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Honestly, we don't know whether to run and shout for joy - - - - - or just sit still and tell ourselves over and over that all this beautiful grass and flowers and trees and warm sunshine is ours to enjoy. And the lovely, lovely house that is our School from now on!

We had our first classes in the new School one Monday morning in April. For almost two weeks our mothers and dads had spent every night 'til way past their bed time out there scrubbing the woodwork and the Venetian blinds and painting and waxing and making everything spick and span. You should have seen how shiny everything was.

First thing, our teachers took us all over the place. We saw every room and peeked in every closet and there must have been a million of them, and we saw where we were to eat our lunch and where was the kitchen and our li-


brary and rhythm room, and there was a room for just about everything you can think of. Even a nursery where the little boys and girls play when they are not with their teachers and a solarium with snow-white cots where they take their naps. Everybody, even the babies, now stays all day and of course they get tired without their naps.

Our lawn has swings and see-saws and red wagons and a new basket ball and all our toys are bright colors. When we run and laugh and talk our mothers and teachers say it sounds like the sweetest music in the world.

Then we have Jesse--he's our colored friend who takes care of the lawn and us, too--and doesn't mind a bit when the boys watch him run the big mower over the grass and sometimes takes us fishing down to the creek--and Mae, that's Jesse's wife who looks after us on the playground and helps us with our lunches. They are both very kind and we are glad they are with us at our School.



THE PUPILS



PILOT INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF

For five years an old weather-beaten sign proclaimed to all passers-by that the wooden annex to the James B. Fannin school housed the Pilot Institute for the Deaf. The last day school was held in the old location, the old sign was taken down as the children gathered about it, class by class, and had their pictures made.

It was a gala occasion for the children, but some of the teachers had moist eyes. While all hearts rejoiced that the move was being made into the beautiful new home, there was a certain heartache at leaving the old one. So much progress had been made, so much had happened, so many happy days enjoyed, that leaving was akin to giving up a childhood home.

The faculty of the Fannin school gave a "coke" party for the Institute staff after three o'clock that afternoon. This gesture of thoughtfulness and friendship touched the hearts of all and was deeply appreciated.

And now, the old sign is no more, but in the memories of all who knew it, it will ever be a symbol of a small, but solid beginning, a signpost to a better future for little children who do not hear.

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* * WHY THERE IS A PILOT INSTITUTE * *

Lights burned far into the night at the Pilot Institute for about two weeks before classes began in the new home. The mothers and fathers of the pupils were there getting everything cleaned and polished for the opening of School.

Every bit of woodwork was cleaned, shelves were scrubbed, floors were waxed and polished and every slat in every Venetian blind was cleaned separately.

The dads came with paint buckets and brushes, carpenter tools and work clothes. Before they had finished, the kitchen, one porch and the office were painted, shelves were adjusted to new needs and lowered within reach of little folks.

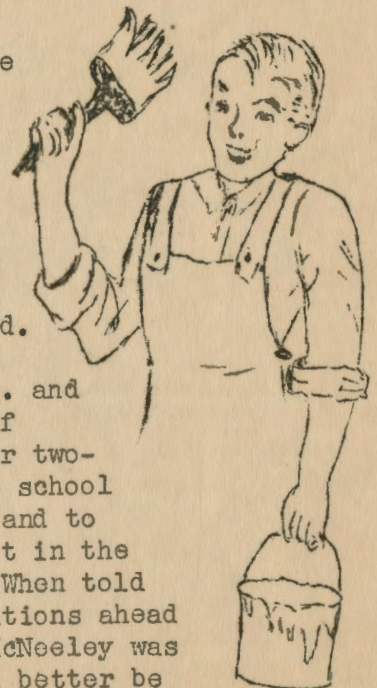
The cots for the nursery group were scrubbed almost to the vanishing point.

Grease was removed from the floor of

the three-car garage to provide a bad-weather play shelter.

Everybody worked and everybody gave something of himself to the school for his child.

The day before the job started, Mr. and Mrs. J.T. McNeeley of Irving brought their two-year-old son to the school for a hearing test and to apply for enrollment in the school next year. When told of the many applications ahead of his son's, Mr. McNeeley was also told, "You had better be thankful you aren't a dad now, because they are really going to work at the new place tonight." That night he was among the first arrivals and with hammer and saw worked side by side with the others. When told how much his work was appreciated, he said, "Someday I hope to have my little son here, but if I don't and in the meantime, some other little deaf boy will benefit."



In addition to the work the parents did to make the School ready for classes, the Mothers' Club purchased a complete set of plastic commercial dishes for the lunch room. There are four and a half dozen of each service.

They also bought a rubberized runner for the stairway used by the children. It looks nice and is safer for tiny feet.

The Mothers' Club does many thoughtful things for the School. They work hard to make this money--selling old papers, Christmas cards, giving carnivals and other things.



