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Gorham Normal School

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Miss Beatrice Doughty Wins Short Story Award

“The Oracle” takes pleasure in announcing the results of the Short Story contest recently conducted by the Literary Department of “The Oracle.”

The prize was awarded to Miss Beatrice Doughty of the Junior Class for her story “The Country Gentlemen” which was judged the best selection submitted.

Miss Doughty attended schools in Cumberland Mills and Westbrook High Schools. She has had wide experience in writing for school publications, including poetry for the Westbrook High School yearbook, of which she was literary editor, and a column, “Big Things About Little Folks” which appeared in the Portland Evening Express in the high school page. She was also Freshman Editor of “The Oracle” and is a member of the Poetry Club, and Assistant Editor of the Green and White.

“The Oracle” also wishes to extend its appreciation to the judges, Miss Stone, Miss Keeno, Miss Lewis, Mr. Woodward, and Mr. Sloat for their generous cooperation.

News! Oracle Collegiate Hop To Be March 19

Scoop: “The Oracle” Staff will entertain at a collegiate hop in Center, Friday evening, March 19th. It means an evening of dancing, good music, and column and column of fun. Students may invite outside guests if they wish. If you are interested, interview members of the board. Buy your tickets NOW.

Miss Ruby Steere, News Editor of this paper, is general chairman of the dance.

Mr. Woodward Guest Speaker At Poetry Club Tea

Mr. Louis B. Woodward was guest speaker at the Poetry Club meeting on February 17th in the Art Studio in Cor- thell Hall. His subject, “The Writing of Poetry” proved to be very valuable and instructive. Members of the audience were most enthusiastic over the program and all want “I Want To Go Out” for their various scrapbooks. This poem by Mr. Woodward is almost as popular as his favorite and often quoted “Why I Teach”.

In Our Library

There have been many new books which have been added recently to our library. The following list is a few of the outstanding books. The science books are as follows: “Hawks of North America” by John B. May, “Astronomy for Laymen” by Frank Reh, “Consider the Heavens” by Forest Moulton, “The Child and the Universe” by Bertha Stevens. Continued on Page Two, Column One

DOROTHY LEAVITT, KEN BROOKS HAVE LEADS IN “HOWLING DOG”

Miss Dorothy Leavitt Mr. Kenneth Brooks

Etiquette Week Launched By Civic Committee

It is a well-established fact that young ladies and gentlemen in our schools are not always sensitive to those rules of behavior that determine the well-bred person and the courteous individual. Carelessness, thoughtlessness, and ignorance result in slight and sometimes major violations of even the simplest code of behavior.

The students of G. N. S. will have an opportunity to study and note the best rules of etiquette when committees made up of both teachers and students of the respective classes present their well-constructive program. The Civic Committee reports that the drive will begin March 1st and continue throughout the week. During this period the student's will be subjected to etiquette tests, interesting and purposeful discussions, short skits and chapel programs.

The Civic Committee has on its main committee: Miss Hastings, Miss Wood, Miss Littlefield, Dr. Russell, Mr. Packard, Cecille Clement, Bertha Frost, Donald Cresse, and Howard Libby.

CALENDAR

FEB. 26 Basketball game. Gorham versus Salem Teachers' College.
MAR. 2 Tuesday. Faculty Club.
MAR. 4 Thursday. Dramatic Club play “The Howling Dog”.
MAR. 5-6 Friday and Saturday. Sixth Annual Basketball Tourney.
MAR. 19 “Oracle” Collegiate Hop in Center.
MAR. 23 Faculty Club.
APR. 10 Beginning of Spring vacation.

Annual Dramatic Club Play To Be Presented March 4

The Dramatic Club of Gorham Normal School, under the supervision of Mr. Sloat, the faculty adviser, will present “The Howling Dog,” a mystery play, March 4, in Russell Hall.

The scene is laid in Blackwood Manor, an old estate in the Adirondacks. Miss Dorothy Goodwin (Dorothy Leavitt) finds herself, through the will of an uncle, in possession of a very large and very haunted house. In her endeavor to tide the house of its undesirable occupants, Dorothy employs the aid of Milton Logers (Kenneth Brooks), a professional ghost tamer and aviator.

To the exciting and rapid action of the play, humor is added by Venus and Andy, two colored servants about the manor. Thrills and chills will accompany the ghostly antics performed before your eyes to the tune of the dismal howling of a dog.

