

BOOK OF
TRADITIONS

"Montana—Fight"

MONTANA—FIGHT

March 10, 1911.

In the quietness of the stilled Main hall auditorium five motionless figures stood at rigid attention around a draped casket.

Soon, a steady line of silent grief flowed softly past.

The seats filled and silence hung in phantom shroud over the scarcely breathing crowd.

A group of noted men sat without movement on the auditorium stage.

* * *

Tongued words of sadness rippled gently against heart-pained brains.

Low music caught the tear-stained atmosphere into its sobbing breaths.

* * *

Slowly, silently, solemnly, the procession wound around the oval.

The bell in the tower of old Main hall wept ceaselessly on the shoulder of Mount Sentinel.

Out to the campus gates marched mourning students and there they stood aside and let the long line pass.

With uncovered heads the still group watched the hearse creep on down University avenue.

* * *

Oscar John Craig, first president of Montana, had gone West.

FIGHT—MONTANA

MONTANA—FIGHT

September 10, 1895.

Four men and a woman crowded the tiny room.

They were Craig, Aber, Scheuch, Merritt and Relley.

* * *

A stuffed owl blinked sleepily from its post above the solitary desk.

On the short blackboard a class schedule foretold the future.

The five filled chairs and an open bookcase occupied the uncarpeted floor.

* * *

Only one of the men lacked a luxuriant mustache.

The man who sat at the desk was speaking earnestly.

The closest attention greeted every word he uttered.

Gripping sincerity clutched the atmosphere of that little room.

* * *

It was the University's first faculty meeting.

FIGHT—MONTANA

MONTANA—FIGHT

May 29, 1898.

A single electric light peered down upon the heads of that little group of earnest workers.

Scattered, crumpled papers told the story of repeated effort.

Scratching pencils rustled across half-filled parchment.

* * *

That little group was carving on the printed page the history of Montana.

That little group was building a perpetual monument to Grizzly spirit.

That little group was laying the foundations of University sacrifice.

* * *

Two days later the Kaimin made its first appearance on the Montana campus.

FIGHT—MONTANA

MONTANA—FIGHT

September 11, 1895.

South Sixth street west hustled and hummed in holiday fashion.

Unhurried, chattering trios and quartets rustled down the walk and into the Willard school building.

In partial silence, the crowd flowed up the stairs into the attic that served as assembly hall.

* * *

Unclothed rafters peered down uncertainly upon their heads.

With earnest viages they sat on straight-backed chairs or long benches.

A nervous group circulated around the raised platform that served as rostrum.

* * *

It was the formal opening of the University of Montana.

* * *

The assemblage settled into anticipatory attention as Judge Hiram Knowles mounted the platform.

The judge ceased speaking and applauding palms paid tribute to his words.

And then—
MONTANA! MONTANA!
RAH! RAH! RAH! RAH!
MONTANA! MONTANA!
RAH! RAH! RAH! RAH!
STATE UNIVERSITY! RAH!

* * *

The first University yell.
The first challenge from the throats of Grizzly rooters.

The forerunner of a thousand other challenges, a thousand other parades of victory or of more glorious defeat.

FIGHT—MONTANA

"Fight—Montana"



May Fete

Every spring when the scent of flowers is on the breezes and the moon o' nights calls lovers to wandering 'neath the elms, the time is ripe for May Fete. Comes a night filled with music and the dancing of fairies and elves. Mysterious beings flit about on the green and disport themselves under the rule of a beautiful queen and her court. Women students write and produce the fantasy.

Varsity Day

Varsity Day, substituted for the old time "Sneak Day," is set aside as a holiday in honor of "M" men. Contests between underclassmen and a freak football game on the gridiron feature the program, while informal mixers are held in the gymnasium.

Tug o' War

When spring comes and the sun softens ice and mud in Van Buren slough, sophomores become filled with a desire to see some luckless freshmen dragged through the frigid water. Second year men are usually victorious and freshmen must then wear their green caps the remainder of the school year.



Painting the "M"

High on the side of Mount Sentinel lies a huge "M", made of stone and symbolic of Montana's traditions. Twice each year, before and after the annual blanket of snow covers the countryside, freshman men, laden with brooms and pails of lime and water, toil up the well worn trail to administer the cosmetics. Girls of the same class provide a feast upon completion of the job.



Singing on the Steps

Somewhere in every student's life there are moments of sentiment that cling to their memories and grow ever dearer. "Singing on the Steps" is to Montana's many lovers one of these occasions. At seven-thirty o'clock, students gather around Main Hall steps. The tang of smoke from pipes, clear voices of women and friendly gossip of all fill the air. Talk, songs and cheers provide the program. As the old clock in the tower tolls eight, all noise ceases and "College Chums" drifts mellowly across the campus. Dean A. L. Stone of the School of Journalism, is virtually the life of this tradition.



Ringin the Bell

Montana fight triumphs and the Grizzlies win another contest. Whether at home or afield, the moment the final whistle blows or the telegraph ticker announces its message of victory, the bell in Main Hall tower, swung willingly by freshman hands, rings out the glad tidings. This is one of Montana's oldest traditions.

