Winter 12-20-1940

The Oracle 12/20/1940

Gorham Normal School
**Christmas Cantata**

Formerly the Glee Clubs have given Cantatas or special programs at Christmas, but this year they have attempted something slightly different. Members of the faculty and student body organized a club to present a Christmas Cantata, “The Story of Christmas” by H. Alexander. Matthews. Faculty members also taking part include Mr. Bassett, Mr. Slot, Mr. and Mrs. Cilley, Mr. Savage, Mrs. Trevor, and Miss Frost. Soloists for the occasion were Irene Perreault, Virginia Hall, Mary Lou Stuart, Edna Dearborn, John Alden, Frank Catir, Wilmer Van Blaricum, and Mr. Savage. Mrs. Bailey acted as accompanist; the entire program was under the direction of Miss Andrews.

**We Go On The Air**

A varied program presented by the students and faculty of Gorham Normal School, with selections by our musical organizations, was broadcast from Russell Hall Sunday, December 8, on the W. A. A. broadcast, Connie Furbush and Larry Pelton, representing applicants for admission to G. N. S., asked questions of Dr. Bailey concerning the type of training offered at Gorham. Dr. Russell gave a brief history of the school. An original poem, “Why I Teach”, published in the N. E. A. Journal several years ago, was read by Mr. Woodward, the author. Harrison C. Lyzeth, State Director of Secondary Education, was in charge of the broadcast.

Two selections were presented by the combined Glee Clubs, “Let Their Celestial Concerts Unite”, by Handel, and “A Cradle Hymn”, by Christiansen. The orchestral selection was “The Benefactor” by Handel. The committee arranging the program included Dr. Bailey, Miss Wood, Miss Andrews, Mr. Woodward, and Mr. Slot.

**Seniors Inaugurate New Social Event**

Breaking all precedents, the Senior class is sponsoring the first Christmas Dance at Gorham. Under the able direction of “Scotty” Campbell, the entire class has labored hard and long to bring forth a festivity they should put even the gloomiest person in high spirits.

Music for this gala occasion is furnished by Bob Percival and his Orchestra. December nineteenth sees the gym in Russell Hall transformed by the deft hands of Violet Gagne and her gang of enthusiastic assistants. The refreshments seem to be well taken care of by Mrs. Duley and her helpers. Patrons of the dance have the choice of the dance floor’s socially elite including Dr. and Mrs. Bailey, Dr. Duley, and Mr. and Mrs. Packard.

Of course a large per cent of the school’s population is expected to attend, and if you don’t have time, it’s your own fault!

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**Gorham On Ice**

Gorham will soon see an addition to its many activities. Plans have been made and partially executed for the building of a skating rink. Recently several members of the student body approached Dr. Bailey with the idea and were met with hearty enthusiasm. Dr. Bailey immediately tested the rest of the school to see what support the plan would be given. From the looks of the number on the campus, Gorham was ice-minded.

Snow scoops have already been started for clearing purposes. Incidentally, any student interested in giving their support will find a snow scoop ready and waiting. Already a large number have volunteered.

The proposed rink will cover an area of about one hundred square feet on the lawn west of Corthell Hall. This should be ample room for any skater.

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**Dr. Payson Smith Addresses Students**

On December 10 we were privileged to hear Dr. Payson Smith address students and faculty of Gorham Normal School, with selections by our musical organizations, was broadcast from Russell Hall Sunday, December 8, on the W. A. A. broadcast. Connie Furbush and Larry Pelton, representing applicants for admission to G. N. S., asked questions of Dr. Bailey concerning the type of training offered at Gorham. Dr. Russell gave a brief history of the school. An original poem, “Why I Teach”, published in the N. E. A. Journal several years ago, was read by Mr. Woodward, the author. Harrison C. Lyzeth, State Director of Secondary Education, was in charge of the broadcast.