If you enjoy wholesome entertainment and hearty laughs, don't miss “The Howling Dog.”

Members of the Club who are appearing in the cast are the Misses Welton, MacAllister, Greene and Eagles. Male members of the cast are: Messrs. Ken Brooks, Elliot Hawkes, C. Shay, L. Bridgham, Howard Libby and Arthur Boswell.

Local Basket Ball Squads To Be Guests Of G. N. S.

The sixth annual school-boy tournament conducted by Gorham Normal School will be held at Russell Hall Gymnasium on March 5 and 6. The tournament is to be under the direction of a committee made up of Dr. Russell, Mr. Widen and Mr. Packard, and all of the faculty of Gorham Normal School. This committee will be assisted by the members of the Normal School Varsity Squad.

Although at this time most of the
The Birdman

He is too poor: he cannot ride
In any aeroplanes.
In threadbare coat he walks the street
In cold, in snow and rain.
He eats but little, needing much,
And yet he dares to share
The withered crust of bread he eats
With tenants of the air.
Swift-winged about him do they fly,
To perch upon his arm,
Secure from his hands they eat
Nor need to think of harm.
He is too poor: he cannot go
Where other birdmen sing,
But through all Heaven fly his thoughts
Upon a pigeon's wing.
A. R.

Faculty Facts

"The elements so mixed in him that Nature
might stand up and say to all the world—
This is a man."

To the many students of G. N. S. who have so often wondered about the tall kindy man who mysteriously spends a part of his time behind two great sliding doors of Room 4, we shall impart a bit of information modestly and willingly given.

Mr. Woodward, the faculty member so closely associated with the fields of chemical, physical, and the social sciences, is a true part of Gorham Normal.

Entering our school as instructor in 1913, he has made it his home ever since. At various times he has taught Agriculture, Junior High Mathematics, Junior High Organization, Economics, School Law, Ethics, Social Psychology, and several branches of Science. Science is his main subject. With such a store of knowledge the students find him a valuable aid in helping them with their problems, both scientific and social.

His classes find that at times he exercises the unique faculty of making one feel comfortingly at ease.

Mr. Woodward was graduated from Bridgeton Academy and Bates College. At Bates he was a member of the track team. "But I never broke any records," he humbly adds.

After graduation he taught three years at Richmond High as Principal and then entered Harvard Law School for one year. He once hoped to become a lawyer, but how can years of success as an admired teacher, leave any room for regret?

He spent five summers at Harvard Summer School, receiving his M.A. degree in the Division of Philosophy.

During leisure moments he likes to make furniture. "It (the furniture) is nothing to be particularly proud of, certainly Mr. Brown would not think it remarkable!"

He is very fond of poetry and likes to write. His poem, "Why I Teach," is an example of this poetic talent.

Mr. Woodward spends his summers at Drakesbrook, his boyhood home. There he lives in a little house surrounded by sixty acres of field and woodland; and he calls the place "Sky Farm." The extent of his farming is a "little gardening and growing blueberries, which grow themselves for the most part."

"I’ve nothing interesting to tell," he apologetically remarks—and there are no secrets in my life, not even my age."

Girls Honorary Varsity Basketball Team Chosen

Under the leadership of Ann Gardner, the basketball season for the girls of Gorham Normal has come to a close. Ann, who is one of our star guards, has proven herself very efficient in her work as counselor.

One of the aims of Gorham Normal is to urge every student to participate in some sport. This aim was truly fulfilled in basketball this year as is shown by the following list of participants: Misses

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The Country Gentleman

It wasn't such a big farm, but it belonged to them. From the far cornfield where the gangling scarecrow stood with waving arms, to the low stonewall which separated the farm from the sandy country road, it was theirs, and they loved it. They loved the little farmhouse, the long shed, and big barn, the tinkling brook that ran gayly from the clump of tall friendly fir trees, the orchard and the gardens, and, yes indeed, that sacred spot under the old apple tree where a dozen weather-beaten tombstones kept mute record of the generations and proved that Johannes was not the first of that name to own the little farm.

Yes, it belonged to them, and of course it always would, and yes—Johannes was jerked uncannily out of his musings by a clear voice calling from the door of the white farmhouse.

"Johannes, Johannes.""Yes, yes, Isabelle. What do you want?" was the reluctant answer.

"Everyday for over thirty years I've heard you brag about the easy plowing and the big results of this farm. I've been watching you from the kitchen window and you've plowed that row you're starting up, three different times. Come here a minute, I want to talk to you."

