

The students' efforts in versifying were:-

-The Chancellor (Air, "Yap Yap").-
We're Varsity students all,
Sir Samuel is our father,
We through the Elder Hall,
And don't we love him, rather;
He's bald, he's small,
But don't he love us all (three times)
With a yap, yap, yap, fra-la-la-la-la
For he's our Chancellor.

-The Registrar (Oh! Mr. Registrar).-
Oh! Mr. Registrar, what a very remarkable man
you are,
Whenever the Council go too far,
You always stick up for us-
Discipline Boards we know there are,
To come before them we always bar-
So Mr. Registrar, don't let them make a fuss.

-The Procession (Fancy Dress).-
We'd a passion for fancy dress,
More or less, more or less,
So we thought that it would be best
To hold a great big Procession;
There were Bobbies and Clowns and Carls,
Big Pie Carls, Big Pie Carls,
That lovely band it charmed all hearts,
And should have had a collection,
Only tells us, tell us pray,
Did you see the fun to-day?
It would really do you good
To see our Ad. for Mellin's Food,
That operation table, too,
Was waited on by such a crew,
And if you keen to save your lives,
You'd best avoid those fearful knives.

-Hack, Gull, A.R.C.M., X.Y.Z., A.B.O. (Mozart
Fugue in D).-
When we're listening to the lectures
Of the learned in the law,
We are often interrupted
By queer strains conservatoire,
Their scales and finny noises
Always makes us feel quite glad,
For we cannot hear the lectures,
And it makes Prof. Salmond mad.
Of course we love the students,
The authors of those strains,
And wish for their acquaintance,
No matter what the pains.
They always smile at us
When passing by that way,
And we like those pretty maidens
Who always look so gay.
But some one they call Good,
Came across from o'er the way,
And we met before the Faculty,
Who had something to say,
And no more we smile at students,
But must look the other way,
And we listen to their noises
With sheer patience since that day.

-The Premier (Ta Ra Ra).-
Tommy Price, what do you here?
You and Mr. Conzebeer,
You have reached the topmost Peak-
Household suffrage you may seek.

At Lobethal your clothes they make-
We think that story is a fake-
For S.A. tweeds and Tailors, too,
Would know those Prices up for you.

We hope your reign will not be long!
But nice and short, like this our song,
And now we must greet Sammy Way,
So Tommy Price to you, good day.

-Orchid (Dirty Work).-
This is the day of our Commemoration,
Which we must try and do our best to cele-
brate;
We are dissolving into perspiration,
While Sammy doffs his hat and then congrat-
ulates.
He is mighty deo you know:
I'rap he'll sing a song or so-
Just to make a diversity.
You must then allowance make
For the liberties he takes
With students of the 'Varsity.

To-day-we do the noisy work,
We hardly ever work throughout the dreary year.
Just pay your fees-you can pass when'er you
please,
Of exams you needn't have a care,
Sam thinks he's Red Riding Hood,
Impersonating impudence and dignity
He'll make you tin with his "privileges and
rank"
"By virtue of authority."

-The University of Adelaide.-
She raised her eyes of heavenly blue,
And said "Your suit my dad'll aid,
If you can manage to get through
Th' examinations at the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

Ten, twenty, thirty summers' dew
My mental chords were addle laid,
Ten times in spite of all my stu-
dious care they plucked me at the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

On the wrong horse's back was n-
sual, silly folk the saddle laid,
The lectures and conundrums cru-
el capped my vitals at the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

Her stockings, not her eyes, are blue,
Her best no stays or pad'll aid,
Her years are many-they were few
When first I entered at the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

So led on nought but water gru-
el, perhaps my lot so sad you'll aid,
I'm living at the Destitute-
Asylum having dropped the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

The presentation of the various candi-
dates for honours was made with musical
accompaniments on the part of the stu-
dents. The words of their ditties were:-

-Law Candidates.-
-Campbell, J. W., B.A., LL.B. (Air-Fol de
lol).-
I am Way Campbell yoursee,
N.B. my B.A., LL.B.,
I never did shirk
Prof. Salmond's dry work,
And kept up my spirits on tea.

