a dip on summer days.



LUNCH HOUR WITH THE RELIEF WORKERS.

NOW Bungaroo — "running water" — with the aid of three

tons of cement and the strong arm of relief workers, has been turned into a swimming pool, which for sheer beauty in a wild and delightful setting must rank with any that Sydney can offer. It has a minimum area of 60ft x 100ft at an average depth of 12ft. Bathing is free, and in addition there is a rock-pool of sunny shallows for the very small children.

Bungaroo, a part of the Davidson Park, accessible to motorists and hikers, is a project entirely carried out by relief workers — men of various trades and professions who, through the misfortune of the depression, are without steady employment.

Among the dozen or so with whom I talked I found two ex-sailors, a gold-miner from the Yukon, an ex-carpenter, an artist whose work hangs in our Sydney National Gallery, and a man who spoke to me fluently in three languages.

Throughout the metropolitan area are thousands so engaged in useful and permanent works, and it is to the great credit of these part-time men who find employment more satisfying than drawing the dole that many of Sydney's new public works are being carried out for the benefit and joy of her people. I walked up the graded road again and stopped once more to look back over Bungaroo.

Sydney and its crowds but 12 miles away seemed a thousand leagues from this lovely, peaceful spot. Back again on Pittwater-road with its traffic frantically chasing towards the beach, I wondered how many of these hurrying hundreds knew of Bungaroo, of the cool, inviting depths, and its sun-splashed pool.

THE traffic along Pittwater-road was racing at 40 miles per hour in its care-free dash through St. Ives towards the beaches, but the highway had little prospect of adventure to one on foot.

At a bright fruit stall beside a cottage buried under vines I turned down Douglas-street into the bush. On both sides orchards and market gardens flourished under showers of water pumped into metal arms that swung like merry-go-rounds.

Suddenly the road dived into the heart of the bush. Caught in the topmost branches of a great gum was a last glimpse of the arch of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Then the road descended in earnest.

AT first I was too preoccupied by the call of stock-whip birds, the noise of locusts, and all the myriad sounds and smells of the bush to be aware that I was walking down a new and excellently-graded road — so new and so well surfaced that I wondered where and how far it would lead me.



THE SWIMMING POOL, BUNGAROO.

The Escape Agent

(Concluded from Page 13.)

escorts, stood Jeremiah Taylor, and by him Captain Abimeleke Riggs of the General Gates. At sight of these worthies Huggins's knees almost gave way beneath him, and his gaolers roughly grabbed at his arms.

"Ah, Huggins," said Macquarie. "You had better make a clean breast of it. Your wretched accomplice, Taylor, has confessed, as has Riggs also."

"Your Excellency! Colonel Macquarie! I beg of you not to be influenced by what these lying villains —"

"Enough, Huggins, enough. Do you recognise *this*?" And Macquarie held up a book.

Only too well did Huggins know it. Had not Taylor and he pored over it only the night before?

"You have been long suspected," continued the Governor, "of being concerned in the escape of prisoners by means of American sealing vessels. Captain Skinner of his Majesty's ship Dromedary fortuitously called in at the Bay of Islands, and found some of your poor dupes who had been brought there by Riggs. Such had been the treatment meted out to these unfortunate men that they determined to throw themselves upon

the mercy of Captain Skinner rather than any longer expose themselves to the brutalities of Mr. Riggs. I am determined to put a stop to this practice, and you and your accomplices shall go for trial before Mr. Justice Field, and a lasting example shall be made of you and Taylor. You should know that, apart from the information imparted me by Captain Skinner, your duplicity has been exposed by the brother of a man whom you assisted to abscond two years ago —"

"Aye!" A harsh voice interrupted the Governor, and from behind the knot of officers surrounding the table the man whom Carney Loke had thrown out of the inn stepped out and confronted Huggins. "You murdering dog! Over two years back my mother sent you two hundred guineas, a payment towards the escape and safe passage of my brother, Matthew Hall, to America. We never heard one solitary word of him since, save only your lying letters. So I came out here to find out what had happened him. Yesterday, by stealth, I obtained access to your chest and saw your book. After your servant had flung me out I came straight to his Excellency the Governor and laid all before him. You murdering villain! Where is my poor brother, you dog? Left to starve miserably on some rocky islet, or devoured by cruel savages!"

He paused a moment, glaring at the trembling man before him. "The Governor did not tell you, but I will. Your conviction is an accomplished fact, and, Mr. Huggins, the extreme penalty for assisting his Majesty's transportees to abscond is—death!"

