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DEAF PEOPLE NEED NO PITY

BY CLARA S. WEIL

Taken from the magazine "Modern Living"

So much of the average human being's life is spent in trying to overcome difficulties, both mental and physical, that he has an insatiable curiosity concerning the problems of others and their methods of conquering them, especially those obstacles which in part, at least, resemble his own. This is particularly true at the present time when rare, indeed, is the person who has not found this own personal world turned completely upside down by the cataclysm of world events.

Such general wistfulness about the other man's solution may partly explain why so much attention is being lavished upon subjects which were once obscured by an aura of profound secrecy, not only matters of social interest but individual and social disabilities, as well. Experiences such as those so vividly portrayed in Seabrook's *Asylum* would have been whispered to the immediate family circle or doctor, only. Edison's deafness would have occupied a minor rather than a major part in the voluminous comments called forth by his achievements.

The success of innumerable mental "Confessions" has brought forth a veritable avalanche of "Now It Can Be Told," until the bewildered reader sometimes wonders if there ever HAS existed a one hundred per cent normal human being!

Among the subjects thus emerging from comparative obscurity to almost pitiless publicity is that of DEAFNESS. In this connection, it may be a matter of both surprise and interest for the uninitiated to learn that in more recent years a controversy has been carried on by specialists and those of impaired hearing alike as to which term is really proper to apply to those who were formerly all

Deafness is definitely a handicap. But must it be an insurmountable barrier to usefulness, happiness, a full life? The author—herself deaf—discusses the problems of deaf people with understanding and candor. She tells of the futility of trying to "bluff through" a conversation. She suggests a number of things that society should do to make the lot of the deaf easier. She insists that the deaf do not need and do not want pity! Here is an amazing human document worthy of your attention.

grouped under the one convenient word—Deaf. "Hard-of-Hearing" and "Deafened," each have their correct application, and woe to the too-hasty individual who thinks he can blanket them all together, as he does so successfully in the case of the all-inclusive word—BLIND. For the benefit of those who might care to know the specific definitions, the usual terms now applied are:

Deaf—Without usable hearing from birth, or before the establishment of speech and language.

Deafened—Without usable hearing, but deafened after the establishment of normal speech and language.

Hard-of-Hearing—Still in possession of some ability to understand speech either with or without amplification.

So persistently has the popular adage "the blind are happier than the deaf" taken root in the general public's consciousness, it seems almost useless for us who are included in the latter category to try to disprove it, either by words or actions. But a visit to any social gathering of hard-of-hearing adults or children would present the rather surprising spectacle of individuals so cheerful, so happy and so eager to converse with one another by various methods that it would almost rival if not eclipse any of our business men's popular "pop" meetings. The hearing devices of the deaf are their "frat pins", and the mere sight of one, to another person thus equipped, or the discovery of a common facility in lip-reading is usually enough to loosen a flood-talk of experiences, and not always unpleasant ones.

Long-time observation of the comparative effect of blindness and deafness on different types of in-



dividuals has made me question if perhaps, by its very nature, blindness has not made its victims devote their greatest thought to development of their physical resources, and the deaf to expending most of their efforts in mental readjustments. In this statement, as in all such generalizations, there are exceptions to the rule, of course, and just enough cheerful blind persons and grouchy deaf ones exist to prove the old adage.

Recently some clerical work done in their vicinity gave me rare opportunity to observe a few blind college students whose books were being read to them. It is still very difficult to forget the poignant sadness of their faces which told all too plainly of their frustrated lives.

The problems which the deaf must face are legion, but they are rarely insurmountable. Of these problems, a large proportion are social in origin. The mere sound of the word BLIND suggests innumerable poetic reminders, but who waxes eloquent over the hardships of those whose woes are typified by ungainly instruments or modern contraptions! When a deaf person is introduced on stage or screen, he usually furnishes the comedy in some form, though George Arliss in *THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD* apparently accomplished the impossible by making his audiences accept the role seriously. Helpless Muriel and pathetic Nyda moved us to copious tears in our youth, but the best that could be done for poor old Beethoven was an artist's effort to show him sitting in picturesque despair near his beloved unheard instrument.

But instead of allowing all these drawbacks to discourage them, the deaf tried unceasingly to find ways and means to make their physical handicaps at least less noticeable, though thus far they have been unable to cause them wholly to disappear. The most desirable, as well as the most difficult to these aids is the art of lip-reading. And let none of those who have not traveled that hard and rocky road minimize its difficulties, or refuse it the tribute of the word ART! The fact that lip-readers (and there are thousands of them) are now able to converse with hearing persons with a minimum of effort on the part of both has perhaps done more to improve the social position of the deaf than all other previous efforts combined. The consequent lessening of the inferiority complex—so characteristic of deaf people—has been another of its most beneficial results.

One of the most difficult tasks with which those of "dull ears" must contend is that of regulating their voices. For the youth of the present generation, new methods are being constantly developed, that will enable them to utter tones, even though

unheard by themselves, in as harmonious a voice as possible. There, also, may compensations be found, for in the unusual efforts made by the more conscientious hard-of-hearing to speak in natural tones, they are, perhaps, doing more in their own way to remove the stigma of the "terrible American voice" than their hearing compatriots with their too frequent attitude of "nobody can teach us anything."

