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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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Love's Soliloquy

I'm pining tonight, love, without thee—
By memory chained to the past—
The thrill of the music steals o'er me,
As we danced each step to the last!

And away in my bosom lies hidden
The sweet rose that fell from your hair,
And thoughts do again come unbidden
Of you, on my arm resting there!

At twilight I'll fly to you darling
To where the wild waves dash and roar,
And with hearts as light as a starling
We shall wander again on the shore.

For soon you'll be mine, little sweetheart,
By ties that shall bind us forever,
And this year by year, no more to part,
Sharing life's joys and cares together.

Jackal of the Deep

By Paul Amixter

The flaming disc of the tropical sun poked above the heaving horizon, changing from dull red to flame-white all in a minute.

For a time the vast indolent expanse of the sea remained deserted. No land was in sight; nothing moved to break the immutable peace and remoteness of sea and empty sky. But presently far to the north a sudden geyser of white water jetted twenty feet in air and fell back, while across the waters sounded a booming crash that echoed like a water hammer. Soon there came in sight a strange shape wallowing along contentedly through the broad lagoon-green swells. It looked at a distance like a submerged balloon, or a small island. It was a cow cachalot, or sperm whale, and by her side swam a two-month-old calf, hugging close to her vast flank as if apprehensive of unknown perils in this alien sea.

Thirty feet long the young cow cachalot was, and yet she was small compared with the average members of her clan. But every inch of her was in fighting trim, hard as steel, and unhandicapped by blubber.

Three months before, in the chill Atlantic currents off Newfoundland, the she cachalot had been seized with one of the strange wandering fevers that often attack her clan.

About mid-forenoon this day the mysterious urge that had been driving her onward through nearly ninety tireless days came abruptly to an end, as inexplicably as it had started. Four miles off the shores of Thursday Island, it came home to her softly that her driving restlessness had left her, and here for a time she elected to remain. There were few of her kind to be found in these languid waters; the lower depths, she knew, teemed with all manner of hunting, easy prey for one who belonged to the hugest and speediest clan of the sea. But there were some dwellers in these strange new waters of which the cachalot had yet to learn to her peril.

For a time mother and son floated lazily on the warm surface of the smiling sea, apparently basking in thoughtless content. But the fierce little eyes of the mother were constantly probing the beryl-colored depths beneath for any chance meal that might come within her range.

One tiny fish floating inauspiciously near to look the newcomers over, irritated the leviathan to the point of combustion. The inquisitive one was a chubby, flat-bodied fish no more than two feet long, with impudent moon eyes, and he looked untrustworthy, to say the least. His sides were marked with bright transverse bands of blue and gold, which camouflaged his passage through the sunshot water to a remarkable degree. He went by the name of the pilot fish in those waters, an innocent name for the trade he plied, for he was the jackal of the sea and was quite lacking in character, even for a fish. As the huge cachalot turned on him with a lunge, he disappeared into the depths in two incredible darts. The monster, in dignity, refrained from pursuit.

Presently, however, a long shadow from pale gray and dappled with green, came shooting along at amazing speed some twelve fathoms below her, with the undulating movement of a snake. Here was game to pique her stupendous appetite. Instantly she turned over, and with no sound save the low sucking of closing waters dived with the speed of a torpedo released from its tube. What she had glimpsed was an oar fish, one of the strangest dwellers of

the deep. His eighteen-foot body appeared boneless as an eel's, and he propelled himself by means of two long ventral fins shaped like a ship's oars, from which he derived his name. His speed, already stupendous, seemed to redouble at sight of the swooping shadow of the cachalot. But it availed him not against the rush of the great cow, one of the fastest sprinters in all the sea. Within a hundred yards she overhauled her quarry with a rush, or rather engulfed it in her cavernous saw-toothed jaws.

As she was snapping over this luscious meal, she was interrupted by a swooping band of shadows that descended upon her like a flock of crows. They were a band of small "killers," those fierce dolphin-whales that hunt in packs like wolves and are the terror of the seas. Five in number, they had been hot in pursuit of the oar fish, following along the water currents left by the big fish's passing, plainly marked as a trail to their acute senses. Perhaps, also, they had been led by a taint in the water. Their little eyes glowed with a fierce, voracious light, and on the back of each a sinister dark dorsal fin was upraised, the black flag of the true pirate, for all killers are pirates.

At sight of the huge stranger from the north, however, they black-watered on the instant, then with a sudden rush they darted to the attack, meant to overwhelm. But never before had it been their lot to do battle with a cachalot whale. Wolves of the sea though they were, their ferocity was daunted, their morale completely broken, in the space of a minute by the cow cachalot's furious tactics. Straight in among them she rushed, darting, doubling, her huge double-edged teeth working like mowers. It was ferocity, not courage, that was the keynote of these twelve-foot killers, and with the death of the first of their number the band turned tail and fled, leaving the furious cow to retrieve her unfinished meal.

When she rose to the surface again, leaving the more negligible fragments of her banquet to sink for the benefit of the many scavenger fish of the depths, her vast appetite was still not wholly appeased, for sea dwellers are driven by a hunger that no earth creature ever knows. So as the afternoon progressed she still cast a keen eye downward, where the fierce sun penetrated the water to an amazing depth. Far, far down in the greenish obscurity a pallid, trailing form went sidling across her range of vision about mid-afternoon. And once more the cachalot dived.

What she had seen this time was a devil-fish, which had ventured up from the rock grottos at the sea bottom wherein he dwelt, doubtless on a hunting foray. But he was much farther down than the cachalot had judged. In fact, what she had mistaken for a large eight-armed squid, such as she was in the habit of hunting, was one of the giant devil-fish of the tropic seas, which live in the uttermost abysses at the ocean floor, three miles deep, and rarely, if ever, come to the surface.

This one was a giant of his kind. His mighty tentacles were as big around as flagpoles, each of them twenty-five feet long. They sprouted like the stalks of a turnip from a bleached and bulbous body fully as large as that of the cachalot, and shaped like a Zeppelin. The center of this grisly mass was a gaping, senile-looking mouth with an overhanging, parrot-like beak, on either side of which glared two lidless eyes of awful and appalling blackness, big around as wash-tubs.

At sight of the whale swooping like a bullet upon him, this livid horror sank plummet-like into the depths from which he had come. Though bulking far larger than the cachalot, the great devilfish was not one to attack any creature too large to be engulfed in his insatiable maw. His snake-like arms gathered into a cluster and trailing out behind him, his body elongated, he shot downward in a series of horrid lunges. His progress was the hideous progress of his unique kind, and he achieved it by sucking in great volumes of water in the propulsion sack beneath his tentacles and spewing it forth behind him, blowing himself along.

Undaunted by the size of the monster, the grimmest, most fearsome of all the forms that live in the sea or upon the dry earth, the cachalot shot downward in pursuit.

Four hundred and fifty fathoms, and the pressure became great enough to have crushed in the hull of a stout ship. The whale taxed all the strength of her mighty flippers to forge down through the growing density. The strain told on her, but her huge cylindrical body was solid as reinforced concrete and built in an egg-shaped design for just such a purpose, its vital parts, the brain and the little eyes, set deep in protecting bone, and surrounded by cushioning juices. As for the devilfish, he sped onward wholly undeterred. He was one of the four or five living forms built to withstand the crushing weight of the uttermost depths. The whole of his bloodless bulk had the hardness of seasoned gutta-percha, and his white-rimmed eyes were made to see in the lightless gulfs below.

Just before she reached the six-hundred-fathom level beyond which no mammal may pass and live, the cachalot succeeded in closing with her foe. Her traplike jaws closed on one of the flowing streamers, five feet from its tip and held with bulldog tenacity.

Two tentacles, covered with round sucking discs, studded with black curved claws, wound simultaneously around the cachalot's head in an attempt to crush shut her snapping jaws. Almost he succeeded; only the amazing agility of the cachalot saved her. Revolving her body like an auger, and working her jaws like saw-edged shears, she was able to lop off another portion of an arm before the fatal double coil could be achieved, the hold that could constrict beyond her power to break. But wherever the death-pale streamers clutched at her sleek body, the blood sprang, dyeing the water red, while the pallid blood of the devilfish filled the whole vicinity with the sickly reek of musk.

Tentacle after tentacle, as if with an intelligence of its own, clutched at the cachalot from all angles, seeking to overwhelm her, while the monster's eyes flamed like black pools of hate.

Far above, in the sparkling pristine sunlight that masked so perfectly the terrors of the depths, the cachalot calf swam nervously about over the spot where his mother had disappeared. An interminable time seemed to have passed since she dived from sight; the immensity of the empty sea was beginning to tell on the little one's nerves, and he seemed fully aware of the peril that beset his mother. Ordinary she was quite capable of remaining an hour and a half beneath the surface. Now but a half hour had passed, but the grisly fragments of the battle that floated up to the surface from time to time suggested the calf of what was taking place below. But not to such a degree that he failed to snap hungrily at the floating scraps about him.

As he fed and swam about there drifted on the scene the same small striped fish of the morning. He was about his dark business, which included a close-up of the cachalot calf, and he made bold the while to snatch mouthfuls of the youngster's feast. But the calf would have none of this. With baby fury he rushed the intruder and drove him once more to the depths—a true son of his mother.

Had he but known something of the ways of Romero, the pilot fish, how gladly would he have let the tiny scavenger feed his fill undisturbed. Yes, at any time of day or night. But now the thing was done. The pilot fish was speeding in toward the reef, to find the grim master for whom he worked. He was the bearer of great tidings, of the mighty battle in the depths and the cachalot calf left all alone.

He was not long gone. In a curve of the outer reef, where the island shore fell away to plumbless depths, a huge gray silhouette lay in a sheltered cavern amid the rocks, nose pointing out to sea like a dirigible at its moorings. It was a great, slate-gray thirty-five-foot shark, ill-tempered, pig-eyed and half-blind.

Presently as he lazied and basked, his near-sighted eyes made out a tiny fish moving back and forth in the cavern opening. It was Romero, the

pilot fish, none other. What sort of communication passed between the two can only be conjectured, but presently the gray monster was seen sliding away in the wake of his strange little conveyer.

About this time the battle of the cow cachalot in the depths had come to an end. For over forty-five minutes she had been locked in desperate conflict, exerting all her mighty strength. Her great heart was pounding to the bursting point.

