THE ORACLE

GORHAM NORMAL SUMMER SCHOOL, GORHAM, MAINE, AUGUST, 1940

Registration
Breaks All Records
Ten-thirty on the morning of the first day of July saw (and heard) some four hundred teachers crowding into the old gym of Cortrell Hall. Showered with a deluge of multi-colored papers, they settled down to the serious business of choosing courses, filling out information blanks, and becoming officially registered in Gorham Normal's Summer School Session 1940.

Students working for a degree, some completing third year courses, others here more for the contacts and experiences—all have helped to swell Gorham's total registration to a number exceeding that of any other year.

Upon diagnosing this summer group, we discover many interesting facts. The average teacher has taught ten years and is thirty-two years of age. The city which may boast of the largest representation is, quite naturally, Portland, with about sixty teachers present. Next on the list is Gorham with thirty-two. Of the cities farther away, Bangor leads with a representation of eighteen. Following is Millinocket with fifteen, and South Portland with twelve teachers.

Miss Gertrude Wheelwright, (the lady of cello fame) has earned the distinction of being farthest away from home, Peoria, Illinois, although she summers at Wells. Miss Wheelwright teaches arithmetic in one of the junior highs in Peoria.

Guest Speakers
Come To Gorham
Among the interesting speakers who have lectured at Gorham this summer was Miss Helen Leavitt, Supervisor of Music at Miss Wheelock's School, Boston. Miss Leavitt was an enthusiastic speaker, so thoroughly interested in her work that her audience could not help but realize and appreciate its value. Miss Leavitt discussed the value of public school music, and urged that music teachers give their pupils songs suited to their age and experience.

To Anderson's Photography class came Mr. Owen Smith, a New York business man and amateur photographer, now staying in Standish.

Faculty At Gorham
Present Varied Courses
Perhaps one of the biggest advantages of summer school over year school is that you may choose the courses you wish to take. And what could be more interesting when you have such a variety of subjects to choose from?

One of the most enthusiastic classes is Mr. Hayden Anderson's Elementary Photography class. Exposure, good print quality, composition, developing, and enlarging—all a part of a fascinating course. Mr. Anderson reports that some of the members of the class have started already "trading cameras." When Mr. Strout, going from the heat of upstairs to the cooler Print Shop-Laboratory, expressed the fear that the student would catch pneumonia, he was informed that Photography students were much too busy to "catch" anything.

Mr. Anderson's Visual Education class is another absorbed group thoroughly engrossed in 16 mm. films, projectors, and slides. It is an important course because of the growing recognized value of Visual Aids.

For those who wish to learn the fundamentals of trumpet, violin, and cello playing as well as other instruments, Miss Andrews offered a course in Instrumental Music. Future Paderewskis, Benny Goodman's, and Kreislers have been going back and forth from Russell Hall to Cortrell in unsung, unheralded glory. But the time will come when they will stand before their class orchestras and lead the opening selection of a command performance.

Miss Andrews also offered a course in Music Harmony to all would-be composers. Her students wandered through a maze of I-V-I's, connecting tones, and sub-dominant triads. "Anyone who comes to Harmony, class without an eraser is an optimist," says Miss Andrews.

Teachers who took Miss Dahl's Industrial Arts Course took home a nice supply of future Christmas presents and ideas for many more. They struggled valiantly with Ivory soap carvings, exclaimed delightedly over tooled metal plaques and cork photo albums, worked industriously on doll furniture to set the

Entertainment
Ends Social Program
The entertainment features of the Summer Session were brought to a close on Wednesday evening, August 7, when the following program was presented in Russell Hall. The musical portion of the evening was under the direction of Miss Miriam Andrews. The one-act play, written by Jeannette Woodward, daughter of Professor Louis Woodward of the faculty, was directed by Miss Bess Lewis. Proceeds were donated to the Red Cross.

Musical Program
1. Summer School Chorus
(a) Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair
(b) Nocturne from Midsummer Night's Dream Mendelssohn
(c) Water Boy, Negro Concert Song

2. 'Cello Solos
(a) Andante Goltzerman
(b) Largo, from Xerxes Handel
Charlena Durgin

3. Male Quartet
(a) Inviuctus Come To Gorham
(b) Grandfather's Clock Work Donald Dow-Monroe Bean
Richard Barbour-John Rand

4. Trumpet Solos
(a) The Wanderer Polka Harlow
(b) You'll Remember Me . . . . Balfe Charlena Durgin
Harold Bent

5. Vocal Solos
(a) The Blind Ploughman Clarke
(b) My Friend Maltin
(c) Richard Goodridge

6. Male Quartet
(a) Nearer My God to Thee Bower

7. Summer School Chorus
(a) The Erie Canal American Folk Song
(b) Longing for Home . . . . Kjerulf Lowell Mason
(c) Marianina Handel

Italian Popular Tune
Accompanists—Lucille Morin, Adelbert Foss

The second part of the evening's entertainment was the one-act play, "Take (Continued on page three, column two)
Summer Edition of The Oracle — 1940

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Why Did You Come to Summer School?

