

MAY 18—JUNE 1, 1959

PROGRAMME EDITION

MAN of the YEAR

EIGHT P.M.

BRIAN WORTHINGTON

VAT
59

SUCKLAND
SEYMOUR
BLAKEMAN
CHRISTCHURCH
DUNEDIN

4/13
194
4/13
2/4

EASTMOUNT
GREYDOWNS
HATFIELD
HINDS HILLS
KIMBERLEY

1/10
1/10

LOWE WATE
NIGHTCAPS
STONEMAN
TAKAPU
TAKAPU

1/10
1/10
1/10

TEMPLETON
TERRACE
WELLINGTON
WESTPORT

1/10
1/10
1/10

To Extravaganza connoisseurs, **VAT 59** represents the crown of distilling achievement.

The two simple words “ Quality Tells ”, which have long epitomised the claims of Extravaganza, carry a wealth of meaning. For the outstanding character of this superbly spirited show has won fame and popularity wherever people of taste and discernment gather together.

No fanciful drink is needed to help sing the praises of a show of which every scene that's produced could be played twice over. All we seek to do is to give you a glimpse of the distillery of this fine show.





**welcome to all
our friends . .**

- coffeeland
street floor

Only by coming in to Kirkcaldies, can you see the many wonderful things . . . that no advertisement can do justice to. Our staff are waiting to help and advise you . . . in every possible way. So welcome, welcome to Kirkcaldies on Lambton Quay.

- restaurant
first floor

SILVERWARE SECTION . . . the finest in Wellington . . . with beautifully crafted tea and coffee services . . . salvers and trays . . . individual pieces . . . each a joy to own or to give.

- beauty salon
second floor

FURNITURE GALLERY . . . on the Second Floor . . . is a mecca for all the discriminating people who appreciate fine design and meticulous workmanship, whatever the period. Whilst on the Second Floor, visit the Lighting Section for wall, hanging or table lamps . . . the Furnishing Fabrics Section, and the Carpet and Floor Coverings Section.

FASHIONS . . . that are the most becoming to you . . . are a feature of Kirkcaldies. From the day you're born . . . your fashion future begins with Kirkcaldies.

LETTERS

Only Some Oil Needed

Sir:

Your article (Time, April 1) concerning the current telephone booth packing contests was wrong when it claimed the record for America. Recently, graduates of the Calisthenics class of the Kruschovgrad Institute of Technology, succeeded in placing 36 of their number in a standard size telephone booth. This proves the supremacy of Soviet education.

VLADIMIR PUFSKI

Moscow.

(It proves what?—Ed.)

Sir:

Re those handsome brutes in your April 1 story, you just promise that next time you find 25 handsome men packed in a box, you will send them up to little old me, C.O.D. Wellington.

VICTORIA B HOSTEL

Sir:

These phone booth packers—why not pour oil over them and sell them to America as canned meat. We could use the dollars.

H. BELSHAW

Wellington.

Man of the Year

Sir:

My nomination goes to the man who has done more to foster and encourage that undeveloped genius Charles B. Schmenk than has any other person in the world today. My vote goes to Charles B. Schmenk.

CHARLES B. SCHMENK

Waititiwai.

Sir:

... Me ...
Pahiatua.

KEITH HOLYPINE

Sir:

... Me ...
Tokyo.

WOL. SLASH

Sir:

My vote jointly to the two people who have together expressed to the world the courageous and independent standpoint of our small nation in world affairs. I elect them New Zealand Ambassadors to London and Washington.

Christchurch.

SID.

Sir:

There can be no doubt that the only worthy recipient of the title "Man of the Year" is New Zealand's goodwill ambassador to the nations of the really free world, our friends in Russia and China. I mean, Warren Freer.

HARRY JUDD

Hong Kong.

Sir:

My vote to the man who supports and maintains the most expensive and useless Old Men's Home in the country, and does so cheerfully without ever getting value in return for the money he spends. The New Zealand Taxpayer.

O. UBINAD

Kati Kati.

Sir:

More than anybody else, one man has performed the work of the Lord by turning New Zealanders from the vices of smoking and beer drinking and splendouring in the sinful luxuries of driving their own cars; and has spread the hand of continence over the land. My vote to Lord Mire.

B. GRAHAM

Miami.

Worship or Workshop

Sir:

Heartiest congratulations on your spirited and moving article concerning the demolition of the Hutt Railway Workshops. True lovers of architecture will not easily forgive the wanton destruction of this unique and charming colonial piece, nor to the thousands who have been privileged to work within its restful walls will the proposal to incorporate the boiler-making room into the foundry of the new works truly compensate for the sadness these men will feel. Cannot a National Trust be formed to preserve this as a monument.

NICKELLAAS PERVSNER

London.

Sir:

Your article (Time, April 15) is unrealistic. Away with the old and useless things and let progress have a free hand. Use the free land for State Houses or a Church.