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**We Keep Busy**

Nov. 14—Mr. Edward E. Roderick, Deputy Commissioner of Education, speaks in Chapel; Nov. 18—Mr. Richard Libby, State Director of Rural Education, addresses student body; “Green and White” “Murder” Party; Nov. 20—We hear reports from our delegates to the New England Teacher Preparation Conference; Nov. 21—Judge Daniel E. Crowley of Biddeford speaks on Juvenile Delinquency; Nov. 22—Addresses by Superintendent A. W. Stone of Island Pond, Vermont, and Dr. Bertram Packard, State Commissioner of Education; Nov. 23—Library Club Dance; Nov. 26—Commuters’ Club Tea Dance for the Red Cross; Nov. 27—Glee Clubs present Thanksgiving Program; Dec. 3—Commuters’ Club present movies; The Life Line of the British Empire; Dec. 6—Cross-country awards given—W. A. A. Dance for the Red Cross; Dec. 10—Dr. Payson Smith addresses students on The Objectives of Education; Dec. 15—Cantata, “The Story of Christmas”; Dec. 20—Christmas vacation starts!!! Jan. 6, 1941—8:15 A. M.—Chapel Exercises reopen school.

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**Gorham Helps The Red Cross**

Shortly before our Thanksgiving holiday a Chapel announcement informed us of a Tea Dance to be sponsored by the Commuters’ Club, the proceeds of which were to go to the Red Cross. For two or three days everyone in school seemed to be tagged; that is, they were wearing their tickets to the dance to show that they had helped out this worthy cause.

The dance itself was very successful, and I am sure no one was disappointed to find that punch was served instead of tea. Everyone seemed to be “in the groove” and the card board stanchion of the Red Cross, which replaced the conventional brougham, was kept in rapid circulation. The committee deserving honorable mention for this enjoyable affair was Ruth McDonough, Betty Quinn, Josephine Irving, Kay Flaherty and Bob Vaughan. Their efforts and the cooperation of the students of the school made it possible for the Commuters to give a contribution of $15.50 to the local Red Cross’s chest.

On learning that soap was one of the hardest things to obtain for the use of the Red Cross, the W. A. A. decided to take the matter in hand and do something about it. Properly warned before Thanksgiving to stock up on this necessary but often taken-for-granted article, the students came forth with all kinds, colors, shapes, sizes, and means of soap to go a long way in cleaning up almost anything. This first affair to be held in Center since the new floor was completed, so it had many facets. To make it a success by having the floor a great improvement, isn’t it?

There seems to be plenty of spirit in Gorham when it comes to supporting some fine cause like the Red Cross.
THE ORACLE

1940

La Conga Hits G. N. S.

We came, we saw, we conquered La Conga, or has it conquered us? What's the difference, though, as long as it's been disproved without the aid of Madame La Zonga, too. In fact, we have some of her very able assistants right here at Gorham. We'll cover the conga, coming, late as usual, but present, nevertheless, to witness a full-fledged stage show right there in dear old dorm. We're all looking forward to the publication of the next "Oracle".

Fraternities—The Dunk?

You probably all know by this time that Gorham has this year become a member of the Associated Collegiate Press and is receiving its weekly bulletins. These publications contain excerpts from college papers all over the country, and bring to mind many interesting viewpoints. With fraternity pledging soon coming into prominence, the students of Gorham might be interested in this article taken from the "Parade of Opinion" of the Collegiate Press bulletin.

"If it's true that a successful paper is likewise a successful fraternity, couldn't a successful paper be likewise a successful fraternity?" Ed. W. A. A. said.

"Well, to tell the truth, we agree with you. The "Oracle" has taken a new lease on life, and all we're asking is your cooperation. We agree that the paper can stand a lot of improvement, but what do you, the students at Gorham, want in your school periodical? Do you want a fraternity paper, the students to whom they recognize fundamental benefits offered the student by the Greek-letter organization?"

"The University of Pittsburgh's 'Cliff Dweller' opens the discussion with a definition of Fraternity: 'In American colleges, a student organization formed chiefly to promote friendship and welfare among the members.' This publication states that 'if the fraternity is formed to comply with the above definition, there is no question as to its value. If, on the other hand, the fraternity is formed to form cliques and to promote a friendly rivalry, such a fraternity is defeating its own purpose.'"

