

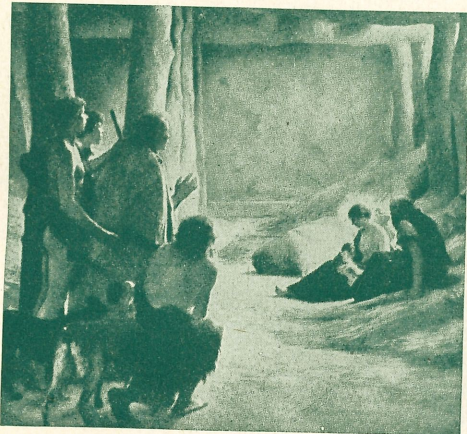
# THE DEAF CHILD'S ADVOCATE

Published at 2969 W. 25th St., Cleveland 13, O., in the interest of the Ev. Luth.  
Institute for the Deaf, 6861 Nevada Ave., Detroit, Michigan

Vol. XV

DECEMBER, 1944

Number 1



## NO ROOM

No room for the Christ-Child at  
Bethlehem's inn—  
O Little Lord Jesus, the shame  
of that sin  
Burns down through the ages—  
would we had been near  
To fling wide the doors for Thy  
Mother so dear!

Room for the feasting, room for  
the mirth,  
Room for the pride and the ha-  
treds of earth,  
Here in the world-inn—but, O can  
it be,  
Little Lord Jesus, still no room  
for Thee?

Blinded by beauty, humbled by  
awe,  
Silenced with wonder how star-  
light and straw,  
Heaven's high angels and shep-  
herds could meet,  
Little Lord Jesus, we kneel at  
Thy feet!

No room for the Christ-Child!  
Adoring we plead,  
"Our lives be the shelter pre-  
pared for Thy need;  
Our love be Thy manger, our  
hearts be Thy Throne,  
O Little Lord Jesus, come bide  
with Thine own!"

— Selected.

## No Room for Jesus

Concerning the birth of Jesus we read: "And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

"No room for them"—these words have often intrigued us. For some reason there was no room in the inn or stopping-place. A shed with a manger was offered Mary and Joseph and here the baby Jesus was born.

Christmas with its happy message: "Unto you is born a Savior, which is Christ, the Lord!" is just about here. With that message Jesus wants to penetrate our hearts and find a lodging there. Of only too many hearts it must be sadly said: "No room for Jesus!" The cares of this world, the lure of riches, the pleasures of life have filled the heart, so that the Christ-child cannot find even a little spot to lodge. Such people are truly to be pitied. However filled a heart may be with other interests, it is empty if Christ does not dwell there. For the presence of Christ in the heart means peace of heart and mind. The Christ-filled heart has the abiding comfort of God's grace and forgiveness. Out of the fullness of a Christ-filled heart flow streams of love and compassion and sympathy into the world.

At this Christmas season we do well to pause and ask: "Just how much room have I given to my Jesus? How much of my heart and my life belongs to Him?" Do not have your thoughts so occupied with the affairs and problems of this world that the Christ-child is crowded out, that there is no room for Jesus. Rather let Christ so flood your heart with His love, that true happiness will fill your life, and that you will become a blessing unto others.

The man who has no room for Jesus in his heart, also has no room for our Institute and our deaf children in his heart. Whatever we do for the "least of His brethren," we do unto Jesus. Whatever love and sympathy we refuse Him, we refuse unto the "least of His brethren." May we, then, open wide our hearts to Him who came to redeem us. May we also take into our hearts the children cared for at our Institute. May we help to bring the message of Jesus and His salvation to them. May we pray that God would open wide their hearts to receive fully Jesus and His love.

And still He standeth at the door of overy home.  
Alas, so many lock the door and say, "There is no room!"

Dear Lord, come in, I welcome Thee. Do not depart!  
I would that Thou be born in me, there's room within my heart!"

A happy Christmas to all!