To name all the methods by which the ingenuity of the deaf has been developed to the utmost—in order to mitigate, or at least disguise their handicap—is not here my purpose—it would take volumes to do that phase of the subject justice. It is possible there are other conditions which demand as intense concentration on all that goes on around one, or as quick appeals to one's instant understanding;—if so, I, for one, have never discovered them. However, the intense physical strain on a deaf person is compensated for, in a measure, by the unusual development of his perceptive powers. The greatest desire of most deafened persons is to be as little trouble to — and as little different from — others as it is humanly possible to be! In exact ratio to their success in nearing this desired goal, even though it must needs be often practiced "with bluff and smiling face," is the rare satisfaction experienced when progress is assured.

Speaking of bluff recalls a story of my youth. My sisters, always eager to help in every way, advised me not to pretend to understand, as I often did, to avoid troubling people, but to ask frankly—"What did you say?" One night, when our hospitable home was filled as usual with jolly young people, a very shy young stranger addressed a remark to me. So instead of my customary "Um-hum"—which might mean "Yes" or "No"—and usually worked like a charm, I dutifully asked—"What did you say?" He repeated the remark in a louder tone, with the attention of half of the room riveted upon us. Still not understanding, I resolved to see the thing through to its bitter end with a mental reservation as to the curtain lecture to which I'd treat my sisters later! The poor fellow, with everyone's gaze now focused upon us, turned brick-red and almost shouted—"You have a cold!"—"Oh—Yes, a terrible one!"—I lied, and rushed from the room!

After that experience, I returned to my old tactics, which I've usually followed ever since. All lip-readers will appreciate my statement that certain lips and voices are hopeless from the start. This explains our satisfaction that heavy mustaches have gone out of style, since it removes one of our most difficult obstacles to understanding. For those

who still cling to them—long may they be of the Chaplin brand!

If one is not blessed with a naturally keen sense of humor, cultivating one is almost a necessity. In this handicap, no other one quality can smooth so many awkward situations, or lessen the sting of otherwise embarrassing and unhappy moments. When one hears at times that people are unkind or impatient, there may perhaps be something at fault with the attitude of the person complaining. In my long years of association with hearing people, whether for work or social pleasure, I can recall very few moments when I was made unhappy solely on this account.

There are times, of course, when solitude and a book seem a haven of rest compared to the task of trying to take part in general conversation or "keeping up with the Lizzies" of the hearing ears. But to those to whom the "light that lies in human eyes" is incomparably more beautiful than any other, the happy results of such human intercourse more than compensate for the great effort often involved.

Far be it from me to deny, however, that optimistic as the Hard-of-Hearing may strive to be, all deprivations have their recompense. The swift transition from the silent "movies" with their explanatory captions to the ubiquitous "talkies"—utterly unintelligible unless the plot has been previously ascertained in detail—has been a bitter disappointment to thousands. So far, at least, no solace has been granted them except the installation of ear-phones for the comparative few who are able to use them.

The universal use of the radio, also, by claiming much of the time and attention of family and friends, has often tested one's patience to the breaking-point, although many of the listeners now hasten to assure us—"You're not missing much!" Nevertheless, it is not always easy to read only warmed-over news next morning after our up-to-the-minute families have already "slept on it". The effort, also, to continue one's long-time habit of attendance at church and club, lecture and meeting—often de-generates into an endurance test.

There is another side, however, even to this somber shield. Those who though "having ears—hear not" can often, by their very deprivations, gain added time and opportunity to cultivate many lines of thought and action.

To particularize, instead of listening to lectures on current events, reviews of recent books or to lectures on the great masterpieces of art, the deafen-

ed are more apt to go to first sources instead of accepting information at second-hand. Nature lovers who cannot obtain supplementary facts by the ear-route derive added zest and joy from their walks and forest rambles because their eyes have become trained to do double duty.

Naturally, there is often a conscious effort at "compensation" in all this, but at least it has been the means of giving many deaf persons a chance to enjoy some of the wholesome hobbies prescribed for all in these hectic times, and has also saved many of them from becoming mere dilettantes.

Very often, those who have long trod the "Road of Silence" sense so keenly their families' deep regret at their deprivations and difficulties, it develops in many of them an urgent desire to spare their relatives the knowledge of their actual state of mind. This endeavor to try to ameliorate a difficult situation for those close to them has, in addition to helping them maintain a gallant attitude relative to their handicap, made many deafened people sympathetic with all suffering. Definitely, deaf people need no pity!

WONDERLAND

By HARRY THURSTON PECK

Sweet Eyes by sorrow still unwept,
To you the world is radiant yet,
A palace hall of splendid truth
Touched by the golden haze of youth,
Where hopes and joys are ever rife
Amid the mystery of life;

I turn and watch with unshed tears
The furrowed track of ended years;
I see the eager hopes that wane,
The joys that die in deathless pain,
The crown-ed faith that falsehoods shake,
The souls that faint, the hearts that break,
The truth by livid lips bemoaned,
The right defiled, the wrong enthroned—
And, striving still to understand,
The world to me is Wonderland.

A little time, then by and by
The puzzled thought itself shall die,
When, like the throb of distant drums,
The call inevitable comes
To blurred brain and weary limb.
And when the aching eyes grow dim,
And fast the gathering shadows creep,
To lull the drowsy sense asleep,
We too shall slumber hand in hand
To wake perhaps in Wonderland.



