

"The Happy Squanderer"

or

"OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

Original script by G. MICHAEL LOE and JAMES HUTCHISON-GIBB.

Additional dialogues and lyrics by BILL SHEAT, BEN GOFFMAN and IAN RICH.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| The production staged by | BILL SHEAT |
| Assistant Producer | IAN RICH |
| Stage Manager | HUDDY WILLIAMSON |
| Musical Direction | PETER CROWE, BARRIE MILES ELIZABETH PARR. |
| Wardrobe Mistress | Assistant: NOELINE JOHNSTONE |
| Ballet Numbers | MRS. C. CRESSWELL |
| Property Manager | BRYCE EVANS |
| Make-up Controller | JOHN TREADWELL |
| Chief Make-up Artist | BURNETT ROSS |

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| Business Manager | WALTER ILES |
| Advertising | IAN RICH, assisted by JOHN BATH- GATE, JOHN MARCHANT |

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|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| Race Announcer | DAVID CROWE |
| Orchestrations | PETER CROWE |
| Special thanks must go to | Mr. JIM McKENNA |

Synopsis and Review of "The Happy Squanderer"

By H. P.

The show opens in a swell joint in the Desert or somewhere, which is run by a guy called Mustapha Barani, who is a sheik and a very rich guy with a lot of potatoes and some beautiful dolls, which is something I care for very much. Furthermore, one of his dolls is a nifty piece called Norobi, who is by way of being a dancing girl, a very cute piece weighing 90 pounds or something less sopping wet, and very successful with guys, particularly old ones. Now a guy called Sid 'Olland is coming to this Barani's joint, but before he arrives a guy called Plato Narcissus, who is a very big shot indeed, with even more potatoes than Mustapha, arrives and lets it be known that Sid 'Olland is his chicken and no one is to try and pluck him. It seems Zealand or somewhere, and Plato has a liking for they discover oil in this 'Olland guy's country, New oil because oil means potatoes and Plato collects potatoes. Mustapha the Sheik says he likes oil quite a lot too, so this guy Plato leaves in a huff and then some. Well, it seems that Sid is a sucker and gets taken for a ride by Norobi—in fact he gets so hot he almost catches on fire—and what with sighing all over and asking Norobi to be his ever-loving he forgets what he is doing and gives his oil rights to the Sheik. When Sid finds what he has done he is more than a little upset, what with being hot and then cold and losing his oil, and particularly losing his oil, so Plato, who is a smart guy, says he should use his noggin and not get tangled up with good-looking dolls who aren't his wife and what more can he expect. Furthermore he says if Sid gives him the oil rights for a few grand he will get the phoney rights from the Sheik. Sid says O.K. and takes it on the lam.

Then things get mixed and I am more than a little confused but it seems that Plato hires a couple of guys who are very tough characters and not the sort I would personally associate with or even know, let alone talk to, and they are to lift the rights from the Sheik. Furthermore he gets a Miss Lovebody, who is an old doll of about 45 or less with a plain plan, to help. But before you can say Sugar Ray Robinson this doll Miss Lovebody plays Plato for a sucker and gets herself engaged to become the Sheik's ever-loving wife, which is something she wants to do for some time or even longer. This puts paid to Plato's plan, for his two hired helps are very tough citizens indeed, so they do not have much to think with and they cannot get the rights either.

Then everybody goes to New Zealand where the oil is and the Sheik sinks a bore which is the first good one ever sunk in New Zealand which is a very small place indeed and doesn't compare much with Texas or even Coney Island, for that matter. But Sid, who is the big shot in New Zealand, is still sore about how he is taken in by the Sheik and Norobi and arranges with Plato and his two boys

to give the well the works the day they open it. So they put a pineapple in the well and this blows up so successfully that all the guy and dolls, including Sid and Plato, who don't beat it fast enough, are properly rubbed out and die.

Then they all go to Heaven, which is a very surprising thing, for if ever I see a bunch of palookas who should never go to Heaven this is it, and in fact St. Peter is somewhat surprised too, especially as they say they are from Wellington, which it seems he has not heard of before. So St. Peter says they have no business being there and are to go to the other place, which seems to be a right thing, so I take off my hat to St. PetPer. And at that moment I am struck smack-dab on the noggin by an old fish which is thrown by a student or lecturer or something and I go out which afterwards I consider to be a very good thing because I hear that this show is very popular and many citizens wish to see it, and in fact it is so popular that many persons are badly killed and maybe hurt trying to get in, so I am glad all I get is a bump on my bean.



Do you grovel on sea beds for groper?
At sculls, are you ne'er a no-hoper?
Do you enthuse over bowls,
Or a good eighteen holes?
On Saturdays, prefer sport to the sofa?

Do you follow the Tests' daily score?
Are non-sporting types just a bore?
If they are, then you'll just
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LYRICS FROM THE SHOW

A SONG TO START THE SHOW

1st Student:

What's playing at the Opera House?

2nd Student:

I'll tell you what's playing at the Opera House—the greatest show since Sid 'olland went to a night club in Malaya and let a Singapore him. That's what's playing at the Opera House.