LOUIS H. KOEHLER

## Christmas Eve

CHRISTEL ERDMANN

The tree was trimmed, almost to completion. How beautiful it looked! Josephine, or "Josie," as the family fondly called her, added a few final touches to the magnificent green structure of silvery tinsel and colored ornaments; while Mother, atop the highest rung of the ladder, pinned the glittering Christmas star above its lofty height. Dad, having been gently prodded by them both to assist, had strung a line of cranberries, entwined in about the branches, and now lay peacefully "snoozing" in his "old faithful" easy chair. Chick and Hon, the youngsters, had long since been put to bed with the fond assurance that Santa would not forget them. Jenks, the two-year old cocker spaniel, lay curled up near the tree, and the gifts were neatly stacked beneath it. The older folks always opened them with the children on Christmas morning.

Indeed, the four remaining in the living-room presented a picture of true contentment. A casual observer, were he to look in upon this Christmas Eve, would never have guessed that under the surface, a deep pain lay in their hearts, a pain that each of them, with great persuasion, was trying desperately to conceal. A pain that, in their persuasion, served to lift their spirits and to reflect a cheerful light upon their countenances. For hadn't Doug left for war in some distant overseas land only a few short weeks ago — weeks that seemed like years? Doug, young Doug—"that teasing rascalion of a brother!"—as Josie had so often put it; Doug, the big brother of Chick and Hon; Doug, the beloved son of Mom and Dad. He had been so confident, standing proudly before them in his uniform as they exchanged good-byes at the station; all smiling bravely through tear-dimmed eyes. And as the train pulled out, they heard him shout, faintly but distinctly, "I will come back, folks, I will!" But would he?

Now, this Christmas Eve, they were thinking of him, remembering the words he had last spoken. Those words comforted them, but they did not entirely ease the pain in their hearts. Uppermost in their minds was the question: "Will he come back; will he come back?"

"Shall I wake him, Mother?" Josie spoke quietly, glancing in Dad's direction.

"No, dear, let him sleep awhile. He must be exhausted from all the

bustle of the day." Mother climbed down from the ladder, but in doing so, her arm brushed a heavy glass ornament and it fell to the floor with an ensuing crash.

Dad stirred, rubbed his eyes and sat up. "Eleven o'clock!" He looked sheepish. "Did I really sleep that long?"

"Yes, two whole hours, you ogre," and Josie hopped over, kissing him on the forehead.

"Tree finished yet?" He glanced at his wife.

"To perfection," she admonished. "But you'll have to tell the children in the morning, that Santa broke the ornament, or they'll have a fit."

He beamed. "Certainly is pretty! My, but we worked hard, didn't we?"

"We." Mother and Josie giggled, looking at Dad, and then all three burst into peals of laughter. This was the first time they had laughed so heartily since Doug left, and it helped to relieve the tension they felt.

"Let's sing." Mother led each by an arm to the piano. She selected several hymns that they had sung in the earlier evening church service, in addition to one or two Christmas favorites of Doug's. By the time they had finished these, it was eleven-thirty. Next, the three walked to the sofa and sat together, their talk drifting from general topics to Doug. How they wished he could be with them tonight! Was he safe, they wondered, and would he come back—oh, would he come back? Each breathed a silent prayer for him, with this same thought in mind.

Suddenly, in the midst of their pondering, a far-away chorus was heard. Faintly at first, and then, as it slowly approached, the clear, sweet voices of the Christmas Carols resounded. Josie ran to the window, opened it, and the beautiful strains of "Silent Night, Holy Night" drifted in to them. Something about the song gave them reassurance, and the pain that they had felt so long, was gone. There was in its place a feeling of deep and gracious solitude. "All is calm, all is bright—" Why, of course it was! What had they to fear? "Will he come back—will he? We hope he will, but if he does not, he will "sleep in heavenly peace; sleep in heavenly peace!"

*Editor's note:* Miss Erdmann, who is totally deaf, is now attending Gallaudet College in Washing-

ton, D. C. She is a graduate of our school.