"Another faculty member at the University of Tennessee, the 'Orange and White' hopes 'That nobody's going to be sorry or disappointed with his fraternity brothers, but we're here to say that the cards are stacked against them.' Their plea is to 'take the rush' out of rushings, and it makes the point that the period called 'rushing' is 'far too short for the average mind-making-up capacity.' Agreement with this viewpoint is the Dartmouth, which declares, 'fraternity rushing combines the worst features of an Atlantic City convention and a Mexican bazaar.'

"Anyone who joins a fraternity after he has been rushed, hot-boxed, fed beer and cider and doughnuts and warmed-over guff and exhausted from answering the same silly questions, must know something. He must know that this week of authorized nonsense is not the end of fraternity life. He may not know that six of the last seven graduating classes have voted overwhelmingly that if they had it to do over again they would not join fraternities. But even if he did know it, it wouldn't matter. He will have a good time with a group he initiates himself into, regardless of Greek letters."

"We're glad tidings soon arrived—you don't need any Spanish blood. Yes, you, too, poor man, even if you didn't know that at dart. He's latest of the dance crazes, but who knows where it will end. Anyway it's great fun, and here's more power to you struggling victims."
Practice Makes Perfect

The Dramatic Club is currently putting up a valiant struggle to survive. It seems that in past years members of the Club have not onlylooked forward to the Christmas boxes to rural schools. On the general committee for this project were Virginia Bullock, Gerry White, Eileen and Connie Cullinan, Ruth McDonough, and Gerry.

The first play continued to outdo the previous ones, we can expect to see some really experienced and well-trained actors when it comes time for the Club's main event. The next three-act play. But we don't have to wait to see the progress of our dramatists, because the Club has promised to present one of its short plays in Chapel some morning.

Poetry Club Spreads Christmas Cheer

One of the major events in the annals of the Poetry Club is the packing and sending of the Christmas boxes to rural schools. Each year Miss Lewis' room is turned into an unusual state of upheaval during December as members and non-members alike bring in clothes, toys, and books to be used in these boxes.

"Who wants to sew on a button? Who'll paint this little truck? Can you give this poor doll another eye?" As fast as Miss Lewis' question, the Poetry Club girls go into action. In this wise than is ever anticipated, the donations are renovated, sorted according to the age of the children for whom each article is intended, and carefully packed into a huge carton, ready to be shipped to one of our rural schools. On the general committee for this project were Virginia Bullock, Gerry White, Eileen and Connie Cullinan, Ruth McDonough, and Gerry.

"The Season to be Jolly"—?

Tis often said that Christmas is the season of good cheer; But I for one am thankful It comes but once a year.

First of all the weather— Now what's the good of snow? You slip and slide 'n skid around No matter where you go.

And every kid in the neighborhood Is waiting behind a tree To plug someone with snowballs, If it isn't you, it's me.

You walk along the sidewalks; They smack you in the ear. You stoop to shovel the driveway; They get you in the rear.

And then there's Christmas shopping— Eves Bodkin, what a job! You're squeezed and pushed and knocked around, A victim of the mob.

You struggle through the madding crown At last you're set to go; But it seems a Mrs. Finklestein Is standing on your toe.

But darker hours are yet to come When, after Christmas day, You have those blasted thank-you notes And can't think what to say.

You even have to thank 'em With graciousness and tact When the gift you sent the year before This year comes bouncing back.

But there, good friend, be saddened not 'Cause Christmas time is near. Look up, a smile on your face again, It comes but once a year!

—Joanne Ashby

On Cleaning A Room

It was a rainy Saturday that Tess and Aggie, the two newly Freshmen, gave vent to their usually active industry. Their inspiration came from the quarters of a perfectly normal upper-classman whose room both Tess and Aggie were seen to enter daily to perform duties which neither were allowed to describe. Tess pouted. "My mother said if she ever saw me sweeping a floor she would expect me to have appendicitis!"

