

Building Windermere

As the airplane circles Eleuthera Island from above, the contrast between the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean grows stark. On one side of the Island, deep blue waves break into a milky foam—a white puff that stretches along the coast like a jetstream. On the opposite side, the water is still and light green, so clear that masses of coral and rock beneath the surface can be seen from the sky.

When the sun aligns perfectly, passengers on the incoming flight can see the airplane's shadow casted onto the landscape below. On a recent flight into the island, I experienced this phenomenon for the first time. I watched the plane's outline survey the land, growing larger and larger.

The name “Eleuthera,” meaning “freedom” in Greek, was given to this Bahamian Island by English settlers in 1649.¹ A century later, American loyalists to Britain would enslave the native Lucayan people of the Bahama Islands, ultimately wiping out their entire population with disease and brutality.

As the plane releases its wheels for landing with a forceful churning, I wonder whether this is what the English settlers envisioned when they named the island “Freedom”: the unparalleled liberty of watching one's own shadow descend upon a land.

*

I travel to Eleuthera frequently. My parents own a family home just off of its coast, on a 5.5 mile island called Windermere.² From the sky, the island is a spongy mass, coconut palms scattered on its North end. Tiny roofs dot the coast, separated from the Atlantic by a strip of

sand. On the opposite coast, Windermere is connected to the mainland by a small bridge, built by Lord George Trefgarne in 1960.

Trefgarne came to Eleuthera in the 1940s on a mission. As chairman of the Colonial Development Corporation, he'd been sent to the Bahama Islands to “develop Britain’s colonies.”³ The British Parliament granted the Corporation 300 million Euros to support their cause. So, in accordance with his job description, Trefgarne amassed more than two hundred acres of land in Savannah Sound before landing upon Windermere in 1960.

Nearly a decade later, in 1968, real estate magnate Sir Harold G Christie founded the Windermere Island Club—a place for landowners and vacationers to reside, commune, and host parties. According to the Bahamas Investor, a leading publication for Bahamas business and tourism, Sir Christie could often be spotted flying above Eleuthera in his helicopter, repeating to himself, “I just love looking at land.”²

But Christie wasn't merely looking at land while he flew above it. He was eyeing it for its potential, envisioning the clearings and airport runways and villas that could rise above it. In 2022, Christie's step-granddaughter commented on Christie's gift, remarking, “He saw a million-dollar property where other people just saw mud.”⁴

What creates such an urge to turn mud into property? When Christie arrived in the Bahamas at twenty-five years old, he was entirely broke. He biked two miles in borrowed trousers to sell his first property. And, by the end of his career, he was seeing imaginary infrastructure where others saw sediment.

When scientists dug into the sediments of another Bahamian island, Great Abaco, they discovered a history 30 meters deep.⁵ The soil revealed to them the story of when humans first

arrived on the previously undisturbed land: particles of vegetation and pollen transformed into layers of crumbled charcoal. This venture illuminated a poignant truth: our stories lie in soil.

By turning sediment into property, Christie left his imprint not only on top of the land but layers beneath the land, preserving his legacy for centuries to come. This impulse toward legacy, toward flying, buying, selling, and finding land ripe enough to tear down, made Christie one of the richest men in the Bahamas. Windermere Island stands as a lasting remnant of Christie's legacy, where homeowners relish in his erudite discovery and luxurious sales.

*

Today, Windermere is accessible only by the same bridge built in Trefgarne in 1960. The gated entrance is manned at all times by a guard. Months ago, I sat in a red Jeep approaching the island, accompanied by family members and other residents. As we neared the bridge, the guard on duty lifted the gate pole to grant us entry.

"Hey! It's Chief!" a man's voice shouted from our Jeep. Everyone else chimed in, yelling toward the short Bahamian man who was now standing next to the gate. "Heyyy Chief! How are ya Chief?" The guard smiled and waved. Once we'd passed through, the man sitting next to me asked aloud, "How do we even know that's his name?" and everyone laughed.

I don't remember someone responding to the question. Maybe someone wanted to. But the music had already been dialed louder and the gate closed behind us and the question, it would seem, was less exciting than all of that.

Had someone responded, they could have said, "Well of course we know it's his name. He told me. When I brought him that crate of Pepsi last time." Or "Yes, of course we do. The other gatekeeper told me." "Well what's *her* name?" And then someone would spray their

sunscreen or a pink desert rose flower would slap the Jeep's open window and we'd return to the true magic of Windermere.

