

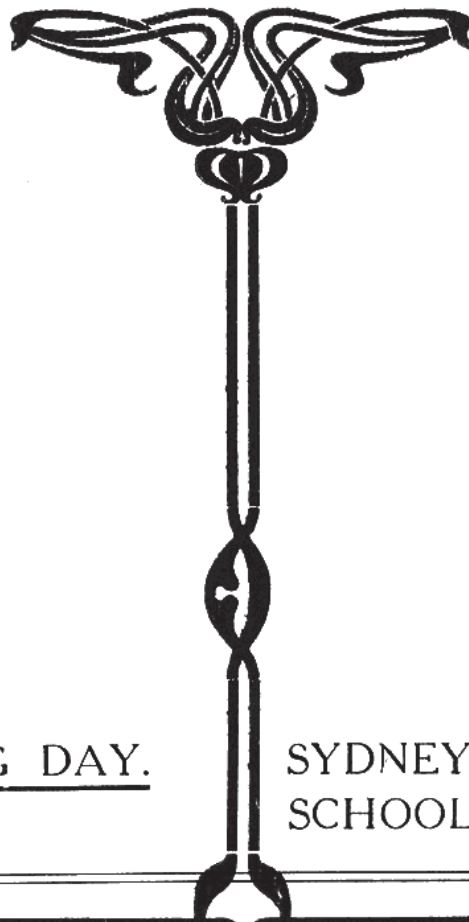
Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the best.

"Awhile to work, and after holiday."

VICTORIA COLLEGE.

STUDENTS' CARNIVAL

Thursday and Friday, 27th and
28th June, 1907, at 8 p.m. 𐄂



CAPPING DAY.

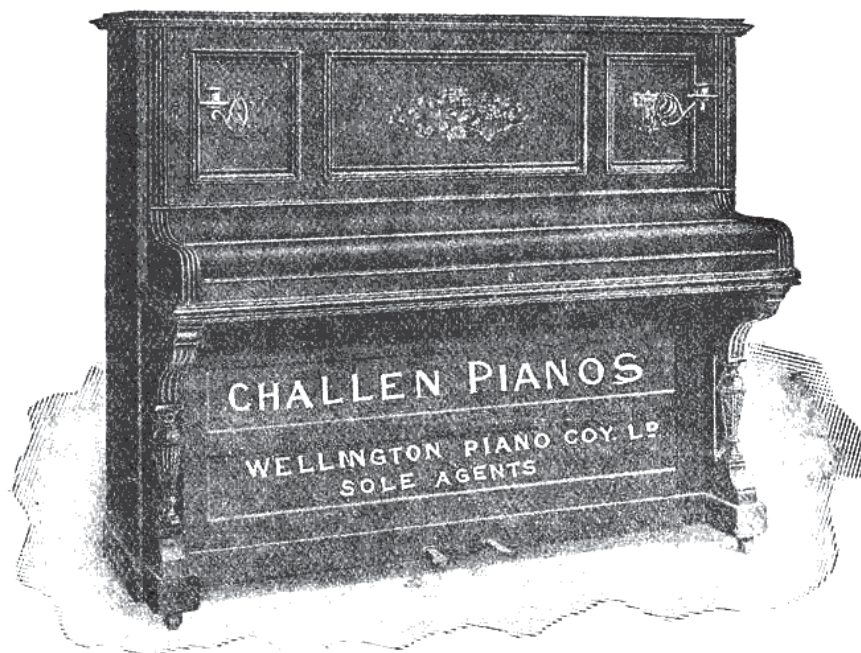
SYDNEY STREET
SCHOOLROOM.

N.Z. TIMES, PRINT.

The yearly course that brings this day about shall never see it but a holiday, wicked day, and not a holy day."—KING JOHN.

NOTE
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CHARLES BOWER COLLINS, LL.B.

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ERNEST JOHN HERBERT WEBB (of Otago University).

Bachelors of Arts.

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RUTH L. G. CLAYTON	WILLIAM HAROLD HOULT
MARGARET FRANCES DALE	DIAMOND JENNESS
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*Luce festa concinamus
Laureatos inuene;
Ad diploma gradientes
Concinamus virgines*

*Universitas salveto;
Cancellarius floreat;
Ad honores largiendos
Multos annos maneat.*

For Men's Overcoats at 32s 6d, 37s 6d, try James Smith and Sons, The New House.

"ALWAYS ON TOP!"

A...

Woodrow Hat

IS THE

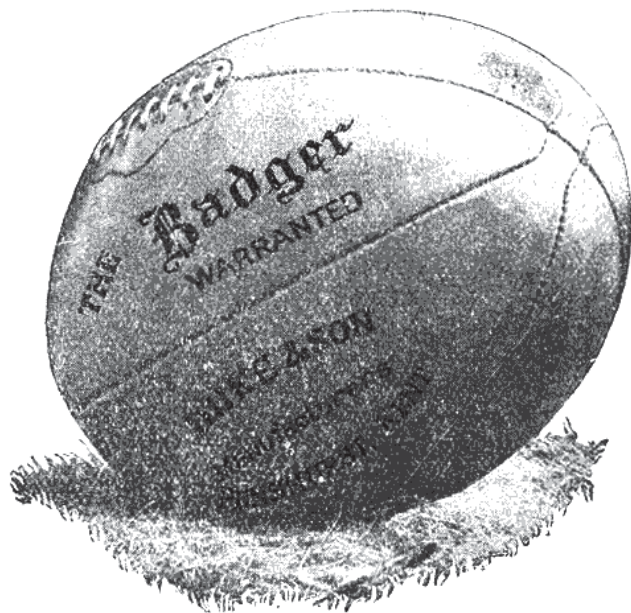
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A MAN CAN WEAR.

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LOVERS of those popular Muscle Making and Health Creating Exercises will find a large and varied assortment of suitable material for the above games always on hand. All from reliable makers and at bedrock prices.



GEORGE WINDER, Ironmonger,
Corner MANNERS and CUBA STREETS.

THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

*Academ colimus Minerva
Acti desiderio
Artes nosse liberales
Hoc in Hemispherio*

*Aedem colimus Musarum
Sub Australi sidere ;
Nos a Musis maria longa
Nequeunt dividere.*

*Studiosi, studiosae
Captant sapientiam ;
Circa venti turbulenti
Auferunt desidiam.*

*Omnium Collegiorum
Surgit hoc novissimum :
Ergo vires juveniles
Exhibent fortissimum.*

*Nomen quod profert, sodale
Fausto sit oraculo ;
Ut Deus regno reginae
Faveat curriculo.*

*Per vias laboriosas
Doctrinarum omnium
Docti ducunt professores
Obsequens servitium.*

*Corpus sanum ne sit absen
Properamus ludere
Subter iugum occipantes
Fuste pilum trudere.*

*Oratores, Oratrices
Audias effundere
Voces dignas Cicerone
Et sellas pertundere*

CHORUS—

*Oh Victoria, sempiterna
Sit tibi felicitas ;
Alma mater, peramata
Per actates maneat.*

GAUDEAMUS.

*Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus ;
Post jucundam juventutem
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.*

*Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter
Nemini parcetur.*

*Pereat Tristitia,
Pereant osiores !
Pereat diabolus
Anti-Academicus
Atque irrisores !*

*Vivat Academia
Vivant Professores
Vivat membrum quodlibet
Vivant membra quaelibet
Semper sint in flore :*

*Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae !
Vivant et mulieres,
Tenerae, amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae.*

*Floreat Eduardus Rex
Haud minus quam Mater
Ob virtutes sic ametur
Optimus ut appelletur
Patriaeque Pater.*

For Men's Soft Coloured Shirts at 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d,
Try James Smith and Sons, The New House.

You will find "Lucy" alright.

A FEW PLAIN RECIPES.

(By "MRS. BEETON.")

"Well then, we'll make a hash of it."—*Coriolanus*.

*Air: "If you want a receipt for that popular mystery"—Patter Song
from "Patience."*

IF you want a receipt for that man at the 'Varsity
Known to the world as a dignified Prof.,
Just take all the scholars you know of in our City,
Get a good tune and then rattle them off;
The wit of Mackenzie who takes Anglo-Saxon,
The book of a Salmond who wrote on the Law,
Defence by a Richmond of Brook from an action,
Sarcasm of Murphy we always adore;
The brains of Maclaurin who's full of diversity,
Doctor of Laws at a Home University,
Rabbit of Kirk's, and a Frog—just a touch of it—
Smell of an Easterfield—not very much of it—
Go of a Hunter, the dash of a Von,
Latin and Greek of our classical John.

Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt 'em all down in a beaker or crucible,
Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,
And a dignified Prof. is the residuum.

If you want a receipt for an undergrad. typical,
Get if you can the great genius of Joynt,
The li'rary powers of H. Bodley the mythical,
Wit of Jim Dykes when he's making his point;
A little of Joe from Taihape's insanity,
Cheek of James Moore when he's boarding a barque
The style of a Plunket with Masher Clark's vanity,
Speed of Bill Wallace when taking a mark;
The powers of endurance of Cæsar or Hannibal
Appetite ever like that of a cannibal,
Great veneration for Doctor Gibb's piety,
Milligan's waistcoats in greatest variety,
Charms of George Toogood addressing the beak,
Rhet'ric of Hislop when deigning to speak.

Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt 'em all down in a beaker or crucible,
Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,
A typical student's the residuum.

**For Men's Suits to Measure at £4 4s, Try James Smith and Sons,
The New House.**

If you want a receipt for a Parliamentarian,
Get all the cheek of a Deakin at Home,
Good-nature of Aitken our solid old Mary Ann,
Business-like methods of Joe Ward at Rome ;
The speeches of Findlay, the great after-dinner man,
Air of a Wilford addressing the Bench,
The virtues of Balfour as rendered by Bannerman,
Genius of Bonaparte leading the French ;
Our Paddy O'Regan on Fisher's abilities,
Charlie H. Mills and his improbabilities,
Barber of Wellington, William of Germany,
Duthie on Finance and Roosevelt on Tammany,
Public opinion of San 'Frisco mails,
Government surpluses, Suffragette wails.

Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt 'em all down in a beaker or crucible,
Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,
A political man is the residuum.

NOT THE SORT OF THING WE CARE ABOUT.

"Poins, Poins, these be noisome fellows."—HENRY IV.

TUNE—" *She's not the sort of girl I care about.*"—RUNAWAY GIRL.

We've some people in our College,
Whose excessive love of knowledge
Is a danger to themselves and to the rest.
Though an ardent zeal for learning
We are very far from spurning,
Yet against the selfish student we protest.
For the male or female hermit,
Or the "swat," as you may term it,
Is a neutral type of creature we abhor,
When all outdoor recreations,
With their social obligations,
Are forgotten in the mad pursuit of lore.

CHORUS.

Well, it rises with the lark,
And it swats till after dark,
And it never has a moment it can spare, no doubt,
And its talk is all exam.
And the benefit of cram,—
Well I don't think that's the sort of thing we care
about.

**For Everything in Men's Wear, Try James Smith and Sons,
The New House.**

Smoke "LUCY HINTON" Tobacco.

Then the type of youthful joker,
Who in high and mighty choker
Has begun his university career,
Might extend the transformation
Of his garb by gravitation
To the limbs that fundamentally appear
Though from school emancipated,
He has not yet graduated
To the dignity of trousered longitude.
And although he be precocious,
Yet his pants are quite atrocious,
And upon æsthetic grounds to be eschewed.

CHORUS

Yes, he wears them in the hall,
And he wears them at the ball,
But there seems to be no prospect of their wearing out,
So until he will discard
Or extend them by a yard
Well, I don't think he's the sort of chap we'll care
about.

There's the person whose emphatic
Disregard of democratic
Institutions of the College stamps a snob;
There's the casual professor
And apologetic "messenger"
Who through lack of preparation shirks his job.
The superior official,
With omnipotent initial,
By events is proved a most peculiar joint
In creating expectations
After our examinations
Which absurd delays seem doomed to disappoint.

CHORUS.

Well, the snob may still proceed
To obtrude on us its creed,
And the prof. his incoherencies to air about,
And the "joint" withhold the fate
Of the anxious candidate;
But I don't think they're the sort of folk we care about.

But the man whose chief endeavour
Is to serve his college ever,
And maintain her pride of place by word and deed,
Who in contest most heroic
Bears disaster like a Stoic,
With a heart that on to victory must lead,
And the girl who's just as "gritty"
In the field or in committee,

**Business Suits to Order, £4 4s, James Smith and Sons,
The New House.**

You will find "Lucy" alright.

Whose companionship our grosser clay refines,—
These by natural selection
Are the choice of our affection,
And their type the best of all our life enshrines.

CHORUS.

So remembe from this verse
You are better, you are worse,
In proportion to your share of triumph, share of rout;
When you try to do your best,
Do it so to help the rest,
And I fancy you'll be one of those we care about.

GO TO COLL.

"TO THE WORLD AT LARGE."—BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

TUNE—"Go to Sea."

"The true embodiment of everything that's excellent."—IOLANTHE.

Do you want to know the finest life that's ever to be had?
Go to Coll, my lads, go to Coll.
Do you want to live the life of a jolly undergrad?
Go to Coll, my lads, go to Coll.
Oh, whether you take Arts or Mathematics,
Pol. Econ., Mental Sci. or Hydrostatics,
Or Jurisprudence, Law or Ancient Classics,
Philosophy that never makes you sad,
Go to Coll, Yes, go to Coll.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Coll we'll go,
And we'll make of you a jolly undergrad.
It's a life one ought to lead,
And improve by act and deed,
It's the best that's to be had.

