

'Old Boys' War Remembrance Section



Vivid Recollections of Bermuda During War To Be Preserved And Printed

During World War II many British children were evacuated to keep them safe during the Nazi blitz; some found refuge in Canada and the United States and some spent all or part of the war years here in Bermuda. Getting to a North Atlantic island at the start of the war – when German U-boats were a perilous threat – often involved a harrowing journey. Nonetheless, the children came to our shores and some of the boys were schooled, albeit briefly, at Saltus.

One of them, *Roland Bull*, wrote about his experiences a few years ago which, in part, alerted the school to an important historic era in Saltus' past. The discovery last summer of a file box in the attic of the Senior School building – one that was scorched by the fire which wreaked havoc in 1976 – provided the names and school records of over seventy war evacuees and children of British

censors and military personnel. Realisation that this generation of 'Old Boys' have valuable information to preserve prompted the idea of a war-era reunion. A local committee was formed and has been at work – for the most part, trying to locate those school chums from days long past. It is a great reward to see the reunion shaping up and hearing from the boys – now men – who shouldered rifles together in the Saltus Cadet Corps, who endured the perils of life on an isolated outpost of Empire, and who seem to have the fondest memories of the school.

Roland Bull's story is typical of the many we have collected (and which we intend to publish, along with reunion photos and oral interviews) and we reprint it here as it was the first submission for our wartime archive: 'I was at Saltus for a very short time in

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'Oral History' Project Launched For War Memories

Senior History department head *Derek Janes* has undertaken an imaginative class assignment to involve his S1 students in preserving some of the memories relating to Bermuda and to Saltus during the war years. Teams of students are fanning out to interview war-era 'Old Boys' in an oral history project that will add to the soon-to-be-printed archive preserving recollections from the period 1939-45.

'The boys and girls have developed the questions themselves after reviewing similar projects and looking at some of the school's old record books', explains Mr. Janes. 'We identified a number of local 'Old Boys' to contact – and some who are available on the Internet – and the children are setting up meetings to talk in person to each interviewee, or have e-mailed them. The project will include a finished, written piece which will be preserved in the archive'.

As to the educational benefits of the programme, Mr. Janes believes that the students have been able to bring the era to life. 'I think as a result of the project that World War II has become much more interesting to the students because they have been able to identify with people who were their same age during the war'.

Recalling Sports Much Better Than School Work!

Writing for the reunion project, *Colin Goldsmith* recalls his days as a British war evacuee – one of over seventy boys who joined the school during World War II:

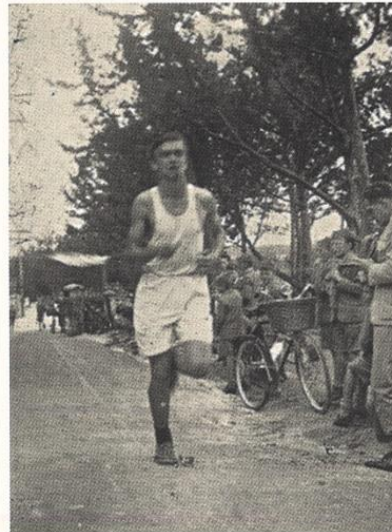
I arrived in Bermuda in September, 1940, together with my mother (Sybil) and brothers (Peter and Martin). We came from New York on the *President*, travelling memorably through a hurricane. The weather abated as we neared Bermuda, the portholes were opened to air the fetid ship, and passengers emerged shakily for the first time for days. However, as we ate breakfast, one last big wave crashed through, soaking us and creating chaos!

We rented Cherry Hill on Ord Road for over two years, then moved to Greystones, also in Paget. Among many vivid memories, I recall cockroaches scuttling for cover as the kitchen light was switched on; anxiously inspecting the water level (and checking on the health of the goldfish) in the tank under the house towards the end of a long dry summer, and operating the long-levered hand pump which raised water to the cistern at the top of the house. We grew melons and peanuts in the garden, watering them every day with the used water from the house. Also in the garden I remember the many Bermuda cherries (of course), a magnificent lime tree and a night-blooming cereus (how do you spell it? I have never seen it written down!); we used to inspect it at bedtime every night in the season.

From Cherry Hill, Peter and I used to cycle to Saltus. I was just nine when we arrived

so this was quite a journey. School work was fine, and with Saltus having the policy of promoting students who came well up a form irrespective of age, I ended up in the School Certificate form at the age of 13. Thanks to *Henry Hallett* and *Major Welch*, I was far ahead of my English contemporaries in mathematics, physics and chemistry and had to mark time in these subjects when I went to Charterhouse. That gave me a chance to catch up on my Latin irregular verbs and do a crash course in Greek. In 1942, all of the Saltus School Certificate scripts were sunk on their way across the Atlantic to be marked and graded. When Peter took the exams a year later, everyone had to use carbon paper so that a copy could be kept in Bermuda in case of such accidents!

I remember sports much better than school work. I was a member of an all-conquering under-13 football team in my last year and remember the frustration of never being able to beat *Struan Smith* in any



athletic event. I recollect clearly rolling out the matting on the cricket pitches and batting on it. Even more vivid is the memory of the twenty minutes of energetic, non-stop physical training during the mid-morning break – the standard punishment for minor misdemeanors! Does this still happen?

We ate sandwich lunches from our metal picnic boxes under the trees outside the school. I used to complete most of my homework during the lunch hour and was much in demand from my friends for help with mathematics homework. It was this experience which probably inspired me to become a teacher ten years later.

Mother was a 'censorette' and also helped at a canteen/recreation centre in Hamilton. I used to go there after school occasionally to make sandwiches and chat. When my bicycle had a puncture (all too often; the roads were very uneven and stony), I took it home by train, lifting it onto the long prongs on the front. At the station, one had to offload all the bikes added later to retrieve ones own, then reload the others. No wonder the train took two hours for the whole journey of twenty miles!

A large part of my life for those four years seemed to be spent swimming or sailing. I often used to crew for *Michael Darling* who had his own Bermuda dinghy. From Ord Road, we used to cycle down Southcote Road and Tribe Road #4 (then a narrow sandy track)

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Goldsmith, continued

to Coral Beach. It was a real and simple delight to return fifty years later and find the offshore rocks from which we used to dive exactly as they used to be.

My younger brother Martin was six in 1940 and the first, crucial task was to teach him to ride a bicycle. He was a slow learner and for a long time could not manage to get on or off. Going down to Middle Road, we had to catch him at the first bend of the 'S'-Hill; he then ran down to the second bend where we held his bike for him to re-mount. One day much later he skidded on the Tribe Road and fell painfully into a Spanish bayonet cactus. He also made heavy weather of learning to swim until he was stung by a Portuguese man-of-war. Then he set off at high speed, discovering when he drew breath that he had swum quite a distance without knowing he could do it!

