

Thou little thinkest what  
a little foolery governs the  
world.—SELDEN.

## Victoria College

# Students' Carnival



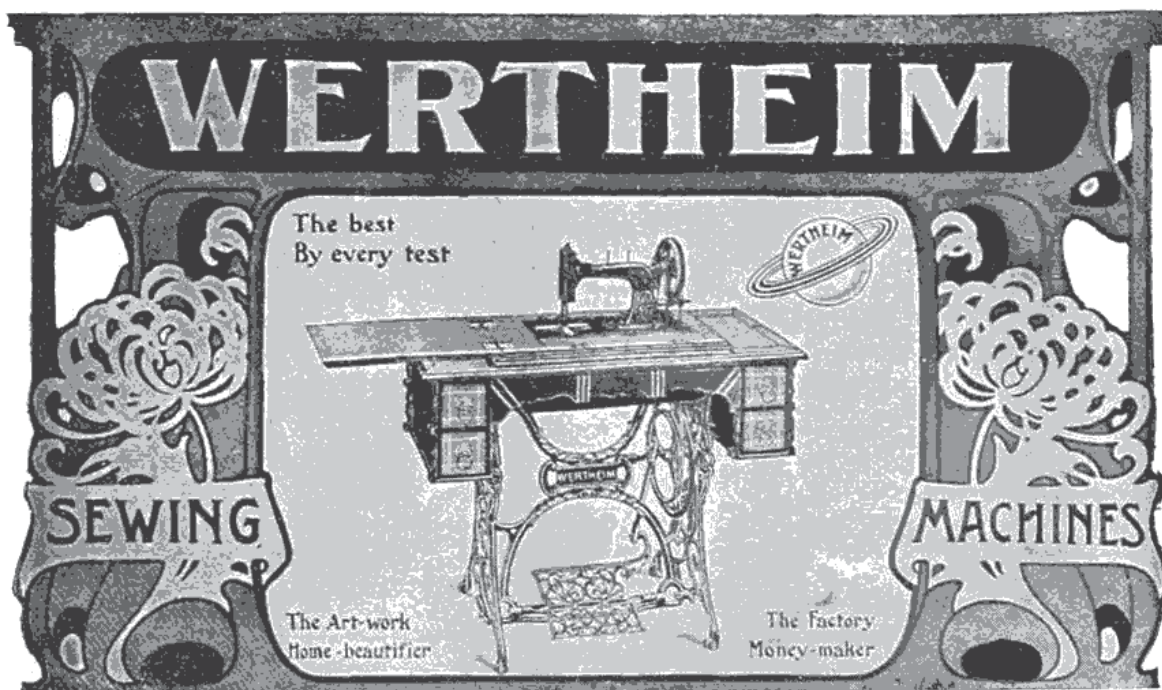
CONCERT CHAMBER,  
TOWN HALL,

Thursday and  
Friday,  
June 24th and 25th,  
1909, at 8 p.m.



### CAPPING DAY

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



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 recommended by the Professors for Students' Reference. We hold  
 one of the largest Stocks of general Literature in New Zealand.

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# GRADUATES OF THE YEAR.

*"Strike the concertina's melancholy string!  
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything!"*—Bab Ballads.

## Honours in Arts.

FRANCIS WILLIAM STANISLAUS BARTLEY, Third Class in Mental Science.

AMY ELIZABETH CURRIE, Third Class in Latin and German.

ARTHUR BENJAMIN FITT, Second Class in Mental Science.

MARGARET ELIZABETH GIBBS, Third Class in Mental Science.

CHARLES THOMAS GRAHAM, Third Class in Mental Science.

KATHLEEN MARY HEWETSON, Third Class in Latin and German.

EDITH MIRIAM HIND, Second Class in Latin and French.

JAMES HUTTON, Third Class in Political Science.

ELIZABETH STEWART MORRISON, Third Class in Latin and French.

BERNARD EDWARD MURPHY, First Class in Mental Science.

FLORENCE NEILSON, Third Class in English and German.

MATTHEW HENRY ORAM, Second Class in Mathematics and Mathematical Physics.

JOHN WALLACE ROSS, First Class in Latin and Greek.

FREDERICK GEORGE ALBERT STUCKEY, Third Class in Zoology.

*"It sometimes turns a fellow's brain,  
And makes him singularly vain,  
When he believes that he receives  
Tremendous approbation."*—Bab Ballads.