-Colville, A. L., LL.B. (Jingle Bells).-
What has happened now?
Colville through at last!
O we wonder how
Ever he was passed,
How smart will be his looks,
In curly wig and gown,
And won't he try to quote his books
To take the Judges down,
Johnny Colville, Johnny Colville, you're a sight
to see,
O what fun it is indeed to collar a Degree,
Johnny Colville, Johnny Colville, Salmond let you
through,
O how I wish that he would have
Mercy on me, too.

-Hargrave, Nathaniel, LL.B. (Little Mary).-
Natty, Natty, Dainty little Natty,
We hear your smile is like a Cheshire-Catty,
You can row or cut a crew,
But your wims are very few,
Natty, dainty little Natty.

-Latty, G. P., LL.B. (Ta Ra Ra).-
Mr. Latty now we see,
Fond of Football and of Tea,
We're afraid from what we're told,
That the Tea is sometimes cold. Ta Ra Ra.

-Martin, J. C., LL.B. (Little Mary).-
Martin, Martin, Dainty Mr. Martin,
Your hood and gown you look so very smart in;
They said everything you wore
Came straight down from the Big Store-
What an ad. for Johnny Martin.

-Smith, J., LL.B. (Genevieve).
I'm Jimmy Smith, of Glee Club lore,
And in debate I never bore,
The chappies with that fund of law,
Of which Dude thinks he has a store.

-Williams, Frank Laurie, LL.B. (Air, Bluebell).-
Goodby, Dude Williams,
Farewell to you;
One last look at those ties,
And waistcoats, too,
Who is your tailor, Dude?
Who plans those suits?
Who creased those trousers?
And who made those boots?

-Bray, Marnion Matthews. (Air-A roving).-
Oh, have you heard our Donkey Bray?
A boshier voice has he,
He brays from dark till dawn of day,
Does this young fellow, Donkey Bray,
And in the Courts he'll have his way,
You bet a quid.
The High Court, the Low Court
Will cherish all he said and taught,
And bear in mind his every thought,
And all he did.

-Medicine.-
Well man, sick man, dead man, stiff!
Cut 'em up, chop 'em up-what's the diff?
Humorous, tumorous, blood and gore,
Adelaide medicals for evermore!

-The Fifth Year Medical. (Clementine.)
On the platform, before Sammy, medicals they
number eight,
What is finer or diviner than hear him con-
gratulate?
Chorus.
Oh, for stewing, Oh, for stewing, at such as
hygiene,
It is past and gone-for ever, dreadful sorrow-
No I ween.

-Russell, H. H. E., M.D. (John Brown's
Body).-
Doctor, Doctor Russell, you are now a great
M.D.,
Doctor, Doctor Russell, you can double now your
fee!
Oh, we wonder, wonder now, whatever it will
be,
It was enough before,
We think we'd make a calculation
before you did an operation;
M.D.'s fees cause perturbation,
And overdrafts galore!

-Burnard, Dulalie Hardy Hanton (John Brown's
Body).-
Lullie, Lullie, Lullie, she is always in the know;
Lullie, Lullie, Lullie, she has finished now, and so
Lullie, Lullie, Lullie, to the Hospital will go
And kill some patient there.

Chorus.
Glory, glory to her station,
An M.B. does an operation;
Then 'mid tears of lamentation
A soul goes marching on.

-Brady, A. E. (Air, Mah Butterfly).-
Our Brady's an M.B.-Brady's got his degree,
How he did it is a wonder, passing strange to me,
Cwelling no more he'll try, he is not getting shy;
Girls and tennis catch his eye-with afternoon tea.

-Curtis, A. (Miller's Daughter).-
Now give a cheer for Schnapper,
Who came from Sydney Town,
At cricket and at tennis
He's won no slight renown;
And now that he's a doctor,
Just take this offhand tip,
Next year of all Australia
He'll win the championship.

-Dawson, Dean (Ta Ra Ra).-
Dean Dawson what do you here,
'Tis no place for a Dean we fear,
You should rightly be in Church-
Not leave your dear flock in the lurch.
Ta Ra Ra.