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INFORMAL CHATTER

Contributed by Miss RETTA WILLIAMSON

A CIRCLE OF LIGHT

Are you A Circle of Light
Emitting golden rays,
Filling the earth with truth and song
As you journey forth as you go along
If not—
Then rouse ye with your might.
Are you A Circle of Light
A blessing to all mankind,
Dispelling grief and pain and woe
And all the ills that man can know
Who yields to the mortal mind?
If yes—
Then quicken their inner sight.
Are you A Circle of Light
Enfolding all in Love,
With angel thoughts at every gate,
And opening wide for all who wait
The coming of the Dove?
If not—
Then waken from the night.
Are you A Circle of Light
A Guide to all mankind,
A Bearer of the Holy Word
Which serves like a two-edged sword
The fetters from the poor and blind?
Then gird your lions tight.

Minister (announcing from pulpit): "I will add that a lady's watch has been found in one of the aisles. The owner can have it by applying at the vestry. We will now join in singing the 117th hymn: 'Lord, Her Watch Thy Church is Keeping.'"

It was the recreation hour at school. "Tommy," said the teacher pleasantly, "do you know 'How Doth the Little Busy Bee'?"
"No, ma'am," said Tommy. "But I know he doth it."

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more talkers, but more good Samaritans.

More minds than men are idle.

An old negro was taking a civil service examination for the position of rural mail carrier. One of the questions asked was: "How far is it from the earth to the sun?"
The old darky looked frightened and exclaimed: "If you all is gwinter put me on that route, Ize resignin' before I begins."

Worry is a thin stream of fear trickling through the mind. If encouraged it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained.

"TAINT"

T'aint what we have,
But what we give;
T'aint where we are,
But how we live;
T'aint what we do,
But how we do it—
That makes this life
Worth goin' through it.

"You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant."

Let no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given council to himself.

"Yes," said the commercial traveler, "We have had letters of appreciation from America, France, and England and a postcard from Scotland."

"Did the patent medicine cure your aunt?"
"No. On reading the wrapper around the bottle she found she'd got two more diseases."

Those who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

If in the morn you throw minutes away,
You can't pick them up in the course of the day.

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A BARREL OF BLOOD AN HOUR

Few Realize Enormous Amount of Work
Accomplished by Human Heart.

From the Literary Digest

The heart has the hardest job of any organ in the body. Hold out your hand, clench the fingers into a fist. Let the fingers relax slightly, then squeeze them together powerfully. Imagine yourself repeating this operation seventy times a minute, unremittingly, hour after hour, from long before your birth to the instant of your death. That is the appalling assignment of the human heart, a task which it performs so uncomplainingly that few of us are aware of its burden until we run upstairs too fast or until our physician wags his stethoscope at a mitral murmur.

A hollow muscle weighing some nine ounces, the heart is about as big as your closed fist. Its size varies in individuals; unusual body strains often call upon it for overtime labor, result in its enlargement.

The common misconception that the heart is located on the left side of the chest is a bit of folklore unfounded in fact. Actually, it is a flattened, pear-shaped pouch which lies very nearly in the middle line of the chest, normally very slightly to left of center. The lower and narrower end of the heart thumps against the chest wall as it beats, can be felt on the left side, hence its erroneous placement by the physiologically innocent.

The task of the heart is to keep blood moving through the body. Like the pumping station which keeps water flowing through the mains of a city, the heart forces blood through the body's arteries and veins. The arteries carry oxygen-charged blood pumped fresh from the lungs; the veins return turgid, venous blood for purification.

Connecting the arteries and veins is a spongy mass of minute vessels, the capillaries, interlacing among the cells. They are inconceivably numerous. No part of the body can be cut without puncturing one or more of them. Opened and spread out, they would cover a plot of ground 240x240 feet—about 3,000 times the surface of the body. End to end, the capillaries would extend four times around the

earth, would fall only a few thousand miles short of reaching half the distance to the moon.

Through this amazingly complex and elastic system of pipe lines the heart pumps blood continuously against pressure sufficient to raise a column of mercury to a height of five inches (giving doctors their measurement of blood pressure; the number of millimeters to which the mercury column is elevated). At forty, normal blood pressure is about 130 m.m.

Normally, the heart forces all five quarts of the body's blood through the circulatory system about once a minute. This can fluctuate from four quarts a minute when the body is at rest, and nine quarts a minute during moderate exercise, up to sixteen quarts a minute during violent physical exertion. A drop of blood can make its round trip through the circulatory system in twenty-two seconds. Each hour the heart wishes a barrel of blood through the body, seven and a half tons of blood a day.

In twenty-four hours the heart performs work equivalent to lifting a 1-ton elevator to a height of eight stories. If a ladder were attached to the side of the Empire State building, and if you were a person of average weight, you could climb to the 1,000-foot level on the work done by the heart in twenty-four hours. To produce this energy output, the heart beats seventy times a minute, 100,000 times a day, 36½ million times a year. A life span of sixty years is paid for at the cost of 2 billion contractions.

COLORADAN WHO DEVOTED LIFE TO DEAF SUCCUMBS

George W. Veditz, one of Colorado Springs' best-known citizens, former champion chess player who in 1915 defeated Frank J. Marshall, U. S. chess champion, died last Saturday.

He was born August 13, 1861, in Baltimore, and served as moderator of the Baltimore Society for the Deaf for 10 years. In 1892 he founded the Maryland Association of the Deaf and was its president until 1897.

