

**Victoria College**



# **Capping Carnival**



TOWN HALL  
THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1913



**CAPPING DAY**

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

*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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## GRADUATES OF THE YEAR.

*"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew  
That one small head should carry all he knew."*

### Honours in Arts and M.A.

*"They taught us, and groomed us, and crammed."*—KIPLING.

Cathie, Miss W.A.	First-class	Botany
Bates, F. A.	Second-class	Political Science
Kibblewhite, B. M.	Second-class	Political Science
Brock H. F.	Second-class	Latin and French
Robinson, A. H.	Second-class	Latin and German
Castle, A. P.	Third-class	English and German
Hall, V. J. B.	Third-class	Latin and French
Hird, W. E.	Third-class	Political Science
Morrison, J. C.	Third-class	Political Science

### Master of Arts.

Castle, J. G. F.

### Bachelor of Music.

*"I ha' harpit your midmost soul in three."*—KIPLING.

Collie, E. N.

### Bachelors of Arts.

*"Count, are we feeble or few? Mother, be proud of thy seed."*—KIPLING.

Barnett, M.	Richardson, H. H.	Hunt, E. J.
Coad, N. E.	Smith, J. D.	Mothes, F. W.
Dixon, L. W.	Tait, A. F.	Nightingale, H. J.
Edwards, E. R.	Watson, G. G. G.	Pigott, E. M.
Gondringer, B. J.	Wolter, F. F.	Ranston, H.
Houghton, K. M. L.	Brockett, A. E.	Robson, H.
Mills, J. E.	Dempsey, S. W.	Sutton, H. H.
McKenzie, F. E.	Duff, E. W.	Tolley, J.
Paulsen, N. M.	Gavin, D. M. H.	Williamson, G. A.
Pigott, E.	Heine, C. M.	

*"I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks."*—KIPLING

### Honours in Science.

Levi, L. E.	Third-class	Mental Science
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*"An angel fair, or damozel,  
That leans athwart a painted sky."*—MACGILL.

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behind Kirkcaldie & Stains. Fire. Accident, Marine, etc. Tel  
186.**

### Bachelors of Law.

*"To keep in form, we make a point of charging every visitor."*—COLLEGE SONG.

Adams, R. T.	Vernon, J. D.	Mackay, D. E. C.
Barton, C. H.	Waldegrave, W. E.	McConnell, R. W.
Cook, P. B.	Wilson, F. A.	Nicholls, G. H.
Duncan, A. T.	Aston, W. B.	Sim, W. J.
Luke, A. J.	Broad, P. B.	Vine, H. J.
Mackersey, L. J.	Delamore, A. W.	Willis, V. B.
Mousley, E. O.	Gould, A. M.	Wright, E. G.
Rutherford, J. W.		

*"He saw a lawyer killing a viper,  
And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind  
Of Cain and his brother Abel."*—KIPLING.

### Honours in Law.

Acheson, F. O. V.,	Second-class	International Law, Company Law, Contracts and Torts.
Gilfedder	Second-class	International Law, Company Law, Contracts and Torts.

### Master of Laws.

D. S. Smith

*"I have taken my fun as I've found it,  
I have roughed it and hashed it afar."*—MACGILL.

### Senior Scholarship.

*"Truly ye come of the Blood."*—KIPLING.

McKenzie, F. E. (History)	Paulsen, N. M. (Latin)
Pigott, E. M. (Botany)	Aston, H. (Greek)
Tolley, J. (English)	Wolter, F. F. (German)

*"An unutterable peace pervaded their countenances."*—MACGILL.

### Sir George Grey Scholarship.

Bruce, R. M.

### Jacob Joseph Scholarship.

Cathie, W. N.

Acheson, F. O. V.

### 1851 Exhibition Scholarship.

Burbidge, P. W.

*"It's an awful lonesome job, being good."*—PERCY'S CONFESSIONS.

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Tel. 186.

## THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Aedem colimus Minervae  
 Acti desid erio  
 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 iuveniles  
 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 iugum occupantes  
 Fuste pilam trudere  
 Oratores, Oratrices  
 Audias effundere  
 Voces dignas Cicerone  
 Et sellas pertundere.

### CHORUS.

Oh Victoria, sempiterna  
 Sit tibi felicitas  
 Alma mater, peramata  
 Per aetates maneat.

## GAUDEAMUS.

*" I don't know what it means but it sounds very well."*

Gaudeamus igitur  
 Juvenes dum sumus ;  
 Post jucundam iuventutem  
 Post molestam senectutem  
 Nos habebit humus.

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

Pereat Tristitia  
 Pereant osores !  
 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 Georgius Rex  
 Haud minus quam Pater  
 Ob virtutes sic ametur  
 Optimus ut appelletur  
 Patriaeque Pater.

