



**VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS'  
ASSOCIATION.**

(Incorporated)

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# **ANNUAL CAPPING CARNIVAL**

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**Grand Opera House, Wellington,  
10th, 11th, 12th May, 1922.**

# **“STRUTH!”**

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**A Commentary in Dramatic Form by P. B. Broad**

**Music by W. H. Stainton**



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A Commentary in Dramatic Form by P. B. Broad.

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Produced under the Direction of Vryn Evans, Costumes Designed  
by Miss Marie Richmond and Miss Molly Campbell, Dances by  
Miss Molly Peck.

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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.”

# GRADUATES OF THE YEAR.

---

## Honours in Arts and M.A

Bowater, H. R.		Economics
Espiner, E. W. A.		English and French
Espiner, R. H.	Second-class	Latin and French
Jackson, A.		Mathematics
Jones, S. T.	Second-class	Economics
Martin, Miss A. M.		English and French
Martin, F. W.		Philosophy
Nicol, J.	Second-class	Mathematics
Price, C. J. R.	Second-class	Economics
Priestley, Miss D. F.		Philosophy
Rishworth, E. K.		English
Robertson, Miss H. M.		English and French
Troup, G. S.		Latin and French

## Bachelors of Arts.

Bickerton, W. M.	Parkinson, O. H. E.
Brasell, Miss L. A.	Patterson, Miss A.
Britland, Miss D. M.	Pinefold, Miss D. C.
Buckley, W. B.	Pitkowsky, Miss M.
Campbell, Miss B. M. S.	Prichard, H. D.
Evans, E.	Rhodes, Miss K. F. M.
Glover, Miss N. M.	Robertson, C.
Halliwell, Miss C. L.	Scarrow, Miss G. V.
Heine, Miss H. G.	Segrief, T. B.
Jacka, Miss I. V.	Shorland, Miss J. E.
Lynn, Miss D. M.	Whiteman, N. G.
Madeley, Miss E. M.	Williams, D. O.
Martin, G. U.	Wilson, E. C.
Moore, Miss D.	Yates, O. H. E.

### **Honours in Science.**

Griffin, K. M.	First-class	Chemistry
Pope, Miss E. A.	First-class	Botany

### **Bachelors of Science.**

Grigg, F. J. T.	Rodgers, M. N.
Harwood, W. G.	Tiller, L. W.
Joiner, W. A.	Wright, A. M.
Perks, T. E.	Yates, J. S.

### **Honours in Law.**

Cousins, A. M.	First-class	International Law, Conflict of Laws, Contracts and Torts Law of Companies
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### **Bachelors of Laws.**

Arcus, G. E.	Imlay, J. G.
Atmore, C. F.	Lees, C. E.
Brosnan, F. T.	Law K W.
Brown, W. B.	Martin-Smith, P.
Foden, N. A.	Morison, D. G. B.
Goodall, S. T.	Roy, I. W. B.
Henderson, K. A.	Seymour, D. J. B.
Hill, C. C.	Snell, J.

### **Bachelor of Agriculture**

Tankersley, N. S.

### **Bachelors of Commerce.**

Feist, F. E.  
Phillips, A. J.  
Young, W. C.

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## PREFATORY NOTES.

