

COMES THE DAWN.

A SPECTRAL PRELUDE

BY

RONALD L. MEEK

The Shades.

Tweedledum.
Tweedledee.
Mr. Nemesis.
Anne Howe.
Brick Bradford.
Ariel.
Citronella
Bob.
and Seven ordinary ghosts.

(The curtain rises on a perfectly dark stage. The orchestra strikes up the weird air of the opening chorus, and suddenly a large round disc, covered with phosphorescent paint (white) rises at the back of the stage, and rises slowly upwards through the air. The stage is slowly illuminated with an unearthly green light, and it is seen that the phosphorescent disc is the moon rising behind the hills. A clock begins to strike twelve.

The curtains at the back are plain black (only about half the stage need be used) and the hills are cut out of cardboard and stood in front of the curtains. The moon is pulled up by a black thread from the flies.

Towards the back of the stage, four large tombstones are standing - large enough to hide two people behind each. If the Opera House traps are in working order, one tombstone at least could be placed in front of a trap, so that the ghosts which are to appear could come out one by one from the trap.

The music increases in intensity, a ghost peeps out from behind one of the tombstones, and slowly comes into full view. The ghosts are dressed in sheets, and have pallid faces. As most of them are wearing fancy dress under their sheets, they must be able to slip the sheets off in a moment.

The tombstones have carved on them "Cappicade 1935 R.I.P.", "Cappicade 1936 R.I.P." etc.

More ghosts peep out from behind the tombstones; they beckon to others; ghosts enter from off stage, and behind the tombstones till fifteen ghosts have congregated on the stage. They form up near the footlights, and sing the ghostly opening chorus in a minor key. The ballet performed after the chorus should be a short novel one - dancing round the tombstones, mops and mows etc.)

CHORUS OF GHOSTS

(Air - Original Music)

When the night is dark, and the wild winds moan,
In the pale green light of the moon,
From the graves where we sleep we softly creep
To a weird unearthly tune.

Ghastly little ghosts,
Shivering in our shoes!
We wail a lot
Because we've got
Those horrid spectral blues!

We gaily skip with a mop and a mow,
Till we hear the rooster crow,
Then return in the gloom to the musty tomb
In the cold damp earth below.

Ghastly little ghosts,
Shivering in our shoes!
We wail a lot
Because we've got
Those horrid spectral blues!

(Short ballet)

1st Ghost(declaiming in Shakespearian style)
We are the dead, the long-forgotten dead,
Our deeds unsung, and our names but memories.

2nd Ghost We suffocate beneath the sands of time
Sometimes remembered in a snatch of song.

3rd Ghost We are the ghosts, the pallid haggard ghosts
Of past Extravaganza characters.

1st Ghost We spent our little hour upon the stage
And then we relegated to the tomb.

2nd Ghost But on the anniversary of our triumphs
We re-enact the parts that we have played.

3rd Ghost And grimly dance, and sing our little songs
And creep into our narrow tombs at dawn.

(There is a roll of thunder, and Mr. Nemesis flies down through
the curtains on to the stage.

Song - Mr. Nemesis

For I am the Demon King!

Ghosts Hurrah for the Demon King!

Mr. N. And it is - it is a glorious thing
To be the demon king!
For - I am the Demon King!

Ghosts It is - hurrah for the Demon King

Mr. N. And it sometimes is a boring thing
To be the Demon King

Ghosts It is - hurrah for the demon King!
Hurrah for the demon king

Mr. N. From my abode in regions below,
Through fire and sulphur have I flown to you.
To supervise your ghostly revels. Time is short -
Let us begin them right away.

Ghosts O.K.!

(The orchestra starts up quickly the tune of the opening song. As each character comes forward to sing his song, he hands his sheet to another ghost, and discloses his original Extrav. dress beneath. He dons the sheet again when he returns. It is essential that each character should be played by the person who originally took the role in the particular Extrav. The songs follow one another very quickly.

Dum I'm Tweedledum
Dee I'm Tweedledee
Dum Oh, I'm P.M.
Dee And I'm M.P.
Dum I make my orations with an air so grand.
Dee And I balance up the budget with a big round hand.
Ghosts And he balances up the budget with a big round hand.
Dee And auditors wither when they look at me
Both For we are the children of Democracy.
Ghosts And the auditors wither when they look at he
For they are the children of democracy.

