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Well Fair Laddie

(For those in the audience who are able to read, this show will probably be completely incomprehensible, so the management have decided, in a rare flash of insight, to set out the following synopsis in an attempt to justify to any such people their action in presenting this Extravaganza.)

The dreamer has always been a much maligned character and has found few champions among authors and ordinary people in recent years, with the notable exception of Walter (Mitty, that is). Harold, our hero, is such a person and throughout his career we find him taking refuge in daydreams.

We meet him first as the dissolute railways employee in the small town of Waitehell where he has been for the last umpteen years. He is in love with Susie, and would like to marry her but Susie's Ma has other ideas about this since in Ma's eyes Susie is destined for better things.

One of Harold's fondest dreams is to be on a desert island alone with Susie where he could be the boss, and live like a king on Susie's very special cooking.

Ma, who is nothing if not practical, takes Susie away from the small town off to the city where there is far more chance of meeting an eligible man. Shaken from his lethargy at this departure, Harold resolves to better himself and to go to the city to become a policeman.

Enforcement of the law is a strong point with Harold, who as Harold Fisby U.S. Marshal brings his own brand of law and order to the West, and to the Golden Garter saloon where the licentious revelry of the dancing girls raises temperatures and strains good behaviour.

In the city, Ma wastes no time in finding the right man for Suzy and in her subtle way goes about the business of arranging the inevitable engagement. Lord Cholmondeley-Featherstonehaugh having seen a picture of Susie, is not altogether an unwilling party to these machinations.

On the beat in the city Harold the new constable is fearless in his administration of the law. Swift to detect the lawbreaker, alert for the suspicious action, he is soon popular with a large number of people, particularly the mothers of the town who look on him as a guardian of their children. It is not therefore surprising that Harold's first arrest is one of major importance as he apprehends a felon leading caged livestock through the city.

Hauling his victim into Court Harold pictures himself as the defence lawyer who modestly, but with consummate skill, breaks down a stubborn witness and secures the acquittal which nobody but he could have obtained for his attractive client.

The case against the livestock handler does not however go well, mainly through Harold's inability to handle the nasty tactics of the defending counsel. The victim of a system, Harold is dismissed from the police force, and left to look for another job.

Encouraged by Susie Harold enters the civil service as a clerk in the Department of Difficulties Restrictions Interferences and Prohibitions. The office routine is thoroughly explained to him, and the reason ("there's no reason—it's policy") for all Departmental action is outlined to him. A number of clients are smoothly and efficiently dealt with by the Department until a caller introduces a new and powerful substance into the office, beer, which in no time at all has reduced the system into barely recognisable chaos.

To Harold the government life is not appealing, and in a fabulous spectacle, a veritable riot of colour and gaiety, the scene is transformed to ancient Rome where Haroldus Rex holds sway, where the wild voluptuous nights yield only to the wilder more voluptuous daze, where everyone is gay and happy and rebellion is crushed as easily as another vat of wine is broached. Even the lions are happy in this wonderful spectacle of fun for the whole family.

Back on earth again, Harold succumbs to the call of the arts and takes a job as a stagehand with one of the country's leading opera companies, in charge of sound effects. In his day-dream Harold the great understudy singlehandedly saves the complete performance of a major work from becoming a fiasco by brilliantly filling the title roles virtually at a moment's notice. It is unfortunate that the handling of the sound effects is not quite so successful, and Harold soon finds himself once more out of a job.

Actually this has nothing whatever to do with the story, but it seemed just too good to be true.

"Turnbull Library Archives".

As a street sweeper Harold's entry into politics is assured, and with his undoubted qualifications it is no time at all before he is climbing to the very top.

No more than this need be said except that this is a fairy story so of course everybody lives happily ever after.

IT'S NOT "EXTRAV" AGANT TO BUY COLUMBIA RECORDS HEAR RUSS CONWAY'S NEW L.P. PARTY TIME Party Time RUSS CONWAY Stereo SCXM3345 Mono 33MSX1279 Now at Your Favourite H.M.V. Dealer Product of H.M.V. (N.Z.) Ltd. Box 296, Wellington

The Extravaganza Lousener

Incorporating Lolita

Twice on Sunday One Bob

May, 1961

Red Light Business Office: Hope Eternal Building, Into the Woods, Wellington, C.I. P.O. Box 6060 Telephone 46-046 Telegraphic Address "Lady Chatterley," Wellington

Believe It or Not!

Once again the students of Victoria University of Wellington present to the public of New Zealand, indeed the world, their annual Extravaganza. What a shambles! Sir Winston Churchill once said: "Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few." He could easily, of course, have been talking about Extrav, because it surely is the public's finest 2½ hours. Those who can leave the theatre sane are strong indeed. Many readers will be aware of the brilliant past successes and achievements of Extrav., which has often changed their lives from misery to sublime contempt of present-day institutions.