"But yesterday I caught him in the dairy eating fresh butter with a table-spoon. To-day he is not well."—PATIENCE.

If you want to know what fees to pay and whom to pay
them to,
Go to Powles, my lads, go to Powles.
If you want to keep your first terms and don't know what
to do,
Go to Powles, my lads, go to Powles.
And if you want to be matriculated,
Have the rules of the Coll elaborated,
Your golden guineas all appropriated,
And while you wait receipts made out to you—
Go to Powles, Yes, go to Powles.

**For Men's Shirts and Ties, Try James Smith and Sons,
The New House.**

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

"Come, now, tell the truth for once."—PRINCESS IDA.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Powles we'll go,
And we'll make of you a jolly undergrad.
If you don't pay up in time,
He'll make you stand a fine,
It's a thing to do he's glad.

If you want to write good Latin Prose and do not know
the way,
Go to John, my lads, go to John.
If you want to talk in ancient Greek the livelong night
and day,
Go to John, my lads, go to John.
Of classic puns (?) you want an explanation,
On Cæsar's Gallic War a dissertation,
Concerning Cicero a peroration,
Or be the hero in a Grecian Play.
Go to John, Yes, go to John

"Your lordly style we'll quickly quench."—IOLANTHE.

Then Yeo Ho, away to John we'll go,
And we'll make of you a chronic classic swot.
If you don't attend in class,
You can never get a pass,
It's a little way he's got.

'VARSITY MIXTURE.

(By HAZELWOOD.)

They played him a sonata—let me see:
" *Medulla oblongata* "—key of G,
Then they began to sing that extremely lovely thing
" *Scherzando ma non troppo, p.p.p.* "—GILBERT.

AIR—" *Under the Anheuser Bush.* "

I.

Talk about the bees as they buzz round a hive,
Nothing to the numbers we turn out alive;
Up at Salamanca one frequently sees
Dozens and dozens of such LL. Bees.
Mauri is the Bumble that sits on the throne,
Dealing out his honey in somnolent drone;
In his flowered language his subjects he tells,
How with success they may fill up the cells.

**For Men's Hard Felt Hats at 7s 6d, 10s 6d each, Try James
Smith and Sons, The New House.**

CHORUS.

Buzz, buzz, hark to the hum of them
Busily flitting about;
Buzz, buzz, what's to become of them
When the whole swarm is let out?
See that you feed them not,
They are a hungry lot. Buzz!
Fees, fees, constitute the food of these
Hundreds of Law Loving Bees.

II.

Have you seen a comet ablaze in the sky?
We've been having one far too bright for the eye;
While it was in sight all the stars seemed to pale,
But, sad to say, it soon waggled its tail.
Heaven guide its course in its fiery descent,
Now it's draughting laws for our Parl-i-a-ment;
This without a doubt soon its fire will quench,
And at the last 'twill descend to the bench.

CHORUS.

Past, past, see in the track of it
Victims lie scattered around.
Past, past, now for the lack of it
All is in darkness profound.
Hark to the victims' views,
Strange are the words they use. Hush!
Past, past ever will their wonder last,
Why 'twas they did not pass too.

III.

Rave about the critics of lit'rary fame,
We have got a brace that will put them to shame.
Joynt, the Registrar, and John Rankin, the Prof.,
Judge of the verses on Cures for a Cough.
Shakespeare and his works are alright in their way,
Vergil may have held a high place in his day,
But however great these old poets may be,
They can't compare with H. Pollen, M.D.

CHORUS.

John, John, friend of Euripides,
M.A. of Oxford renown!
Joynt, Joynt, who with insipid ease
Make every honour your own!
O, I have such a cold,
Where is the best cure sold? Oh!
John, John. I congratulate you on
Being so learned a judge.

For Men's Pyjamas at 6s 11d, 7s 11d, 10s 6d, Try James
Smith and Sons, The New House.

You will find "Lucy" alright.

IV.

Rumours are afloat of a College Hotel,
Somewhere for the poor homeless student to dwell,
So that when he comes in to meals a bit late,
He'll not be met by a housewife irate.
There it will be safe for the meekest to dwell,
For it's going to be a no-license hotel;
There we shall be cared for like chicks by a hen,
Breakfast at seven and lights out at ten.

Boys, boys, no more shinanikin',
Good-bye to revels and sprees;
Milk, boys, milk by the pannikin,
Water as much as you please.
O, it will make of you
Saints of the rarest hue. What ho!
Do, do, come and have a term or two
Up at the College Hotel.

GOOD FELLOWS ALL.

*"Strike the concertina's melancholy string;
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything;
Let the piano's martial blast rouse the echoes of the past,
For of Gilly, Prince of Fellows, do I sing."*—GILBERT.

AIR—"The Deathless Army."

The sun had gone from the field of play,
Our hopes had fled with its parting ray,
For the stronger side had won the day,
But yet we were still undaunted.
Freshmen, Grads and Veterans old,
Played and fought for the green and gold,
With a pass and a kick and a whizzing stick,
In the fight for our Alma Mater.

CHORUS.

Playing for the dear old College,
Veteran and raw recruit,
And its run and pass and collar,
And its stop and hit and shoot.

Full fifty years had been gone before
I stood in the College halls once more,
And a volume lying there I saw,
With its pages torn and tattered.
Heavily mustily reeking old,
Moths had eaten and biting mould.
Yet names stood out in their lettered gold,
Of the men who had fought for college.

For Men's Sweaters at 5s 6d, 6s 6d each, Try James Smith and Sons, The New House.

And as I looked on the letters' blaze,
Remembrance came of College days.
Dimly I saw through a golden haze,
Every face that was once familiar.
But the men were scattered far and wide,
Who'd played the game oot side by side,
Yet the same old banner still I spied,
The Green and the Gold of College.

CHORUS.

Fighting for the dear old College,
Heeding not reward or pay,
Was the cry of the men before us,
Let it be our cry to-day.

—WILLONIA.

**LUCE FESTA CONCINAMUS LAUREATOS
INVENE.**

"I grant you, pretty fellows."—HENRY IV.

AIR—"Our Noble Selves."

Come pledge we deep the heroes of the fight
Who took the weight of learning's weary load,
A chorus for the victors in the fight,
The man who never faltered on the road.
There's a wondrous combination, I declare,
Of pretty, and of witty,
On the slate.
We all agree there's none that can compare
In knowledge with the College
Graduate

Of scholarship they've reaped in quite a store,
For Jenness went and scooped the double trick;
This champion of 3 B has got a score,
That Auckland and Otago couldn't lick.
We've a light'ning conductor who's a dream,
A scholar, who can collar
Chemistry.
So watch for his beat when he gets up steam,
Instructor and conductor
Of the glee.