"What are you here for?" There have been many repetitions of this question in the air this summer and an equal number of answers. Some of the typical ones, the more common and to-be-expected are "To fill requirements for re-appointment," "I'm working for my degree," "I take it that I am going to be heard more frequently than usual this summer is "To make new contacts; to get new points of view; to get a different point of thought and attitude that will help back there in the classroom."

It's not often that one stops to think over the profits of the little red berries to be dried...the little spot of pines in the upper left hand corner of the campus. There were the little red berries to be dried and used as beads. Perhaps you would have seen "Campus Susie" trudging among the pines, silently playing at "Single Feather," the heroine of Mrs. J. H. Cotton's (a Gorham lady) Indian play.

Soon the days became filled with the more practical activities necessary to teacher training. Earth turned about the sun in unhesitating rotation—replacing soft green grass on Normal Hill with glistening crust on snow, shining under moonlight, spreading a sparkling invitation to go sliding on improvised beaver-board sleds—but no—there was studying to do—ten o'clock—Lights Out!—turn away from the moon, Susie, and go to bed!

Campus Susie "Campus Susie" might be any young girl who had ever bumped her nose on any icy sidewalk in Gorham on any Winter's day. Remember how it feels when you land on the bridge of your nose suddenly and the whole world grows quickly dark? When you mention those certain young men who always seem to be on hand on such occasions with a few convenient snowballs?

This past Susie "Campus Susie" trod old Normal Hill back in the days when Gorham youngsters were "practically" taught on the old Corthell Hall. The normal school—whose very grown-up members were much admired by the graders—held its sessions upstairs. Every Spring there were glamorous May Festivals with a Maypole and a queen—fairy dancers, butterfly exercises—spring songs and minuets. Short-stemmed violets hid their heads on the slopes of Normal Hill, or on the way home from school. Then there were rubber balls with elastics and penny balloons to be carefully inspected by the youngsters and finally purchased over the counter. Be careful.

When Susie came back in the Fall, she was greeted by the woody, aroma of that little spot of pines in the upper left hand corner of the campus. There were the little red berries to be dried and used as beads. Perhaps you would have seen "Campus Susie" trudging among the pines, silently playing at "Single Feather," the heroine of Mrs. J. H. Cotton's (a Gorham lady) Indian play.

Came June with graduation—time of mixed emotion. School days had been too pleasant to remember, the world beckoned—"Come on out and see what you can do!" There was hope in happy hearts, visions and sentences in young heads, plans which turned in orbits around the prospects of "getting a school," signing a contract, growing up—in a world of students and teachers. Stepping from one to the other looked so easy, or at least eventful and thrilling. Campus was saying a graceful, "Good-by. Fare thee well."

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just a bump on the nose which makes everything look pretty black for awhile. Many of the summer school students strolling around the campus have bumped along from student to teacher and back, or rather, on again—all in the stride. There have been a lot of surprises in this business of growing up but now that we've all got what we've got to it it's not such a bad world after all, even if there's another bump just around the corner. Yes, Siree, these Normal grades can take it!

Beatrice Murray.
Afternoon Sail
July 17
All aboard that's coming aboard! Off at last. No, three late comers waving frantically on dock. Mr., they have an obliging captain. Now, the Gorham Normal School Summer Session really starts under way. Portland Harbor has a chance to view its fair visitors. They are an excited group, pointing first at an island, then at a ship. An old fort attracts their attention. Perhaps they are thinking what a wonderful excursion it would be for the children.

Some are thinking about quite a different matter, though. It concerns the contents of some little white boxes. This is a hungry crowd, it seems. And who is the man yelling, "Coffee!" from the door of the saloon? He is popular to say the least, with the air of a magician about him. And what could taste better than a cup of hot coffee to a thirsting mariner!

"Rolling, rolling, over the bounding main." Musical strains float out the cabin door. A cozy group inside. "Red Sails in the Sunset," sung by a deep voice booms out, "Any homes for some late comers waving i's a hungry crowd, it seems. And who is the man yelling, "Coffee!" from the door of the saloon? He is popular to say the least, with the air of a magician about him. And what could taste better than a cup of hot coffee to a thirsting mariner!