This year's show is a show with a difference—it is a better show. The humour of the show is not achieved at the expense of other people (except perhaps the audience). In line with recent overseas trends we have attempted to create our humour from various situations that arise during the course of the show. Some people may mourn the apparent dearth of political satire but we think that more humour can be extracted from a real life scene than from characterisations of the demi-gods who sit in our higher chamber. They have created a situation that it is pointless to make humour about, the humour they provide being riotous enough to allow even the more staid members of society a quiet cackle. Besides, if importers cannot obtain licences from the Government, who are we to take liberties.

Many people often wonder whether the profits from Extrav, shows go—(so do we!) We are given to understand that the Students Union is in the course of furnishing a new building for the students. It is estimated that the cost of these furnishings will amount to approximately £15,000. This will have to be found by the students themselves. Over the past few years a fund for this purpose has been created and is gradually being built up. Extrav, has been no mean contributor to this fund and last year contributed over £1,000 towards it. Extrav, is one of the few means whereby the students can obtain from the public money, while giving them something of value in return.

It would be proper to make mention here of our gratitude to some of the people associated with Extrav, this year. Many have put in hours of laborious and unrelenting work towards a successful production of this show.

To mention a few—the producer, the script writer (aided of course by an expert team of plagiarists), the production designer, the musical director, the advertising managers, the programme controller, the stage manager and all the members of the cast and back-stage boys.

We would draw to the attention of the public the fact that each year Extrav, goes on tour to some centre outside Wellington. Last year Extrav, toured to New Plymouth at Queen's Birthday Weekend and after a most successful season there, was able to donate its profit of approximately £300 to a local charity in New Plymouth. It is our intention again this year to tour to New Plymouth and to donate any profit we make to charity again.

Well reader, are you still with me ? This last paragraph should be read by no one who has their wits about them. It has been written for no purpose at all—but some mug is bound to read it, which alone amply justifies its insertion. The printer told us he had a little extra space to spare on this page so you can't blame me for taking advantage of the offer. Have you stopped reading yet?—Go on be a devil, stop reading. But, wait, you might miss something important. Strange! Anyway I hope you enjoy Extravaganza 1961 because we certainly will enjoy presenting it to you.

L.W.S.

Letters from Louseners

Doing it Hard

Sir,—I was interested to read the suggestion of Mr. Mitter in your columns recently that I should undertake a translation of "*Bawls Henry*" into Lithuanian. As it turns out I am very interested in this project, as the work is one in which my many friends in Lithuania have expressed a deep interest.

There could be of course few people better fitted to undertake this major work than myself, and I am aware of my responsibility to put as much of the work's exuberance and vitality into the translation as possible. It is unfortunate that the Lithuanian lacks certain of the consonants that would be necessary for an exact translation. I have therefore had to use a title which would be the equivalent of "Howls Keithykins."

This was a brilliant flash of my usual genius as I consider that it gives a real picture of the present day New Zealand scene. Perhaps some of your readers could give me other suggestions which would assist the progress of this task (except Mr. Mitter, and his suggestion would be impracticable as I am using foolscap).

I have no doubt that when finished this translation will be absolutely terrific.

Sluice Mesoon

(Pohotukawa).

Fine Under the White Shroud

Sir,—I have just finished listening with real dismay to the fine recording of "*The End of My Flaming Tether*" and wonder how it was possible for one man to capture so completely the spirit of any age. Rarely indeed can a soul so sensitive have dared to express his most secret feelings in public, and to have done so so finely. This is a field in which I have for a long time been interested and in my own way I have tried modestly to do something of the same with my touching ballad, "October in Oha-kune" where I sensitively tried to explain the real nature of a small New Zealand town without being condescending or smug. As my friend Clarence Drip would un-doubtedly say, "Aw, can it Mac." I hope that we will soon have another recording from Mr. Mesoon to rank alongside the well established and widely selling "*Land of the Pure White Crowd*."

Pete Howcute

(Ohakune).

Educating Youth

Sir,—I have read the recent discussion in your columns about the problems facing the educationalist today and am filled to the back teeth with the constant re-iteration of their problems. I have read of the danger of crushing the blossoming personalities of the children, of allowing them to express themselves, of the object

being to mould their behaviour rather than to restrain it, of restraint in the formative years causing character flaws in later years, and I am sick of it all.

When I was at school there was no Tommy Rot like that. If one of us didn't feel like doing arithmetic he did arithmetic. There was respect for the teacher and no doubt about who was boss in the classroom. Of my former class mates there is not one who looks back on his school days with anything but pleasure.

Furthermore, if we worked hard enough we went up a class at the end of the year, if we hadn't worked, we didn't. Life was simple and in black and white.

What New Zealand needs is a bit more definiteness a bit less sparing the child. Let's give tomorrow a chance.

