

FEB 2 1949
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Official Publication of the
DALLAS PILOT INSTITUTE
FOR THE DEAF, Inc.

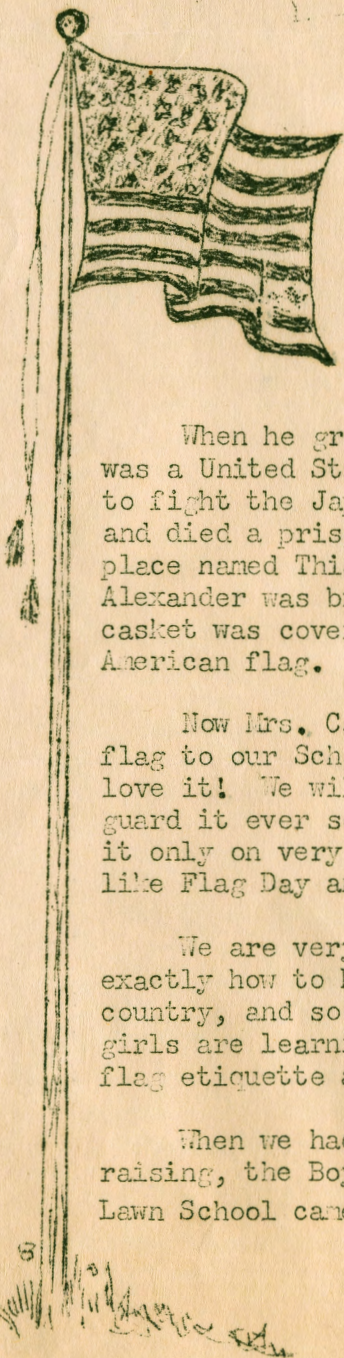
The

PORTHOLE

Vol. 2

February, 1949

No. 3



When Sgt. James Alexander was a little boy he lived with his aunt whose name is Mrs. W. H. Carter and who loved him very much.

When he grew to be a big man he was a United States soldier and went to fight the Japs. He was captured and died a prisoner in a far away place named Thialand. When Sergeant Alexander was brought back home his casket was covered with a beautiful American flag.

Now Mrs. Carter has given this flag to our School. How we shall love it! We will handle it and guard it ever so carefully and use it only on very special occasions—like Flag Day and important holidays.

We are very anxious to learn exactly how to honor the flag of our country, and so the older boys and girls are learning what they call flag etiquette and the flag Code.

When we had our first flag raising, the Boy Scouts from Maple Lawn School came over to help us.

They wore their Boy Scout uniforms and told us many things about what the flag stands for.

Did you know that it stands for the brotherhood of man and means courage and kindness and being fair and for honor, too?

How proud we should be to carry the flag of our country and to see it flying way up against the sky. We are so very, very glad that one flies over our school all the time. We use one given us by Mr. and Mrs. Ed C. Smith, Jr. most of the time and save Sergeant Alexander's flag for special days.

And when we all march out to show our love for the flag—all full of stars and stripes, our lips will pledge allegiance to the flag and America, and our hearts will be saying, "Thank you, Sergeant Alexander—you and all the brave American boys who kept the flag flying and kept little American boys and girls like us free!"

THE PUPILS



Official Publication of the
DALLAS PILOT INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF, Inc.
(Sponsored by the Pilot Club of Dallas)

4909 Cedar Springs, Dallas, Texas

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MRS. RUTH FAGAN, Chairman of the Board
Dallas Pilot Institute for the Deaf

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Pilot Club of Dallas

For Christmas, 5-year-old Bobby Lane got a pair of black, fleece-lined gloves—with fingers like dad's. Bobby was so pleased that he put them on immediately and kept them on all evening. He refused to take them off at bed time, and his mother said he was an odd sight with the black gloves on his pillow. But Bobby was happy. Reluctantly he removed them next morning to wash his hands and eat his breakfast, but he put them back on at once after he left the breakfast table.



The newest pupil at the Pilot School is three-year-old Pat Stone. He is dark and handsome and already has made a 'hit' with the other children.

Thanks to the Roy Munger Family

PILOT INSTITUTE GETS FIRST MAJOR ADDITION

One of the most important things that has come to the Dallas Pilot Institute for the Deaf in many months was the announcement in January that the contract had been let for a new enclosed play hall on the School grounds.

The new structure is the gift of Mr. Roy Munger and his son, Jack, in memory of Mrs. Roy Munger.