## OUR CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The biggest Christmas card of all—a living, breathing Christmas card, in golden frame, bringing the living, heavenly message of Christ's birth in sweet and solemn verse—that best describes the program given by our pupils before the holidays.

The story of the Savior's coming was presented in six colorful tableaux. A large frame of gold encircled the stage; changing scenes were prepared as backgrounds for the various events portrayed, giving each a "living picture" effect.

The first scene showed the innkeeper at the doorway of his establishment, with several patrons peering through the upstairs windows at Mary and Joseph, who were asking for a room. While this picture was shown, the children of Miss Born's class recited the hymn "No Room in the Inn."

The second picture showed the shepherds on the ground watching their sheep while the angel appeared to them. During the showing of this scene, Mr. Bellhorn's class spoke the hymn, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night."

The third scene showed the interior of the stable in which were Mary, Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. Meanwhile Miss Jaques' class recited the hymn, "Away in a Manger."

The next showed the three wise men bringing their gifts; in the background one could see the pyramids of Egypt in the far distance, and also one of the wise men's camels. During the showing of



Marline Shultz and Carol Ruff

## OUR ANNUAL APPEAL

By this time all our readers have received our annual message. And we are grateful to the many who have already responded with generous gifts. We are confident that in the course of the fast approaching holiday season or soon thereafter we shall hear from all of you. — Our pupils who assisted us with the folding and mailing of our letters to you, and who breathed a prayer of hope when the mail left us, are just as eager as we are to see how many envelopes with our address in green, the color for Christmas, return to us each day when the postman arrives.

We again want to inform you that all gifts to our Institute are deductible when you make out your income tax report.

this, Mr. Schmitz's class recited "We Three Kings."

The fifth picture was lovely, showing the angels clad in white, playing their harps of gold; during this presentation, Miss Curtis' class spoke "It Came upon the Midnight Clear."

The finale showed one of our older girls telling a group of our little children the Christmas story, while Mrs. Heschke's class spoke in question and answer form "Little Children, Can You Tell."

## DEPARTED READERS

Memorial Wreath offerings have brought us information of the passing of the following readers of the Deaf Child's Advocate from this vale of tears into the life of glory: Mrs. Dora Lange, Campbell Hill, Mrs. Edmund H. Gilster, Chester, Mrs. Laura Toepel, Des Plaines, Illinois. Mr. John Weimer, Avilla, Rev. J. D. Matthias, P. em., Indianapolis, Rev. Theo. Schwan, Mishawaka, Indiana. Miss Agnes Albrecht, Mrs. Ernestina Graves, Mr. Albert Kaps, Mr. Emil Stanke, Detroit, Mr. August Breneiser, Jackson, Miss Katherine Lally, Kalamazoo, Mrs. Theodore Weisel, Monroe, Mr. Martin Alwardt and Mr. Wm. Havel, Sr., Mount Clemens, Mr. Chas. Stueck, Pigeon, Rev. Aug. Ebendick, River Rouge, Mr. Henry Jahnke, Jr., Rapid River, Barbara Roth, Richville, Mrs. Andrew Heinlein, Mr.

Leonard Weber, Saginaw, Mrs. Herman Mohnke, St. John's, Mrs. Fred Kunish, Sebewaing, Mr. Herman Gaul, Tawas City, Mrs. Eugene Achenbach and Mrs. Leohn Engelhard, Unionville, and Mr. Emil Jesse, Utica, Michigan. Rev. C. Schubkegel, St. Louis, Mo. Rev. Albert Merz, Seward, Nebraska. Mrs. J. S. Fladt, Columbus, Mrs. August Germann, Ohio City, Mr. Fred Suhrweier and Mrs. Marie D. Stallbaum, Toledo, Mr. Arthur P. Saam, Van Wert, Ohio. Mr. Arnold Meilahn, Mr. August J. Backer, Chaseburg, Mrs. W. Dicke, Merrill, Mrs. Henry Bornitzke, Mrs. M. Ebert, Teacher E. Lessmann, Rev. G. H. A. Loeber and Mr. Ernst Von Briesen of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Ps. 116:15.