## Masters of Arts.

All those who obtained Honours in Arts and:—

ALEXANDER BURNETT CHARTERS. LEONARD FREDERICK DE BERRY

*"But though a babe, as I have said,  
Is born with learning in his head,  
He must forget it, if he can,  
Before he calls himself a man."*—Bab Ballads.

## Honours in Law and Master of Laws.

WILLIAM HENDRY WILSON, First Class Honours in International Law, Contracts and Torts and Company Law.

*"He was not naturally bad  
Or viciously inclined,  
But from his early youth he had  
A waggish turn of mind."*—Bab Ballads.

## Bachelors of Laws.

CLARENCE ADOLPHUS ARTHUR. HERBERT EDGAR EVANS.

*"When'er he hears a tale of woe,  
For client A or client B,  
His grief will overcome him so,  
He'll scarce have strength to take his fee."*—Bab Ballads.

## Bachelors of Science.

MARY RUSHTON BARKAS. BENJAMIN HARRIS LOW.

*"The wisdom we so highly prize,  
Is blatant folly in their eyes."*—Bab Ballads.

## Bachelors of Arts.

BASIL DAVEY ASHCROFT

THOMAS ANDREW GILBERT

WILLIAM PATTESON POLLOCK  
GORDON

FLORENCE MAUD HUNT

(Canterbury College)

INA GWENDOLINE HYLTON

ELSIE MILLICENT JOHNSTON

ROBERT KENNEDY

EUPHEMIA ETHEL LAW

HAROLD WYATT MONAGHAN

ISABELLA NEILSON.

CLARA CONSTANCE HERBERG

ROCKEL

CUTHBERT HARGREAVES

TAYLOR

*"No doubt we deserve it—no mercy we crave—  
Go on—you're conferring a boon."*—Bab Ballads.

## Senior Scholars.

MARY RUSHTON BARKAS, in German.

THOMAS ANDREW GILBERT, in Latin.

ELSIE MILLICENT JOHNSTON, in French.

ROBERT KENNEDY, in Economics.

*"With pardonable glee,  
They blessed themselves and chuckled."*—Bab Ballads.

*Luce festa concinamus  
Laureatus iuvenes;  
Ad diploma gradientes  
Concinamus virgines*

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

**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.*

**THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.**

*Aedem colimus Minervae  
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 sodales  
Fausto sit oraculo ;  
Ut Deus regno reginae  
Faveat curriculo.*

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

*Corpus sanum ne sit absens  
Properamus ludere  
Subter jugum occupantes  
Fuste pilam trudere.*

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

**CHORUS.**

*Oh Victoria, cempiterna,  
Sit tibi felicitas ;  
Alma mater, peramata,  
Per aetates maneat.*



**DREAD NOUGHT**

Air : "*Red Wing.*"

'Twas not very long ago  
 Poor England had a scare,  
 The Kaiser and his battleships  
 Sent Asquith pale with paralysing fear,  
 For London would have been  
 In the hands of a German band,  
 But Joseph set his wits to work  
 To save the Motherland.

For he knew poor old Asquith was perspiring  
 With thoughts of firing  
 And ships retiring,  
 So he sent him the help he was requiring,  
 By promptly wiring  
 New Zealand's aid.

Soon somebody told the news  
 And roused Tom Taylor's ire,  
 For Joe had not had Tommy's leave  
 Before he sent his patriotic wire;  
 Then Taylor lost his head,  
 And his tongue began to wag :  
 "Why should I have my pockets picked  
 To save the British flag?"

Once again Tommy Taylor is a-howling  
 His throat is growling,  
 His face is scowling,  
 Though the Germans around us may be prowling,  
 Yet he is growling  
 At our Dreadnought.

If ever a foreign fleet  
 Is sighted off our shores,  
 We need not fear their landing here,  
 We'll scare them off with silly labour laws;  
 So let us send John Bull  
 Our Dreadnoughts by the score,  
 And as we have not cash enough  
 Sir Joe will borrow more.

Nevermore need John Bull disturb his snoring  
 With thoughts of warring  
 And Jingoës roaring,  
 And Sir Joe thinks no doubt that he is scoring  
 By thus restoring  
 Our fading power.