Like many of our Saltus friends, Peter and I left Bermuda as the only passengers on a warship, HMS *Wellington*, a year before the end of the war. This was a major adventure worth a reminiscence by itself. *Brian Burland* has a character in

one of his novels describing such an experience. We were due to go at about the time of 'D' Day but were kept waiting until the end of July. We were given three days notice but sworn to secrecy. It coincided with my birthday so we had a hastily arranged party and invited Peter's best friends as well as mine. During the war, cold storage on the island was limited. Following the arrival of a supply ship there was a glut of meat, etc., which had to be eaten quickly. After that, one returned to a diet largely composed of fish, sweet potatoes and bananas. Because a ship had docked just before my birthday, all our guests gave me chocolates. It was virtually impossible to eat them all before we set off for England.

Returning to Bermuda (and Saltus) in 1992 after a gap of forty-eight years, I was surprised how accurate my memories had been and how much had remained unchanged: cars and mopeds instead of the railway and very few horse-drawn carriages; cruise liners instead of warships or the occasional supply ship; jets instead of flying boats and tourists instead of servicemen!

Peter Darling: *Zigzagging To Bermuda!*

I arrived in Bermuda in 1928 with my mother and father *Betty* and *Leslie Darling*. My father had been invalided from the British Army and was coming to work for *Gordon Burland*. We stayed with the *Burlands* for a few weeks and then moved into what was called the Headmaster's house on the Saltus Grammar School property where my brother *Michael* was born in 1930. We later moved to *Ridgeway* off *St. John's Road*, *Pembroke*, where my sister was born in 1931. I must have gone to kindergarten but I cannot remember where. I was sent to England to attend Preparatory School in *Felixstowe*, *Suffolk* at the age of about eight. There were no aeroplanes so I stayed most holidays with my grandmother in a small *Suffolk* village called *Eyke*. Occasionally, when there was sufficient money I was brought out by sea for the summer vacation – what bliss!

In about 1939, I started at my public school *Haileybury* in *Hertfordshire*. I well remember attending church in *Eyke* on September 3rd, 1939, and hearing the parson declare that England was that day at war with Germany. At age 14, I was rather excited but was astonished to see my grandmother's face covered with a steady downpour of tears. When questioned by me she simply said 'you would not have to ask if you had lived through the first world war' –

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Lawrey Submits Memories of Saltus, 1940-1946. . .

David Lawrey begins his story at sea: For many of us aboard *Orduna* in August of 1940 the first sight of Bermuda was a tiny but very welcome dot on the horizon. We had spent a week or so on the Atlantic. The ship on our starboard side had sunk before our very eyes. I am sure there were many reasons for people to come west. Not a year before, my father's ship, HMS *Courageous*, had been torpedoed. Mother brought us back to the security of her family. Now, my sister, Elissa, lives in Oklahoma City. My brother John, who also attended Saltus, died a few years ago in Texas. When growing up in Somerset he attended every possible cowboy movie. So when we went to Texas after the war he just stayed and became a Texan.

I interviewed with 'Bulldog' Kerry for placement at Saltus and was assigned to the Second Form under Miss Edith Smith. Mrs. Edith Trott also taught us some subjects. Mr. Kerry taught History and I was never much good at it. Too many dates! I did enjoy Algebra with Hugh Masters, Geography with Mr. H. Richardson, and of course Chemistry with Major W. B. Welch. Some may remember the humongous explosion of a demonstration he gave. Glass everywhere, no safety glasses, no one even scratched!

There was another incident that led to an impromptu fire drill. During break, a student caused great clouds of chemical smoke to issue from the lab windows creating consternation on the part of staff and glee for the rest

of us. One of the Major's after school specialties was printing. He had quite a setup to print things like programmes and tickets. There a few boys got some real hands-on training. There was one public exchange between Hugh Masters and Headmaster Booker in the Hall on the occasion of some very bad weather. Masters showed up late. Booker was already upset. Masters allowed as how caring for his boat was more important than being on time for school that day. Not a very pretty sight!

One unfortunate memory I have of Hallett was this. His office and our classroom were on the same side corridor. I was hurrying to class. Round the corner I raced, smack into a face full of tweed. I also managed to step on his toe and well polished shoe. After we both recovered, I felt he exercised admirable restraint!

Things I remember about REEB, our Headmaster, include the set of push buttons on his desk used to summon students to settle up *Optimes*, and *Pessimis*. On Sports Day he was always nattily dressed and strutted about mingling. We memorized great quantities of Shakespeare for him. He also arranged with the editor of the Bermudian for a few of us, including Tony Michielson and I, to write articles on the forts. I enjoyed reading the lesson in Hall. In fact I still read in church today. Booker was quite a stereo buff, having assembled, if not personally fabricated, quite a good system. Woe to him who dropped the needle onto the disk or improperly sharpened the bamboo needles. There were

even a few musical evenings. Hugh Smith attended. He had learned to play the piano. He was also an announcer on ZBM Radio.

Geography and Latin, under Frank 'Buck' Rogers, were marked by the throwing of projectiles, usually chalk or blackboard dusters to regain people's attention. There were also Miss K. Cook, the Art Teacher, and Messrs. Henry Hallett, Stanley Gascoigne, R.T. Gorton, Mr. R. R. Thompson, and John Bridge. Miss Cook had trouble controlling the class and

there was so much water around during Painting! Need I say more?! One unfortunate memory I have of Hallett was this. His office and our classroom were on the same side corridor. I was hurrying to class. Round the corner I raced, smack into a face full of tweed. I also managed to step on his toe and well polished shoe. After we both recovered, I felt he exercised admirable restraint!

Saltus was situated such that one could ride for long distances without touching the handlebars. Making it round the corner at the bottom of the hill was initially a challenge. Another rite of passage was to be able to ride up Burnaby Street. This time with hands!

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.. And Recollections Of Bermuda During The War

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Once in a while we all made the expedition to the hospital for typhoid shots. One's arm was vulnerable for a few days thereafter.

Probably a fourth of the school participated in the choir at some point. I remember particularly that *Peter Bromby* had a stellar treble voice one Spring, but in the Autumn it was transformed into deepest base. There were solos, quartets, and massed singing. Generally, we led the singing at morning prayers. But there were also the carol concert and special events. Ah! The strains of poor *Phaudrig Crohoore*, 'a broth of a boy who stood six foot eight'! Once REEB invited a French visitor. For him we learned the *Marseillaise*.