All at once, when it seemed she could stand the strain on her lungs not a moment longer, the deathly grip of the enemy had suddenly relaxed, and in an instant the devilfish, or what was left of him, was lunging away in desperate flight. His nerve was completely broken, and as he fled he squirted forth from a gland beneath his tentacles a jet of inky fluid which colored the water round about like a black smoke-screen, veiling his flight. It was his flag of defeat, the last resort of the devilfish clan.

The cachalot made no move to pursue him. Her lungs close to breaking, for she could no longer breathe in water, fish-fashion, having no oxygen left with which to aerate it, she shot like a bullet toward the surface, propelled by all the pressure of the depths and the power of her vast flukes. Her speed was such that her body shot clear into the sun-lit air and fell back to the surface with a resounding splash. Thereafter for two or three minutes she lay heaving and exhausted, drawing in vast quantities of the blessed, life-giving air, while her calf came nosing about her filled with concern.

And then it was that the sword which hangs low over all the dwellers of the deep descended once more upon the she cachalot, catching her before she had nearly recovered her powers. Out from the reef came swimming the diminutive striped pilot fish, straight toward the basking place of the two whales. And behind him, looming dimly through the translucent water, appeared the fearsome in-metal bulk of the man-eater.

The shark, as he has been said, was dill of sight. His eye fell first on the cachalot calf. With a fierce rush he bore down upon the youngster, but as he turned over to bring his up by undershot jaws into play a great shadow bulked suddenly between him and his prey. In sheer astonishment the tiger of the deep swept aside in a great arc and turned right side up to stare. Not till then was he aware of the cachalot cow's existence, for the pilot fish, you may be sure, had neglected to mention her.

For a few tense seconds the two monsters hung motionless, surveying each other through five rods of water, their baleful eyes loaded with sudden hate and death. Each saw in the other a deadly foe, from whom no quarter could be expected, but in neither was there an instant's indecision.

The shark's ugly mouth, a sneering gash under his head, revealed rows of cruel teeth, ready to rend the whale's bulk to ribbons. He had fought many battles before, and usually he picked his adversaries with care. Never before had he faced such a powerful foe.

The cow cachalot was fully aware that the moment she had most dreaded through life was upon her at last; here was the real enemy,—the grimmest pirate of the upperwaters,—and he must be faced at once, in spite of wounds and exhaustion. In the deep there is neither rule nor ruth of combat; the fittest alone survive, the weakest perish, and that is all there is to it.

Huge though he was, five feet longer than the cachalot herself, the shark was in a degree appalled at the suddenness of her appearance and the savagery of her rush. Turning on his side, he avoided a head-on clash. Keel half over, his triangular many-toothed jaws agape, he lunged downward directly beneath the whale, gashing her flank in passing, and ripping away a huge mouthful of hide and fat. Simultaneously the cachalot tore away a mass of flesh from the enemy's livid-white belly. But the wounds were scarce felt by either in the fury of the moment.

The struggle that then ensued was, so far as human eyes could have followed, like a maelstrom churning the

face of the sea—but it was a battle royal such as those waters were not likely to see again in many a year. Fighting jaws that gleamed white as bone slashed and snapped; the water was flung yards high, and turned slowly from green to dull red from their bleeding wounds. Agile as any fish for all their size, the two were even swifter, and fought with a deadly craft, like skilled boxers, breathless, soundless, except when they lunged to the surface in their faintings. The soft green of the sea surface that had all day lain empty and languid became terror-ridden with whipping bodies and malevolent eyes that gleamed like phosphor. Each was fearful of the locked hold that would spell death for one of the pair, yet keen for that final grip once the right moment arrived.

Locked finally together, the two bodies shot downward into the dark depths where only the faintest daylight filtered, spinning like twin propellers. Exhausted as she was and outclassed as to weight, the cachalot yet had this advantage in the combat. Hers was the greater intelligence; also, she did not need to turn over as did the shark to bring her jaws into play. But her initial fury drove her beyond all prudence. Like the ripping of monstrous shears the teeth of the gray nurse tore for a third time at her exposed belly, before she was able to seize her chance. Doubling violently before the shark's teeth tore loose, she caught the base of the monster's tail in her immense jaws, and there she held with all the tenacity of her fighting nature, cutting in and in with her keen-edged jaws.

Thereafter, so far as anything like a duel was concerned, the battle was ended. For twenty minutes more there was a mighty lashing. The shark dived fifty fathoms and lunged to the surface again. He twisted and snapped, but in vain, for the cachalot had become by an extension of himself and his very efforts but aided her agility to elude him, while her own jaws worked relentlessly and unceasing. At last they met in the pirate's spine—and that spelled the end, for the shark, now minus a rudder, was short of strength and speed. Well he knew it, for when the cachalot's jaws relaxed, he made no attempt to renew the fray, but went ploughing clumsily and with awkward floundering toward the safety of the reef.

For a hundred yards or more the great cow pursued him, but she left off and swam slowly back to snuggle and quiet her excited calf.

But there remained still one more trial to test the mother whale's irritable temper that day. Round about her as she rested the blood-stained waters became suddenly alive with darting schools of fish, voracious little scavengers of the depths whose trade it was to watch for ktrife and tragedy. Their acute and marvelous senses had been drawn from afar by the battle and the taint of blood, and they swarmed up to fatten on the spoils. Perhaps they deemed the cachalot dead or dying, for some bold spirits actually rose to tweak and tug at her bleeding flanks with hungry jaws. That was too much. Once more, and for a third time, the cachalot's little eyes combusted. Thrusting her calf aside, she sprang from rest to full speed in an instant. Then back and forth through the gleaming schools of the tormentors she darted, her cavern mouth sucking them in by the barrefful. Some of them she swallowed, others she spewed forth and left dying and mangled on the surface.

Among these latter, as the horde of scavengers was put to rout, one tiny fish with a golden transverse band, lay bitten quite in two, flapping its life away—all that was left of Romero, the pilot fish, Judas of the deep.

Presently the face of the sea grew quiet again. The tainted waters cleared, and the cachalot and her calf floated lazily on the surface as the afternoon waned. When the little one had nursed and the mother had regained her powers to a degree, the pain of her wounds, which were many and grievous, seemed miraculously assuaged by a sense of boundless content. For in this wide sea, she knew, there remained now no single enemy to whom she need give a thought. The worst had been met and conquered.

SEATTLE

On Sunday, July 17th, Mrs. Bertram placed her house at the disposal of Mrs. Rex Oliver, who was giving a shower in honor of Mrs. Violet Gillis, to be married in the near future to Mr. Neil Grant, of Canada. There was an attendance of the close friends of the guest of honor, about fifteen in all, who presented her with some pretty and serviceable gifts of linen, silver, and glass. In the early evening, a good supper was served, the table having been daintily decorated by Mrs. Bertram. The chief topic of conversation at this party was John Hood's new Ford. He is very proud of it, as it is his first car, and the first property of value that he has owned. He was constantly referring to it, and his admiring and interested friends learned all about the terms on which he bought it, the insurance on it, and sundry absorbing facts as to its mechanism and performance. He was considerably and good-naturedly joshed by his friends on his absorption in his car. He used it that day to transport the Olivers from Everett to the shower, and then home again.

Little Beth Marie Oliver had her picture in the *Times* of July 17th, together with several other attractive small children. They were all perched on the shoulders of shriners, and Beth was wearing her escort's cap. The picture was taken at the big shriner picnic, where Beth was taken by her grandfather.

Mrs. Jane Keen, a younger sister of Harry and George Oelschlaeger, visited them for several days of last week. She was accompanied by her husband, and the two had been on a vacation of three months, motoring as far east as Minnesota. While here, Mrs. Keen cooked some fine dinners for the boys, and put up a lot of jam and jelly for them. Mr. Keen is a barber by trade, and has his own shop in San Francisco. He and his wife do not like the climate there, however, and he is thinking of selling out and moving to Seattle. We visited the boys a couple of days after the departure of the visitors, and found Harry mopping the kitchen floor. He later called us in to inspect the result of his labors, and we thought the place as neat as the quarters of an army officer.

On July 24th, Gallaudet Guild held its annual excursion picnic. This time it was at Illahee on the sound. In spite of Old Man Depression, a dozen went on the picnic and had a fine time. The community house on the beach was closed for repairs, but there was a long picnic table beside it under a couple of trees, only a stone's throw from the beach. Here we made our quarters, and spread out the plentiful lunch. After that was done justice to some of the party went for a hike, and Joe Kirschbaum and Lance Evans bore back woods and saw blue flagging. The party returned home on the half-past five boat, as we were not sure of a later one.

Abe Kruger, Gallaudet '33, who is hitch-hiking to Los Angeles and plans to return the same way to Washington to re-enter college in the fall, reached Seattle late Saturday night, the 23d. When Dr. Hanson opened the front door the next morning, he found Abe sitting on the porch rail. We gave him some breakfast, and took him along with us to the Illahee picnic. He was pretty tired after his varied experiences and in need of sleep, so after lunch he took a long nap on the beach. He stayed over night with us, and left the next morning at eight o'clock for Portland.

While Homer stayed and browsed around in Berlin, Alice Hanson Jones ran up to Sweden to visit the scenes of her father's birthplace. She first visited a schoolmate of his, Fru Ohlsson, at Kristianstad, and later this lady took her to visit the picturesque local inn at Fjelkinge, kept by her brother, another schoolmate. She was shown through the place and admired the elaborately hand-carved chairs, crystal chandeliers, and an elaborate hand-carved clock, which came from the king of Sweden. There were also beautiful pieces of old silver, curious tile stones that went almost from floor to ceiling, and were very artistic, and there were hand-woven chair seats and wall coverings. At the old church there,

which her father attended as a small boy, Alice saw the graves of his father, grandfather, and aunt, and took pictures of them. She also visited the farm, which was her father's birthplace, where she found the old buildings had been torn down and replaced. An imposing modern two-story brick house replaces the old stone farmhouse, and there is an ultra modern barn, where the cows are milked by machinery.

From Fjelkinge, Alice went to Opmanna to visit the Rev. Ragnar and Mrs. Fjellander, the former, a first cousin of Dr. Hanson. She found their home a spacious and delightful one, setting in a garden 250 years old, with a nearby wine-house and greenhouse.

