

Aw Hell!

Lazies and Jellyman: Hear we air to admixture your annual expletive of pharmaceutical phantasmagoria. Open your mouths, take a deep breathe and forget it. The Exeter of this jelly little piper asks me to ascribe in too many words two you how you'll love it—I hope. We have some, lean rhymes bean on this working it worries us—we hope you will like it to. The words you wood like to yews you will almost here perhaps. Vot thu 'alla you come for goodness knows but we like your money—yes please. We hope to heave a nice building some day so we can gamble in it hence our boarded interest in pents. You may have payed four a seat or some think.

This year, just for a change, Extrav. is realistic—really realistic—all the people are nearly human. As you will find out the Devil is in Waydownundah, very appropriate. Try guessing who will win out in the contest. (This is only to be attempted by those who have a certificate to say that they are now sane.) We introduce two entirely new characters and we will bet you can't pick them—Peater Razor and Quid Dollarland. A reference to Balderdash, can't think who that can be and the Editor is no help at all, is made and a type named Whippleton—"Turn Again Whippleton—you have nothing to lose but your change" as Rabbie Burns is fond of saying in Paralyse Lost, pops up and down here and there—he even sings. Enough of this, bring in the warders ... I feel insanity returning and must concentrate—I do so like vanilla too don't you.

"On this rage we have a unimportant pronouncement from Gobblemen Gildings (Inc.) Shop dress!

"As Prime Morningstar of this beautiful little commentary I wash to comeprabulate the Stewdants on their joys. We are the gobblement and we mean to gullible this contrary. We come to bury the Upper Hutt Stockyards, not to disinfect them. Sorry wrong paper. We are going to bake the stratospheres of the community centre. The ambitious airypluses we are constiplating will convolvulus in higher intoxication. It is the cystem that is wrung and nought the indivisible. Our malefactors must be incorriged and we must do our boast to increase the voluble prediction of goods. We hope there will be a surplice on the budgie and if not we shall have to burrow interminably or obtain sum from the overseers."

Our louse manager he looks so pretty—that tie it is so indiscretion. We have tried and tried but still he is guilty. Vehemence and vigilance these are his clockwords. His biception is amazing if he seas ewe trying anything foney he will complicate your fearfully with the best set of inclinations and intestines. Be Weir!! the hakaka bawdy he may let lose and you may run—no wonder! They will pursue you even to hell—they know the way better than you do anyhow. Sew you c you must be Sutch hell beslaved poised and girdles when you dumb your wayin through the see-Redpoors inks.

The callipers are now made up, the ballys aweight, the Curtin rises, the microbe beats Time, the crowd roars, Vot thu halla anyway? Will this do for you, Ed? Thank goodness. Back to the Asylum!

—M.J.M.

(You'd better read this aloud—New Era English.—Ed.)

Ah! Ha!

Victoria University College Extravaganza

Vot-Thu-Halla

Written by Jean Melling and Jeff Stewart

Produced by Jeff Stewart, Jean Melling, Dave Cohen

Prompt Hop Angus

Hellcats with a Purrpuss—Tilly Dewar, Laura Wilkes, Pat Hofen, Betty James, Shirley Roy, Rosemary Craven, Margot Moncur, Jocelyn McKeown, Patricia Rea, Collen Dent, Doris Thorgood, Elaine Meldrum, Judith Wild, Nancy Pearce, Carmen Clee, Phyllis Levita, Isobel Thomson, Miriam Nestor, Tommy Tucker, Jane Florance, Rosemary Mazengarb, Phyllis Ashwin, Audrey Cook, Joy Sorenson, Betty McDonald.

Devils—Tui Johnston, Shayle Searle, Gerry Tuohy, Colin Gordon, Brian Bull, Frank Curtin, Walter

Freitag, Paul Cotton, John Gully, Vin Dickinson, Eddie Palmer, John Thomson, Barney Butchers, Brian Casey.
Maids—Audrey Cook, Patricia Rea, Joy Sorenson, Rosemary Craven, Alison Merrington, Tommy Tucker, Phyllis Ashwin.

