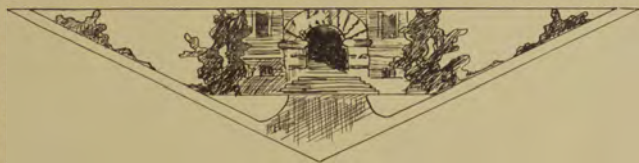




TRADITIONS





Charter Day



EARLY everybody slept in; it was Charter Day.

A couple of little boys were shooting marbles behind Old Science hall. By two o'clock the campus had come to life sufficiently to produce the usual sounds of study and debate from the law school, and the usual sounds of warfare from the Journalism shack.

The Grizzly band passed the little store with a small crowd wandering in its wake.

Marbles were forgotten for a minute. "Lookit the parade."

"What d'you suppose they're runnin' around in the field like that for?"

"Aw, can't yuh see them signs? They're scattered all over the country. That's where the University is going to be and the people are looking at them."

The afternoon was lazy and warm for the seventeenth of February and voices floated, and carried easily on the air.

"Things have not looked quite so hopeful," one voice was saying, "since we celebrated that first anniversary of Charter Day down in the little brick school house twenty-five years ago."



The Old School House Where the University Began.





"Aw, come on—lag!" echoed from behind the store and the marbles rolled again in the ashes and mud."



Charter Day Parade.





Painting the "M"



ORD, but that hill was high. And, gee, but fifty pounds weighs a lot. Yea, I worked out a new principle in Physics on the way up. Fifty pounds of lime increases in weight directly as the distance from the gym.

"I don't know who it was that built the 'M' up there on that pinnacle but I wish I did.

"I was getting along fine—no work to do and lots of time to sleep. Sure, I was taking English. But last night I went to a Freshman meeting and some bird got up and spoiled all the joy, talking about campus traditions and how us frosh ought to show our spirit by decorating the 'M' and wearing green bonnets. He said that the women would give us a feed, so, taking it from all angles, I decided to join the mob. And there I was at the gym this afternoon with my grassy top.

"But that guy didn't say anything about the distance up this hill and he didn't say anything about the fifty pound sacks of lime that us guys that were fools enough to get there on time would have to pack.

"Well, it wasn't so bad after we got up the mountain. The guys who started after we did had to carry water in cans from the mine and so I didn't feel so bad. We used old brooms and mops and scrubbed the 'M' and covered up all the blue spots that were left by those Aggies. I don't blame them so much for painting it blue because they must have felt pretty blue after those baseball games.

"After we got through we beat it down the hill. I nearly busted my neck when I slid down the trail but the feed we got at the barracks made up for it all.

"There were all the frosh girls there with their aprons on and the eats were good. Maybe they wouldn't have been so good if those sweet young things hadn't handed them out. But, gee, you ought to have seen me eat.

"Then we slung a dance, and we stepped the light fantastic until eleven o'clock. Then some fellows lit up the 'M' with red torches and, my, but it looked keen.

"Well, taking it from all angles these traditions are not so bad after all. Even if my back is aching like it used to in summer during haying time."





Fresh Whitewash Gang.





Homecoming



"HOW does the old school look to you?" a graduate of half a dozen years ago asked another of his class who had come back for Home-coming. They were sitting on the bleachers surrounded by students enthusiastic in anticipation of the Aggie football game about to start.

"Say, it looks fine—I'm glad I'm back. I like this noise and pep. It's the same good old spirit we used to boast about only more of it. The place sure has grown some."

"Yes, it is an inspiration to come back to the old school and live over again the days when we were students. I'd like to take my place out there on that team. Gus Scherek and Jimmy Gault and Hop Prescott and a bunch of the old players are down there on the side line. And did you see?"—but the wind carried their voices away.

The yell leader shouted: "Everybody up and try the new yell. It goes like this:

"U of M, Rah, Rah,
U of M, Rah, Rah,
Hoo Rah, Hoo Rah,
U of M, Rah, Rah."

And the bald head and the green cap turned their attention to the yell king.





Homecoming Day

There will be a thousand old 'uns
on the campus—be one of them.

"Fireside Night" at all Fraternity,
Sorority and Club Houses and at
the Dormitories.



And in the old convocation hall
will be shown lantern pictures of Old
Grads, Old Teams, Old Groups, Old
Scenes.

"Let's Go, Montana"

Somebody will meet your train—
somebody you know—and the hand-
clasp of Montana will meet your
own once more.





Tug of War--Extracts From Ancient History

In the Year of Our Lord 1921



AND the inhabitants of the University of the commonwealth of Montana gathered to witness the spectacle. It was on the famous day which all members of the delegation from Butte hold sacred for fighting—the seventeenth day of the third month. The rabble assembled near the edifice of his majesty, Uncle Sam, commonly and vulgarly known as the Van Buren Street bridge.

“Beneath the structure on one hand flows the majestic river which bears the name of Missoula. And on the other hand is a small stream called by the vulgar, the slough. It was along the two sides of this body of water that the populace assembled to witness the great spectacle of the war between the students of the first year and the students of the second year.

“And then the mighty conflict began. Manly strength was pitted against manly strength. And the clash thereof was terrific. Mighty was the struggle until even the earth gave way. Beholders of this stupendous spectacle declare that the bowels of the earth were shaken by the power of the struggle. It was probably this shaking that caused the earth to give way under the feet of one of the mighty teams and caused the members of that famed band to be precipitated into the freezing waters of the slough.”

Note.—The history here ends, and tradition says that the vanquished ones wore green caps as a sign of their defeat.





Tug of War, 1920.