C. E. Beady

(Paris).

(Note for Musaphia:— We had it first.)

The End

Sir,—

I admit to utter defeat,
Jazz has got me tapping my feet
Many hours I waste away
When music is played the Brubeck way.
The clear and muted notes,
Of Ella and Louis get my votes
Why so long to see the light?
Why so long the stupid fight?
I was a musical flop
A classical music snob
But jazz now has me in its sway

Sincerely yours

"L.D.A."

Programme Pints

Sir,—

Why doesn't the Broadcasting Service cater a bit more for the dairy farmer? All the time we are encouraged to have music in our milking sheds to please the cows, but I put in a radio and this is what happened.

When I had 2ZB on the cows jumped about so much that all I could get from them was butter. From 2YC the music was so dreary that it took me 4 hours to milk eight cows. When I tried 2YA the cows fell asleep and I had to get the bull in before they would budge.

Would it not be possible for a programme of suitable music to be broadcast to help the farmer?

Cocky

(Waverley).

Sir,—

I agree with your correspondents who have written asking that the Archers be given a better position in the timetable. I find that with it being put on at the time it now is I cannot listen to this fine family programme at all. Surely the fact that the BBC has sent it to New Zealand is sufficient recommendation for it. The story is very gripping and I have had a lot of good laughs from the excellent script. Please let us have the Archers back at 5.0 p.m, so that I can listen again.

Joey Frost (Age 6).

Sir,—

Why does the Lousener conduct a cold war against the uncrowned King of the Western World? What more does the great Elvis have to do to prove that he is the greatest entertainer in the world? I suggest you wake up your ideas. My gang and I want two hours a night on 2ZB devoted solely to King Elvis P. How else can you keep us from being delinquents?

John Hopkins

(Cloudsville).

Film Review, by F.R.Q.

Barometer

Cloudburst: "Ben Hur." Sunny: "The Wanting Countess."

Aw Heck

Ben Hur
(M.G.M.)
Z Cert.

What a spectacle this film was.

A spectacle to end all spectacles and after seeing it I had to wipe my spectacles. Just on 20,000 feet of magnificent film. The big, sets, the control of the crowd of extras, the splendours of a Roman triumph, were all shown before my one tired eye. The great photography of the chariot race was almost as good as the Tour de France. The scenes were well acted, the characters genuine, the costumes magnificent. Charlton Heston acted admirably and suffered superbly. This film almost achieved greatness because much of it was filmed in Italy. However, one must remember that this was a Hollywood Production. If it had been a French or Italian production it would have been the film of the year. But it was American and therefore not to be recommended. I found the scenes "interminably attenuated, impoverished in dialogue and indifferently acted." High praise indeed considering that this was a lousy American Film.

The Wanting Countess

A Cert.

This was an Italian ! ! ! ! film and I was the first patron seated in the theatre. I was also the last, everyone else having left long before me, but this did not dampen my ardour. The acting in this film was poor. The dialogue was disjointed and unconvincing. High flown phrases sounded more suited to a Sunday School lesson.

The censor had hacked the whole affair to death leaving a disjointed character opera in pretty costumes. However, one must not overlook the brilliant Italian colour photography, the brilliant Italian direction, the superb Italian scenery, in considering the merits of this film. My one eye gleamed with delight. Although the heroine's closing screams were echoed by the many patrons who left early, I was happy, I was in a sublime heaven of delight, the world was mine, I was at a Continental Film. "Ah, Hollywood,

How can you compete?
Italy brings me joy,
With many less feet."

Treatment for Mouth

The text of a talk never likely to be broadcast over all Labour and Uneconomic Stations by Dr. H. D. Turgent, Director-General of Wealth.

As the winter comes on us once again, and seasonal thrills are reported to the doctors of She country, it becomes clear that many people are likely to be troubled again by mouth. Mouth seems to be one of those illnesses which, like the common cold, we are unable to find the exact cause of. Symptoms are however easily recognised and there are steps which can be taken in the home to ease the patient suffering from mouth and help to speed his recovery.

Mouth has been troubling mankind for a long time and the Greeks had their own special cure for the condition, a cure which they called —*xsser*—. This remedy is still in wide household use and is possible only when two patients with mouth can be brought together. Apparently by rubbing the infected area, which is generally about an inch beneath the nose, against the similar area of the other patient, some relief can be obtained from the condition, but this must be only temporary as the patients seem to wish to try and repeat this process as often as possible, especially where one patient is male and the other female. For patients who wish to try this cure I would suggest that hygienic gauze face masks be procured and firmly strapped over the face. This allows relief to be obtained, without the risk of spreading the infection.

For a number of years, until recently, the treatment most widely used was to shoot the mouth off. Doctors today however are reluctant to do this, and prefer the more protracted but more certain cure which I will now discuss for a minute.