Councillors of Old Slumdon—Shayle Searle, John Coutts, Brian Bull, Gerry Tuohy, Colin Gordon, Paul Cotton, John Thomson, Jim Shires, John Relling, Craig Cunningham, Barney Butchers.

Bwownies—Sixer: Frank Curtin. Others: Robert McNicol, Walter Freitag, John Gully, Terry Qualter, Brian Bell, Vic Howell, Barney Butchers.

Ballet Rampant—Alec McLeod, Chris Pottinger, Harry Evison, Win Stevens, Pip Piper, Peter Hampton, Jack Gibson, John Thomson, and "Baby be Rolling" (Jeff Stewart).

Vot-Thu-Halla — Musical Programme

Act I: Vot-Thu-Halla.

Devils—Vot-thu-halla. Air: Oklahoma.

Devils—Hell. Words: George Turner. Air: Traditional.

Devils—Haven't You Heard? Air: Traditional.

Hell's Belles—Huntin', aShootin' and aFishin'. Words: Jean and Jeff. Tune: Feudin' and Fightin'.

Boss Devil—Tonight at 8. Words Jean and Jeff. Tune: "Come to the Mardi Gras."

Act II. Scene I: Hotel—Council Rooms Being Altered.

Maids—Work Ugh! Words: Jean and Jeff. Tune: Jeff Stewart.

Peater—Things will be Fine. Words: Jean and Jeff. Tune: Jeff Stewart.

Councillors—Councillors Song. Words: Jean and Jeff. Tune: "Across the Alley."

Broad Mare—Willie Whippleton. Words: Jean and Jeff. Tune: "I Believe."

Councillors—City Council Chorus. Words: George Turner. Tune: "There Were Ten Pretty Girls."

Act II. Scene II: En Route to Opera House.

Hell's Belles—Ladies from Hades. Tune: "The Eyes of Texas."

Act II. Scene III: At Opera House.

Miss Enzeds, Etc.—Tell Us Pretty Maidens. Tune: "Tell Me Pretty Maiden."

Act II. Scene IV: Peater's Office.

Hell's Belles—Belles' Song. Tune: "Shuffle Off to Buffalo."

Warmongers, Etc.—Happy Warmongers. Tune: "Land of Hope and Glory."

Bwownies—Bwownie's Song. Words: Jean. Air: Traditional.

Militarists' Song—Air: Obvious.

Act III. The Court of Vot-Thu-Halla.

Whole Court—Is Peat O.K.? Tune: "I've Got the Sun in the Morning."

1st Phys. Ed.—I Am a Spy. Words and Music: Jeff Stewart.

Peater—Oh! What a Jubilant Peater. Words: George Turner. Tune: Jeff Stewart.

Judges—Verdict. Words: R.L.M. Tune: G. and S.

- Judges—Court Song. Words: George Turner. Air: Traditional.
- Whole Court—Court Song. Words: George Turner. Tune: Jeff Stewart.

Act IV. Banquet Given by Quid.

All—Drinking Song.

All—Keep the Hell Fires Burning. Air: Obvious.

Devils—We're the Boys from Down in Hell. Words: George Turner. Air: Traditional.

Peater and Quid—Anything You Can Do. Tune: Same.

Boss Devil—I'm an M.P., Too. Tune: "I'm an Indian, Too."

All—The Devil's in Power. Words: George Turner. Air from "The Vagabond King."

Orchestra

Piano—Barabara Holm, Marie le Compte.

Brass—Hugh Dixon, Dick Steele, John Waldegrave, Ken Bryan.

Saxophones—Brian Cobbe, Frank Foster.

Strings—Pauline Michael, Elizabeth Florance, Mark Pownall, John Steele.

Lyrics and Choruses

"Vot-Thu-Halla"

(Air: "Oklahoma." Lyric: Jeff Stewart.)