Johannes let go his hold on the handles of the plow and walked slowly up the path to the house.

"Are you still worrying about those railroad people?" Isabelle asked sharply.

"Well—er—ah."

"Don't lie now."

"I suppose so."

"But Johannes, I thought you said if we didn't want to sell, they couldn't make us."

"Well, I did, but I got to thinking and I don't know. That man who called to see us knows more about such things than I do, and you know he said they could make us."

"But Johannes, perhaps he just said it to scare us."

"Let's hope so. The price he named was more than the farm is worth. He said that we should sell to help the progress of industry."

"You know we couldn't get a price large enough for this farm, Johannes."

Johannes put his arm around her and together they sat down on the doorstep.

"No," he acknowledged, "there couldn't be another farm like this anywhere."

Johannes straightened his spectacles which Isabelle had knocked off and stood up grumbling. Squinting his eyes, he remarked dryly, "Whoever he is, he's sure mad about something."

The stranger was short but sturdy of build. His partly gray hair was rumpled. His perfectly tailored suit was wrinkled and dusty, and his sleeves were rolled to the elbows. There was a streak of grease running from the end of one eye to the opposite cheek. His red face was beaded with perspiration, while before him he carefully piloted two black, grease-covered hands. Angryly he drew the tips of two fingers across a silk handkerchief which protruded from his pocket. Then he proceeded to the trying task of picking a calling card out of his coat pocket without putting his hands inside. Rescuing it at length, he handed it to Johannes with an amusing attempt at dignity, saying crisply, "Mr. Lorentzen, President of the Indiana branch of Railroad."

Johannes took the card, and looking bewildered, turned it over two or three times. Then he handed it to Isabelle, who glanced at it and hesitated, started to pass it to Johannes, hesitated doubtfully, then proffered it to Mr. Lorentzen, who scowled impatiently and gave it back to Johannes.

The flash of puzzlement which covered Isabelle's face for a moment was soon changed to a smile of pleasant hospitality. "My name is Isabelle and this is my husband, Johannes. Come right in and make yourself at home while I get some water for you to wash your hands in."

With relief, Mr. Lorentzen followed Isabelle as she led the way into the house. Johannes trailed after, still staring at the tiny white card with a puzzled frown on his face.

Isabelle suggested briskly, "Johannes, bring the best chair out and then start the fire. Mr. Lorentzen, you wash up while I get supper."

Soon the fire was roaring merrily in the kitchen stove, and Mr. Lorentzen was seated comfortably in the best chair, looking very presentable in Johannes' bathrobe and slippers.

Later, as Mr. Lorentzen rose from the supper table, he experienced blissful feelings of utter contentment. He had not enjoyed a meal so much for many years. How good it seemed to eat with such pleasant people in comfortable clothes, and the food—well—you couldn't buy food like that anywhere.

After the dishes were cleared away Mr. Lorentzen suggested, "I suppose you have been wondering where I came from and how I happened to look disheveled when you saw me. The fact is, I had some important business to attend to out this way and as this was my chauffeur's day off, I undertook to drive the car out here myself. Down the road a way I had trouble. It took me an hour to discover that I was out of gas."

Johannes and Isabelle laughed heartily. Isabelle replied, "Well, we're glad it happened so we could meet you. You spend the night here and tomorrow Johannes can take you back to town—that is, if you don't mind riding in a buggy."

Mr. Lorentzen's relief was obvious as he replied, "I'll certainly appreciate it, and it will save me a lot of trouble. I still have some business to attend to."

"Johannes, you show Mr. Lorentzen his room," she directed, turning to Mr. Lorentzen to explain.

"We go to bed early in the country, so we can rise early in the morning and get the chores done. Get the lamp from the kitchen, Johannes. This one's most out of oil."

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Mr. Lorentzen stirred uneasily. How he hated to open his eyes! Slowly his heavy lids opened. The sun! It was the sun shining into his bedroom, into his eyes, in fact! Very reluctantly he sat up. A quilt on his bed too — and himself! A flannel night-shirt! He carefully let himself back on the pillow and, shutting his eyes, sleepily murmured, "I'll not take any chances with this dream."

At half past eleven, Mr. Lorentzen appeared rather shamefacedly in the doorway of the kitchen and explained, "I just couldn't resist the temptation of a good sleep without a business date at eight o’clock to worry about."