Other musical events included Band. There were four of us drummers, a base drum thumped, I believe, by *Walter Lombardo* and a number of buglers. My cousin *Donny Gosling* was one of them. One of our pieces was named 'Saltus'. We marched to The Cenotaph in Armistice Day parades. The band was part of our cadet unit which was ably led by *Ronnie Barnard*, *Donny Harrison* and others. The BVRC loaned a sergeant to train us. I believe one was named *Blodgett*. *Henry Hallett* and *Stanley Gascoigne* were our officers.

Many of us took School Certificate in 1945 at the High School. The boys were in front, presumably so we would not be distracted by ogling the girls. All in all Saltus gave us a good education despite wartime difficulties and having to cover every inch of notebook paper in

order to conserve it. For this reason as well as any other I suppose, we were soundly berated for flying paper planes over into St. John's church yard one day. Class humorists, if you will, were probably *Ernie Bromby* and the red-headed *Jimmy Vivian* (in photo below). Both had the marvelous ability to keep us all in stitches.



Let me leave Saltus for a bit and consider Bermuda at large in the Forties: *John Bridge* said he walked to Saltus from his home next to the Cathedral so that he would not hurt his legs riding a bike! He was pianist and choir director at Saltus, as well as the Cathedral organist and choir director. A few of us sang in the choir there too. *Kenny Tatem* was one. I was relieved when the day came that I was excused from wearing a celluloid collar. The organ leaked and so the longest pipes, thirty-two I believe, took a while to fill and sounded tinny and so were almost never used. I was confirmed at the Cathedral by *Bishop Brown*.

While I lived in Hamilton, mother decided to go

to work at the US Naval Operating Base. She had done cipher work in the WRNS and so was readily accepted. During the holidays I too worked but at the Agricultural Station, mainly potting lilies, raking, watering and things of that ilk. I believe a Goldsmith was there to at one point. *Somers Early* was the foreman. There was also a plant pathologist there. Woe if we mixed up his highbrids! I think the annual Gymkhana was held there too.

Around Hamilton one heard cries of 'Mid-Ocean and the Recorder'! by hawkers of the afternoon paper. Personally, I remember delivering the *Gazette* some mornings with *Donald Lines*, another little job I did. There were the carriages and horse-drawn carts. Fish being sold from boats along the wharf; PanAm Clipper arrivals and departures at Hamilton Harbour impressed me greatly. Occasionally there would be sales in one of the sheds of objects seized in prize, e.g. sheet music and perfume.

Saturday movies were a big item. There was the Playhouse at Queen and Church but mostly we went to the Colonial for the news, short subjects such as Harry James or Carmen Miranda, double features, e.g. with Ronald Reagan or William 'Hopalong Cassidy' Boyd, and sometimes the serial, *The Perils of Nyoka* or some such epic. Between the features there was an intermission. The manager let us select from the choices he had available. Occasionally, there were drawings and

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John Burland: *Smell of Socks, Leather & Cordite!*

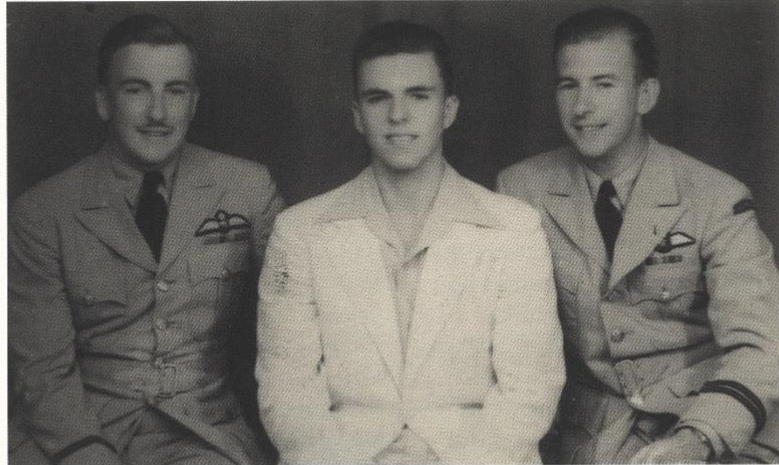
At the age of 14, in July 1939, I came home from Aldenham school in England for the summer holidays. Naturally I did not go back, but entered Saltus in September. *Bobby Booker* was headmaster, he used to call me 'prep school', for my very English accent.

My particular memories of the good old days are the sights and smells. The railway, Bermuda's last stand against motorisation, crossed the foot of the lane on a 'Toonerville Trolley Trestle' and right up the middle of Front Street to disappear into a tunnel opposite the Bank of Bermuda.

The *Monarch* or the *Queen of Bermuda* would often be at No. 1 Shed, resplendent in white and bright colours, with red striped funnels. The carriages lined up did not have house trained horses - the gutters flowed, the smell was incredible, plus there were sparrows looking for a lunch of oats, and the flies! The Navy took over both ships in late 1939.

During the war RMS *Jervis Bay* was often at No. 1 Shed. She was an Australian ocean liner, commandeered by the Admiralty and converted to an armed merchant cruiser - drab, grey and camouflaged. She escorted convoys across the Atlantic and in November 1940 her convoy was attacked

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Hal Watlington: *Well-aimed Chalk, And One Small Boy In The Dustbin!*

Hal Watlington (above, with brothers Hugh and John) writes that his memories of Saltus are happy ones: *John Profit* was renowned for his accuracy with a piece of chalk in the classroom - in the sense of its being a projectile aimed at the head of any boy who was not paying attention or talking! *Dick Gorton* was trying to teach us the principals of Physics as it relates to water seeking its own level when at rest. After a lengthy explanation, he sought to emphasise the phrase 'Liquid Is At Rest' by writing on the blackboard 'L.I.A.R.', saying the phrase as he wrote each letter. Without thinking, I said very audibly 'Liar'! Gorton whipped around, ready to deliver a blast at the impertinent boy, when I explained that I was only repeating what he had written on the board! To his credit, he smiled and said no more.

Archie Hallett is double-jointed (if not triple-jointed!) and could fold up into a very small space when forced. Before an afternoon class of Maths, which *Henry Hallett* was to take,

three of us grabbed Archie and shoved him (gently) into the wastepaper basket under the master's desk. He was unable to extricate himself without assistance, so there he stayed until Henry came in at 2 pm sharp. As usual the roll came first on the agenda. When Henry got to 'Hallett', a faint voice from under the desk could be heard. 'Here, Sir!'. Henry looked up and repeated 'Hallett'! The tiny voice repeated 'Here, Sir'! Henry looked under the desk and there was Archie, one head, two arms and two legs sticking up out of the basket! Henry looked furious and instructed the perpetrators to remove Archie immediately. The three boys removed the body, now quite stiff from its confinement, and stood by for sentencing.

Off to *Bobby Booker* immediately! We reported to the Head for an appropriate punishment, but when told of the incident, a tiny smile could be detected on Bobby's face and he said 'Go back to your class and don't let it happen again'!