Mr. Fjellander had snow-white hair, and looked aristocratic in his neat clerical dress, while his wife could speak both English and German fluently, having travelled and attended school abroad. Alice had a charming day with these cousins and their son. After a delicious dinner beautifully served in the dining room by the maid, they walked over and looked through old white church, and a drive through the rolling country side. There were some rather high hills and two lakes with small streamers running down to them. Glistening white farmhouses with red tile roofs nestled here and there, shining in the sunlight, and Alice thought it an idyllic and pastoral country. She left Opmanna that evening, and she and her cousins parted with mutual regrets that the visit was so short.

Alice then joined Homer at Berlin, and they visited Potsdam and Nurnberg. They are now settled in Vienna for a month or so, attending classes at the University there. They have a suite, a bedroom and a bath, in the home of a fine old Viennese family, and the rooms are furnished formal European style, with lace curtains and formal overdrapes, which reach from ceiling to floor at the windows, and much over-stuffed furniture and a tile stove. There are quite a few hills, and the Viennese people are very fond of out-doors, and spend much time there. Alice and Homer have already met quite a number of people they knew in New York, or had letters to, and have dined out a number of times. Recently they climbed a small mountain, Leopoldsborg, by setting sun and moonlight. At the summit, there is an old castle, which was once a fortress occupied by King Leopold, from there they watched the lights of Vienna below in the distance.

The Rev. Homer Grace will arrive in Seattle early in the afternoon of August 6th, and the next morning will preach the sermon at the eleven o'clock service at St. Mark's. The late afternoon and evening of that day will be given to a reception in honor of Mr. Grace at the Hanson house. During the next few days of his stay, a visit will be made to Tacoma. He will also be taken up to Rainier National Park, and other plans are afoot for his entertainment. Rev. Grace is making a six weeks' tour of the western states under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, to study the possibilities of church work for the deaf. He goes first to Salt Lake City; will be in Portland and Vancouver, August 4th, 5th, and 6th; in Seattle, August 6-11th; in San Francisco, August 14th. Thence he goes to Southern California and lastly to Arizona, which is part of the Sixth Province.

Sophia Mullin's sister, Etta, surprised her by a week-end visit recently, and today her brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Boyle, was in town. He is just back from a month's business trip to Calgary, and is going on a fishing trip with an old chum from Colorado.

THE HANSONS.
July 3, 1932.

St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf
St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf, 1210 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Rev. A. O. Steidemann, minister in charge.
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, Second Thursdays, 2 P.M.
Lectures, first and third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, fourth Saturdays, 7:30 P.M.
Guild meetings, lectures and socials in the Tuttle Memorial, 1210 Locust Street.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1932

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS
One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Thomas S. McAloney Dies

The New York daily newspapers of Monday, August 1st, in a telegraphic dispatch, apprised the millions of people that Thomas Simpson McAloney, Superintendent of the Colorado Institution, had died on that date at the age of sixty-three years.

He was an energetic and capable man, whom the profession engaged in teaching the deaf honored and admired. He began work at the bottom and by sheer merit gained the top. He was a supervisor of boys, a teacher, a head-master in Belfast during an "apprenticeship" of seven years.

He came to America, took a course in the Normal Department of Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C., and again climbed from supervisor to teacher, and eventually to the office of principal, serving in both the United States and Canada—as temporary supervisor in the State School for the Deaf at Trenton, N. J.; teacher in Alabama and Belleville (Canada); principal of the school for the deaf at Boulder, Mont.; Superintendent of the School for the Blind at Pittsburgh, Pa.; and finally at the Colorado Institution at Colorado Springs, where he died. Altogether his service in the educational welfare of the handicapped blind and deaf totaled a period of forty-seven years.

He traced his ancestry to the Earl of Kenmare. But his immediate forbears were all educators, as were three brothers and three sisters. His native place was the County Antrim, Ireland, but his predilection for teaching was an inherited trait, that he was wont to remark that "he was born in a schoolhouse." His characteristics and educational accomplishments won him the degree of Master of Arts from Gallaudet College and five years ago the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Colorado College.

The Deaf of Chile, S. A.

There seems to be a very active interest in the welfare of deaf-mutes of Chile, South America, which for a couple of years or more has been promoted by Robert Kelly Gray, who is a professor in the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Santiago. Being deaf, he became a charter member of the "Asociacion de Sordos - Mudos of Chile," which was founded on the 24th of October, 1926, and which has for its object "the mutual and beneficial protection of its members," as also the education of the deaf of Chile. The Chilean association would be pleased to have any printed matter relating to the deaf of the United States of America, and if any societies or clubs will extend a favor to our South American brethren, they should note

that the address is "Robert Kelly Gray, Asociacion de Sordos-Mudos, Santiago, Chile, S. A."

Among the several bequests in the will of Robert Lewis Harrison, a retired lawyer, who died on July 20, 1932, is one of \$5,500 to the Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy. St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes is a Chapel of the above church of which Mr. Harrison was a vestryman.

The California Daily Bruin, "the official publication of the University of California at Los Angeles," in an article apparently written to boost orism at the "residential school" at Berkeley, says that—

"Many know that Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, but do they know that he also established the first school for the deaf at Hartford, Ct., in the latter part of the nineteenth century?"

Everybody who is connected with schools for educating deaf children knows that the first school for the first school for the deaf in America was founded at Hartford, Ct., by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in the year 1817.

Mississippi Association Convention

AT BILOXI, MISS., SEPT. 1-4, 1932.

LOUISVILLE, MISS., Aug. 3, 1932.—The Ninth Triennial Convention of the Mississippi Association of the Deaf will be held at Biloxi, September 1, 2, 3, and 4, 1932, at Hotel Buena Vista, convention headquarters.

Big preparations have been made by the committee, in charge. Scattered members are urged to attend. Visitors are welcome.

Many attractions, for which the Gulf Coast is noted, will be featured—sailing, fishing, surf bathing, dancing. Everybody welcome—the lure of southern trails await you. Come one, come all.

MIRIAM KELLY.

DETROIT

Mrs. Martin Holm and her daughter have returned from one month's visit in Ridgeway, Canada, with her folks and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Sadows took Mrs. Bertha Toegel in their car along to Traverse City, and spent two weeks there.

Rev. H. B. Waters left the Henry Ford Hospital July 6th, after three weeks there, following an operation on his back. He is doing nicely, and he will rest all summer before preaching sermons at St. John's Church. Mr. R. V. Jones and Mr. Buxton take charge of services every Sunday in turns.

Mrs. A. Lobsinger left for somewhere in Canada to attend her father's funeral last week.

Mrs. C. Milan, of Evansville, Ind., has been staying here on her vacation the past month. She is staying at the Girls' Mission.

Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, of Crosswell, Mich., aged sixty, was killed instantly from a fall while was working on his farm. He leaves his wife, Sarah (Showers), and six children. Burial was at Crosswell.

The N. F. S. D. held an outing picnic at Hi-Land Lake, where Mr. S. J. Faber, a real estate man, has several cottages. About 150 people from St. Joseph's, Kalamazoo, and Lansing, and some who live near there, were present. Swimming was ideal, also fishing and games. All enjoyed themselves—in spite of mosquitoes. Useful prizes were awarded to the winners.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bourlier took the writer and children to Fair Haven, to spend the day at St. Clair River, on August 7th.

On August 13th, the St. Joseph's Ephphatha Mission will have an outing and picnic at Belle Isle. Location is the Schiller pavilion.

Mrs. K. Bassett, who spent seven months at Grand Ledge, Mich., took care of her sister's house while she taught in a country school. She and her daughter, Dorothy, returned to their home in Dearborn last July.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Riedinger took Mr. and Mrs. R. Huhn and her mother in their car, to visit some of their relatives in Jackson, two weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Japes and their daughter are on their vacation at a lake near Huron.

Mr. Rickey, who has been in poor health for several years, passed away at his home on a farm in Flint.

Attention—Mr. Leo Schwartz
No word since January 16th, what's wrong? No warrant. Earl recovering. Communicate and send check to Mrs. Paula Vans, 1626 North 12th Street, Milwaukee, Wis., 31-32. Your son, Roy.

CHICAGO

A son of the deaf, often seen in Chicago competition, placed second in the very first Olympic event finished, opening day, July 31st. Harlow Rother, heaving the sixteen pound shot fifty-one feet, five inches, was outdone only by his gigantic teammate from New York, Leo Sexton, who had to break the Olympic record to lick him! The two men scored seventeen points together, to send the United States well in front in the first points chalked up.

Rother was one of some seven men on this year's team who made the last Olympic team in 1928. He was last seen in Chicago when he won the shot put for the United States in a dual meet with the British Empire, before a record-breaking night crowd of 25,000 in Soldiers' Field, August, 1930. He played halfback at football for Leland Stanford University, and was also on the basketball team; and was a personal pal of Herbert Hoover, Jr., his college mate. He ranked eighth in competition for the first annual Sullivan Medal as America's outstanding athlete in 1930, an award won by Bobby Jones, the golfer, and voted on by some 150 athletic judges. His father, Waldo, who attended Gallaudet College about thirty years ago, was given the first "Outstanding Frat Parent" award in the Spotlight column of The Frat, January, 1931.

Rother's youngest brother, Lorace, aged twenty-two, was killed in an auto accident July 22d—ten days before his brother's Olympic performance. Lorace showed promise of becoming an athletically prominent as Harlow.

"Fisherman Freddie" Neesam, of our neighboring city of Delavan, Wis., bubbles over with wrath. All because Leon Harvat, vice-chairman of the Denver local committee at the 1927 convention, is credited with being the king-pin of frat fishermen. Told that that Harvat caught forty-four trout the first day of the season, Neesam is alleged to have retorted: "Yeah? Hoss-feathers! Caught forty-four trout? Must be he caught one trout, then played bean-bag with it, letting it fall to the ground on the forty-fifth toss. As a catcher, Brooklyn ought to sign him to replace Hack Wilson. Now that muskie I almost caught in Lake Superior last month, it..." and so he goes. Fisfittitis must be a fearful malady.