You second name gives you a right
To stay out very late at night;
For Dawson's whisky, so they say,
Affects most people in that way.
Ta Ra Ra, &c.

-McAree, J. V., M.B., B.S. (Genevieve).-
Here's Victor Mac, how proud he'll feel,
With rosy hood and flowing robe,
He'll do his best the sick to heal,
For he's as patient as old Job.

-Russell, Walter, M.B. B.S. (Genevieve).-
I'm Gallagher, of running fame,
I've gained the right to have my name
Put on a shiny, shiny plate,
And hurry sick men to their fate.

At racing prof I made some brass,
I pulled their leas and played the ass,
Like Denn, I've finished my last course,
Of stewing, footer, and lacrosse.

-Brammitt, R., M.B., B.S. (My Bonnie is over
the ocean).-
Our Bobby has just been promoted,
Our Bobby is now an M.B.,
For work and for wisdom he's noted-
Let's hope he will go for a spree.

Chorus.
Come back! come back!
O come back my Bobbie to me,
Come back! come back!
Come back from your glorious spree.

-Elder Prisoner.-
-Jones, J. L. (Air-Speak and tell me plainly).-
Speak and tell us plainly,
Let the truth be known;
Did you really spend three days
Down among the watery waves?
Or is it a story and a fairy tale-
For we really can't believe
You lived inside a whale.

-Dr. Davies Thomas Scholars.-
-Parkhouse, D. (Old Hundredth).-
Here comes one of our brightest boys,
Now, Parkhouse, don't you make a noise,
This fever now you really must
Spend on some beer while on the boat.

-Verco, John. (Old Hundredth).-
Here comes John Verco for a prize-
Oh how the crowd do ope their eyes!
His curly locks in ripples flow;
He emulates his "Uncle Joe."

-William Ray. (Old Hundredth).-
However could you, William Ray,
Take golden sovereigns away?
To the poor Council what a blow,
For their finances are so low,
Did you not in the papers see
They badly want a subsidy?
Price said "I will your coffers fill
When I am one of your Council." A-hominex.

-The Everard Scholar.-
-Huss, W. (Walk up, Mr. Pomey).-
Walk up Mr. Huss, please; take your Everard,
After this no one can say you haven't grafted
hard;
Curtis wins at Tennis, Dawson at Football,
You did work for Ever 'ard, and beat those fel-
lows all.

-Arts.-
-West, R. A. (Mink Mink).-
My name now is Froggy-the Toller,
I work till I scarcely can see,

I've chucked up the idea of science,
And hope soon to be an M.B.,
My feet are as small as a lady's,
I think about 10 is the size,
I hope that they will not be burdens
As in my profession I rise.

Then, hurrah! for Froggy, the Toller,
I think I am one of the best,
You won't find another one like me
In the South or the North, East or West.

-For the Honours Degree of B.A.-
-Darwin, L. J. (Little Brown Jug).-
Mr. Darwin, here we see,
The Missing Link he cannot be,
His nameake he would like to hang
For mentioning Orang-Outang.

Ha, Ha, Ha, L.J.D.,
Darwin's theory's up a tree,
The only monkeys we've got here
Are not included in your year.

-Moyes, John S. (Little Brown Jug).-
If I could be as good as John,
A parson's garb I straight would don;
I'd never swear, I'd never smoke,
Nor put my money on a moke,
All wicked things I would abjure,
My life would be devoutly pure,
I'd never touch another drop,
Nor visit Carr & Nelson's shop.

-For the Ordinary Degree of B.A.-
-Burnell, R. G. (Yap, yap).-
My name it is BURNELL,
It is suggestive rather,
Of smoke and fire and-
I will not mention farther;
But you needn't really be afraid,
For some day, so I've heard tell,
You'll taste the waters of that well,
And as it is as hot as-
I'll let you off to-day.

-Dodwell, Geo. Fred., B.A. (Pushful).
Dodwell did well, you, he did so very well,
He has won his fifteen pounds;
And now he is an awful swell,
But we fear he'll soon be sad and sorry in ap-
pearance,
When he's mended Sculling boats-there will be
such a clearance.

