

GALGULUS GREMATIONS

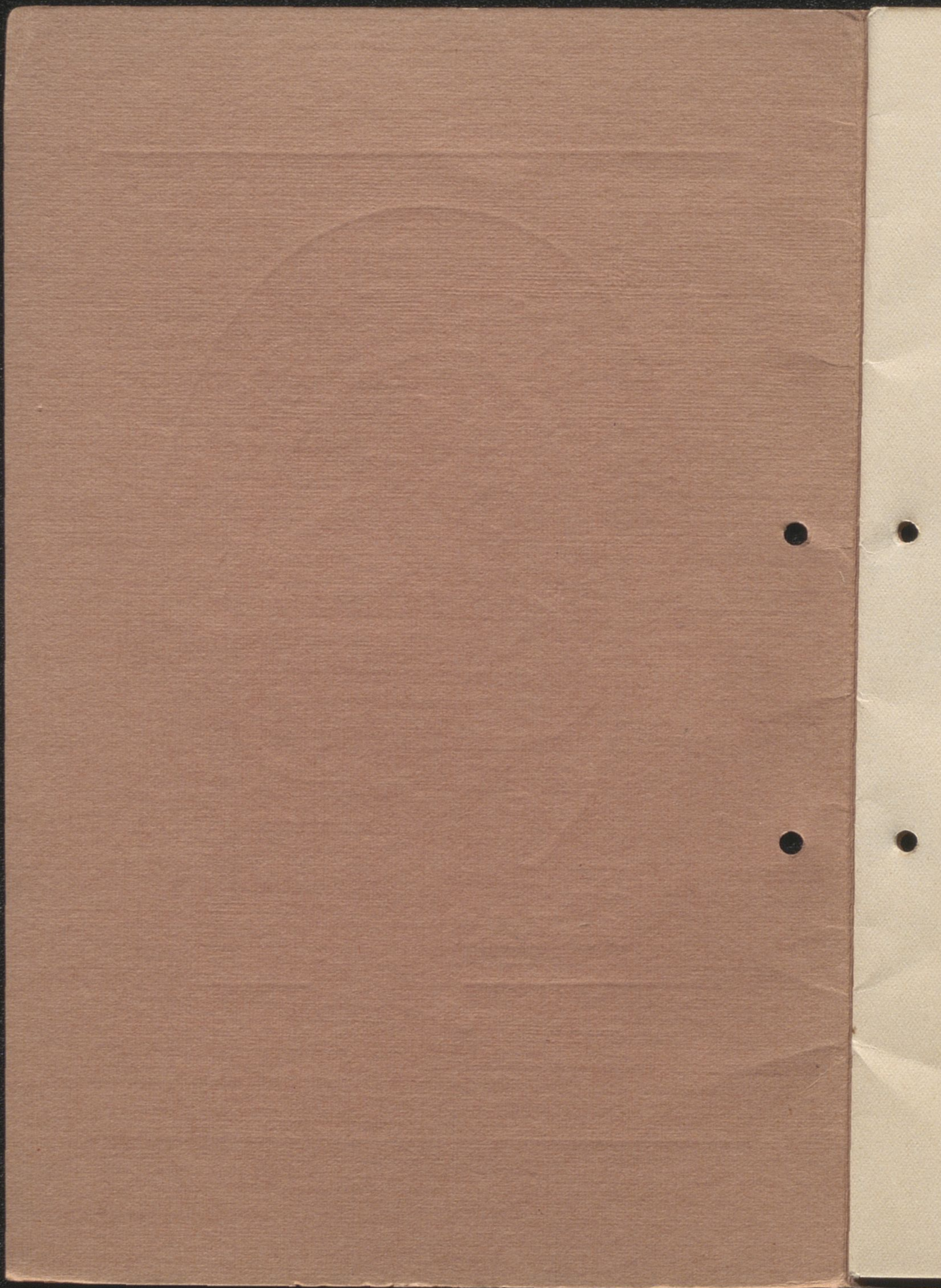


Glass

of

1911



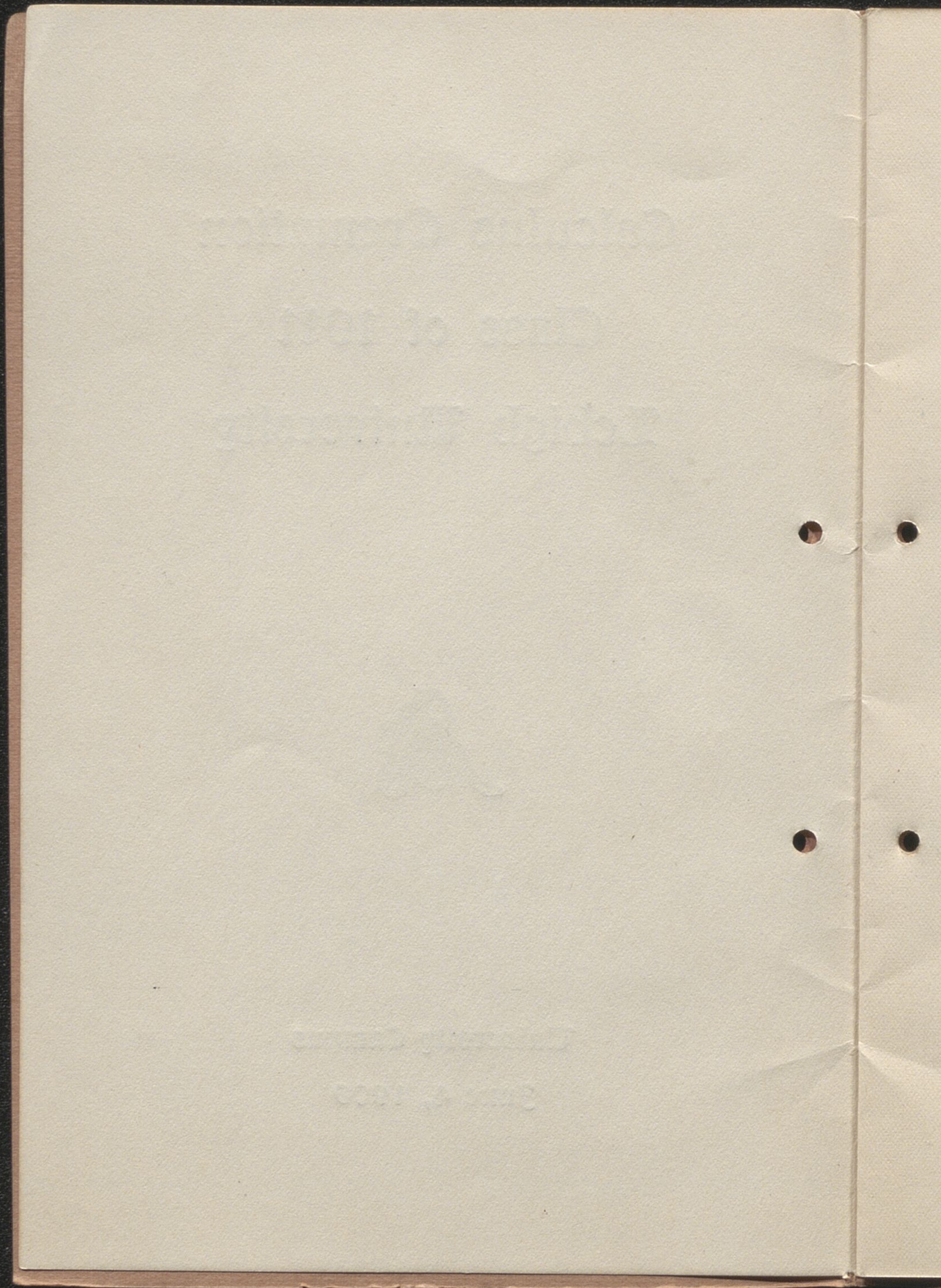


Calculus Cremation
Class of 1911
Lehigh University



University Campus

June 4, 1909



Order of Exercises



SCENE: THE COURT OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY,
THE RULER OF HADES.

MUSIC.

