

Cremation
OF
Calculus.

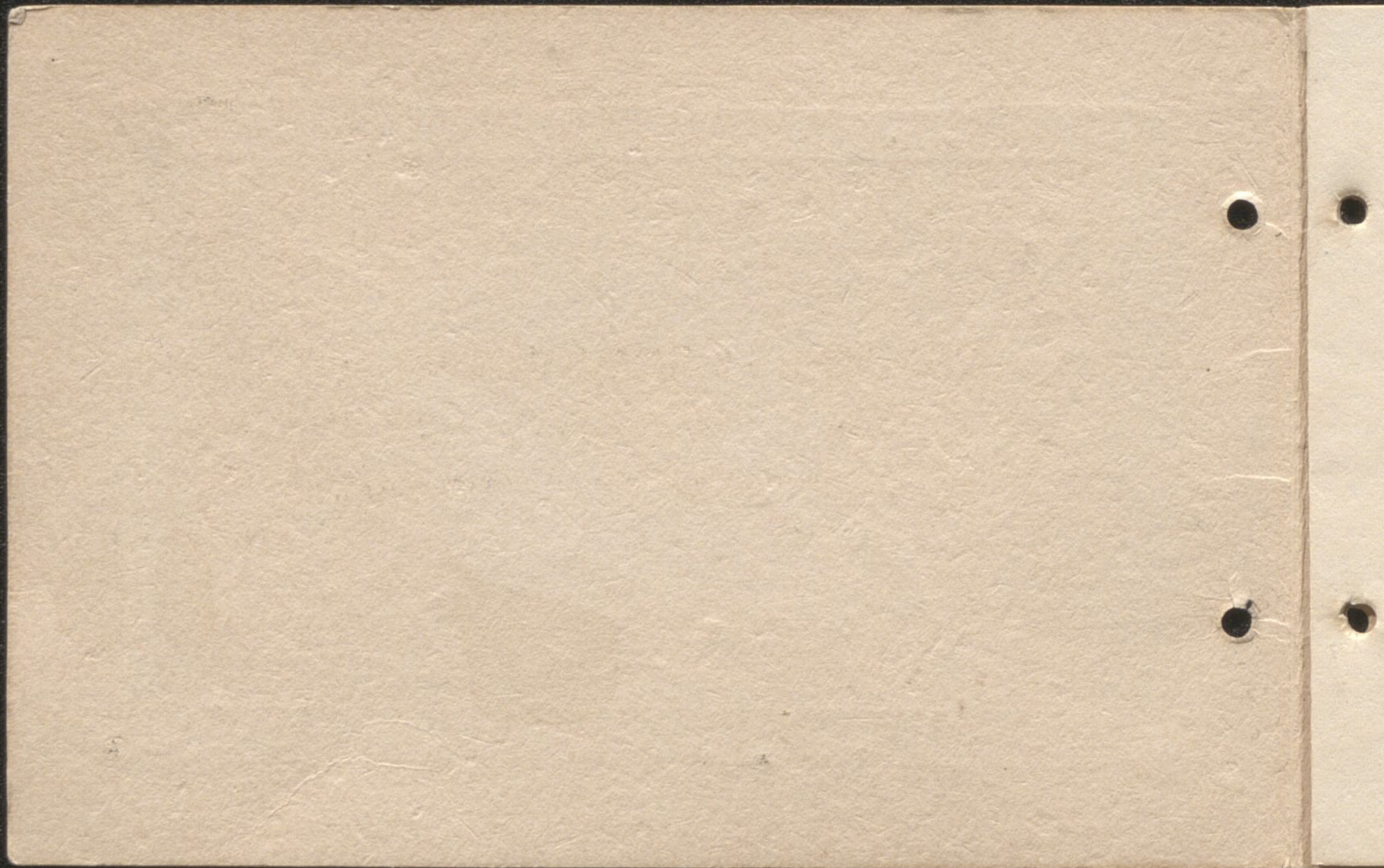


Class
'97, L.O.

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Calculus.



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CALCULUS CREMATION OF THE
CLASS OF '97, LEHIGH UNIVER-
SITY CAMPUS, JUNE 15th, 1895.