Charter Day

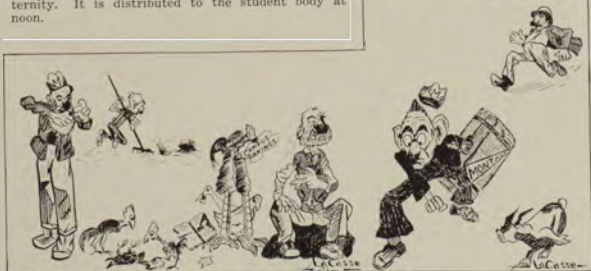
Inspections, receptions and meetings characterize Charter Day. The State University was born where the Willard school, a little frame building, now stands. Each year the genesis of the institution is given appropriate remembrance by students, faculty and all who have watched it develop from infancy.

Homecoming

Homecoming is no longer a bi-ennial affair but is observed annually. Messages and greetings are sent to all alumni and they pack their grips and hit the trail for their alma mater to re-live for a few days memories of old college days and see the football team in action. This year's event was the greatest ever held at the State University.

Aber Day

Beloved "Daddy" Aber who, from the beginning of the State University until his death, never ceased working for the cleanliness and beauty of the campus, is honored by Aber Day. Professors and students, reinforced by hoes, rakes and old clothes, turn out early in the spring to scour the campus for rubbish. Lunch causes a momentary halt at noon and then the work continues. Slackers are summarily disposed of at "high court." An informal mixer celebrates the day. "Kampus Rakings," a "razz" edition charitably designed for men, is published by Theta Sigma Phi, national women's Journalism fraternity. It is distributed to the student body at noon.



"Montana—Fight"

MONTANA—FIGHT

November 11, 1918.

A joy-mad world!
Paris, Shanghai, Bombay and Chicago
had time themselves beading into
a soothing whirlpool of wine . . . and
shouted song.

Time stood still.
Human atoms, intoxicated with happiness,
flung wide their arms and raised
their voices in unrestrained relief.
The war was over.

* * *
In that sanitary laboratory known
to headquarters as Field Evacuation
Hospital No. 14, a courageous heart
fought the extended hand of death.

For days and days, since that broken
form had been tenderly carried from
the Argonne, the unequal battle had
been in progress.

* * *
The next morning, while the world
lay exhausted after its wild orgy, a
doctor in Hospital No. 14 slowly drew
a white sheet over the face of an American hero.

Another Grizzly had given his life in
the name of a cause.

Today, in the cemetery of Chapparral,
near the Meuse, there stands a cross
that bears the name of . . .

William Emmett Ryan.

FIGHT—MONTANA

MONTANA—FIGHT

May 29, 1903.

The orchestra grew still.
Prayers echoed through Main hall
auditorium.

A piano solo.

* * *
Then, the first interstate, collegiate
debate ever heard in Montana began.

Cougar and Grizzly were matched in
combat.
Benjamin Stewart, Guy Sheridan and
Harold Blake defended the Copper, Silver
and Gold.

For two hours the audience sat silent.
An intense stillness . . . as the judges
voted.

* * *
Cougar had triumphed.
But, out of the windows of Main
hall, burst the old Montana yell.

FIGHT—MONTANA

MONTANA—FIGHT

October 22, 1909.

Montana faced Montanan across the
still oval that lay in the center of the
Aggie gridiron.

* * *
It had been a game of heroes.
Battered backs had met steady stone
walls.

Neither team had counted.
Both benches were full of crippled
stars.

And only ninety seconds of play were
left.

* * *
Once more the Grizzly quarter called
the signals and the weary Aggie line
responded.

Again, and this time, the Blue and
Gold stone wall wavered till the ball
lay on their twenty-yard line.

The Grizzly kicker dropped back and
the oval sailed between the uprights
for a victory.

* * *
Montana had won . . . won the first
of that long string of straight victories
that stretches still . . . into the future.

FIGHT—MONTANA

MONTANA—FIGHT

October 8, 1916.

The clock in Main hall tower brooded
over a stilled campus.

It was two hours past midnight when
the whistle of a train echoed down
Hellgate canyon.

Then, silence fell again.

* * *
Swift, chattering figures streamed
across the sleeping oval.

Clear and lilting, the catchy strains
of a new fox trot invaded the cowering
shadows.

Soon, the steady hammering of feet
and the triumphant hum of voices ed-
died from the old gymnasium.

* * *
Montana was celebrating.
The Coyote pelt hung in the Grizzly
trophy room.

In Aberdeen, the Copper, Silver and
Gold had floated above the Red and
White.

Governors, senators and representa-
tives had watched South Dakota's bat-
tling attack fall before Montana's
fighting eleven.

The score had been 11 to 0.

* * *
And, when the sun's first rays crept
over Mount Sentinel the lights went out
in the old gymnasium, but dancing feet
sped their way into a new day.

FIGHT—MONTANA

"Fight—Montana"