"Oh, you're crazy," stormed Aggie. "I guess if we can slave in someone else's room, we can at least tidy ours up a bit! Your ma suffered 'hallucinations' if she ever said that. Besides, you know what that note said this morning!"

"I forgot about that," fussed Tess. "Let me read it again."

"Girls: I was both ashamed and disappointed when I brought our Prinival into your room this morning. We were to inspect rooms, but frankly, we could see little of your room to inspect. May I ask where you sleep? It seemed to me that you mistook your beds for closets and the floor for an Art Gallerymodern art at that. If Mr. Belande ever sees your room in such condition again, you will be excused from the campus immediately. Furthermore, please consider as to the type of paper you suspend from the molding. Apparently you weren't inspired by the "Ladies' Home Journal". It was utterly embarrassing by the whole situation. I was puzzled at my rooms at 7:30 sharp this evening. Miss Lora Nickerson, housemother."

"If I don't I can't! The old place looks like," said Aggie who, due to a little excess weight, puffed even if she stopped over, "but you know I heard Martha say that you and I might be 'Slaves to Teaching' but there was never any danger of us being 'Slaves to a Rule'. I've been to the floor over that but I can't see what she meant."

"Aggie, if you weren't so thick you'd be thin! We're not letting that girl say that about us. Come on! We're going to clean this room!"

Time passed. The afternoon was waning and the view was unaided. They had set up a goal—To clean their room—and this they were determined to accomplish. Previously Aggie lugge furniture from room to hall, from closet to room.

"Why here's the wastebasket," discovered the less dexterous shipping slip-sheets, notebooks, and shoes from its depths. "I wondered where it was. What do you do with the waste paper?"

"Oh, throw it out the window, I guess. Say, climb up there and throw down my basketball. My high school coach gave it to me when she told me I couldn't play on the first team. She said I was 40 pounds too heavy and it wasn't fair to the other team. She felt sort of bad about it so she gave me the ball."

Just as Aggie finished this outburst, the ball struck the floor with a crash and bounced out of the window, sending the glass flying in all directions. Tess stood on top of the table and foresaw consequences, but Aggie stood thunderstruck.

"Oh, Tess, if you've scarred that ball I'll never forgive you! Take hold of this trunk and we'll move it."

"I won't carry it but I'll help roll it over."

Together they rolled the heavy trunk across the floor. Suddenly another girl rushed into the room. "For Pete's sake, you kids, if you must clean be careful. Dolly has a terrific headache from raving about the injustice of you nuts cleaning your room so late. Say, what have you done? There straight across the floor was a deep dark ridge where they had dragged the trunk."

"You'd better cover that up," warned the newcomer, vanishing from sight. Grumblingly Tess moved a mug over one end of the scar while Aggie busied herself throwing things off the table. Outside the window they heard a shriek. Angryly a voice said "Hey, up there! Be careful about throwing water out your window. Don't you know it's dangerous?"

Cazing out the window, Aggie, empty pitcher in hand, decided it was for there, for years beneath. It was the pathetic figure of a young man lounged out of the dusky evening. He stood, hat in hand, the portrait of a helpless victim. The two girl goggled, but their good humor had arrived too late.

"Tess Smith! Agnes Jones! Do you continued on page four columns three
Bull" Cameron received letters from Jeffrey, "Willie" Hancock, John Alden for their outstanding work in winning points.

Cross-Country Awards Presented

A long delay—Mr. Packard, our witty cross-country coach, has pulled his annual disappearing act as a prelude to giving out the 1940 cross-country awards. Captain Ed Hodgkins, Fred Jeffrey, "Willie" Hancock, John Alden, Bill Van Blaricum, Alex Cumming, and "Bull" Cameron received letters and certificates for their outstanding work in winning points.

Those who received certificates for being on the squad were Don Pierses, Harold Mayberry, "Benny" Benson, Nino Giampetruzi, Francis Murphy, Maurice Davis, Ray Robinson, and "Lindy" Eaton.

The school salutes all these boys for the fine work they have put in for G. N. S. Student support helps a lot in activities like this. Let's stand behind all our athletic teams as well as we did the cross-country squad.