4th Student:

What are you guys doing?

Others:

We'll tell you what we guys are doing. We're keeping the audience amused until they've had time to finish writing the script. That's what we guys are doing.

4th Student (indicates curtain):

What's happening back there?

Others:

We'll tell you what's happening back there. The Students are preparing an Eastern Scene that will knock the spots off Aly Khan's third wife's boudoir—that's what's happening back there.

All:

Yes, when students turn away from the scholastic The result is almost certain to be drastic.

1. Extravaganza's here
Bringing laughter and cheer
So sit back and enjoy the show we have.
The dialogue is tame and the lyrics don't rhyme
And the dancing's so bad you'll surely be glad to leave
At half-time.
2. You will see a guy,
He's an M.P. of course
Giving shady stimulation to a horse
For its dope the nag's a glutton,
And the horse's name is well-known,
But the guy's only doing it in Extrav.
3. When you smell a gent
With Parisian scent,
You can bet that he's stinking about Extrav.
For he's been abroad for his countrymen's sake
But he must cease to roam and set out for home
Or his braces will break.
4. When you see a guy,
Floating out of the sky,
You can bet that he's doing it for Extrav.
He's a killer, he's a slayer,
It's the P.M. in Malaya,
But the guys only doin' it in Extrav.
Extrav, Extrav.
The guy's only doin' it in Extrav!
5. But if you see a joke
Give your neighbour a poke
Or he might miss the solitary gag we have.
And if he's getting drowsy
Well you know that he thinks we're lousy
But we'll still make him welcome at our Extrav.

Act I—Scene 1

An Eastern Market-place

OPENING CHORUS

Ho, so we sing while opening up our show,
Doesn't really mean a thing we know,
But still it's something to say
And it sounds much better than "Hey"
Hoping that you'll enjoy this year's Extrav.
Hopeful that it's not the last we have
So, if you're rearing to go,
And don't mind jokes slightly low
On with the show.

BARANI'S SONG

Oh, I'm the famous Mustapha Barani,
The richest man from Africa to Greece,
So I spend the autumn bathing in Miami
And the winter chasing chorus girls in Nice, Very Nice.

Yes, I'm a Sheik, wild but meek,
I take a new wife every week,
But I haven't found one yet that's really right,
I've been on the scoot, with King Farouk
And now they've given him the boot
And done things to him from an unfair height.
I'm a regular Valentino,
At least, when full of vino
And when I get rife, with a pretty wife,
The husband heads for Reno.
Yes I'm a sheik, not mild but meek,
And I get sheikered every week
But I've been good for the past few days
So I think I'd better change my ways tonight.
I'll start in early,
And sock the gin till I get screaming tight,
Then grab a girlie,
And wreak a little damage, if she's chic tonight.

A VERSE FOR THE VAMP

For at a party, when I appear,

The girls get tarty, the men all cheer
The dames get het up
But all men get up,
To meet Narobi.

The old men simper, the young men faint,
The old maids whimper, "She's only paint."
But still the males
Start making trails,
To meet Narobi.

Men always find me charming
I'm the one they adore,
They think my smile's disarming
And my figure, they want to see more.

But I say, "Fred, don't get too free,"
My little bed is just for me
So don't get funny
For it costs money
To meet Narobi.

SID'S SONG

I'm as naughty as Paris in spring time
 I'm as fast as a student in May
 Nevertheless I am forced to confess
 That I'm really a wonderful guy.
 I'm New Zealand's favourite statesman
 Wandering along with my head in the sky
 If I should fall please don't blame me at all
 For I'm really a wonderful guy.
 Royal Commissions make all my decisions
 I don't have to make up my mind
 Which is all to the good for if ever I should
 I boggle to think what you'd find.
 I am a smoothie who charms all the ladies
 The taxpayers, too, I know just how to woo
 And you will note from the way that they vote
 That I'm really, I'm really, I'm really,
 I'm really,
 I'm really a wonderful guy.

FINALE

Hip hip hooray for our ringenious Sheik,
 He's found a way to get rich in a week,
 For all we need is a lead from the the well to a
 drum
 Then we'll be rich, so watch out New Zealand, for
 Beware, Barani's on his way;
 The oily bird s coming out to stay,
 So don't recoil at the thought of taking oil from
 your soil,
 Just shout out hip, hip hooray.

Act 1—Scene 2**MISS LOVEBODY'S LAMENT***SINGS—*

I've got all the gen on handling men my dear
 Narcissus
 I know a girl can't fail to win a male with red-hot
 kisses
 I used to be, universally, known by all the boys
 as "Cuddles"
 Though now, I find, I am more refined, I can still
 get hot when I've wined and dined.
 And the Shiek, I feel can't resist appeal like mine,
 dear Plato
 In a week that man will be weaker than a mashed
 potato
 He just won't know what's hit him,
 And then I shall outwit him,
 And while he craves romance I'll slip the rights out
 of his pants.

THE CROOK'S CANTATA

Just remember what I've told you three,
 I don't want any foolery;
 Just get the Sheik while we're at sea
 And get those mining rights.