Some story-teller is spreading a canard about Freddie. The story runs: "Neesam always lugs his pocket scales when fishing. He and Freddie Flick were flicking the waters around Lake Superior last month, when an agitated woodsman ran up. They lip-read him: 'Let me borrow scales; me wife just gotta brand-new baby.' An hour later, the woodsman staggered back, pale and trembling. 'What's smatter?' smattered Flick. 'By Gar,' stammered the woodsman, 'These scales o' yours, they say me babe he weigh fifty-six pound.'"

Five of the Illinois Faculty were among the forty-three attending the first summer school for deaf teachers of the deaf, at Gallaudet College this summer. They were Fred Schoneman, Jim Orman, Bill Johnson, Dave Mudgett, and Miss Grace Davis. Orman was one of the three editors of the "newspapers" the teacher-student issued—something like the good-natured "kidding" affair issued at the basketball tournament in Jax.

By the way, the next Central States basketball tournament is scheduled for Jacksonville the middle of February, and the free "daily newspaper" idea will be continued. Negotiations are now being tentatively carried on for arranging a national championship tournament between the winners of the Central, winners of the Eastern States tourney at Edgewood, Pa., and possibly the West teams from the mid-West and southern sections. The plan depends on easement of the depression, so don't bank on it too heavily.

Isaac Weisbaum was operated on for hernia, on the 26th, at the County Hospital. Weisbaum used to be caretaker for the Silent A. C. during the war. Afterwards he became very sick; good old Gib (who always had a warm warm spot in his heart for the pitiful handful of faithful Frats who stuck to the sinking ship in those dire days of 1905) moved heaven and earth to save his life. Gib is dead; Isaac is in dire straits, and they are hoping he can be billeted in the Home for Aged Deaf.

At last we have authentic and detailed information regarding the statement—carried exclusively in this column—that Mrs. Granville Fortesque (who is now running her story of the Hawaii horror in Liberty) was a relative of Alexander Graham Bell. It came from the sage of Philadelphia, George T. Sanders. A Mr. Hubbard gave Hubbard Hall to the Clarke school at Northampton. Hubbard had four daughters. One of them is the deaf one, married Dr. Bell—it was to help her that he invented the telephone. Bell's cousin, Charles, married two of the other daughters, and Mrs. Fortesque is the child of the first daughter, who soon died. That makes the famous inventor of the telephone an uncle of Mrs. Fortesque.

According to word received here, Mrs. Frank Neyens, her son, George, and his daughter, met with an auto accident near St. Louis, Mo., two weeks ago. George and his daughter motored to Davenport, Ia., and after a stay of a few days, took Mrs. Neyens with them for a trip to Oklahoma. While on their way to St. Louis, his car was struck by another auto, and all were bruised except George, who escaped with a few scratches. Mrs. Neyens suffered the most injuries, sustaining a fractured rib and a bruised hip, necessitating her removal to a nearby hospital. Some time after that they resumed their journey to Oklahoma for one month's visit with their folks.

Edward William Carlson passed away on July 26th, at 10:50 P.M., after a long illness of asthma, at Sawyer, Mich. His remains were taken to Donaldson, Ind., for interment in the family plot of the cemetery near Donaldson Friday afternoon. The Rev. David Carlson, pastor of the Swedish Mission, had charge of the funeral services. Rev. Hasenstab was also at the services, and his manuscript address was read by the pastor. Rev. Frederick Williams, pastor of the Congregational Church of Sawyer, Mich., offered the closing prayer.

MINNESOTA

Miss Ethelburga Zell stopped at Pittsburgh on her way home from the East, and, after a two days' visit there, came home with a friend, who had also been a guest in Pittsburgh. E.

The Minnesota Association of the Deaf held its twenty-first triennial convention at Duluth, July 28-30th, inclusive, with a fairly large attendance.

The reception for the visitors took place in the ballroom of the Hotel Duluth, Thursday evening, July 29th, where they were welcomed by B. F. Round, chairman of the Local Committee, and P. Downey, representing the mayor of the city. N. P. Peterson responded with a few appropriate remarks. President Allen called the convention to order, Friday, 9:45 A.M. The reports of the officers were first on the program.

Mr. Leonard M. Elstad, recently appointed superintendent of the Minnesota School for the Deaf, delivered an informal address, which was greatly appreciated by the audience.

The meeting adjourned at 11:00 A.M. until 2 P.M.

AFTERNOON SESSION

President Allen called the meeting to order, and Mrs. Petra Howard, superintendent of the Division for the Deaf of the State Labor Bureau, read a paper, in which she explained her work and the difficulties encountered. She offered several suggestions, and asked for closer cooperation between the Association and the Labor Bureau.

Several amendments to the By-Laws were read and tabled, to be acted on at the next session.

The meeting then adjourned until Saturday morning.

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION

The meeting was called to order, and the amendments read the previous day were acted upon.

Mrs. Howard, referring to the loans the Association has made to needy Gallaudet College students from Minnesota, suggested that, in the future, the money for loans placed with the State Department of Rehabilitation, as the Federal government would match whatever sum the Association should deposit, and in this way the amount available to help students would be doubled. It was decided to give this plan a trial.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association are due and hereby expressed to the members of the Local Committee for their work in arranging for the convention.

Resolved, That the convention express its thanks to the retiring officers and members of the Executive Committee for the satisfactory discharge of their various duties during their terms of service.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association are hereby expressed to Mr. Downey for his address of welcome; to Mr. Leonard M. Elstad for addressing the convention, and to Mrs. Petra F. Howard for her services as interpreter.

Resolved, That we re-affirm our belief in the combined method of educating the deaf as the method best fitted to give all deaf children the best education that their ability and limited school time permit.

Resolved, That we commend the action of the State Board of Control in appointing Mr. Leonard M. Elstad Superintendent of the Minnesota School for the Deaf.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Executive Committee not to extend financial aid in the form of loans or otherwise to non-members of the Association.

Resolved, That the members of the Association in convention, assembled, express their appreciation of the excellent work done by Mrs. Petra F. Howard in her behalf as head of the State Labor Bureau for the Deaf, and pledge her their whole-hearted co-operation in her work, and they recommend to the proper authorities that her salary be raised to a level more nearly commensurate with the value of her work.

Resolved, That we believe it would be of mutual benefit to all concerned if a closer relation than now exists could be established between the School for the Deaf and the head of the Labor Bureau for the Deaf in regard to vocational training for pupils at school.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee should make an effort to induce the deaf to join the Association between conventions by advertising in the Companion, the advantages of membership in the Association.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—

OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

There is a feeling of "wonder what's going to happen" among the people employed by the State of Ohio, as the Legislature is to be called together in September to re-adjust the salaries. From the Columbus Dispatch of August 4th I clipped the following from an article about salaries:—

When the discussion shifted to the State institutions for the blind and deaf, Dr. Skinner stated that he could visualize a saving thereof. He offered two suggestions: "There is a possibility," he said, "of placing many of these students in regular schools and reducing the amount to about twenty percent of the present enrollment. Also we might insist that those students who can pay all or part of their expenses do so."

In 1931, the State spent \$726,000 in the care of blind, deaf and crippled children.

Dr. Skinner is State Director of Education, and has a very friendly feeling towards the two schools.

The reconstruction work and the rewriting at the school are now progressing nicely, and 'tis said "you'll not know the place in the Fall." A new house phone is being installed, that will greatly help in the superintendent's office.

Mrs. John W. Jones, who has been under treatment following an operation at Grant Hospital, is reported as doing very well, and is receiving many calls from friends.

A card received today, August 5th, informs me that Mr. and Mrs. Casper Jacobson left Cincinnati for their northern trip, and were in Chicago August 3d. They had a lovely trip. After visiting in Wisconsin, they may take a southern jaunt.

A friend in Columbus sent me a copy of the American Deaf Citizen, and, according to a notice in the paper, Mr. Conkling, the editor, says that unless more cash comes in, the paper will feel compelled to suspend publication. I take it that Mr. Conkling does not intend to give up his paper, but must suspend until better times come. With the uncertainty of what the future will bring, the people are holding on to their dollars, and many have had to cut out subscriptions to their cherished periodicals. The Citizen has a long list of subscribers from all parts of the country, and these will miss it. Mr. Conkling says, "Your American Deaf Citizen is confronted by the 'acid test' at present."

When I read that the opening of the Cleveland baseball stadium was attended by over 80,000 persons, I wondered if money really is as scarce as reported. There seems to be plenty for amusements and for pleasures.

Mrs. Andrewjaki of Akron had the pleasure of having Miss Ruth Atkins of the Kendall School as her house guest early in the summer. She, with Mrs. R. Shannon, entertained, honoring Miss Atkins.

Several entertainments for the pleasure of Mrs. R. J. Stewart, of Washington, were given by Akron friends while Mrs. Stewart was the house guest of Mrs. I. M. Robinson.

Mrs. Florence Stillman, of Los Angeles, Cal., has been in Akron, the guest of Mrs. A. S. Rasmussen and Mrs. G. Murphy. Mrs. Stillman was the guest of honor at several parties while in Akron.

The fine elm trees in the school grounds became badly infested with caterpillars this summer, and Superintendent Abernathy sought the use of the State's \$16,000 tank trucks and hose equipment, purchased about nine years ago. He was informed that this expensive equipment had been dismantled, and to get it in order would cost too much. So money had to be used to pay a regular tree surgeon to do the spraying in order to save the trees. One dismantled truck is used at the State fair grounds for sprinkling purposes during the State Fair week. This all shows that the State's property is not always well guarded.

From reports reaching me, Superintendent Abernathy has offered the principalship at our school to Mr. Nilson, who has been superintendent of the Arizona School for the Deaf and Blind. Mr. Nilson, who is a Gallaudet Normal graduate, is the son-in-law of that well-known deaf minister, Rev. Whidlin. We wish him much success in his new field.

FANWOOD

Principal Skyberg and family spent the week-end at a camp at Stoney Brook, N. Y., in good time to escape the present extreme humidity. The family is becoming acclimated to their new surroundings, but Kiki, the children's pet, disappeared after a week here. The Springer spaniel may have become homesick and decided to head West again.

Mollie Quinn, who was an employee of the Institution for a period of over thirty-seven years and who had endeared herself to many with whom she came in contact during her long service, passed away on the morning of August 4th. She had been ailing for some time and went to the House of Calvary in the Bronx on June 25th last, where she was made very comfortable during her last illness. The funeral was held Saturday morning in the Church of St. Rose of Lima, where mass was said. The Institution and its personal sent floral tributes.