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN 'Ninety-Seven first entered the portals of this University, it was kept from its rightful place among the mighty by an unlucky stellar combination, and was sentenced to serve the great King Mathematics. The King being much pleased with the strength and appearance of the class, agreed to restore it to its royal estate on condition that it perform the six great labors which he imposed.

The first task was to exterminate the *Theorems*, a race of monsters which lived on triangles and parallelopipedons. They were easily disposed of by eating a (spherical) excess of triangles.

The next thing required was to solve correctly four triangles in two hours. When the *Oracle* was consulted about this, he said, "that's easy," and so it proved.

The third labor was to capture a value for x . This timid and elusive creature was sacred to Algebra, and not wishing to injure it the class pursued it for three months and finally snared it with Sturm's Theorem just as it was about to vanish through zero.

The fourth work was to get the girdle of the Analyte Queen of the Asymptotes who lived at Infinity. As this was a rather long journey, the men would gladly availed themselves of an opportunity to ride. Heretofore many a bold warrior had galloped into the conflict with perfect confidence in his trusty steed. But about this time the Royal Court decreed that hippodrome exhibitions were no longer considered good form. 'Ninety-Seven is very careful about doing the proper thing, so the horses were sent to the rear, and the men trudged bravely along on foot.

The King then commanded the class to bring him some of the golden fruit from the garden of *Mecanyx*. This garden was surrounded by a high fence of *Wood*, but while the keepers of the gate were asking foolish questions, some slipped in and stole seven golden apples which so surprised the guards that they told the Lord High-Keeper-of-the-Marks to let them go.

As a fitting end to all these labors was the capture of Calculus. Calculus had charge of the Department of the Infernal. 'Ninety-Seven went far into the interior of his country, then descended into the Lower Regions where Calculus was found on his throne. The struggle was long and severe, but Calculus was finally captured by the class discovering the secrets to his defenses, formulae **A**, **B**, **C** and **D**.

When the King heard of the capture of his favorite he was so sore displeased, that he resigned his throne, and did penance by going to University of Pennsylvania.

When Calculus was brought before the King the class asked—"What shall we do with him?" "Differentiate him" said the King; and immediately Calculus vanished. "What next?" asked the class. "Integrate him" the King replied; and Calculus suddenly reappeared. Again 'Ninety-Seven asked "Now, what shall we do?" The King thought for a moment. "Disintegrate him" he said; and with a mocking laugh disappeared.

The question now arose how to best carry out the King's command. Some cried execute him, others electrocute him, but many cried, burn him, burn him.

The last method was decided upon as most fitting, and to-night 'Ninety-Seven ends its great labors with the

CREMATION OF CALCULUS.

'97 Cremation Song.

AIR : *O Mother, Dear, Jerusalem.*

1.

O Calculus, O Calculus,
Thy awful reign is done.
Our last exam. is past, and now
Our pleasures have begun.

2.

For six long months beneath thy thrall
We've labored, toiled, and "bohned;"
Thy cruelty, thy cussedness,
Can never be condoned.

3.

Oft o'er thy pages have we pored
And burned the midnight oil,
In learning to construct and solve
Arch'medes' spiral coil.

4.

The conchoid, cycloid, lemniscate,
Made very pretty curves;
The formulae, A, B, C, D,
Completely took our nerves.

5.

Diff'rentiation was quite hard;
Integration was still worse;
While quadrature and cubature,
Of our kind was the curse.

6.

Our men from them have suffered much,
And nearly met defeat;
But on the authors of our ills
Revenge is very sweet.

7.

O Calculus, and thy henchmen,
Olney and Courtenay,
Through many tireless efforts, you
At last we've brought to bay.

8.

Here all of us have come prepared
To torture, hang, cremate,
And { after } we are through with you
{ now that }
May Hades be your fate.

9.

Olney, Courtenay, Calculus,
Infamous Trinity,
The limit there is not zero,
It is infinity.

10.

O Calculus, thy reign is o'er.
Our work with thee is done.
The torch to thee { will be } applied.
{ has been }
Our pleasures have begun. *Amen.*

E. R. H.

NOTE.—The whole song is to be sung before the torch is applied. After the cremation proper is well under way and the fire is burning briskly, the seventh stanza is to be started and the song sung from there to the end, using the second couplets in those lines where they occur.

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