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"Heads you win — Tails you lose!"

Art Classes
Hold Exhibition
By popular request, the combined Art classes, under the direction of Miss Gwen Dahl, presented a display of their summer's work, Wednesday afternoon, August 7th. Refreshments were served after three-thirty.

The Industrial Arts group made little iron figures of soap, modernistic elephants wrought from a thin metal, interesting plaques molded from the same material. The class also experimented with crepe paper raffia, cut paper, and cork.

From the Advanced Art class came some problems in cut paper, tea tiles, some portraits of Sir Angus and Kanga in torn paper, examples of problems in still life, flower arrangement, and shading.

Elizabeth Tate, a member of the Art V class, was chosen Chairman of Arrangements for the Art Exhibit. Getting the materials for the display was taken care of by Ruth Furrough, Mrs. Helen Scully, and Corrine Lappin. The Refreshment Committee consisted of Hilda Heminger, Jennie Farrell, and Elizabeth Tate. Members of the Flower Committee were Mrs. Alice Elwell, Edith Goodwin, and Janet Tibbetts. Virginia Maines, Eldora Lidback, and Eleanor Buck took charge of the publicity. Rosia Willey, Mrs. Florence Freeman, Mrs. Doris Bourgeois, and Ellen Roberts, with the assistance of Miss Dahl, chose and arranged the pieces for exhibit.

Sea Interlude
White cap over white cap, swell upon swell, surging, roaring, pounding up the sand—the waves push on in their effort to catch up with the Gorham Normal Summer Students.

Here a group, there a group. This party plays ball. That one jumps the waves. This one builds castles. That one smelts clams. This one hears the dinner gong and gets there first.

Laughter of kids, clatter of clams, intermingles with the competing din of the sea. When dark comes on, the blue expanse meets with empty echoes. The tide obliterates all traces of the picnic, but the picnickers carry home sea memories, and sand between the toes.

J. C. W.

Mr. Anderson's "Visual Ed" Class
(Continued from page one, columns two)
eyes of any little girl a-dancing. The class had many enthusiastic visitors. Miss Helen Loud, co-director of the Kingsley School in Boston, established for the Correction of Reading and Arithmetic Difficulties, gave a course in Diagnostic Testing and Remedial Reading that was crowded to its limit. Children from Gorham were drafted as experimental material. Capacity, Achievement, and Analysis tests were given, and practices, devices and reading material devised to correct the deficiencies were given the children by volunteer tutors. As a reward for their faithful attendance the children were invited to go on the Clam Bake at Pine Point.

There were many more interesting and instructive classes—classes from which the students could come with definite, concrete ideas to be put into effect next fall,—classes in which discussions of problems, possibilities, and exchange of ideas could be made to the mutual advantage of every class member. There was a course to fit every taste,—too many for some. They will have to come back another summer to take those they couldn't squeeze in this year.

Normal School Presents Gift
Dr. Walter E. Russell and Mrs. Russell were guests of honor at a tea given by the students body of Gorham Normal School, Monday afternoon, August 5th on the East Robie Court from four to five. They were presented with a mirror for the front hall of their new home. Mrs. Russell received an orchid corsage. The presentation was made by Miss Alice Morrill, a member of the Faculty. The gifts were given by the students and faculty of Gorham Normal School in recognition of Dr. Russell's retirement from service.

Mrs. Celia Gross and Eleanor Parker were Co-chairmen of the Gift Committee.

Seen On Miss Lewis' Quotation Board
Be Kind to all dumb animals, And give small birds a crumb; Be kind to human beings, too— They're sometimes pretty dumb!

Four maxims that have made New England famous:
1. Eat it up
2. Wear it out
3. Make it do
4. Do without—Calvin Coolidge.

God gives every man two ends—one to sit on and one to think with. How successful you are depends entirely upon which you use the most. (We have it from good authority that the moral of that is: "Heads you win — Tails you lose!")

Calvin Coolidge.

Sand—the waves push on in their effort to catch up with the Gorham Normal Summer Students.

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Jeanette Woodward.
Side Glances At Sport

Although sports at the summer session have had fewer participants than in former years, it has been noticed that those who have participated have made up for their zeal. The Sports Committee was made up of the following: Mr. Hayden and Mr. Raymond Bassett on the Faculty, Miss Estelle Morse and Mr. Russell Perry of the students. “Doc” Edwards arrived late but made up for it by taking part in most of the activities and in general showing the younger ones “how it’s done.”