PROCESSION.

OPENING OF COURT.

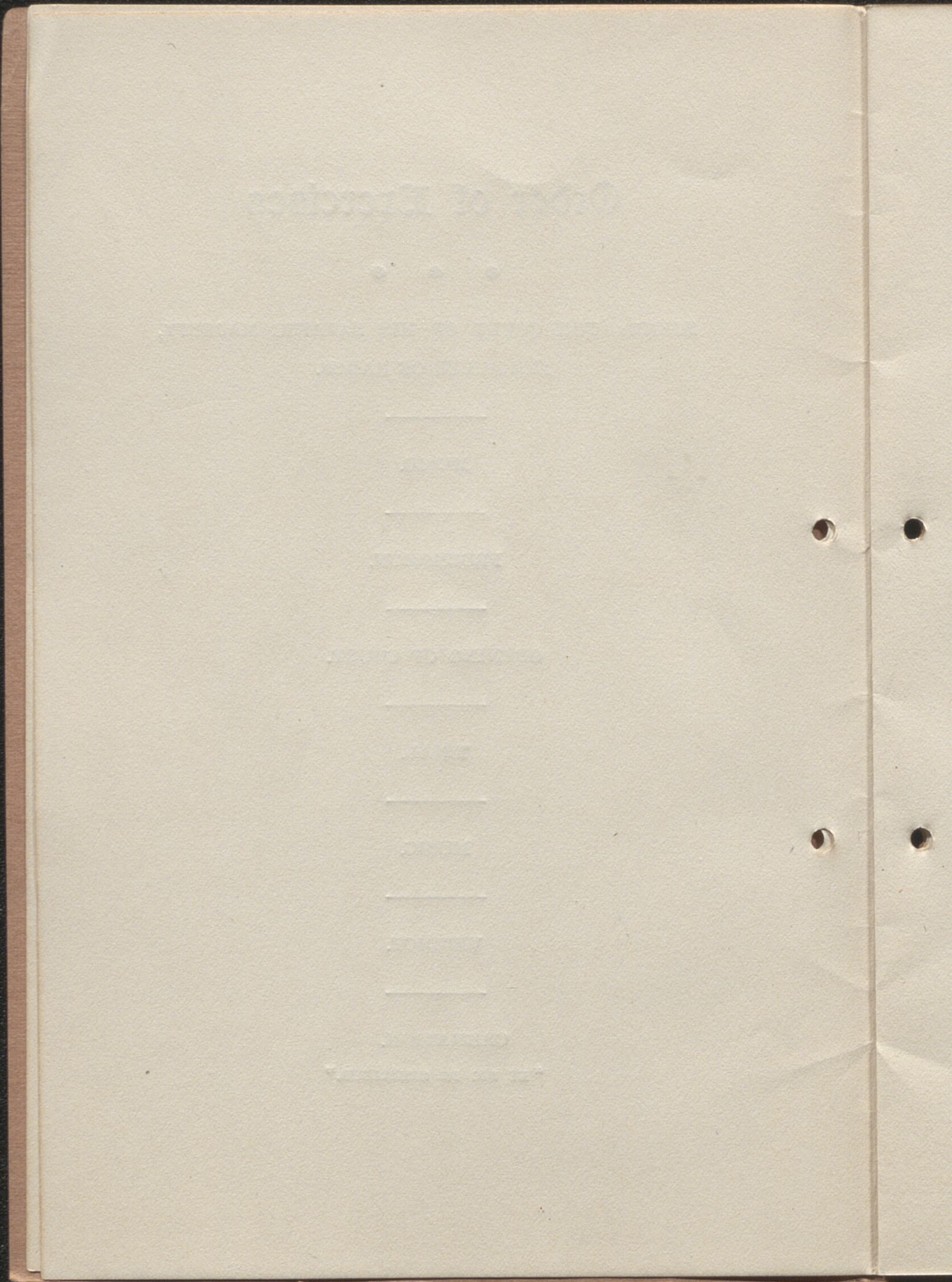
TRIAL.

MUSIC.

VERDICT.

CREMATION.