Mouth is a hideous disease and causes discomfort not only to the patient, but also to other people who are likely to be startled by a sudden glint of teeth, or disturbed from the noises which are likely to come from a patient when badly ill. It is for this reason that the patient must be kept completely quiet during the course of the illness and a heavy towel or similar soft padding strapped firmly over the infected area until it is cleared up. This may be anything from a week to ten days after the infection first breaks out, but it is essential that the patient be kept under this cure for as long as any trace of mouth remains.

There are some simple tests which anybody can make to check whether a patient has mouth. The most obvious sign is the appearance of a large crack in the face, normally horizontal, and about an inch beneath the nose. A close examination of this crack should be made for much as to the condition of the patient can be told from it. If for instance the area surrounding the mouth is of a somewhat deeper shade of red than the rest of the face the patient is in all probability a woman. This should not however be regarded as conclusive, for reasons which I will go into more fully in a later talk. A conclusive test may, however, be made by holding a lighted match up to the patient's wrist. If there is, after some time, a noise emitted from the area of infection then the presence of mouth in the patient can be regarded as confirmed.

Although the exact causes of mouth have not been traced there are certain steps which can be taken which will greatly help reduce the risk of infection. Care should for instance be taken in the handling of gossip, which should not be left too long in the open air, or allowed to grow too old before being used. The mind should be dusted out thoroughly at least once a month, and plenty of fresh air should be allowed in, especially if anybody is going to be on it for any length of time. Particularly important is the care of the tongue which should be changed at least every second day.

New Zealand's record in cases of mouth is far from being an enviable one and statistics released by the Who indicate that 173 New Zealanders in 10 suffer at some time from this complaint. When compared with a national average of 1.02 in the United States of Nicaragua the seriousness of the problem will be more easily seen. It is to be hoped that an awareness of the problem will lead to a more active campaign to stamp mouth out of this fair country of ours.

Ask Aunt Dozey

Suggestions for Fruits

Cartoon of a piece of fruit surrounded by grass

With overseas trade booming there are likely to be a large variety of imported fruits, as well as our home grown ones, available to the buyer in the larger cities, and some most attractive dishes can be prepared quite inexpensively.

Here are some recipes using a variety of fruits which readers may care to dabble with.

Hot Fruit Cup (Easy)

Care must be taken to use only fruit without bruises or blemishes and fruit that are a little over ripe should be avoided. Squeeze the juice of several citrus fruits into a cup and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of gelatin. Scoop out $\frac{1}{2}$ a watermelon, taking care to get all the seeds out of the flesh. Chop in your firmer fruit such as apples or bananas and then pour the juice over it. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of petrol and cover with a flaky pastry. Put in a hot oven for 20 minutes, 400 degrees. The oven will probably explode which shows that you can't be too careful with fruit juice.

Fruit Pie

For this dish use the thin skinned fruit available as although they need greater care in handling, their more delicate flavour rewards the pains taken in preparing them. Line a large size pie dish with thin pastry, leaving about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch all around the edge. Cover the bottom of the dish with a layer of thinly sliced banana and add a second layer of bread crumbs and white shoe cleaner. By selecting different colour fruit, say apricots, plums, greengages and alternating each layer with bread crumbs and white shoe cleaner, a most attractive dappled effect can be obtained when the pie is finally cut. The top of the pie should be covered with clean sackcloth and fresh wood ashes. Place in a medium oven, about 2 feet square, and allow to bake for 45 minutes. When allowed to cool this attractive looking pie is almost completely inedible. What did you expect with all that rubbish in it anyway.

Stewed Fruit

Some fruit are almost impossible to get properly stewed, where others can be very easily stewed in a short time. It is difficult to give any helpful advice to know whether any particular fruit is suitable for stewing or not, and I can only recommend that you ask at the time you make your purchase. As a general rule you should never put in more than $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of whisky for every pound weight of stewing fruit. Care should be taken also that the fruit is not left too long in the pot as they tend to go hard and lose their flavour if left to stew for too long.

Stuffing for Roast Duck

This is from the Galapagos and provides a new and exciting variation to a dish which may be taken too much for granted. Finely chop two or three apples with 1 cup of prunes and 1 cup of dates. Sprinkle with nutmeg and squeeze the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange over the mixture. Place the mixture in the bird and sew up with fine nylon thread. In the pan with the bird, place a stone of approximately the same size and roast until a fork can be placed into the stone without too much difficulty. Then decorate the bird with sprigs of mint and Scotch thistle. When everything else is prepared throw the bird and the stone away and eat the other half of the orange. This dish is excellent for husbands whose wives are on a diet.