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## “ DREADNAUGHTIA.”

*Air : “ Months and months and months.”*

One sunny day in April last our warship came to port,  
First cruiser big to visit this salubrious resort,  
Excitement flowed in every vein, and Georgy Nathan\* cried,  
E'en blatant soldier Robert Hogg† must view our ship with pride.

CHORUS :

We'll never see the likes of her for months and months and months,  
We'll never see the likes of her for months and months and months,  
Sir Joseph was immortalized, his “ gift ” had made a show,  
Dropped anchor in our harbour deep, where stormy winds do blow.

Joe Carter of the Horse Marines upon the Cobar's rail,  
With Daniel Moriarty came our battleship to hail,  
And when he touched the vessel's deck this mighty atom roared  
“ Hannounce to Captain 'Alsey that the howners are aboard.”

CHORUS :

We don't suppose we'll see her again for months and months and months,  
We don't suppose we'll see her again for months and months and months,  
That Pirate Henry Bodley‡ bold is staggered just for once,  
And Dowdall hasn't seen the like for months and months and months.

The Capting and his merry men went out to Hutt to play  
A game with Compton and the other “ Nuts ” of Welleslay,  
And Peterkin, of pumpkin fame, who came to see the fray,  
Soon chummed up with the Captain bold in quite a taking way.

CHORUS :

They'd never see fruit like his again for months and months and months,  
They'd never see fruit like his again for months and months and months,  
They bore his produce swift away and made of it a pie,  
And Huttites marvel at the fact that someone didn't die.

Said Peterkin to Halsey bold, “ If Germans strayed this way,  
And you were playing bowls with me, like Drake of former day,  
Would you decide to play the game and see the issue through,  
Or would you make a bolt for it and put them in a stew ?”

CHORUS :

Said Halsey brave : “ I'd stay right here and finish out the game,  
When race off in my motor car to fan the fighting flame.”  
Said Peterkin : “ Well, that's all right, of foes you do not reck,  
But at the motor hurdles you'd break your naval neck.”

—“ CINNAMON.”

\* Chief “ Nut,” Wellington.      † Member National Defence League.      ‡ Litt.D.

*War News : That the Turk fruiterer at Boulcott Street was paired with the Greek bootblack on Lambton Quay.*

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you are a patron  
of the . . .

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your next suit be sure to  
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*That the Turks objected to the Bulgarity of the war :—" London Opinion."  
That the war was a triumph for Bulgarian arms and Turkish legs :—Ibid.*

*One form of Fire Insurance is a good donation to the Church :—Picken on " The deeper philosophy of Life."*

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*On dit : That the enterprising young gentleman who insured a box of cigars against fire, and then smoked them, was successfully sued for arson.*



## THE LIBRARY-ANNE.

*Air: "On the Ball." (Australian Students' Song Book).*

Have you heard of the ogre, the library Anne  
He resides on the College first floor.  
He has a great motter, 'tis "Silence" you swatter,  
The silence inscribed on the door.

Chorus:—

Not a word, not a word, not a word,  
The vigilance there is absurd.  
From passing a note to acting the goat,  
Such tricks are debarred, not a word.

In period lectures by jolly Prof. Mac.,  
We hear of the language of eyes;  
If you practise in there with your vis-a-vis fair,  
You'll get a most stunning surprise.

Chorus:—

He will score, he will score, he will score,  
He has spoken so often before,  
You may read from one book, but yet may not look,  
In the eyes of the lady next door.

This year in the den some improvements are made,  
We wriggle in desks and fixed chairs;  
We can always play trains, while improving our brains,  
Though often subjected to glares.

Chorus:—

Have a care, have a care, have a care,  
You are being surveyed over there.  
Keep an innocent face, he's behind the book-case,  
Take this warning to heart, oh, beware.

Some girls fountain pens do replenish with ink,  
And take away bottles and all;  
But when coming back, Ward is out on their track,  
And follows them down to the hall.

Chorus:—

Be on guard, be on guard, be on guard,  
Or else you'll be collared by Ward,  
Don't glance at your mates, or indulge in debates,  
Remember, be always, on guard.

"Quattuor."

---

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## OUR ANNUAL ALCOHOLIDAY.

*A song of what might have happened but did not, and embodying a professorial suggestion for next year.*

*Air :—" The Gay Drum-Major."*

Crash, bang, here we come,  
 Tara rara ra ra pom pom pom,  
 Reeling blind, but never mind,  
 Tara rara ra pom pom.  
 Easter comes but once a year,  
 Ushered in with pints of beer ;  
 This is just as well, for we  
 All go out upon the spree,  
 Especially that gay dog Zedlitz !  
 This year sparkled with delight,  
 Monday found us well alight,  
 All were drunk on Tuesday night,  
 Wednesday, roaring rolling tight,  
 Especially that gay dog Zedlitz !  
 All were drunk on Tuesday night,  
 Wednesday, roaring rolling tight,  
 Especially, especially, especially that gay dog, Zedlitz !

