

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW



THOS. McCAMMON,  
Secretary Rockwood Bicycle Club.

Mr. Thos. McCammon, Secretary of the Rockwood Bicycle Club, was born in the classical Village of Portsmouth sometime in the Sixties, and modestly asserts that his childhood was devoid of startling incident, although a residence close to the private school of a well-known local pedagogue brought him into intimate relation with a lot of boys whose reputation for friskiness has outlived many of the lads. He is not quite so certain as his chum Mr. Davidson, that in the good old days Hatter's Bay contained all the elements necessary to establish a successful city, and he cannot remember the busy hum that filled the atmosphere of the now deserted Village, and is skeptical, but these will be proved in the biography of his friend. Mr. McCammon gave evidence of being an enthusiast at

an early age, and his companions soon learned that Thomas was of vigorous habit. He joined the staff of Rockwood employees when he was quite young, but soon made a good name for himself as one of the most active and best tempered boys about the Institution. When the North West Rebellion broke out, the martial fire flamed in the bosom of our subject, and he and his room mate joined the famous Midland Battalion. The soldiers gained more experience than glory, but we can assure our enemies that if all Canadian volunteers are like the contingent we sent out, we beide the other fellows. When "Johnny Came Marching Home Again," one of the brownest and most seasoned of the heroes who tramped under the Triumphal Arch in Portsmouth was Thomas. How they were entertained at Hatwood will be told at some other time—and it is a story worth telling. As an amateur comedian, Mr. McCammon has few superiors, and as an end man in a minstrel troupe, there are not many professionals equal to him, as his fun is so spontaneous and contagious. In athletics he is a success, and was for years a standby in the champion Rockwood Baseball Club. He was almost the first here to get the bicycle fever, and with persistent bravery rode a sixty-five pound relic for some months. He did it with a cheerfulness and enthusiasm characteristic of the man, but lived to see better days, and acquired an experience that is called into account when "any fellow's" wheel is out of order. He may almost be called consulting physician in the bicycle repair shop, which Mr. Potter claims to have instituted. When the Bicycle Club was organized, Mr. McCammon was elected as Secretary as a matter of course.

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