Stakes already have been placed for the building which is to be 40' x 60' and which will be constructed of material to conform with the main school building.

The enthusiastic and sincere appreciation of the teaching staff and all members of the Pilot Club could not possibly be expressed in words. As for the mothers—here are some of their reactions:

Mrs. I. D. Parmley (newly elected president of the School's Mothers Club): Let us express our sincere thanks to Mr. Roy Munger and his family for their generous gift to our wonderful school.

Mrs. Boles Farris: As one of the mothers, I would like to express my appreciation to Mr. Munger for his gift. The new play hall will be a wonderful addition to our Pilot School.

Mrs. R. A. Rogers: No one can appreciate the gift of the Munger family more than the parents of the children who will benefit from it.

Mrs. D. L. Bronson: We will always be grateful to Mr. Munger for the play hall which our children so greatly needed.

Mrs. Terry Turner: Now our children will have an indoor play room which they needed so very much—thanks to Mr. Munger and his family.

PILOT INSTITUTE "GOES HOLLYWOOD"

For Christmas, the Mothers' Club gave the School a 16 mm. sound movie projector. Films obtained from the Film Library are shown weekly much to the delight of the children who are entranced with Walt Disney releases. It is a joy to watch them--how they laugh, clap their hands and to hear the unexpected comments they make.

During a recent showing of Bugs Bunny, Michael Felts called out, "Miss Orenbaum, we need some POPCORN." When "Jack Frost" was shown and the mama bear spanked the baby bear because he would not stay in bed, the "ohs" and "ahs" of the audience was perfect indication of their sympathetic understanding of what was taking place.

Again Sheila Allen's grandmother, Mrs. R. L. B rightwell of Mineral Wells, has done something very nice for the School. She gave it a group hearing aid and a 16 mm. Victor movie camera. The hearing aid speaks for itself in both usefulness and necessity in this work. The movie camera is a thing the School has anticipated owning in the future. Now moving pictures of the children can be made and the film run on the School projector. In time there will be a nice film library of the children, the School and all its activities as a record of permanent achievement.

The Pilot Club, the staff and the children are most appreciative of these exceptionally nice gifts.

One day a salesman called at the School, carrying a brief case. Being accustomed to salesmen and visitors calling at the School, the children, always friendly, usually "shake hands" or wave when they happen to pass them.

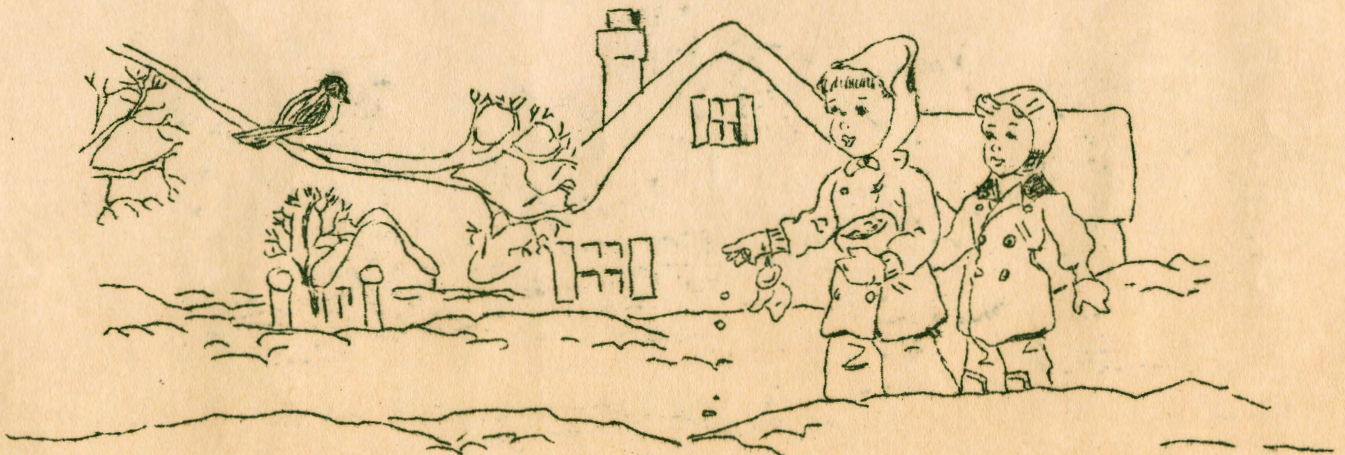
Mack Fowler saw the man and said "Bye-Bye to him, pointing with great interest at the brief case. Nobody ever knew, however, if Mack, who is one of the beginners, meant "Bye-Bye" in terms of farewell, or "Buy-Buy" meaning the man had something to sell--candy, for instance.