*"Big Gun."*

---

**For Cloves, Sox or Ties go to WALLACE AND GIBSON'S,  
 Willis Street.**

# **COLONIAL GOOSE.**

Air : *"When I first put this uniform on."* (*Patience.*)

When I started my College career,  
 I said as I sat in my class :  
     "Now I shall endeavour  
     To show that I'm clever  
 By coming on top with a pass."  
 I earnestly studied away  
 At my Latin and Greek every day,  
     And my cranium bulged  
     When the news they divulged  
 That I had become an M.A. !  
     But how in the world can a mind  
     By this poisonous plan be refined ?

By a logical inference, none  
 But a 'Varsity Senate could see,  
 By suff'ring a course of exams.,  
 You are fit to receive a degree.

But now I can never give praise  
 To the 'Varsity's useless routine,  
     The system is bad  
     Of creating a grad.—

It resembles a sausage machine ;  
 And as for the ordin'ry pass  
 It is worse than a music-hall farce,  
     By diligent cram  
     You can pass an exam.

If you have not attended a class.  
     But how in the world can a mind  
     By this poisonous plan be refined ?

By a logical inference, none  
 But a 'Varsity Senate could see,  
 By suff'ring a course of exams.  
 You are fit to receive a degree.

Such a state of things couldn't exist  
 If the Senate made use of its brains,

    But if any one jostles  
     Those obstinate fossils

He gets no reward for his pains.  
 Some day we may possibly see  
 The death of the senseless exam.

    When the Senate reduces  
     The many abuses

That go to encouraging cram.  
     If that body their duty don't shirk  
     We'll have some original work.

By a logical reasoning all  
 Are readily able to see,  
 That suff'ring a course of exams.  
 Shouldn't fit one to have a degree.

*"Titulinus."*

**THE "NEW" MAN.**

Tune : Duet "*Sing pooh to you.*" (*Patience.*)

**I.**

I am a man of intellect, my brain is full of  
oddities.  
A clever man, as never man (he says) was seen  
before.  
I buried all my common sense, and now beneath  
the sod it is.  
He stamped on it, and tramped on it, and now  
it is no more.  
I came to College just to see if I could pass  
the LL.B.,  
But long ago decided it was far too simplified  
for me,  
And hardly worth expenditure of my originality.  
A clever man, was never man just like him  
seen before!  
No never yet. You will regret you did not like  
me more.  
There's brown and gray, and sad and gay, and  
Prof's. of all variety,  
With every kind of mighty mind that ever yet  
has been.  
But none has yet been able to achieve my  
notoriety.  
The newest type of student ever seen!

**II.**

I never work because it spoils my individuality.  
It gives him pain to clog his brain with some  
one else's view.  
But in research, with master minds, I am on an  
equality.  
And each exam. he calls a sham because he  
can't get through.  
All my ideas of swat are good, but just a bit  
heretical,  
No M.Sc.'s nor LL.D.'s attain my type  
aesthetical.  
And as for failure, that, with me, is merely  
parenthetical.  
He will not shout his secret out but whispers  
very low.

---

**WALLACE AND GIBSON, the Shop for Gents' Overcoats.**  
**The "Kash," Willis Street.**

My modesty preventing me from telling all I  
 know.  
 For Prof.'s there are, oracular, and Prof.'s who  
 make their meaning plain,  
 And every sort of tall and short that ever yet  
 has been.  
 But I am he, as all agree, I say it without  
 seeming vain,  
 The newest type of student ever seen.

### III.

My forte it is, I say with pride, my fancy so  
 hilarious.  
 Each striking touch is worth so much that here  
 he shows his sense.  
 And every night I spend in thought on sox and  
 suitings various.  
 Until his bill at David Mill-igan is quite  
 immense.  
 But what of that—my long-tailed coat, and  
 aspect mildly dandified  
 Are more important far than skill to do addition  
 and divide,  
 Or state the syllogistic rule and say how props.  
 are quantified.  
 I think in this if he's remiss he merely shows  
 his sense.  
 Chaps who won't "dress" are nothing less than  
 an eyesore and offence.  
 Some Profs. I know, who vote us slow, and scorn  
 our tame frivolity,  
 And some themselves are slower than the College  
 e'er has been.  
 But none can be, you must agree, with me on  
 an equality.  
 The newest type of student ever seen.

"E"

---

### SOCKS,

Air: "*Chin Chin Chinaman.*"

Have you heard the latest news of fashions in the town?  
 Quite the newest style of things in red and green and brown,  
 Scarlet interwoven with the peacock's gaudy hue,  
 Brilliant stripes of zebra—they're the very thing for you.

