

# National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

LEGAL RESERVE LIFE + SICKNESS + ACCIDENT INSURANCE + LICENSED IN THIRTY-FIVE  
STATES AND CANADA + DIVISIONS IN MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED PRINCIPAL CITIES



6701 WEST NORTH AVENUE, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS 60302  
TELEPHONE • 383-4626

September 24, 1968

Dear Piggy:

I am told the speech went off very well. There were about 35 people present, including just about all of the teachers at the Detroit Day School. There were a few die-hards who rebelled, and although they weren't present, they are expected to come in for the manual communication classes. I asked one of the teachers to be a critic of my speech--its delivery, etc. She said that I started out a little fast, probably because I was nervous, but in a while I paced myself well. It went for about 30 minutes.

She also said it was a little tedious at times, but on the whole it was well received. Smucker of the MAD, also Claveau, who is teaching the classes, wants the speech printed in the MAD Record--said it was that good. Nearly half of the people were Rehab people, including some blacks.

Nobody asked any questions after I was through. Harriet Kopp was not around. Her husband died a few days earlier. The Bert Sperstad who wrote me the invitation, is a regular guy and can sign fairly well.

I am returning your paper, along with the one I used. You will note that I used just about everything you suggested. If there is anything in there that you feel has to be edited before it is printed by the MAD, let me know and I will advise them.

Immediately upon returning home, at noon Saturday, I took Mike golfing. We hadn't played together all summer, and it was his last chance. The boy really ~~plasters~~ the ball from the tee and his short game has improved. Wasn't good enough to beat me, however. Darkness stopped us at the 16th. Then in the evening, Lo, the Vernons and I went out for dinner. Next day I was so pooped that I just hung around the house, watching the football games on TV.

Yesterday, Monday, using 1 day of my remaining vacation, drove Mike to Jacksonville. Classes start Wednesday. It was a rough trip, raining most of the way to and from, especially on the way home. Got back at 8:30, thoroughly exhausted, from the strain.

Now it's Frat copy time, and it seems there are also a million other things to do, particularly with IBM and our agent's set-up.

24 Sept 1968

I am beginning to wake up in the middle of the night and start worrying about the many things there are to do, and wondering if I will ever do them. Am chewing on so many things that I can hardly think straight.

Your comments on Giangreco's IOWA HAWKEYE article are appreciated. Haven't decided on whether to use ~~it~~ them in the coming issue, but whenever I do, will want to give you credit. Am leaving Van to take care of the editorial page this issue, but it will mostly be FRAT business.

How did Bud's visit go?

Again, Piggy, thanks a million for your help with the speech. Owe you a bottle, or would you prefer something else? Mac Vernon added a few suggestions, and he thought it was real good. Told him of your help.

The NTD is coming to Chicago again, Oct. 22. One play will be a repeat, with two new ones. David Hays wants me to help with the sale of tickets, and I couldn't refuse, in view of his picking up the tab for the loss suffered with the performance last March. Am under no financial obligation, but he is expecting me to sell quite a few. Can only do the best I can.

Gallaudet Board meeting is scheduled for Oct. 17. Will surely keep Bud's name in mind when the matter of candidates for the new Board additions is brought up. Of the 8 new positions, how many do you feel should be deaf alumni? Don't know how the Alumni Board feel about it, but we should be hearing from them. Maybe even the fac will want representation. It appears to be a practice in some universities.

All for now.

Love,

Sully