Messrs. Legg and Misset of Townsend & Dix, Auditors, made their annual audit on July 27th and 28th, and found the accounts of the Institution in the usual satisfactory condition.

Miss Anna Dunbar, who conducts a course at Hunter College, New York City, in Problems of the Hard of Hearing, visited Miss Dolph on Wednesday, and observed her class instruction.

Albert O. Pyle and Edward Mikulica Salterbach dropped in at the printing office Friday afternoon. Albert "slinged" a stickful or two of type to get the kinks out of his fingers, while Edward watched the linotypes in operation, quite fascinated by the mechanism.

Word was received last week of the passing on Wednesday last in Vermont of Dr. Charlotte E. Benton, who for twenty-six years, was dentist to the pupils.

Otto Johnson, the boys' tutor, returned from three weeks with friends on a Pennsylvania farm. He reports a most enjoyable time, canoeing, swimming, and horseback riding.

Miss Harriet M. Hall is at her home in Choney, Wash., where she is studying along the line of advanced methods in dressmaking.

Bandmaster Frederick Fancher of the Jacksonville, Ill., school is in town on his annual tour, and on Monday revisited old Fanwood, where he spent the happy days of his youth, and learned how to handle the musical instruments.

Miss Carrie M. Eiler, matron of the boys' sewing room, is away on her vacation at the family homestead in Lebanon, Pa.

According to Guistivo Cascino of the boiler room, the tomato crop is going to be good this year, judging from the neat rows of some 150 plants flourishing splendidly under its care on the small terrace just outside the power house.

John Curatolo, a graduate of about nine years ago, is at the Presbyterian Hospital for an operation. He is on Floor I, East Ward, and would appreciate a visit from those who knew him.

Walter Shafran, Henry Brown and Harry Hirson went on the Union League's excursion to Hook Mountain last Sunday, and had a good time on the trip.

A Blow for the Minister

On a certain church of the duties of the old sexton was to pump the organ. The man was deaf and perhaps on that account had fallen into the somewhat embarrassing habit of abruptly quitting his task before a hymn was ended.

One Sunday a new minister was coming, and, once he was young and unmarried, the young lady who "played" the organ naturally wanted to appear to the best advantage. As soon as the service had begun she wrote a note and handing it to the sexton, told him to read it at once.

Evidently the old man did not correctly catch her words, for to her horror she saw him go to the minister right after the first hymn and hand him the note.

The minister opened it and read: "Keep blowing steadily away until I tell you to stop."

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.—Michael Angelo.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. Frederick Zingg, brother of Mrs. George W. Reeves, died here on July 25th, in his sixty-ninth year. He had been in poor health for a long time. His remains were interred in the Mount Hope Cemetery in Waterloo, on July 28th.

The Misses Maude and Rose O'Neil were guests at "Mora Glen" on July 26th. They are the hearing sisters of Mr. Nathaniel O'Neil, of Long Branch, and of Mrs. Leslie Titchner, of Myrtle Point, Ore. They can converse in our language fluently. They left on July 30th for Wasaga Beach, to spend a holiday of a fortnight.

Arrangements for the jolly busload to be run to the big picnic at Springbank Park, near London, on Labor Day, are well under way, and Mr. H. J. Rymes, the well-known and genial superintendent of the Arrow Bus Lines Ltd., has assured us that he will personally see that we get one of the finest and most comfortable traveling coaches of the fleet, with a competent driver at the steering wheel. The bus will leave here around eight on the morning of Sunday, September 4th, and make fast time direct for London, going out over either the Lake Shore route or Dundas highway, at the option of the passengers, through Hamilton, then through Brantford, Paris, Woodstock and Ingersoll to London, where they hope to arrive at high noon—daylight-saving time. We will drive straight to the Y. M. C. A., where friends may meet any of the passengers. The bus will call again at the Y. M. C. A. at nine o'clock Monday morning, pick up the same passengers, and convey them to Springbank Park, free of charge. Here it will call again before dusk, and when all are accounted for on board, will steam out under full power for Toronto, over the same route, and we hope to arrive home before midnight. For the convenience of the passengers on this bus, the arc lights will be kept on, so that all may enjoy the return trip in pleasant conversation.

Mr. Walter Bell, who is billed to address the great mission gathering in the Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, also will be with us on this bus. This load will be made up of about forty people, so those who have their names on the list first will be given the preference.

While Mr. A. W. Mason, Mrs. Harry Mason, and Mr. Samuel Pugsley were laconically conversing on currents events in the living room of the Mason home on Garden Avenue, the other day, a heavily-batted, hard ball came whizzing through the window and struck the opposite wall with a resounding smash. In its lightning-like flight it passed very dangerously close to Mr. Mason's head. A prompt investigation revealed it came from a group of boys playing in the backyard of the home of Mr. Samuel Pugsley on MacDonald Avenue. They were the children of Mr. Martin, who is Mr. Pugsley's tenant. It was a very close shave for Mr. Mason, otherwise rather serious consequences would have been the outcome. Not only did Mr. Martin make an apology to the Masons and give his boys a severe talking, but cheerfully footed the cost of all damage incurred.

The 22d was the natal day of Mrs. Sidney R. Walker, and she spent the day very pleasantly in examining and exhibiting with pride the many handsome gifts that were showered upon her, including a pretty electric toaster from her brother-in-law, Mr. Alfred Walker, and her two daughters, Misses Carrie and Barbara Walker. Another daughter, Mary, gave her aunt a very dainty box of envelopes, while a useful sweater-coat was given her by her husband. Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Walker find it a paradise living at 138 Lascelles Boulevard.

Mr. Roy Bowen went for a long motor trip to Bolton, Woodbridge, and adjacent points, on July 24th, and enjoyed the trip. Mrs. Arthur Bowen and her twin daughters are now enjoying their holiday up in Cookstown, Churchill, and other parts in that vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts enjoyed the Civic Holiday week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Wright and their family in beautiful Bobcaygeon, and declared it one of the best week-ends they have ever enjoyed. As the trip out that way must be of interest to many of your readers, because of its alliance to many of our deaf friends, past and present, a more comprehensive writeup will appear in your next issue.

REGINA REPORTS

Although his time is shortened a little, Mr. Robert Hanson is still working at the Robert Simpson Company, and so is Mr. Louis Halprin. Miss Jennie Brown is out at her home in the country for the present. She came into this city to attend the Reeves' meeting on July 24th.

We were pleased to meet our old friend, Miss Reta Boss, of Cambridge, Mass., at the Hamilton picnic. She came down from Preston with Mrs. Ida C. Robertson, with whom she is visiting at present. Miss Boss will soon go down to see her mother at Springhill, Nova Scotia.

All the managers and employees at

the Robert Simpson Western Branch Ltd., held their annual picnic on July 13th, at Regina Beach, and Messrs. Robert Hanson and Louis Halprin were in the big crowd, and had a swell time.

Mrs. Jessie Calder is doing well, and is yearning for a trip down to her girlhood home in Mount Forest, Ont., and also to meet once more her many schoolmates and friends down that way. Mr. Robert Hanson would also like to go down for the same purpose.

Since the deaf up this way have been taking the JOURNAL, they are constantly keeping in touch with their countless schoolmates and friends down in the East, and eagerly scan its columns as it comes week after week.

Owing to steady work, which they were not willing to lose, and for other reasons, the deaf of this city and vicinity, except three, found it impossible to go down and attend the big convention of the Western Canada Association of the Deaf, held recently in Winnipeg, though they would like to have gone.

There was a young deaf lady visiting in this city lately, who came from Idaho, across the American border, but the writer regrets her name was unobtainable. Wonder if she was one of the delegates enroute home from the Winnipeg convention!

NIAGARA FALLS NEWS

Miss Helen A. Middleton enjoyed the week-end of July 30th with friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Ethel Hoare, of St. Catharines, was a guest of Miss Helen A. Middleton on Sunday, July 24th, and both had a fine time together.

Mr. W. R. Watt conducted the mission meeting at the Y. M. C. A. in St. Catharines on July 17th, and gave a fine address to a very large and representative gathering from far and near.

After the big picnic at Port Dalhousie on July 16th, a large number of those who attended from Buffalo and other points called on Miss Helen A. Middleton here, on their way home, and she was very glad to see them once more.

CORBYTON CALLS

Messrs. Gordon Meyer, John Boyle, and Solly Shiff, of Kitchener motored up and called at the Sherritt home, only to find Miss Susie Sherritt was away on a visit.

We regret to say that Mr. James Aldcorn, beloved father of our Barbara Aldcorn, met with a very serious accident recently, and was conveyed to the Orangeville Hospital, where, at first, grave fears were felt for him, but we are glad to say he is now fast recovering, in spite of his advanced age. He was out raking hay in a field, when the team, somewhat spirited, made a bolt, and in their dash, threw Mr. Aldcorn off, with the result that he was run over, receiving a broken rib, badly cut head, and many bruises. He sure had a very close call. Barbara and other members of his family have been going down to the hospital to see him of late.

Miss Susie Sherritt has just returned home from a week's very pleasant visit in Mount Forest, where she was the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Fines. While there, she also visited our old schoolmates, Mr. and Mrs. George Boulding, who are doing well in that town.

ST. WILLIAMS SPLITS

The twenty-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Woodward is now working at Paris, and has a habit of coming home to see his parents almost every fortnight.

Mr. Charles A. Elliott, of Toronto, is holidaying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Woodward at this writing.

Mrs. Vernon Woodward was very much pleased with a call recently from her nephew and niece from Gloverville, N. Y. They talk of moving to Toronto ere long.

MORNING MILLS HUMOR

Miss Martha Grainger, of Honeywood, lost her father by death lately, and now her mother is not any too well. It seems to be hard on friend Martha.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Middleton were recently favored with a nice visit from a couple of cousins from Toronto; also Mrs. Middleton had her sister, Mrs. Alex. Hunter, with her at the same time.

We are looking for a visit very soon from Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, who intend spending a few days of their vacation here.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS

On July 23d, Mr. John F. Fisher, of London, motored down here, and picking up Mr. Charles A. Ryan, continued on to Hamilton, where they attended the deaf picnic of the members of the Centenary United Church, and report a lovely time.