Tara rara here we are,  
 Tara rara ra ra pom pom pom,  
 People stare, but we don't care,  
 Tara rara ra pom pom.  
 We were at the dance of course,  
 All the boys rolled up in force ;  
 Freddie and our friend O'Shea  
 (Hudson leading them astray),  
 Especially that gay dog Hunter !  
 Oh the scandal and the fuss,  
 People think no end of us,  
 We are famous now at Coll.,  
 For consuming alcohol,  
 Especially that gay dog Hunter !  
 We are famous now at Coll.  
 For consuming alcohol,  
 Especially, especially, especially that gay dog Hunter.

---

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Tara rara, home they go,  
 Tara rara ra ra pom pom pom,  
 Whistle blows, away she goes,  
 Tara rara ra pom pom.  
 Easter is what people call  
 A religious festival:  
 Possibly the reason why  
 Bacchus winked his merry eye,  
 Especially at that dog Picken!

Picken went to see them off,  
 Led a haka on the wharf;  
 Eastertide will come again,  
 Find us drunk and raising Cain,  
 Especially that gay dog Picken!  
 Eastertide will come again,  
 Find us drunk and raising Cain,  
 Especially, especially, especially that sad dog Picken!

*The audience is invited to locate the iceberg.  
 The girls will now sing a hymn.*

---

### INTERVAL OF 5 MINUTES.

"Owing to their peculiar composition new stars do not obey the law of gravity so much as the older bodies."—"Astronomical Review." Frivolous creatures, no doubt, but youth will have its fling.

"He becometh poor who dealeth with a slack hand."—Prov. x. 4. Quoted by Picken in "The Mathematics of Poker."

---

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 Featherston Street, behind Kirkcaldie & Stains. Cheapest  
 rates. Tel. 186.**

# THE SHAMING OF THE SHREWS :

OR

## THE CONQUEST OF ATLANTIS.

---

### OPENING CHORUS.

#### “ FREEDOM.”

“ Yet Freedom, yet thy banner, torn but flying,  
Streams like a thunderstorm against the wind.”

--BYRON.

Music by W. H. Stainton.

Words by F. Hall-Jones.

Oh, we dwell in the gloom of the veil of life,  
Where the shadows darkly throng,  
For the woof is shot with a crimson strife,  
And the blight of an ashen wrong.  
But the Free shall cleave a burning way  
To the suns of Truth beyond,  
And the lowering wraiths shall melt away  
At Freedom's magic wand.

The thraldoms that surge down the rack of time,  
Shall be hurled to the shrouded deep.  
At the portal of earth is the torch of truth,  
That shall flame to the donjon keep,  
Where the tyrant lurks in his darksome haunt  
Shall a creedless truth have birth ;  
And the flag of the free shall proudly flaunt  
O'er the last lone lands of earth.

---

## **The Skilful Mending of Jewellery.**

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You have often heard it said that really right repairing was a lost art—that the average mending done nowadays was a bungle. Those who bring their jewellery here to be repaired will find unusual facilities and unsurpassed skill. Nor is that all. When the work is finished we subject it to a rigid inspection to make sure that it is right. Your search for faults will be fruitless. Prices as low as the work is good.

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## ACT I.

Wellington in 1950.

## DISHER'S SONG.

*Air—"The Pale Young Curate" from "The Sorcerer." (Gilbert and Sullivan).*

Time was when womankind were sweet and tender,  
 With voices that were ever soft and low,  
 Their only care, to make themselves look slender,  
 Their only fear, that Age's hand should show.  
 We used to call them dear gazelles or fairies,  
 And worshipped, in some garden far remote,  
 Our Marguerites or Guiniveres or Marys;  
 Ah me; but that was ere they got the vote.

In earlier times, at sight of gun when loaded,  
 One little shriek and they would swoon away.  
 Electric light: They thought that it exploded;  
 They feared night's darkness creeping on the day.  
 But then with hand secure and features placid,  
 And not without some measure of aplomb,  
 They scattered here and there the deadly acid;  
 Ah me, they hurled the loudly banging bomb.

And as they died, they called to them their daughters,  
 "Burn, Burn" they said, and "Blessed is she who starves,"  
 And "Men will growl, who must find better quarters,  
 Their own being burnt, to stow their better halves."  
 And thus in stages did these skirted millions,  
 Where burning words that hissed from burning throats,  
 Had failed, by burning pigstyes and pavilions;  
 Ah me, attain their much desired vote.

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Explicit Instructions for the Building and Delivery  
 of Speeches. By E. Gordon Lawrence 4/6.

## The Art of Effective Public Speaking

Being a complete guide to the preparation and delivery  
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# Programme.



