

ISLE OF WIGHT OBSERVER Saturday 19th Oct 1889

A NARROW ESCAPE

On Monday morning, Mr. **R. HEWARD** and his son were fishing to the eastward of the Pier. The morning was rather foggy. Suddenly they heard a hissing in the air, and a huge shot whizzed past the boat, and as nearly as possible struck them. They were so frightened that they crouched down in the bottom of the boat for a time, forgetting it could afford them no protection, but as soon as they recovered a bit they made for home as fast as possible. Surely the authorities ought to give proper notice when practice takes place with large ordnance. Mr. HEWARD says it was the narrowest escape he ever had.

Researched by
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