Sneak Day



WHEN the warm winds come over Lolo and the sun warms up the steps in front of the library and the journalism shack so that the boys and girls can shoot craps something has got to happen.

When you feel the spring getting into your blood and you feel like you could step higher than Anna Pavlowa and when Doc Elrod gets out his butterfly nets and his little glass jars and takes the freshmen up the Rattlesnake, something has got to bust.

And it does.

Some fine morning when you've been out the night before and "Little Ben" wouldn't pipe down until you get out of bed to kick him and you drag your weary carcass over to the campus to an eight o'clock, you find that there isn't any eight o'clock. Gee but its hard to take!

Then you forget all about your weariness and you step the light fantastic all morning and



The first Sneak Day, when President Dumniway came back from Helena with news of appropriations.





go for a sunlight stroll all afternoon and dance the light fantastic all night and you think the life and the University and the profs and the weather and the women aren't so bad after all.

And then you go home and wonder if you'll wind up Little Ben again and you say, "Gee, no." Because you can only celebrate sneak day once and the biggest part of the celebration is sleeping in the next day and anyhow you've only got nine cuts and you can afford another. So you don't, you just don't.





Aber Day



RIGHT on the stroke of eight the campus, with every leaf a whirl, paths being leveled off and every sidewalk dusted, is undergoing its spring housecleaning. Students are out armed with hoes, rakes, shovels and pitchforks. Prexy and all the profs in their oldest clothes are on the job, too. It is Aber Day. The Kaimin staff is getting out a special edition. The kitchen crew is in the kitchen and inviting odors are carried to the toilers by the April wind.

Then for a few moments the student body pays respect to the memory of Daddy Aber, as it stands under the trees planted by him, and listens to the tributes of men who were his associates.

Noon—and a mad rush for Simpkins hall. The line is formed. It reaches from the dining room half way across the road. The Kaimins are out and papers are distributed to eager workers. A plate of beans, a cup of coffee and a sandwich followed by cake and ice cream are swallowed. Out on the campus again the work is resumed till the piles of rubble are hauled away and the campus is spick and span.

On the oval court convenes and offenders are brought before his honor charged with slacking or fussing. Punishment is doled out and fines imposed.

A dance in the evening in the gym ends the day. It has been a day of work, sunburn, and play. But satisfaction that comes from working together in the accomplishment of a worthwhile object.





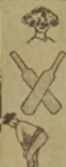
ABER



DAY.



The Court



The Police



While They Remember Daddy Aber





May Fete



STRANGE, isn't it, how things change?" said the professor's wife as she leaned against the rope with the rest of the crowd that surrounded the oval and watched the "snowflakes" dancing on the grass in the last glow of May sunlight.

The professor's wife and the professor had been students at Montana. How long ago? Well, they had ceased to count the years. Anyway it was quite a while ago. The professor's wife had lived at the dorm. All the girls did then, who did not live in town.

"Things were so different in those days," the professor's wife continued. "The town girls



The Queen and Prince.

were jealous of us dorm girls and so we got together one night and decided that we would have a May pole dance and let the town girls in on it just to see if we couldn't all be friends. We got it all practiced up and then that night it rained. . . . But we moved the pole in the gym





MAY DAY



PARADE



FOR "18 & 19"





and then decided not to have the May pole at all, but a regular dance, and, my, we had a good time!"

As she talked the May queen with her train of dancers slowly crossed the oval to the throne and the pageant continued.

Long shadows began to creep across the oval, even to where the Prince was kissing the hand of the Queen and wakening her from her long sleep on her throne of boughs. The strains of the violin died away, and the dancers disappeared. The crowds moved away, mingling with the shadows.

Over in the gym the saxophone sometimes rose above the shouts of laughter and the smothering clouds of confetti. The carnival was on. And in the spirit of the evening was reflected the spirit of the old days that had abandoned the May pole for the "regular dance."





Singing on the Steps



SCIENCE hall and Main hall stand at the foot of Sentinel, new and glistening in the western sun. The oval, faintly rimmed with struggling young trees bright in autumn colors, has an air of newness. Paths broken by stiles and fences, running to Higgins Avenue bridge cut the drab brown prairie. A handful of people—less than a hundred—the first students of the University and the first instructors, on the steps of Main hall, are talking of the University that is to be and of themselves, its beginning. They listen to their athletes, their leaders and to the men who have made a beginning possible, greeting each with a cheer.



Montana Campus as Sentinel first saw it.

They are singing, uncertainly but with growing assurance as they catch the rhythm and words, "We are cheering for you, Montana." The music swells on the evening wind and ear-





ries to Science hall a promise and a glimpse of the future. The clock strikes eight. Reverently the little group sings "College Chums."

The brown of the campus is turning green and the great trees stir with life. A crowd of students are gathered in front of old Main hall—the steps can not hold them all now for the 100 has grown to 1000—in the soft glow of the setting sun. They are listening to a little man with a slow voice who talks to them of life, ideals and of their University, its past and future. The crowd grows and spreads out on the oval as stragglers reach the edge. As the speaker finishes the cheer leader in a white sweater leads cheer after cheer. The echo is flung back from Sentinel like a challenge. The sun has set and the hands of the old clock move slowly around. The words which have been sung by generation after generation of students—"We Are Cheering for You, Montana"—are sung by lusty young voices.

There is no other sound while the clock strikes eight measured strokes. Then soft, and sweet, and clear, comes the college hymn—

"Old college chums, dear college chums,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still our hearts to memories cling
Of those college days of long ago.
"Through youth, through prime, and when the days
Of harvest time to us shall come,
Through all we'll bear the memories dear
Of those college days of long ago.

The last words are lost in the echoing footsteps.





The University Campus as Sentinel sees it today.