---

"Life does not cease to be funny when people die any more than it ceases to be serious when people laugh." That may be so, but to-day, unhappily, one huge joke, that should really be of universal appeal, is falling sadly flat. Our sense of humour seems to have gone astray. We laugh at the fox-trot and forget Flanders: we laugh at the jazz and forget Jutland: we laugh at the pantomime and forget Plugstreet. Yet Flanders, Jutland and Plugstreet are funnier infinitely than the average pantomime, or the fox-trot, or that revolting conglomeration of hideous discords—the jazz. In their present mood, to all good people surely the late war must appeal as a well of inexhaustible merriment. It was a war to end war, and the world was never fuller than now of bitter internecine strife, and the threat of catastrophic upheaval and revolution. It was a war to make the world safe for democracy, and never in the history of mankind has a more violent attack been made upon the democratic principle than has been seen in Russia in the last five years on the part of Lenin and his pudding-brained bludgeoners of the oppressed proletariat. We were told that the cause was a holy, a sacred one; and in the fine fervour of generous feeling that ran through the Empire in those far off days of 1915, we were fools enough to believe it. Purified in the fierce furnace of war the vicious would return to a world of peace good and worthy citizens, the weak would become strong, the strong would return gaudily clothed in iridescent haloes to lead our peoples to the promised land. What is the position to-day? In the high places the fat flourish and the fuddled flounder; and if the returned soldier dare to lift his voice in the market place with the meek suggestion that this isn't what the war was fought for—God help him! That is why in contemplating in retrospect the last eight years of heroic pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp, and the failure of the war to accomplish anything, I was moved to suggest that we are overlooking to-day many things that might prove most delicately humorous to those who appreciate a good joke—to those who by virtue of the fact that they are not of their number, can realise the subtle humour arising out of the fruitless death of their fellow-beings—their fruitless suffering and disablement.

In "Struth" then I have attempted to set forth the point of view of the returned soldier. Bearing in mind the advice of the He Ancient "when a thing is funny, search it for a hidden truth" I have attempted to throw a cloak of fun as far as possible over the theme. If you can't find the theme for the fun, blame me. If you can't find the fun for the theme, blame me also. If you can't find either the fun or the theme, you'll undoubtedly blame me whether I tell you to or not; and at that we will leave it.

I wish to thank Miss M. G. Willcocks for writing the words of the Duet in Act II., Scene 2 (Columbus and Dearfood) and Mr. A. E. Caddick for the words of the Final Chorus, Act I. For Shrewd's Song, Act III., he and I are jointly responsible.

I would like to make it clear that the sketch of Columbus is not intended as an historical portrait. As far as I have been able to ascertain, he was never in England in 1491, though his brother was there some years earlier. Personally I have always felt the deepest sympathy for Columbus. It cannot be supposed for one minute that he realised he was making possible the Yank. nation. No man would deliberately incur the ridicule of posterity.

P. B. BROAD.



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## CHORUS.

---

Misses G. Ashton-Warner, D. Bailey, B. Boyd, M. Blake, R. Britton, A. Brown, A. Clark, E. Carson, M. Caruth, M. Cook, A. Croucher, E. Christie, C. Connors, H. Clay, R. Duncan, E. Davis, V. Elliott, N. Glover, C. Grono, K. Gage, I. Henderson, B. G. James, G. M. James, D. Joiner, M. Metcalfe, M. Morpeth, J. Leslie, D. Nelson, M. Neal, E. Newton, E. Paul, E. Pope, E. Smith, B. Smith, C. Williams, M. Wilson.

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TIPSTAVES—A. N. Blakiston, A. W. Free, H. Jenkins, A. D. McRae, F. H. Paul, J. Pope, V. H. Ross, H. Wilkie.



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## OPENING CHORUS OF VILLAGERS—Act I., Scene 1.

### “Chuck the Cabbage.”

Chuck the cabbage: toss the turnip; sling the sportive spud in glee  
At the rat traps of them bounders, as have priggd our property  
And have pinched our goods and chattels;  
And our spoons and babies' rattles:  
Even boned our loose spondulix—  
Oh, gol darn 'em, and their fool tricks--  
We will teach the blighters manners, as have sneaked our L.S.D.

A tomato, soft and squashy, is the finest antidote  
For all blokes, wot pinches nose rags—Sunday papers kindly note—  
So come on shake a leg: lets do it;  
Heave a chunk of half cooked suet;  
Or bananas, or pigs' trotters;  
Shake the tar out of the rotters.  
Biff your eggs completely rotten. Let 'em bust against their throat.

---

### SONG—Act I., Scene 1.

COLUMBUS, D.A.D.M.S. and Q.M.S.

#### “I am Christopher Columbus.”

COLUMBUS. I am Christopher Columbus,  
At my dial all the dumb cuss,  
And old ladies raise their hands in frenzied horror.  
I am great and I am mighty,  
With the girls a trifle flighty,  
But they all think me IT. They do; by gorra!!