Miss L.—

You may rely on me, I'm sure,
 For he'll be looking for armour
 So I'll turn on some French allure
 And strip down to my tights.

S. and FGS.—

And if the dame don't get the Boss,
 Remember still that we
 Will, by no means, be at a loss
 Though we'll be all at sea.
 Excuse us if we do not stay,
 Our crook's tour's on its merry way,
 And if you think crime doesn't pay
 Your're due for several frights.

Act 1—Scene 3**A SONG FOR GIRLS**

We want men and we've heard it said
 That they've 40,000 surplus
 Down in old N Zed;
 Think of every bed
 Uninhabited
 Men exhibited
 Waiting to be wed
 We want men
 We want men
 We want men
 We want men
 Our female instinct
 Is very far from extinct
 'Cos we want men
 To satisfy our yen
 Betya pretty life we do
 Doodle oodle oodle
 Doodle oodle oodle
 Doodle oodle oodle
 Doodle oodle oodle
 Betya pretty life we do
 Betya pretty life we do

CAPTAIN'S AND BARANI'S STORY

Underneath the table
 I spend most of the year
 Underneath the table
 I finish off the beer
 Every night you'll find me
 Lying on the floor
 Hoping that the party
 Won't end till we have drunk some more
 Drinking when it's raining
 Drinking when its fine
 I think it's good to be alive
 Bottles at my elbow
 No wonder I feel gay
 Underneath the table
 I pass my nights away.

SELLINGTON HERE WE COME!

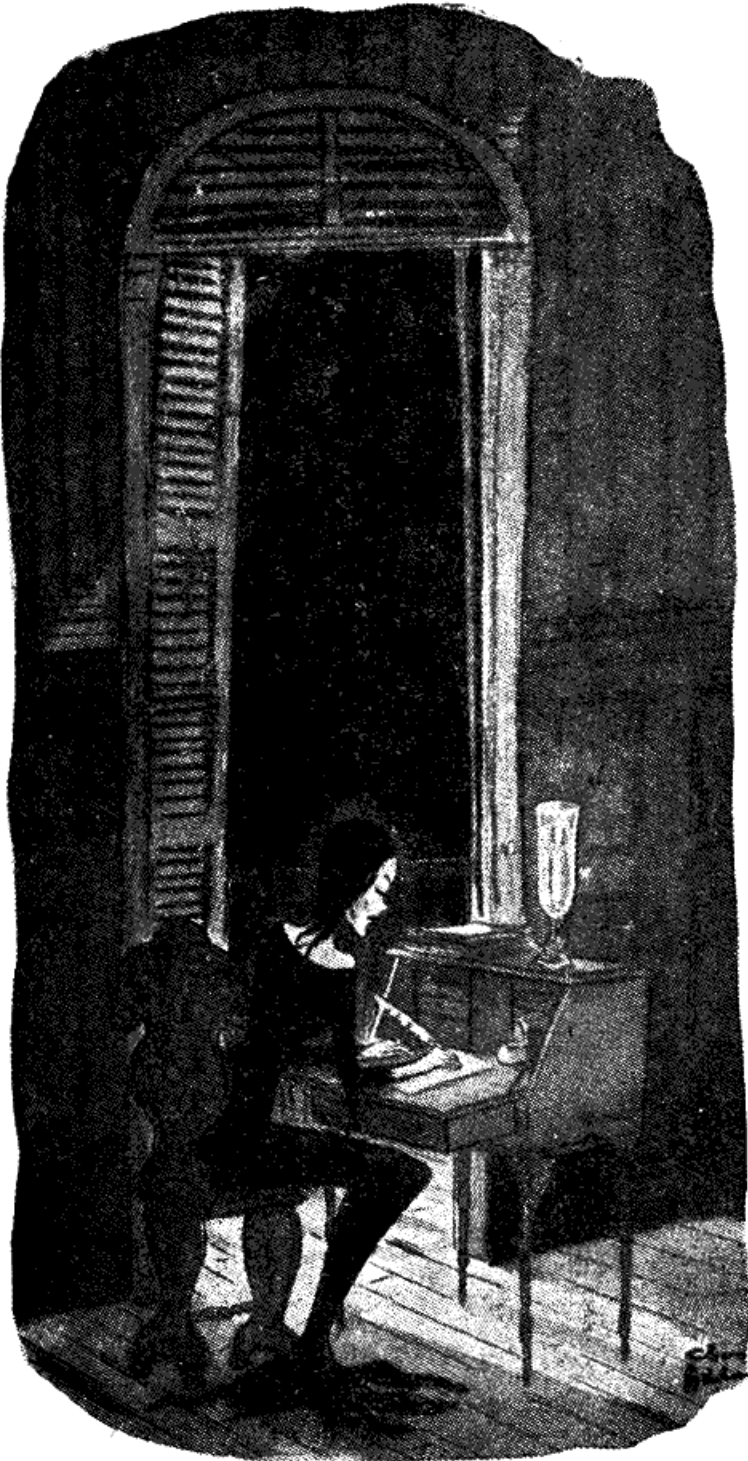
Now here we are in Sellington,
 Now our trip is done
 Mal de mer we cannot bear
 But still we've had some fun, fun, fun, etc.