The Bahamas Investor says “Windermere Island had the magical qualities of freedom and privacy—a gentle pace of life, where the days of the week no longer mattered, children entertained themselves in the shallow, warm waters of the sheltered lagoon, and adults could play long games of canasta.”²

The description is written in the past tense, although it describes the character of Windermere in the present. But perhaps this is most fitting. For Windermere's wealthy landowners, the island epitomizes a nostalgia for a time before responsibility. Childhood, maybe—an era in which their brains were not preoccupied by the days of the week or the projects to complete. One Windermere resident, a young woman who has additional homes in both the Hamptons and Manhattan, told me Windermere was her “safe haven” during the coronavirus pandemic. “You wouldn't have even known covid existed,” she said.

Naturally, many Eleuthera natives were impacted by food scarcity and unemployment throughout the entirety of the pandemic.⁶ But that doesn't matter on Windermere—or, rather, it doesn't need to. Because, according to the Windermere Island Club website, “Life on Windermere is simple, uncomplicated.”⁷ On Windermere, residents find their own sort of isolation. Privacy. Vacation. If that's what they seek, they need not worry about any triviality beyond the gate.

And this—the contrast between all that is kept inside and all that is kept out, the adamant conservation of that which is private—forms the backbone of Windermere. This is the dynamic that permits intimacy, like smiling and cheering for Chief or dropping off a carton of soda at his guard shack, but ensures that that intimacy is controlled, demarcated, shallow. Debating his

name, for instance, is not odd or urgent or shameful—it is a preoccupation as trivial as the days of the week. And, above all, this dynamic guarantees: privacy is preserved.

*

Windermere was built with privacy in mind. A year before Christie founded the Windermere Island Club, Queen Elizabeth's cousin Lady Pamela Hicks built a home on the island with her husband, David Hicks.² Soon after, Prince Charles and Princess Diana began traveling to Windermere regularly, giving the island its status as a “royal retreat.”

Jonathan Morris, an international real estate agent, remarked that “people buy in Windermere for the lifestyle. They like the privacy.”² And, when Prince Harry returned in 2012, news sources remarked he wanted to pay tribute to his late mother's favorite getaway, the island which has “maintained its privacy and seclusion for decades, and kept a reputation as a celebrity-friendly hideaway.”⁸

On my most recent trip to Windermere, I spoke with Julius Rankine, a lifelong Savannah Sound resident living just off Windermere's coast, about Windermere's allure. Rankine laughed when he referenced Windermere's West Beach, a small inlet that slopes into shallow waters. “West Beach is historic for two reasons,” Rankine said. “I got married there, and it's the first place Princess Diana was photographed topless.”

He was referencing Princess Diana and Prince Charles' post-wedding trip, when paparazzi snapped photos of a pregnant Princess Diana in a pink bikini, and caused international uproar. Tabloids published the black-and-white photos on front pages with the caption “Bahama Mama!”¹⁰ The Queen called it the “blackest day in the history of British journalism.”

The “blackest day” in British media, according to the Queen, was the day the regime of whiteness was threatened. Its greatest protector, privacy, had been breached. Privacy is fundamental to whiteness; it determines who can enter which spaces, and who remains stuck behind the gate. And a paparazzi photo, snapped in a vulnerable moment, ruptures the gate: the masses suddenly enter. Windermere loses its magic.

Privacy in and of itself is not an evil. In fact, harnessed in the name of love and justice, privacy is vital. Bell hooks has said “We all need spaces where we can be alone with thoughts and feelings – where we can experience healthy psychological autonomy and can choose to share when we want to.”¹¹

But the privacy which is used to demarcate, preserve, and expand whiteness is an injustice. When the Queen of England chastised the Bahamian newspapers who published photos of the Princess, what she really said, not only to the photographers but to the native Eleutherans who bought the papers, was: “You are trespassing on private land. You are not welcome here.” Did she forget Windermere Island first belonged to them?