D.A.D.M.S. I'm his D.A.D.M. Esses.  
My pills and potions man oppresses—  
Excuse the grammar—I'm a dasher full of promise.  
And if men are ever seedy,  
Result of beer or being greedy,  
My number nine restores 'em—Hell and Thomas!!

Q.M.S. I am Stuff the Quartermaster,  
Of the togs, a sort of pastor.  
If the camp you enter clean or muddy—Well,  
I just fits you with a tunic,  
Boots, shirts and socks, new knit,  
Then tells you to make tracks for—— —! !

# “STRO

(“ When a thing is funny, se  
A DISCURSIVE COMMENTARY VEI

By P. B.

Music By W. H.

CASK OF CA

(In order of th

STOUSH (who is usually on the look out for lash) MR. A. J. MAZENGARB  
LASH (who is always the bit of stuff for stoush) MR. CLAUDE MOSS  
SACCHARINE (daughter to John Barrel) MISS FLORENCE CHURCHILL  
OUTED ... (a gentleman of fortune) ... MR. J. B. YALDWYN  
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (a Spanish-American sea captain)  
PILLS ... (D.A.D.M.S. to Columbus) ... MR. A. W. FREE  
STUFF ... (Q.M.S. to Columbus) ... MR. A. D. McRAE  
SHREWD ... (a far sighted patriot) ... MR. J. MELTZER  
JOHN BARREL (Landlord of “Ye Flowing Bowl”

MR. WYNNE WATKINS

MATILDA ... (wife to John Barrel) MISS M. G. WILLCOCKS  
AMONTILLADO (wife to Columbus) ... MISS E. CHRISTIE  
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# UTH!"

earch it for a hidden truth."

RY FREQUENTLY IN BAD TASTE  
BROAD.

I. STANTON.

ICATURES:—

(r appearance)

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY:—

ACT I. Sc. 1. Outside a village inn in England in the year 1491:—  
Afternoon.

Sc. 2. The same: three hours later.  
Four years elapse.

ACT II. Sc. 1. A cleared space near the Camp of Columbus in America

Sc. 2. Outside the Wigwam of Dearfood: the same evening  
Four years elapse.

ACT III. Same as Act I. Epilogue: Mr. E. K. RISHWORTH

PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF VRYN EVANS.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR	...	...	...	...	W. H. STANTON
DANCES	...	...	...	...	MISS M. PECK
BUSINESS MANAGER	...	...	...	...	F. A. RUCK
PIANIST	...	...	...	...	GEO. MACKAY

COSTUMES DESIGNED BY MISS MARIE RICHMOND

NOTE.—There will be an interval of 10 minutes between Acts I.  
and II. and II. and III. No interval between the  
Scenes of Act I., 3 minutes interval between Scenes  
1 and 2 of Act II.

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## **QUARTETTE—Act I., Scene 1.**

BARREL, OUTED, COLUMBUS and D.A.D.M.S.

### **"The Modern Girl."**

Of old they sang the hero, superman of brawn and might,  
Who hopped it in the morning with his trusty blade bedight,  
And playful dragons prodded deep with many a dext'rous whirl—  
But the blighter would never have had the nerve to face the modern  
girl!

Of old the tuneful troubadour sang blithesome as a lark ;  
While up behind the casement bright there beamed divine the spark :  
The storm might rage, the tempest blow, he heedless sang his Pearl—  
But the mugwump would never have cut much ice, had it been the  
modern girl !

Of old crusaders swept the seas and travelled lands afar.  
To all the world they blazoned fair, on their crests, a rose from HER,  
And eke upon the heathen did their reckless javelins hurl—  
But Gee ! It would have got their goat had they met the modern girl !

Of old did knights their ladies' fame in tourneys high uphold.  
E'en thought it good in their defence with their blood to stain the  
wold ;

Yea him, who'd not his claret shed, they deemed the veriest churl—  
But crumbs ! They'd have thought about it twice, had it been the  
modern girl !

---

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## FINAL CHORUS—Act I., Scene 2.

**“Hark! the bugle is sounding.”**

CHORUS OF ONLOOKERS.