S. PAUL

Thorndon.

VAT 59

A VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRODUCTION

Dialogue and Lyrics:
William N. Shakespeare. Terry C. Browne.
Additional Lyrics: John Sadlier.

CAST

(in order of appearance)
Dad Brown (Peter Coates), Hayseed (Dave Levesque), P.T.Y. Holmes (Des Deacon), Knott Watson (Julian Watts), Mum Brown (Lyn Catley), Susie Foote (Judy Wiggs), Dave Brown (John Koolman), Fred Foote (Bruce Robinson), Kaiterangi (Elizabeth Beck), Villager (Charles Smith), Postman (Bill Kitching), Walter (David Lind-Mitchell), Arnold H. Quagmire (Tony Chapple), Traffic Officer (John Tannahill), Du Chalet (Dave Levesque), Vesta Vamp (Sharon Thompson), Sir Ernest Hancock (Bill Kitching), Kittz (Dave Levesque), Announcer (Joe Hunt), Receptionist (Judy Wiggs), Dr. Sig. Heideschrinker (Charles Smith), Teacher (Judy Wiggs), Sergeant (John Tannahill), Constable (Judy Wiggs), Insp. Frequently (Doug McNeill), Flunkie (Arthur Paxie), Ticket Girl (Judy Wiggs), Guard (Peter Hitchcock).

CHORUS GIRLS

Beverly Smith, Sylvia Abercrombie, Juliet Sheen, Algie Bishop, Julia Mason, Lesley Aderman, Christine Nankervis, Beverly Carnell, Barbara Wilson, Patricia Muston, Heather Hicks, Ann D'Arcy, Helen de Souza, Rosamunde Iorns, Judy Robins, Lorraine Mountjoy, Shirley MacDiarmid.

MALE CHORUS

Doug McNeill, Mike Lescher, John Harris, Bob Lescher, Gordon McDonald, Ian Grant, Tony Knight, Norman Lewis, Tim Olphert, David Hull, Arthur Paxie, Peter Hitchcock, Stan George, John Tannahill, Dave Levesque, Bill Kitching, Andrew Du Fresne.

MALE BALLET

Guy Webster, Geoff Henry, Barrie Kitto, Dave Medway, Dave Launder, John Spedding, Winkie Sutton, Ian Wilson, Jack Dent, Dennis Cottle, Duncan Cameron.

CREATIVE PERSONNEL

Musical Director: Pat Harrington; *Stage Director:* Peter Standen; *Stage Manager:* Lawrence Crighton; *Production Designer:* Ron Burt; *Asst. Producer:* Tony Ferrers; *Ballet Mistress:* Pauline Renwick; *Costume Designer:* Jacqueline Burt; *Wardrobe Mistress:* Jeanette Strathmore; *Musical Staging:* Juliet Sheen; *Make-up:* Adrian Sirrett; *Scenery Painter:* W. J. Conroy & Son; *Rehearsals Manager:* Peter Baruch; *Hand Properties:* Terry Boyd and Mary Allen; *Sound Effects:* Les McLachlan and Peter Colaridge.

BACK STAGE ASSISTANTS

Wardrobe: Mary Barton, Bridget Kerr, Maggie MacGregor, Helen Smith. *Back Stage Crew:* Tony Bentley, Mike Costello, Michael Earle, Peter Hunter, Brian Turner.

ASSOCIATE CONTROLLERS AND MANAGERS

Sales Manager: Stead Ellis. *Advertising Manager:* Peter O'Brien. *Social Controller:* John Allen. *Rehearsals Manager:* Peter Baruch. *House Manager:* Armour T. Mitchell. *Asst. House Manager:* David J. Davy.

ORCHESTRA

Violin: Peter Latimer, Penny Saunders, Jane Freed. *Trumpets:* Les Crosby, Ray Harding. *Trombone:* Dave Buttler. *Piano:* Michael Dawson or Terry Crawford. *Bass:* Paul Gillett. *Drums:* Bill Hartigan. *Clarinet:* Pat Harrington. *Orchestration by:* Pat Harrington. *Maori Ballet Orchestrated by:* Margaret O'Shea.

PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY

Terry Browne.

PRODUCTION ORGANISED BY

Armour T. Mitchell.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATORS

Secretary: David J. Davy. *Finance Controller:* Ron J. Griggs.

PROGRAMME

Controller: Satya N. Nandan. *Assistant:* Tony N. Hunt. *Editors:* Terry Browne and Warwick Dent.

Cover by Brian Worthington.