IN MEMORIAM

During the Christmas holidays the School lost another of its very good friends in the death of Mr. Ed C. Smith, Jr. His gift of the flag pole stands as a constant reminder of his interest.

Mrs. Smith, Pilot Club member and a director on the School Board, has the love and sympathy of all members, teachers and parents in this hour of her great bereavement.

January brought the snow.



What have you learned of children's
ways,

If on the curb a youngster stays?
Do you expect him to remain
Until the street is clear again?
If ball or hoop roll into view,
What do you think a child will do?

You blow your horn your path to clear,
DO YOU EXPECT THE DEAF TO HEAR?

—Edgar A. Guest.

MOTHERS' CLUB ELECT OFFICERS

The Mothers' Club of the Pilot Institute elected its officers for the coming year on January 13. Mrs. I. D. Parmley was elected president; Mrs. Boles Farris, vice president; Mrs. Lola Bronson, secretary, and Mrs. C. R. Lance, treasurer.

Congratulations are extended to the retiring officers on a program of accomplishments and best wishes to the new ones for a year of outstanding success.

WHY THERE IS A PILOT INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF

One afternoon last year a physician called the School and asked if Miss Orenbaum could see and test a two-year-old child whom the doctor believed to be deaf.

Thirty minutes later an interesting, attractive couple arrived with a blond baby boy. The test was made. The child was deaf.

The parents saw the test made and listened to the opinion of the principal. The father did most of the talking. The mother just sat, seemingly withdrawn from the whole proceedings.

Miss Orenbaum accepted their application for the child's future enrollment and invited them to visit the class rooms. The couple spent the remainder of the afternoon seeing the work being done in each room.

A month went by, and the Pilot Club began work on the Charity Horse Show which it was sponsoring for the School.

One morning this mother walked into the School office and asked for some Horse Show tickets. (She sold several books of them.) It was difficult to recognize her as the same quiet woman who had brought her

baby for a test a month earlier. She was gay, witty, happy—the kind of person who walks right into one's heart.

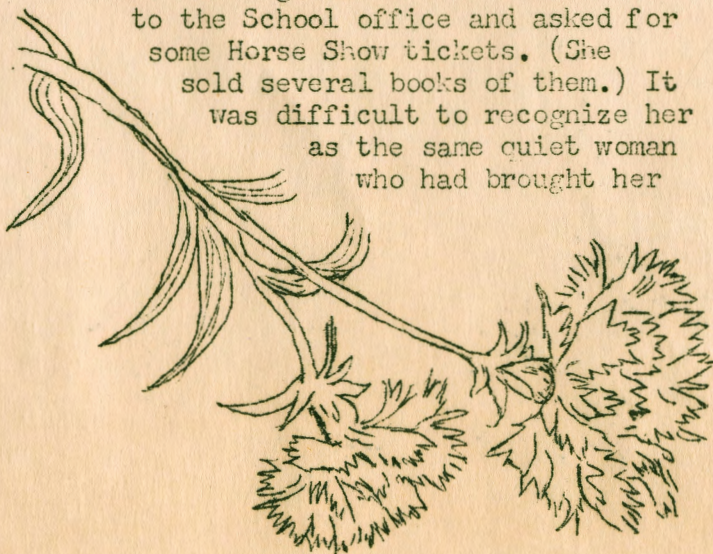
One day near the close of school she came by to turn in the money for the tickets she had sold, and started talking about her baby and her hopes for his attending the School.

"The day I first came to the School was the darkest day of my life," she said. "I cannot remember clearly the trip from the doctor's office to the School. My world had crashed. My first-born was deaf. I could not accept it and was bitter with resentment. I asked myself what thousands of other mothers have asked, 'Why did this happen to US?' Perhaps you noticed I had little to say. I just couldn't talk.

"Then we visited the class rooms and saw what deaf children COULD do and WERE doing. I saw for myself that my baby could grow up and lead a normal, happy life.

"Now, more than anything, I want him in this School, and until there is a place for him here, I want to work for the School and to be a part of it. I am no longer bitter. Now I am only thankful that there is a place where my baby can be taught speech and lip reading and attain his usefulness in life."

