

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

News of Georgetown, Naval, Glen Williams, Limetown, Stewarttown, Hamilton and Terra Cotta

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The Editor's Corner

CAMPING

Every grown man has fond recollections tucked away back in his memory of days long ago when "the kids went camping." Those memories stay with him through the years, and no doubt he often thinks, "Kids don't seem to have the fun we did when we were young—roughing it hasn't the same appeal to them."

But that's where they're wrong. We were given a concrete proof just how much fun young boys are having today, when we had the opportunity of watching thirty of them, all between the ages of 8 and 13 thoroughly enjoy themselves at camp 3 miles from Georgetown. They were the boys of St. George's Church Boys' League Camp, which was situated on Bishop's farm "Bonny Brae," 9th line, a short distance from Glen Williams.

The camp had a staff of five, who deserve great credit for the efficient way in which they handled the project—Dr. and Mrs. C. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Olney, Miss Eileen Reid, niece of Dr. Reid, and Bill Long, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Long. They, together with the thirty boys, walked out to the camping site Saturday morning, July 4th, there to remain for 10 days of fun in the fresh air and sunshine. Everyone looked well-tanned and happy when we saw them, and after being shown the camp we could easily understand why there wasn't a single case of homesickness—quite a record when dealing with boys so young.

The encampment was ideally located on a high flat piece of land which falls away on one side to form quite a steep hill, at the bottom of which a spring of pure tested water flows. In addition to its use for drinking water, the spring formed a natural refrigerator (a large old tin tub did the trick) in which milk, butter, meat and other perishables were stored. The semi-circular "plateau" where the tents were pitched, is bounded on the other side by a low cliff-like formation on the top of which is a flat grassy stretch, ideal for playing baseball, football, or any game a boy's mind could devise.

Now, let's examine the tents themselves. There were five in all—a marquee, a cook-house tent, a supply tent, staff dining tent, and a tent for the ladies to sleep in. The one which attracted my attention first was the large marquee where the boys slept and ate. It contained thirty beds and a long dining table. Each boy provided his own bed, mattress and bedding, and his eating utensils. They made their own beds every morning, but just to make sure they were properly tucked in for the night, the staff ladies made a tour of inspection after they were all in bed.

We were interested in the food problem which the satisfying of so many healthy young appetites would present. We were told they used approximately ten gallons of pasteurized milk per day. Their meals were well-balanced and second helpings were the order of the day. Just picture thirty small boys lined up to wash their hands and faces before making a grand rush for the cookhouse tent at meal time.

As everyone knows, camping isn't all fun. There are the inevitable chores to do and in order to distribute the work evenly, the boys were divided into three sections, with Claude Reid, George Louth and Ross Sykes section leaders. The boys say working is fun (at camp). The orders of the day were posted every morning on an improvised sign post just outside the marquee.

The campers took a little while off each day to remember we have a country and empire to think about. Their ceremony for the raising and lowering of the Union Jack was original and impressive. During the day there were organized sports, hikes, baseball, horse-shoe pitching and so on. On day the boys were invited up to the Sykes Quarry to witness the quarrying process first hand. Their hosts provided refreshments before they started on their trek back to camp. Every night brought the highlight of camp life, the campfire, with the boys providing their own entertainment and community singing.

For instance, one night they felt romantically (?) inclined, and decided they would hold a mock wedding. It was something to be remembered by all the onlookers. The bride was becomingly attired in swaths of mosquito netting, and a large straw sun hat, profusely decorated with weeds and feathers, hid her maidenly blushes. The groom was a real cave man and wore white feathers in his hair. Parson "Skippy" Sargent preached a most uncomplimentary sermon to the newlyweds. Ross Sykes lived up to his role of "worst" man and Claude Reid did a noble job of holding the bride's bouquet. The touching ceremony was performed to the strains of violin music in the background and after it was all over, the boys drank a chocolate milk toast to the bride.

The generosity of parents and friends provided the boys with treats which it was impossible to include in the curriculum on the small fee charged each boy for

Isles of Honeymooners and Easter Lilies are the Centre of the Battle of the Atlantic

Article No. 25 By HUGH TEMPLIN

It may seem strange to hop back to Bermuda, after a series of articles on conditions in Britain in wartime, with its bombings and deaths, and rationing and scarcities. Most of us think of Bermuda as a peaceful water resort, where lucky honeymooners go for a week or two, and where the lilies come from at Easter.

But this present series of stories is covering the loose ends. When I wrote about Bermuda before, it was hurriedly, as I was anxious to get on with the story of Britain. So I turn to a new device: an article to Bermuda, but not to describe its peaceful scenery and tropical forests, for Bermuda today is in the very heart of the Battle of the Atlantic. It is a state of total war as any country can be that is not being either shelled or bombed. And when I think of Bermuda it is not to recall coral beaches, or houses of coral limestone in pastel shades with whitewashed roofs, but to recall the good ship Clipper, the ship which is the centre of the Battle of the Atlantic.

That was Bermuda in peacetime. Those things still remain, except that the number of tourists has fallen off, but not the number of inhabitants. We had the famous Belmont Manor Hotel almost to ourselves, while the Bermuda and the Princess, were full of the conscription staff, mostly girls, while the Americans had recently come in large numbers to build their air and naval bases. By this time, with the hazards of ocean travel, the tourists have probably disappeared entirely. Bermuda is at war.