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A Letter from the Organiser

Armour T. Mitchell

Well once again Extravaganza hits the boards. This year, for the second time we are having a Gala Premier, which however, has a different flavour, in that the total proceeds for the night go to Birthright Wellington (Inc.). The Executive of the Students' Association felt that it was time to return to the traditional procedure of donating profits from Capping time to worthy and deserving causes. In the capacity of Public Relations Officer for the Students' Association, I can speak for the Student Body as a whole, in saying that an organisation such as Birthright, which is at the moment still striving to gain public recognition and support, is most deserving of our patronage. For this reason, it was decided to donate the Gala proceeds, and the money collected with "Procesh," to Birthright this year. In the immediate past, our Capping profits have gone into the Student Union Building Fund, and although this is far from fully subscribed, it was felt that the least we could do, was to give the total takings of one night, to such a worthy cause.

Our tour, which is to Hastings this year, will be ably sponsored by the Young Men's Christian Association, who will receive the profits from the Hastings season.

I hope you all enjoy the show, and if so, be sure to tell your friends; if you don't (which will really knock us off our feet), just remember that your money will have gone to a most deserving organisation.

EXTRAVANGANZA 1959 SEASON

WELLINGTON - May 18th to May 23rd.

LOWER HUTT - May 25th and May 27th only.

HASTINGS - May 29th, May 30th, and June 1st.

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See you at the New Comm.



Hic !



**"There's many a sip 'twixt
the glass and the lip"**

at

THE NEW COMMERCIAL

The Students' Rendebooz

Equip yourself with your after hours supply at our Bottle Store

EXTRAVAGANZA

KURI PUKU BAY AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Never had it like this

Last week the law in the persons of P.T.Y. Holmes and Knott Watson descended on back country sticksville of Kuri Puku Bay; accosted two of the local residents—namely Joe Hayseed and Dad Brown; third degreed the fact that all the locals were occupied in the Kuri Puku boozier. Lawmen's surprise visit being made on a Sunday they were upset—hauled the off-hours crowd out of the hostlery and took many names and addresses.

It's a typical day in Kuri Puku Bay.
We're typical blokes say "How would you be" every day."

First we pull the milk from the cow,
Then we slop the whey to the sow.
The milk's sent to the city
Although it's all gritty
We've a guaranteed price anyhow.
On Sunday we come to the boozier instead of pray.

Which needless to say is a typical day in Kuri Puku Bay.

Shut your traps you countrified hicks
Can't you see we're big city dicks
You can't just go choosing
Your own hours of boozing
We're bringing the law to the sticks.
Now give us your names and addresses—you'd better obey.
So we say in dismay it's no typical day in Kuri Puku Bay.

William Brown's the name I was gave
And he's my lover and slave.
The products amazing
From this strange liaison
We've trained him to answer to "Dave"
For Temptation's my middle name
And to Dave I'm staking my claim,
My fruitless pursuin'
Ain't been my undoin'
He don't go for the feminine frame.
Although he's been tempted he's never been led astray

Which needless to say is a typical day in Kuri Puku Bay.

David Brown you ain't met.
The laughing stock of the town
He breaks out in a sweat whenever his girl-friend's around.
Like they said my name's David B.
And my I.Q is 73,
I'd rather get boozy
Than go out with Susie
Girls ain't my idea of a spree.
But there's more than one meaning when we say
We'll get in the hay.
Which leads us to say it's a typical day in Kuri Puku Bay.

Brown family plied P.T.Y. and Knott with local brewed gin (provisioned by Kuri Puku Constable Fred (Tawa Flat) Foote). Overcome by flavour and overproof qualities, of the ab-original grog, P.T.Y. and K. fast talked the sticksville mob that cinchwise it was marketwise in civilized centres and departed to connect with extensive ramifications for said marketing project.

Tawa Flat's daughter (Dave's multiple entity) Susie, decided she and Dave had a current potential for getting hitched.

A momentary set-back when Maori witch Kaiterangi, reminded them all of the curse involved in the ancient gin receipe.

Back in thirteen fifty-two
When Kupe came in his canoe
He brought a really potent brew
Tapu, Tapu.

They use the stuff for every meeting tribal
And then pass out,
From knocking back this highball
With rolling eyeball.

He had a secret recipe
Which, handed down each century
Eventually came to me.

Ch.: Tapu, Tapu.

The spirit of the Mountain top
More potent far than Malt or Hop
Who starts to drink it just can't stop.
Ch.: Tapu, Tapu.

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An old Tohunga told it me
But first swore me to secrecy
So will the mixture always be.
Ch.: Tapu, Tapu.

I'll not repeat his awful curse
It's written in Iambic verse
James K. Baxter could not do worse.
Ch.: Tapu, Tapu.

Whoever breaks the tapu spell
And tries the recipe to sell
Will die like any infidel.
Ch.: Tapu, Tapu.

If 'ere a great catastrophe
Impinge on our economy
Then sell the secret recipe.
Ch.: Tapu, Tapu.

However the catastrophe verse of the curse
provided an out, and when Pony Express
Postman brought the mail, the news in "Lies"
convinced locals that the country was econ-
omicwise, in a bad way. The Brown family
was sent to Kittsburg to sell Taipo Gin.