## WE TOURED THE THUMB

Another annual ingathering of donated vegetables and canned goods from the Thumb District of Michigan is again history. Fred Burtzclaff, one of our boys who made the trip with Mr. Nielsen of the C. and H. Nielsen Cartage Co., writes the following:—

On Sunday, October 22, Mr. Nielsen, his wife, son, daughter-in-law, the truck driver, and Peter, Robert, and I left our school at 10:30 A.M. for northern Michigan to get vegetables and many jars of fruit. It seemed like the day would never come. At noon we had a swell dinner at Port Huron. Here we also made our first stop to gather donations. Then we traveled on to Port Sanilac, Forestville, Bad Axe and Harbor Beach. All of us had our jobs when it came to loading. The women wrapped the jars in paper, while the boys and men packed them into barrels and loaded the potatoes, cabbage, pumpkins, etc.

Sunday night we had supper in Harbor Beach and then went to a large white hotel. We boys and the truck driver slept in the same room. We wanted to see a movie after supper, but the feature was not very good and so we did not go. Monday morning we ate breakfast in the hotel and then went to Port Hope. We all wanted to see Genevieve Moeller, who graduated from our school last year and lives near there, but were too busy. Then we went to Kinde and to Pigeon, where we ate dinner. Next were Linkville, Kilmanagh and Sebewaing. —

Robert bought a large bag of salted peanuts. They really tasted

good. Then we went to Bach and Unionville where we ate supper. We were now about 110 miles from home. Last of all, we went to Millington and Hadley.

The truck and trailer were now loaded with about 20 tons of farm produce. The truck crawled up the big Hadley Hill slower than I walk. We were all tired and

sleepy by this time, but enjoyed driving in the country late at night. It was like a blackout in Detroit. Robert was so sleepy he didn't notice that some apple-butter spilled into his shoe. We all laughed. At 1:30 A.M., Tuesday, we arrived at the school. We surely had a good time, and I wish I could make that trip every year.

## YOU SHARED WITH US WE SHARED WITH THE CHEST

Yes, while the many thousands of volunteers were soliciting the small and large gifts from the humble homes, the shops, the offices and big industries, the children in our school were asked to contribute to the War Chest from their meager spending allowances.

In the classes where the children had sufficient understanding and language, the various needs for help were presented. The help intended for the armed forces, the sick and the children without parents drew quick responses. The children considered their money and then decided upon the amounts to be given. The decisions in many cases were movingly generous. The ninety children gave \$63.91. This amount is a considerable increase over last year's contribution.

The result was a sharing with people for whom the children had a real sympathy. One child wanted to give more than he had, and one wished to give fifty cents out of her eighty-five. Our children learned to give proportionately. In one class the word *generous* was taught by the actual giving. The older children were thrilled to participate in a big movement to which the household and teaching staffs, their parents and friends were contributing. They saw their contribution reported in the newspaper along with other reports.

Thus our pupils are started out with patterns for sharing, which should continue and enlarge for adult performance. Their giving is done out of love for the Savior who gave Himself for them, and their sharing is the fruit of a living faith in Him.

## PUPILS ENJOY PARTIES

On the night of October 31st the basement of the Institute was a scene of hilarity. The annual costume party for the children was given. It was difficult to recognize some of our model scholars in their festive attire. There were costumes of many colors and styles. Demure Mary Ann Oetting in a becoming red and black gown was transformed into a very sophisticated looking Chinese maiden. Scholarly looking William Ludwig was a thief and very dangerous-looking he was, too, with a wicked dagger in his hand. Peter Merutka was a very natty gentleman of the gay '90's, in a cutaway coat, striped trousers and derby, with the neatest moustache and sideburns. Leigh Crane had become a charming girl for the evening, and Kathleen Thate was perfect as an Indian girl. Irene Kelley appeared as a most appealing Hawaiian in

a grass skirt, a lei of gardenias and other appropriate accessories. There were many other equally interesting characters present.