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FISHING ADDED TO CURRICULUM

The first days in the new home were marred by the absence of Sherry Lemons and Larry Francis. They missed the gala occasion because of illness. Larry had the measles and Sherry had the mumps.

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The children in the older classes are learning to fish and Junie Stilwell caught the first one--a perch. As soon as they eat their lunches, they take their fishing poles, bait and sacks and go to the creek where they sit on the shady banks and wait for their "nibbles." They catch real fish and they are not afraid to take them off the hook, either. Oh, the girls are, just a little bit--but the boys take over this job for them gladly. (?)

There Is No Joy Greater Than The Happiness of a Little Child

The teachers who take the "kids" to the creek fish, too. And they are the "fraidiest cats" of all. 'Fraid to bait their hooks, squeal when they catch one and wouldn't take it off the hook for anything. But, then, that's all right. That's what the Giants are for.

There is a knowledge outside of books that is essential to little deaf children. Excursions over the grounds, picnics, planting flowers and the many other things they do is teaching them language. And the building of vocabularies is one of their greatest needs. What better way could this be done than through actual experience!

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BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED

A special flower bed has been spaded for each class to plant seeds. Mrs. Weida's class planted zinnias, Mrs. Drake's chose nasturtiums and Miss Searight's selected marigolds.



Every day the children look to see if anything has come up, and when they do see a sprig of green bursting through the soil, their squeals of pleasure can be heard far and wide.

MARGIE JUDD was five years old on the 5th of April and had a party at her home. CHARLES RANDOLPH was ten years old on the 17th. For a birthday present his mother and daddy gave him a fox terrier puppy whose name is Tippie.

LARRY HAAS was eight years old on April 16, SUE BUTTS was five on the 23rd, and LARRY FRANCIS was seven on the 24th.

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One of the first words the beginners learn to say is "arm," so at home when telling their mothers it is time to go to school, the babies say "Arm" and the mothers understand it is school time.

Flash!

PILOT CAFETERIA NOW OPEN

Just as we go to press, word has been received that the School's cafeteria will open on Monday, May 3. A new stove has been purchased for the kitchen and Miss Rose Spearman of the Dallas Public Schools has been by to help work out menus and give suggestions on management.

Each day the children will be served meat (or meat substitute), vegetable, salad, dessert and drink at a cost of between 25¢ and 30¢ per meal. (Grown folks having lunch at the School will be charged 50¢.)

The pupils will sit six or eight at a table on which there will be centerpiece of flowers. They will learn and practice the proper use of their silverware and napkins, and the little boys will be taught how to seat the little girls at the tables by holding their chairs properly.

The mothers are delighted and have expressed the hope that the children will even come to accept spinach and carrots under the new set-up.

NORTH DALLAS-PARK CITIES KIWANIS CLUB PLAYS IMPORTANT ROLE IN SCHOOL MOVE

Well, April 15 will probably go down in the history of the School as moving day, but it might very well be called North Dallas-Park Cities Kiwanis Club Day because the fine men of that organization really took over and saw that everything was done just as it should be.

When the big orange trucks of the American Transfer Company drew up to the curb, out went boxes, desks, chairs, toys and all the equipment for testing and teaching. Mr. Clifford Rourke, with the transfer company and a member of the Kiwanis Club, donated the use of the trucks and the services of four men to do the job.

All ready and waiting at the new School were a power mower, regulation lawn mower, hose and sprinklers--purchased by these Kiwanians from the Trust Fund they have set up for this purpose. They also have plans under way to install fire escapes, fire extinguishers and other things of a like nature that will be needed from time to time. Kiwanians, THANKS A MILLION!

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• Don't Forget! •
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• THE DALLAS HORSE SHOW.
• May 26 - 30 •
• (Fair Grounds) •
• For Benefit of the •
• DALLAS PILOT INSTITUTE.
• FOR THE DEAF •
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In the Spring A Young Man's Fancy---

The other day Dan Cunningham, Jimmy Chaney, Jim Chism and Larry Francis decided to sit by Theda Hughes (only girl in a class of six boys) at the lunch table. Only one chair and four boys wanting to occupy it! They resolved to settle it with metal lunch boxes at close range, but before many blows had been struck a teacher reached the scene and let a wistful on-looker occupy the place of honor. The four fighters, once again friends, shared a "womanless" table.



Being the mother of a little deaf boy or girl perhaps requires a little more patience, a little more understanding, than is needed for a hearing child. That is why Mother's Day is such a special occasion for the pupils of the Pilot Institute. The teachers have conspired with them to arrange a real surprise for the mothers on the Friday preceding May 9 and everybody is working hard at trying to keep it a secret. It is mothers like these that Henry Ward Beecher must have had in mind when he wrote: When God thought of mother, He must have laughed with satisfaction and framed it quickly.