An Accidental Holiday My stay in Bermuda was unexpected and entirely due to weather conditions. Nearly two thousand miles away I was being taken to Britain as fast as the trans-Atlantic planes could take me, which was at the rate of one and one-half miles every minute. Bermuda was just to be a wayside stop. The big Clipper was late leaving New York and it was exactly 10 o'clock when it dropped down at Darrell's Island, in the Bermuda group, some 2 miles from Hamilton city. The great ship was tied up at the end of a long gangway, made necessary, no doubt, by the rise and fall of the tide. This led to a thorough examination of the baggage of all passengers. As there were 55 of these, that took a long time. Fortunately for the six Canadians on board, our passports said we were on official business for the British and Canadian governments. As this was another part of the Empire, that gave us an A-1 priority so far as Bermuda was concerned. As soon as we were decently passable, we were shipped out the door and into a dining room, to eat a much appreciated dinner, with half a roast chicken piece, canteloupe with lemon juice, tart and coffee. Not having had anything to eat for ten hours, we were ravenously hungry.

After the meal, there was a space of two or three hours until the Clipper would fly away into the East again, but there didn't seem to be anything to do but wait. I had some keen regrets that I wasn't going to see any more of Bermuda than a few dim lights in the distance and the dusky shadows of a big hangar near at hand. The door of the hangar was open and I could see a big British seaplane inside, possibly under-going repairs. Under its wing was a little American seaplane that looked as if it might have come off a carrier ship. I started up the path to take a closer look, but at the gate in the wire fence a soldier in khaki stopped me. He had a bayonet on his gun and I felt like a foreigner in Shanghai. But if I couldn't do anything else, I could talk to him. He turned out to be a Scot from Glasgow, heartily sick of hanging around Bermuda on this kind of duty.

After an hour or so, word came that the Canadian might get inside the gate. Even then, I didn't try to enter the ten day holiday. They've had a grand time and already are looking forward to going to camp again next year. We don't blame them!

SAVE YOUR BASKETS Fruit and vegetable baskets are now added to the list of articles housewives are urged to conserve. Instead of piling up the empty baskets in the back shed or basement, householders are asked to return them as soon as possible to the retailer from whom the fruit or vegetables were purchased. Under these new regulations from the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, fruit and vegetable baskets are to be re-used in the areas within a radius of 50 miles of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Windsor. Accordingly, householders are asked to co-operate by returning fruit and vegetable baskets to the retailer as soon as they have removed the fruit and vegetables therein.

The shortage of these containers is explained by: (1) Shortage of manufacturing capacity. (2) A good fruit crop. (3) Limitation of canning capacity, due to shortage of labor.

Under the reclamation plan, the fruit growers will market in used baskets of No. 1 grade, defined in the order as clean, structurally sound, with no mildew, practically free from stains, and with marks or names obliterated or crossed out. No. 2 baskets, structurally sound but which may be slightly stained or soiled, can be used to market fruits which are not eaten before they are cooked or preserved, and also to a large extent for vegetables. It has not been the practice for fruit growers to use second-hand baskets, and they are not anxious to do so now, but they will fall back on used containers if it is not possible to market the crop otherwise.

at any of the thirty or more tourist hotels were expensive. The big attraction was the climate, the temperature averaging about 75 degrees in Autumn and about 70 degrees in Winter. When I was there in mid-September it was too hot. Returning about the end of October, rain was pouring down steadily all night and I didn't bother to leave the ship.

Part of the charm of Bermuda has been its "quaintness." This is due to several things. The Negro population plays a part. The architecture is distinctly different. Until American Army and Navy trucks invaded the islands, there were no motor cars. Trucks do not carry licenses yet. Traffic is by bicycle or horse-drawn old-fashioned vehicles. The one railway can't be more than 20 miles long, at the outside, and it runs down the centre of the main street of Hamilton, the largest city. The motive power is supplied by gasoline engines. There are churches, two or three hundred years old and a lovely cathedral.

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the hangar, but sat on a bench and looked around the tiny plot of dried-up grass, with cactus plants and rhododendrons around the edges. Along the beach were the shapes of half a dozen big flying boats, or so I supposed. (Later I found out that they were the big Catalinas.) There was just one other little thing I remember. On posts about five feet high were hung jars full of coal oil, with a trap arrangement for catching bugs and a notice that any appearance of Japanese beetles must be reported at once to the authorities.

It was with feeling of sadness that I climbed back into the Clipper, though I thought of times in the future when people would be talking about Bermuda and I would have to say "Yes, I was there one night, but I didn't see it."

The next day, Wednesday, at 15 minutes before noon, the Clipper dropped down again in exactly the same place

After flying seven hundred miles or more into the East, the Clipper had returned to Bermuda because of bad weather which would prevent a landing at the Azores.

No Leave's Secret What I saw and heard in Bermuda that day and the next, and what I learned on the return trip, by boat, were secrets in those days, but time has made a difference. Part of it, at least, can be told now.

On that trip, the window blinds of the Clipper were pulled down as the plane approached Bermuda and as it left the island. That was to keep any enemy agents from seeing what they shouldn't see, and a hint to others to keep quiet about anything that might be going on. For those who had time to wander about the island it seemed useless. But in those days, the U. S. A. hadn't entered the war, officially. (Continued on Page 3)

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