-Lipham, Kate Caroline (Riding down from
Bangor).-
Graduating Carrie,
Is all smiles to-day-
Just the girl to marry,
Blithe and sweet and gay,
Now no more of logic,
Rais to Henderson,
Now's the vac for folly,
And the longest for fun.

-Miller, R. O. M., M.A. (Ta Ra Ra).-
We would like to have a wet
Before we start the Alphabet,
R.O.M. and Miller, too,
Are really rather much to do. Ta Ra Ra.

Fancy putting if you please,
Even M.A. into these,
A little D we'll also add
Now R. O. Miller is M A D. Ta Ra Ra.

-Sanders, Isabell Mary; Smyth, Agnes Edin-
Swan, Warren Alexander; Whitham, Annie Bea-
trice (Old Hundredth).-
Sanders, Smythie, Whitham, and Swan,
Your four odd names we put in one,
Our poets wit (h) am quite run out,
Your names put all his rhymes to rout,
We are afraid he's now sneakin'
All his verses out he's ekin
You four have made his cheek so wan-
Isabel Agnes Annie Swan.

-Schulz, A. J. (Ta Ra Ra).-
Mr. Schulz, this is a crime,
For your name there is no rhyme,
So of course we must be terse,
And leave you with this single verse.

-Swan, Warren Alexander. (Old Folks at
Home).-
There's no rabbits in this Swammy Warren,
None, none at all;
There's a B.A. for our bonnie Warren,
From Chanc'lor small,
Now the course's just been finished-
Happy will be he,
And his books will all be banished
Far from his home at the sea.

-John Howard Clark Scholars.-
-Schulz, Adolph John Waterhouse, L.M. (Air-
Blue Bell).-
Goodby, fair Lorna,
We're glad that you
Won the John Howard,
The least you could do,
Pardon the "Lorna."
But don't you know
Our hearts have a corner-
Where 'twas always so.

-Science.-
-Honours Degree of B.Sc.-Fry, Henry Kenneth,
B.Sc. (Fol-de-lol-lol).-
Now don't you get a Fryght,
At our student so clever and bright-
An angel perhaps,
But pray don't collapse,
If he goes on the spree to-night,
Fol-de-lol-lol.

-Ellis, Annie Rita, B.Sc. (Wearing of the
Green).-
Oh, Rita dear, we see you here, with yellow hood
arrayed,
Tho' working with Bill Fuller you were sensible
and staid,
Ned Stirling's wogk you hard did stow and Ren-
nie's subjects too,
The sweetest girl of the graduates and just the
one to woo.

-Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.-Holden, Edward Whee-
wall, B.Sc. (Holy City).-
And now as old Sammy's speaking,
There comes a boy so fair (?)
A B.Sc. full-blown is he
As he looks at Sammy there;
Old Sam takes Teddy's hand in his,
He looks at Wheewall's phiz:
I hear congratulations from Sammy's sweet lips
ring,
I hear congratulations from Sammy's sweet lips
ring.

He's Holden him,
He's Holden him,
Hold on with all your might!
He's Holden him,
He's Holden him,
Hold on with all your might.

-Phillips, Tarlton, B.Sc. (Captain Cook).-
Now Tarlton Phillips has got his degree,
He will be off fresh sights to go and see
He's got a great big station,
He will work with perturbation,
In fear of Bush Fires, Drought and Billy Tea,
But all these pests he'll banish from his run,
Bush Fires and Drought he'll shoot them with a
gun.
While Billy Tea-oh! blow it!
Tarlton he will never know it,
Unless he drinks it once a year for fun.

-Donald Traillinger, B.Sc. (Daisy Bell).-
Trudy, Trudy, show us your visage do,
For we've been wondering why Bruce
Has let you thro'
It must be the devil's own luck,
At Physics you always were stuck,
But you look now before the seat
Of Chancellor Way and his Blue.

-Hoskitt, A. F. (Circle Bells).-
In Hoskitt you're looking fine,
I wish that your low could change with mine,
How long before you're crashing ore,
On the Great Boulder, Gus Hoskittine.