So here's to our saucy ship,
 Here's to the crew,
 Here's hoping, gulls and buoys,
 That we get what we want in Sellington.

Act 2—Scene 1

PARLIAMENT SONG

This ole house is getting shaky
 This ole house is collecting mould
 This old house just groans and trembles
 And the members get so old,
 This ole house is a getting feeble;
 Just like Him it's had its day.
 It's a getting ready to meet its fate.



CHORUS

Ain't gonna need this house no longer
 Ain't gonna need this house no more
 Ain't got time to fix the members
 Ain't got time to lock the door
 Ain't got time to oil the voters
 Nor to fill no empty seats
 Ain't gonna need this house no longer
 It's a getting ready to meet its fate.
 This old fate.

This ole house is afraid of critics,
 This ole house is afraid of facts
 This ole house wants home and comfort
 Rather than to face the axe.
 This ole house was once quite useful
 This ole house once did much good
 Now it seems to be unable
 To sort the trees out from the wood.

A SONG FOR SECRETARIES

Typists sing

We're cabinet's private secretariat,
 We're the only ones to whom they can dictate,
 But some honourable members we won't name
 Have intentions that aren't quite the same;
 Beware of the sofa bureaucrat.

We're Cabinet's private secretariat,
 We're the only ones to whom they can dictate,
 But in the long run we are out of luck,
 Only pass they make is to pass the buck
 Or starts talking through his Homburg hat.

Yes sir, we are the wenches
 Whom the front Treasury benches
 Occasionally like to pinch and pat,
 But stenographers recognise the type,
 Give him onions when he hands out tripe,
 But the next general election will provide a new
 selection in Parliament. . . .

A SONG FOR PARLIAMENTARIANS

Division bells, division bells
 Ringing all the day,
 Oh! what fun in Bellamy's
 Till they call us away.

Division bells, division bells
 Sound their reveille,
 We drop our cues
 And leave our booze,
 We dare not disobey.

Verse

Intent on comic strips
 We utter pointless quips
 Mouths filled with acid drips,
 Pull faces at the whips,
 Such lovely fun and games,
 We call each other names,
 Each one the other blames,
 All day ad nauseames.

The script writers wish to thank Misses Barbara Haldane, Jo Hirsh Beal, and Shona Gale for valuable secretarial work.

Turn to page 34

Valerie Studios

For ~

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Receptions, etc.

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Concluded from Page 31

Chorus

Division bells, division bells,
Keep us up at night,
Oh how tiresome it can get
When Opposition's fight.
Please take them away,
If they were silent
We could stay
In Bellamy's all day.

DELINQUENT'S SONG

We're too darn young,
We're too darn young,
We should be good, but we want to be bad,
Do what we should but we want to be bad,
That's why there's much more fun to be had,
But we're too darn young.

**ANOTHER SONG FOR PARLIA-
MENTARIANS**

Some think an M.P.'s life all skittles and beer,
Some think an M.P.'s life a holiday mere,
When people ask about the life that we lead
There's one thing on which we are all agreed.

Never, never be an M.P.
If you value your self-respect;
Never, never be an M.P.
Compromising your intellect;

Never, never be an M.P.
If you don't like stress and strife;
Never, never be an M.P.
Unless.
You want to have a horrible life
Unless,
You want to have a horrible life.

You can think what you please,
Drink what you please,
Or hoodwink what you please,
You can taste what you please,
Waste what you please,
Play what you please.

You can do anything but say what you please.

You can wake when you please,
Sleep, laugh, weep, laze or be spree
When you please.

Or speak in Address-in-Reply when you please.

Never, never be an M.P.
If you think you can make one cent
Never, never be an M.P.
If you've no one to pay the rent,
Never, never be an M.P.
Haunted by election year,
Never, never be an M.P.
Unless
You want to have a chequered career,
Unless
You want to have a chequered career.

FINALE

Barani—

Yes, I'm the Sheik,
My outlook's bleak,
I've been done the dirty
By that Plato Greek.
And I had to leave behind my harem dolls,
So I think I'll catch a plane back home tonight.
I'll start out early,
And soon I'll be back in my own home tent,
Then grab a girlie,
And observe the ancient customs of the or-i-ent.

Narobi—

Though not in movies
I've got the goods,
I drove the vicar into the woods,
The ecumenic
Went schizophrenic
To meet Narobi.

Miss Lovebody—

I've got all the gen on handling men,
At least I thought so,
1920 styles.
Though you thought, "Good Heavens! What
Where I was taught no
A girl will now say yes
If she's in distress
Says she, "O what fun, daddy's got a new shot-
gun."

Sid—

I have made many stupendous blunders,
Should have been sacked but just in the last act
It turns out in the end,
That I'm everyone's friend
Yes, I'm really, I'm really

All—

Yes, he's really, he's really, etc. etc.
Yes he's really, he's really, etc., etc.
Yes, he's really a wonderful guy.