A Bachelor Fruit Dish

To the bachelor tired of the usual casseroles and stews, this dish may make a pleasant change. Into a large bucket place 1 pound of apples, 1 pound of pears, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of mangoes, 5 ozs, of cherries, 3 bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of peaches and a packet of seedless raisins. The sides of the bucket should be lined with spinach leaves and ragwort. Carefully pick the bucket up, using the handle so as not to disarrange any of the fruit and place it in a

tub of hot water. After 5-10 minutes remove the bucket and place it on the centre of the dining room table. The bucket will be found to serve as an excellent fruit dish for the bachelor.

The Lousener Crossword

(Solution to No. 6059)

Clues Across

- A name, much Laboured (6).
- As a drink it is quietly laughable, although misspelt (2).
- Sheepishly they act.
- Good for a short Knight (3).
- This Old Girl is surprised while spelling (2).
- Has been eaten (2).
- Attempt, for the third time (3).
- Star singer, in underwater Opera (4).

Clues Down

- Errol Flynn and his — ways (6).
- For life perhaps, but not in the dust please (4).
- A Queen by any other name uses far more ink (2).
- Certain sailors do their swiggin' here when there is nothing else to do (6).
- My mothers sister is opposed (4).
- This girl gives an alternative (2).
- Say thank you for the feathers (2).

No. 6060 (Constructed by N.B.G.)

Cowcocky's Diary

Gone are the Days

by "Moonshiner"

May 10

I Received recently a letter from a reader in Ngaraunga who asked me if I had not noticed that the quality of glass they put into mirrors these days was not as good as it used to be and that the outline of the face reflected in it is a lot fuzzier than it used to be. I am glad that someone else has noticed this, which I take to be just a symptom of the subtle slackening of modern standards. For instance the hills these days are a lot steeper, and they seem to have a way of stretching out distances between places that were a few minutes walk apart ten or twenty years ago. Another thing, clothes seem to shrink a lot more than they used to, especially round the middle. They seem to be building staircases in houses a lot steeper than they used to. And something should be done about the breweries, their beer isn't a fraction as good as it was a few years ago, and they have done something to it so that you can't drink as much as formerly.

May 11

Last week I was standing under the two trees I like to think of as an orchard, when an over-ripe peach fell onto my head. Perhaps Newton's thoughts would not have turned to gravity if he had been hit by a peach, instead of an apple. After I had wiped most of the mess from my hair I noticed that the stone of the peach, despite the deep ridges in it, had fallen completely clear of the fruit.

Unless one has struggled to get rid of the flsh clinging to a plum stone, which is smooth, this fact may not seem so strange, but when one tries to assign an explanation for this sort of thing it becomes difficult. Why did the peach develop the deep ridges on its stone and the plum stay smooth. If the ridges in the peach stone serve any purpose why hasn't someone explained it before now ?

What sort of emotional stress must the young nectarine undergo in trying to decide whether to have a smooth stone or a wrinkled one ? These are grave problems and an explanation of them would probably greatly ease the difficulties of the young fruit at an important stage of their lives.

May 13

Although Gulliver may have had difficulty in deciding which end of an egg should be broken when involved in his dispute with the Lilliputians and the Blefescutions, I am not sure that his answer that they should be opened in the middle, was a satisfactory answer to the question. Although the end of the egg that is chosen may not be so important, there is a lot that can be told from the way that a person goes about opening a boiled egg.

I had a friend, a quiet retiring type who used to attack the egg with a truly amazing verve. With one clean swipe he would lift off the top half inch of shell and scrape out the intact severed section. There is another method which is much in favour which involves a careful and thorough tapping of the top of the shell with a spoon, and then lifting the whole lot off. Others pick the fractured shell off carefully piece by piece leaving the flesh of the egg intact.

This is a subject which Emily Post seems to have carefully avoided, perhaps for good reason. I am sure that in the hands of a psychologist much could be made of this variation in practice. It would be interesting, for instance, to know how Hitler used to open his eggs. Maybe it is by studying these little things that we can learn more of how man's character is developed. My own practice is to drop the egg onto the floor and see whether it bounces. It never has yet, but I am still hopeful.

(To be continued)

Cartoon of a man losing his hat and having it run over

Open Extravaganza

News of People in the Programme

Terry Crayford

Terry Crayford

Is our Musical Director. He has played in a number of dance bands in Wellington over the past few years. He was pianist in Extrav. 1959 and Assistant Musical Director in Extrav. 1960. Terry has been a member of the 2YA radio band and has done several records and concerts. This year Terry has prepared all the musical arrangements for the show. With his experience Terry is a valuable asset to a production such as Extrav.

star

Jeff Stewart

Jeff Stewart

Is this year's Producer. For the last few years he has been in Canada working in "Theatre Under the Stars"

in Vancouver. While there he worked with such stars as Robert Ronasville, Mary du Roche and Sally Forest. Jeff has appeared on TV and in night-clubs in America. After returning to N.Z. last year he took the position as choreographer for Extrav. 1960 and earlier this year he was choreographer and Assistant Producer for the show "King and I" staged by the Wellington Operatic Society. Jeff has the practical ability necessary for a successful staging of a show such as Extrav.