In 1904, at a convention in St. Louis, he was elected president of the National Association and World's Congress of the Deaf. In 1909 he was elected for a second term and launched a campaign against classifying the deaf with the criminal and insane in civil service regulations. In 1904 he founded the Colorado Association of the Deaf.

—Colorado Springs Gazette.



The KANSAS STAR Printed by the students in the Printing Department of the Kansas School for Deaf

Published once a month during the School year

This paper represents the work of the pupils in the printing department. Its purpose is threefold—to teach them art printing to encourage the habit of reading among our pupils; to act as a medium of communication between the school and parents and friends of the pupils.

H. J. MEYERMAN, Editor R. WILLIAMSON, Associate Editor
ALFRED L. KENT, Instructor of Printing
E. S. FOLTZ and A. L. KENT, Associate Editors

The other night the writer was sitting in at a "Dad and Son" banquet. As one policy after another was proposed and adopted, one plan or another was laid out, I could not help but think:

Here we are laying plans for these boys and before we realize it those same boys will be taking our places. Among that crowd of happy, grinning boys will be doctors, lawyers, heads of schools, judges, senators, perhaps a United States president. The jobs that we are doing, the place we are filling—as we think so indispensably—will be taken over by our young guests. They, too, will judge us and our work so it behooves us to watch our step. For it is but a little while until we are on the side-lines.

As this editorial is being written, our basket-ball team is preparing for a trip to Iowa to attend and take part in the mid-west tournament of schools for the deaf. The boys have made a fair showing in their games here at home and we hope that they will give a good account of themselves at the tournament. However, if they should lose out, we want them to feel that somebody has to lose and that when it comes their turn, that they will lose gracefully.

But they are making the trip with the determination to win, and we are all for them.

THE MIDWEST TOURNAMENT

The basket ball tournament of the Midwest Conference of Schools for the Deaf is now history. Kansas won the championship, but not without having a battle in every contest. So evenly matched were the participating teams that three games ended with one point victories; four others with two point margins; one with a three point advantage, while only two contests were a bit one-sided. Never before has a tournament witnessed such keen competition.

It was a great tournament, very ably planned and carried out by the authorities at the Iowa School, which was host. No stone was left unturned for the comfort of the visiting teams, which came from the Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas Schools.

The teams from all schools except Kansas motored to the tournament. Kansas went by rail, choosing the Burlington Railroad's crack Pioneer Zephyr in making the round trip between Kansas City and Council Bluffs. The players received quite a kick out of riding in one of the latest and speediest means of transportation. Needless to add that if observation and practice are an aid to education, these boys acquired quite a bit of extra education on the trip.

The value of these tournaments is unlimited. New friendships among the players on the teams are formed. However, the greatest good is apparently manifested at home. The school spirit goes up to unprecedented heights. Everybody gets the spirit. The entire student body was behind the team and when it left Olathe everyone connected with the school was out to give the boys an encouraging send-off. On its return, the team was met by the entire student body and given a warm welcome. The following night the whole school celebrated our winning the championship by touching off a monster bonfire that could be seen all the way up in Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota.

The Iowa School is capably presided over by Mr. Lloyd Perry and its buildings and equipment, together with its staff of instructors, officers and employees is second to none in America. Mr. Berg has a most pleasing personality and it was a pleasure to meet him. He is ably assisted in the literary department by Mr. Howard Quigley and in the industrial department by Mr. Tom L. Anderson. These three men were largely instrumental in making the tournament the success it was, but the real, honest-to-goodness credit belongs to Coach Cecil G. Scott and his able assistant, Nathan Lohn, who were on the job always.

Again we wish to say it was a great tournament, superbly planned and executed and one that will be hard to beat.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely at every function save the games; they were too darn close for our comfort—but evidently a thrill for the spectators.

Elsewhere in this issue is an account of our games.

—F.

LOCALS

IONA T. SIMPSON

May is the moving day for big city dwellers; March for farmer folks; but for our Olathe deaf friends, February seems to be "it". First Mr. and Mrs. Kent, who had lived for many years on East Park, deserted that street for a home on North Buchanan. But the loss was made up when Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey moved from South Water to East Park only a week or so later. Both families are now nicely settled and are "at home" to their friends.

A farewell party was given at the Nighthawk Club rooms March 6 for Mr. and Mrs. Mikewell, who left for their former home near Belleville, Kansas, March 11. They were presented with a beautiful cake and pie container by the club members. They will be greatly missed.

The Peanut Pal Club held a party at the club rooms on March 9. Miss Orpha Downing was hostess and was assisted by Mrs. Florence Stack. The members exchanged presents then played Bingo. Prizes were given by both Miss Downing and Mrs. Stack. Refreshments of ice-cream and Stack-made Devil's food cake were served.

Mrs. Cranwell gave a two-table bridge party at the home of Mrs. Simpson about the middle of Feb. Mrs. Frank Doctor won first prize and Mrs. Reed, a sister of Mrs. Simpson, won second. Delicious refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. The cake was made by Mrs. Florence Stack, our domestic science teacher, who is becoming famous for her cakes.

Mrs. E. S. Foltz is our "durance vile" after having been quarantined with scarlet fever for four weeks. She received many cards from her friends, as well as other gifts. Everyone is glad to see her out.

Mrs. Virginia Ramsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Ramsey, departed for a motor trip to California March 14. She expects to go through Tucson, Arizona, and see her brother "Chuck" on her way out.