Miss Jennie Brown is out at her home in the country for the present. She came into this city to attend the Reeves' meeting on July 24th.

We were pleased to meet our old friend, Miss Reta Boss, of Cambridge, Mass., at the Hamilton picnic. She came down from Preston with Mrs. Ida C. Robertson, with whom she is visiting at present. Miss Boss will soon go down to see her mother at Springhill, Nova Scotia.

Mr. George W. Reeves conducted

one of the largest meetings that has yet been held here, and gave a fine address on Cowards and Heroes, from Biblical studies. As it was a fine day on July 24th, a good many flocked to his meeting from St. Thomas, London, Ingersoll, Tavistock, New Durham, and other points.

Miss Celene Youngs, of Embro, has returned home, after a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Angus Quick and other friends in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., Messrs. Russell Marshall and W. Hillon, all of London, were in this city while on their way to and from a visit in Brantford.

All the deaf of this city and vicinity will flock to the big picnic at London on Labor Day. It's at Springbank Park, where they usually have a whale of a time.

BOBCAYGEON BRIEFS

Mr. Stanley Wright was home from Tichborne to spend the week-end of July 23d with his family here.

On July 24th, the Wright family went for a long motor trip out through Fenlon Falls, Cameron, Lindsay, and other places of interest—a trip they thoroughly enjoyed, and the scenery was just great.

A brother of Mr. Stanley Wright dropped in upon the Wright family very unexpectedly on July 24th, for a visit. He had not been down this way for a very long time, having been away up in the Lake Superior regions and in British Columbia for years. This meeting was a most affectionate one.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, were the guests of the Stanley Wrights over the week-end of July 30th, and from their own expressions, were naturally in love with this famous summer resort. During their stay here they were lavishly entertained by their kind host and hostess, who took them for long rides on Sunday and Monday to outside points, including the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Potts, seven miles out in the thickly-wooded highlands, and to the regatta on Sturgeon Lake at Sturgeon Point. More particulars later.

Mrs. Foran, better known as Miss Gussie Ogilvie, and her children, are at their cottage on Sturgeon Lake, near here, for the summer.

Mr. Stanley B. Wright was home from Tichborne for the Civic Holiday week-end to see his family again. He greatly helped to foster the big time the Robertses of Toronto had here at that time.

Mr. Fred Preston and daughter, Grace Ann, returned to their home in Peterboro on August 4th, after a very pleasant fortnight's visit with the Wright family.

HAMILTON

The members of the Hamilton Mission for the Deaf held a very pleasant outing at Dundurn Park on Saturday afternoon, July 23d. A good number of visiting friends were present from Toronto, London, and nearby points. We were also pleased to have with us the parents and friends of several pupils who attend the Belleville school. Some we had not met before, and we were glad to make their acquaintance and have them join us in the fun. A good program of sports was run off, and several of the pupils' mothers took part in the married ladies' race. The prize went to Mrs. Manning, whose son, Russell, also won his race. Miss Edna Eggington, of Toronto, arrived just in time to take a try at the nail-driving contest, and she captured the prize. The married men's race was won by Mr. Asa Forester, of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Forrester stopped off here on their way from Toronto to Beamsville and took in our picnic. They were very glad they did, as Mr. Forrester got first prize. After all the races had been run off, a game of baseball was enjoyed by those who were interested in softball, while the ladies prepared the tables for a supper to which 114 sat down and partook of a bounteous meal. In spite of the rather cool weather, everyone seeming to be enjoying themselves, and several of the parents of pupils said they would certainly come again.

Miss Celene Youngs, of Embro, Ont., has been the guest of Mrs. A. R. Quick for the past week, and took our picnic. While here she was well entertained, and her charming personality made many new friends. We all enjoyed her company and hope she will be able to come back again before long.

When Mr. and Mrs. Leon Carbonneau, of Windsor, took advantage of the cheap rates from Windsor to Toronto, they also had an extra trip at the same time, for their host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrell, very genially took them out for a long car ride. Mr. and Mrs. Terrell had as their destination the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Quick, of Hamilton. They arrived in time for tea, and in the evening a large number of old friends and former schoolmates gathered to meet them. A jolly good time, only all too short, was had, for all returned to Toronto the same evening.

Mr. Fred Terrell conducted the O. M. service in the Centenary Church July 24th. He gave a very interesting service, and though feeling rather miserably with a touch of neuralgia, he carried his sermon through in the most impressive signs. His subject was "The Coming of Christ." A large number of visitors attended the service.

Over thirty-one years ago, Mr. Mr. Michael Mapes, then a tender little fellow living in Lindsay, and a protégé of the late Mr. Paul E. Demys, one of the head teachers at the Belleville school, came to Toronto in quest of work, and soon landed the Boeck Bros., as a broodmaker. But this gentlemanly little fellow did not remain at his job long, for that dreaded disease, tuberculosis, soon laid him low.

In the Boer War thirty years ago, a little deaf boy, six years old, who did not seem to know the great enormity of it to kill a human being, amusingly picked up a rifle and shot and killed a private "Tommy" of the British Expeditionary Force.

Thirty years ago, Mr. James Goodbrand, now of Paris, David Sours, now of Clinton, and Robert Sutton, then jolly bachelors, were working together at the Courtland Carriage Works in Brantford. All three got married, but Mr. Sutton has now gone to the great majority.

Thirty years ago, Miss Anna Alendord, who had been employed by the Gileadean Salvage Company for some time, gave up her position and entered the service of the Consolidated Cloak Company. Today, she is the wife of Mr. David S. Luddy, and is living in Burlington, Cal., and the mother of a large and grown-up family.

Miss Peggy Gleadow has just returned from a fortnight's camping on the shores of Lake Erie. She went with the Girl Guides of this district and had a very delightful time. She won three first prizes and two second prizes for swimming. Masters Raymond and Harold Gleadow also spent a fortnight each at the Boy Scout camp near Port Maitland and were sorry when the time was up and they had to come home again. They had such good times there.

Mrs. Ida C. Robertson, of Preston, and her friend, Miss Reta Boss, have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Taylor, and took in our picnic, also Mr. Terrell's service. We were pleased to see Mrs. Robertson looking so well again.

Mr. Norman Gleadow, who has been on his annual vacation, has had several very pleasant outings and fishing trips, on which he has been accompanied by his two sons, Ray and Harold, and some of the deaf boys.

The day we held our picnic we were sorry the bunch of friends from London could not remain with us longer, as Mr. Charles Ryan, of Woodstock, had to be home for the meeting in Woodstock the next day. Mr. and Mrs. E. Fishbein and two boys remained overnight and attended the Terrell service the next day.

IN THE LONG AGO

Over thirty-one years ago, Mr. Mr. Michael Mapes, then a tender little fellow living in Lindsay, and a protégé of the late Mr. Paul E. Demys, one of the head teachers at the Belleville school, came to Toronto in quest of work, and soon landed the Boeck Bros., as a broodmaker. But this gentlemanly little fellow did not remain at his job long, for that dreaded disease, tuberculosis, soon laid him low.

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Mr. John Dean, brother of our late Joseph Dean, of Sandhill, and Miss Mary Leeson were married a little over thirty years ago, at the home of our late friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Hamby, in Nobleton, and are still living on the farm of Mr. Hamby, who was the bride's deaf uncle. Miss Maude McGilivray, of Purpleville, now Mrs. H. W. Roberts, and Miss Annie Henderson, of Talbotville Royal, now Mrs. Frank Hardenberg, of Pontiac, Mich., were among the deaf guests present.

Thirty years ago, George R. Munroe and Willie Bain were working together in Walkerville. Today, George is living in St. Thomas. He subsequently married Miss Nellie Mosey, of Chatham, who suddenly passed away a couple of years ago.

On the other hand, Willie stayed home, and is still living at the border city. We understand that friend "Geordie," or as the Scotch call him, "Geordie," is again out looking for a helpmate.

Mr. Charles McLaren, now of Long Branch, graduated from the old Hamilton School for the Deaf sixty-six years ago. He was born and brought up on a farm near Osgoode, a few miles outside of Ottawa. A few years after his graduation he gave up farming and went into the carpentry business, and in those pioneer days had plenty to do erecting homes and out-buildings for our pioneers.

Moving to Raglan, he still kept up his work, and many a barn or house in that vicinity still stand as monuments to his skill and industrious habits, but now with the weight of fourscore and five years weighing on his shoulders, he has put away his saw and hammer and devotes most of his time to knitting mitts, at which he is an expert; and also amuses himself with his four grandsons, children of his daughter, Mrs. George J. Timpson.

Thirty-four years ago, when the Canadian Mute, now the Canadian, published at the Belleville School for the Deaf, was in its infancy, the following students then made up its staff of type setters, press feeders and printer's devils, as they call the helpers and cleaners: Misses Luffa Robinson, now Mrs. Stanley B. Wright, of Bobcaygeon, and Mary Lynch, who became Mrs. Albert Sepner, of Windsor, but who died a couple of years ago; Messrs. George W. Reeves, of London, now of Toronto; James Patrick, of Carp, Jontie Henderson, of Talbotville, now of Sarnia, Willie McKay, of Woodstock, now of Toronto, David S. Swanson, of Belleville, now of Lacombe, Alberta; David S. Luddy, of Walkerton, now of Burlington, Cal.; Ernest Hackbush, of Hamilton, now deceased, and your Canadian correspondent, then of Jarvis.

H. W. ROBERTS.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York. A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The excursion up the Hudson River to Hook Mountain, on Sunday, August 7th, under auspices of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League was a success. The start, advertised for nine in the morning, was delayed for about an hour.

Long before nine o'clock, hundreds of the deaf from all the boroughs, New Jersey, Connecticut, and several from other States, who are visiting in this city, were at the dock.

The exact number that embarked on the steamer "Myles Standish," according to the pursers, including the committees and helpers, who were admitted free, was 783, a larger number than expected.

Hook Mountain was reached after one o'clock P.M. All the way, though somewhat cloudy, the sail was greatly enjoyed—especially by the children. The dancing floor was patronized from the start.

Several parties enjoyed playing cards, folding tables having been brought along by the committee. On the first deck, soft-drinks, ice-cream, sandwiches and "hot dogs" were sold by the committee and their helpers.