And don't forget that scholarship of "Eich,"
Who owns the broadest smile in all the land,
The epic bard of sausages and "Spike,"
Whose hockey cap inspires the German band.
Now fill to Mac a bumper to the brim,
A bumper, that's a thumper
Celebrate.
To Muses on Parnassus, drown the brim!
We owe it to our Poet
Laureate.

**For Warm Travelling Rugs, Try James Smith and Sons,
The New House.**

Smoke "LUCY HINTON" Tobacco.

Then pledge a canny Scot who served his time
A twelve months' hard as "sub" to "Spiky Bill,"
And Barnett in his mathematic prime,
And Fair who neatly husbanded a spill.
But none of those we sing will e'er surpass
Our Billy, surnamed Gilly,
In our sight,
Though, sad to say, he now prefers, alas!
His Melbourne to our Kelburne
On the height.

There's Murphy, our debater, from the South,
Whose tongue is india-rubber on the spree,
And Fitz who won the contest of the mouth
Against the best in all the 'Varsity.
There's an Irish fascination in their speech,
Debating or orating
In the fore;
There's not another pebble on the beach
When Barney with his blarney
Takes the floor.

But many are the graduates to come,
The Beagle and the steady-going Bee;
So many that we cannot mention some
Whose glory it delighteth us to see
In silken decoration of the hood.
Our duty to the beauty
Of the girls,
Who lead the van of learning as they should,
This dancy and entrancing
Set of pearls.

Before we go let's pledge what might have been,
A school of law we hardly can surmise!
For Salmond came upon us as a dream,
Or nightmare, but to vanish from our eyes.
It was *Salmon grat-i-a* at his exam,
So cautious, almost tortious,
With his pass;
But famous far as Isis and the Cam,
More spicy far than Dicev,
In his class.

So pledge we deep the heroes of the fight
Who took the weight of learning's weary load;
A chorus for the victors in the fight,
The men who never faltered on the road.
There's a wondrous combination, we declare,
Of pretty and of witty
On the slate;
We all agree there's none that can compare
In knowledge with the College
Graduate.

Wallace and Gibson, "The Kash," for Hats and Hosiery.

You will find "Lucy" alright.

"Nesciā mens hominum fati sortisque futurae."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SELF-MADE CROWN LAW DRAUGHTSMAN.

(By SUUM CUIQUE.)

*We are the folks that a-summering went :—
This is the end of our summering,* —H. C. BUNNER.

TUNE—"Yo ho, little girls, yo ho," from "A Country Girl."

When I took on law I clearly saw
What a great jurist I'd be,
So I swotted hard with due regard
For things in store for me.
And I wrote a book which so quite took
The Council by surprise,
That they said with glee in him we see
Good profit for our L.S.D.,
Pufendorf in disguise. (Bis.)

Let's make him a Professor
To specialise in law;
Once under way he'll talk all day,
Foundation stones of learning lay.
"Right you are, my hearties," replied Chairman Sir
Bob;
"Just drop him a line and get him to sign
On for a five years' job."

So I quickly came to spread my fame,
I knew I'd make a hit.
Jurisprudence I taught students
With consummate merit.
And I proved Austin was quite lost in
Legal discussion trite,
That Blackstone, Bentham, Henry Maine
Gave exposition quite insane;
My own alone were right. (Bis.)

Yo ho, undergrads, yo ho!
For my book you ought to know,
If you want to be an LL.B.,
Chief Justice of the Colony,
The "second" greatest jurist in Australasia,
An M.L.C., a great J.P.,
Or the College Registrar.

At the terms' exams I showed what crams
Undergraduates can be;
They were so outclassed I only passed
'Bout one in twenty-three.
For if my great work they chose to shirk
(In sooth, what arrogance!),
Prospective B.A.'s, LL.B.'s,
With senior schols tucked up their sleeves.
Had but a Buckley's chance. (Bis.)

Wallace and Gibson, "The Kash," for Hats and Hosiery.

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

And I let the Prof. Board know
I meant to rule the show;
Should any one my lectures shun,
They would soon find out what would be done.
Now, budding senior scholars, just take a tip from me,
For my exam you must not cram
If you want an arts degree.

Last diploma day I had my say,
And myself did advertise,
For I talked with zest and did my best
To open all men's eyes.
And I pointed out without a doubt
A state of things most lax,
When by our laws, solicitors
Enter the bar through the back doors
By "Law Practitioners' Acts " (Bis.)

This disgraceful rule, I said,
We must get amended;
Such imprudence and lack of sense
Puts a premium on indolence.
The law must be abolished; 'tis meet we should enact
That all K.C.'s without degrees
Immediately be sacked.

When a year passed by, I saw how high
Was my reputation,
Till one fine day there came my way
A deputation.
And Joe Ward said, "I shall want drafted
A Braund Suppression Bill,
If increased screw I give to you,
Will you bid adieu to all the crew
On Salamanca Hill?" (Bis.)

But I answered, "Half a mo.,
Just wait a bit, Sir Joe;
It sounds all right in a Premier's speech,
But I agreed five years to teach."
"Rats!" replied King Joseph; "should the Council
get stormy,
I've told Findlay what he must say
(He's chairman, don't you see)."

Since I've won my bays, I get much praise,
And not without just cause,
For now I am the greatest man
In the office of Crown Laws.
Though it is a fact I did compact
To stay five years or more,
The breach of course gave no remorse,
For the contract had no binding force.
Thus spake the great Doctor: (Bis.)

"Since 'ex nudo pacto non oritur actio,'
Is a rule of law, dear Professor,
Existing from the time of Noah,
Forget Victoria College, since this one fact is true,
The Government will rest content,
Now that it has got you."

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX.

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GIVE THEM A TRIAL.

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*"Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or student you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let Lankshear have full knowledge."*—HENRY VI.

PROGRAMME.



Thursday and Friday Evenings, at 8 o'clock.

"Your grace may enter now."—HENRY VIII.

PART I.

1. CAPPING SONG—(a.) "The Song of Victoria College." (page 3)
"O, I smell false Latin."—LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.
(b.) "A Few Plain Recipes." (page 4)
"Out upon your pot-pourris!"—A COMEDY OF ERRORS.
2. RECITATION— .. "The Languid Man." .. DR. D. N. ISAACS
"Well, give me the moiety—are you a party in this business?"
—WINTER'S TALE.
3. GLEE— (a.) "Carnivale" .. } VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
(b.) Trio .. }
"I thank you for your most sweet voices."—CORIOLANUS.
4. SOLO—"When the Tide Comes in." (Millard) MISS EDITH MARTIN
"How chance thou art returned so soon?"—COMEDY OF ERRORS.
5. CAPPING SONG—"Not the sort of Man we care about." (page 5)
"Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!"—KING JOHN.
6. SOLO MISS RITA LYON
"Madam, his majesty doth call for you."—RICHARD III.
7. HAKA
"Peace, peace, be not so loud."—CORIOLANUS.
8. SOLO—"A Southern Song" (Landon Ronald) MISS MAY NEWMAN
"We nothing are constrained to hear her out."—AS YOU LIKE IT.
9. GLEES—(a.) "The Watchword"
(b.) Quartette—"Calm be Thy Slumber"
VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
*"List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love."*—HAMLET.
10. CAPPING SONG—"Go to Coll." (page 7)
*"Now you are come,
To say you are welcome were superfluous."*—PERICLES.