---

**WALLACE AND GIBSON'S Overcoats Stand Second to None.**  
**The "Kash," Willis Street.**



Socks so picturesque have aesthetic charm,  
 No one can, wearing them, come to any harm,  
 Sailors use their rays steering through the rocks—  
 What is Wellington—socks, socks, socks.

Did you hear the noise there was on Lambton Quay last week?  
 Many thought it must have come from Ngaruhoe's peak.  
 Others said Wragge's earthquake shock had really come along—  
 But of these surmises both were absolutely wrong.

Warnock had a fire, advertised his sales.  
 Vivid socks! Threepence each! What a chance for males!  
 Loud socks disappeared—sold out all his stocks—  
 Warnock millionaire—socks, socks, socks.

Everyone is Elager for the very latest thing,  
 Soon at concerts we shall hear how loudly socks can sing;  
 Quaint designs of cats and dogs have only just come in,  
 Oh! Beware, for really they do make a frightful din.

Come then throw up work—Science, Arts or Law—  
 Leave old Picken's doleful maths; let his students snore;  
 Let sarcastic von have his witty knocks—  
 I am overwhelmed—socks, socks, socks.

*"Cleopatra."*

---

## VICTORIA.

Air : *"Maryland."*

Beneath thy portals see him stand !  
 Victoria ! Victoria !  
 Embodiment of thy command,  
 Victoria ! Victoria !  
 His lofty brow by breezes fanned—  
 A clasp of keys is in his hand—  
 Immortal Gods ! He's grand ! He's grand !!  
 Victoria ! Victoria !

No image he, nor carved of stone,  
 Victoria ! Victoria !  
 A stirring sound ! It is the 'phone !  
 Victoria ! Victoria !  
 He lives ! He strides towards his own—  
 Full well he knows that fearsome tone !  
 'Tis his ! 'Tis his ! 'Tis his alone !  
 Victoria ! Victoria !

---

**WALLACE AND GIBSON'S Overcoat are the Cheapest in the  
 City. Quality for Quality. The "Kash," Willis Street.**

Illustrious Brook should *all* things know !  
 Victoria ! Victoria !  
 Resplendent Brook will tell thee so  
 Victoria ! Victoria !  
 Almighty Brook doth wind, and lo !  
 Thy glorious clocks correctly go,  
 With rythmic march nor fast, nor slow,  
 Victoria ! Victoria !

He comes ! He comes ! We bow the head !  
 Victoria ! Victoria !  
 Hast heard the sound of falling lead ?  
 Victoria ! Victoria !  
 For louder far and still more dread,  
 His ponderous march would wake the dead—  
 Thy walls re-echo with his tread,  
 Victoria ! Victoria !

—*Antony.*

---

### LEAVING SALAMANCA.

Air : "*Off to Philadelphia.*"

Farewell you halls and portals,  
 And your learned jokes and chortles,  
 And youth and grace this ancient place adorning ;  
 For I'm getting old and stout,  
 And I'm gently swimming out  
 Of life's stream at Salamanca, in the morning.

#### CHORUS.

Fare you well then, O my College,  
 Pert and saucy on your knoll-edge,  
 As though the world below you you were scorning ;  
 Vast and many are the changes  
 Since I climbed the high School Ranges  
 On my way to Salamanca in the morning.

In those glorious times of yore,  
 (That's a phrase you've heard before),  
 When the days of gloomy Knights were not yet dawning ;  
 Then we didn't see much vulgar  
 In a night-school,—and a Bulgar  
 Often came to Salamanca in the morning.

---

**WALLACE AND GIBSON'S Hats and Caps are Second to None.**  
**Always up-to-date and on top.**

## CHORUS.

Fare you well then, Alma Mater,  
 For Humanity you cater,  
 On Power, Rank and Mammon never fawning :  
 Men may come and men may sever,  
 But your Brook goes on for ever  
 O'er the floors of Salamanca in the morning.

And since now I'm going to take my staff  
 And wander, let the fatted calf  
 For farewell spread be slaughtered without warning,  
 And let Mrs. Brook's prize Leghorn  
 Fry and frizzle, and let Cleghorn  
 Write an Ode on my departure in the morning.

## CHORUS.

Fare you well Lieutenant Rawdon  
 With your little tinsel sword on,  
 For between us great's the gap that will be yawning,  
 And you'll sound upon your bugle  
 "The Retreat" for A. MacDougall,  
 He and I leave Salamanca in the morning.