When royalty set foot on Windermere, their mere presence resounded with the prohibitive words: this is ours, now. And, as the Bahamas Investor purports even today, “This seclusion is part of the reason why Windermere flies beneath the radar [...] That is just the way homeowners here prefer it.”²

Since this “royal intrusion,” when paparazzi snapped photos of Princess Diana, Windermere has “been successful at keeping the world at arm’s length.” As a result, it has served as an attractive getaway for past and present homeowners including Jacques Cousteau, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Mariah Carey, homes tucked behind palm trees or long driveways or gated

entrances. After a recent Island Club board meeting, whispers of Carey renewing her club membership floated across the island.⁸

The Windermere Island Club sits on the island's South end, and remains a pillar of Windermere community life. Because, although privacy is Windermere's backbone, "close-knit community" is its ever-flaunted charm.

*

Every Wednesday, the Club hosts a pickle-ball tournament. Nearly every resident present on the island joins, either to watch or play. And on Sundays, the Club hosts "Sunday Funday," hours of drinking and sunning on the beach. At one such event, several Windermere residents insisted they buy everyone drinks, and then spoke with me for hours about their lives in London and Manhattan, their children's experiences at boarding school, their indecision about getting another chocolate lab.

At another such event, a blonde woman said to me, "I've never seen you here before. You're a renter, right?" I responded that my parents owned property on the island and had been coming for nearly a decade. "Oh," she said, "they must not get out much."

Although Windermere is inaccessible to outsiders, once you're inside the gate, belonging is determined by how well-known you are—how many people know your name, or, even better, your last name. Almost everyone on the island is a CEO, a royal descendent, or a politician's granddaughter. If being known on Windermere is belonging, then being known for your money is power.

After meeting one resident named Scott several times—a wispy gray fellow who wore a thin-white button-down and khaki shorts every day—he offered to show my family around his

house. The home was “airy” and “modern,” white marble reflecting white-slabbed walls. Glass doors opened on an infinity pool overlooking the ocean, guarded in by deliberately planted palms.

The home’s flat roof was covered in turf, set up with flags and holes for golfing. I wondered what the appeal was of bringing a golf course above ground—whether it was merely an impractical accessory or of genuine utility. One must feel like he owns the world, I think, standing up there with a golf club in palm and the power to hit as far as the eye can see. On the other hand, I wonder whether he’d feel lonely up there. From the turf in the sky, all he can see is horizon.

Still, Windermere is not a lonely place. The first time I ate dinner at the Club, which was on my most recent visit to the island, I was shocked when, mid-meal, the entire restaurant began singing happy birthday to a man in a white polo. Someone at another table turned toward me and said, “he’s a Bush, you know,” as in, a relative of George Bush. The man blew out a candle and stood from his chair, champagne glass in hand. He scanned the restaurant. “I’ve been coming here for 60 years,” he said. “And I am so honored to celebrate my birthday with all of you.” He raised his glass. Slices of cake were passed to everyone.

I had never met this man before, but he smiled at me when he said “cheers.” The woman who passed me the cake whispered “it’s delicious” and gave me an extra fork. I felt, genuinely, included. By merely having a seat at a table in this restaurant, I’d assumed a position in this group. And I’d been welcomed, it seemed, with open arms.

But this intimacy which seems to abound at certain gatherings on Windermere Island is not afforded to everyone. Some folks, the native Bahamians who construct and maintain the properties or man the gate, are kept at a distance. Windermere Island needs them—thrives only

because of them—but Windermere does not want them. And this is best symbolized by the Club’s annual New Year’s Celebration.

Each New Year’s Eve, the Club serves alcohol, recruits a DJ, and lights the pool neon. The club members’ highlight of the night, aside from drunkenly jumping in the pool at midnight, leaving glow sticks and beer cans for Club staff to drag out of chlorine the next morning, is when Bahamian dance groups bring their Junkanoo celebration to the slippery pool deck.

The Junkanoo, celebrated annually in the Bahamas on Boxing Day and New Year’s morning, is a festival in which various groups compete in three categories: best music, best costume and best overall design. Participants carry golden posters made of ecofoam or brightly colored gates, wear neon and feathers, and dance in one standard formation. First, women blow whistles and dance in bejeweled braziers, then the band arrives with trumpets and saxophones, and a choreographed dance group follow closely behind.¹²

Many believe the Junkanoo originated to commemorate John Canoe, a victim of the transatlantic slave trade who fought for enslaved Africans to have Christmas Day off.¹³ But Christopher Davis, son of former First Lady of the Bahamas and the recently coronated “Nana Asafohene Jan Kwa II,” an official General in charge of the Junkanoo, sensed there was a deeper and overwritten story underlying the annual celebration. After poring through historical records, palace ruins, and mansions in Ghana and the Bahamas, Davis brought to light a truer origin story.