Cross-Country Basketball Schedule 1940-1941

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Wanted—One Mascot

With so much talk of school spirit at Gorham floating around, suggestions have been made that we find ourselves a mascot. A mascot, it is believed, would bolster that spirit and give our teams more incentive to "fight on to victory". It would also provide the school teams with some distinction that a Gorham Normal School Varsity Basketball Team could be shortened to the Gorham "Rams", "Scotties" or something else appropriate. If you have any stray mascots which followed you home, or any brilliant ideas on the subject, report them to some member of the "Oracle" staff.

What do you say? Don't just talk about it a little and then let it die out. Get busy and put your minds to work! (A change is good once in awhile!) You're a member of Gorham Normal as much as anybody else. Why not shoulder a little responsibility?

More Games

Checking up on the population of G. N. S. on December 5, we found that we were short 10 commuter students and one coach. Where were they? Why, they were at Keene, N. H. playing basketball. Keene defeated our boys 36–27. Gee, how those Keene lads can shoot fouls---that's what beat us. The Gorhamites had just as many baskets as their opponents, but fouled away all the time.

Saturday morning the boys started for Castleton. Here the team had better luck and beat Castleton 65–53. According to the boys who were to arrive at Castleton, they were going in from all corners of the floor. Our boys can really play ball when they get rolling, and now they're really off.

Girls Limber Up

Many of the upperclassmen and some of the Freshmen girls have been playing scrub games in basketball on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Althea Bickford, our counselor, has arranged the girls in teams according to their playing ability, and soon interclass games will be played. The girls are looking forward to playing a night game.

Badminton classes are being held in the gym at noon on Tuesdays and Thursdays under the direction of Josephine Irving. The badminton tournament will be held next quarter.

Much dancing is being done in Gorham lately. The dancing class is very enthusiastic over the Conga step which Barbie and Alex learned in Boston. Virginia Davis and Pearl Hartt are in charge of a Tap Dancing Class held Monday and Wednesday afternoons that seems to be quite a success.

The early fall of snow this year was welcomed by the skiing enthusiasts and skiers started sooner than usual. Counsellors Ruth Alden and Mary Read and their skating classes seem to be monopolizing the campus fields on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

Winter Draws On

These are days of frozen toes and icicles hanging from whisksers. Chilled students shake like jelly as they migrate from radiator to radiator in the various classrooms. Strange noises heard throughout the length and breadth of our campus are the chattering of teeth and the rattling of knees. Snow is everywhere. Dormitory students cling to one another for support as they skid from Robbie to Corthell. "Red sails in the sunset" can be seen as town boys mount the hill these frigid mornings. May we suggest ear muffas? Those commuters who are fortunate enough to get to school at all must perk ears at the foot of the hill and plow through the snow to the top. (Where are all those helpful souls who volunteered to shovel out the parking lot?) They emerge from frosty cars swamping fence and rubbing hands together. Who mentioned an "open air taxi"? Those rel protrabutions which precede faces seem to be noses, tinted to delicate shades of red and pink by Jack Frost. Yes, the sub-zero weather has sent the mercury so low that Miss Keene is still hunting for it.

Continued from page one, column one

Ruth Bickford, Betty Frost, and Helena Gagne arranged the following program: Reading, "O Little Town of Bethlehem", Barbara Crowley, accompanied by Helen Heel, violinist; Christmas story by Miss Lewis; Christmas carols, "What Child Is This", and "Calm on a Listening Ear" by a quartet which included Betty Frost, Laura Mcerve, Catherine Campbell, and Barbara Blanchard; "Angels from the Realms of Glory", sung by the whole group; tableau, "Mary and the Manger", with Gerry White as Mary and Geneva Hawkes as Joseph, "Away in the Manger", with Gerry McGreal, Ruth Peterson, Helena Gagne, Catherine Campbell, and Catherine Hanson.

The members of the clean-up committee were Phyllis Dyer, Lorraine McGee, Helen Heel, and Juanita Parks.

THE ORACLE