

Incidentally yours

Vacations over and back to work. . . . New faces, new friends, new pupils, new energy, interesting work. . . . Summer months provided various experiences of play and work for staff members. — Deaconess Twenhafel vacationed in Cleveland and Niagara; Deaconess Bliefnick in Chatham, Illinois; Mrs. Meitz in Arcadia; Mrs. Paulson in Wittenberg, Wisconsin; Miss Esther Neisch at home in Minnesota; Miss Lee, Mrs. DeRosa, and Mr. Rimner in Detroit; Miss Kruse at Pontiac Lake and in Missouri; Miss Esther Reichard in Bay City; Mrs. Hanselman in Bad Axe; Mr. George Munding in St. Louis where the stork brought him and his better half a bundle of love. Yes, it is a girl. Mr. Melvin Luebke welcomed the stork in Detroit and there it's a girl, too. Congratulations to both; Mr. Bellhorn and family at Harrisville and other points in Michigan; Miss Marie Hartos in Wallington, New Jersey; Miss Ruth Judjin at Richmond and Crosswell, Michigan; Miss Alyce Ann Thompson at home in North Dakota; Miss Elsie Forsberg in Iron Mountain and Detroit; Miss Helen Szajna mainly in Detroit and her. . . . taic Lake perfecting her golfing; The misses Hansen, Strasen, Anderson and Doyle spent six weeks at Wayne University imbibing more knowledge and then resting at their respective homes; Miss Emily Born for six weeks gathered more credits towards her M.A. degree at the Wisconsin State Teachers College and then tantalized the fish and got a real tan at wonderful Pelican Lake in Wisconsin; and yours truly remained on the job and saw to it that the builders put the right amount of mortar between the bricks and got at least the most essential work done before school reopened.

Even our riding ponies, Laddie and Spotty, were given a free vacation in the green pastures of Mr. Clack at Saline, Michigan.

Four school rooms were added in the administration building and considerable changes were made in the boys' residence, the roof of the entire building was recoated and all the woodwork on the outside of all buildings was painted, the inside of the boys' residence, the administration building, and the kitchen also received a coat of paint. — A new 4-inch water main was laid from the street to the building to provide greater pressure for our enlarged plant and a
(See page 2, col. 4)

The deaf child's **ADVOCATE**

Vol. 19

October 1948

No. 6



.... STILL BUILDING

Some one has asked us "Why did you begin building operations in these days of high prices?" Our answer to this is another question, namely, Why does the Lord, without any solicitations on our part, send us so many applicants from north, south, east, and west for enrollment in this, the only Protestant home-school for deaf children? You know the answer to this question. It is because He wants us to bring these less fortunate brethren to their Savior, Jesus Christ. And because He expects us to do this, we just could no longer say "NO."

The Lord not only sent us deaf children to educate and rear in this Christian school, but, THROUGH YOU, He also sent us sufficient funds to conduct this sold-saving work and to lay aside a sizable sum for the very necessary expansion program. And so, trusting in the Lord and you His children for continued financial support, we felt compelled to begin building operations in spite of the present high building costs. It is the Lord's business we are conducting. And it must never lag be the times good or bad, prices high or low. We trust in Him and are confident that through you He will continue to provide the daily needs also for this work of the Church.

"The World of Silence"

All eight copies of our 16mm all-color sound film are booked to and including November. Besides being scheduled by congregations, schools, and church organizations, the picture is being requested by colleges, universities, and many service clubs. And any future requests for the film should be for dates after November 30.

Concerning the film, Pastor Emil F. Peterson of Mankato, Minnesota, writes: "Personally I believe it is the best film I have seen depicting the work of synodical institutions." Dr. D. E. Morley of the University of Michigan says, "The students were thoroughly interested in it." Many other comments are similar to the following: "Excellent film. Enthusiastically received." Rev. C. F. Knauft, Austin, Minnesota. "Excellent material and way of presentation," Rev. V. C. Rickman, Chicago, Illinois—"Very educational. Such fine coloring." Rev. J. H. Reents—"The picture is well done and presents the correct appeal for this mission work." Rev. C. J. Naumann, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Any one wishing to book this interesting picture, which requires 35 minutes running time, should do so as soon as possible. And it is advisable to state 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choice of dates. All requests for the film should be for dates after November 30 and should be made to the Lutheran Institute for the Deaf, 6861 Nevada Avenue, Detroit 34, Mich.

