



THE STYLUS



BROCKPORT & NORMAL

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THE STYLUS

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SENIOR NORMAL

RESIDENCE	TO TEACH AT
Rochester	Beacon
Webster	Honeoye
Waterport	Stone Church
Brockport	
Victor	
Clifton Springs	
Bergen	

RUTH ANTHONY

She said or right or wrong, what came into her head

NINA BAKER

Ever loyal to truth

MARY BENNETT

Ease with dignity

ETHEL BOOTH

She was so thrifty and good

ANNA BOUGHTON

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright

GERTRUDE BRAMAN

A merry heart goes all the day

GRACE BREW

With the smile that was childlike and bland

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- MARIE BROWN
Life is too short for mean anxieties
Brockport Lyndonville
- PHOEBE CAHILL
Always thoughtful, and kind, and untroubled
Macedon
- RUTH CHAPMAN
Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness
Spencerport
- MARGARET CLAPP
Whate'er she did was done with so much ease,
In her alone 'twas natural to please.
Rochester Ithaca
- HELENE CLARK
The strongest passion which I have is honor
Brockport Honeoye Falls
- GERTRUDE COFFEY
Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes
Albion
- MARGARET COSGROVE
A smile that glow'd celestial rosy red.
Spencerport Sweden
- MARY DEAN
Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece
Medina
- MARGARET DODD
The voice so sweet, the words so fair
Wiconisco, Pa.
- RUTH DONOHUE
Of manners gentle, of affections mild
Middleport Middleport
- LUCILE EAKINS
Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all.
South Butler
- IRENE FINNEGAN
A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal never beat within a human
breast.
Honeoye Falls Rocheste:
- VERDA FRANK
Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful
Honeoye Falls Clarkson
- FLORENCE GILLETTE
She taketh most delight in music
Bergen Bergen
- ALICE GOFF
A modest blush she wears not form'd by art
Brockport
- LAVERNE GRABB
Meet then the senior, far renowned for sense
Webster East Rochester

- E. MILDRED GREENE
And those who know thee, know all words are faint
Rushville Fairport
- MARGARET GREENE
Her air, her voice, her looks, and honest soul speak all
so movingly in her behalf
Rushville
- FRANCES GRIDLEY
She reasoned without plodding long
Adams Basin Spencerport
- RUTH HAWLEY
Joy rises in me like a summer's morn
Chili Station Oakfield
- HELEN HEALEY
Her hand is ever ready and willing
East Syracuse
- FLORENCE HUCKNALL
Your bounty is beyond my speaking
Albion Newark
- MADELINE HUGHES
A thing of beauty is a joy forever
Kent Caledonia
- BESSIE JOHNSON
A true friend to the true
Bergen Red School
- GRACE JOHNSON
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere
Canandaigua Canandaigua
- ALTA JUSTICE
A scorn of flattery, and a zeal for truth
Barnard Marion
- LOVILLA KEDIAN
'Tis good to be merry and wise
Spencerport
- MARION KENNEDY
For smiles from reason flow
Albion
- LELIA KYTE
We live not to ourselves, our work is life
Victor Newark
- EDNA LARGE
'Tis good will makes intelligence
Auburn Hemlock
- RUTH MACHESNEY
Few and precious are the words which the lips of wisdom
utter.
Hilton Ithaca
- MARIE MARTIN
Thought alone is eternal
Churchville Kirks
- HAZEL MILLER
They do not love that do not show their love
Waterport

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- BERTHA MURRAY
To be strong is to be happy
Brockport
- KATHARINE O'BRIEN
I have no other but a woman's reason,
I think him so because I think him so
Canandaigua
- JOHN PARKER
I am the very pink of courtesy
Kendall
- JOANNA PETTIT
Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks
Lyndonville
- ETHEL RUSSELL
Truth needs no flowers of speech
Walworth
- MARGARET RYAN
High flights she had and wit at will,
And so her tongue lay seldom still
Brockport Rochester
- ELSIE SHECK
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers
Victor Spencerport
- LOUISE SHAW
To know is to esteem and love
Holley
- FREDERICK STOUT
A man not of words but of actions
Interlaken
- NINA VANAERNUM
Love adds a precious seeing to the eye
Medina Lyndonville
- HAZEL VAN ANDEN
At sight of thee my gloomy souls cheers up
Rushville LeRoy
- FLORENCE WATERS
For what I will, I will, and there's an end
Medina
- GRACE WHEELER
A maid of such a genial mood
Holcomb
- ELVA WILSON
Virtue is indeed its own reward
Cameron Mills
- MYRTIE WOODWARD
Wit is the loadstar of each human thought,
Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought
Brockport Rochester
- FLORENCE WORTHINGTON
With wisdom fraught
Not such as books, but such as practise taught
Honeoye Groton