star

Pauline Renwick

Pauline Renwick

Is this year's male ballet mistress. She has been associated with Extrav, for several years and has also been associated with Massey College Revues. Pauline was ballet mistress in Extrav. 1959 and assistant male ballet mistress in Extrav. 1960. Her ability to co-ordinate the elephantine wanderings of a dozen unlikely males can be seen in this year's Performance by her boys in the dancing of the "Can Can."

star

Ted Loftus

Ted Loftus

Is this year's stage manager. This is his first year as stage manager for Extrav. Last year he was associated with the show as the scenery builder and did a remarkably fine job. Ted has had varied theatrical experience in Canterbury and Wellington theatres. Among the shows he has been associated with are "Martha," "Lilac Time," "Gypsy Baron," "Vagabond King," "Kiss Me Kate," and numerous variety shows.

star

Peter Coates

Peter Coates

Is this year's Production Designer. He was designer for "Carry on Phil" in 1960. Peter has had considerable theatre experience in front and behind the curtain and is a current member of the N.Z. Opera Chorus, Unity Theatre, and the Hamilton-Dickson Light Opera Singers. Several works of Peter's have been exhibited regularly at the N.Z. Academy of Fine Arts. A school teacher by profession, Peter has attended classes in theatrical designing and acting at the N.Z. Drama Council Summer Schools.

Latham Stubbs

Latham Stubbs

Is this year's Organiser. He is a law student and has been associated with Extrav, for the last three years. Latham was secretary and sales manager for last year's Extrav, and this year has taken on the much more difficult task of organising the show.

star

John Sadlier

John Sadlier

Is this year's script writer. He is a seventh year law student and has been associated with Extrav, for the last seven years, principally as a lyric writer. Many will remember the footballers song "The Game" from the last two years' Extravs. The effervescent brilliance of this year's show reflects John's natural flair for script writing. Some of John's material has already appeared in the Wellington Repertory Review—"She'll Be Right."

" *Well Fair Laddie* "

Victoria University Of Wellington Presents Its Annual Extravaganza...

Produced by Jeff Stewart

Script by John Sadleir

Original Music by Jeff Stewart

Choreography by Pauline Noorts

Cast

(In no order at all)

Drama masks

Wellington — May 10-20

Scenes

Act 1

- Railway Station, Waitehell.
- The Golden Garter Saloon.
- Courtroom.
- A Wellington Street.
- The Department of Difficulties, Restrictions, Interferences and Prohibitions (D.R.I.P.).
- Ancient Rome.

Interval

Act 2

- The Vermicelli Coffee Bar.
- Backstage with the Steinecker Opera Company.
- A Wellington Street.
- Lord Cholmondeley-Featherstonehaugh's luxury flat.
- A Political Meeting.
- Railway Station, Waitehell.

All characters, places and incidents in this production are fictitious. Any resemblance to any living person or any actual place or any actual event is purely co-incidental.

New Plymouth — June 2-5

Choruses

("*Silence is Golden* ")

Girls Chorus:

- Diana Anderson
- Mary Beech

- Lynell Butcher
- Helen Henderson
- Elizabeth Hurley
- Slavenka Lazerevic
- Hilda McDonnell
- Beverley Warren
- Janet Anderson
- Marietta Boyack
- Carolyn Cosson
- Diane Hunt
- Jennifer Latham
- Barbara Lennart
- Lynne Warren
- Anita Ekberg

Mens Chorus:

- John Bradey
- Andrew Du Fresne
- John Iorns
- Paul Spender
- Nigel White
- Roger Boshier
- Peter Frater
- Ewen Martin
- Mike Thompson
- Keith Holyoake

Male Ballet

"A thing of beauty is a boy forever"

Ballet Mistress — Pauline Renwick

Corps De Ballet:

- Archie Haddow
- Richard McLeod
- Peter Thomson
- Mark Westmoreland
- Kevin Jamed
- Peter Sim
- Ray Wright
- Gary Reid

(The other members of the ballet are worried about their reputations and desire to remain anonymous.)

Orchestra

("Sound, sound the clarion, blow the fife")

Director and Conductor — Terry Crayford

Featuring:

- Bill Conroy
- Ray Harding
- Bob Maxwell
- Bill Orr

- Eric Foley
- Bill Hartigan
- Dave Tatana
- John Craig

"Of course, we could adopt some."

Backstage

("Hic labor est, hoc opus")

Properties And Set Construction

- John Hooper
- Gary Clayton
- Bill Kitching
- John Watson
- Jill Muncaster
- Dave Googh
- Bruce Barwell
- Don Griffin
- Ian Frater
- Cecil Sando
- Margaret Campbell
- Elia Kazan

Cartoon of a woman sitting at a bar drinking a cocktail

The invaluable help of the management and professional staff of J. C. Williamson is gratefully acknowledged.