Vot-thu-halla is the hottest place we've ever known
Dev'lish little souls
Dance on the coals
And gamble round the devil throne
Vot-thu-halla is the place to have a damn good time
You can tempt and taunt
And even haunt
If you ever feel that way inclined
We're all mixed up in every crime
And we do have a hell of a time.
But when we play
The devil has to pay
We do have lots of fun down here in Vot-thu-halla
Vot-thu-halla's O.K.

"I am a Spy"

(Tune and Words: J. Stewart.)

I am a spy.
Every night when by rights folks are fast asleep,
Out of my bed I creep,
And start to sneak around the halls.
Then I peep through keyholes with one eye,
And you've no idea
How it does embarrass me
When I perchance to see
Some things I really shouldn't see.
Although I should be sleeping,
I think it fun to start creeping
Into M.P.'s bedrooms.
The very first thing I do is pause,
Wait till I hear some snores,
And then start to rummage in their drawers.
For I am a spy,
And although I really haven't much time to wo,

I'm sure I have more fun than you,
For I am a spy,
A real fair dinkum spy,
Aye, Aye.

We are the Boys

(Air: Traditional. Lyrics: George Turner.)

We are the boys from down in hell
Wow - wow - wow.
We always dwell in a sulphurous smell
Yow - yow - youw.
We live in sin and think it's grouse
We're rowdier than Weir House,
Wacky wacky wow wow wow.

Devil Song

(Air: Traditional. Lyrics: George Turner.)

Behold the devil himself appears
In smoke that glows like a ripe tomato.
During the past six thousand years
He's ruled this fiery Hell Dorado.
Hell's teeth,
Yes, sirree,
He looks like a regular desperado;
Rub-a-dub-dub,
Hell to pay,

Devil:

I'm a devil of a joker, I drink and swear,
Chew tobacco and play at poker,
Ride on trams and pay no fare,
Which goes to show I'm a devil of a joker.
Hell's teeth,
Yes, sirree,
My heart is as hard as tapioca.
Rub-a-dub-dub,
Hell to pay,
I'm a devil of a joker am I.

We like to grin and hoot and frown,
Our system runs with great simplicity;

Hellevators all lead down
And the whole show's run by Hellelectricity.
Hell's bells,
Yes, sirree,
Our morals have a maximum hellasticity.
Rub-a-dub-dub,
That's how we manage our show. Hell!

"Tonight at 8 Up at the Opera House"

(Tune: Come to the Mardi Gras. Lyrics: Jean and Jeff.)

Tonight at eight up at the Opera House
Things are gonna be great at the Opera House,
For on the stage under my patronage
A talented, thoroughbred Miss Enzed will be picked;
She'll be sweeter and much neater than most of you, I predict.
And when you're down at the Opera House,
You had better beware at the Opera House,
For you're on view. So everybody do
Have a care, what you wear and what's bare,
When you're there;
There are folks who love to frown at gowns down at the Opera House.

The whole town awaits, for the news has been spread
That at the Opera House tonight we'll choose our Miss Enzed.
We will have a lovely spree,
A joyous jubilee,
When the lucky girl is chosen
How happy she'll be.

"Work, Ugh!"

(Tune: Jeff Stewart. Lyrics: Jean and Jeff.)

We are getting sick of working,
We are always tired.
But we have to keep on working
Because we couldn't get another job if we were fired.

And with all these extra people,
We work overtime.
We have to rise each morning before the dawn,
Clean the place out and mow the lawn,
And have it done before we put their breakfast on,
And that's why we are tired.

We are getting sick of working,
For all these M.P.'s,
We don't like to take them breakfast
'Cause they like to put their clammy hands upon the cheese.

And as this is not hygienic,
We start to object.
The other night an M.P. came up and said,
He'd like a housemaid to warm his bed:
We gave him a hot-water bag with cover red,
But he wanted it pink.

We are getting sick of dodging
All the Councillors.
They, as well as all the M.P.'s,
Seem to think that we are nothing but a pack of poor
Girls, who jump to their bidding
Pronto. Like a shot.
We always turn a deaf ear unto their please
When their tell us their policies.
Now some of them are suffering from housemaids' knees.
But we still have to work.