The stairway leading down into the basement had been changed into a Chamber of Horrors and strange tales of most gruesome ghosts were told by those who passed through. It was all in fun, however, and no casualties were reported. The evening was spent playing games of various kinds. The festivities were ended with a lunch at tables decorated appropriately.

The evening of October 26th, the Aural Guild of Detroit entertained our children in a most delightful manner. The Guild's committee members were on hand to take part in the evening's fun. Interesting movies were shown and the antics of Little Black Sambo brought forth chuckles from all.

The committee had brought with them boxes and boxes of the most delicious cookies, and also ginger ale by the gallon, so every one munched and sipped to their heart's content.

We do appreciate the interest of this kind group of people in entertaining our children here. It was an evening which afforded us all great pleasure.

## THIS AND THAT

Sgt. Ernest A. Sandersfeld, Co. C 35th Inf. A.P.O. 25 c/o San Francisco, with his generous annual gift to our Institute also enclosed the following beautiful prayer:

"Precious Lord, send Thy holy angels daily to watch and stand guard over all Thy children, especially those little ones who cannot hear, for Jesus' sake, Amen.

Deaconess Irma Gade who came to us last September, was transferred to St. Louis. Miss Ruth Kahler, who has been with us for a number of years, but who was on sick leave, will fill the vacancy. — Two new pupils were enrolled recently. They are Bucky Taylor from Kalamazoo, Mich., and Mildred Guetzloff from Chicago. Both seem to like their new home very much. — The New Center Club of Detroit paid for the furnishings of our newly arranged twelfth classroom. — December 19th is the date for our annual Christmas service and program, which will be held in our auditorium. Our Ladies' Aid Committees, headed by the program chairman, Mrs. Fackler, D. C., and Mrs. L. Buchheimer, chairman of the buying committees, are



Lower row, left to right: Mesdames Gielow, Kling, Koester, Emerson, Ewald.  
Middle row: Mesdames Frost, Hessler, Braun, Tatum, Reindel, Kruse.  
Top row: Mesdames Guetzloff, Pressing, Rewoldt, Schacht, Witt.



Our older pupils lending a hand at storing the blessings received from the Thumb District

making elaborate plans for this enjoyable occasion. Mrs. Fred Kirchhoff, one of our teachers, is the chairman of the children's program committee.—Our Ladies' Aid is planning extensive improvements in its basement kitchen. — Our boys, under the guidance of Mr. Bellhorn, have been busy beau-

tifying our campus by transplanting trees and shrubs. — Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hotchkiss, the parents of one of our little girls, gave us The Boys' and Girls' Encyclopaedia Britannica Junior. We appreciate this fine set of books, and some of our teachers have already had occasion to use it.

## GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN THAT NOTHING BE LOST.

John 6:12

"Good morning, I am Mrs. — from — church, and this is my friend Mrs. — also from our church. We've come to help can fruit." All morning this and similar cheery greetings rang out, until eighteen women from our various churches in Detroit had gathered to work for the beloved deaf children in our Institute.

There were bags and bags of apples and pears which had to be canned or go to waste, because many of them were bruised in transit and many more were so ripe that they could not be stored for any length of time. Every one started paring with a vim and soon there were three large kettles full and ready for the stove. Two of the ladies then took charge of the cooking, packing, and sealing of the many jars that were to be filled that day, while the rest continued to pare.

At twelve, the workers took time out for lunch, which they ate in the school dining room. It was a real pleasure to them to see how much the many youngsters enjoyed their meal.—After lunch all went back to washing, peeling, cooking, packing and sealing fruit until late in the afternoon. While working, the ladies naturally had much to talk about and this helped to make their service of love so enjoyable.

This sort of work went on for a

number of days, until all the fruit was in jars and stored away. The group of workers was not always the same. However, many of them did come day after day. If you could see the long rows of filled jars, you would realize what a great blessing it is to have our Christian friends come and give so generously of their time and strength to help us in this work of caring for the needs of our many deaf children.