"Thus far, and so farewell awhile."—CYMBELINE.

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

Wallace and Gibson, "The Kash," for Hats and Hosiery.



By Special Ap
His Excellency

EQUALLED

EXCELLED

N.B.—Ladies
a Spec

DAVI
CLAT

Men's Merc
and
WELL

You will find "Lucy" alright.

PROGRAMME—Continued.

PART II.

"THE GOLDEN CALF"
or "Sundry Shrines and Divers Altars."

A Musical Extravaganza by "Munchums."

Tableau I.—The Brazen Hide.

SOLO .. "The Lay of the Brazen Hide" .. MR. A. H. BOGLE

Tableau II.—"The Idol Broom."

SOLO .. "A Recipe for Mary Ann." .. MISS MAY NEWMAN

SOLO .. "The Turn of the Tied." .. G. W. REID

Tableau III.—"The Golden Fleece."

DUET .. "The Common Fate." .. MISS D. & DR. D. N. ISAACS

Tableau IV.—"Pen and Sward."

SOLO .. "The Champion of Cram." .. MR. A. W. NEWTON

SUPPER PROGRAMME.

"Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued
Is and shall be my appetite for food."—C. S. CALVERLEY.

TOAST— .. "The King" .. "God Save the King"

TOAST— .. "The Graduates" .. W. PERRY

REPLY— .. H. E. EVANS

CAPPING SONG—First verse. (page 7)

TOAST— "The College Council" .. H. F. O'LEARY

REPLY— .. T. R. FLEMING

TOAST—"The Professors" .. F. P. KELLY

REPLY— .. PROFESSOR MACKENZIE

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS WON AT EASTER TOURNAMENT.

REPLY— .. D. S. SMITH

TOAST— "Absent Friends" ..

STUDENTS' SONG.

To the true University man let us fill,
Hard player, high thinker, wide reader, at will—
Who serves first College and after, himself,
Whose care is for knowledge and not for pelf.
Who tilts not the dye with a kindling eye,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Here's life and luck to the College girl,
Likes she piety, tea, or Lancers' whirl;
Who risks at the net the tail o' the sun,
And "sticks" at hockey scorns to shun.
Who drains not lief till the last drop dry,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

DANCE:

"All met
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours!"—HENRY VI.

Wallace and Gibson, "The Kash," for Hats and Hosiery.



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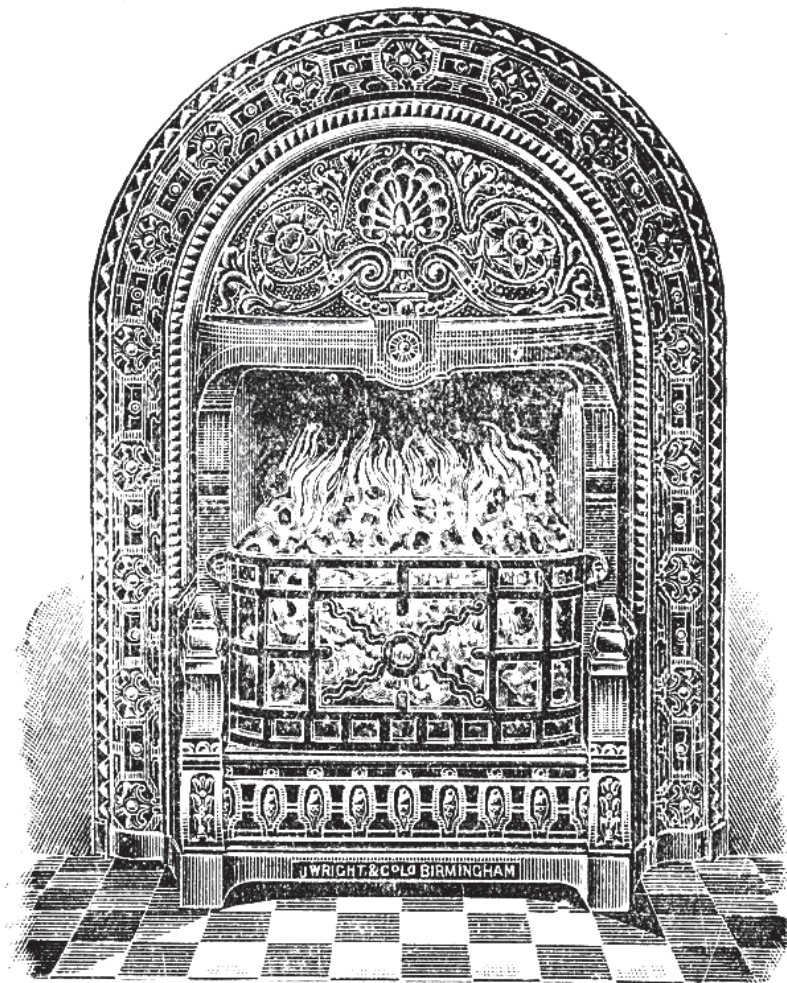
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WELLINGTON.**

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

"The heathen in their blindness bow down to wood and stone."

The Golden Calf

—OR—

Sundry Shrines and Divers Altars.

Showing how idolatrous generations prostrate
themselves before heathen shrines.



A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA by "MUNCHUMS."

(S. Eichelbaum, S. S. Mackenzie, and F. A. de la Mare.)

—

Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Rossini, Weber, and other Celebrated
Composers.

Tableau I.—THE BRAZEN HIDE.

[DOYLE v. BROOK. An interesting case brought before A. W. McArthur, S.M., illustrating the principle "*Ignorantia juris non excusat*." James Brook, caretaker of Victoria College, buried a cow (named "Star") in the College grounds. James Doyle, Inspector of Nuisances, prosecuted. Counsel for the defendant (Professor M. W. Richmond) explained that Mr. Brook was ignorant of the law, that the act was done openly, without any "brazen" attempt to "hide" the cow. A large quantity of lime was used to fulfil the requirements of public health. Judgment for plaintiff, fined 7s. This judgment undoubtedly sound in principle. Extract from Salmond's "Leading Cases."]

OPENING CHORUS.

AIR—"Huntsman's Chorus, from WILLIAM TELL (ROSSINI).