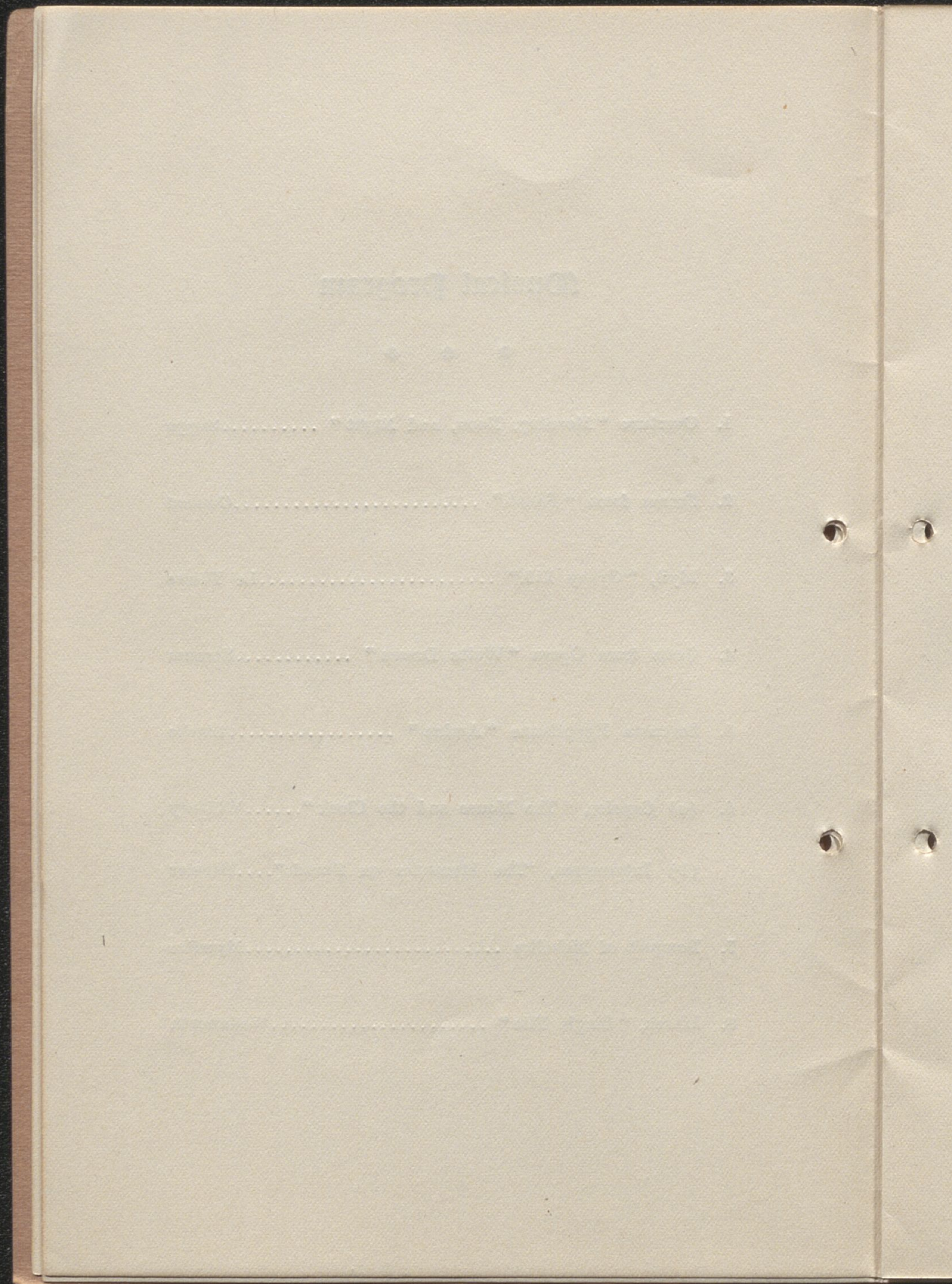
“ET SIC DE SIMILIBUS.”



