



PRETTY GIRLS SUNNING THEMSELVES ON A CORAL-PINK BEACH HAVE LONG BEEN A FIXTURE OF BERMUDA SCENERY. BUT THESE ARE HERE TO HELP BRITAIN WIN THE WAR

OLD BERMUDA

HONEYMOON ISLES BECOME U. S. DEFENSE BASTION

Sea islands, like ships at sea, are small worlds of their own, remote and romantic. A special variety of their peculiar enchantment has drawn hundreds of thousands of Americans to the tiny cluster of coral-pink British islands set in a cobalt sea 580 miles off Hatteras, collectively called Bermuda.

There have been two eras in Bermuda history since a Spaniard named Juan de Bermudez discovered it around 1511. The first did not really begin until 1609, when Jamestown, Va.-bound passengers of the *Sea Venture* were shipwrecked on its shores. Upon their reports William Shakespeare boosted "The Bermoothes" in the greatest piece of real-estate promotion in history: *The Tempest*. This was the Bermuda whose friendly colonists let George Washington abdicate enough of their gunpowder to drive the British from Boston in 1776, which became a prime way station of Confederate blockade runners in 1861-65. Shipping and farming, this Bermuda pursued its sleepy, self-sufficient way until the early 20th Century.

A few rich Americans had come to it before, but Bermuda dates the real beginning of its American occupation at 1908, and the flood started after World War I. Then commenced the Bermuda era which most Americans know--the Bermuda of honeymooners

and vacationists. Pink-coral sand beaches and lonely caves. Smart hotels where the dance bands play *God Save the King* at evening's end. Lazy afternoons on the balcony of the Casino at One Gun Alley and Rum Street in old-world St. George's. Demonish green murays at Devil's Hole, "more vicious dan de



BERMUDA KEEPS BRITISH CUSTOMS LIKE KEEPING LEFT

shalk." The last drink at Twenty-One on sailing day. Carriage rides by moonlight. Bicycling by glaring day along dusty, coral roads fragrant with passion flowers and horse manure, kept free of automobiles partly by petition of Mark Twain, Woodrow Wilson and other American visitors, lurking with loose stones to pitch the unwary cyclist on his nose.

Now a new, third era of Bermuda history has begun. It, too, is one of American occupation, but of another kind. The trippers still come, though only an estimated 13,000 of them this year against a normal year's 87,000, and most corners of the islands are peaceful as ever. But nowadays there are more military uniforms in the streets than tourists' shorts, uniforms that include those of the U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps. The luminous waters are busy with U. S. submarines, destroyers and aircraft carriers. Merchant ships lie offshore awaiting convoy. The once-tranquil air quivers with the roar of U. S. Navy PBY flying boats in & out on sea patrol, and of U. S. steam shovels, cranes, dredges and dynamite building U. S. defense bases. Even pretty girls on the beaches may turn out to be on war service (see above) in this new, wartime life of old Bermuda which LIFE examines on the following pages.

"The Censorship Players" recently produced an original comedy play entitled *As It Fell Upon A Dog*, dealing with

the mishaps of a king and queen in getting their two princesses married off to Sir Arthur Mockingbird and a peddler.

NOW WAR ADDS "CENSORETTES"

It would be a queer mind which, in a word association test, would conjure up "pretty girl" in response to the word "censor." Nonetheless, the attractive young Britons who appear on these pages, and on the first page of this article, are all members of the Imperial Censorship staff which war has brought to Bermuda. These members of the islands' new colony are called, and call themselves, "censorettes."

Chosen mainly for their knowledge of languages, now passes most of the mail between Europe and the rest of the world. They have taken over two of Bermuda's swank hotels—the Princess for offices, Bermudianna for residence. Partly because these Britons find colonial Bermuda rather dull, and partly because they are sworn to eternal secrecy about the discoveries of their work, the censors keep pretty closely to themselves, devise their own amusements as shown here.



ry Rawsky finds
day night leave.

Swimming meet off Tucker's Island helps pass
the time as marines wait for trouble to break.



Carriages cost \$2 an hour. They are here patronized by petty
officers. But sometimes gobs pool their money for a buggy ride.

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U. S. GUARDIANS OF THE OUTPOST PINE FOR GIRLS

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U. S. Marine temporary headquarters is this house on Tucker's Island which was built by Crane plumbing family of Chicago.

The
bunk