-Music.-
-For the Degree of Bachelor of Music.-Paddy,
Maud Mary. (Absent Minded Boy).-
When you've stowed your counterpoint, when
you've done instrumentation,
When you've finished banging ivory with your
paws,
You can take a trin to Europe to complete your
education
In a manner that is bound to win applause,
You've been grafting for Mus. Bac., and the
course is rather hard,
But succeeded in obtaining your degree;
And can play old Mozart's music and the classics
by the yard,
Or set it to a comic or a rife,
Chorus.
Maudie, Maudie, you're so stational,
The hearts of men you set aflame with strains so
beautiful;
Or any man would give his life,
And anything dear for such a wife,
Who charms the soul enchantingly like you,
Maud dear.

-Davis, Anellita Pincorilla. (Old Hundredth).-
Beware now all ye people pray,
A learned person now we see,
For what else could Anellita
And Pincorilla ever be-
Miss Davis, you should rise in wrath,
Cry all us cheeky students down;
We sing this 'cause we see come forth
A very wrathful looking frown. Amen.
The Chairman of the Board of Commercial
Studies will then present to the Chancellor the
undermentioned students who have obtained the
Advanced Commercial Certificate and the winner
of the Fisher Medal:-
-Advanced Commercial Certificate.-
-Anellita, Herbert Edward; Donnelly, Albert Lan-
rance; Kirkman, David. (Little Brown Jug).-
You are very lucky men,
Lots of knowledge now ye ken;
You have got certificates
Through the wonders of your pates,
Ha, ha! it is rot!
They should say advanced in what-
For they might mean, don't you know,
You're advanced in language low,
God bless our noble land,
And send us Jurisprudence,
And bless His Noblest Band on Earth-
The Adelaide 'Varsity students.

Reg. 15th Dec. 05

UNIVERSITY BUFFOONERY.

To the Editor.

Sir-It has been said by some one and
at some time-the person and
date I am not sure about-that if
one attacks custom the wall is almost im-
pregnable. I recognise this, and so only
debatately touch with finger tips the sub-
ject: of University celebrations. It has not
been my privilege to be a graduate, nor am
I likely to be an under graduate, of the
time-honoured institutions of inestimable
value which have sent forth cultured sons
worthy of noble men who have assisted to
build up an Empire and given distinction
to every step of their onward march. Per-
haps I am hypercritical-maybe I have
lost the exuberance of youth which delights
itself in nonsense rather than work, and
finds a delightful pleasure in acting the
clown rather than proving a genius. The
annoyance caused by the so-called students
on North terrace when the concert or mu-
sical evening was being held would have
been quelled by the police, and probably
some of those who caused the annoyance
would have been at the Police Court the
next morning, had they not belonged to the
University. The half a dozen boys who
play "pitch and toss" are arrested, the man
or woman who gets a pint too many is
fined, and yet at the highest classical in-
stitution, when for the delectation of cul-
tured minds the most sublime harmony is
being rehearsed, these youths, sons of noble
parents, are permitted to render the night
hideous, disturb the pleasure of the lis-
teners, place the artist at a discount, and
find a joyful pleasure in not being arrested
by the police. The perambulation through
the street was amusing, and had it been
confined to a circus tent where a charge of
admission was made the proceeds might
have been generously and gratefully re-
ceived by the management of the Home for
Incurables, the hospitals, or the Lunatic
Asylum.

I am, Sir, &c.,
J. HANCOCK.

To the Editor.

Sir-What a pity our University men
should show such a morbid taste in their
choice of a patron saint as the Prince of
Evil to lead them in their procession, even
though it may have been in a joke and
"for one occasion only." Such conduct
should naturally shock all right-minded
people and be displeasing to the Great
Ruler. It gives one the impression that
all the students are surely on a par with
the two who brought up the rear of the
procession-the ass and the clown-or they
would have unhesitatingly refused to fol-
low such a leader. If this be the case with
our young men of learning-men who in all
probability will some day occupy the high-
est positions in the land-then God help
poor South Australia!

I am, Sir, &c.,
H. G. NORRIS.
Port Adelaide, December 14.

December cuttings continued on page 422.