Mr. Irvin Fisher assumed his duties as the new instructor in the pre-vocational department for the small boys March 4. Mr. Fisher graduated from the Kansas School in 1904, and is an energetic, pleasant mannered person. His wife will probably move to Olathe soon.

Mr. Jacobs, a young deaf graduate of the Illinois school, was a school visitor here not long ago. He was returning to California after a visit to his old home in Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. McIlvain, Mr. and Mrs. Dresker (Frances) and the little grand daughter, Sandra Sue, drove to Fort Smith, Arkansas, for a three day visit with Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Woods (Leta) Feb. 20, 21, and 22. They left Frances and the baby for a longer visit with the Woods. Mr. and Mrs. Wood brought Mrs. Dresker and baby back home a week later. All report a very pleasant trip in spite of the near blizzard on Feb. 20.

Those who attended the Missouri-Kansas basketball game in Olathe Feb. 20 will long remember it. Not only because it was a hotly contested game, but because of the blizzard which struck our fair city that night. None of the visitors was able to leave Olathe that night though several tried to, only to turn back. The hotels were full. The Ramseys reported eight over-night guests, all having been forced to turn back after starting for K. C. However, Feb. 21 was lovely, and the snow soon disappeared.

Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Hughes of Fulton, Mo., were breakfast guests at the Simpson home on Sunday, Feb. 21. A dinner date in K. C. prevented a longer visit.

Mrs. Simpson received word from her son, Jimmie, that he was to start working at the M-G-M studios in Culver City, Calif., the second week of March. He is to do some kind of construction work, but hopes it will be an entering wedge into the art department for which he is now preparing himself. He had been employed in the Douglas Airplane factory, but was outside when the sit-down strike took place, and did not return afterwards.

Mr. E. S. Foltz is a fight-fan as well as a football and basket-ball fan, so he attended the Lewis-Brown fight in the K. C. Auditorium, and saw Lewis knock out Brown. We hope he is not also a Lewis fan.

Mr. Foltz was official time-keeper at the regional high school basket-ball tournament held in Olathe from March 10 to 13 inclusive. So, for the tenth time, the contract bridge tournament had to be postponed. It has been pending since Christmas week. First postponement was because of Mrs. Frank Doctor's absence. As soon as she returned, Mrs. Foltz decided to entertain the scarlet fever. Then the above time-keepers' job, and finally the depart-



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ure of the Mikesells may or may not be the finishing touch. Most of the players are ready and rarin' to go.

On March 12 Miss Mary Ross, Mrs. Frank Doctor, Mrs. Lloyd Hershey, and her friend, Mrs. Kordes, went to Kansas City on a shopping expedition. Watch for the new glad rags on Easter Sunday.

The Stitch and Chatter Club and the Women's Contract Club have had their last meetings of the year. Spring is almost here, and with the advent of spring there are so many out-door diversion that it's hard to keep up interest in either sewing or bridge, especially among the younger members; so no more formal meetings will be held until next fall.

As spring approaches and the days lengthen, we no longer have the overpowering urge to sing with Irving Berlin that immortal song, "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." In the cold, dark mornings of winter there was never a day that we did not awaken with that sentiment in our hearts, and the words trembling on our lips. That's another reason we are thankful that spring is here.

Mr. and Mrs. Becker of Topeka were calling on Olathe friends Sunday, March 7. They did not stay long, but have promised to come again later on and will probably bring Mrs. Comp with them. Mrs. Comp lived in Olathe for several years and has many friends here, who will be delighted to see her. She has been spending the winter in California.

A week ago today, March 7, the sun shone, the birds sang, and all nature smiled. We felt that March was a much maligned fellow and agreed heartily with the sentiment that March was so cross and unpleasant only because the whole world scolded at him. But today, March 14, when we look out at the drifts of the big snow, and feel the sting of the cold north wind, we repeat viciously these lines by an unknown but truth-telling poet:

"March is a roister, blatant and bold,
Chortling with raucous mirth,
Blowing great gusts of stinging cold
Upon a shivering earth!"

Here's thumbs down on March!

By MARY LOU MCGUFFEE

All of the teachers and pupils of our school were invited to attend the matinee of "Penrod and Sam" at the Andrews Theater Thursday afternoon, March 4. Mrs. Andrews kindly consented to let those pupils without money go as her guests. It was a toss up to know who enjoyed the pranks of Penrod and Sam more, the teachers or the pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Menzemer entertained Mrs. Simpson and her sister, Mrs. Reed from Tulsa, Oklahoma, at dinner and bridge Thursday evening, March 11.

Miss Maud Carter and Miss Louise Curtis drove to Kansas City Monday, February 22, to attend the Better Homes Exhibit.

Mrs. Pat Miller attended the dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce and heard Mr. Tom Collins, editor of the Sunday edition of the Kansas City Post, give a very interesting talk on "How to Win Friends".

Misses Ann Hallman, Lodema Kellogg, and Lucy Draper attended the Better Homes Show and symphony concert in Kansas City at which they heard the famous pianist, Arthur Schnabel.

Miss Elsie McGee and her sister shopped in Kansas City and went to see the Better Homes Show on February 27. They enjoyed the exhibit very much.

Miss Mary Jane Jones visited friends in Topeka on the week-end of March 12.

Mrs. Menzemer drove with friends to see the Better Homes Exhibit in Kansas City recently.

Miss Warren is now pleasantly settled in her new apartment at the Hamill apartments on East Louis Street.