In one of the pictures of these pages we bring you some of our good "Marthas." Three other ladies who were also in the group on that same day, but who are not in the picture, are Mesdames Masch, Miehke, and Moore. Among the workers is also our good Mother Koester, who is four score and two years young. Whenever there is work to be done for our children, Mrs. Koester is one of the first to respond. Other canners were the Mesdames Pacholke, Webb, Rominske, Finks, Riese, Heuer, Twork, Clausen, Schreiber, Presel, Kienly, Heimberger, and Ribblett.

May our dear Lord richly reward these Christian women for their deeds of love. —

ANNA MOORE

Education without religion is like putting a sword into the hands of a savage.—*Sir Julian Solomons.*

## OUT OF THE CLASS ROOM

### KINDERGARTEN

#### MRS. MYERS' CLASS

Lipreading of nouns:

A man, a woman, a baby, a boy, a girl, some gum, a flower, a comb, a book, a horse.—By Annette Duesler

Lipreading of colors:

Yellow, blue, white, black. — By Sandra Mae Thacker

#### MRS. WIGGIN'S CLASS

(2nd Pregrade)

A Picture

I see a picture of a little girl. She has brown hair and blue eyes. She has on a blue hair ribbon and a blue sweater. She has an apple.—Gordon Goebel

Monica

I am a little girl. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I have on a green and white dress, blue socks and black shoes.—Monica Gable

#### MISS JONES' CLASS

(1st Grade)

A Language Drill in the use of the verb "to like."

A rabbit likes cabbage. I don't like cabbage. A cat likes milk. A bird likes worms. A squirrel likes nuts. A cow likes grass. Grace likes ice cream. Mother likes cake.—Nelson Finks

A description of a picture used as a language lesson:

A little girl is on a slide. She is happy. She is pretty. She is barefoot. She has on red overalls.—Beverly Kropp

A reading lesson:

Good morning, I am a girl. Bow, wow, I am a dog. Moo, moo, I am a cow. Peep, peep, I am a little bird. Mew, mew, I am a cat. Baa, baa, I am a sheep.—Larry Hamer

A lipreading lesson:

Cinder

Cinder is a little kitten. Toby was a boy. Sue was a girl. Cinder was not in her basket. Toby and Sue looked for her. Toby found her in his coat pocket.

—Grace De Rouville

#### MRS. HESCHKE'S CLASS

(2nd Grade)

Fall

This season is fall. There are three months in fall. The fall months are September, October, and November. The leaves turn orange, red, yellow and brown in fall. The leaves fall off the trees in fall. It is cool in fall.

—Donald Scheiderer

#### MISS CURTIS' CLASS

(4th Grade)

My Birthday Party

My classmates had a party for me on my birthday last week.

At two-thirty o'clock Miss Curtis told us that they were going to have a party for me. I was surprised. Gayle turned off the lights and pulled down the shades. Joann put eleven green candles on my birthday cake and lit them. She put the cake on my desk.

Miss Curtis and my class sang, "Happy Birthday." I opened my birthday presents. One present was a gold cross from my brother in the Army, and the other a box of candy from my sister. I showed my presents to Miss Curtis and my classmates. Then I blew out the candles and cut the cake. Miss Curtis passed the ice cream, cake and ginger ale to us.

I thanked Miss Curtis and my classmates for the party.

—Charlotte Johnson

## TEACHERS' CONVENTION

When the Michigan Educator Association convened for three days in Detroit in October, our Director and our teaching staff discussed the possibility of attending some of the conference sessions. In view of the fact that much is of value in educational programs, it was decided that our school would be dismissed on Friday, October 27, so that the teachers could participate.

In the teaching profession, as well as in other professions, it is stimulating and beneficial to attend discussion groups, topic groups, workshops, and general sessions conducted by prominent leaders in educational fields. We, therefore, feel that it was a day of worthwhile investment for all of us.

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