Musical Program



1. Overture "Morning, Noon, and Night"Suppe
2. Scenes from "Faust"Gounod
3. Idyll, "Gypsy Life"Le Thiere
4. Gems from Opera "Waltz Dream"Strauss
5. Serenata Egyptienne "Amina"Lincke
6. (a) Caprice, "The Mouse and the Clock".....Whitney
(b) Intermezzo, "The Mummies on Parade"....Bernier
7. Bouquet of MelodiesMyrelles
8. March, "Single File"Wodsworth



Dramatis Personae



JUDGE

$$\int_0^{\frac{\pi}{2}} \int_0^{\frac{\pi}{2}} \int_0^R k \rho^5 \cos^7 \theta \cos \phi \, d\theta \, d\rho$$

ATTORNEY FOR PROSECUTION

$$e^{-\int X_1 dx} \left[\int e^{\int X_1 dx} X_2 dx + C \right]$$

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE

$$\int_0^{\frac{\pi}{2}} \int_0^{\frac{\pi}{2}} \int_0^R k \rho^4 \cos \theta \, d\phi \, d\theta \, d\rho$$

FOREMAN OF JURY

$$\int_{-\theta_0}^{+\theta_0} \int_0^R k \rho \cos \theta \, d\theta \, d\rho$$

GUARDS

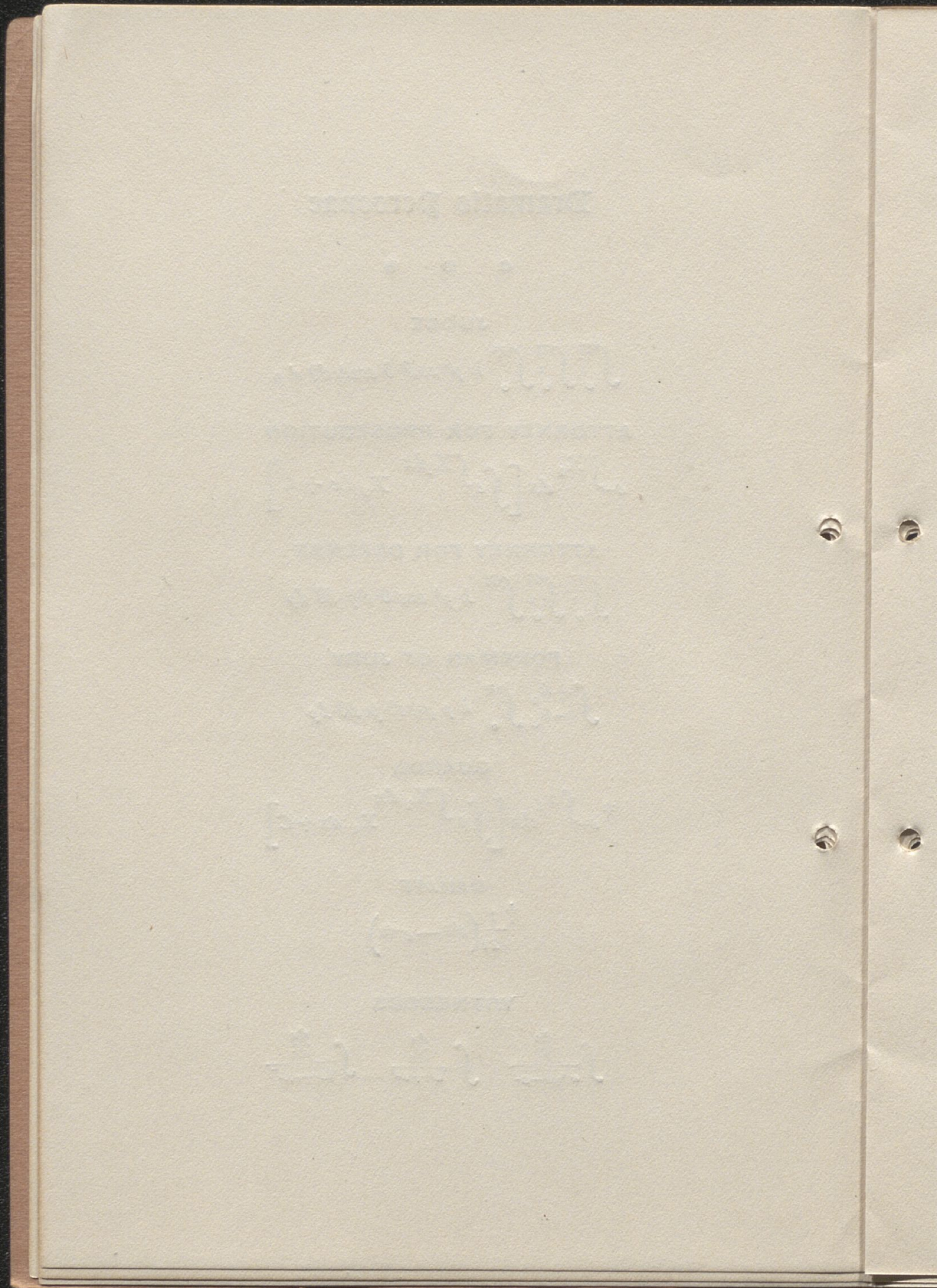
$$* e^{-\int x_1 dx} \left[\int e^{\int X_1 dx} X_2 dx + C \right]$$