Misses Laura Armstrong and Lucy Draper enjoyed playing contract with Mr. and Mrs. Menzemer Monday evening, March 1.

Miss Vining Spear attended an afternoon bridge on March 4, complimenting Mrs. Rox Chambers of Los Angeles at the home of Mrs. Ralph Jones, assisted by Mrs. Roy Flournoy.

Miss Washington and her sister attended the Better Homes show in the city where they saw a most wonderful display of orchids, azaleas, and many other blooming plants as well as other things that make for better and prettier homes.

Mr. Ben King has been checked in by the state auditors as steward of our school replacing Mr. A. W. Reitz. He and Mrs. King are making their home at 518 South Chestnut Street.

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MIDWEST CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIP WON BY THE KANSAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



1917 CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY
From the Olathe Mirror

The basket ball team of the Kansas School for the Deaf, amid a rousing send off, boarded a Strang car Thursday noon for Kansas City from where the team caught the Burlington's crack Pioneer Zephyr for Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The Iowa School was host to the basket ball teams of Midwest Conference of Schools for the Deaf. This conference is made up of the state schools for the deaf from Nebraska, South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas.

A few preliminary remarks will give readers an idea of the class of basket ball played around Kansas City in comparison with that played in other sections of the Midwest.

The powerful Minnesota team last year's champions and pretourney favorites, had gone through the season with a record of fifteen

victories without a single defeat. The South Dakota boys had won fourteen out of seventeen games they had played.

The team from the Nebraska school had a record of ten wins and five losses while the Iowa quint had won seventeen out of twenty-one scheduled games.

The record for the season of the Kansas boys was six wins and nine defeats.

So when the K. S. D. Jackrabbits returned with the championship trophy, it is easy to see that that high schools in the vicinity of Kansas City play high class basket ball.

The tournament got under way Friday morning when the Nebraska team upset the dope by handing the Minnesota team a 20-19 defeat.

Kansas and South Dakota met in the first of the afternoon assignments, the Kansans winning by another one point margin, 23 to 24.

Iowa and Minnesota staged another battle, the Hawkeyes emerging victors in another one point victory, 32 to 31.

It was evident from the spectators' standpoint that all teams were pretty evenly matched.

The first of the night games saw Kansas meeting the Nebraska team and after a hectic battle, the Jackrabbits won, 30 to 17.

Iowa and South Dakota hooked up in a nip and tuck battle, South Dakota winning 26-24.

Other results of the tournament were: Minnesota 34, South Dakota 19; Kansas 33, Iowa 33; Nebraska 21, South Dakota 19; Iowa 33, South Dakota 19; and Minnesota 26, Kansas 24.

Since the tournament was a round robin affair, each team meeting the other once, Kansas by virtue of just one defeat was declared the winner, all other teams having been defeated at least twice.

The Minnesota-Kansas game was a court classic. Kansas started out in great fashion leading 9 to 1 at the quarter. However, Capt. Rogers had two personal fouls, so he was temporarily taken out. The Gophers quickly started scoring

and at the half, the score was 13 all. Capt. Rogers returned at the opening of the last half and for six minutes neither team could score, then Kansas broke the ice and at the end of the third quarter was leading 19 to 15. Rogers went out on personals at the opening of the final quarter and Minnesota started again. With one and a half minutes remaining, the score was Kansas 24, Minnesota 20. The Gophers scored from the free throw line. Score, Kansas 24, Minnesota 21. One and a half minutes to go. Kansas started to stall, but in passing the ball around, a Kansas player took too many steps. The ball went to Minnesota out of bounds.

With half a minute to go Minnesota shot from the center of the court and the ball swished through the net. Kansas 24, Minnesota 23. In efforts to obtain the toss up at center, Kansas fouled, Minnesota converting. Score, Kansas 24, Minnesota 24. The crowd went wild. Fifteen seconds to go and Kansas passed from out of bounds with Minnesota playing man to man. Minnesota obtained the ball with both Kansas guards sprawled on the floor, the ball rolled under the goal where an unguarded Minnesota player shot and as the ball dropped through, the gun sounded. Minnesota 26, Kansas 24.

Don Miller, K. S. D. Forward, was picked by the coaches for the all-tournament first team, while Clark Thompson was named as guard on the second team.

The trophy is now on exhibition at Pearce's Jewelry store, awaiting instructions for additional engraving.

Scores:

11	Minnesota	Nebraska	32
13	Kansas	South Dakota	24
31	Iowa	Minnesota	30
30	Kansas	Nebraska	17
34	Iowa	South Dakota	26
14	Minnesota	South Dakota	19
33	Iowa	Kansas	33
21	Nebraska	South Dakota	19
26	Minnesota	Kansas	24
35	Iowa	Nebraska	19



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THE KANSAS STAR

Miss Thelma Hughes was a guest at a surprise birthday dinner for Miss Mary Jane Hershey at her home on March 3.

After spending the winter months in Olathe, Miss Foster has moved back to her home in Gardner and drives back and forth each day.

Misses Mabel Northern and Helen Curtis were among the city shoppers Saturday, March 6.

Miss Bertha Chamberlin was replaced as head matron in our school by Miss Gertrude McCarthy. We hope Miss McCarthy will enjoy her work here with us.

Miss Thelma Hughes spent the week-end of March 5 in Kansas City shopping and visiting friends.

Misses Retta Williamson, Anna Hallman, and Helen Curtis drove to the city, February 26, to see Katherine Hepburn in "Jane Eyre". They enjoyed the performance greatly.