Wellington — May 10-20

New Plymouth — June 2-5

Extravaganza 1961

'Administration

("Patiuntur montes, nascitur ridiculus mus")

Officer's Mess by CEM

Songs in the Show...

Sitting in the Sun

Sitting in the sun

All day we relax

Looking at the heatwaves

Rising_ off the tracks

Listening to the birds sing

And hoping it won't rain

This is really living if a man can stand the strain.

Sitting in the sun
With a glass of beer
Keeps me bright and active
As year follows year
If I had my life to live
I'd do the same again
'Cos this is really living if a man can stand the strain.

You can have riches you can have same
We'll do without them—thanks all the same
Fame brings you worry, and money brings cares
We think we're better off than any multimillionaires.

Sitting in the sun
Now and then you hear
Someone softly cursing
When a fly falls in his beer
Just so long as no-one tries
To send a ruddy train
This is really living if a man stand the strain.

Wide Open Town

We're an up-side-down wide-open town out west (in the west, in the west)
Our guns are cocked (let's vamoose, let's vamoose)
The jail's unlocked (let 'em loose, let 'em loose)
If a law-man came he'd come off second best (second best, second best)
'Cos with a hundred troopers, Garry Coopers
Still he'd be silly to try
So have another round
The sherriff's underground
We get on fine we've found
As you must agree
We welcome crooks from near or far
Leave your six-guns on the bar
So don't be shy
We're getting high
'Cos we're a wide, wide open town.

Hello Colonials

I'm gay Lord Chumley-Fanshaw
I've just come out from "home"
And every sight's been a sheer delight
Since I left the aerodrome.

Your people are so friendly
Your scenery is so grand
Politically, you're completely free
(Tho' I hear Lolita's banned).

You've no real crime and no real vice
It's obviously a working-man's paradise
You can quote me on this—you're all veddy, veddy nice
(Actuaileigh, I can't imagine anybody coming here twice.)

I'm gay Lord Chumley-Fanshaw
And let me say aloud
You're right up-to-date and quite first-rate
In the Land of the Long White Cloud.

Let's Face It

Might as well go back to the sticks where I belong
Since everything I do is unequivocally wrong
City life's too much for me—I haven't got a hope
Got to face it sometime—I'm a pill, a dill... a dope.

Don't know why I had to try this crazy social climbin'
Fell right off the bottom rung—I'm just a Simple Simon
In the strife of modern life I just can't stay afloat
The reason's quite apparent—I'm obtuse, a goose... a goat.

Wouldn't it be great to be as clever as hell
To know how to multiply, to add and to spell
I'd love to be brilliant, I'd love to be bright
But in my head (so teacher said) there's... something not quite right.

No use trying to use your nut unless there's something in it
I'm one of those of whom they say there's one born every minute
Now I'm in a mess, and it's a lesson that'll stick
It had to come, I'm just too dumb, a crumb, a clot... a hick.

The Welfare State

If men could do just as they wish
We'd have a pretty kettle of fish
The fun would last a while perhaps
But then society would collapse.
So certain books may not be read
And certain words may never be said.
And certain ends may not be gained
Unless permission has been obtained
You cannot ask the time of day
Unless the Government says you may.

You can't do this, you can't do that
The cat may not sit on the mat
And Q may not come after P
Without the proper authority.
Two and two may not make four
Without a permit, and furthermore
The rustle of spring may not be heard
Unless a licence has been conferred.
You cannot shout hip hip for-ray
Unless the Government says you may.

Your hair may not begin to grey
Unless the Government says it may.

for Service you dream about THE MIDLAND HOTEL ON LAMBTON QUAY

Beer, Glorious Beer

Gaze upon the amber glow
Swish it softly to and fro
Listen to the way it fizzes
See the froth around the rim
Rub your finger round the brim
Nothing's quite the same as this is
Did you ever see such a heavenly sight
Such a glorious treasure to imbibe
Eight lovely ounces of heavenly delight
Not a poet could hope to describe it.

Beer, glorious beer
It's simply delicious
Cool, frothing and clear
So very nutritious
We'll down it with skill and speed
If it is fermented
And if it should kill us we'd

Die contended.

Beer, glorious beer
What Heavenly dewdrops
Your woes disappear
When you've had a few drops
We're hardworking Kiwis
And that's why we revere
Just beer, wonderful beer, marvellous beer, fabulous beer, glorious beer.

Beer, glorious beer
We won't be without it
It hasn't a peer
Nobody could doubt it
When you're at death's door, my boys

Beer soon makes you healthy
Drink it when you're poor, my boys
You'll get wealthy.

Beer, glorious beer
We're fish out of water
If some isn't near
We're bricks without mortar
Don't waste any time, now boys
Get your glass into gear
For beer, wonderful beer, marvellous beer, fabulous beer, glorious beer.