Farewell to Kuri Puku Bay

Farewell Kuri Puku Bay,
Soon we must be on our way;
We know we're just hicks with lots to learn—
We'll come back to the sticks though with
money to burn.
Now we're off to Windyville;
We'll be thinking of you 'till
We come riding down the hill,
Back to Kuri Puku Bay.

Farewell fellow citizens,
Here's until we meet again;
This Gin that we're selling is really the goods;
We'll steer the old Government clear out of
the woods.
'Save the country is our aim;
They will make old Mum a Dame;
One things certain—we'll bring fame
Back to Kuri Puku Bay.

We'll be off at break of day,
Bear in mind tho' what we say:
Wherever we wander land, sea or foam,
We'll always remember there's no place
like home.
Now the hour of parting nears—
But let's throw away our cares,
Soon we'll all be millionaires
Back in Kuri Puku Bay.

VAT 59, MAY 18—JUNE 1, 1959

TRANSPORT

Motor transport really got a new lift when Kuri Puku bright boy, Dave Brown left the sticks en route for Kittsburgh. The slap-up country tourer was mobilised with little persuasion although a show of temperament was displayed.

The Old Car Song

This old car's been with the family
Nigh on five and forty years;
Her old heart packs up occasionally,
And it brings us close to tears.

This ancient jalopy
Has a top that is floppy
And a chassis of tin;
She makes a helluva din
When we go out for a spin.

Like a mechanical demon
She's deliberately schemin'
To drive all of us nuts—
But we'll say this—she's got guts;
She runs on whisky or gin.

Whenever she falls apart,
Or she refuses to start,
We never worry or fret;
We treat her just like a pet
And take her down to the vet.

She might not be a Rolls-Royce
But she's the obvious choice,
If you make driving an art;
You've simply got to have heart;
Oh, why the *hell* won't she start?

Bowling across the Waiouru Desert, the family limousine caught-up with two tramp-like figures none other than Walter and Best Friend, walking because the Government Jag had gone on a jag. Information and greetings crossed rapidly; Labour Boss Wal fast concluded that he and Quagmire should be in on the gin racket—won Dave over to their side with soft soap re loyalty to country. Jubilant, they continued.



Results can be produced, but . . .

We're Busy Doing Nothing

We're busy doing nothing
Political genii
Trying to dream up a new alibi
Were busy going everywhere
Isn't it just a crime
We'd like to cut your taxes but
We never do have the time.

I've just made an appointment to open some
skating rinks
And Barnett wants some money to build some
fancy clinks
I wouldn't miss the opening of the national
tiddly-winks
Hustle, bustle, a couple of fading pinks.

We've lost a lot of voters from riding on their
backs
Our revenue from last year is lying round in
sacks
I'm cooking up a budget that's going to ax the
tax
Rumpus, dump us, financial maniacs.

They're busy doing nothing
Parliamentarians
They're just a couple of nearly also rans
We're busy going everywhere
Isn't it just a crime
They'd like to cut your taxes but
They never do have the time.

BUSINESS

The buying public received a face slap when Eyewash advertising Chief Tiger du Chalet launched his new singing commercial for Taipo Gin.

Taipo Gin

Make your next celebration
A real rip-snorting Bash
Forget about inflation,
Forget about old Nash.
Get everybody shickered
Make a seismographic din
With everyone well liquored
On Old Walter's bath-tub gin.

Oh, gin, gin, gin, gin,
Drinking Taipo gin.
Goodness how delicious
Drinking Taipo gin.

Now rum is strong and sickly
And inclined to rot the guts.
While whisky acts too quickly . . .
And besides it costs too much.
And sherry's only useful
When the Vicar's coming in
But there's nothing like a gutsful
Of delicious Taipo Gin.

Oh, gin, gin, gin, gin,
Drinking Taipo gin.
Goodness how nutritious
Drinking Taipo gin.

During a temporary absence, his Secretary Vesta (*Active Attractive*) Vamp was paid a surprise visit by current boy friend P.T.Y. and colleague K. Tender reminiscence was shattered with arrival of Beer Baron Sir Ernest (*Half Hour*) Hancock. Double dealings were set in train, and P.T.Y., K., and Vesta were last seen heading for new gin-still opening to stop same at all costs.

All material for wardrobe in the show
has been supplied by:

L. EVANS & CO. LTD.

SHOW BUSINESS

Taipo Gin — Jingle

Get loaded with Taipo
The gin with a kick
Always makes you happy
Before it makes you sick
Lifts you off your feet
And doesn't repeat.
Say "Clean-tasting new Taipo for me."

A glittering show was on display last week at the opening of David (*Kuri Puku Wonder Boy*) Brown's new still. Notables present heard from Kittsburg Mayor, Frank (*Festival Fun*) Kittz big part played by Town Council in alcoholic enterprise heard Walter (*P.M.*) Nash wish venture luck—endorsed sentiments heartily.