Fare you well once more my lady friends,  
 For here perforce my story ends;  
 For I've got no further rhymes for your adorning ;  
 Girls demure and girls that ogle  
 Keep your smiles for Archie Bogle  
 When I've gone from Salamanca in the morning.

## CHORUS.

As adown the Bay I'm speeding  
 I shall watch your form receding  
 Mater nostra, as I stand beneath the awning ;  
 And the rising sun will shed its  
 Light on you and Prof. von. Zedlitz  
 As I'm leaving Salamanca in the morning.

*"Hasbein."*

# PROGRAMME

Thursday and Friday Evenings, 24th and 25th  
June, 1909, at 8 o'clock.

"She wore a pretty B.A. hood  
It was in the month of June."—TOM HOOD.

## PART I.

"We parted on the shore."—MRS. GOOSE.

1. STUDENTS' SONGS (?)—(a) "Gaudeamus Igitur."  
Anglice :—"Let us rejoice with a guitar."—J. R. BROWN.  
(b) "Dreadnought."  
"A short sharp shock of earthquake was felt at about 8.15  
last night, accompanied by loud rumbling."  
—To-morrow's Dominion
2. SOLO .. .. . MISS MAY NEWMAN  
"A little music now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."  
—F. M. B. FISHER, M.H.R. 1907, M.P. '08, ? 1911
3. STUDENTS' SONGS—(a) "Colonial Goose.  
(b) "The New Man."  
"Don't blubber my dears for a fellow like that."  
—BAB BALLADS
4. GLEE CLUB—(a) Glee—"Full Fathom Five."  
(b) Glee—"The Watchword."  
"For even to this day,  
Though its sting has passed away,  
When I venture to remember it, I quaint."  
—BAB BALLADS
5. SOLO .. "In the Name the King." J. D. SMITH
6. MORE STUDENTS SONGS—(a) "Sox."  
(b) "Victoria."  
"It was jerky, spasmodic, harsh I'm aware  
But still it distinctly suggested an air."  
—BAB BALLADS
7. QUARTETTE "The Sobbing Quartette."
8. STILL MORE STUDENTS' SONGS—(a) "Leaving Salamanca."  
(b) "Song of Victoria College."

N.B.—REQUEST TO AUDIENCE.

1. Don't ask your neighbour how he likes it—assault under provocation is justifiable.
2. Don't ask the name of the Conductor—he's a Polish Count.
3. Tempis fugit—keep your eye on your watch.

Interval of Ten Minutes.



Under Vice-Reg

DAVID  
CLAY

Shirt & I  
Manufac

Are EQUALLE  
EXCELLED BY

For Men's  
Shirts, Hats  
Gloves, Tie  
and General

216, Lamb  
WELL

N.B.—Ladies'  
Blouses a



## PART 11.

# SHACKLETON OUT-SHACKED.

A CLASSIC SKETCH IN THREE CONVULSIONS.

(A recently discovered work by Mr. Shakspeare revised and renovated for the occasion by A. H. BOGLE, D. N. ISAACS, G. M. HOGBEN and J. M. HOGBEN.)

### Dramatis Personæ.

(i.e. Persons in the Drama.)

Professor H. K. Birk ... ..	.. MR. L. P. LEARY
(leader of expedition, chiropodist, biologist, pickleogist and anyotherologist)	
J. S. Krook, late of Victoria College ...	MR. G. McL. HOGBEN
(commissariat and valet de chambre)	
Nry Bodly ... ..	MR. R. POPE
(special correspondent to the <i>Evening Post</i> )	
Rat O'Pegan ... ..	MR. JULIUS McL. HOGBEN
(photographic artist of communistic tendencies)	
Captain Jones, late of s.s. Duchess ...	DR. D. N. ISAACS
(shover and general tactician)	
Joe Carter ... ..	MR. CHAS. GAMBLE
(consulting engineer and metaphysician)	
Spirits of the Ice and Snow ...	MISSSES MAY NEWMAN, E. R. FELL
	and DAISY ISAACS
Politicians, Proletariat, Policemen, Penguins, Pickpockets	
and Polar Bears .. ..	MR. P. W. BURBIDGE

*Lessors* : The Mayor, Councillors and Citizens of the City of Wellington.

*Lessees* : The Victoria College Students Association.

*Ticket Box Manipulator* : Mr. F. A. de la Mare, under the supervision of Mr. G. F. Dixon

*Brick, Egg and Bouquet Collector* : Mr. R. St. J. Beere.