After spending a week in the University of Kansas Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas, under observation, Miss Maxie Clare Maddox is back on the job again. We are glad the doctors found Maxie's condition not so serious and an operation unnecessary.

Mary Lou McGuffee enjoyed a delicious dinner and bridge in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Snider Sunday evening, February 28. The dinner was complimenting their daughter, Miss Martha Lee Snider, who was to be married two weeks later in Hollywood, California.

Mr. Jameson has filled the place of Mr. Buckman as foreman of the school farm. Mr. Buckman has accepted a position as foreman of a dairy near Martin City. We wish Mr. Buckman luck in his new undertaking.

Miss Vering Speer enjoyed Sunday night supper and bridge in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jones on March 7.

Mrs. Gallanough has taken the place vacated by Miss Irene Seeley as housekeeper at the school hospital. Miss Seeley resigned to accept a similar position at the poor farm.

Mr. Harvey Fisher is our new instructor of sloyd, taking the place of Mr. Mikewell.

Mrs. Charles Hogue, formerly Miss Patty Camp, and children are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hogue in Olathe. Mrs. Hogue was a former teacher in our school.

SCHOOL PLAY

A Cast of twenty-eight of our pupils gave "The Sleeping Beauty", a comedy in three acts, on Thursday evening, February 4. Managed and directed by Miss June Bishop and Mrs. Gertrude Miller, the youngsters gave a fine performance. The play was based on the familiar fairy tale. It told the story of the princess, played by Betty Stark, who was doomed to sleep for a hundred years because of her mother's thoughtlessness and extreme interest in material things. The part of the good, handsome hero who awakened the Sleeping Beauty was played by Ruth Benoit, who indeed made a fine looking young man. Susie Koehn and Willard White, the queen and king, were convincing in their parts. The queen was on the stage during almost the entire play, and it was her personality that dominated the situation most of the time. Mildred Seymour as the banished nurse, and Martha Craig as the caretaker, lent variety, and played their parts well. Herman Felzke as the butler, Horace McAllister as the rejected lover, and Grace Enos as a pompous lord, gave comedy to the play. Each one played his part as it should be. Mary Bender and Winifred Easley were cooks. They were among those who slept for a hundred years. The fairies and the peasant children were played by the following younger girls: Maude Weber, Marjorie Slack, Edith Potts, Virginia Thompson, Emma Pope, Jeanne Barnes, Betty Weber, Dorothy Jackson, Elsie Barker, Dorothy Weber, Billie Parman, Erlene Graybill, Molly Miller, Lois McGlynn, Odessa Brown, Kathryn Taylor, and Dorothy Meyers. Mrs. Mildred Lines played the piano for the dancing. The proceeds from the play have been added to the fund that is being built up to make loans to deaf boys and girls who need help in going to Gallaudet College.

♦ ♦ ♦

In an old book of quotations from writers and other famous men the following little sentimental sonnet appeared. It is interesting to us because of its tribute to signs:

The cunning finger finely turned
The subtle thread that knitted mind to mind.
There that strange bridge of signs was built
Where roll
The sunless waves that sever soul from soul.
And by the arch, no larger than a hand,
Truth traveled over to the silent land.

—Abbe Sicard.

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BOY SCOUT NEWS



By Wayne Hostetler

On Friday, February 26, the Boy Scouts of Troop 87 had their second annual Indian Pageant in the auditorium of our school. There was a big crowd and the receipts were more than last year. We started practicing January 31 and kept it up until the night before Friday.

As soon as school closed Friday we divided ourselves into four different groups and started getting ready for the program. First we made the nose putty soft and put it on our noses. Then we rubbed cold cream all over our bodies, so it would be easy to remove the grease paint. After that we put American Indian grease paint on our bodies. We finished about 6:45 and waited for 30 minutes until the program started at 7:15.

As the curtains parted some Indians danced around the stage several times and then went out. Paul Barnes, as a white man, came to the center of the stage and the Indians grabbed him and Billie Baier scalped him. The Indians danced around him. We used catsup for blood.

Next came Jim Willison as Charlie Chaplin. He wore big, long shoes and had a cane and walked back and forth on the stage. Bernard Goetting acted like a girl who lost a handkerchief. Jim picked it up as Bernard looked in his purse for it; then he turned around and saw Jim with it in his hand. He walked toward him, took it away and slapped him. They did many other funny things.

Willis Ayers was an Indian who acted as if he were hunting in the bushes along the river. Next came "My Old Grandmother". Harold Most was an Indian man and Willis Ayers was his squaw. Harold with his four sons rode horseback out into the forest to kill some buffaloes. A buffalo killed him and he was brought home. John Mog called Francis Slack, a medicine man, to come. Francis danced around him two times and then put some dirt on him and made him alive again. Willis was happy to see Harold alive again.

The fifth act was "Fight the Enemies". The bad Indians made war on the good Indians and one night a bad spirit in silver with horns on his head came out and scared the bad Indians away. The boy in silver was Bob Detrich.

Some stunts were given by the Cub Pack of Troop 87. They did fine and the people laughed at them because they did some funny tricks.

Ruth Benoit sang "The Spangled Banner", with music. The people stood up while she signed the song.

Jim Willison and Bernard Goetting were clowns and they were funny. Bernard was dressed in a red and green clown suit and Jim was dressed in black and yellow. They did stunts and made lots of noise.