Heaven Help N.Z.

Nash and Quagmire at thy feet
Proletariat elite
Cut our taxes we entreat
Heaven help New Zealand.
Guard us please from your mistakes
Rushing downhill without brakes
All we've got old Quagmire takes
Heaven help New Zealand.

Please don't raise the State House rent
Vote for Nash for President
Build yourselves a monument
Heaven help New Zealand.
Guard our fifteen bob per kid
Electrify our hydro grid
Don't devalue our quid
Heaven help New Zealand.

Build the Nelson railway
Introduce your equal pay.
Remember next election day
Heaven help New Zealand.
To our warning lend an ear
You had better bring back Freer
Or this will be election year
Three cheers for New Zealand.

Disastrous results, however, when new grog was sampled. All tipplers were cast into a state of spong, and the Gala Opening was concluded on riotous note.

*When a
Celebration
is called for
THE
GRAND
Caps the lot!*



The illustration we've used hardly "Ties in," with the caption, but it does depict part of a "Home Celebration" (Liquor supplies from our Home Supply Store of course) and one of our regulars "Tossing a Salad"—he **must** have TOSSED Salads at **all** his Parties.

As we said in the caption, no matter what the celebration (with or without Salads) we at the Grand cap the lot for:

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There's a welcome for you at the Grand Hotel—and when doing that week-end shopping call into our Home Supply Store—satisfaction guaranteed.

THE GRAND HOTEL

WILLIS STREET

Telephone 41-020

(Thomas Coltman, Prop.)

MEDICINE

The Freudian-Jung analysis theory was seriously challenged when Kittsburg's eminent psychiatrist, Dr. Sigmunde Heideschrinker, met last week, amateur, Dave Brown. A quick psych left the poor Doctor prostrate and Dave quickly took stock of situation and assumed the mantle of psychoanalysis. After noting his Susie-fixation to the pretty, raven haired nurse, Brown was all set to doctor the P.M. during his weekly appointment

Mister Wonderful

Why this feeling that you show
When I greet you with a hullo,
What's this strange display of effrontery
Mister Wonderful that's me.

Why this trembling when I speak
Do you fear the mumblings of an antique
You must listen to my own melody
Mister Wonderful that's me.

And why insist that I twist your arm
You must remember I mean no harm.
Oh! there's much more I could say
But the words keep slipping away
And I'm left with only catastrophe
Mister Wonderful that's me.

One more thing that I plea
Mister Wonderful, Mister Wonderful, Mister
Wonderful
I love me.

handed out home brewed diagnosis and sent off Wal with Espresso Cascarra, because he "wouldn't have time to sleep." Machinators, P.T.Y., K. and Vesta, hot on the trail of Dave Brown, arrived to arrest him, mistake unconscious, Dr. Heideschrinker for jail candidate, cart him off and leave Dave in command of situation. Parents arrived, relieved to find son safe and sound decided to return to Sticksville.



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Home Town

Want to wander round your back streets
Down those old State Housing shack streets
I'd like to drop in on those corny country
cousins of mine.

Home Town
How we love to smell ensilage
Permeating through the village
We love to think about the fragrance of the
pigs and the swine.

There's an old Maori gent
Who's wife's happy event
Cast it's shadow before
If you've got a dozen picaninnies what's one
more.

Home Town
Where the plumbing's elementary
Both the workers and the gentry
Have got to pay respects to nature 'neath a
ti-tree or pine.

—Say—remember old Charlie the nightman
—Yeah—there was a man who really threw
himself into his work.
—Remember he used to drive a humdunger
—A humdinger?
—Yeah a nightcart with bells on.

Home Town
It's a dinkum sleepy hollow
But the kids soon learn to swallow
They can even knock a whisky back before
they are nine.

Home Town
Our intellect you may disparage
But it's due to intermarriage
Thank goodness I'm not like those stupid
second cousins of mine.

I'd like to take one more stroll
Down by the old swimming hole
You really need self control
When you go in altogether and the weather
is fine.

Home Town
Had no respect for law and order
Aunt is living with a boarder
Good grief I lost count of all those cousins by
the dozens of mine.

EDUCATION

The modern Playway education system was treated to an airing yesterday, when model Plai Wai School was put on show for parents. Law fugitive David (*Susie Fixation*) Brown stumbled into classroom and was disguised by kids. Tots trotted out pat answers to large range of difficult questions—were then allowed out for morning recess (only an hour and a half because “Mr. Nash was coming to present prizes at the school break-up).

After carefree playtime, kiddies and parents assembled to hear Board of Governor Chairman, P.T.Y. (*Detective Extraordinary*) Holmes. After school song.