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RURAL SCHOOL COURSE

ELLA APPLIN

Whose little body lodged a mighty mind

Medina

Otis

FANNY EATON

Silence in woman is like speech in man

Ontario

Ontario

ARTHUR FAGAN

Flirtation, attention without intention

West Henrietta

CLARA FOLEY

Her heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth

Ontario Center

Ontario

ORA FRISBEE

Intent she seem'd, and pondering future things of wondrous weight

North Greece

SARAH GULLIVER

Your steady soul preserves her frame

Auburn

Orleans

AGNES LOCHREN

The fear of being silent makes us mute

Willard

BESSIE NEWTON

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds were in her very look

Penfield

Perinton

LILLIAN POWELL

Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined

Canandaigua

NELLIE RYAN

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee

Macedon

EVELYN SHORT

She keeps her temper'd mind, serene and pure

Chili

Chili

MYRTLE WILLIAMS

The heart of honor, the tongue of truth

Spencerport

Parma

CAROLINE WRIGHT

Black eyes with a wondrous witching charm

Rochester

Kirks



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THE SENIOR CLASS

By Hazel A. Jackson. Junior Normal

Best wishes to all friends and readers of the "Stylus".

The time is fast approaching when Brockport Normal will again send a large class of graduates out into the world. The class, like all others, promises great things. This prospect is made possible because of some one's sacrifice. It has meant the expenditure of much time and energy both on the part of the class itself and of the faculty. Often times, the teacher's efforts in helping classes are taken as a matter of course—and too lightly considered. It is, however, the teachers behind an institution who make that institution. Its worth is measured by the strength of their personalities. And B. N. S. may justly be proud of its teachers. In the recent death of Mr. Seely, the oldest member of the faculty, not only the senior class, but the whole school, suffered a great

loss. The class of 1915 was the last to come directly in contact with him and his influence and encouragement to worth will always be felt among its members.

* * * * *

Soon the class will only be able to cherish pleasant memories of the good times connected with this school. The few unpleasant ones are soon forgotten and only sincere pleasure and gratitude to those who made their happiness possible—can be recalled. Leaving friends and familiar surroundings for strange ones is always hard at first; but each one can remember to be himself and thus do honor to the school whose good name he is trying to defend. For in his every act a graduate casts a reflection, favorable or unfavorable, upon his alma mater. The only means of judging an institution that the outside world has, is the stability and worth of its products. Thus, in facing the duties yet to come, our senior class must put forth its best efforts so as to give our school the highest possible place in others' estimation. It rests with each one personally to come up to the responsibility thus placed upon him.

The whole school joins in wishing the class of 1915 the best possible success. We regret that they must leave us but since their departure means far greater possibilities for them we can rejoice with them in their past achievements and sincerely wish them more distinguished success in the future.

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COLOR DAY AT B. N. S. D. M. H. '16

Brockport Normal's annual Color Day, which came on May twenty-five this year, was thoroughly enjoyed by all who wore the school colors, yellow and green, and by the school's many friends and interested visitors.

As is usual, the school gave a pageant, this year—this time "The Pied Piper of Hamelin", a pantomime based on Browning's poem of that name. Students of the Normal, High and Training departments took part in this pageant. As to how this came off, we need say very little, for the many visitors, the hand clapping and the laughing and chattering in the gymnasium after the pageant, only go to tell us, that B. N. S. was once more successful, due to the loyalty of its many students and teachers.

All throughout the day the sorority girls were busy in the beautifully trimmed gymnasium selling banners, lemonade, cream, candy and fritters as well as school colors.

Twice during the day, the Senior class gave informal dances, the school orchestra a willing and energetic band, furnishing charming music. These were much enjoyed by all the students and we hope that the informal dance given by the seniors on Color Day will soon become a tradition.

The dance at night was a great success. The Brockport Banjo club

furnished very good dance music and again the society girls were on hand to refresh the dancers with cool dainties. The students with their many friends who attended have since assured us that a very pleasant evening under the fluttering green and gold banners was enjoyed by all.

At twelve o'clock, this eventful day was once more at an end, but the good time will long be remembered by the students, faculty and friends of the school, and especially by this year's graduates.

SENIOR WEEK AT NORMAL

Grace Porter. Junior Normal

The all important week when so many of our students will bid farewell to old B. N. S. to enter upon their journey toward fame, is very near at hand. It is a week of much excitement. The Seniors will present to the school, as a memorial, an art glass window, bearing the motto, "No glory without labor". Theirs will be the fifth of these beautiful windows.

The Seniors are planning several pleasant affairs for their last week at Brockport. On Friday evening, June eighteenth, they will give a dance in the main corridor. The next day at Troutburg the Senior picnic will be held. Lots of good eatables and a REAL good time is predicted.

As usual the alumni banquet and class reunions will be held June twenty-first.

June twenty-second at ten-thirty, the final ceremonies will take place in Normal Hall. About ninety four students will receive their diplomas, glad yet sorry to leave the place where so many pleasant hours have been spent.

OUR ALMA MATER

Alma Mater thy children raise
 To thy shrine deserved praise;
 Hope and courage thou dost impart
 To each loyal student heart.
 Friendly flowers and stately trees
 Lend new perfume to the breeze;
 Dear old Campus, lofty halls,
 Alma Mater, we love thy walls.
 When the fleeting years divide
 Us from thee, our gentle guide,
 Still our thoughts with thee shall rest
 Alma Mater, dearest, best.

Tune—Gotteschalk's "Last Hope".

It seems strange to her friends that, while Genie Ring is a lover of ART, she has taken such a dislike for drawing.