Anne Howe

Won't you come with us to the Feelies,
There's a lovely feely on,
For everybody goes to the Feelies,
From Alpha down to Epsilon.
Ghosts Won't you come with us to the Feelies,
There's a lovely Feely on,
For everybody goes to the Feelies,
From Alpha down to Epsilon.

Brick Bradford.

I searched for Treasure Trove
Yes, for treasure trove,
To satisfy my restless soul,
I searched for treasure trove,
Score I'd ever rove,
Yet in your eyes I found my goal.
Ghosts I don't regret the night we met,
'Neath the mellow moon so clear
I don't regret that night and yet,
That was the end of a bold bad buccaneer,
I searched for treasure trove,
Yes, for treasure trove,
And found it when you smiled at me.

Ariel and Citronella .

One and one make two, they say,
But when you marry me,
A year or so
Will fairly show
That one & one make three!
Ghosts When birdies mate
They soon make eight
And bunnies even more -
But we'll have fun
If one and one
Add up to three or four.

Bob

Milton is no poet
But a potent germicide
And Keats is less than Keatings
And Shelley's hands are tied.

Ghosts Oh, what good has it done me!
The very jailers shun me
Here I am on danger's brink,
Stalin's in clover and I'm in clink.

Mr. Nemesis.

Now Mr. Casanova
Spread the Casanova strain
From Italy to Dover
Such a gentlemanly rover
Then went on the rounds again.

Ghosts He was a villain, yes sir, a bounder, a cad -
He couldn't recall all the women he'd had,
And dozens of kiddies all called him their Dad,
He was Rollo the Ravaging Roman.

(The stage is becoming perceptibly lighter, and the moon has risen out of sight. A cock crows loudly. The ghosts become frenzied and rush hither and thither in alarm. The orchestra plays a few bars of a number of Extrav. songs, and the ghosts disappear into the wings down the trap and behind the tombstones. The stage gets much lighter, and suddenly a huge sun rises above the hills. Upon it is written in large letters -

CAPPICADE 1939

Quick Curtain.

THE DINKUM OIL
A RURAL MUSICAL

by

JOHN CARRAD

With original lyrics and music.

INTRODUCING THE FOLLOWING:

CHARLIE MCCARTHY: A film star from Hollywood.
Just a taylor's dummy.

MICK and MILD: The Premier. He would bet anybody's shirt on
a cert.

SWEET LITTLE EVELYN DREW: A lass who knew a thing or two.

HERB: A hayseed from the sticks.

THE RUSTIC MAIDENS: The reason why excursions run so frequently.

TIME: Any time, any day.

PLACE: Any road in any County in New Zealand.
(Prepared and surfaced by Robert Semple.)

No character in this play is entirely fictitious.

A typical New Zealand country side with, if possible, a post-and-wire fence in the background, and an A.A. signpost. The setting is country road. The Curtain rises on a black-out, then a spot centres on Charlie McCarthy centre stage who sings:

SOUTH PACIFIC SEAS

(Original words and music)

CHORUS: South Pacific Seas brought a memory of distant summer
isles,
South Pacific Seas brought a message from across a
thousand miles,
And the song those blue waves thundered,
Seemed to promise come what may,
In that distant world down under,
I'd find happiness some day,
Then you brought me true contentment, true heartsease
By those rolling surging South Pacific Seas.

VERSE: I have wandered in the canyons built of stone
And steel in citics of the modern age,
I have known the ruined grandeur that was Rome,
Where the Great of other days once held the stage,
But the glamour of those past and present days,
Surrendered to the Song of the Seaways.

CHORUS: South Pacific Seas seemed to lure a traveller from
Northern climes,
South Pacific Seas carried whisperings of plaintive
simple rimes,
And their breath came treasure laden
With the balm of summer days,
With their crested white cascadin'
They sang loudly in your praise,
I was conquered -- Yes, you brought me to my knees
By those rolling surging South Pacific Seas.

(On the second chorus McCarthy is joined by the Ballet of Farm Lassos who enter left. At the conclusion of the song enter right Herb a Hayseed from the Sticks.)