Thursday, 26th June,

At 8 p.m.

## TOWN HALL

### Part I.

1. College Songs—(a.) The Song of Victoria College (page 3)  
(b.) Gaudeamus (page 3)
2. Glee—The Vikings.
3. Capping Songs—(a.) The Good Old Days (page 4)  
(b.) Dreadnaughtia (page 5)
4. Quartette
5. Capping Songs—(1.) The Library-Anne (page 8)  
(2.) Our Annual Alcoholiday (page 9)

The Girls will now sing a Hymn.

INTERVAL FIVE MINUTES.

### Part II.

## “The Shaming of the Shrews”

Opening Chorus (page 11)

ACT I.—Wellington in 1950. Disher's Song (page 12)  
Duet (page 16)  
Final Chorus (page 17)

Interval. Capping Songs—Eos Laudamus (page 18)  
Memories (page 19)

ACT II.—The Airship Song (page 21)

Song (while the ladies are getting painted up for the next item).  
Wikitoria Hi (page 22)

Entr'acte—The Tableau of the Nations.  
Song (page 23)

Interval. Capping Songs—Current Events (page 25)  
Jolly Students (page 26)

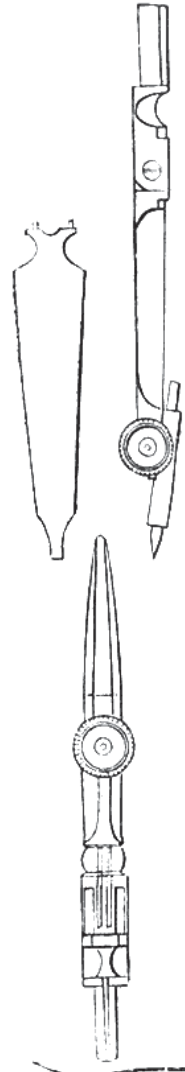
ACT III.—Atlantis. Chorus (page 27)

Final Chorus (page 28)

*But they got it with the toe (same as you will get it – so),  
For interrupting songs.—Kipling.*

W. LITTLEJ

Besides selling  
lery and water  
fine stock of  
ma



You can depend  
they sell you  
quality and  
LITTLE  
222-224 Lan

JOHN & SON

splendid jewel-  
es, etc., hold a  
rawing Instru-  
nts.



nd on anything  
always good  
nd value at  
EJOHNS'  
mbton Quay.

# “The Shaming of the Shrews”

— OR —

## The Conquest of Atlantis.

*Each item of any tale is  
To be read cum grano salis.—P. MacGill.*

A Shrewd conception of life on this little world of ours in 1950.

Ridiculous, senseless, idiotic,—but laughable.

Perpetrators.—P. Grey, H. H. Daniell, P. B. Broad and A. E. Caddick.

Libretto by M. Maeterlinck. Sparklingwit by G. K. Chesterson.

Sundries by W. S. Gilbert, Oscar Wilde and other minor stars.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

F. M. B. Disher	.. ..	SIGNOR EMILIO CARUSO
	(That's why his head was chopped off)	
Wom Tilford	.. ..	Mr. “PIP” POWELL
B. C. Dates	.. ..	Mr. D. C. BATES
Mrs. Spankhurst	.. ..	Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD
Miss Desperado	.. ..	Miss LILY BRAYTON
	(Hee! Hee!! Hee!!!)	
P. K. Dicken	.. ..	Mr. G. S. TITHERAGE
	(You won't recognise him)	
Lady Slender	.. ..	Miss TITELL BRUNE
	(Sh! Is Mr. Baeyertz present?)	
Sir Robert Stay-out	.. ..	Mr. BEERBOHM TREE
	(What a head he'll have to-morrow)	
Rev. A. W. H. Compton	.. ..	Mr. JULIUS KNIGHT
	(Quite right! Quite right!)	
Professor von Zedlitz	.. ..	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE
Hughie Mack	.. ..	Mr. BOUCICAULT
	(If you can)	
Newsboys, actresses, chorus girls, panto. girls, flappers, and ballet dancers.		

### THE ARGUMENT.

In 1950 the world is swayed by the firm hand of woman. Man has been relegated to his well-merited position of inferiority. But some notorious k-nuts from Wellington have escaped to the continent of Atlantis, where they still preserve their pristine superiority. Hearing of this the women embark in their 1950 aeroplane the “Wowserina,” and descend like a plague on the ungodly in Atlantis. For subsequent events, and woman's final metamorphosis to her original status, see Act III., being a parody of “The Taming of the Shrew.”

Conductor - W. H. STANTON Pianist - Miss HARPER

Stage Manager - A. E. CADDICK Scenic Artist - Mrs. HANNAH

Costumes specially designed by MRS. HANNAH.