The Junkanoo is rooted, according to Davis, in the advocacy and rebellion of Gold Coast warrior John Canoe, who fought against colonial European exploitation at a time when “the slave trade and plantations in the Americas were the biggest moneymakers on earth.”¹³ When Europeans transported Africans to the Caribbean, they brought with them celebrations of Canoe’s rebellion.

But, Davis recognizes, this “spirit of Junkanoo has been lost in translation,” especially as traditional practices are overshadowed by modern celebrations. He says this disintegration of meaning and traditionality illuminates “vestiges of our colonial masters trying to strip our African identity away— something that was a concerted and global effort that is ongoing.”¹⁴

Similarly, a Bahamian student attending the University of Michigan reflected on her return home for the Junkanoo, remarking on its transformation and commodification over time. “Now,” she says, “there are [Junkanoo] performances called rush outs every week in Marina Village on Paradise Island and routinely throughout the summer at the Fish Fry, a once cultural landmark now overrun by restaurants that sell syrupy-sweet strawberry daiquiris.” She reflects, “I do wonder if anything can belong to a country that shares and bends its land and people so often for the benefit of others. I wonder at one point does the culture become something else entirely, simply a shadow of its former self.”¹⁵

When, at 11:45 p.m. the Junkanoo dance group comes through the Windermere Island Club, island homeowners drunkenly join in on the parade. They yell and form dancing trains and push their brothers or cousins or friends toward the women in braziers—grotesque suggestions of desire or pleasure. Their actions remind me of bell hooks’ “Eating the Other,” in which she writes, “the hope is that desires for the ‘primitive’ or fantasies about the Other can be continually exploited, and that such exploitation will occur in a manner that reinscribes and maintains the status quo.” When Windermere’s white men eye the Black women dancing in festive attire, it is not with admiration. I watch a sister push her younger brother into the line so he can get a “close-up” view of a woman’s bodies. Not only is such cultural and sexist exploitation permitted on Windermere Island, but it thrives there.

At the beginning of “Eating the Other,” hooks quotes Joan Cocks, writing: “[Desire] triumphs most completely over other human preoccupations in places sheltered from view. Thus it is paradoxically in hiding that the secrets of desire come to light, that hegemonic impositions and their reversals, evasions, and subversions are at their most honest and active, and that the identities and disjunctures between felt passion and established culture place themselves on most vivid display.”

Windermere was constructed to be “sheltered from view.” And it is this very privacy that has formed an apt breeding ground not only for the preservation of whiteness and elitism, but for exploitative and oppressive desire.

By midnight, the Junkanoo dance crew has left the club, and Windermere islanders continue their party.

*

Windermere’s most recent news, the event spurring whispers around the island, is a 150 acre development project on Windermere’s North end. The company leading development, 40 North, struck a deal with the Bahamas to build this luxury membership resort, which will contain fifty home sites for purchase, a boutique hotel, a pool, and a spa with individual treatment rooms. They cleared out 150 acres of palm trees and wild growth to do so, evoking the sense that they saw the potential for a billion-dollar property where “other people just saw mud.” Today, 40 North’s Windermere head, a man named Dan Casali, has rented property on the island and oversees development every day.

The project threw the Windermere community into disarray. But not for its natural or environmental impact—not because of the hundreds of trees it planned to cut or the vital

habitat-forming mangroves it planned to strip. The Windermere residents were concerned, principally, for their privacy. “Windermere is going to lose its charm,” I heard some say. “What about the pickleball tournaments?” “What about Mariah? She certainly won’t want to live here anymore.”

These islanders failed to realize that Casali was not making the island more public. Rather, he was taking a sector of their private land and making it even more private—a getaway for the most elite celebrities and heirs. Moreover, Windermere’s small, “close-knit community” likely formed the bedrock for Casali’s new development, demonstrating how to take, privatize, and build upon someone else’s land, keeping out anyone deemed “other.”

In order to placate anxious islanders, Casali hosted a gathering in the house he’d been renting. After seeing my parents out on a walk, Casali personally invited my entire family to the event, mentioning he’d invited a few of the families he knew best, and that we should wear swimsuits and flip flops: it would be casual.

When we arrived at 9 pm, the house was crowded. It was gorgeous: white and three stories plus rooftop access, six small villas containing guest bedrooms each equipped with outdoor and indoor showers, an infinity pool overlooking the water, and a spooling driveway that would confuse any visitor. It was the largest and most extravagant home on the island. He’d been staying there by himself.