FINAL CHORUS

Sid—

Everything that happens in the year
Is lampooned in Extrav.
We have lots of fun guying everyone,
We hope you liked it too—we have.

All—

If Sid seemed to fail,
And his bids

For the oil
Were all foiled by a goil
It was all of the kind that you'd call
Extravaganza.

This type of political tripe
Has the ring of the genuine thing
As you know from your own radio
Extravaganza.

The plot isn't hot,
And it's quite oversexed,
The gags seem to drag
At the slightest pretext,
Though you thought. "Good Heavens! What
next?"

As we sing this finale we hope it was up your
alley.

A show that is really a show
Sends you out with a kind of a glow,
And the cause
And the cause
Of your thund'rous applause
Extravaganza.

FINALE ULTIMO

Just one of those shows;
Just one of those Varsity shows;
The jokes, we're aware, were a bit on the nose,
Just one of those shows.

It's been just one of those nights,
We're sorry we gave you those frights;
But this is Extrav and anything goes,
Just one of those shows.

If you sought a treat
When you bought a seat,
All you got from us was the bird;
But control yourself, and console yourself,
For we meant each single word.

So goodbye then till next year,
We'll be back again, never fear;
It's been great fun
And it's been the show of all shows.

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"The Happy Squanderer"

CAST

Fitzpatrick's Voice Constantin Stanislavsky
Slave Bob O'Brien
Mustapha Barani Dave Crowe
Keeper of Dossiers Richard Schroder
Norobi Henrietta Moncrieff
Plato Narcissus Des Deacon
Sid 'Olland Dennis Brown
Fingers Tony Courtney
Slash Tony Ferrers
Waiter Stephen Milton
Miss Lovebody Claudia Ponsonby-Ponsonby
Little Eric David Wilson
Wol Ross O'Rourke
Mable Janice Dickson
Nordy Grahame Hitch
Clyde Quay Peter Gibbons
Mayor Michael Edwards

Announcer Laurence Atkinson
Sergeant at Arms Richard Schroder
Speaker Jim Hutchison
Clerk of the House Ted Woodfield
Maori Member Bob O'Brien
Stan John Marshall
Fitts Hamish Kittow
Vatz Clive Palmer
Marsbill Lawrence Crighton
Race Announcer David Wilson
Dr. Maidengarb Tony Courtney
Captain Queeg Jim Hutchison
Boy Bob O'Brien
Purser Ted Woodfield
Dame Sybil Worndyke .. Richard Schroder
Sir Lewis Gasson Ian Rich

Eastern Citizens, Delinquents, Ship Passengers, Members of Parliament, Secretaries, Angels, Devils:—

Ladies of the Chorus: Margaret McNab, Jane Digby, Majorie Adam, Noeline Johnstone, Catherine Arthurs, Margot Miller, Judy Shields Brown, Ruth Kingsford, Diana Fussell, Helen Pavitt, Jo Hirshberg, Dawn Rodley, Sue Rix-Trott, Gabriel Jackson, Jill Le Fort.

Gentlemen of the Chorus: Tony Courtney, Tony Ferrers, Terry Corbett, David Wilson, Michael Nicolaidi, Keith Peterson, Clive Palmer, Ian Shields-Brown, Barry Mason, Antony Wood, Evan Pearce, Grahame Hitch, Hamish Kittow, Lawrence Crighton, Ross O'Rourke, Ted Schroder, J. Alev Crowe, Tom Garland, Laurence Atkinson, John Marshall, Clarry Gibbons, Ted Woodfield.

Male Ballet: Tony Goss, Don Meely, Richard Hume, Kevin Hall, Anthony Wood, Ian Shields-Brown, John Gamby, Tim Garland, Ross Russell, John Marshall, Warren Allen, Peter Chamberlain.

Orchestra: Peter Crowe (conductor), Aileen Clarridge (piano), Charles Cretchley (flute), Rod Giddens (alto), Barry Miles (tenor), Joe Barnao (bass clarinet), Lawson Giddens, Rod Grubi (trumpets), Dave Butler, Dick Horsham, Campoli, Peter Latimer, Alex Bonnett, John Buxton, Alistair Nicholson, Grahame Weir, D. Holtz, Murray Kelly (violins), Ben Gunn, Eddie Safranski, Murray Calvert, Irene Lusty (Bully Fiddles).