**DUET.**

1. In the olden days when the men received the bays,  
 We had really no decided bent,  
 This lasted till Dahn passed his little bill,  
 Which gave to women seats in Parliament.  
 Now he must bake till he's got the cooking done,  
 Spend his time in scrubbing on the floor,  
 While we legislate and hapless pressmen bait,  
 And at the sterner sex the females roar.  
 Won't you be a dainty suffragette, Little Hughie Mac,  
 We will give you something that you lack,

*Both :—Secular Education.*

We will show you how to fire a bomb,  
 And with great aplomb, reduce your embonpoint  
 Till you can sprint and never more need stint,

*Both :—Mineral Waters.*

2. If you will choose to change your rosy views,  
 As to how to run this show of ours,  
 We will show you ways and a little trick that pays.  
 For the Law Clerk who the Coll for knowledge scours.  
 Since Ward has gone to the island of Ceylon,  
 Suffragettes decided quite to stay,  
 And the boy in blue is Bridget, Jane or Sue,  
 The Barrister is Alice, Maud or May.  
 Jimmy Garrow be a suffragette,  
 Then once more your whistle you can wet,

*Both :—As in the days of local option.*

We will show you wrongs you've never "tort,"  
 And if you're a sport to bounce a Judge in Court,  
 And if you please, some extra fees we'll squeeze,

*Both :—From College Students.*

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# **Electrical Requirements.**

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## **H. R. TOLLEY & SON., LTD.**

CHEWS LANE.

## FINAL CHORUS.—ACT I.

Now we've subjugated man,  
 We've nothing else to do,  
 So we order him around,  
 And dock his monthly screw.  
 We have organised a Club,  
 On Savage Student lines,  
 And we've had to raise a sub.  
 To pay our members' fines.  
 But last night the news came through,  
 Of a discovery,  
 For a straying Aeroplane,  
 Has found a new countree.  
 Within the men are dominant,  
 And women are oppressed,  
 So now we're off by Zeppelin,  
 To burst this little nest.

*Chorus:*

So off to Atlantis,  
 We're going to sail,  
 Right up into heaven,  
 Leave at half-past seven.  
 Don't mind the weather,  
 We shall not fail,  
 To see that old Compton's jumped on,  
 For telling stories he shocked our boys.  
 I need hardly mention  
 It is our intention  
 To capture those false men,  
 And bring them back,  
 So keep your eye  
 Upon the sky,  
 And follow our track.

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*"Horses ran on the racecourse, and won as a matter of course,  
 I lost a tribe of money, backing the other horse."*

—"THE BARON'S EARLY DAYS" (MACGILL).

*"The harvest of my oats is overdue."*—IBID.

---

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## INTERVAL : CAPPING SONGS.

### EOS LAUDAMUS.

*By "Medley."*

*Air : "The Glenworple Highlanders."*

#### I.

*"For they are jolly good fellows."*

We students have a body of professors gay and glad ;  
 From lengthy James to little Tom, they never make us sad.  
 And we sit and listen nightly (Oh ! patient undergrad !)  
     To the Profs. of Victoria College.  
 Hear Easter talk of H 2 O and Wilson prate of trade,  
 While John descants on Scipio or the puns that Horace made,  
 Or on Hannibal at Trasimene or Rankin at Port Said.  
     At Victoria College.

*Chorus :*

Shout for our Profs., they are all splendid men,  
 Better advisers never wielded pen.  
 Deep-thinking, learned, and kind-hearted men  
     *Vivant Professores.*

#### II.

Hear Mac. on education unsectarian and free,  
 Or on competitions that will be a boon to such as we,  
 Or on Anglo-Saxon grammar—very "expedeeshusly"  
     Not all at Victoria College.  
 Read Kirk upon Eugenics, he'll convert you to it straight.  
 We've no Prof. of Calisthenics, but of course it's not too late.  
 For if a Prof. for cooking, why not one to teach you skate  
     At Victoria College.

*Chorus :*

#### III.

Now Davy talks of x and y and number values true,  
 And he'll prove to you conclusively that one and one make two.  
 If you do not know his notes your terms' exam. you'll not get  
     through  
     At Victoria College.

---

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While Von will spout most learnedly of French and German plays,  
 Or of little recollections of his own young student days.  
 You forget your own vexations as upon his smile you gaze  
 At Victoria College.

*Chorus.*

#### IV.

Attend to Scotchy Adamson—be sure you take his notes—  
 As his gentle whisper through the air seraphically floats ;  
 You buckle down to Roman Law and button up your coats  
 At Victoria College.  
 And Jimmy Garrow circulates his lectures by the score,  
 And he questions you around the class, but always “ asks for more ”  
 While his State-school methods make you bless the day you took  
 up law  
 At Victoria College.