CHARLIE: Well, who are you my country Clown?
Answer me quick or I'll mow you down!

HERB: I'm Herb a Hayseed from the Sticks,
And I don't trust you city tricks,
And, any way, you in that jacket,
What's your name and what's your racket?

CHARLIE: I'm just a guy come from afar,
I'm Charlie McCarthy the Great Film Star.

ALL: Where's Edgar Bergin?

CHARLIE: I left him back in U.S.A.
That stooge thieved my best gal away!

HERB: Why did you come down to Enzed, Cahrlie?

CHARLIE: They told me that if I came here,
I'd get the Dinkum Oil from the Premier.

HERB: He's got it all right. Mick is the Goods!

CHARLIE: Do you think he'll let me in on this,
It looks far too good to miss.

HERB: Sure he'll let you in on it. He lets every-
body in on everything!

Enter left EVELYN DREW, a siren from the City.

EVELYN: Oh! What a lovely little man.

CHARLIE: Cut that out, woman -- where'd you get the
little. I wish Bergin were here.

EVELYN: Look, Mick is coming down the road, Sir,
Mounted on Bob's new bull dozer.

CHARLIE: Perhaps if I take him aside,
The Dinkum Oil he will provide.

ALL: Sure that's O.K. -- You can be sure
He'll let you in on that - and more!

EVELYN: Let's go and meet him!

(They all exit left except Herb and Charlie)

CHARLIE: I rather like that lass -- she sort of mows me down.

HERB: She's no good, she's faithless!

CHARLIE: Why, she looks nice. Well any way she looks ---
(he winks at Herb)

HERB: I'll tell you all about her.

SWEET LITTLE EVELYN DREW

Original Words and Music

There was a girl that I used to know
A Girl who could make any party go
Five foot five and she was nifty
Gosh! She surely was a swifty
So let me introduce you to
The sunny little Honey who is known as
Evelyn Drew.

CHORUS:

Sweet little Evelyn Drew
Was the girl friend who couldn't be true
She had taste and she had charm
She always rang the fire alarm
Who ---
Sweet little Evelyn Drew.

When I think of all the Hoops she put me through
 If I'd been on a trapeze,
 She'd sure have had me on my knees
 Sweet Little Evelyn Drew. Yes Sir! - The Girl
 Friend who couldn't be true!

HE REPEATS the Chorus and on the second chorus re-enter
 the Ballet with Mick the Premier in the Centre of the
 line of the Ballet.

MICK: Now then my friends you've naught to fear
 And who my comrade is this man here!

(He points to Charlie)

CHARLIE: I'm Charlie McCarthy from Hollywood the Great Motion
 Picture Star! Do you want my autograph?

MICK: No --- but have you an import license?

CHARLIE: Yes, here it is

(He fumbles in his pocket)

MICK: O. K. I just wanted to make sure. Now then --
 what can I do for you. Do you want a Government
 House?

CHARLIE: No -- but they tell me you've got the Dinkum Oil!

MICK: Sure -- sure -- Uncle Scrim's been telling you all that
 for years. Why everybody knows that!

(He inflates his chest)

CHARLIE: Well, let me in on it -- What is the Dinkum Oil.

(Mick takes him aside)

MICK: I'll let you in on a cert. that'll pay The Dinkum Oil
 for the big race today.

CHARLIE: What race?

MICK: The Financial Stakes.

CHARLIE: Well, come on -- what's the horse?

(Others try to overhear)

MICK: Import Control -- that's the moke,
 And if it loses we'll all be broke --
 But there's no chance it'll bite the dirt
 For on it I've staked the Country's shirt!

CHARLIE: Thanks Mick -- I'll get even with the
 bookies now! So Help me I'll clip 'em
 I'll mow them down!

(He calls Herb)

Herb -- do me a favour
 Put this thousand on Import Control.

HERB: On Import Control O.K.
 I'll go and get right on my way,

Thank goodness we can bet our cash
Upon a cert. - - I'll have a splash.

(Pulls out roll from pocket)

HE SINGS:

THE DINKUM OIL

Original Words and music.

Like the man who backs Defaulter for a win,
Like the crooner who sings Tippy - tippy - tin
Like the picnicker who's got a billy that's all set
to boil
We're sitting pretty, 'cos we've got the Dinkum Oil.