U-Boats & Convoys

John Richard's story of a Very English Bermudian (or a Very Bermudian Englishman!)

I will never forget my first glimpse of Bermuda as the P&O liner *Orduna* circled the island in late 1940, before entering the Great Sound. I had never been away from England before, and places like Bermuda only existed in my imagination. I remember sparkling blue seas beneath a clear blue sky, contrasting with lush green cedars and palm trees, amongst which nestled those typical Bermuda houses painted brilliant white, and occasionally in lovely pastel shades of pink, blue and yellow. To my young eyes, it was indeed a paradise.

My father was serving with the Lincolnshire Regiment in India when war was declared in September, 1939. I was at Preparatory School in Berkshire, staying with my sister during the holidays in Kent, where we watched the Battle of Britain taking place in the skies over our heads. At about that time my mother came home from India to collect my sister Sheila and myself, and take us to her home in Bermuda (she was a Butterfield). This seemed somewhat dramatic but sensible; one has to remember that at the time, most people in England were convinced that the Germans were about to invade. Little did my parents realise that we faced far greater perils crossing the Atlantic in September 1940, because the U-boat threat was only just beginning to cause alarm.

We left Liverpool in the *Orduna* along with many other civilian evacuees, heading for Bermuda, Canada and the USA. The night we joined our convoy outside the harbour, Liverpool was bombed for the first time – an unpleasant foretaste of things to come for the citizens of that city. A day or so later we found ourselves well out to sea, taking great comfort from the destroyer escorts which weaved amongst the numerous, vulnerable ships in the convoy, and the Coastal Command aircraft which watched over our slow progress into the Atlantic ocean. Alas, the aircraft had limited range and our destroyer escort was withdrawn after a few days. Thus we were on our own, but thankfully did not know it at the time.

It came, therefore, as a nasty shock when the first ship in the convoy was struck by a torpedo and blown up before our very eyes. Clearly, the U-boats had been aware of our presence, and no doubt shadowed the convoy waiting

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Christopher Lever, Sports Day, 1941

A Puppy Named 'Spitfire'

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Sir Christopher Lever records his experiences as a war evacuee: In 1941 my family home in Berkshire was requisitioned by the Ministry of Aircraft Production for use by Miles Aircraft, Ltd., and in the face of the threatened invasion of Britain by the Germans my Mother and I sailed from Liverpool on a Union Castle Line ship bound for Canada where we stayed for some time with old friends of my parents. From Canada we moved in 1941 to Bermuda, first renting a cottage at Salt Kettle where my most vivid memory is of having to abandon the place one night when it became flooded during a hurricane!

From Salt Kettle I caught the ferry daily to Hamilton, from where I bicycled to Saltus. Later we moved to another rented house, Duart, in Fairylands, finally renting the beautifully situated property, Miamba, on Point Shares directly opposite Saltus Island. While in Bermuda we made many friends, with some of whom I still keep in touch. One family, who owned a large property in Paget, kindly invited us to stay on their working ranch in Colorado, thus enabling us to escape the humidity of a Bermudian summer.

One of our extramural activities at Saltus which I remember most clearly was a game we played during school breaks – so far as I know it had no name. An irregular shape was outlined with a stick in a sandy piece of soil, and one boy

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'Spitfire', continued

stood above it and threw a knife (we all had small penknives) into it. A line was then drawn in the sand along the axis of the blade to the perimeter, and part of the original perimeter line was erased. This continued until a boy failed to hit the ever-decreasing enclosed area when his opponent was declared the winner. In print this sounds extremely boring, but we played it with enthusiasm.

I greatly enjoyed my time in Bermuda, swimming, sailing, and bicycling around the island. I believe I am right in saying that at that time there were only four motor vehicles in Bermuda, those of the Governor, the Chief of Police, the Fire Brigade, and the Ambulance Service. I owned two dogs during my short stay in Bermuda, a white bull terrier named 'Bill' who sadly died of jaundice, and a dachshund named 'Spitfire' which we won in a raffle at Saltus to raise money to pay for a Spitfire aircraft for the RAF in Britain. We brought 'Spitfire' back with us on our return home after the threat of invasion was past - just in time to face the so-called 'flying bombs'!

'A Very Rowdy Bunch!'

Dr. William Cooke remembers a particularly chaotic Saltus class for which he devised a cunning plan to escape the inevitable punishment: In the 4th or 5th form, there was a very rowdy bunch - the Bromby brothers, the Adderleys, Roddy Petty and others!

During Art class with Miss K. Cook, the class was way out of control and, expecting punitive action, I decided to cover my 'end'. I asked Miss Cook to help me several times with the art project we were doing. The next day, the Headmaster, Bobby Booker, advised the entire class - sans Cooke! - that it was in detention. A successful strategy, but one for which I was accused of 'sucking up'!

'Rescued' At Sea!

Stanley Sheppard narrowly escaped a return to war-torn Britain, thanks to his mum! He writes: In September, 1939, I was on board the *Riena del Pacifico* in Grassy Bay about to sail to Great Britain to attend Caterham School in Caterham, Surrey. I was returning to this school after a year.

Frankly, I hated that school and so, while in my cabin waiting to sail, I remarked to my mother that I didn't want to go. My mother said I didn't have to go! She contacted the Purser and had my trunk lifted out of the hold and loaded back on the tender. Needless to say I was enrolled back in Saltus. The ship sailed that day and I believe the war had started on September 3rd!

Headmaster Bobby Booker personally clipped and pasted school Record Books during his tenure and the books fortunately survived the fire of 1976. They offer a fascinating glimpse of school during the war era, containing as they do, programmes, news clippings and personal correspondence of the period. The photo at right, for instance, shows the Commander-In-Chief of the Royal Navy's Atlantic & West Indies Fleet (Bermuda Station) and the one-time Saltus Cadet Band swinging its way through the streets of the war era's ubiquitous port.

Photos From Headmaster Booker's Record Books



War was serious business and the boys in the Saltus Cadet Corps were no exception. A letter preserved in one of the Record Books and placed in the Record Book under the Governor's control, the photo below, The Governor, Lord Burghley, right depicts one of several Spitfire aircraft (shown in the photo below) donated by Bermudians for the RAF - a Saltus raffle helped to raise the money and William D. Frith's father



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Bermuda During War: Bulwark of Empire!

Corps were considered to be part of the island's defence
into Headmaster Booker an officer in the colony's militia
for the duration of the declared state of emergency. In the
even reviewing the Corps in the school Hall. The photo at
with Saltonian Henry McLay on the wing) funded by
finance one (see Lord Lever's recollections on this page)
aid for one of the legendary planes out of his own pocket!