Playway Song

Playway's the modern kind of teaching that a
modern child enjoys;
Instead of learning mathematics we can play
around with toys.
Playway's a fine education
Every kid loves it.
We say with no hesitation
We're gonna be the flower of the nation.
Playway says teacher ought to treat a kid
exactly like a pal,
What's more, he's got to know that every
one's an individual,
Deep down we want to be trusted—
We won't abuse it
If we do, don't be disgusted,
At least you know we'll be well adjusted.
Playways the most important privilege that any
kiddy has
Keep us from spelling and arithmetic and any
of that jazz.
Keep us from spelling
Keep us from arithmetic
Keep us from that jazz
'Cause Playway's all we has.

Holmes presented annual report of Plai Wai Board and parents were assailed with hard facts re school's scholastic, sporting and cultural achievements. Further evidence of year's work was shown with school concert wherein pupils entertained assembly with ballet and song.

During concert Dave (*Gin Graft*) Brown tried to make a break, was spotted by Walter (*Hawk-Eye*) Nash and held, pending arrival of uniformed police. A spot of fast talking enabled Brown family to give authority the slip.

Walter's In The Lurch

Young Brown has gone and done the dirty,
The way he treats me, really it's a crime.
I shiver and quiver
Sold down the river
Walter's in the lurch this time.

He's been and gone and pulled a fast one
I'm P.M. but I can't say I'm in me prime
The simple fact is
He's in the cactus
Walter's in the lurch this time.

Don't tell the country
He's in a mess
I'm up a gum tree
Sound the S.O.S.

My head beats against a vicious circle
From the ridiculous to the sublime
Fetch a tranquilliser
I'm in the fertiliser
Really in the lurch
Yes he's in the lurch
Poor Old Walter's in the lurch this time.

CRIME

Roving crime reporter Blarney Stone paid a surprise visit to Kittzburg Police Station last night. He gave graphic description of efficiency and purpose displayed by all staff—of special interest was the dogmatic doggedness of Inspector Frequently, the station canine P.C.

While Frequently was absent on the hunt for David (*Fingers*) Brown, the spurious detectives P.T.Y. Holmes, Knott Watson, along with Vesta (*Interrupted Rest*) Vamp went through the office records, but found nothing of note.

Fido (*Pluto*) Frequently returned joyfully with suspect in tow, to find later he had hijacked search instigator Walter Nash. The situation was salvaged only when the Kittzburg mob took the law into their own hands and brought Dave (*Tom Dooley*) Brown with parents to station prior to lynching. Brown again expressed familiarity with Susie Likeness in Lady Cop. Gruelling third degree dragged information from Brown.

A hasty check on the statute book provided an out for the Kuri Puku locals. Man of the Year Brown beat the rap and walked out of the cop stand a free man—provisoed that he is deported back to Kuri Puku and never again left.

Another case on the police files was satisfactorily closed.

GENTLEMEN !!!

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RAILROAD

The Iron Horse

It would have been no surprise to see George Stephenson's "Rocket" pull into the bustling Kitzzburg Railway Station this morning as the travel-bent crowd surged through the packed concourse in search of wider horizons. Distinctive amongst the pleasure seekers were Cravenised green jerseyed footballers. Audible above the purposeful platform din was the sportsmens' battle cry.

The Game

We've got to think about the game, the game,
the game,
We've got to think about the game, the game,
the game,
We put fun and games behind,
Out of sight and out of mind,
While we think about the game.
There was this doll took me to her bedsitter,
Said I was a handsome critter,
(Yeah? Yeah?)
She sighed, we kissed—and then went on till
We were nearly horizontal,
(Yeah? Yeah?)
Then she put on this lacy negligee,
All set for games that only two can play,
(Yeah Yeah? Yeah? YEAH?)
But then I thought about the game, the game,
the game,
Oh, yes, I thought about the game, the game,
the game,
'Though she called me honey lamb,
I went out and caught a tram,
'Cause I thought about the game.

When I was twenty-young and pure,
Met this dame in Rotorua,
(Yeah? Yeah?)
Went into her caravan there—
Sat upon her pink divan there,
(Yeah? Yeah?)
She said the thing she liked the most was a
man,
Especially sitting on her pink divan . . .
(Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? YEAH?)
But then I thought about the game, the game,
the game,
Oh yes, I thought about the game, the game,
the game,
'Though she hinted at l'amour,
I went straight on out the door,
'Cause I thought about the game.

When temptation comes your way, remember—
Be strong.

When a mopsey says you may, remember—

It's wrong.

When you're taking home a doll,

Who starts giving you the eye,

You squeeze her hand a little

And she (Ah!) begins to sigh,

When she says, "Why not come in and have
a drink?"

Tho' she's nice, just think twice, and you'll
stay right in the pink.

When you find a doll especially-fetching, take
care;

When she says she'd like to see your etchings
—don't you dare.

In despite of all their feminine guile

Let out motto ever be—self denial—self denial!