Like the man who first discovered Radium
Like the Cricket Team who sends Don Bradman in,
Like the Woolworth Heiress who, my friends, has
never had to toil
We're sitting pretty 'cos we've got the dinkum Oil.

So let's shout "Hurrah!" It's our day to-day
Let's not think of slumps
If our ship starts sinking
We can manage the pumps
Like the Labour Party who scored fifty four
Like Sir Julien who tours from shore to shore
Like the Bridge fiend who holds thirteen trumps
a hand that you can't spoil
We're sittin' pretty, we've got the Dinkum Oil.

(The Ballet join in on the repeat of the last eight lines of the song and exit singing, leaving Evelyn Drew and Charlie on the stage)

CHARLIE Hello Honey!

EVELYN Don't honey me, you little man.

CHARLIE Well, perhaps this will suit you better.

HE SINGS

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Original words and music

You know dear, I've got a feeling
Someone appealing
Has schemed out a pretty plot
Though I don't know all the answers
I'll take my chances
Yes sir! Believe it or not!

You know dear Honey that you could
Yes sir, and you should
Make me think that you are the top
Though I'd have sworn I'd stay single
Your eyes make me tingle
Yes sir, Believe it or not!

I find I'm studying Gable
To find if I'm able
To captivate a Miss.
You've got me worried,
Gosh! and I'm flurried
To think that I

Have come to this
 I thought that all girls were silly
 And now willy-nilly
 You come along and prove that its's rot
 I find that I've bought a ring, Sir
 To fit your third finger
 Yes Sir! Believe it or not.

The Chorus is repeated. Evelyn Drew singing the first six lines.

You know dear I've got a feeling
 Someone snealing
 Has schemed out a pretty plot
 Though I don't know all the answers
 I'll take my chances
 Yes Sir! Believe it or not.

Charlie sings the next six lines.

You know dear Honey that you could
 Yes sir and you should
 Make me think that you are the top
 Though I'd have sworn I'd stay single
 Your eyes make me tingle
 Yes sir! Believe it or not!

On middle eight lines sung as duet by Charlie and Evelyn the Ballet re-enter and join in on final six lines. At the conclusion of the song there is a blackout in which Charlie and Evelyn exit. At conclusion of the blackout the main Ballet commences:

AT CONCLUSION OF BALLET

(re-enter Herb (gloomily))

HERB The race is over I've got the winner
 My pockets are empty - my purse a skinner.

(He turns out trouser pockets)

CHARLIE (amazed) Why didn't Import Control win.

HERB Import Control! No, Gordon Hutter didn't give him.

CHARLIE Help, I think I'm going to swoon!
 If I'm not very careful I'll mow myself down.

EVELYN (to Herb) Well, tell us now who won the race
 What's happened to this crazy place?

HERB Social Security won the race!
 I tell you it's going to set the town on fire!

ALL You betcha!

CHARLIE Social Security. Well it goes to show
 You never, never, never know
 I think before we go along
 We'll sing the folks one final song.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

(Original words and music)

CHARLIE: You know dear I've got a feeling
 Someone appealing
 Has schemed out a pretty plot
 Though I don't know all the answers
 I'll take my chances
 Yes Sir! Believe it or not!

EVELYN: You know dear soon I'll say Yes Sir
 And then you'll guess sir
 That I think you are the top
 So now you'd better be true Sir
 Or this day you'll rue Sir,
 Yes Sir! Believe it or not!

MICK: He's through with studying Gable
 To find if he's able to captivate his miss.

HERB: He's no longer worried Gosh! He's not flurried
 To think that we all come to this!

ALL: So friends they're studying S topes now
 And they've got big hopes now
 Of proving that mathematics are rot.
 And we'll say thanks for our hearing
 It's you folks we're cheering,
 Yes Sir! Believe it or not!

 C U R T A I N .

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CAPPING REVUE 1942.

FUN AND FROLICS IN TWO PARTS

PART ONE - "POT-POURRI."

PRODUCER BUDDY LANGMAN.

STAGE MANAGER IRISH O'BRIEN.

WARDROBE MISTRESS NGAIRE GLUE.