Those Concerned

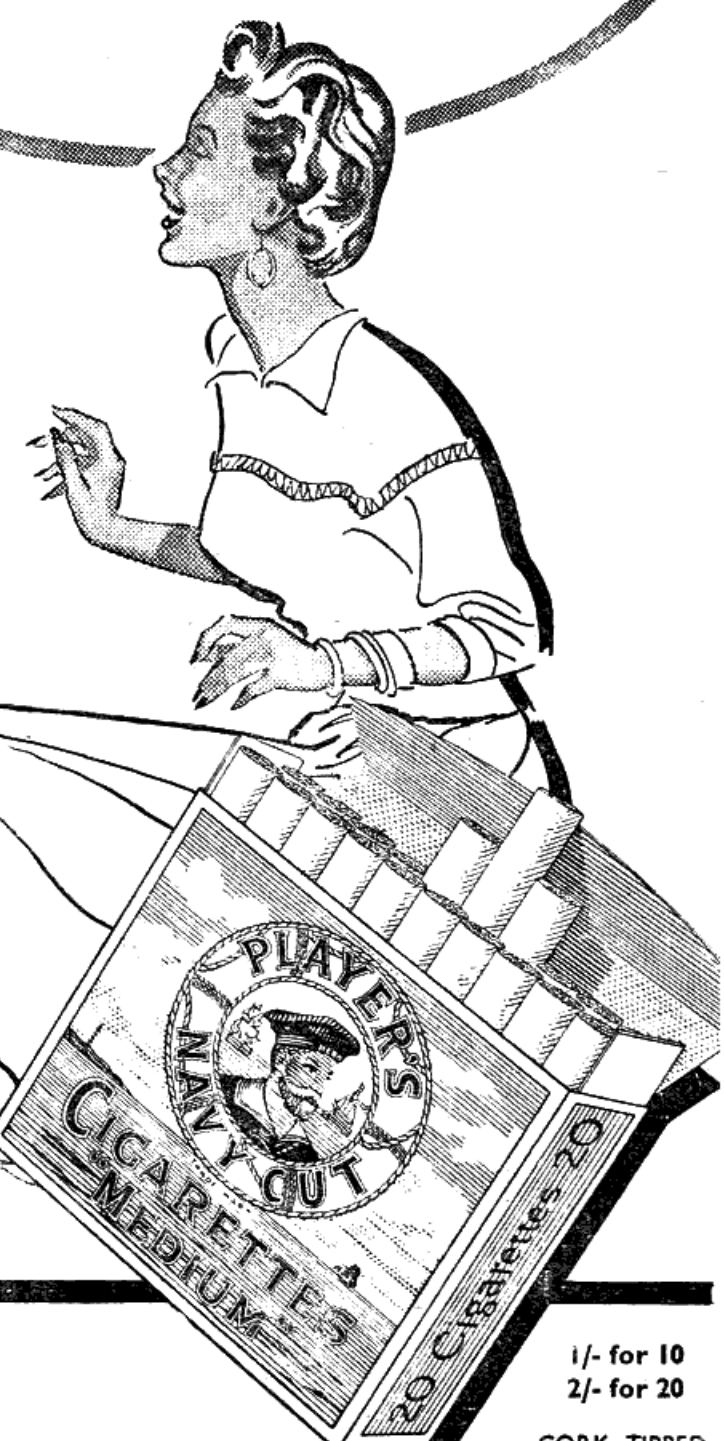
Stage Assistants: G. P. Williams, B. G. Mahoney, P. Doogul, S. Nicholls, J. Hercus, W. Harrison, Jo. Walker, G. Evans, C. Gordon, T. Graham, T. Rodgers, R. Gerrard, D. Shaw.

Sound Effects: G. Patchett, J. Wright.

Wardrobe: Elizabeth Parr, Noeline Johnston, Jeannette King, Bobby Gerard, Janice Rundell, Isabel Corkill, Lesley Hall.

Stage Credits: Dominion Office Suppliers, St. George Hotel, St. George Tobacconist, Coco-Cola Ltd., Mr. Ted Pold, Kiwi Bacon Co., N.A.C., Freedom, Standard.

*“Have one of these –
they’re **PLAYER’S**”*



*Player's
Please*

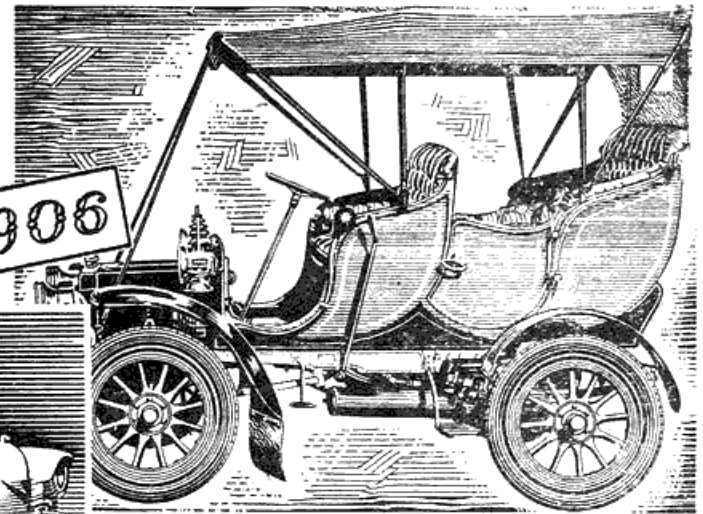
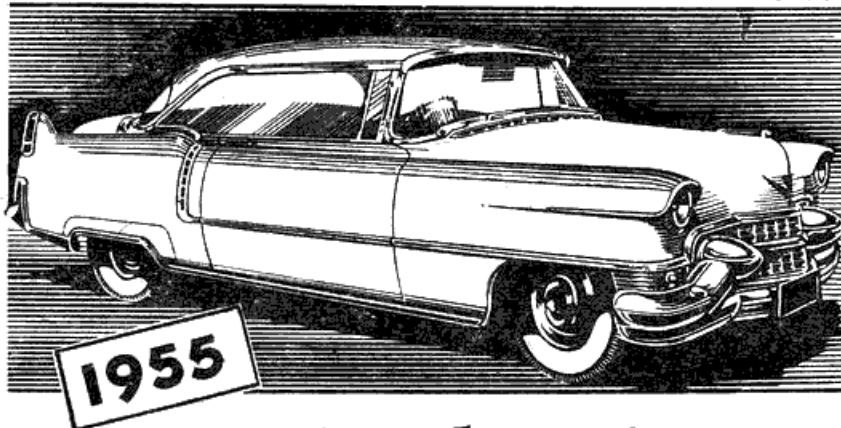
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for Happy Motoring