They fashioned their Gods in the wilderness
Of old, and smirched the desert's face;
They wrote their faith on the drifting sand,
But ours we flaunt in the market-place.
Fill the seats of the mighty in Dives' name,
For only the purple shall win grace,
And only the poor be clay and base:
O, kneel to the King that the wise acclaim!

Wallace and Gibson, "The Kash," for Hats and Hosiery.

Your ancient Gods from their altars hale,
And drag in the dust your pride and worth:
For the meek shall inherit the kindly earth
And the fruits thereof, who acknowledge Baal.
We have sloughed the garb of our servitude
To the churches' creeds that are lootless feud,
And have made of Honour a tinkling name:
O, kneel to the King that the wise acclaim!

CHORUS.

AIR—"Bend low to the wise-men." from "*Utopia*."—(Sullivan).

Oh, bend low to this altar,
Where we falter,
Groping blindly in the shadow of mystery;
For as dim as the moontide
Is the noontide
As we bow in the dawn of Life's history.
So bend low to Osiris,
Bow to Isis,
Others too in our impartiality.
We are speechless in wonder
At the thunder
Which heralds each hidden divinity.

(Bis.)—

So bow down in the noonshine
And the moonshine,
Groping blindly in the shadow of mystery.

Now rise up from your slumber.
Let us number
All the students of this great University
At the shrine on the top floor,
By the hop floor,
There to worship in greatest diversity.
'Tis the pride of the College,
All acknowledge,
And the priestess beams smiling civility;
She would never spoil sport or
Pour cold water
When you worship with fitting humility.

(Bis.)—

So make way for the priestess,
Nor go feastless,
All ye students of this great University.

You will find "Lucy" alright.

THE LAY OF THE BRAZEN HIDE.

(PROF. MEMENTO XMORI.)

*"Alike to no such aureate earth are turned,
As buried once Men want dug up again."*—OMAR KHAYYAN.

AIR—"Legende de la Mère Angot," from "La Fille de la Mère Angot."

SOLO—

A centre of perfections,
A cow of matchless grace;
Men came from all directions
To gaze upon her face.
Beside her dwelt some rabbits,
Unseemly in their greed;
Of vegetarian habits,
They bolted all her feed.

CHORUS (Bis.)—

Ne'er complaining, nought containing, that poor
bovine chewed her cud,
Death ensuing, stopped her mooing, nipped her
suffering in the bud.

The obsequies were hurried,
Though not through lack of time;
At midnight was she buried
With honour and with lime.
But fame will e'er survive us,
And spite of all their toil,
Came Sherlock redivivus,
By Jimmy Conan Doyle.

CHORUS (Bis.)—

On the morrow, to their sorrow, up before the beak
arraigned
Him they sent O, Prof. Memento Xmori was the
man retained.

I quoted Maine and Salmond
On buried cats and dogs;
(And Kirk, when cross-examined,
Declared he'd missed some frogs).
With feeling I defended,
With fervour did I speak,
And by the time I'd ended,
Great tears rolled down the beak.

Wallace and Gibson, "The Kash," for Hats and Hosiery.

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

CHORUS (Bis.)—

Straight convicted, fine inflicted, justice would not
be denied,
On the ground that it was found that there had
been a brazen hide.

Her tale I have recounted,
Her hide adorns my floor,
Her head is stuffed and mounted
Above my big front door
When friends declare such honour
As somewhat out of place,
I gaze with pride upon her,
And say "My only case."

CHORUS (Bis.)—

If you need a smooth-tongued pleader, farmyards are
his specialty,
And he's now a legal flower, K.C. first emergency.

CHORUS.

AIR—"No possible doubt whatever" from "*The Gondoliers*."—(Sullivan.)

Worshippers came to this holy place,
Their feelings I need not utter,
For the highly tubercular bovine race—
For here was a clearly moribund case;
No more could they seek this shrine of grace
And extract the milk and butter.

A taste for milk in time of drought
Might stiffen 'em out for ever.
Of that there can be no possible doubt,
No Brookable, shookable shadow of doubt,
No Brookable doubt whatever.

They took her darkly at dead of night,
Their lantern dim a-flutter,
And they placed her discreetly out of sight
In the holy ground (which was scarcely right),
And sadly they thought in the pale moon light
Of the vanished milk and butter.

A pile of earth well strewn about
Might cover a cow for ever.
Of that there can be no shadow of doubt,
Rebuttable, shuttable shadow of doubt,
Rebuttable doubt whatever.

But the goddess turned in her narrow bed;
This protest seemed to utter,
"If you leave it to X-mori," so she said,
"He'll send me to sleep with the peaceful dead."
And that was the truth—for she laid her head
And dreams now of milk and butter.

So out of date and rather stout,
An idol done for ever,
And saved from any shifting about,
All X-morable, horrible shifting about,
All shifting about whatever.

Wallace and Gibson, "The Kash," for Hats and Hosiery.

Tableau II.—THE IDOL "BROOM."

CHORUS.

AIR—"Hussar's Chorus" from "*La fille de la Mere Angot*."

We're the Graces out of places, *nowhere do you tarry long*;
Here to-day and gone to-morrow is the burden of our song.
We're the friers, we're the hashers and our *pastry carries weight*;
We're the driers and the *smashers* of the ancient family plate,
Down with tyrants and aspirants to the high domestic throne,
Socialistic, anarchistic, all oppression we disown.
Maid and mistress bound for ever in a mutual servitude,
'Tis a Union nought shall sever in a sisterhood of food.

"A RECIPE FOR MARY ANN."

AIR—"Take a pair of sparkling eyes," from *The Gondoliers* (Sullivan).

SOLO—

Do you seek a serving maid,—
Put a "Wanted" in the "Post,"
Framed in terms of compromise—
For a place that's highly paid,
And a family two (at most),
Or a child that never cries.
Intimate your strong desire
She should never scrub a floor,
Nor a knife nor window clean,
Wash a plate, nor lay a fire,
Cook, nor be at table seen,
But be free all days at four.
Ah!
Were all this in print arrayed
You might get a priceless maid,
If she stayed.
Were her scruples thus allayed,
Oh!
You might get a priceless maid—
If she stayed.
Were her scruples thus allayed
You would have a priceless maid—
If she stayed—if she stayed—
You would have a priceless maid—
If she stayed—if she stayed.
Should you not succeed this way,
You must not be so severe
In the terms that you exact;
Give her tickets for the play,
And your costume new this year,
And your ball-dress just unpacked,
And your latest ostrich plume.
Let her use the drawing-room,
And your choicest Doulton set,
For her followers and friends,
Thus presuming, with regret,
You may make her slight amends.

Wallace and Gibson, "The Kash," for Hats and Hosiery.

You will find "Lucy" alright.

Ah!
Were all these to her displayed,
You might get a priceless maid—
 If she stayed.
Were her scruples thus allayed,
Oh!
You might get a priceless maid —
 If she stayed.
Were her scruples thus allayed,
You would have a priceless maid—
 If she stayed—if she stayed—
You would have a priceless maid—
 If she stayed—if she stayed.