"Things Will be Fine"

(Tune: Jeff Stewart. Lyrics: Jean and Jeff.)

Don't worry at all,
For in no time at all
Things will be fine.
There's no need to be sad.
Though things appear bad,
Things will be fine.
Like a bird in a tree,
For you ought to be
Singing happy songs all day.
Though the outlook be dark,
Just be like a lark
And sing your cares away, be gay.
And as you go through life,
With its trouble and strife,
Remember this:
If your plans go wrong,
You can always make them right with song.
So sing your way through every day,
And you will find the sun will shine.
If you do as I say, you will find
Things will be fine.

"Councillors' Song"

(Tune: Across the Alley. Lyrics: Jean and Jeff.)

We are the Councillors of old Slumdon,
We'll be in office here till Kingdom Come,
But very, very rarely do we get things done
For the people of our town.

We leave your rubbish till it starts to rot,
Especially when the weather's very hot,
And often we don't bother to collect the lot
From the houses in our town.

We think we'll raise the tram fares,
To increase our reserves;
We might even fix the tram tracks,
Toot toot to Basin Reserve.

We had great plans about a year ago
For clearing the slums away from Te Aro,
But that costs money, so we're going slow
With rebuilding our Newtown.

We thought we'd be different with a Lord Mayor,
We thought it would give us a distinguished air;
But the burghers in other towns aren't playing fair,
'Cos they want one, too.

We dip a finger in every pie—
To see profits lying round would make us cry.
We'd raise our hands in sorrow to the sky,
And gather in the rates.

If the citizens had an inkling
Of what we are getting at,
They'd throw up their eyes in horror,
And then we'd never get back.

We are the Councillors of old Slumdon,
We'll be in office here till Kingdom Come;

But very, very rarely do we get things done
For the people of our town.

"Willie Whippleton"

(Tune: I Believe. Lyrics: Jean and Jeff.)

I am Will (thank you), I am Will (thank you),
I am Willie Whippleton,
I am head of the Citizens' Party here,
And Mayor of old Slumdon.
I am sure, I am sure, that I soon will be Lord Mayor,
With a chain round my neck and an ermine wrap,
And a non-committal air.
All these fine Councillors, they obey me without pause.
Why do they obey? I guess that they obey because
I obey, I obey, all the hints that I receive,
Especially when given by Chambers of Horrors,
Whether for better or whether for worse,
They suit me O.K.; so that's why I obey.

"City Council Chorus"

(Tune: There were Ten Pretty Girls. Lyrics: George Turner.)

We're the ten city fathers of Slumdon town,
And our jobs are soft as an eiderdown.
For we'll tell you what we do,
In a moment or two,
And it won't take long to tell you what we do.
We clean up scraps,
We dig up streets;
If there's smarter guys than us we've never met them.
We like the chaps
That bought our seats,
And to prove we don't forget them
Do nothing to upset them;
So we amble along in our own quiet way,
With a prayer for our Mayor and another for our pay,
And when anybody comes
With complaints about the slums,
We just Stamp as we Shout, "Go Away."

Miss Enzed Conquest

Taranaki sends this beauty
To try to carry off the booty,
This slender, fragile, little flower

Can milk 200 cows an hour.
She's popular at country dances,
She specialises in the lancers;
Married men dance with her up at Inglewood,
Because it's certain no one single would,
For they've heard that it's her plan,
Ere Leap Year's done, to get her man.

Miss Napier shows a bustle
(At first I thought 'twas only muscle),
A corset helps to give the bust
A rather charming" forward thrust;
And thus apparelled, gentle creatures
Display two interesting features—
We won't go further into that.
Surrealists designed the hat
With methylated inspiration
(Did I say hat I meant creation).
A parchment lampshade forms the base,
While clothes-pegs dangle round the face.
The lid from a tobacco tin
Is gently held against the chin;
The front is trimmed with boot protectors,
While over all there hands—a parsnip.