'Omittance Is No Quittance'

From *Russell D. Tucker* – I wish to thank you for continuing to send me the *Saltus Newsletter*. *Saltus* has really grown since I was a student there. Your Easter '97 issue featured a picture of *R.E.E. Booker* who was my Headmaster from January, 1940, to December, 1943. He taught us English Literature and I remember well the Friday he came into the classroom and wrote on the blackboard in large letters: *Omittance is no Quittance*, about which we had to write an essay over the weekend. For a seventeen year-old lad, that is quite a mouthful which, when I think back I interpreted to mean 'don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today.' I can't remember the grade I got on that one! Mr. Booker was a fair man who caned me at times when I deserved it, but did not one time when I really should have been caned. (He thought under the circumstances of the situation that I had been punished enough.)

While on the subject of teachers, I remember *Henry Hallett* who taught us Maths

would teach us theorems in A-B-C angles and then quiz us in X-Y-Z to make sure we understood! *Frank 'Buck' Rogers* taught us French and I remember him as a person who, when he shouted at a student, you could hear down the hall in all the other classrooms! He was a good sailor too. *Dick Gorton* taught science until he left and *Major Welch* took over from there. Gorton was quite a good cricket player and anyone playing 'point', my position, had better watch his step! *Mr. Kerry* taught us history and I still can recall the Battle of Hastings, 1066! I recall *Mrs. Young* who was the first lady teacher at Saltus; I think she taught Form One.

I can remember the Bermuda Cadet Corps and the sham battles we had at Warwick Camp. (Photo above) I played the bugle in the Saltus Band and I think *Peter Welch* was Band Leader at that time. At this time I am putting together a wall plaque of all my insignia, ribbons, and medals from my military service and I need a BCC

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Darrell: Murmansk & Minesweepers

Owen Darrell lived away from Bermuda between 1938 and 1951 and thus feels it is not so easy to relate himself directly to Saltus during the 1939-45 War Era. However, he has submitted an interesting account of his own war travels: Leaving Bermuda on September 10, 1938, on the SS *Bayano*, primarily a freighter carrying bananas from the West Indies to Avonmouth, Bristol, we arrived on September 19. En route there were some Saltus boys amongst the 100 passengers since it was fashionable in that era to obtain further education at English public schools, notably Rossall. I recall on board *Billy Hallett*, *St. George Tucker* and *Bobby Lowe* (the latter of Whitney Institute) en route to Rossall. Then there was *Mac Paschal* en route to Oxford and *Lyall Mayor* and myself en route to Cheltenham College. Sadly all those named

Three Reunions, continued

written memoirs of 'Old Boys', oral history interviews, old photos and pictures from the reunion itself. This will be available from the school at a cost of \$10 per booklet.

War-era 'Old Boys' will also attend the annual Founder's Day reception on June 12 where they will be joined by members of the PGY Class of 1988. That year witnessed the graduation of the first all-Saltus class to include female students, one of whom is organising the event. In addition to being part of this historic class, *Fiona Morrison* is also the first female Saltus graduate to be hired by her

have predeceased me.

Within days of arriving at Leconfield House, Cheltenham College, Lyall and I found ourselves as Saltonians digging trenches in a field across the road from our House. It was the Munich Crisis of September 1938! Harping back to World War I experience it was thought expedient for young persons in Britain, who could readily do so, to dig trenches into which we would run, and then crouch, in the event of German zeppelins dropping bombs on civilians as well as military targets! Very soon we were to learn from the newspapers that Neville Chamberlain had returned to Britain after serious negotiations with Hitler with (what turned out to be a vain hope) 'Peace in our Time'.

In the summer of 1940 I found myself camping with

Continued On Page 20

alma mater – she is currently Head of Senior School Art. Fiona is arranging for her group to attend the Founder's Day reception and then go to a reunion dinner of their own.

Another reunion has been organised by *Greg Alban* to celebrate the Class of 1973's twenty-fifth anniversary. Greg's group will miss the Founder's Day activities by one week and will, instead, meet for cocktails at 'Woodlands' on Saturday, June 27, and then proceed to a private dinner. Greg has taken the time to reproduce the 1973 school yearbook and will be distributing the reprint to any of his classmates who have misplaced or lost their original.



Not Forgotten: H. Francis Ede First Bermudian To Die In War

Saltus 'Old Boy' *H. Francis Ede* (photo above) was the first Bermudian to lose his life in World War II. At the age of 24, Ede was a Flying Officer and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for gallantry during the British defense of Norway.

In a series of air battles stretching over a three-day period in May, 1940, Ede shot down a German Heinkel 111, diverted an attack on an allied airbase by four Messerschmitt 110s and, furthermore, shot down one Junker bomber while warding off another, causing it to jettison bombs and flee. Ede was reported missing in action in the Autumn of 1940 after the sinking of HMS *Glorious*. Eight other Saltus men died in the war: *J. A. Linton*, *N. L. Meyer*, *W. C. H. Hallett*, *J. Brewer*, *A. W. B. Fowle*, *G. Welch*, *H. Perinchief* and *W. C. Warfied*.

No Quittance, continued

Emblem, (like the one we wore on our hat with the side rim pinned up). If anyone has an extra one or if there is somewhere I could purchase one I would be appreciative of that information.

I can also remember some of the students of that time period. *Stanley Evans* was a close friend, *John Trimmingham*, *David Critchley*, *Stanley* and *Donnie Spurling*, *John Burland*, *Tilly Williams* and I think his brother was *Fred*. There was *Charlie* and *Louis Pantry*, and I think *David Motyer*, *Alton Moniz*, and *John Misick* who used to come in from Somerset each

day. I think *Harry Cox* was the lone student in Form 6A. There are many whose faces I see but the names escape me.

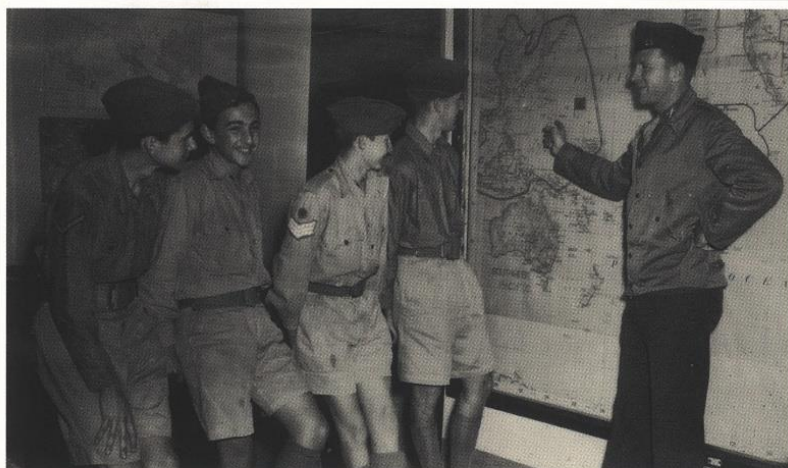
I remember *Saltus* often and one thing that stands out in my mind is the final grade sheet that I received at my graduation. I had to use it to enter the USAF Pilot Training Program and had a devil of a time explaining that my highest education level was at a grammar school, which to Americans means a primary school! I made it through the pilot course and later had the honour of flying the F-106 Supersonic Delta Dart Interceptor to Kindley Field for its first venture outside of the United States.