Hark! the bugle is sounding  
Calling you over the sea.  
You must roam over the foam  
Fighting to make the world free.  
How we shall miss and regret you  
Facing an alien foe ;  
But we will never forget you ;  
Bid us good-bye and go.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

With courage high and hearts a-beating fast,  
We leave our homes to seek a foreign shore,  
Yet mem'ry ever binds us to the past—  
And the grand old cause that we are fighting for.  
We will not flinch at sight of foreign steel ;  
But “ Onward Still ” shall be our battle cry :  
We'll crush the tyrant underneath our heel,  
And Freedom's cause exalt unto the sky.

CHORUS (ALL).

Fighting against hypocrisy  
Fighting the cause of democracy.  
Striving with zeal  
Stout-hearted, leal,  
Putting an end to autocracy.  
We'll show them that might is not right,  
The weak we will help in their need :  
So good-bye to our friends till the battle-wrack ends  
Our cause being just will succeed.

CHORUS REPEATED (ALL ONLOOKERS JOINING IN).

With courage high and hearts a-beating fast,  
We (they) leave our (their) homes to seek a foreign shore  
Yet mem'ry ever binds us (them) to the past—  
And the grand old cause that we (they) are fighting for.  
We (they) will not flinch at sight of foreign steel ;  
And “ Onward Still ” will be our (their) battle cry  
We (They)'ll crush the tyrant underneath our (their) heel,  
And Freedom's cause exalt unto the sky.





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## DUET—WOODLAND NIGHT SONG—Act II., Scene 2.

(COLUMBUS AND DEARFOOD)

**"Oh, my cedar-perfumed maiden."**

COLUMBUS: Oh, my cedar-perfumed maiden,  
With slim ankles jewel-laden,  
Hear your lover croon,  
Neath the woodland moon,  
"Here I wait for you!"  
Come, with dusky tresses swinging,  
Tempting red lips softly singing.  
Little maiden sweet,  
Come on twinkling feet.  
My heart waits, love, for you!

Oh, gentle West wind,  
I can hear her (him) whisp'ring "Love Me"  
Her (his) dark eyes are pleading "Love Me,  
For I love only you!"  
O, gentle West wind,  
Bring my lover to me soon,  
For there's magic in the moon,  
And the woodland night is calling,  
"I am lonely  
For you only,  
Come to me!"

DEARFOOD: When the stars are faintly gleaming,  
And my heart of love is dreaming,  
My love from the sea  
Whispers low to me  
"Here I wait for you."  
And I answer him with gladness,  
For my heart has lost its sadness,  
Happiness is near,  
For you are my dear,  
My heart waits, love, for you!

---

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## **FINALE—Act II., Scene 2.**

LASH AND SOLDIERS.

### **“Romance and her rose-tinted visions.”**

Romance and her rose-tinted visions have led us  
Far from the paths where our early steps strayed;  
O'er ocean and land, through the long night have sped us  
On, on to the goal her bright fingers portrayed.

Peace we have known it not: endless the strife has been:  
Bloody's the mantle that covers the past:  
Starless and black is the night of the future seen.  
And War, death's handmaidens, followed us fast.

Gone are the hopes that the long years have lightened:  
Vanished the dreams that have gilded the days:  
Dulled is the aura of glory that brightened  
And shone round the sword and the conqueror's bays.

Well, we would have it so; dimly we sense the dawn  
Agleam through the clouds that encompass the earth:  
Fullness of life we've known: dauntless we'll face the morn  
And tread the far trail to the land of our birth.

---

## **SONG—Act III.**

SHREWD AND CHORUS.

### **“When the guns began to thunder.”**

When the guns began to thunder and to paint things red and gory  
I perceived the soldiers' blunder. Fighting's not the way to glory.  
When they donned their Webb equipment and went marching off to  
war;

As shell and bullet wounds were not what I was looking for.  
I stayed at home and solaced folks by writing lots of news  
Of Societies for helping them, all run by German Jews.  
I looked after all the girls, et cet; and cheered them up a bit  
And spon and glory's come my way.