For a Lasting Memorial
to a Loved One
help furnish a room
in our
Jubilee Building
now under construction

Canadian Finds Winning Balloon

It was June, the day was cool and bright and wonderful to behold were the thousands of balloons bearing cards attached by our supporters soaring up and across the nation which this school, the Lutheran Institute for the Deaf, serves. And then during the hot, quiet days of July and August the cards from these balloons came back to us sent by their finders. On the master map their direction of flight and location of landing were marked. And soon it became evident that the winds had carried most of the balloons north-east and out over Lakes St. Clair and Erie. No doubt many thousands of them dotted the green waves and white caps of these waters with their colors before sinking into the murky depths.

But some of the balloons soared on and on, and one in particular finally came to rest in the Canadian town of Blenheim in Ontario.



Mr. Geo. Suchard

And there Mr. Carlyle Bennett of Blenheim found it with its card and returned the card to the Institute. It was this card bearing the name of one of our youngsters, David Irving, which won the great balloon race commemorating the Diamond Jubilee Festival of the Lutheran Institute for the Deaf. A member of St. Paul's congregation in Northville, Mr. George Suchard of Wixom, Michigan, was the purchaser of the winning balloon number 5268. Both Mr. Carlyle Bennett, the finder, and Mr. Suchard, the purchaser of the balloon, received small tokens of appreciation

Our beautiful Memorial Wreath folders are free. Why not order a supply now?

So It's Nothing to Be Deaf?

Something for hearing people to think about.

(Adapted from Ephpheta)

So—you think that *it's nothing* to be deaf . . . hm? That losing your hearing is nothing—compared to *other* things . . . ! But tell me—did you ever pause for so much as *a single minute*, to think what it would mean to you—to lose your hearing? NO? Well . . . how about taking a minute . . . *right now*—and thinking about it . . . hmmm?

First thing to cross off your list—is the *radio!* From now on, the radio—is out! Out like a light! Twist the dials as much as you want but the radio is now no more than a decorative box for you! Gone is Lowell Thomas, the Jack Benny program, Fred Allen, Bergen and Charlie McCarthy; no more Town Hall Meeting of the Air; no more good symphonic music, or Guy Lombardo, Bing Crosby, . . . all gone . . . *absolutely* gone!

No longer can you hear The Lutheran Hour broadcasts, or the Greatest Story Ever Told; never again listen to other special broadcasts. Face the Truth or the Consequences . . . the radio for you is now Miss Hush herself!

And no more news reports or weather announcements. They were never right anyway, you say? Well, maybe not—but they were something!

Next—cross off your list—the *telephone!* Yep, that's right—the telephone! What's the good of it if you can't hear! No more picking up the phone and twirling the dial every time you feel like talking to someone. From now on—you can write! Or telegraph! Or—horrible thought—get someone else to phone for you!!

Nor will you be able to receive phone calls. Well . . . your friends can write too—if they still want to . . . !

Next to come off your list—is conversation. People may possibly understand what you say to them—but you will never hear their replies—because naturally, you won't be able to hear what they're saying! Good night! How will you get along with people, anyway? How will they ever be able to understand . . . ?

That's just it—you're going to find it mighty tough going not being able to hear what people are saying to you! Good night! How about your job?

Think you'll be able to hold on to your job without your hearing? Would you like to try it—just for fun? Okay—get a pair of those rubber ear plugs they use for swimmers—and wear them on the job for one day, for half a day—for *one single hour!* And see how you make out . . . And don't forget—they won't blot out ALL sound, but enough to give you a good idea . . .

Then there's the family. You'll be left out of every conversation, whether it's around the supper table or in the living room. When there's company, you'll also miss all the jokes (*in fact—you'll get so that you'll begin to think that the laugh is on you!*)

You may even find your family becoming rather cool toward you—and your friends dropping away . . . finding other places to go, or other things to do . . . after all, who wants to talk to people who don't understand them!?!

After a while you'll begin to feel a terrible kind of loneliness settling over your life . . . you'll be alone at home with the whole family around you . . . and you'll feel alone in the midst of crowds. Then you'll begin to understand what a wall of silence can be . . . what a barrier.

Are you beginning to get the idea now? But let's not stop here—we have hardly scratched the surface!

There are a hundred thousand other things you are going to miss when you lose your hearing. The "*talkies*" will once again become just plain "*movies*" as far as you are concerned. It will be like the old fashioned "*silents*"—only without the titles to explain what's going on.