Inside, at least 50 islanders mingled. Women wore floor-length dresses and men wore blazers. There was an open bar, platters of shrimp, lobster, miniature sandwiches and salad. Casali conversed personally with every single attendee, offering more drinks and tours around the place. He spoke, briefly, of the development, and assured everyone they’d have special access to the resort’s facilities.

Standing on the outside of the word “private,” Windermere residents had been anxious. But now, the word private had been dissolved and mediated by their other favorite word, “access.” Between that, the drinks, the food, and the home, they were satisfied.

Is this the strategy, I wonder? First, declare settlement. Begin developing. Privatize the space. Pacify outsiders by granting them a taste of luxury and the promise of access. If this is the strategy that enables overtaking a land for one’s personal gain, I wonder where Casali learned it. Was it innate? Did he pick up moves as he went? Or did he study the very process that first cultivated Windermere Island—the privatization and the false intimacy? It would seem Casali had beaten Windermere islanders at their own game.

Windermere islanders’ opinions shifted, seemingly, overnight. But, as Sarah Gardner noted in her a report on South Eleutheran residents’ response to the development, “the opinions of those most directly affected by development – the local residents – have been largely unheard.”¹⁶

When Gardner surveyed Eleutheran residents, she found that a resounding number of them, 95%, were in favor of hotel and resort development across Eleuthera, pointing to the “creation of jobs and the general strengthening of the economy as benefits.” Participants added that “with the resorts, the government takes more interest in South Eleuthera’s infrastructure, specifically roads and improving the water supply.” Others said tourism could “potentially promote government intervention in other areas, such as improving education and offering greater assistance to young parents and single mothers.”

Still, residents added that development is harmful when it results in the “privatization of land,” making natural resources like beaches inaccessible to Bahamian residents. One man said “Bahamians in Nassau can barely get to their own beaches.” Additionally, many respondents

expressed a distaste for private residences, calling them “anchor properties” which “keep the money away from the people of Eleuthera and concentrate it in the hands of wealthy foreigners.” As a result, 33% of survey participants disapproved of developments based on models of home ownership and rental arrangement—the very system prevailing in Windermere, and being capitalized upon by 40 North.

Not only does the 40 North resort further privatize a sector of Eleuthera, but its plans have already devastated the native sea life, and, in turn, the local community. 40 North has pulled out the mangroves on Windermere’s North end—a plant providing vital protection for sea creatures, allowing them to breed, feed, and grow. Without the mangroves, the ecosystem changes overnight, and Eleuthera residents must adapt.

Rankine, the aforementioned Eleuthera resident, runs a bonefishing company and restaurant based out of the Savannah Sound, and his livelihood depends upon its thriving ecosystem. So, at a town hall hosted by 40 North, Rankine stood up and begged for answers. He wanted to know: How much, exactly, did 40 North plan to dig up the land? What was their plan for bringing the turtles and bonefish back into the Savannah Sound? And “What's going to happen to us? Because we are already being affected as we speak.”¹⁸

Rankine spoke for five minutes about his lifelong history on the Savannah Sound and the ecosystem’s importance to the local community. Brian Davis, a 40 North representative, responded in thirty seconds. “We don't have a crystal ball, Julius, and can't tell you exactly what will happen, but the best we can do is use all of the modern analysis that we have available to us.” He mentioned 40 North has “smart biologists and scientists” behind their development, and finished by saying, “but I appreciate your question and comment.”¹⁸

Rankine had been given five minutes to share his frustrations, but it only took 30 seconds for them to be discarded. Because, ultimately, this town hall was just a formality. Like the party Casali threw in his white mansion, this gathering was a mere performance of humility and altruism. 40 North had made, solidified, and poured money into their plan. Opposition was irrelevant.

When, a couple months ago, I accompanied Rankine in his fishing boat, he said to me, “[Casali] just doesn’t realize there’s a price to pay for what he’s doing. He doesn’t understand. There’s a price to pay.”

But of course he does. Casali knows there is a price to pay for his development. Windermere residents, too, know there is a price to pay for their privatization of Bahamian land. Each day, they relish in the marvelous beaches and quiet seas they’ve gated in. Christie, too, knew there was a price to pay by claiming and building upon “mud.” These developers, residents, and expansionists know the price exists. But, ultimately, they don’t care. They’re not the ones who have to pay.