fill up with Atlantic Extra petrol

— makes a power of difference!



"I wonder if there is a *Mrs. Kinsey*?"

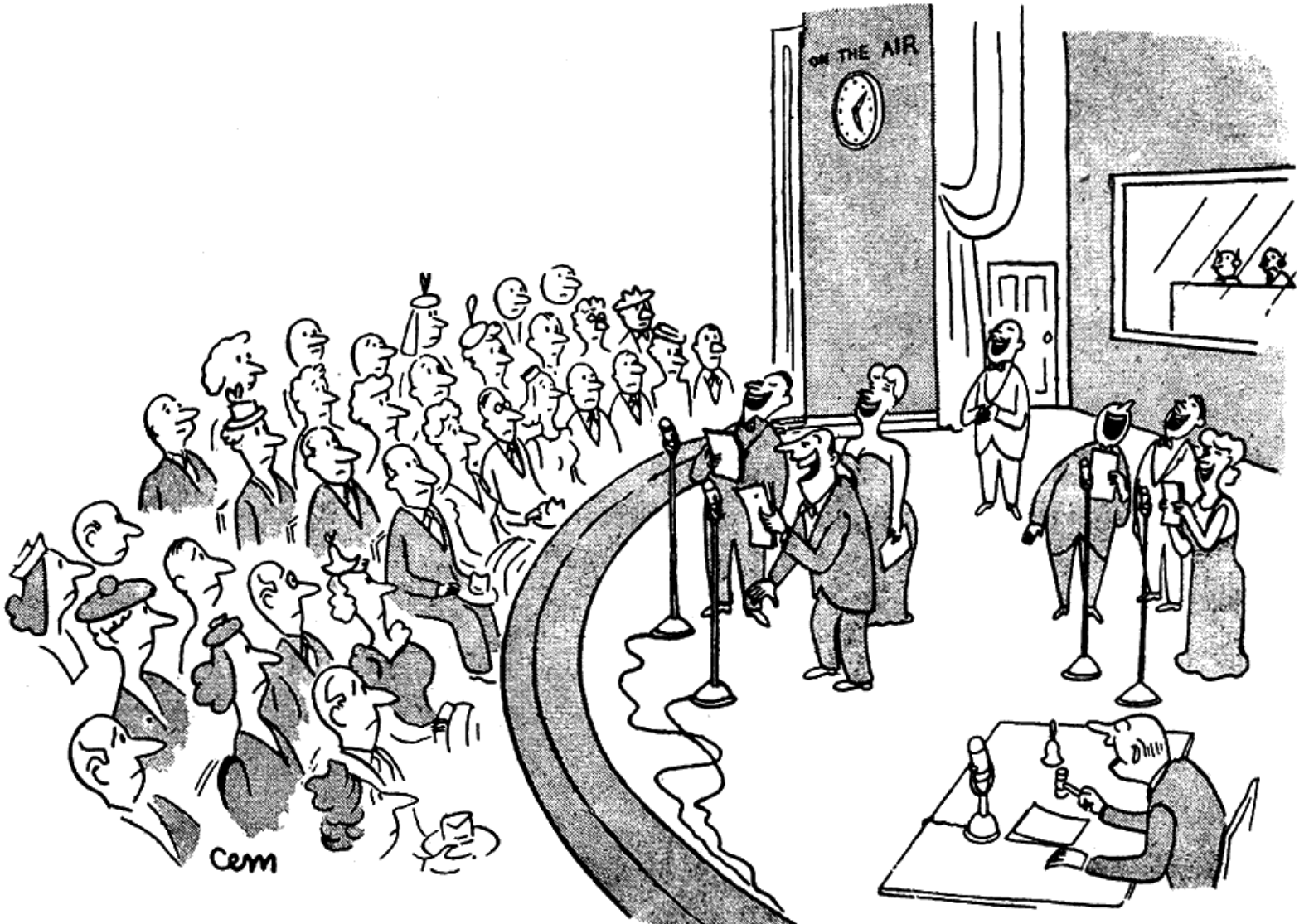
Diversité, c'est ma devise !