Stage plays will be out—and operas will become only things of scenic beauty—you won't catch a word of the play, or a note of the music in the opera.

But you will also have to enjoy a lot of other things without music from now on. No longer will you be able to enjoy the organ in church—nor the choir. No more concerts, glee clubs, operettas . . . In fact—just . . . no more—*period!* (See DEAF, page 3)

Only Twelve Were Lucky

From a list of more than two score applicants, only twelve could be enrolled last month because of lack of room and teachers. These fortunate ones are Stephen Lee Allen, Alexandra Jean Braszko, Karen Eliz. Eustice, Margaret Gay Haigler, Benjamin F. Kotchin and Cynthia M. Kotchin, Alan Duane Nelson, Viola Ann Schankin, Sharon Kay Vonk, Michael David Wackler, George Ph. Zein, Jr., Roy Spencer and William J. Zarend. They hail from the following states: Alabama, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Washington.

Having to refuse admittance to so many applicants made us feel sad indeed. But we were also happy that we were able to tell them that in another year most of them will find our doors wide open to them, because, by that time, if teachers can be found to man the additional classrooms, we expect to have our new unit ready and this will enable us to receive a large enrollment of new pupils in September of 1949.

Incidentally yours

third boiler was added to our heating system.—A busy summer, indeed.—Friends from North, South, East and West were welcome visitors in recent months.—Applicants for enrollment were received from all parts of the country and Canada—also one from Scotland. Having to refuse enrollment to most of them because of lack of room is one of our hardest tasks.—On the campus, smiles, laughter, and much conversation among returned pupils.—All have many vacation experiences to relate.

THE DEAF CHILD'S ADVOCATE

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Subscription Price, 25¢ per year

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All communications regarding the editing must be sent to the managing editor. All communications pertaining to changes of addresses must be sent to Circulating Department, 6861 E. Nevada Ave., Detroit 34, Mich.

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Where There's a Will There's a Way . . .

There are as many different ways of doing good as there are stars in the sky . . . as many ways of helping others — as there are people to help. But how to help the deaf and hard of hearing — how to help them in a really practical way . . . that is the question.

Not everyone can make out a will. Not everyone wants to . . . but for those who do — there is ONE way in which they can REALLY help the work for the Deaf and the Hard of Hearing. — A way to help the work grow and overcome the hundreds of difficulties and problems that are ALWAYS present!

During the past year there were such as did remember the needs of the deaf in their wills by designating a part or all of their estate to your Lutheran Institute for the Deaf. They were Edward L. Gilster, Chester, Illinois; Amanda Moellering, Chicago, Illinois; Wilhelmina Pawlik, Detroit, Michigan; Lydia Z. Redenbough, Cleveland, Ohio; Minnie Rosenow, Morrison, Illinois; Herman Arno, Detroit; Minnie Scheid, Kalamazoo, Michigan; Herman Schoenmansgruber, Monroe, Michigan; Rose Schuchmilski, Chicago, Illinois; George Seek, Kankakee, Illinois; Mr. Detgen, Steelville, Illinois; Mrs. Lena Cramer, Detroit, Michigan; and Matilda Henschel, St. Louis, Missouri. It is some of their money which now enables us to continue our expansion program and so bring mental and spiritual help to many more deaf children. And of them and all such it can truly be said, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: They may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

If you, too, wish to remember the cause of the deaf child in your will here is the way — its very easy. Simply insert the following sentence, "I give and bequeath the sum of \$_____ to the Society of the Evangelical Lutheran Deaf and the Institute, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of Michigan, and located at 6861 Nevada Avenue, in the city of Detroit, and a receipt of the Treasurer or Executive Secretary of said corporation shall be a sufficient discharge to my executor for same.

DEAF

Then there are a lot of other things — not really important in themselves — but you'll miss them anyway.

The adventurous hooting of train whistles; the blast of an ocean liner's foghorn; the splashing of water from the faucet; a door closing; the shrieking fire-engines racing down the street; the harmonious chords of a piano; footsteps on the street; the clicking of typewriter keys; the slamming of a book; a child's laughter; a baby's cry; leaves rustling in the wind; birds chirping; autos passing by . . . *now are you beginning to get the idea . . . ?*

It's almost impossible for anyone who hears to conceive of absolute silence — but try . . . *try real hard* to imagine an absolutely silent world! Not a blessed sound in the midst of so much activity! Not a peep out of anything! A house could come crashing down on top of you and you'd never hear it! In fact, you'll have to watch your step crossing streets — because you'll never hear the honking blast of a horn (*and this has real dangers to it!*).