Numerous softball games have been played with both sexes mixing into this play-off sport. The games played there have been a lot of good natured fun and bantering—razzing this one, praising that one. Once in awhile the ball, after having been chased half the length of the field, came down with a bounce on the chase’s head. More often than not a good healthy swing at the ball only resulted in fanning the breeze. The girls didn’t give quite as much vent to their feelings but we were all “Babe Ruth” Morse wasn’t playing give-away to “Johnny Mize” Cunningham. It is rumored there will be a “battle of the sexes” sometime before the end of the session which will be as hard fought as any world’s series game.

At various times faithful followers of the sport of Robin Hood have been observed from protected spots. It is said that Miss Lewis scored a bull’s-eye the first time he ever notched an arrow and never returned for fear of spoiling such a wonderful reputation. Among the Maid Marvins, much credit goes to Charlena Durgin for her accurate aim.

Why is it that when you want to play tennis courts are either empty, and possible contestants all elsewhere or else everyone is waiting to play and the court’s full? Must be that the period of recuperation is about equal for all participants. Brownie, for a fellow who hasn’t played for seven years, is doing all right for himself with the racquet. Have you noticed that daily fourth period tennis match? It’s “Doc” Edwards and Perry and from some of the neat volleys we’ve seen, the games must be very close.

The Barnyard Golf Champ is “Doug” Holloway of Kingfield, who lives in the country. So that’s the stuff of which Golf Champs are made! Have you seen that Vermontor, Mr. Bassett, out there? He flings a mean shoe, too; and the count of ringers is too bad, even for a faculty member!

(Continued from page one, column three)

Commuters Win Stunt Night Prize
Gay colorful shawls, shy, blushing maidens, a brave Toreador, soft music, an angry bull—"In Old Seville"—a true picture of that picturesque little town as portrayed by the Commuters of Gorham Normal School covered themselves with glory by winning the Grand Prize in the Annual Stunt Night held in the Library at Corthell Hall, July 17th.

The Group Chairmen for this highly successful affair were as follows: Eleanor Parker, Ethel Campbell, Elizabeth Smith, Margaret Anderson, Basil Kinney, Arthur Boswell, Miss Gwen Dehl, and Miss Helen Murley of the Faculty.

Farewell To The Cello
This wondrous brave fellow, Who stood my abuse, I’ll ne’er see him more.
He squeaked when I stroked him, He squawked when I choked him; And now I have cloaked him to return to the store.

We made a great picture, They call it Duke’s mixture, This huge, wobbling cello, this cello and I. He, tall, broad, and lowly,— I, short, Roly-Poly, So to this great fellow — I now say, “Good-by.”

Miss Gertrude Wheelwright, (a member of Music III).

"Doc" Edwards Urges More Play Days
On two different evenings “Doc” Edwards showed moving pictures taken of Play Days held in Solon, Windham, Cherrysfield, Mars Hill, Norway, and Boothbay Harbor. These pictures were shown, primarily, to give stimulating ideas for those who would be interested in trying a Play Day for their unions.

An effort is being made continuously to interest more teachers and superintendents in this activity. The general program of a Play Day usually includes some of the following:


Volunteers Knit For Red Cross
Those ladies you have seen knitting industriously on mittens and sweaters are not thinking of next winter’s blows and snows, but of the immediate crisis in Europe.

Among those knitting for the Red Cross, under the direction of Miss Bess Lewis, herself a faithful worker, are Erna G. Adams, Lottie M. Harmon, Frances I. Brown, Catherine Houlihan, Emma Shapleigh, Violet Smith, Mabel Houston, Jeannette Billings, Clare Gifford, Grace Gifford, Alice Noyes, Mary Blaisdell, Mary Morris, and Eleanor Parker.

Transformation
Yesterday I saw blossoms
On the catalpa tree—
The air was filled with spicy fragrance. A humming-bird—brilliantly poised on gossamer wings—
Probed the calyx for nectar.
Suddenly showers from the heavens
Sent myriad raindrops to drum on blossoms
Beating them to the ground
Beneath the tree
Where they lay—in confusion—
Like pop-corn spilled from over-turned pan.

M. Leach.

Talk On Madonnas
Given By Miss Lewis
One of the most interesting events of the summer session was the talk on the Madonnas given by Miss Bess Lewis of the Normal School Faculty, and illustrated by pictures from Miss Lewis’ collection. This collection, now numbering over a thousand pictures, deals with the life of the Virgin as told in legend, the Apocryphal Gospels, and the New Testament.