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go outside, singing their round song, dancing their round dance in the sun, their voices sounding soft and charming in that air of a garden with lawns and trees. They know the paths and the corners of the buildings and the open spaces by heart and finger and seem to suffer few bumps or bruises. I noticed, however, that when they ran out of the gymnasium they began to slither their feet as they came near the door, and then moved quickly and surely down the steps.

Forty-Eight-Sock Week

In the women's workrooms most of the women are now busy binding the cords for the netted ends of hammocks for the Navy. They sit at long tables and whip the ends of the cords with silk thread; as the cords are finished they go to the men's workrooms to be fastened into the eyelet holes in the canvas ready for netting. Some of the women were knitting and a few were doing basket-work, the most general occupation in normal times when supplies of cane are available. At a table in the sun someone was working what looked like a complicated mincing machine—a sock-machine. On the table there were four or five pairs of grey and brown and navy blue socks, soft and fine and evenly knitted and with the toes and heels agape for the final stitching by hand. The machine, with its dozens of hanging needles, looked most elaborate to my eyes. I watched and then asked questions. The woman who worked it was slipping one needle out and another in, all the way round the wheel. "I'm changing from purl and plain back to plain." Her fingers seemed quick and sure and methodical and soon all was ready for plain knitting. The wool was



Winding wool for the sock-knitting machine

wound on attractively shaped large spindles and I took a photograph as she bent over the winding wheel.

But when I said I was astonished at her nimbleness and her ability to turn out so many pairs of socks (24 pairs a week) she said it was nothing, she was used to it.

"How long have you been making the socks?"

"Twenty-seven years now," she said.

* * *

You may be surprised at the great number of men compared with the number of women at the Institute. Although when you see a soldier in battledress with black shades across his eyes, and another with a bandage, both making a

tour of the works with their relatives, guiding and being guided, you begin to know why there are more men than women. Yes, there are men here returned from the present war, one of them waiting to go to England to learn the profession of massage; and there are men from the last war, and many who have lost their eyesight through accident, and some, more or less equal in number with the women, born blind or become blind with the years.

A Wounded Airman's Chair

In a room that might have been a giant porcupine-house men were making chairs—small fireside cane chairs, luxurious stream-lined lounge chairs, armless sewing chairs, deep-seated high-backed sofas, and very elaborate highly mobile chairs for wounded servicemen. As I went in the door I was confronted by a bristling array of canes—this porcupine was certainly excited about something. But within four minutes those angry quills were under control, beginning to form the gentle slope of a chair-back, coaxed into position by the strong hands of the man weaving the binding cane under and over, under and over row after row.

A wounded airman somewhere in N.Z. is soon to have a comfortable chair in which to wheel himself about. It has all the usual features of such chairs as well as some new ones designed by a member of the Institute staff to make it easier for the occupier of the chair to be independent. The greater part of this chair was made by blind workers.

* * *

I watched a blind young Maori who gave himself a respite from basket-weaving to polish a half-coconut shell. He was whistling very sweetly as he worked and I heard afterwards that he can play most instruments anyone puts into his hands.

"Those shells," I said, "make very good bowls. I've seen them used for fruit."

"Yes," he said. "They are good. But not this one. This is the other end. It's got two holes in it. I'm making it for a soap dish." He was very jolly and seemed to find life full of jokes; I hope when he's finished his beautifully polished soap dish he thinks of something else that will give him as much pleasure to make.

* * *

A very small girl with a very big orange came into one of the workrooms and handed her orange to the man at work on a wicker basket. A young woman with more oranges followed her. Then began the shared rite of peeling the orange.

"His wife and daughter," the supervisor explained. "They live in one of the Institute's houses and he comes to the Institute daily to work. Yes, his wife and the little girl drop in most days to see him."

* * *

The Blind Institute buildings and gardens cover five acres of ground and there is much to see. In one visit there isn't time to see the work in all the workrooms, the children in the school rooms, the gymnasium and the carpentry shops, the library and living rooms and dining room (all these rooms with furniture made in the Institute), the shop and the packing rooms. But one visit is interesting and enough to make the visitor want to go back.

—J.



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and treats Catarrh successfully by attacking each germ separately. Catarrh germs are destroyed and removed, and immunity is built up so that the symptoms do not return.



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