In fact, you can resign from your clubs and societies for all the good it'll do . . .

So — how was that again . . . ? You say it's nothing to be deaf? Nothing . . . ?

—LEON PAUL



Miss Marie Hartos

We Bid Farewell

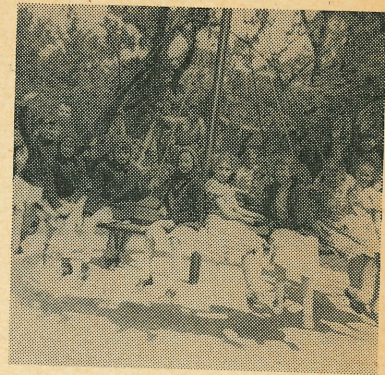
To Miss Marie Hartos we bade a fond farewell. She left us on September 15th, to take up her duties as Matron in Charge at the Slovak Old Folks Home and Orphanage called the Lutheran Haven which is operated by the Slovak Synod at Slavia, Florida. For the past nine years Miss Hartos has served our Institute faithfully as bookkeeper and secretary. Her services to the Institute will be long remembered. We were sad to see her leave, but wish her the Lord's richest blessings in her new field of service.

Detroiters Don't Forget POUND DAY This Fall Jubilee Building

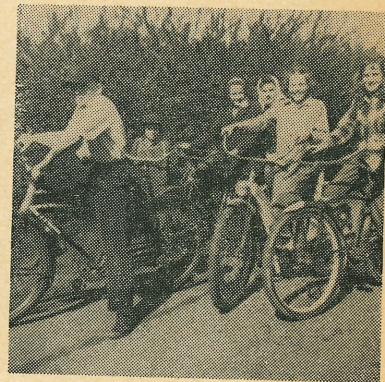


This fine addition to your Lutheran Institute for the Deaf of which the A. Misch Co. are the builders and Maul & Lenz the architects will be under roof when you read these lines. D. v. it will be ready for dedication next June.

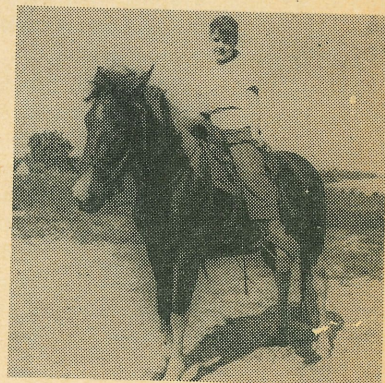
Vacation is over



Children at play



After school fun



Barbara on Spotty



Ann's birthday party

...Thousands Cheered...

Rouge Park in Detroit was dotted with white helmeted heads of soap box pilots nervously fingering their wheeled creations for the big race. Equally excited parents, friends and interested followers of the human parade milled about the 620 ft. macadam strip that would prove to be a road of destiny for one of the 453 boys competing in the annual Soap Box Derby.

There were many sights and sounds and the air was filled with a happy, but somewhat nervous hum of voices and cheers. But two of these white helmeted contestants working quickly and quietly with their racers didn't hear the sounds of Derby Day because, you see, they were deaf. But their quick nervous nods of understanding which they gave their devoted teacher-friend and the flushed excited faces so red under those white helmets were adequate proof that this momentous day was not being lost to them. And, although they didn't hear, they felt the importance of this day and the competition they would face after months of preparation. And they felt this right from the bottom of their hearts. Because these boys weren't racing for themselves alone, but for a group of their silent schoolmates and comrades who had trudged from house to house for quite a few Saturdays (Saturdays that were ordinarily play-time, but which were voluntarily given up for this cause) collecting paper so that these boys, Ken and Dick, might be able to build their racers. And then they were also racing for a second group, boys at heart, the Northeast Detroit Kiwanis Club, who with a quick fine sympathy had taken all of these boys to their hearts and given of their time and money to organize a boys' club for them.