Beer, glorious beer
Be in while you're able
We'll drink until we're
Right under the table
Some favour Waikato and
Some like Waitemata
They're all so completely grand
What's it matter?

Beer, glorious beer
Oh, what a sensation!
Beer, glorious beer
Lifeblood of the nation
Merry Christmas to all our friends
And a happy new year

With beer, wonderful beer, marvellous beer, fabulous beer, glorious beer.

Cartoon of a beer mug

Cartoon of a woman in a dress walking in the puddle

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Orgies are Gorgeous

Welcome to the city

Where all the girls are pretty

We're game to entertain you by night or by day

Rome is where the heart is

And that's why all the parties

Want you along too—any number can play.

Orgies are gorgeous, we're set for the night

Swallowing, wallowing, with all our might.

If you -are struck with a strange appetite

Do as the romans do.

When a roman legion's

Been in a foreign "region

At home back in Rome they go out on the spree

They are in the mood for

What music is the food for

And they don't have to pay 'cos all roman's are free.

Orgies are gorgeous, we're set for the night

Swallowing, wallowing, with all our might.

If you should meet with a bit of all right

Do as the romans do.

For a roman party

You must be hale and hearty

A hooly so unruly needs vigour and verve

There's a dozen courses

With strong wines and sauces

And a slave-girl from Gaul as a kind of hors d'oeuvre.

Orgies are gorgeous, we're set for the night
Swallowing, wallowing, with all our might.

Whether you're sober or whether you're tight
Do as the romans do.

Puritans and prudes
Find our ways rather rude
If they try to criticise us they land with a thud

We've an appetite
To be wicked, and a right
To be sinful with a skinful of hot latin blood

Orgies are gorgeous, we're set for the night
Swallowing, wallowing, with all our might.

Soon as you're sure that the wife's out of sight
Do as the romans do.

Zoo DEPT Eng. Dept.

Television Guide—Chanel 2

The Royal Oak Hotel Gentlemen, Wellington Cordially invites you to visit the New Club Bar situated on the Ground Floor, Dixon Street. For... Comfort, Service and Jugs of Cool Sparkling Waitemata Ale. Male Patronage Only

Virgin on Rebellion

They're as innocent as butterflies
From a chrysalis emergin'
Every one's a fully authorised
Bona fide Vestal Virgin.

Yes, we are the girls

You've all read about
We won't be taken in
We won't be taken out
We know lots of men
Would, lead us astray
And that's why we try
Whenever we are able
To suppress all feminine allure
We are maidens innocent and pure.

We don't paint our nails
We don't dye our hair
We don't dress to kill
We never smoke or swear
We think that a guy
Is some kind of rope
And our kind of male
Comes in an envelope
And so the whole of Rome is very sure
We are maidens innocent and pure.

But if virtue is its own reward
And to lose it is so fearful
Why are we so absolutely bored
When the wicked seem so cheerful?

One day very soon
We're going to rebel
And tear with delight
Along the road to hell
We'll run round without
The old battle-axe
And what's more without
A stitch upon our backs
And then there'll be a half a dozen fewer
Of us maidens innocent and pure.

No, No, Not the Hatchet the Little Hammer

Lions Ain't Fussy

Now a lion will eat you, whoever you are
For they've got constitutions of iron
But to them, certain men have a—je ne sais quoi
And that's Christians—right down the line.

When a lion's hungry—oh, what a stunt!
He'll eat anything, Catholic or Protestant
He's not narrow-minded or prejudiced
Wesleyan, Baptist, Anglican or Methodist
Lutheran, Calvinist or Presbyterian
Christian Scientist or Unitarian
Antidis establishmentarian
Nonconformist, Latitudinarian
Evangelist, Revivalist
Romanist or Catechist
Dogmatist, devotionist
Zoologist, tobacconist
It really doesn't matter in the least
To this benevolent and equitable beast.

On the Streets Where I Live

You won't see me in the daytime
But a little after eight
I'm always right out on the job
Come and see me—I'm no snob.

Some girls yearn for matrimony
Life's too short for that boloney
We'll forego the shoes and rice
Leave the spinach, take the spice.

My boy-friend's a real go-getter
Used to ride a blue Lambretta
Now he's bought a Pontiac
Much more roomy in the back.

If she isn't mighty smart
A girl can end in Arohata
If you want to stay around
Keep your feet upon the ground.

When a girl's in this profession
She must keep her self-possession
Specially when she comes to grips
With the fellers off the ships.

When my boy-friend has a flagon
You can bet he's on a jag
And that ain't beer that's in the jug
It's a habit-forming drug.

Narrow-minded folk deplore us
And although we claim they bore us
We can jeer but what's the use?
Virtue is its own excuse.

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Someday, May B

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