The fact is I am “IT.”

And though my principles by all were formerly tabooed,  
In course of time both one and all have realised I'm Shrewd.  
And the girls who gave white feathers, soon were sitting on my knee  
I've only had to jazz around collecting L.S.D.  
And the poor deluded soldiers who once hopped it o'er the sea  
Have returned to find the brass hats making me an O.B.E.  
Yes, taken all around you'll find War's not to be eschewed,  
And the moral that it teaches is—

The Triumph of the Shrewd.



## CHORUS OF TIPSTAVES—Act III.

**“Yer Washout, cast yer Mayoral eyes.”**

You washout, cast your Mayoral eyes  
Upon this pair of bobsydies.  
We nabbed 'em as they put the nips  
Inter Farmer Hayseed's grips,  
And boned a 'are from out a snare,  
And lugged 'em 'ere, Mister Mayor.  
Gadzooks! Proceed and sock it at 'em,  
Six months 'ard—the blighters—drat 'em!  
That'll cure 'em: that'll 'eal 'em.  
*Fiat justitia ruat coelum.*

Or rather, dump 'em in the stocks  
On bread and water: give 'em socks!  
Yes, now they're landed high and dry,  
Don't adjourn it sine die.  
Don't 'ave any qualms about 'em.  
Put the boot in statim: stoush 'em,  
Right here in this Mayoral revel.  
Reformative's the very devil!  
Stock's the thing to make 'em feel glum.  
*Fiat justitia ruat coelum.*

Yer washup, on our knees we state  
That peine forte's out of date,  
The boot has gone. The giddy rack  
Has got the governmental sack.  
No more the thumbscrew's soft embrace  
Makes dewdrops down the cheek to race.  
The stocks' the thing, we do submit—  
Pro bono publico prosit—  
So word us to the stocks to wheel 'em.  
*Fiat justitia ruat coelum.*

---

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## EPILOGUE.

MR. E. K. RISHWORTH.

**"A thought there was."**

A thought there was, and it travelled wide,  
And deep in the minds of men took root—  
"Might is right. Let the sword decide:  
Death to the conquered; to the victors, loot.  
'Tis strife is the end of life; its goal.  
Through suffering only comes final good:  
Up and smite, though Death take his toll:  
Let sweep o'er the earth, the Martian flood."

And reason clean from the land was banished,  
And fear and madness had their day.  
Justice, man's age-old heritage, vanished  
And all Earth shuddered beneath the fray.  
Now reason's come to her own again:  
Life stirs once more, shakes off the pall  
Of night, the moral—Times' old refrain—  
"Who grasps the sword, by the sword shall fall."

The mists that stifled, the clouds that shrouded  
Have fled apace to the realms of night,  
Clear shine the stars in a sky unclouded,  
Bright lies the world in the morning light.

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## 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 !

## THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Aedem colimus Minervae	Nomen quod profert sodales
Acti desiderio	Fausto sit oraculo ;
Artes nosse liberales	Ut Deus regno reginae
Hoc in Hemispherio	Faveat curriculo.
Aedem colimus Musarum	Per vias laboriosas
Sub Australi sidere ;	Docrinarum omnium
Nos a Musis maria longa	Docti ducunt professores
Nequeunt dividere	Obsequens servitium.
Studiosi, studiosae	Corpus sanum ne sit absens
Captant sapientiam ;	Properamus ludere
Circa venti turbulenti	Subter iugum occupantes
Auferunt desidiam.	Fuste pilam trudere
Omnium Collegiorum	Oratores, Oratrices
Surgit hoc novissimum ;	Audias effundere
Ergo vires juveniles	Voces dignas Cicerone
Exhibent fortissimum.	Et sellas pertundere.

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





### **A Woman's Choice.**

A mere man's choice of chocolates is often at fault. A woman seldom makes a mistake, as the great popularity of Pascall's Chocolates among womenfolk shows.

*Pascall's*

## **Chocolates**

**In Boxes or by Weight.**

The exquisitely flavored fillings reach you with their freshness unimpaired as each chocolate is wrapped in ti. foil.

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