*Chorus :*

#### V.

Prof. Lady next who talks to you of various machines--  
 Of Leyden jars, electroscopes—you see them in your dreams.  
 The Debating Club's enamoured of his intellectual schemes  
 For Victoria College.  
 Then last, not least, our little Tom, of Cricket Club renown,  
 Once the Chairman of the Prof. Board, and the gamest “ half ”  
 in town,  
 At his logic and phychology your brain goes up and down  
 At Victoria College.

*Chorus :*

---

### “ MEMORIES.”

By “ THREE SHEETS IN.”

*Air : “ The Top o' the Morning to You.”*

Oh, I've been to the feast of the glittering East,  
 I have nobbed with kings afar,  
 With K-nuts I have banded, and once I was stranded  
 With Eich on an alien bar.  
 In the councils of State and the halls of the great,  
 I have toiled for my baccy and grub ;  
 I've a tropical thirst and been frequently nursed  
 By the boss of the handiest pub.



## CHORUS :

But give me the glamour of old,  
 The magic no ballad has told.  
 What a glory in the story  
 Memory's tablets unfold !  
 Those lectures on Caesar's decease !  
 That quest of the glistening Fleece !  
 I've often thought what waste of Art  
 When Phidias sculptured in *Greece* !

There we read how Aeneas, for lack of a he-ass,  
 The night of the horse-show at Troy,  
 Made an excellent prad for his elderly dad,  
 On that picky-back ride out of Troy.  
 But I sigh for the blaze of the westering days,  
 And the joy of the hovering dark,  
 When we sauntered from Coll. to a suitable knoll,  
 And inspected the seats in the Park.

## CHORUS :

Are the girlies at Home on the trail  
 With chloride of lime by the pail,—  
 Not explosive, just corrosive,—  
 Guaranteed never to fail ?  
 Are the sweet little things on the trail  
 Of a neat little sentence in gaol ?  
 Of course, you know, it's just to show  
 Contempt for His Majesty's *mail*.

Is that p'litical weed of chameleon creed,  
 Who changes his views into gold,  
 Still the thorn in the side of the Government's pride ?  
 What tenure of land does he hold ?  
 Does he go to Australia with flaunting regalia,  
 Play tennis whenever he can ?  
 Is he right in the boat for the feminine vote ?  
 Do they christen him 'Eartful Dan ?

## CHORUS :

Oh, never abuse at his views,  
 They're colored with various hues.  
 Next election, sad dejection !  
 Rather not be in his shoes !  
 He's making a bid to be spry,  
 If you think he's inclined to be fly,  
 Of course, you know, it's just to show  
 How high he could fly if he'd try.

*" Fine fellows, fine fellows. Pity they drink."*  
*Compton on the k-nuts.*

# OPENING CHORUS.—ACT II.

*Aeroplane Song. Air—"Everybody's Doin' It Now."*

Whirling, whirling, through the air,  
 Surling, surling here and there,  
 Like a ship at sea,  
 Twenty women we,  
 Up in an aeroplane, plain,  
 Fly, fly, fly, fly, never sink,  
 Shy, shy, shy, shy, we don't think;  
 If we're in the fash-  
 Ion and have a smash,  
 We'll just try it again.  
 Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it,  
 Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it.  
 Who's that fellow just behind a cloud,  
 With a voice that's very sweet though loud?  
 You could tell it even in a crowd,  
 It's Adam—it's Adam—it's Adam-son.  
 Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it,  
 Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it.  
 All the lads and nuts of the town,  
 Aitken, Stout, and John Rankin Brown,  
 Bob, bob, bob, bob up and down,  
 Everybody's doin' it now.

Picken, Picken, let her race,  
 Quicken, quicken up the pace  
 We have still to fly  
 Half way through the sky,  
 Ere we attain our aim, fame.  
 Pick, Pick, Pick, Pick, have a care,  
 Hurdles, hurdles, in the air,  
 Put there by the coun-  
 Il to make us bounce,  
 It's a terrible shame.  
 Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it,  
 Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it.  
 Who's that cherub sitting up aloft,  
 With those features very sweet and soft?  
 They're a kind you don't see very oft,  
 It's a Von, it's a Von, it's a Von—der  
 Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it,  
 Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doing it.  
 We are bound in quest of man,  
 Find him, bind him, if we can,  
 It's a fashion Eve began,  
 Everybody's doin' it now.

## “WIKITORIA HI.”

*Air: “Marching through Georgia.”*

Throw the ball about, my boys, we're on our game to-day,  
On the fields of Miramar we'll show them how to play,  
Punt and dribble like the College men of former day,  
With our war-cry, “Wikitoria!”

CHORUS:

For we're the boys who love the good old game,  
For we're the boys to make a bid for fame,  
We're ever keen, our football's clean,  
We must let no one mar  
The great traditions of Victoria.

