

PHI MU NEW ZEALAND MYSTIQUE
April 2-16 1996
Traveling Phi Mu's

The Throne

Kings demand their comfort, when seated on the throne.
Queens look out for safety, while sitting there alone,
You don't go there to slip and slide, and fall off in a mound,
Or have a pensive moment, while your feet are off the ground.
Important seats like these, should be carefully designed.
To fit the average bottom, or anyone's behind.
They could be made of anything, from wood to fiberglass.
But plastic doesn't make it, it doesn't fit your **...bottom???**

The Shotover River Boat

We zoomed and spun and zipped around and headed toward a boulder,
Just before we hit full force, he veered off toward the shoulder.
Two seconds later, as we headed down the stream,
He set the boat right on it's nose, the engine it did scream,
Scotty asked if we were having fun, I couldn't even speak.
Why bother ask the question, he must think that I'm a geek,
But I suddenly remembered when the boat next spun around,
The color of my pants were wrong, they should have been dark brown.

We Phi Mu's have fun where ere we go.
From China to New Zealand we hit the road.
We listen and learn all the local lore,
then we sleep, eat and shop and shout for more.
These Sisters keep going, whatever the mode.

Our Drivers

There once was a driver named Paul,
Whose manner was mild and so drawl.
He ferried us with care,
While telling us the fare.
Our group changed his life this Fall.

There once was driver named Warren.
Who keeps our ride from being bore'n,
The North Island's his home,
O're the paddocks he roams,
While the Phi Mus try to pack more in.

To the Well Traveled Pair (Thelma Ackley)

The Ballards have traveled on each Phi Mu trip.
Marguerite leads Foundation with nary a slip,
With Buck by her side, she keeps us all hopping,
That is when, she's not out doing some shopping,
So let's give a cheer, to our Phi Mu so dear,
And then join them again in Egypt next year!