From her breadboard Isabelle glanced up smilingly, "That's all right. Johannes is working in the garden. He wants me to send you out so he can show it to you. You'll have to excuse us, but work on a farm must go on."

Two o'clock found all of them gathered around the dinner table. During the conversation Mr. Lorentzen asked, "I suppose you know most of your neighbor's, don't you?" Isabelle laughed as she exclaimed, "Land sakes, yes. Johannes can name all the people that's lived around here since he was a boy."

"Do a man and woman live near here whose name is Lane?"

Isabelle and Johannes stared at Mr. Lorentzen in astonishment. Johannes recovered first and asked curiously, "What's his first name?"

"Why — I don't know — wait a minute — I've a card. The initials are J. T."

Johannes cleared his throat, adjusted his spectacles, and stammered, "That's — that's me."

It was now Mr. Lorentzen's turn to be astonished. With unbelieving eyes he stared first at Johannes and then at Isabelle. He swallowed hard, and exclaimed, "You're joking me." Then at their sober faces, his too straightened as he demanded, "How soon can you take me to town, Mr. Lane?"

Johannes answered the unexpected question uncertainly, "Why — er — why any time you want to go."

"Right now?"

"Right now.

Two hours later Johannes returned from his trip. He looked regretful as he handed Isabelle the check Mr. Lorentzen had hurriedly thrust into his hand at parting.

"What's the matter Johannes?" Isabelle asked.

"Oh, I just wanted to ask Mr. Lorentzen a question before he left."

"What was it?"

"Well, I was wondering what I gave me that little white card for, the first time he saw me."

In the office of Mr. Bishop, his partner, Mr. Lorentzen was saying, "I've decided we don't need that new territory for the railroad."

"But — but — I thought you were the one who convinced us that it was necessary," exclaimed Bishop.

"Didn't you say you were driving out to see about it when our agent failed to get the people's approval?"

"Well, I've changed my mind since then."

"But why?"

"Well, I think there are some things this world needs more than railroads."

"Such as?"

"Such as home made quilts, feather beds, and flannel night shirts!"

Continued from Page One, Column Three

small schools of Cumberland and York Counties have not finished their schedules, it is possible to get a fairly good line-up of the teams.

The rules set up for tournament admission were as follows: (1) the first and second and third place winners of the major division of the Cumberland County Conference were to be admitted; (2) the winner of the minor division of this conference was to be admitted; (3) the first and second place winners of both divisions of the York County League were to be admitted.

Buxton and Cornish High Schools both clinched tournament berths by taking the first two places in the Central York Loop. Likewise, Kennebunk and York High Schools, winner and runner-up, in the Southern York League, are in. Gorham and Standish have won the two top places in the major division of the CCC but the third tournament position is still undecided, with Cape Elizabeth and Falmouth High Schools fighting for it. Windham and Freeport High Schools are at present tied for leadership of the minor division of the Triple C, but this deadlock will be decided when they collide next Tuesday. The winner of this clash will automatically enter the Gorham tourney.

Gorham and Standish High Schools, two teams who are entered this year in the tournament, each have two legs on the Russell Trophy which will be awarded to the team winning the tournament the most times in ten years, and the struggle between these two for a lead in the race toward it should be well worth watching.

To date, no York County team has ever won this tournament, but this year York High School enters the tournament with a very impressive record.

Oroplures and individual medals are awarded to both the winners and runners-up, while bronze medallions are given to all other participants in the tournament.

The record of previous tournaments:

1932. Winner—Standish High School Runner-up—Gorham High School
1933. Winner—Gorham High School Runner-up—Buxton High School
1934. Winner—Gorham High School Runner-up—Falmouth High School
1935. Winner—Cape Elizabeth High School Runner-up—Standish High School
1936. Winner—Standish High School Runner-up—Gorham High School

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A series of hard fought exciting games between the Juniors and Freshmen ended with the Freshmen declared victorious.


Junior team: A. Gardener, A. Rowe, M. Johnson, H. Thayer, Captain A. Bickford and H. Scott.

In order to earn twenty-five points for participating in this activity, it is necessary to attend a certain per cent of the practices and games. The girls who earned their twenty-five points are: Misses Scott, Thayer, Bickford, Wiggim, Johnson, Gardner, Rowe, Peavy, Sherman and Billings.

At the close of the season an Honorary Varsity Team is chosen. This year it is made up of the following girls: Forwards — Wiggim, Scott, Thayer; guards—Johnson, Gardner and Rowe.