BAILIFF

$$\dagger \frac{1}{2i} (e^{ix} - e^{-ix})$$

WITNESSES

$$\int \frac{\frac{du}{dx}}{u \sqrt{u^2 - a^2}} \quad \int \frac{\frac{du}{dx}}{a^2 + u^2} \quad \int \frac{\frac{du}{dx}}{\sqrt{a^2 - u^2}}$$



...Songs...



Down in Satan Town.

TUNE—"Down in Jungle Town."

Down in Satan Town
Came Thorny with many a frown
Soon came Satan too
Wanted to know, why all this row?
Thorny was sore that he couldn't flunk out any more
What were we to leave behind?
It was not hard to find—
Calculus!
Nothing to it!
We were just dancing through it.

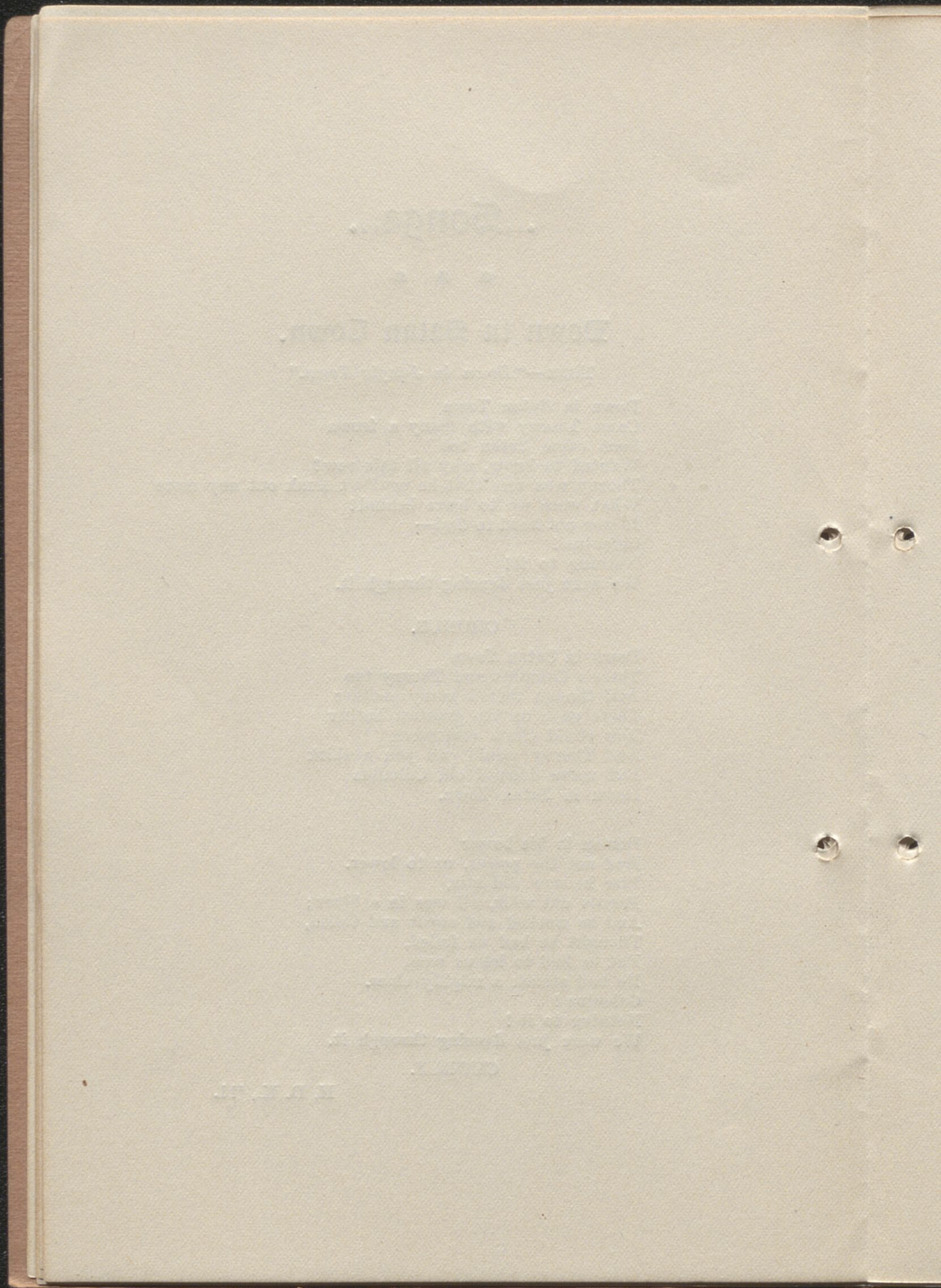
CHORUS.