**Act 1. HERE 60° F. Professor Birk's Sanctum, Victoria College, Salamanca Road, Kelburne**

SEXTET "In search of Poldorado." (see p. 15)  
Two Moons now elapse.

**Act 2. WHERE ? Zero. Antarctica : Latitude 1909, Longitude .303**

SOLO (with Chorus) "The Breakdown." (see p. 17) MR. R. POPE  
Two winters and a spring elapse.

**Act 3. THERE 45° below. Te Were Kole Ut.**

Entr' Acte. Spirits of Ice and Snow (see p. 19)  
SOLO (with Chorus) "Flora's Lament." DR. D. N. ISAACS  
PARTING CHORUS (see p. 19)

Scenery and Ice and Snow Entr' Acte by Miss Sybil Johnston; Accompanist, Miss Frühauf; Stage Management under direction of Dr. D. N. Isaacs assisted by Mr. E. Lyon; Limelight and Stage Appurtenances by Mr. H. B. Sturtevant; Property Master, Mr. J. L. Short.

At the conclusion of the performance of "Shackleton Out-shacked," the audience is expected to leave—peacefully. As a matter of fact the students are going to sing, "Wisdom is more than Gold," the words of which will be found on page 20; but take no notice of them; they will be disappointed if you don't go out while they are singing.



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Hosiery,  
Collars,  
Outfitting

on Quay  
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Skirts and  
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 long and smile serenely—Comfortable and  
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 (as produced on the “Wertheim”) is with-  
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 “WERTHEIM.” We Supply them.

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**SEWING & KNITTING MACHINE IMPORTERS,  
 56 CUBA STREET.**

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## COTTON'S TAB.

*A DOGGEREL.*

TUNE—*Mary had a little lamb, Auld Lang Syne, or any other.*

LOST near Victoria College on May 24th a cream pug pup.  
 Answers to the name of *Tab*. Reward.—C.A.C., Hotel  
 Arcadia.

(Copied from a contemporary.)

Oh, Cotton had a lovely pup,  
 With a lovely curly tail,  
 And thrice each day it supped its sup  
 From a lovely wooden pail.

Still Cotton's pup in memory lives  
 Through lapse of doleful years;  
 It's spirit round the bucket sniffs,  
 Now filled with Cotton's tears.

---

**Students are Free from Colds when Clothed in Underclothing  
 from WALLACE AND GIBSON.**

It followed him to lectures once,  
 A journey indiscreet,  
 It follows him, alas, no more—  
 Seduced by Hopkirk's meat.

That gentle youth the puppy bore  
 To the purple-scented lab,  
 Where Kirk stood Panting for the gore  
 Of Cotton's sainted Tab.

One little bark a closing sneeze,  
 A whiff of Ether-Sulph—  
 "A pickle bottle, Hopkirk, please!  
 The barks go on the shelf."

Now Cotton roams the hills about  
 With weary, absent gaze;  
 He seeks for Tabby's chilly snout  
 Among alzaic clays.

While in good spirits puppy dwells  
 Until Pandora come,  
 When twice ten thousand purple-smells,  
 Shall hum their "Welcome Home."

---

### JOTTINGS.

TUNE—*La Tiddeley Tiddeley Um."*

Here we are again you see,  
 Undergrads, upon the spree;  
 Of graduates we've capped a few  
 So what do you think we're going to do?  
     La diddeley diddeley de,  
     Students Carnival you see,  
     So la diddeley diddeley de,  
     We're here to make an uproar!

---

**WALLACE AND GIBSON** supply Overcoats from 22/6 to 6 gns.  
 each. The "Kash," Willis Street.

We've built a new gymnasium,  
 A really swell artistic one;  
 It still needs furnishing inside,  
 And a secret we will now confide—  
     La diddeley diddeley de,  
     Furnishing costs a lot you see,  
     So la diddeley diddeley de,  
     We're open for subscriptions!

Have you seen our teaching staff?  
 Von delights the girls to chaff,  
 In fact they're all the best of fun,  
 But nothing surpasses the latest one!  
     La diddeley diddeley de,  
     Tall and handsome too is he,  
     And la diddeley diddeley de,  
     His name is F. P. Wilson.

Two Students' Hostels we have got,  
 Each when full will hold a lot;  
 The Ladies' one is crowded out  
 But the Hadfield men are heard to shout—  
     La diddeley diddeley de,  
     Twenty-two and six you see  
     So la diddeley diddeley de,  
     The male abode is empty!