Burland, continued

by the German pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer*. All she could do was to steam at maximum speed towards the enemy in the hope that she could slow down their actions sufficiently to allow the convoy to escape. In this she succeeded but at the loss of the ship and most of the ship's company. Captain *Fogarty Fegen* was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

Then there was Cadet Camp - flies and mosquitoes, smells of leather and cordite. In 1942, *Peter Darling* and I, at the age of 17, left to join the Navy on HMS *Manchester*, a 10,000 ton, 6" gun cruiser, very similar to HMS *Bermuda*. We had to be on the books as cadets, the theory being that if we were civilians and got captured we could be shot as spies! We went over at 30 knots. Three nights and two days to the English Channel, then we had to slow down as radar in its infancy had trouble differentiating between buoys and seagulls in the fog.

Sights and smells again: salt spray and smoke on deck. Stale sweat, bacon, fuel oil, tarred rope, dirty socks below decks. Then the smell of new mown grass as we passed the Isle of Wight.



Briefing for Saltus Cadets (Gilbert, Goldsmith, Barnard & Hallam) at Fort Bell (Kindley Field) by US Army Captain Evans, February 23, 1944.

Headmaster:

Trevor Rowell, 292-6177 x 222

Director of Admissions:

Malcolm Durrant, 292-6177 x 225

Billing & Finance enquiries:

Joeann Johnson, 292-6177 x 224

Alumni or Fund Raising:

Dan Blagg, 292-6177 x 226

Buildings & Grounds:

James Pace, 292-6592

Know Who To Call!

Senior School:

Nigel Kermode, 292-6177 x 223

Saltus Graduate Year:

Christina Wrigley, 292-6177 x 244

Junior School:

Christine De Silva, 292-3895

Saltus-Cavendish Prep:

Shirley Bacon, 236-3215

Saltus Association:

Terri Durrant, 295-0008

Board of Trustees:

Jim Amos, 295-4345

School Fax Numbers:

Senior Dept.: 295-4977

Junior Dept.: 292-1424

Preparatory Dept.: 232-0438

School Internet Address:

www.saltus.bm

contests. I remember *Peter Wilson* and I being in one wherein we had to eat a dry cracker and whistle into a microphone!

Becoming a 'latchkey kid' was exciting. I was friends with *Teddy Nielsen*, an American whose father was an auditor at the Bank of Bermuda. Teddy had a huge collection of comic books that would surely be worth a fortune today. One jaunt of ours was down to the East End where long tubes conveyed the sand and shells to create Kindley Field. The wind was quite strong making the ride quite tiring. Another time, Teddy, who lived on Pitts Bay Road, learned that the garbage boat went out to the ships in the morning. So the two of us invited ourselves along. One got a close up view of the dozens of ships anchored in Grassy Bay that came and went in convoys. Going out to dump the garbage gave new meaning to the term 'chumming'! On Pitts Bay Road at that time was an abattoir. The two of us witnessed the entire process of turning a living animal into sausage. Another time we decided to investigate Fort Hamilton. People seemed to be living there. There were dark tunnels and old ammunition was buried in the moat. It's a wonder we didn't blow ourselves up. At that time, there was a terminal for the Liberty Ships on Pitts Bay Road. Hamilton was crowded with sailors and there were Shore Patrol swinging their truncheons on many corners.

One day just a few years ago, as I entered my travel agent's in America, my eye was

immediately drawn to a poster. Instantly, I asked for it and collected it, as promised, a few weeks later. It showed the arch and buttery at Springfield where I had lived in Somerset. It is on my rec room wall right now. *Alice* and *Eliza Gilbert* lived in the cottage. When I lived there, *Elsie Gosling* had invented a system of books-by-mail. You sent back the books you had read to Hamilton in a reversible wrapper along with your next request. I read many of the Tom Swift books this way.

Living in Somerset required us to take the ferry to school. The old steamer *Corona* picked us up at Watford Bridge on the way back from Dockyard. Numbers of people took it, along with their dozens of bikes which were expertly loaded in the prow. It may have proceeded to Somerset Bridge before heading into town. Besides time to talk and do homework, one learned to play checkers very fast from the crewmen. Eventually with perseverance it was even possible to beat them. Other ferries usually of more limited route included diesels *Coralita* and *Laconia*. The *Woodside*, I believe, needed work and was used primarily as a tender. There was also a yacht-like diesel, whose name escapes me, that often made the Somerset run. Somerset was an idyllic spot and probably still is. The Astwoods lived relatively nearby at Aberfeldy. *Kit* and *Kay Astwood* were avid horsemen. *Kit* and I enjoyed at least one adventure. We went out to the wreck at Daniel's Head to inspect his fish pot. In the process we noted the presence of a shark. Ultimately, *Kit*

hooked it and we dragged it in. It was about three feet long. How to dispatch a shark on the sloping rusty wreck? We bounced it on its nose to stun it. Then *Kit* administered the *coup de gras* through the eye. Upon returning, the motor sheared a pin. Again thanks to *Kit's* resourcefulness, a jury rigged pin was inserted and we proceeded to shore. I believe his mother was able to prepare some of the shark.

Another job I had was with *Kit's* uncle *Wil Onions* at Onions and Bouchard, upstairs on Front Street. I ran the Ozalid copier, procured Coca Cola, trimmed plans and held the other end of the tape when buildings had to be measured. *Wil* pointed out that one had to measure all the dimensions because old Bermuda buildings were never 'square'. I vividly remember that the ammonia used in the copier was of the strongest variety. I don't know whether architecture is inheritable but my eldest son became an architect. On occasion *Wil* and 'Bouch' would join forces with *Bayfield Clark* to do the landscape architecture. *Bayfield* was an avid tennis player.

I enjoyed tennis at the Somerset Tennis Club. At the time it had a clay surface in rather sad shape but good enough for the social event. There were dances. *Eddie Gladwin* sang *It's Only a Paper Moon* with the floor mike between his legs as he played the piano. There were other dances at a hall near Mangrove Bay. We also went to dances in Hamilton at the ESU. Many of us had had lessons there too.