THE TURN OF THE TIED.

AIR—" *Mother laid the carpet on the stairs.*"

SOLO—

O my name is Bridget Dooley. domestic duties, Murphy
 Street,
As a goddess of the kitchen you will find me hard to beat;
I used to work so long and hard I scarce had time to eat,
Or snatch a dainty mersel on the stairs.

CHORUS.

But that was ere von Zedlitz raised his voice in accents
 warm,
Faith! Von would look a darling in a policeman's uniform,
And he's a real live baron, and it took our hearts by
 storm
When the Baron sang our praises from the chair.

When I used to ask more wages or time cut off a slice,
They used to frown and say that I was paid full market price;
But now they go to market and will make a sacrifice
When Bridget leaves the dinner on the stairs.

CHORUS.

First one of them will come and kneel before the kitchen
 shrine,
And one will bring a chicken and one will bring port
 wine,
And one will offer shorter hours and one an increase fine,
And Bridget plays the goddess on the stairs

For now the girls would rather choose a factory or a shop
Than learn domestic duties which don't know when to stop.
They wear the latest fashions, and they'd almost make you drop
The dinner if you saw them on the stairs.

**'Tis not in mortals to command success.
But he comes nearest who knows how to dress.**

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

CHORUS.

And now they've left the coast quite clear, we ask what
we've a mind—
A Sunday or a holiday, a rest when we're inclined,
A latch-key and a follower, each rule which unions bind,
When Bridget meets the mistress on the stairs.

The union makes the rules for us, but it's very hard to say
If cast-iron rules can rule a house like folk who meet half-way;
But limitation of supply is sure to win the day,
And Bridget stay the goddess of the stairs.

CHORUS.

So bring your incense, shout "Home Rule," and offer to
the shade
Of the winner of the trick, be she mistress or the maid,
Who does her work, or pays the price, and lets old grudges
fade,
And plays the household goddess on the square.

CHORUS.

AIR—"No possible doubt whatever" from "*The Gondoliers*"—(Sullivan.)

In by-gone days the family shrine
Was cleansed with soap and water
By a slightly susceptible heroine,
A vestal in cap and an apron fine,
Who'd answer the bell, but not outshine
Both the master's spouse and daughter.

CHORUS.

That cap, the badge of servitude,
Has vanished now for ever.
Of that there can be no shadow of doubt,
Consortable, daughtable shadow of doubt,
No sort of doubt whatever.

Now when they come they dictate their terms
And always ride a winner,
While a highly respectable mistress squirms,
But each union rule there and then confirms,
And hopelessly prays that the hostile germs
Won't attack her prize at dinner.

CHORUS

So now we'll shout "Home Rule" about,
And bow to the cap for ever.
Of that there can be no shadow of doubt,
No helpable, palpable shadow of doubt,
No helpable doubt whatever.

Few Men can afford to be badly dressed.

Tableau III.—THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

"THE COMMON FATE."

AIR—"*Glou, Glou,*" from *La Mascotte*.—(Audran.)

DUET—

All flesh is grass and rank it grows
Where Brookie's cow apart reposes,

And where she's gone Kirk's emu goes
And where Brook's dog do longer noses.

She might have been the latest "slide,"
And doctored for Kirk's lantern lecture:

Or been for tender veal supplied,
We can but surmise and conjecture.

Bovine's song is sweet,
Softly muttons bleat:
Lowing near and far, moo, moo, moo,
Musical are sheep, baa, baa!

Fonder of beef I am,
Dearer it is than lamb.
Though that's pretty dear, moo, moo, moo,
If you book with Gear, baa, baa!

It's clear that bird and beast were made
For cooks and for Victoria College,

For if not edible, they're flayed
By Kirk, and salted down for knowledge.

It may be cow, it may be frog,
The end's the same, whate'er the details,

And either Kirk or Gear's top-dog,
The one dissects, the other retails.

**It will pay you to secure the services of a tailor of
Mr D. Milligan's Credentials.**

You will find "Lucy" alright.

BROTHERS-IN-BLOOD.

— —

AIR—"The Screw may Twist," from "Yeomen of Guard" (Sullivan).

OCTETTE—

Merry Slaughtermen are we, men of heart and men of
brain,
And you see us from our labours fresh and gory;
We've a lengthy pedigree, which goes back as far as Cain,
On the Cattlefield we seek undying glory.
We're the Argonauts of Grease, for we seek the Golden
Fleece,
And in sharing it we neither err nor bungle;
On the Slaughterhouse's floors we are Spanish Toreadors,
We're the fierce and stealthy tigers of the "Jungle."

CHORUS.

Our screw may rise, our screw may fall,
It matters not to us at all,
For if there's aught that we do not like. } Bis.
Our remedy's a good fat strike.

From the meadow to the coop, from the shambles to the
soup,
Is a journey made by many a juicy ovine.
If there's any chance of loss, now we sacrifice the *bos*,
Where in former days men sacrificed the bovine.
Now when wool goes up in flames, a select commission
aims
On a germ to place the blame of all the burning;
But Easterfield's small fee is a guinea for each flea,
As the only festive germ in bales sojourning.

CHORUS.

And wool may rise, and wool may fall,
It matters not to us at all,
For if there's aught that we do not like, } Bis.
Our remedy's a good fat strike.

We still do a slashing biz, though a new sect has ariz
Which intends to do away with all the cooking;
What they live on heaven knows, but some stuff they call
Bromose,
And a good square feed when no one else is looking.
But we've got no cause for fear, for there's nothing out
of Gear
In the strongholds of Ngahauranga and Petone,
And the beasts that manned the Ark bore the meat
inspector's mark,
From the Hippo to the tiniest Polony.

You are then sure of being becomingly and correctly dressed.

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

CHORUS.

Our screw may rise, our screw may fall,
It matters not to us at all,
For if there's aught that we do not like, } Bis
Our remedy's a good fat strike.

CHORUS.

AIR—"No possible doubt whatever," from "The Gondoliers" (Sullivan).

An altar stood in days of yore
To fleeces white and golden;
'Twas a kind of a sort of a temple or
A shrine to the sheep, the bull, the boar,
Which now might be called an abattoir
For the sacrifices olden.

CHORUS—

This temple stood for men without
A vegetarian liver;
Of that there can be no possible doubt,
No granular, scamular shadow of doubt,
No granular doubt whatever.

The priests who serve that shrine of old
And lead the sheep to slaughter,
In a highly delectable caste all hold
As brothers-in-blood (so the tale is told),
And deep is the oath of that sweet fold,
It is thicker much than water.

CHORUS—

They keep together, song or shout
For wage, for hours, and they never
Admit of any shadow of doubt,
Any jugular, straggular shadow of doubt,
No jugular vein whatever.