Reference List

1. “A Royal Retreat | the Bahamas Investor.” 2014. July 14, 2014.
<https://www.thebahamasinvestor.com/2014/a-royal-retreat/>.

2. “About the Industry | Tourism Today.” n.d. [Www.tourismtoday.com](http://www.tourismtoday.com).
<https://www.tourismtoday.com/tourism-careers/about-industry#:~:text=The%20Bahamas%20is%20largely%20an>.
3. Aristide, Anaise. 2021. “Early Inhabitants of the Bahamas Radically Altered the Environment.” *Eos*. April 26, 2021.
<https://eos.org/articles/early-inhabitants-of-the-bahamas-radically-altered-the-environment>.
4. College, Williams, and Sarah Gardner. 2008. “South Eleutheran Residents’ Views of Hotel and Resort Development in South Eleuthera.”
https://sites.williams.edu/sgardner/files/2011/06/tourism_report08.pdf.
5. Eleuthera, The, and Bahamas. 2021. “PUBLIC CONSULTATION REPORT North Windermere Island Boat Basin.”
<https://img1.wsimg.com/blobby/go/73a83e16-fab1-46cf-bb50-8496c3bae707/downloads/North%20Windermere%20Public%20Consultation%20Report%20v2.pdf?ver=1651155932790>.
6. “FACE to FACE: A Coronation in the Homeland of Junkanoo.” n.d.
[Www.tribune242.com](http://www.tribune242.com). Accessed May 4, 2023.
<http://www.tribune242.com/news/2022/jun/21/face-face-coronation-homeland-junkanoo/>.
7. “Going to Watch Junkanoo – Michigan Quarterly Review.” n.d. [Sites.lsa.umich.edu](http://sites.lsa.umich.edu).
Accessed May 4, 2023.
<https://sites.lsa.umich.edu/mqr/2013/04/going-to-watch-junkanoo/>.

8. “Going to Watch Junkanoo – Michigan Quarterly Review.” n.d. Sites.lsa.umich.edu. Accessed May 4, 2023.
<https://sites.lsa.umich.edu/mqr/2013/04/going-to-watch-junkanoo/>.
9. Higgs, Nicholas D. 2021. “Impact of the the COVID-19 Pandemic on a Queen Conch (Aliger Gigas) Fishery in the Bahamas.” *PeerJ* 9 (August): e11924.
<https://doi.org/10.7717/peerj.11924>.
10. hooks, bell. (1999) 2018. *All about Love: New Visions*. New York: Harper Perennial.
11. Lee, Denny. 2006. “The Flip Side of the Bahamas.” *The New York Times*, February 19, 2006, sec. Travel.
<https://www.nytimes.com/2006/02/19/travel/the-flip-side-of-the-bahamas.html>.
12. Ltd, HG Christie. 2022. “100 Years of Excellence | the Story of HG Christie Ltd.” HGChristie. April 21, 2022.
<https://www.hgchristie.com/blog/2022/04/21/100-years-excellence-story-hg-christie-ltd/>.
13. Magazine, Smithsonian, and Sean Kingsley. n.d. “The Gold Coast King Who Fought the Might of Europe’s Slave Traders.” Smithsonian Magazine.
<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/history/gold-coast-king-who-fought-might-europes-slave-traders-180980851/>.
14. news, Private island. 2012. “Caribbean: Prince Harry Visits Windermere Island on Jubilee Tour.” [Www.privateislandnews.com](http://www.privateislandnews.com). March 18, 2012.
<https://www.privateislandnews.com/caribbean-prince-harry-visits-windermere-island-on-jubilee-tour/>.
15. “Our History.” 2016. The Official Site of the Bahamas. 2016.
<https://www.bahamas.com/our-history>.

16. "Princess Diana Pregnant in Bikini [+PHOTOS]." 2022. September 7, 2022.
<https://royalfamily.news/princess-diana-pregnant-in-bikini/>.
17. Wicker, E. R. 1955. "The Colonial Development Corporation (1948-54)." *The Review of Economic Studies* 23 (3): 213. <https://doi.org/10.2307/2295726>.
18. Yumpu.com. n.d. "The Windermere Story - Windermere Island Club." Yumpu.com.
Accessed May 4, 2023.
<https://www.yumpu.com/en/document/read/45386762/the-windermere-story-windermere-island-club>.