There was this dame I met once at a party,

The kind bohemian and arty;

(Yeah? Yeah?)

She was the plaything of her senses,

Said, "The hell with consequences!"

(Yeah? Yeah?)

At twelve o'clock we went up to her flat;

We talked of this and that—but mainly
that . . .

(Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? YEAH?)

So there I was, with this lovely doll sitting on
my lap. The lights were low

And as she started to take off her earrings she
was telling me that the only thing that really
mattered in life was pleasure—

She was telling me!

(So what happened?)

Why then I thought about the game, the game,
the game,

Oh, yes, I thought about the game, the game,
the game,

'Though a dame might often claim

That she's game to take the blame

Let's remember to abstain all the same,

And think about the game,

Think about the game, Think about the think
about the think about the think about the
Think about the game!

Despondent Brown family boarded Stick-
ville-bound train, chatted pleasantly with alert
young guard, found time soon passed and
happily sampled hors d'oeuvres at sumptuous
railway refreshment room. Job-conscious
engine driver, George, mobilised train at
whistle blast, left standing the two watchdogs,
P.T.Y. and K., detectives extraordinary.

HEMISPHERE

It's A Wonderful Day

It's a wonderful day in Kuri Puku Bay.
We're quite famous folks since our David
Brown went away.
The Town Hall's mortgaged up to the hilt
So this monument here could be built
To our pride and joy
Mrs. Brown's little boy
Though born on the wrong side of the quilt
Has made us so famous that everyone's coming
to stay
For a roll in the hay and the grog we purvey
in Kuri Puku Bay.

Great jubilation was evidenced today in
Kuri Puku Bay on return of local hero Dave
Brown. Sobering thought however, was the
town's monumental subject's report on Big
City Life.

Windy City

I reached the windy city on a Sunday
But couldn't even buy a loaf of bread
I went without a drink, until the Monday
The weekends there are absolutely dead
I took myself a ride on the Kelburn Cable Car
They said I would see the city lights
But my walk down through the gardens was
much more spectacular
And that was where I really saw the sights.

What next—yeah what next—what next
Everything's up to date in Windy City
They built a fancy aerodrome you know
They spend four million quid on it, the money
flowed like jam
I asked the experts what it's for, they shut up
like a clam
I hear it's for a feeder service out to Paraparam
And that's about as far as it will go—yes sir,
That's about as far as it will go.

Everything's up to date in Windy City
It's better than a silent picture show
They've got a great big outhouse there, they
call it Parlyment
From all around the country eighty members
they are sent
They misrepresent the voters that they're
s'posed to represent
Someone ought to tell them where to go, yes
sir,
Someone ought to tell them where to go.

Everything's up to date in Windy City
I heard the dames there really ain't so slow
There were lots of lovely sheilas so I moved
into attack
But the latest blooming fashion is a thing they
call the sack
It's really most confusing cos you can't tell
front from back
Still I went about as far as I could go, yes sir,
He went about as far as he could go.

Arrival of country's V.I.P.'s with news that
local gin has been tested exhaustively and was,
radioactivewise, the tops, caused renewal of
carnival spirit and eventual recognition of
David (*Engaged to Susie*) Brown as MAN
OF THE YEAR.

Final Finale

This is the end of our student revelry
So we're going to go back once more to our
books
Everyone of us has a mind of an academic
kind
So please don't judge us by our looks.

This is the end of our annual devilry
There is nothing else left for us but to go
We've repeated a thousand times
All the author's rhymes
Andante and fortissimo.

There were politicians
All the country's leading lights
Thundering, blundering, all along the way.
Parl'mentary Nationalists and Labourites
Dirty skites
Having their big fat say.

Our receipe for alchohol went with a bang
David Brown won renown
For Kuri Puku Bay.
Quag and Wal are up the pole
Our schools are teaching rock and roll
"Oh Promise Me" is what old Walter sang.

This is the end but one thing we'd underline
From the Varsity standing up on the hill,
It's been fun to come into town with our hair
let down
With Extravaganza '59
Extravaganza '59.

TIME RATINGS

BOOKS

Doctor Zhigolo by A. Kinsey.

The eternal validity of a naval struggle told by a man who is living it up (by the author—The Birds and the Bees—children's reading).

* * *

Forever Slander by Ol. Wol.

A sad tale of continual mistreatment of the Author by an inattentive press.

* * *

Book Keeping for Beginners

by Nord. Mire.

An elementary treatise written so you can understand it, not recommended for advanced studies.

* * *

Lolita.

The sad tale of a racing car magnate's effort to end Formula Libre racing and his eventual success in small cars aided by his daughter's young friends—A children's book.

* * *

"Vat '59" by Tarry Shatespeare.

The year's best selling biography: a just and urbane study of a virile Kuri Puku Bay homebrewer, who was always lustily at home in life, in and out of exile.