We know no game is ever won until the whistle blows,  
A motto we have all made clear to e'en the stoutest foes,  
And though defeat may often greet the boys in emerald clothes,  
Push and battle for Victoria.

CHORUS: “For we're the boys,” etc.

When hostile forwards siege our lines go down and stop the rush  
The fending of the foemen do not let your tackles brush,  
But find the line and turn them back and opposition crush,  
Fighting for 'Varsity and Victoria.

CHORUS: “For we're the boys,” etc,

“CINNAMON.”

*N.B.—There is a song of VICTORY!!*

---

## ENTR' ACTE.

---

### MISS DESPERADO'S DREAM OF JUSTICE IN ATLANTIS, 1950.

*“Such stuff as dreams are made of.”*

CASTE:

Justice	..	..	..	MADAME S. BERNHARDT
Atlantis	..	..	..	.. MISS DILYS FARE
A Voice	..	..	..	MADAME ADA CROSSLEY

Chorus of Nations: Ladies of Cheffeld Choir.

*“Dreams by the contrary always go.”*

---

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## SONG OF ENFRANCHISED WOMEN.

*Air : " Land of Hope and Glory."*

Justice, you know, once posed as blind,  
 And read not our decree,  
 But we her bandage did unwind  
 That she might clearer see.  
 Now we have found still yet a land  
 Where black the shadow lies,  
 Where Justice doth impotent stand  
 With her unseeing eyes.

Women of all nations, gather at the call,  
 Help to raise the wretched who are yet in thrall,  
 Fairer still and fairer will you make the world  
 With the flag of Franchise everywhere unfurled.

What of Atlantis 'cross the sea  
 Where Justice still is blind?  
 Where womankind is still unfree—  
 Fettered in heart and mind—  
 Where yet the deeds they strive to do  
 As fretful thoughts remain?  
 Ah! who will come to succour you  
 And Freedom for you gain?

Women of all nations, gather at the call,  
 Help to raise the weak ones, help them lest they fall  
 Winning still and winning, after many fights,  
 Justice, now all-seeing, gives us Women's Rights.

Justice, Atlantis taketh heart  
 And kneels no longer now,  
 But with her eager hands unties  
 The bandage from your brow.  
 What womankind has hoped for long  
 While you in darkness stayed,  
 Now that clear sight is given you  
 No more will be delayed.

*Chorus :*

Welcome to our ranks at last,  
 Fair Atlantis, fair Atlantis,  
 All your struggles now are past,  
 Fair Atlantis, fair Atlantis,  
 Ev'ry heart and ev'ry hand  
 In this cosmopolite band  
 Welcomes thee to Suffrage-land,  
 Fair Atlantis, fair Atlantis.

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## CURRENT EVENTS.

Our profs. are most zealous reformers,  
 And wish to abolish all cram,  
 Exams. are offences enormous,  
 The Senate a horrible sham.  
 As yet they have not quite succeeded  
 In getting their own little way ;  
 Reform is most urgently needed,  
 But the Chancellor must have his say.

## CHORUS :

It will all come right in the future,  
 A Chancellor new we shall get.  
 Then the profs. in their glee,  
 Will our "ploughing" decree,  
 Oh, thank heaven, that's not just yet.

The Motherland's greatly excited,  
 Because of the sweet suffragette,  
 Who wants to blow up poor benighted  
 Old Asquith and his Cabinet.  
 We all love her methods most dearly,  
 Revolvers and bombs she will use  
 To show you so gently, yet clearly,  
 The justice and force of her views.

## CHORUS :

It will all come right in the future,  
 For the "soft" sex will then mean the men,  
 When la femme rules the roost,  
 You will have to get used,  
 To her coming home after ten.

At Easter a Carnival splendid  
 Was held in our city so gay,  
 Alas ! what is "broke" can't be mended,  
 So now there's the devil to pay.  
 For just how to spend all the money  
 Is puzzling the Council a lot ;  
 John Crewes wants to buy the bears honey,  
 The other proposals are rot.\*

## CHORUS :

It will all come right in the future,  
 Though at present we cannot say when,  
 If all get their dues,  
 It's "Good-bye, Mr. Crewes,"  
 You will have to begin again.

\* Rot : An archaic word used as an expression of contempt. Still used by City Councillors,



There's a building (?) we call Lambton Station,  
 Where trains can come in by the score†  
 It's an object of much admiration,  
 And measures quite twenty by four.  
 But Massey has promised us lately,  
 He'll steadily keep it in view,  
 He'll build us one splendid and stately  
 Of white stone from far Oamaru.

CHORUS :

It will all come right in the future,  
 The Government blandly declares,  
 A station we'll get--  
 Though, of course not just yet,  
 But perhaps in a hundred years.

† By the score : This, of course, is figurative language.

**JOLLY STUDENTS.**

Air : "The Mermaid."