Eight boys danced on the stage with masks on. They were devils and sat down around the fire and Bill Wingfield threw some ashes to the north, south and west. After we did that we took our masks off and danced around the fire several times and then went out. We made plenty of noise.

Then there was a rabbit dance given. It was pretty hard for us to do but we tried our best.

The program lasted about one and a half hours. Many people said it was good. The pupils said it was hard to tell who we were because we put putty on our noses. Next year we will have our 3rd Annual pageant. We hope it will be better.

The Eagle Patrol is proud of their new gas stove which we bought in Kansas City to use when we go camping and it is damp. We got the money by selling popcorn and hamburgers on Sunday. It is a good one and we have not had any trouble with it since we bought it.

On Father's Day several of the teachers, some generous business men and other Olathe people took us to the Community Church father and son dinner, on the 17th. It was a very delightful occasion for which we were very grateful. Since we are away from home so long our own fathers could not come.

ALUMNI

E. H. McIlvain, *Conductor*

Mr. and Mrs. W. Stanfill (Loucks), Mrs. P. W. Haner (Phelps) and Mr. H. H. Young were Olathe visitors St. Valentine day. Sorry that we were not at home when they called. We expect Mr. Young was much interested in the new building as it was his first visit here in half a dozen years, or more.

The "Sleeping Beauty" play at the High School Auditorium February 4, was a success in every way and the College Student fund has been handsomely increased. The pupils under the efficient Coach Miss June Bishop deserve much credit.

Mr. Elmer Nordquist of near Osage City, Kansas, passed away Sunday, February 21, after a short illness with the flu, and his remains were interred in the Swedish cemetery afternoon of the 24th. Mr. Nordquist went out in the blizzard of Saturday the 20th to care for the live stock on the farm, although he was still sick with the flu with the above mentioned fatality. He left school in the Hammond administration, presumably to help his widowed mother in the management of the farm and resided there until his demise. He was a good fellow here in school and lived a good useful citizen since leaving school. He never married because he felt that he should live for his mother and others dependent upon him. Mrs. U. G. Miller signed "Near-er My God to Thee" and Mrs. Clyde Morand "Rock of Ages" at the funeral services. At the grave, Mrs. Miller repeated the song with all the deaf attendants following her. The pall-bearers were Mr. U. G. Miller, Mr. J. R. Jones, Mr. Wm. Hunt, Mr. John Hunter, Mr. Clyde Morand and Mr. Floyd Hurst (for Mr. Charles Deshaizer who was unable to attend on account of having the flu himself). The funeral services were conducted by the local pastor, assisted by Mr. Sibberson as interpreter for the deaf.

Luther Wood, husband of Leta Dillon, a linotype operator for the Western Newspaper Union of Chicago, and a graduate of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf with the class of 1901, was very severely injured in the elevated train wreck in Chicago on Nov. 24th. He suffered a broken leg, torn ear, wrenched back and possible internal injuries when an all-steel North Shore Line train ran into the rear of a Chicago "L" Evanston Express which was standing at a switch. It is not known how long it will be before Mr. Wood will be on his feet again.—EX.

Mrs. Florence Stack, our Domestic Science instructor, is a near 200-pound bundle of goodness, cheerfulness, kindness and friendliness tied up with

a blue ribbon, as is generally the case with a person of poundage. In recognition of such radiance, some of her close friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Rice night of March first with the hope of springing a big surprise on her, it being her birthday anniversary. But she turned the laugh on them and made it a party of her own in appreciation of the kind thoughtfulness. She brought along her Bingo game and six valuable prizes. After thanking for the gifts, games were indulged in. In the Bingo game, the following lucky ones received prizes: Mrs. McIlvain, Mrs. Cranwill, Miss Downing, Mr. Wagner and Mr. Koehn. After ice cream and cakes were served, good bys and best wishes for many more returns were said, all departed for their homes. Mr. Hurd and Miss Andrews engineered the affair and did all they could to make it a success, but they failed to make it a surprise party.

WICHITA ITEMS

By Mrs. B. R. Keach

Mrs. Floyd Ellinger returned home in Wichita from a week visit with her home folks in Pittsburg, Kansas. Mr. Ellinger is a new member of the Wichita division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

While at work cutting ice last January, Mr. August Chebultz had the misfortune to cut one of his fingers. It has healed and he is back to work.

Miss Pauline Conwell of Poltwin, Kansas, often comes to Wichita on a shipping trip with her folks. It is our guess that she enjoys meeting her deaf friends and learning the latest gossip.

Mr. W. E. Wait returned home from his visit with Mr. and Mrs. Luther H. Taylor, Jacksonville, Ill., on the 19th of February and attended the wedding of his elder son on the 21st. Then he went to Pawnee, Okla., on the 29th to spend the rest of the year with his widowed sister.

Mr. Albert Stack and Scofield of Kansas City, Kansas, brought the Whitlock car on the 7th and returned home the next day. They drove through the snow storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson, Mr. Clark, Alvin Clements, Mr. Hawkins of Tonawaka, Okla., were at the Masquerade party on the 20th of Feb. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stuckey were stuck in a bus for four hours and so were late just the same meeting their old friends.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kaufman was in an auto smash-up while driving to Bloomington to play basket ball, on the 27th of Feb. Luckily he escaped injuries. As J. B. carried insurance on his car, it is hoped that he will lose nothing.