Once some youthful students neat,  
 Thought they'd give the girls a treat;  
 Made their plans and made them well  
 To spring a surprise on the Girls' Hostel.  
     La diddeley diddeley de,  
     Bought the fruit and cakes you see,  
     But la diddeley diddeley de,  
     They found they were not needed.

Now two Rhodes Scholars we possess  
 Both renowned for cleverness,  
 The first one's name was Robertson,  
 But have you been told of the latest one?  
     La diddeley diddeley de  
     A braw and canny Scot you see,  
     And la diddeley diddeley de,  
     His name is A. Macdougall!

Now we've just had a tournament,  
 Two lost Shields we now lament;  
 Both Tennis and Athletics gone—  
 But when they brought the debaters on—  
     La diddeley diddeley de,  
     None could talk like us you see!  
     So la diddeley diddeley de,  
     Hurrah for Gibb and Davey!

---

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# IN SEARCH OF POLDORADO.

Air: "*Twin Duet*" from "*The French Maid*."

Words by MR. S. EICHELBAUM.

Birk: Now, Krook, I'd like a little trip,  
           My dogs say 't would be best ;  
           I get no rest upon the Board,  
 Krook: O, how he bored the rest !  
 Birk: And if the Council'd let me go,  
           Those philanthropic souls,  
           I'd like to go to see the Pole ;  
 Krook: I'll go to C P. Powles.

Krook: I clean and scrub and scrub and clean,  
           But see not my toil's fruits,  
           For, pray, what boots it, Prof., to clean ?  
 Birk: If Profs. don't clean their boots.  
 Krook: My doctrine is to do what's right,  
           Despite you pedagogues,  
           But failure always dogs my sect,  
 Birk: And I dissect my dogs.

## CHORUS.

So off we go  
 To ice and floe,  
 A hidden-in-the-murk land ;  
 And when we've found  
 That holy ground,  
 We'll call it H. B. Kirkland.

Jones: Then Birk, 'e comes to me and ses,  
           " Now Jones prepare to sail ;  
           " We wants to go to 'ail the ice,"  
 Carter: And you to ice your ale.  
 Jones: " I'm with you there, my man," ses I,  
           " I likes a bit of fun,  
           " And tons of shekels we'll rake in,"  
 Carter: Like Mister Shackleton.

Carter: I took 'im down to see the Bay,  
           As merry as could be,  
           But just then when 'e see'd a ship,  
 Jones: She went and shipped a sea.  
 Carter: Ses 'e " A motor car for me,  
           " That's easily to be seen."  
           And while I backwards leaned to gas,  
 Jones: He leant to gasoline.

---

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CHORUS.

So off we go  
To ice and floe  
A buried-coal-and-bones land,  
And when we've found  
That holy ground  
We'll call it Captain Jonesland.

O'Pegan: I want to leave this wretched land,  
Its legislation's lax,  
For they should tax all single men ;  
Bodley: But why the single tax ?  
O'Pegan: And business too all seems to go  
To Skerrett's, Bell's and Quick's,  
And though young Dixon\* blames the place  
Bodley: You place the blame on Dix.  
Bodley: The milk-trade too is pretty bad,  
In fact there's quite a slump,  
And profits now are quite pumped dry ;  
O'Pegan: I s'pose you've dried the pump.  
Bodley: And journalists are filled with joy  
Because I've joined their ranks,  
And though I all their thanks decline,  
O'Pegan: They all decline with thanks.

---

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## CHORUS.

So off we go  
 To ice and floe  
 A very far and vague land,  
 And when we've found  
 That holy ground,  
 We'll call it Pat O'Regland.

*\*This Dixon not to be confounded with George of "ours."*

**THE BREAKDOWN.**

Air: "*From far Cohoes*" from the "*Belle of New York.*"

Words by MR. G. McL. HOGBEN.

When in the snow  
 Our car won't go,  
 We pass our time in mutual admiration,  
 So here we stand,  
 A noble band,  
 Who embarked on a tour of Polar exploration ;  
 With zeal intense  
 And at great expense,  
 We strive to discover the Pole before our neighbours ;  
 And we shall claim,  
 When we reach our aim,  
 A little praise for our unaccustomed labours.