On a bleak ugly bank at the summit of the hill,  
 Looking proudly down on the sea,  
 Where the winds are a' blowing, when the town is warm  
 and still,  
 Stands the pile that is dearest to me, to me, to me,  
 Stands the pile that is dearest to me.

CHORUS.

While the winter moon shines soft,  
 Or the raging winds do blow,  
 And we jolly students all a-swatting up aloft,  
 And the plebes are a-sleeping down below. below, below,  
 And the plebes are a-sleeping down below.

There is learning to spare to be taken if you will,  
 There is play enough for all ;  
 Of Arts, Law, or Science, we can take our mental fill,  
 Then retire to the joys of bat or ball, or ball, or ball,  
 Then retire to the joys of bat or ball.

There are swats who with work lying heavy on their soul  
 Take the Coll. for a glorified school ;  
 There are savages in hundreds who will speed the flowing  
 bowl,  
 While the swats are a-swatting up a rule, a rule, a rule,  
 While the swats are a-swatting up a rule.

Then join, join with me in a merry, merry lay,  
 To the Coll. enshrined in our heart,  
 To the mem'ries of works of acquaintance and of play,  
 To the day, far away, that we must part, must part, must  
     part,  
 To the day, far away, that we must part.

So here's to the friends that at College we have made,  
 And here's to the faces we have missed ;  
 And here's to the pastimes that at College we have played,  
 And here's to the girls that we have kissed, have kissed,  
     have kissed.  
 And here's to the girls that we have kissed.

*" Yes, but the girls at College are not what they used to be "—From  
 an affidavit by Percy, in " Picken v. Students' Association."*

---

### Act III.—ATLANTIS.

*Chorus.*

*Suff.* We hope we do not shock  
 Our late converted flock  
 By changing our opinions in a way they'll think suspicious.

*Men.* Nor would we have you think  
 That we would ever sink  
 From our high state of liberty to thralldom, though delicious

*Both.* For we've been recollecting past delights  
 Up at Kelburne on those moonlit winter nights.

*Chorus.* When we used to saunter down the rugged hill  
 From the gaieties of far off Salamanca  
 For of these in by-gone days we had our fill,  
 In Atlantis for such joys we never hanker  
     Our hopes we anchor  
     To this fair land,  
 Here the Chancellorie speech is never long,  
 Years ago, just like the brook, it never ended.  
 The women here are never in the wrong,  
 And they act as sensibly as once the men did,  
     They're simply splendid.  
     They're really grand.

---

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*Suff.* We cast aside the past,  
We knew it could not last,  
To take our former status we've been easily persuaded.

*Men.* So let us now rejoice,  
There's wisdom in their choice.  
Our ancient air of deep content  
Atlantis has pervaded.

*Both.* Sir Robert meditates on students' ways  
And their conduct in those ruby tinted days.

*Chorus.*

---

### 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 the 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 burthen 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 !

---

*I don't suppose we'll do it again for months and months and months.*

---

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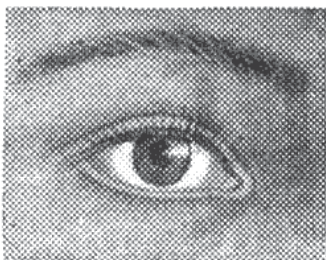
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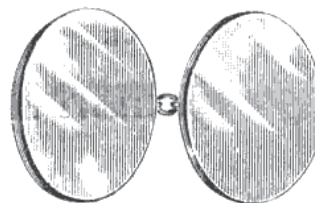
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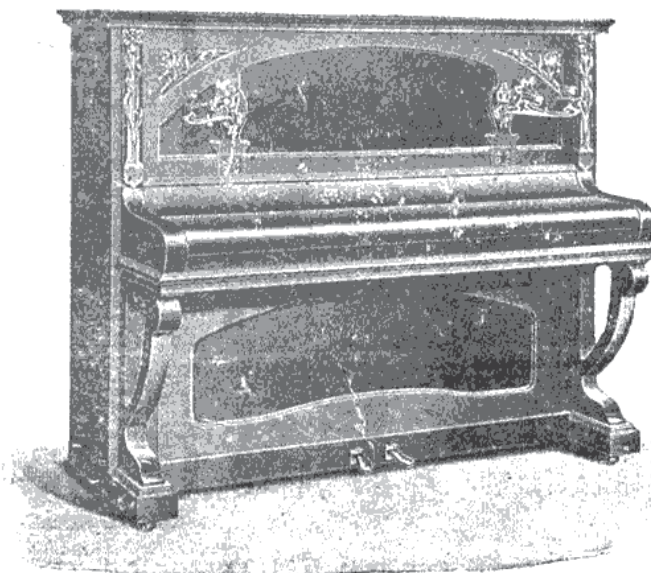


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