This is another of the many like reasons there is a Dallas Pilot Institute for the Deaf, for it was born of such faith and hope and devotion.



In the "baby" class, anything can happen and more often than not, does.

One morning a barber shop was installed in the nursery. Lance Munson was the proprietor. It was evident he had made a recent trip to the barber's and nothing escaped his observing eye.

The children took time about sitting in his "barber chair." He went through all the techniques of a haircut, shave, and even shampoo.

Mack Fowler was appointed "shine boy" by young Lance and Mack shined all shoes.

For one entire morning the nursery doubled as a barber college and it was with the greatest reluctance that each child left the busy training school for his period of individual instruction with Miss Orenbaum in speech and lip-reading.

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

When the children returned to school on January 3, after the Christmas holidays, they wore evidence that Santa Claus had considered them as good little girls and boys during the year past.

Among the children were:

Five-year-old Lance Munson, wearing a red shirt with Idaho, Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, etc., written over it in bright colors.

Mack Fowler, also five, leading his cocker puppy to the door to show him to his classmates.

Virginia Climer, who is ten and one of the young ladies of the School, showing a genuine fountain pen and pencil set.

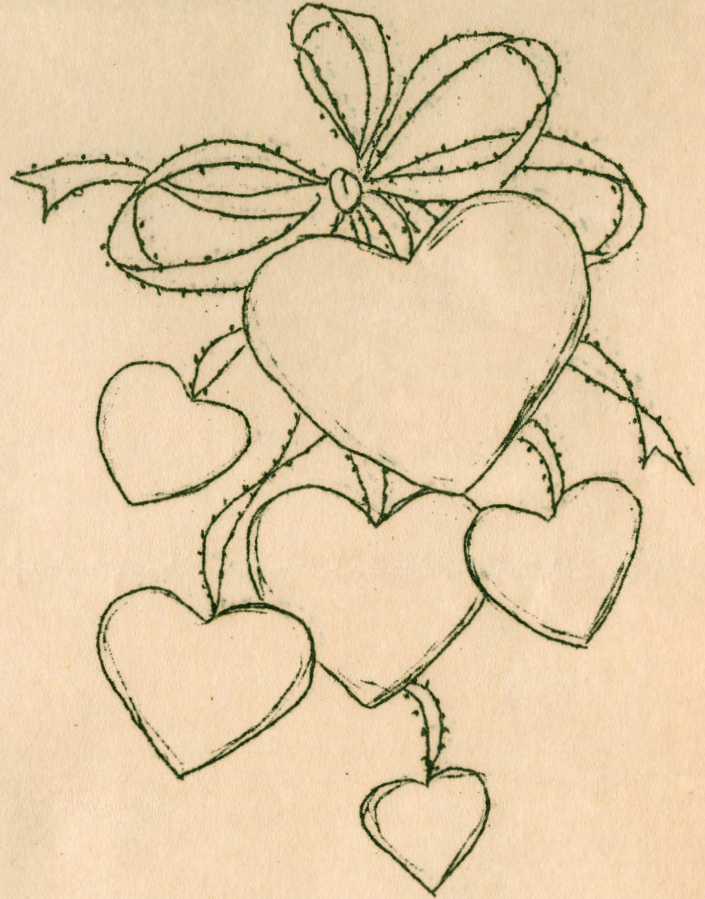
Michael Felts and Charles Randolph wearing real wrist watches—and both boys very eager to tell one the correct time.

Dan Cunningham telling how he can ride his new bicycle.

Diane Wall, five-year-old redhead, wearing a blue petticoat with bells on it which made music wherever she went.

Five-year-old Robert Taylor and Johnny Bob Allen in complete cowboy regalia, from hat to boots.

And guns. Many guns—all kinds of guns. And dolls. Dolls such as Margie



A Happy Valentine To All!

Judd's whose name is Nan, and Sue Butts' whose name is Fay, and Barbara Peterson's whose name is Avelyn—not Evelyn, she told Miss Searight—and Gloretta Sosebee whose doll's name is Pat. The dolls sleep each night at the School. That is the way the girls want it.

And speaking of dolls—the children are enjoying the dolls and the soldiers and cowboys mounted on horses that Mr. Marcus Exline made for them. The older children have written him a cordial invitation to visit the School.

Beautiful bronze plaques have been made and placed on the walls of those rooms furnished by the persons whose names the plaques bear.