This dress worn by Miss Dunedin
Is made from sacks that once had seed in.
The effect is really rather comical.
But Dunedin likes things economical.
A variety worn in Awarua
Has sacks that once contained manure.
The hat is one you'd all look smart in—
It's modelled in MacHaggis tartan.

The Christchurch entrant—Miss B. Avon,
Reared on gin and riboflavin—
Has new look (London line or fe-line),
(Or bodyline perhaps or bee-line).
It makes her look all curved and crook-like,
While men forget what girls' knees look like.

Designs thus seemed to lack a focus,
Until the dress-designing jokers
Make amends with the corsage
And introduced décolletage.
Thus progress moves on steady wings,
And lift our minds to higher things.

We introduce from Pukeowhare,
The glamorous Miss Paikorikori.
Her dress is dyed in calcimine
And shows the Pukeowhare line.
She pays no coupons and no tax
Because her clothes are made with flax
(Phormium tenax).

This last one's quite a specialty,
A candidate from V.U.C.
Her skirt is trimmed with Kremlin red,
With Moscow gold around her head.
To keep away from harm she's certain—
Beneath her skirt's an iron curtain.

You'll have to admit that they're all beauties,
And beat the celluloid Yankee cuties.

Bwownies' Song

(Air: Traditional)

Hey, jig-a-pig, chase a little pig, follow the flag,
Follow the flag all the way.
Hey, jig-a-jig, chase a little pig,
Follow the flag, fall in and follow the flag.

We are the bwownies, the bwownies, the bwownies,
And wuddy fine bwownies are we, we, we.
All day long we do good deeds, do good deeds,
We do good deeds every day.

A bwownie gives in to her elders, her elders;
Remember that Bwown Owl knows best, best, best.
When we go home with a wolf cub, a wolf cub,
That's when we are put to the test.

A bwownie helps others, helps others, helps others,
And then she must tie her own tie, tie tie.
A bwownie keeps smiling, keep smiling,
And whistles when men pass her by.

Just like a boy scout, a boy scout, a boy scout,
A bwownie is always pwepared.
And tho' often tempted to follow the wong way,
She is not easily led.
Chorus.

Is Peater Fit?

(Tune: I've Got the Sun in the Morning. Words: Jeff Stewart.)

Has Peat done just what was planned
Since he has taken over command?
We've got to find out if Peat is fit to stay in power (bis).

Have his actions always been
As innocent as he would have them seem?
We've got to find out if Peat is fit to stay in power (bis).

Will he prove that he is O.K.?
Or will he have to retire today?
Will he sink or will he swim, will be verdict favour him?
We've got to find out if Peat is fit to stay in power (bis),
We've got to find out without delay if Peater is fit to stay in power.

What a Jubilant Peater I Am

(Tune: Jeff Stewart. Words: Geo. Turner.)

O what a jubilant Peater I am.
I don't give a damn.
I won't have to scram.
It's not such a hard case; it's money for jam.
Oh, what a jubilant Peater I am.

I would have been maws disappointed,
My plans would have been all disjointed.
Sad fate for Noo Zillan's anointed.
I would have been maws disappointed.

Gee, what a worried old Peater I was.
I worried because
I thought that I was
Caught up in a hard case; an due for a loss.

Gee, what a worried old Peater I was.

Court Song

(Tune: Jeff Stewart. Words: Geo. Turner.)

Now the Court of British Justice
Closes for another day.
Cleaners clean the halls with dusters,
Porters port for meagre pay.

Lawyers close their dusty lawbooks,
Hand them to the dusty porters,
Where they're stowed away with more books,
Kept in the building where the court is.

The public shuffles through the doorways,
Small today, no murder trials,
For when it's killings that the law weighs,
Queues are known to stretch for miles.

We leave this dust and desolation
To the desolated dusters,
With homage to the British nation,
For its dusty British Justice.

Drinking Song

(Air: Unknown. Lyrics: Jean and Jeff.)

It's time to fill your glasses, boys,
And drink, and drink, and drink,
The only thing to give you joy,
Is drink, is drink, is drink.