Down in Satan Town
There's Calculus and Thorny too
And though there's many another
These gave us the greatest bother
You could think and work
And Thorny would call you a shirk
But we've downed old Calculus
Down in Satan Town.

Demon in his bower
Had not the power, us to lower.
Fire he now did stir,
Fagots did whir, all was in a blurr;
And he worked and sweat and toiled,
Thought he had us foiled,
But he had to let us pass,
He had struck a mighty class.
Calculus!
Nothing to it!
We were just dancing through it.

CHORUS.

H. D. K., '11.



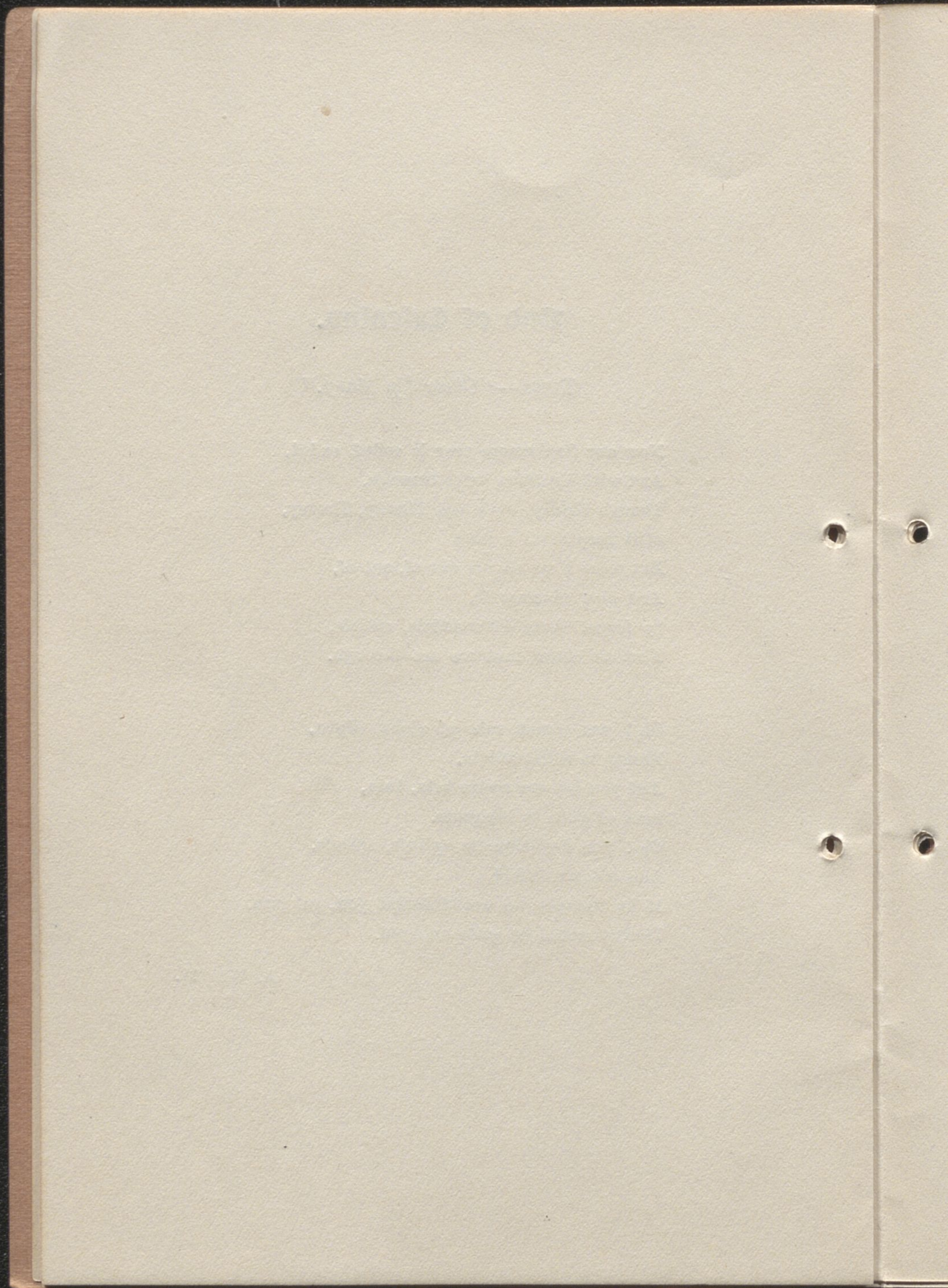
End of Calculus.

TUNE—“*Cheer Up Mary.*”

Now our Sophomore year is ended, ended,
And with Calculus we're through,
Though Sidney, Jack and Thorny, Thorny,
Still keep of us a few;
But class F we all are out of, out of,
And also of class E,
So forget those differentials, entials,
Now we know that we are through.

Oh! you secant cube of alpha, alpha,
Forms to differentiate,
And you log are cosine beta, beta,
Sons of guns to integrate.
Oh! you logarithmic spirals, spirals,
And polar cardioid;
If he thought we would forget you, get you,
Thorny would be quite annoyed.

A. W., '11.



Calculus minus U.

TUNE—"Blind Pig."

A little stocky Sophomore,
Way up on the third floor
Of Packer Hall was standing,
In front of Thorny's door.
The names of all the students,
Who were exempt were there
And this poor Sophomore wondered how his royal self did fare.
He stood upon a chair to see it well
And then he slowly started out to spell.

CHORUS.

C-A-L-C and L-S,
That spells it, well I should guess;
My, but there's no "u" there
It must be gone, I wonder where?
Pop Meaker overheard his talk
While he was picking up loose chalk
And said young man you must not pout
We had to go and leave you out.

H. W. P., '12.

1912

1913

1914

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1931

1932

1933

1934

The Sophomore's Song.

TUNE—"Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay."

There was an old fellow ;
Who, though he was mellow,
Made us work with might and main,
And taught us to struggle
With infinite trouble
To differentiate without pain.
His name is Pop Seeker,
Who made us the weaker,
With formulae very antique.
But now we are through
We have shown that we knew
More than we could be taught.

CHORUS.

Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay-I-Ay
Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!
We don't care what becomes of us
Now we've passed our Calculus.
Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay-I-Ay
Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay
Sing a song, clear and loud,
We are out of the cloud.
Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay.

J. L. B., '11.