On arriving at Hook Mountain, it began to rain. The crowd's first thought was the inner man. The place affords two cafeterias, with many tables for basket parties, and these were soon crowded.

After lunch, it ceased raining, and then most went to the baseball field, where a game of "indoor" baseball was played between the Clark A. C. and the Brooklyn Frats. Seven innings were played, the batteries being Anzalone, Forman and Morell, for the Frats, and Funk and Kriegsheber for the Clark A. C.

The Brooklyn Frats' players were Forman, Blend, Lieberman, Kalmanowitz, Morell, Anzalone, Kerwin, Pokorny and Nadler. The Clark A. C. team was made up of Messrs. Blumenthal, L. Cohen, Kriegshaber, Funk, Libetz Benedict, Demmerle, Barr and Lachinsky. Messrs. Dellova and Lowenherz umpired the game.

This game was for a cash prize. A second game between members of the Deaf-Mutes Union League and a picked team of former pupils of the Fanwood school was then played.

The return trip was at 7 P.M., and though at the beach they enjoyed bathing and climbing up the mountain, and surveying the place from all quarters, they did not seem to tire of keep dancing all the way back.

Scott Hutchinson and a friend canoed from 183d Street to Hook Mountain, arriving there shortly after the boat. They did it in just five hours.

David (Marvel) Weinberg, who has toured the principal cities in the United States, as well as in Mexico, as a professional dancer, was present, and exhibited several of his latest dances on the boat.

Among those present at the excursion from far away Illinois were Messrs. Fancher and Orman, two former New Yorkers, who graduated from the Fanwood School.

XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY

As has been its custom for many years on Ephpheta Sunday, the Xavier Ephpheta Society held its outing at Rye Beach on Sunday, July 31st. Upwards of 500 members, friends and admirers from the city and suburbs as well as Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts, were among those present.

Every means of conveyance was used by those joining the Ephpheta Society at Rye Beach, but company was not lacking, no matter how one reached the park. The members left Broadway and 16th Street in a chartered bus, and no mishaps were recorded for the day, which was ideal except for the little rain occurring in the afternoon.

The absence of John Francis O'Brien was very noticeable. Mr. O'Brien received some pretty bad injuries when struck by an automobile quite recently, but all of his friends will be pleased to learn he is making splendid progress and hopes to again be amongst the deaf before long.

Xavier Ephpheta Society has acquired the beautiful and spacious ballroom of the Lyceum for its fourth annual Monster Basketball and Dance, to be held Saturday evening, January 28th, 1933. Old-timers will remember the Lyceum, as the scene of the successful N. A. D. entertainment and dance some fifteen years ago. The X. E. S. proposes to make this coming event as attractive and satisfying to its friends as its possible.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim has entered in the general security business for himself, and principally to act as a trader on his own account. In this connection he can better serve his old customers, as well as new. Bonds and over-the-counter securities will be his speciality.

Misses Irene Gourdeau and Eleanor Swenson spent two weeks at Miss Alma Smith's place at Jones Beach, L. I., where boating, fishing and swimming was enjoyed during their stay. As for fishing, this item is about it. One day they went out together, and after baiting their hooks, threw their lines out, only a few feet apart; but the tide must have brought the lines near each other. They did not have much luck, but patiently waited for a bite. It came after a long wait, the two at the same time, too. They each had hooked the same fish. Nothing like this ever happened to Henry Hester, the noted Hoboken amateur fisherman.

At 9:30 A.M., on July 31st, a party, consisting of Sol E. Pachter and wife Nathan Morrell, Jacob Kirschner and Joseph Cichetti, met with a very sad accident, in which the car, belonging to Mr. Pachter, was struck by another car, and turned over several times. All of them were hurt, the worst of all was Mrs. Pachter. They were bound to Rye Beach. The car was so damaged that it went to a junk dealer. Mr. Pachter has engaged a lawyer to bring suit against the party that caused the accident.

Alonso Smith, aged fifty-three, was run over by a big meat truck at 35th Street and Third Avenue on August 1st, and died shortly after at Bellevue Hospital. He was buried on Thursday, August 4th, at a cemetery in Tuckahoe, named "Gates of Heaven." He is survived by his wife and one son. He was educated at the Westchester Institution, and was a pressman in a downtown printing office.

J. E. Levy, with his mother, has been in the city for over a month. They are stopping at the home of his grandmother. He says he will stay here for another month, and then return with his mother to Kansas City, Mo. But should he secure work before the expiration of another month, he will settle here, for he likes New York very much.

Chess

To kill blues, play chess, the most royal and most intellectual of all games—that ancient *Chatrang* of India, which, more truly than whist, could claim pre-eminence as a pastime which amused the old and instructed the young.

As chess fans, the Berkeley Silent Chess Club has apparently become a permanent institution. Even Gallaudet boys, fresh from college for the vacation, with bulging shoulders and "Bouncing Betty" assurance, challenged us, and they play wise, too. As it is an impossibility for a single mistake to be absent from a chess game, either on your side or that of your opponent (even among masters), it is odd to see how the rating table shifts, advances and retreats weekly.

Our Howson (238) has just beaten Ledger (700) of the Oakland Club. Then Jacobs (186) beat Howson twice running, and Maldonado (207) did the same trick with the redoubtable Baugh (480%). Tilden loafed, and somehow keeps near the top. The August list stands:—

Baugh	480%	M. Jacobs	193
Howson	238	H. Jacobs	194
Tilden	254%	Francis	178
Maldonado	230	Bruno	174
Struck	204	Vinson	171

A gracious letter came from Texas, challenging us, which is good, and the call to mortal combat is not ignored. However, permit us to make a suggestion. It is best for you to join the nearest hearing chess club, and, if it is affiliated with the American (or International, which is the same) Federation of Chess, you will speedily find out your rating or standing. If you are a 500 man, we will send our Baugh against you; and, for anything we know to the contrary, Baugh is perhaps the strongest deaf player of today in America.

Young Mr. Veditz, also writes, declining to play on account of age. Tut, tut, there are yet a dozen shakes left in our legs! The Berkeley Club sympathizes with him in his automobile accident, which we know from experience is liable to happen to any one of us.

We hold a tournament weekly, alternating at our homes, and climaxing with an attack en masse on the Oakland Club (hearing) on the Baugh evening. The not least pleasant feature of the weekly meeting is the suppers prepared by the wives of the hosts at midnight, which, for their nicety, would amaze "Dr. Knuckles." (Do you know who the doctor is?) In our sign-language, we knock together the knuckles of our fingers in a distressing and even despairing manner, to signify depression; and that is the doctor.

Kashkan, the champion of New York, and one of the world masters, cut a wide swath at the Oakland Club for a week before going to the Olympic games. We merely looked at him, for "Dr. Knuckles" warned us that Kashkan is professional, and it is useless for us to try.

RECORDED.

Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary Seattle, first and third Sunday, 11 A.M., Thomsen Chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral, 10th Avenue and E. Galer Street, Tacoma, September 11th, 1:15 P.M., Christ Church.

Vancouver, October 23d, 2 P.M., St. Luke's Parish House.

Portland, October 23d, 4:30 P.M., St. Stephen's Cathedral.

Irwin Graves, who came to the city from Pittsburgh, Pa., three weeks ago, has secured employment at the Holland Foundry in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Howard F. Fitzgerald, brother of William and James Fitzgerald, died Sunday, July 31st.

The Lutheran Guild will have an outing and picnic at Forest Hill Park, on August 21st. Charles Schoenewaldt will be chairman. The admission price is only fifteen cents.

Roy Hawley, formerly of Vancouver, Wash., is now employed as a pressworker in one of New York's printing establishments.

After one month's stay at Thousand Islands, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Goldfogle make a tour of Canada for one more month.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Peters have been spending the summer at the present, residing with Joseph's mother.

New Jersey

On Sunday, August 7th, Mrs. E. H. Rigg, of Elizabeth, her guest for the summer, Miss Lydia Thomas, of Philadelphia; Wesley Matthews, of Elizabeth; Roy Hapward and Hall DeMoyné, of Bloomfield; Miss Louise Brooks and Oliver W. McInturf, of Newark; and Mr. and Mrs. Emil Scheifer, of Montclair, went to Atlantic Highlands in Wesley Matthews' and Roy Hapward's cars. After a delicious noon-day repast in picnic style on Mrs. Rigg's brother's property in the Highlands, the party motored over to Long Branch and called on Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Wenzel. Mr. George Bedford, of Keyport, was also at the Wenzel home that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Brossard, of New Brunswick, N. J., with their children, Junior, Bobbie and Joan, are spending the summer at Seaside Heights, N. J., where they have a bungalow. Mrs. Brossard will be remembered among the New York deaf folks as the former Helene Worth.

Miss Sara Zanger returned to Newark on August 6th. She visited several friends at Scranton and Moscow, Pa., for a week.

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SEATTLE

Auntie Pauline Gustin, Mrs. Claire Reeves, and Mrs. Sophia Brinkman engineered the Ladies' Aid social at the Lutheran Hall, July 23d, and gave prizes to the following winners: Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Bradbury, Mrs. Sallie Clark, Claire Reeves, and Mr. Lucas, of Selah, for bridge and other games. As usual, a good time was had by all. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Rosenstein, and Miss Pauline Plum were the out-of-town visitors attending the party.

Mrs. N. C. Garrison innocently accepted Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root's invitation to their card party last night and, after the four tables of bridge and refreshments, a prettily-decorated package was placed in front of her, along with a large birthday card containing names of her friends who contributed to the present. Upon opening it, she found inside a fine electric toaster. Her face expressed great surprise and pleasure, and she asked who let the cat out of the bag, the day being her birthday. It was the first opportunity we could surprise her, for in previous years she spent her summers at her cottage on Camano Island.

At W. E. Brown's suggestion, a free-for-all picnic was held at Golden Gardens, on the shores of Puget Sound. There was promise of a bright day in the morning, but by noon the sky was overcast and threatened rain. In spite of this, over twenty gathered at the beach, where lunch was had. However, the cool sea breezes were too cool, and the crowd, now thinned to sixteen, adjourned to the Brown's home, where an evening picnic dinner was served on the long dining table, and bridge played. The men—Mr. Brown, W. S. Root, A. H. Koberstein, and A. W. Wright—practiced with the horse-shoes, and the way ringers were scored. Captain Nelson and his Portland gang will have to do some fancy flinging at Salem if they are to win the championship.