Tr: (If he takes off his vest, scream for ma.)

Our Advertising bloke says we ought to take a new angle on our publicity. "Try something different," he says, then pops off for his Easter hols. (Nice man.) So here we are attempting to make up our own ad for a change. Firstly, all you student types, plus whoever else reads this Annual, know that you can get just about anything at Whitcombe's. If you want one of those little plastic pencil-sharpeners shaped like a Buck Rogers Space-Ship—can do. Likewise with the weightiest tome on **Philosophy or Physics**, or the latest issue of **Health and Strength** (lend me your body for seven days). And that's just a small part of our stock. We've got books on **dressmaking** and handy hints about what to do when you get to the moon . . . and if you want to write a book yourself, we've got just the pen that will do the job. If you're Bohemian, have a look at our **artists' supplies**. Engineering types shouldn't miss the fine sets of **drawing instruments and slide rules**. And so on and so on . . . right through a long list of requirements for all types and all ages. When you've got a moment, pop in . . . we'll be delighted to see your happy, smiling faces.

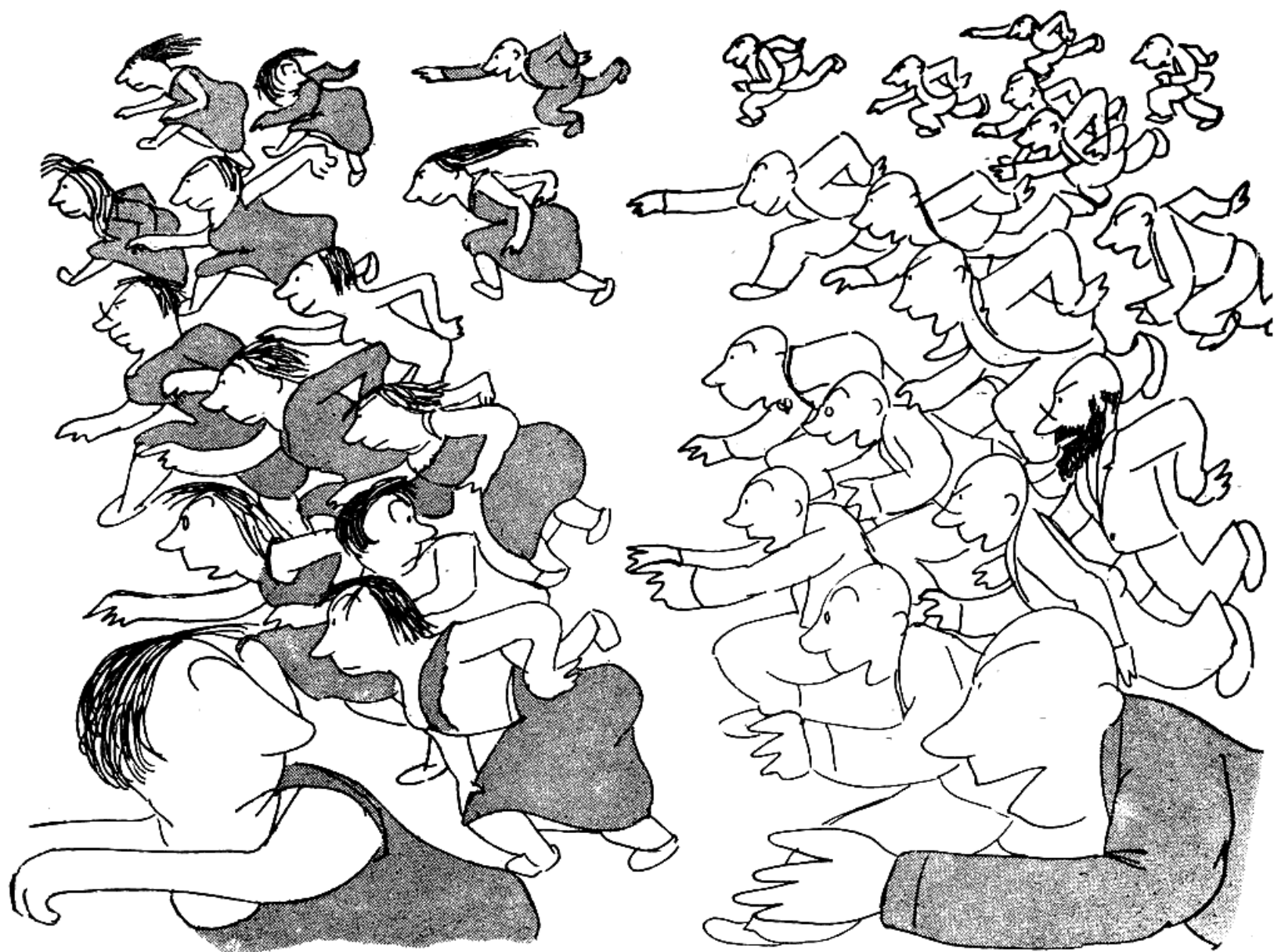
Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd

(ON THE
QUAY)



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The Extrav Radio Programme?

EXTRAVAGANZA!



FINALE!