Continued On Next Page

Lawrey Recalls, continued

The Talbot Brothers gave forth with great verve at some of these dances. One or two satiric lyrics come back to me to the strains of *Mr. Gallagher* and *Mr. Sheen*, i.e. 'sucked up lots of sand...' doubtless to do with the construction of Kindley.

On the rare occasions when the weather was inclement we took the train home. (My first experience with the train was in 1940, going into Hamilton with uncle from a halt near Strawberry Hill across the trestle and past the yards for lunch at the Ace of Clubs – totally enthralling to a nine year old!) Anyway, the train would be packed. They managed to load a few bikes on racks in front. Conveniently, the line ended just behind Springfield. Just once I remember riding bikes back to Somerset. Parenthetically, it seems a shame to remodel Somerset bridge. The opening mechanism was just a steel plate.

Bermuda in the Forties through the eyes of a child! Put aside the difficulties of growing up. Much of life was lived outside. There were adventures with friends; the warm climate; the unrelenting beauty of sights, sounds and smells; the water; the comfortable pace, friendly and patient adults. Wall-to-wall cedar trees, hibiscus, and so forth. Your pick of empty beaches. Virtually a huge playpen. We flew away to America in December 1946. But I probably did not figuratively leave Bermuda until I got on a bus in San Antonio, Texas and felt I had to pronounce the word 'transfer' to the driver in front of a bus full of people with an American accent!



Zigzagging, continued

the wisdom of older people.

I continued at Haileybury for several terms before my parents arranged for me to return to Bermuda. My father expressing the view that if Germany succeeded in overrunning Britain, he wanted me to be with the family in Bermuda. So I embarked in the RMS *Orduna* some time in 1940 which moved out into the Mersey that night, which was just as well since Liverpool received a real pounding from the air that night – safely observed by us. The following day we moved out to join our convoy, striking a moored mine on the way which did not explode but bobbed away fortunately. We were not, I believe, a very large convoy as *Orduna* was the largest and only passenger ship. We had an ancient destroyer and, for a short time, a twin-engined air escort which had to leave us fairly soon to return before running out of fuel. The ship was full, mainly with children and older people going to South America for the duration. Some of us boys made friends with the bosun's mate and were put to work painting the inside decks of the lifeboats – a kind of

leaden yellow as I recall.

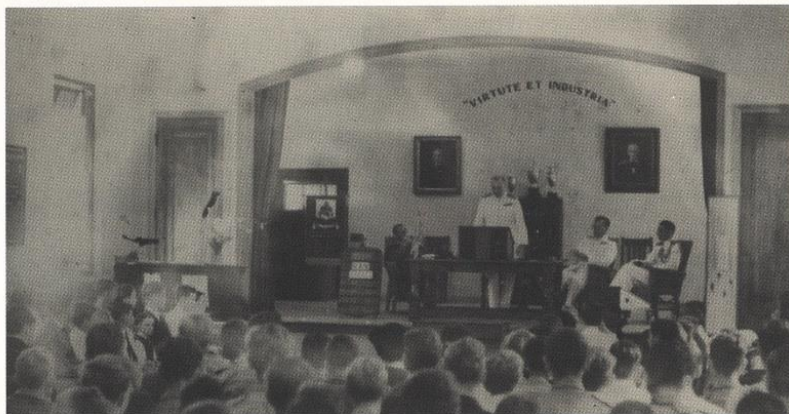
Anyway, somewhere near Iceland one sunny afternoon my friend and I heard a dull explosion and looked up and saw a small merchantman on fire and sinking. We saw a small boat with sailors lowered in time to save some at least of the crew. Within minutes two more merchantmen met a similar fate – in about eight to ten minutes, three merchantmen had been torpedoed and sunk by a German U-Boat! Very shortly after this the convoy was ordered to scatter and ships to proceed independently to their destinations. We were led to believe that we had been the target as we were the largest vessel in that convoy. We zigzagged as fast as we could go all the way to Bermuda where we arrived safely to the relief of my parents!

At this time my family was living in the home my father had built (through Burland's Construction Company) called Fort House, appropriately enough, since it was built on the ridge between Fort Hamilton and Reid Street extension. I was sent to Saltus whose headmaster was the memorable *Bobby Booker* and I had the expert services of

Continued On Page 19

for the destroyers to leave. The days and nights that followed were something of a nightmare, as all of us passengers were obliged to sit on deck near the lifeboats, with life-jackets on, in case the next torpedo was aimed at us. This would have been quite likely, as we were the biggest ship in the convoy by far, and a fat target for any U-boat commander! We were also restricted to the speed of the slowest ship, which made us even more vulnerable. Looking back on those perilous days, I sometimes wonder if some U-boat Captain, observing us through his periscope, realised that our ship (outward bound from England) probably contained only civilians. So perhaps we were spared for humanitarian reasons – I like to think so anyway.

By that time about five ships had been sunk around us as we sat on deck, expecting the worst. Our good Captain was frantic with worry, and sent a stream of communications to the convoy controllers back in the U.K, begging them to allow him to break away and press on at full speed. This would have enabled him to out-pace any U-boat in no time at all. Fortunately for us, permission was obtained and away we went at maximum knots, leaving behind the rest of the convoy – and the U-boats! This course of action was still risky, as now we were alone (and unarmed) on the high seas. The rest of the journey was relatively uneventful, however, and we all relaxed as the weather improved and the seas became calmer (and warmer) as we approached Bermuda.



My mother's brother and his wife, *Arthur and Elinor Butterfield*, left Edelweiss, Pitts Bay Road, and moved into a house in Hamilton to make room for us. They probably didn't much like having to do this, but as my grandmother said at the time: it's your contribution to the war effort! To a boy of ten as I then was, Bermuda had much to offer. No rationing, endless swimming and sailing under blue skies, British and American sailors and airmen to hero-worship. Plus a lovely home, servants and a fine School – Saltus. I remember such happy days and, in my free time, I had the opportunity to learn to sail and race under such excellent tutors as the late *Sir Eldon Trimmingham* and *Warren Brown, Sr.*, both owning splendid One Design and Six Metre yachts.

When I was eleven, my indulgent and generous mother bought me a twelve-foot, international dinghy (Number 13!) with drop-keel, two sets of sails and a spinnaker. What bliss, but how my mother must have worried as I sailed off alone amongst the squalls to visit small coral islands and try to beat the *Queen* and *Monarch of Bermuda* into Hamilton harbour!