But now they swear through stress and strife
In unions fast and faster,
On the hilt and the haft of the butcher's knife,
That there's not a sheep will lose its life
Unless all the fleece with gold is rife,
So they'll sacrifice the master.

CHORUS—

Conciliation now they scout,
And Arbitration's over,
Whene'er there is no shadow of doubt,
No budgular, judgular shadow of doubt,
Of slaughtermen reaping clover.

For Dress Suits visit The English Tailoring Rooms in Kelburne Avenue.

Tableau IV.—PEN AND SWORD.

CHORUS.

AIR—"Huntsmen's Chorus," from "*Der Freischütz*" (Weber).

When the air's like wine in the sunny weather,
And the breeze blows cobwebs from the brains;
When Latin's folly and Law's a tether,
And the blood goes dancing through the veins,—
Then hey! for the paths where your fancy races
Away from the city's stifling grip,
To the playing fields and open places—
And let the world of toilers slip!
Then here's to the long white road that beckons,
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
And here's to the merry heart that reckons
The rough with the smooth, and never swerves!
So let the brimming glasses clink
To the best of toasts that a man can drink!

Be it hockey stick, or oval leather,
Or skiff, or racquet, or rod or gun,—
Here's luck! for the sport we've had together,
For chances bungled and battles won;
For the wicket true, and the field in fettle,
And the man who's safe for a tingling catch;
For the losing team that shows its mettle,
And the man who wins his heat from scratch.
Then here's to the sportsman's road that beckons,
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
And here's to the merry heart that reckons
Th rough with the smooth, and never swerves!
So let the brimming glasses clink
To the best of toasts that a man can drink!

THE CHAMPION OF CRAM.

AIR—"The Duke of Plaza-Toro," from "*The Gondoliers*."

SOLO—

I.

In every sort
Of game or sport,
With any chance of a cropper,
He always thought
He didn't ought,—
It might not be quite proper.
But at a garden party feed,
You'd find him near the jam, O,—
That parasitic,
And enclitic,
Oft toxic
Noxious weed,
The Champion of Cram, O!

For Dinner Jackets or Frock Coats Call at Mr D. Milligan's
Rooms in Kelburne Avenue.

You will find "Lucy" alright.

CHORUS.

And him you can't escape, ha, ha!
He'll beat you at the tape, ha, ha!
That soporific,
Swot-specific,
And prolific
Noxious weed,
The Champion of Cram, O!

II.

You'll find his face
In every place
(Like the Asiatic canker);
John Brown can trace
Their growth apace
Up here at Salamanca,
And though they are of all degrees,
All worship Saint Exam, O,—
Those archive-raking,
Record-breaking
(Putty-making)
Working bees,
The Champions of Cram, O!

CHORUS.

And in their larger sanity
They learn to shun urbanity,—
Those never-tired,
Much admired,
Uninspired
Working bees,
The Champions of Cram, O!

III.

O, sport's a bore,
And, what is more,
It's energy misdirected;
And youth should pore,
With bolted door,
O'er Latin prose selected.
For all cribs used and swot undone,
We'll in the end "stand Sam," O,—
That prof-placating,
Ingratiating,
Satiating
Paragon,
The Champion of Cram, O!

CHORUS.

We never venture to inquire
Why he won't set the Thames on fire,—
That durance-blessing,
Prepossessing,
And distressing,
Paragon,
The Champion of Cram, O!

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CHORUS.

AIR — "*No possible doubt whatever,*" from "*The Gondoliers*" — (Sullivan).

But while we bend with the wise and bold,
Let's see that the shrine is shaded
From that wholly detestable sport for gold,
Which sends to the depths all that sweetness old,
The gladness and joy which can't be sold.
May the sweetness ne'er be faded.

A taste for sport combined with gold,
Would double sport up for ever.
Of that there can be no shadow of doubt,
No probable, possible shadow of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever.

We worship now at a nobler fane,
By sward where birch trees rustle.
On the field where they husband the golden grain,
Or altar of gold where they husband brain,
Or out on the turf where they scorn gold-gain,
Let us worship mind and muscle.

CHORUS.

So raise a shout for battle stout,
And keenness in life's stern bustle,
And banish any shadow of doubt,
A probable, possible shadow of doubt
In worship of mind and muscle.

FINAL CHORUS.

AIR — "*The Old Brigade.*"

Just one stave more and the song is done,
A stave for the olden time;
One age has passed, and the age to come
Is the age of the golden prime!
So praise we men who have passed away
Who hold to a legend bold;
Whatever a sordid world may say,
Wisdom is more than gold.

CHORUS.

So when we are singing of College,
Singing the songs of old,
Think of the past,
Hold to the last,
That it's wisdom that's more than gold!

For this is the burden of the world,
Which it speaketh day by day
Though many a worldly lip be curled
With a sneer that it does not pay:
In our ears is the voice of a Mammon age,
In our hearts is a tale that's old,
The tale of our garnered heritage—
The wisdom that's more than gold!

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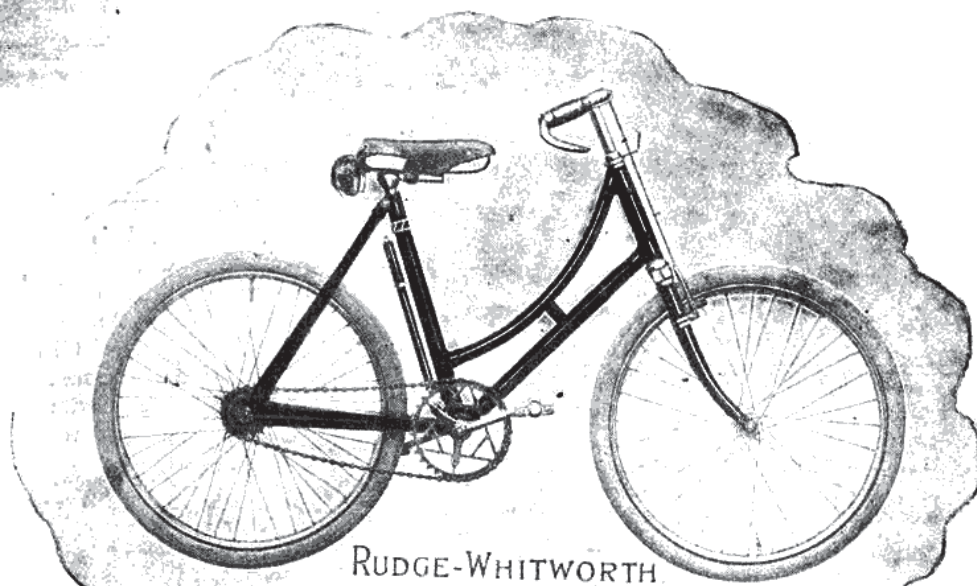
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