## CHORUS.

For in the field of Arctic endeavour,  
 Even Shackleton before us has to bow,  
 Such a wealth of talent there never, no never,  
 Was in any expedition up till now ;  
 Our daring continues to strike us  
 As something most remarkable to see,  
 Of course you can never be like us,  
 But be as like us as you're able to be.

Our noble Birk,  
 Thinks manual work,  
 Completely below his Professorial station ;  
 So Joe and Krook,  
 Both work and cook,  
 While Jones supervises the snowfield navigation.  
 O'Pegan's lens  
 And Bodley's pens,  
 Record our acts in photograph and story ;  
 For the world should know  
 What we undergo  
 In our brave attempt to crown ourselves with glory.

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## CHORUS.

For in the field of Arctic endeavour,  
 Even Shackleton before us has to bow,  
 Such a wealth of talent there never, no never,  
 Was in any expedition up till now ;  
 Our daring continues to strike us  
 As something most remarkable to see,  
 Of course you can never be like us,  
 But be as like us as you're able to be.

**THE SEALED SOUTH.**

Air: *Tosti's "Good Bye."*

Words by MR. S. EICHELBAUM.

Frozen joints and frozen toes,  
 Chatt'ring teeth and a true blue nose,  
 Frozen whiskers and Esqui-mous,  
 Icemaid cold to their Polar beaux.  
 O, these must we leave and so that's why we cry,  
 Frozen tears from a bleary eye.  
 Good-bye, Aurora, nice Flo, Good-bye,  
 And-arctic Flora, Good-bye, Good-bye.

Hark ! My voice falls from frozen jaws,  
 Fixed is my smile until it thaws,  
 Frozen my slumbers and frozen my snores ;  
 Frozen the Kirk of the South Polar corps,  
 Our Sealtail soup and Penguin pie  
 And Pola Nip, they are frozen dry,  
 The thing's a frost and all my eye,  
 The Pole is lost, Goodbye, Goodbye.

Here 'neath the Polar Star man forgets  
 All his worries and wives—and debts,  
 Alas! Alas! His debts! His debts!  
 Three Artic days 'neath this frozen sky  
 Are grace enough ; birds' bills aren't high.  
 Good-bye my hero, you're under zero, Good-bye,  
 Good-bye, Good-bye.

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**SNOW.**

Words by Alice Elgar.

Music by Sir Edward Elgar.

Oh snow which sinks so light,  
 Brown earth is hid from sight !  
 Oh Soul ! Be thou as white as snow.  
 Oh snow, which falls so slow ;  
 Dear earth quite warm below—  
 Oh heart ! so keep thy glow beneath the snow.

Oh snow ! in thy soft grave  
 Sad flowers the winter brave.  
 Oh heart ! so soothe and save  
 As does the snow !

The snow must melt, must go  
 Fast as waters flow.  
 Not thus my soul. Oh sow  
 Thy gifts!—to fade like snow—  
 Not thus, not thus, Oh sow !

Oh snow ! thou'rt white no more ;  
 Thy sparkling too is o'er.  
 Oh soul ! be as before  
 Was bright the snow.  
 Then as the snow all pure  
 Oh heart be ! But endure  
 Through all the years full sure—  
 Not as the snow.

**PARTING CHORUS.**Air: "*Home Sweet Home.*"

Words by Miss E. R. FELL.

Ah Comrades we are parting,  
 For home we must go,  
 Our eyes with tears are smarting,  
 And yours we trust also  
 The Iceberg that has thawed its  
 Coldness beside our tent  
 The penguin asks your plaudits  
 And pleads our good intent.

**CHORUS.**

—bye—bye. Good—Good bye  
 We're awfully sad at parting  
 We only say good-bye.

---

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What use is there to blubber  
 Although we have to go  
 For any man can club a seal and  
 Get enough you know.  
 So tears and futile sorrow  
 We leave to other men,  
 We're sure to meet to-morrow,  
 And so farewell till then.

## CHORUS.

well—well fare-fare-well.  
 We're awfully sad at parting,  
 We only say farewell.

E'er Zak has got our photos  
 That all the world may gaze,  
 E'er Shackleton can quote us,  
 Or David sing our praise,  
 E'er Krook again doth Dally  
 From haunts of dusty broom,  
 Kind sirs give us a rally  
 To soothe the parting gloom.

## CHORUS.

dieu—dieu—a—a-dieu,  
 We're awfully sad at parting,  
 We only say adieu.

**SAPIENTIA MAOIS AURO DESIDERANDA.**

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 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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