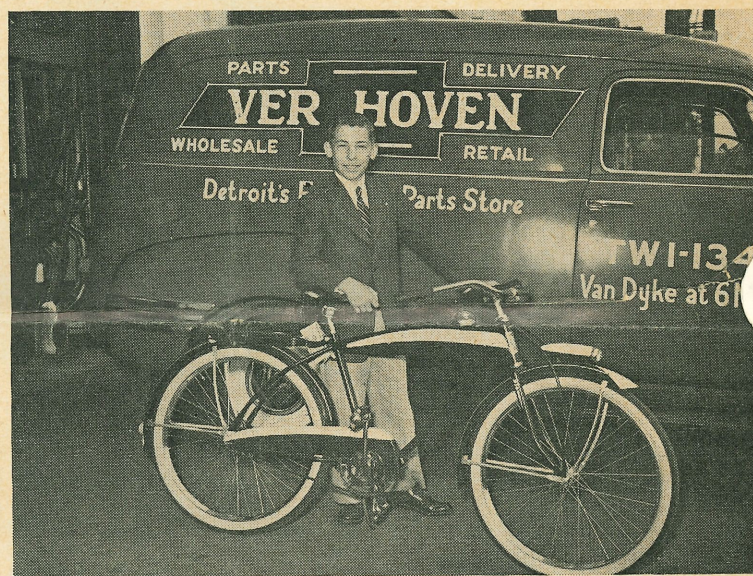
With support like that Ken and Dick were ready for anything. And when that starter's break was released, they were down that hill and giving it everything they had. But heart wasn't enough and Dick had a tough break. He had a little trouble with his steering and lost seconds which barely nosed him out of placing first in his heat. Ken did a little better and took his first heat and in so doing won within one second of the track record for the Derby. There were only fifty boys left when Ken hunched over his racer and came through the stretch the second time only to lose a heartbreakingly close race to another good driver.

For our two boys from the Institute, Ken and Dick, the race was over at that point and they watched other equally worthy boys go on to win the Derby Crown. Their chins quivered a little bit and maybe that was a tear slipping noiselessly down a sunburned cheek and maybe these boys lost a race, but they won laurels in character development, cooperation and good sportsmanship that can never be evaluated. They won another lap on the race of life. And who knows? Next year? Maybe? Wait and see. We'll win! You can't lose with boys like that. And we've got half a hundred more just like that. They're great kids, our boys in your Lutheran Institute for the Deaf.

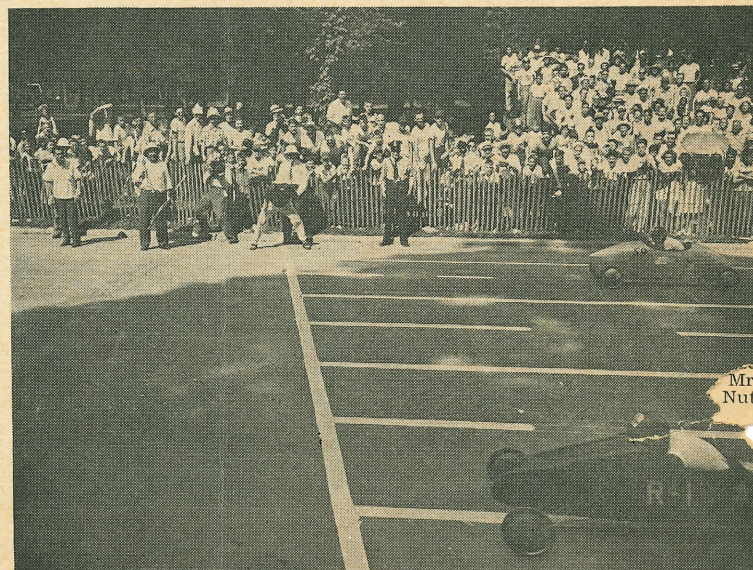
Oh, yes, besides wholesome experiences, Ken and Dick also received prizes. Each were given a beautiful flashlight and because Ken was the winner of the group of boys sponsored by the Verhoven Chevrolet Sales and Service also received a beautiful \$70.00 bicycle. On the picture you can see Ken's happy smile when the fine wheel was presented to him.



The Detroit News
Dick and Ken have qualified for the race



VerHoven
Ken with his choicest prize



Mrs. Nutt.
The Detroit News
The winner - - - Ken Carter

Additions:

Mrs. E. Sarber, Detroit, \$1,000.00 in loving memory of her husband, Mr. D. C. Sarber.

Mrs. Margaret Mandeville and children, Detroit, \$300.00, for husband and father, Mr. L. E. Mandeville. Gethsemane Congregation, Detroit, \$600.00.

Correction:

Instead of Mrs. R. J. Reindel (\$300) in loving memory of her sister it should have read Mrs. L. J. Reindel (\$300) in memory of her Husband L. J., Son Herbert A., and Daughter Irma.