Amongst my many memories of Saltus, some are particularly vivid and contrasting. Firstly, there were lessons in English literature from the then Headmaster, that great character *Bobby Booker*. What a splendid teacher he was; for many of us, he brought the works of Shakespeare to life for the first time. Secondly, there was an infamous day when some of the girls at the High School were caught red-handed training a telescope on the boys' changing rooms at Saltus, across the playing fields! And thirdly, end of term, with the whole school singing 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing' with huge enthusiasm, at the prospect of holidays ahead. (See photo above)

But sadly, all good things tend to come to an end and, in 1944, my father, returning from India because he was no longer fit for active service, decided I should return to England to sit the entrance examination for his old School, Wellington College. I have to admit I shed a few bitter tears at the thought of having to leave my island home, Saltus and many good friends. This perhaps because, when one is only thirteen, four years represents a long time in

Continued On Next Page

Englishman, continued

one's life, and I had become by then a complete Bermudian!

The rest of my story can be told quite quickly. I was sent home, along with four other schoolboys (and a wonderful man as guardian – one Captain Stewart who was later to lose his life tragically on active service in Normandy) in His Majesty's Warship *Arethusa*. A cruiser which had nearly been sunk by the Japanese in the Far East, she was on her way back to England for repairs via

Bermuda and the Azores. *Arethusa* had a permanent list as a result of torpedo damage; the Atlantic was extremely rough in January, and I was horribly seasick all the way. Later in the year, *Arethusa* took King George across the channel to observe the 'D' Day landings.

In London I was met by my father, resplendent in Brigadier's uniform and many campaign medals, including his World War One Military Cross. I had not seen him for seven years – half my life time! And so

... there was that infamous day when some of the girls at the High School were caught red-handed training a telescope on the boys' changing rooms at Saltus, across the playing fields!

I arrived at the end of one chapter in my life and the beginning of another. I had braced myself to face starvation in England, thanks to all the stories I had heard about the U-boat blockade and rationing, but of course rations, though strictly controlled, were quite adequate even for a normal, healthy schoolboy with a large appetite. I had not braced myself, however, for the V-1 Flying Bombs and V-2 Rockets which started to fall on London and the south of England soon after I arrived. But that's another story! Finally, may I say that ever since 1940, I have considered Bermuda to be my alternative home and will always do so. At heart, I am still at least half an 'Onion'!

Zizagging, continued

Mr. Richardscn, Mr. 'Buck' Rogers and Mr. Hallet, Dick Groton, Mr. Kerry and others whose names escape me. Suffice it to say that I enjoyed my time and passed my School Certificate quite well and represented the school at cricket and football. I also remember Mr. Churchill's visit in 1940 (or 1941) when he passed by the first entrance in the Governor's carriage.

When I was 17 in 1942, my father and I thought that I should soon try to get into the war, it being 1942. Gordon Burland had the same idea about his son, John. So somehow or other it was arranged for the two of us to embark on HMS *Manchester* which was returning from refit in USA. She had been badly damaged by torpedo attack in the Mediterranean earlier. She had a somewhat reduced crew and I think only one of her three

triple 6" turrets was manned by the Royal Marine Detachment. We had an uneventful passage, fortunately, and we were well looked after by the Captain of Marines. All we had to pay was our Wardroom mess bill since we were going to join the Royal Navy.

We arrived in Portsmouth soon after HMS *Victory* (in her dry dock) had been damaged slightly – it was thanks to her wooden hull that the venerable warship was not destroyed as the bomb did not explode but passed through her ancient timbers! We then joined the Navy as ordinary seaman and were immediately released to enable us to take the Special Entry examination to join the Royal Navy as officers. John and I found ourselves in a 'Crammer' just outside Camberley since our education had not been quite extensive enough at Saltus – particularly

in regard to physics, chemistry and mathematics of all kinds. There we joined the local Home Guard drinking endless mugs of tea and smoking cigarettes in a blacked-out shed on the common once or twice a week. Our purpose was to train so that we could fight German paratroops, etc. – fortunately for all of us, it never occurred!



Saltus Sports Day, 1942

20 *Minesweepers,*
continued

other Oxford students in the Forest of Dean, chopping down trees and making pit-props! This exercise was intended to replace the former supply of pit-props from France which could no longer be imported across the Channel for the mines of Britain. I'm told the Ministry of Information in Britain promptly sent to the daily newspaper in Bermuda a photo of a Bermuda Saltus 'Old Boy' undertaking voluntary war work in Britain.

In April 1942 I was in HMS *Bulldog*, a destroyer, enroute to Murmansk where I was discharged ashore, with a case of mumps, into a Russian hospital. It wasn't as bad as it sounds since the Russian Allies at that time were welcoming as heroes anyone on convoy duty escorting merchant ships full of supplies for Russia's defence. I even saw a Shirley Temple movie, shown with Russian sub-titles for the Russian wounded, but I and a fellow sailor from Australia enjoyed fully the sound track in English! Much later I learned that another Saltonian, *Francis 'Goose' Gosling*, served in Murmansk with the RCAF, likewise assisting in the important duty of helping the Russians to survive Hitler's onslaughts.

In early 1942, I arrived in Egypt, having travelled in two troopships, via Sierra Leone and Durban. My appointment was to join a small minesweeper, one of several, whose task it was to sweep for magnetic and acoustic mines in the Suez Canal and the



Founder's Day, 1943

approaches thereto. Of course the enemy objective was to drop such mines in the Canal where any sunken allied ship would cause a blockage for months and thus drastically impede the war effort. In Ismailia, mid-way along the Canal, I was to meet Saltonian *Ira Stuart Outerbridge*, then an officer of the Caribbean Regiment in which a number of Bermudians were then serving. I knew he was based in Egypt and had surprisingly little difficulty in making contact for a most successful reunion of Saltus boys.

What did surprise me was the occasion I was accosted, walking along a beach near Port Said, by a person I would term an honorary Saltonian. He was *P.A.D. 'Jumpy' Smith* who had taught me at Saltus! I forget his rank in the Army, but the two officers, Military and Naval, had that day a great Saltus Reunion. Later I was minesweeping in Greek Waters, after the Germans had mined all the channel approaches before retreating northwards. It was an exciting, if dangerous, six months from October, 1944, to March, 1945. Stimulating for

me as I took command of my first Royal Naval Ship, albeit a small wooden minesweeper with a complement of twenty-two and itself only a temporary command! Alas, I do not recall meeting any Saltonians during that half year. Did any other Saltonians serve in the Greek theatre of war and have his photograph taken, as I did, gazing up at The Parthenon?

Thinking of small wooden sweepers (MMS and BYMS), in which I served on and off for some two years in the Eastern Mediterranean, I do recall learning on my return, that Bermuda had played its part in building such minesweepers. Right on the Bermudiana waterfront they were built, and, of course, there is a Saltus connection, since *Gordon Burland* had a son (whose war service was with the Fleet Air Arm) Saltonian *John Burland*!

Peroration:

It is thus no exaggeration to say that in many, many ways Saltus played its small part in the World War II Era helping to ensure the freedom of the western world.

Owen Darrell