After the Lutheran picnic last month, Mrs. P. Gustin invited several friends to her home in the university district, where they had a game of bridge and a nice evening. Those present were Mesdames Ziegler, Clark and Brinkman, and the Reeveses and Kobersteins.

Because of some trouble between the union and the engraving company in Butte, Mont., Jack Bertram took the label belonging to the union from the office and came home last week. He will await developments. The day before he left there was, for a few minutes, a terrible hailstorm, which destroyed gardens and flowers and broke hundreds of windows in houses and stores. Mr. Bertram observed the top of an auto with thirteen holes, caused by the hailstones, which were the size of golf balls. Jack drove 700 miles in a day and three hours spending the night in Ellensburg, fast driving!

The committee for the annual celebration of the building of the Church of Our Redeemer met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Garrison, the other evening. After business, the lady of the home served a fine buffet luncheon at the dining table, and all had a gay time.

Mrs. Garrison related an unusual incident which happened that morning. While opening an egg in preparation for making waffles, she found another shell inside the egg, with a tiny yolk. She should have shown it to the daily papers.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Westermann, their two boys, and Mrs. Emily Eaton, motored to Enumelaw, to Miss Menkhoff's home, for a lovely dinner. Rev. Westermann is taking his one month's vacation and, with his family, he has been enjoying driving around the beautiful Puget Sound country.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Reeves took Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Bradbury out to Sand Point, and to Duvall, where Claude Ziegler is on a fish farm, and did quite a bit of wild blackberry picking. This fruit makes delicious pies, jams and jellies. The party visited Mr. Ziegler and found the place much improved.

After an hour of chat, the autoists then drove to Alderwood Manor and were very much interested in the chicken farm owned by the Oleschlagger brothers. They met the dealer sister of the men, and her husband from Minnesota, who were visiting them for two weeks.

Mrs. Edith Ziegler, with the employees of the Northwestern Manufacturing Company, went to Lake Meridan one Saturday, and they had much fun and plenty of good things to eat, both noon and evening. Mrs. Ziegler and her son, Herbert, returned home late, well satisfied. Yvonne, her young daughter, had gone to Dayton with an older friend, to stay on her farm. She will probably remain there the rest of the summer.

Mrs. W. E. Brown had a long, interesting letter from Mrs. G. W. Gaertner, who remembered Mrs. Brown's birthday. She and Rev. Gaertner spent a long time in Southern California during the winter vacation of our former minister, who had worked hard in Oakland and San Francisco. Twenty-two deaf people have applied for membership in the Lutheran church.

Mrs. J. Bertram, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root, son, Milo, Milo's cousin, John Dortero, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright spent last Sunday at Lake Lucerne, taking their lunches for noon

and evening. There they met Mrs. Frank Rolph, Mrs. Ed Martin, Baby Billy, and Mrs. Anderson. The men played horseshoes, while the ladies, with the boys, rowed about the picturesque lake.

Miss Genevieve Sink and her sister greatly enjoyed a couple of weeks on Camano Island, rowing and fishing.

Mrs. Jack Bertram had a few friends, Tuesday night for a game of bridge for her husband, and she served dainty refreshments.

Betty and Eddie Garrison, children of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Garrison, have been on Camano Island since July 4th, enjoying themselves immensely. They visit with their grandmother.

Mrs. Emily Eaton has been quite ill with a hemorrhage, but it is hoped that she will recover. She is well cared for, where she has been the past four years.

Frank Amann came back this week. He has been down in Oregon, working on a ranch for a month. He is studying seeds. Who knows, but he may get blossom out a high grade granger.

George Gilmore has returned to Seattle after about a year in Sacramento, Cal. He reported he had plenty of work in the southern city, but is glad to get back to the Puget Sound country. Like everyone, who has ever lived in this town, he says there is no place like Seattle.

Root's printery is now located at 518 Seneca Street. Mr. Root says it is one of the best offices he ever had, and still the rent is considerably lower. It is in the same building, where the Seattle N. F. S. D., and the P. S. A. D. meet.

The Local Lutheran Church for the Deaf celebrates its anniversary on the 14th of August. Rev. Gaertner left us about a year ago. At that time the Seattle deaf doubted if they could find a satisfactory minister to take his place. Our present pastor, Rev. Westermann, has had remarkable success, however, and is well liked by everyone. PUGET SOUND, July 31, 1932.

New Guaranteed Monthly Income For Life...

Plan to Retire at Age 55, 60 or 65

Absolutely safe investment. No higher rate to the deaf. Free medical examination.

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New York

Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
301 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
First Saturdays
Nicholas J. McDermott, Sec'y
954 Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entertainments
Aug. 27—Annual Picnic. A. Fogel
Sept. 17—Particulars later.
Oct. 22—Halloween. Ed. Baum
Nov. 19—Thanksgiving
B. Friedwald
Dec. 17—Particulars later.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

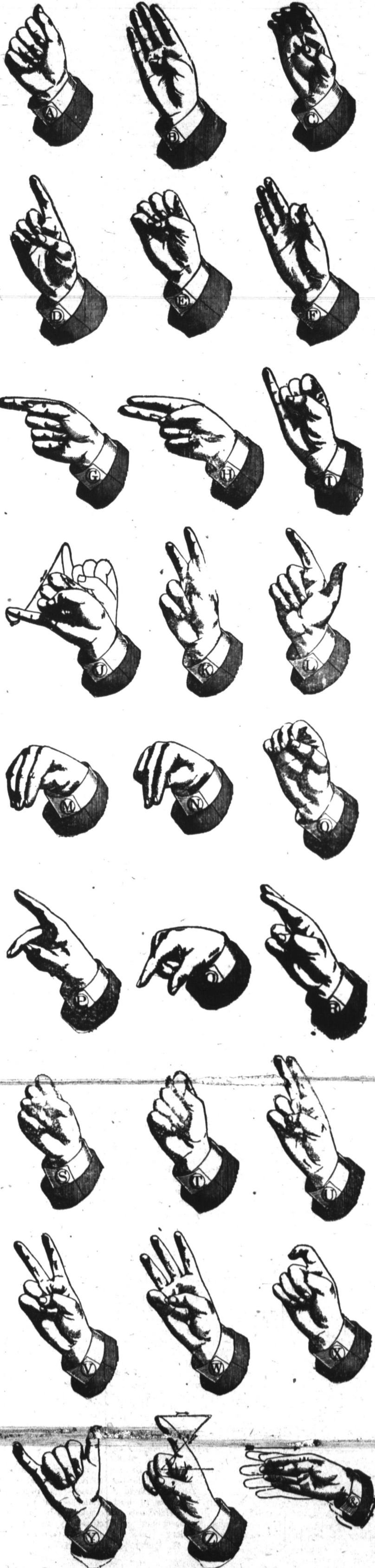
The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape.
Meets at Ealing's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, first Fridays.
If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert T. Sumner, 3457 Kingsland Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Michael Ciavolino, 28-21 48th Street, Astoria, L. I.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.
Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.
Irving Blumenthal, President; Louis Cohen, Secy., 548 Powell Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET



PICNIC and GAMES

RAIN OR SHINE

Auspices of

Brooklyn Division



No. 23
N. F. S. D.

ULMER PARK

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Take B. M. T. West End trains to 25th Avenue Station, then walk to the park

AFTERNOON and EVENING
Saturday, August 27, 1932
Gates open at 1 o'clock

BASEBALL GAME
Deaf-Mutes' Union League vs. Brooklyn Frats
Come on. Root for your favorite team

FIELD EVENTS
440 YARD DASH ONE-MILE RUN ONE-MILE RELAY
880 YARD WALK 100 YARD DASH TUG-OF-WAR

Games for Ladies and Children
CASH PRIZES FOR DANCING CONTEST
UNSURPASSED MUSIC

Admission, - - - 50 Cents

Those desiring to participate in Games, should write for particulars to AARON FOGEL, chairman, 3019 East Second Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Auspices

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

143 West 125th Street, New York City

Saturday, Oct. 29, 1932

at 8 P.M.

MUSIC DANCING
Cash Prizes for Games

Admission, 35 Cents

Boat Sail Sun, Aug. 7th
Thanksgiving Dance Wed., Nov. 23d

W. A. D. (Westchester Association of the Deaf)

Owing to the closing of the W. A. D. for the summer, there will be no meetings till Fall. THE WESTCHESTER DIVISION, No. 114, N. F. S. D., meets at 115 East 4th St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., on first Friday evening of each month during the summer.

Information regarding the above can be obtained from Secretary Fred C. Berger, 161 Crosby Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 43 West 125th Street, New York City

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

4802 Broadway
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Out-of-town visitors are welcome. Business meetings—First Saturdays. Entertainments, Socials, Receptions—Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays. Room open Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., Cor. Chatham St., Gates Ave., car stops at door.
SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS
October 29—Halloween Party. Miss Avia Allen.
November 26—Free Social. Miss Williams
December 17—Christmas Festival.
MRS. WEISENSTEIN, Chairman

Clerc Literary Association

Founded September 22, 1865
3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa
Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members
Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms.
Charles Partington, President; George T. Sanders, Secretary; 3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 902 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y.
Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City
REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar
Summer services, each Sunday at 11 A.M. Holy Communion, second Sunday of each month.
Office Hours.—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third Floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

N. Y. Convention 1933

National Association of the Deaf

CARD PARTY

For the benefit of the Convention Fund

at
St. Ann's Guild House

511 West 148th Street
New York City

Saturday Evening
September 17th, 1932

Admission, 50 Cents

Cash prizes to winners Refreshments

Movies and Vaudeville

Auspices of the

W. P. A. S.

at

St. Ann's Guild House

511 West 148th Street
New York City

Saturday Evening
September 24th, 1932

Admission, 35 Cents

(Particulars later)

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WESTCHESTER DIV. NO. 114
N. F. S. D.
November 12, 1932

Reserved for the
CHARITY BALL
of the B. H. S. D.
March 25, 1933

Reserved for Ball
BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23
N. F. S. D.
March 18th, 1933
Ed. BAUM, Chairman

Reserved for
Manhattan Div. No. 87
November 26, 1932

Monster Basketball and Dance
XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY
The Lyceum
Saturday, January-28, 1933
31-41.