In spite, of what some people say,
It puts you in the pink.
So raise your glasses to your lips,
And drink, drink, drink.
(Lydia Pinka Pinka Pinka).

Keep the Hell Fires Burning

(Air: Obvious.)

Keep the hell fires burning,
It's no use returning.
To our home way down below
When there's no glow.

How can we fires ignite,
If we have no lignite,
For we must have open-cast
For the fires below.

Anything You Can Do

(Tune: Same. Words: Original.)

Anything you can do I can do better,
I can do anything better than you.
No, you can't, yes, I can (bis.).
No, you can't, yes, I can, yes, I can.

Any Bill you can pass I can pass quicker.
I can pass anything quicker than you.

I can get selection at the next election,
I can get the voters on the country quota,
I can gain most any seat.
The Union's choice,
Yes,
People's Voice.

Any house you can build I can build quicker.
I can get houses built quicker than you.
Any tax you can raise I can raise higher.
I can sock taxpayers harder than you,
2/6, 3/6,
4/6, 5/6, etc.

I can sway the papers, voters can't escape us.
I'm safe among the farmers, the city won't alarm us.
I can gain most any seat.
Can you stop a slump?
No.
What a chump!

Any speech you can make I can make longer.
I'd never run out of breath before you.
The honourable gentleman is misinformed.
The honourable gentleman has not confined himself to the truth.
The honourable gentleman is indulging in terminological inexactitudes.
The honourable gentleman is deliberately and maliciously misleading the public to advance the banners of his own party.
I can do anything better than you.

I'M an M.P. Too

(Tune: I'm an Indian, Too. Lyrics: Jean and Jeff.)

Just like Paikea, Ratana, Omana,
Like those Maori Chiefs,
I'm an M.P., too, and P.M., too.
Just like Walter Nash, Bob Semple, Harry Combs,
Like those Labour boys,
I'm an M.P., too, and P.M., too.
When Parliament drags along and I get bored,
I will pack my bags and take a trip abroad.
And I'll wear morning suit, Homburg hat, bright red tie,
Which will go to prove
I'm an M.P., too, and P.M., too.

When the Treasury money lacks,
I'll increase the income tax,
And I'll be busy night and day.
I will be like Walter Nash
And gather in the people's cash.
I think I'll do it every day.

Just like Disraeli, Bill Massey, John A, Lee,
Like those ex-M.P.'s,
I'm an M.P. too, and P.M. too.
Just like Holyoake, Sullivan, Gooseman,
Like those Nationalists,
I'm an M.P. too, and JP.M. too.
Whenever I'm on the spot or in a fix,
I will put the blame upon the Bolsheviks.
And I'll have a big cigar, caviare, Buick car,
Which will go to prove, I'm an M.P. too, and P.M. too.

The Devil Rules

(Final Chorus)

Words: George Turner.

(Air from "The Vagabond King.")

So we end our revels
And our friend the devil's
Safely set above us all
Still (like Arthur Rank) he's
Better far than Yankees
Which just says nothing at all.
Satan's waitin' to build a hell on earth
The dollars wallahs will help to give it birth.

With Inspector Semple
I'll erect a temple
To suppression of the reds
In the daily paper
We will gaily shape a
Mood where people lose their heads.

Do as the U.S. you can't go wrong with me
I like a guy like the guys from Tennessee.

If we've made the dollars
To put paid to Wallace
Satan's established safe and sound
So if you love the Devil
Reds you'll prove are evil
Thus the Devil's policy goes round.

Down with the clown with the nerve to say we're wrong
Abuse him, accuse him and make him sing this song.

So we end our revels,
Victory's the Devil's,
Sing while yet there's time for song.

Page divider image

"Look! Lulu's wearing her New Look!"

Drawing of three women comparing jewellery

". . . and so, with no misgivings, we say 'Adieu, strange America!' Land of taxis, tall buildings, sudden marriages, quick divorces and blaring juke boxes!"

Drawing of native reporters on a dragon boat going past an American city

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