* * *

Last Post by Wally Trash

A lusty, irreverent and affectionate fictional portrait of a shrewd gas-bag who became a powerful political boss with a majority of one in Parliament. The story stays on target so steadily that New Zealand's tax-payer John Citizen still thinks he was having a horrible nightmare on the night of the Budget.

* * *

Women of Rome.

Not for boys of Wellington.

* * *

Doubting Dave by David Brown.

A brief, deceptively simple novel whose hero, a clown, brings a timely reminder that the fatal flaw of any totalitarian regime is its congenitally inhuman disregard of humanity's sex impulses.

FILMS

The Third Man

Will Owin' makes his big hit in this stirring epic of figures over facts.

* * *

The Man With The Golden Arm

Nord, the cowboy hero saves the town with his generous donations to the council funds.—Fantasy.

* * *

Baby Doll

Jim Devlin gives his best performance yet as the downtrodden husband of May Bell during their publicity studded union—a powerful piece.

* * *

Oh Men, Oh Women

Oh BOY!

THEATRE

Look Back In Anger

Taxpayer Jones reminisces on the days before November '57, a stirring piece with fine descriptive forceful writing.

* * *

The Importance Of Being Earnest

A period piece of the struggle of a young publican's son and his rise to control the most important of New Zealand's industries. His acceptance by Royalty and other Bali Hai Society makes a fine conclusion to a melodrama with a moral for our age.

* * *

Swan Lake and Giselle

Music hall stuff with the customary bevy of high kicking beauties. Full houses show the general level of our Society's taste. Pretty Maggie Fountain leads the troupe through some exacting routines.

* * *

Pygmalion

Adapted from the musical, Keith Holypine is very effective as the man who falls in love with his own creation. Fine acting, though the plot is at times all Greek to the audience.

PEOPLE

People make blues, last week these people made these blues:

Smiling in his morning coat and Top Hat D.B. (Publican) O'Reilly, his hair wet, snarled at reporters waiting outside the Registry Office, said: "My daughter is not going to get married." Refused to shake the hands of balladeer Bill Claws-on.

* * *

Refreshed after his plane trip WOL (Around the World in 80 Ways) SLASH confided in his friends, "I may just pop into a new area where no one knows me, on a good will tour." When asked the destination, suggested Lower Hutt.

* * *

Jiving at the Mexicalli L.D. (letters) Austin impressed the gathering with his nimble Rock-n-Roll. Confided "That L. C. Square never did dig this beat." Attractive Miss (Fresh Up With A Pear) Thompson completed the happy twosome.

* * *

Waiting to meet the "Venus" when it arrived in Kittsburg Harbour Red Chinese officials laid a complaint with the Captain about the sinking of a junk, said the Captain: "Our radio was on the blink, but the crew fed well."

* * *

During his campaign to attract recruits to the New Look Army N.B.G. (Don't quote me on this) Cannylie took time off for a swift trip back to Wellington: Explained his secretary, "We had to get our instructions from The Leader about what to say in our speeches and which knife and fork to use."

MISCELLANY

Male Ballet: This part of Extravaganza is awaited all the year by the ballet lovers of Wellington. Although those queues for tickets do not spend all night in the streets this is by no means a yardstick for comparison with some lesser (though popular) ballet companies. Nowhere, from Covent Garden to Auckland's Town Hall, can be found such a subtle interpretation of the art of ballet.

Neither, since the golden days of Lady Godiva, has an audience been thrilled and shocked to such an extent as they will be when viewing this year's male ballet. In the words of the noted ballet critic, Clum. C. Pirouette: "Never before has a show been able to portray the enchanting melodies and movements of the Maori wahine with a charm and grace to rival both Ulanova and Fonteyn."

Home Sweet Home: In Lower Hutt, New Zealand, traveller W. Slash confided in a shopkeeper, "You know, this place looks very familiar to me for some reason." Turned out he lived there.

On the Rocks: In Whangarei special emergency supplies had to be rushed to the town when a tanker containing 7,000 gallons of beer drove off a bridge onto the creek bed.

Moo Shine: In Anson County, N.C., Police Chief, Fred Hyat, stopped a man with a satchel on his back, asked to see the contents, was refused, then, feeling certain that he had caught a bootlegger sent for a search warrant, opened the satchel, found half a gallon of milk.

Sinner Spring: In Greymouth, police searched two weeks for escaped prisoner John David Buckeridge. Finally pulled back the covers on a neatly made bed in his mother's home. found Buckeridge stuffed inside the mattress with only his head sticking out.

V.U.W. DRAMA CLUB'S MAJOR PRODUCTION — 1959

"OEDIPUS REX"

by Sophocles
and

"JACK'S WINTER'S DREAM"

by James K. Baxter

Produced by Richard Campion

IN THE WELLINGTON CONCERT CHAMBER — JUNE 24 — 27



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