- UNIT 1. OVERTURE (GOD WILLING).
2. OPENING - BALLET.
3. MALE TRIO - "BEER IS BEST."
4. "PIANO DIGITITIS WITH J.W. MONEY."
5. BARITONE SOLO - JOHN BURT.
6. SKETCH - "KEY TO YOUR FLAT." - MICHAEL & BUDDY.
7. TRUMPET SOLO - DOUG. MUDGEWAY.
8. "BLACK BAGGAGE."
(With Apologies to the author of "White Cargo.")
9. "A PIANO AND J.W. MONEY."
10. JOHN BURT sings "THE BANDELLERO."
(Interrupted by Ashley & Buddy).
11. SKETCH - "HOME MANOEUVRES."
(Betty Arya & Michael Benge).
12. "TERPSICHOREAN MOMENTS" - THE BALLET.
13. DICKEY DANIELS conducts a COMMUNITY SING.
14. A SPANISH BURLESQUE - "THE BULL FIGHT."
Dolores (Ilse Baruch) - Spanish Ladies.
Lolita (Hilda Beatus) -
Carlos (John Walton) - Spanish Gentlemen.
Luis (Ashley Cooper)
Juanita (A Dancing Teacher) - MARY SEDDON.
Carmen (A Dancer) - MOIRA WEEKS.
Don Pedro (A Toreador) - BUDDY LANGMAN.
El Toro (A Bull - LARGE). - GRAHAM MILLS & DOUG.
MUDGEWAY.
- LADIES OF THE CHORUS - Hazel Wilson, Betty Wilde, Kay Hubbard,
Annette Hamilton, Nancy Kwok, Gwen Jonny,
Gwen Chamberlain, Betty Arya.

TIME FOR A CAPSTAN.

THIS PROGRAMME IS SUBJECT TO ALTERATION WITHOUT NOTICE AT THE
DISCRETION OF THE EXEC.

ANY ARTICLE FOUND IN THE HALL (EXCEPT BUDDY LANGMAN) SHOULD BE
RETURNED TO THE COMMITTEE ROOM.

IF YOU GET DRY DURING THE SHOW - THERE'S A SPRING IN EVERY SEAT.

PART TWO.

"DEEP IN THE HEART OF CACTUS." - IT'S GOT MANY THORNY POINTS.

BY "X X X." PRE-WAR: ALL THREE.

ACT ONE.

An A.R.P. Shelter somewhere near Parliament Grounds.

ACT TWO.

POST OFFICE SQUARE.

The National Club has been moved at enormous expense from Featherston Street to face the Pier Hotel. The Club membership has increased a thousand-fold.

ACT THREE.

A Dug-out in Tunisia. (Or what the Eighth Army has left of it).

PRODUCERS

WARDROBE MISTRESS

STAGE MANAGERS

TOO MANY TO MENTION.

MADAME FOLEY (Somewhat reluctantly).

HUDY WILLIAMSON & IRISH O'BRIEN.

(Not to be mistaken for a Stage Prop

CHARACTERS: IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE.

OLD KING COAL (A MINOR WORK ON A MAJOR SCALE)	- ORM CREED.
PETE PRAISER (NOTORIOUS FOR HIS BOISTEROUS HUMOUR)	- GIB BOGLE.
BASHFUL BOB SIMPLE (A STRONG SILENT MAN)	- BOB BORTHWICK.
MRS. SCOWETT (WACCO !)	- LOU ROBINSON.
THE REV. MUCKRAKE (NO STRIKER: JUST LOCKED OUT)	- DAVE HLEFFORD.
MESSANGER (A BIT IN AND OUT)	- GORDON MACKENZIE.
ALTER CASH (TAXES EVERYTHING BUT YOUR IMAGINATION)	- ART STONE.
CITIZENS (PUB-CORNER PHILOSOPHERS)	- ALTON MORRIS, KEN NEWELL, P.L.R. ABRAHAM, L. ST. GEORGE, FERGUS FERGUSON (FERGIE), KEN BRUCE, COLIN BUTTON.
WACCS (THEY WAX AND WANE)	- BERNIE SWEDLUND, PADDY HOWLETT, ASHLEY COOPER, HARRY WESTBURY.
MRS. PRIGG (FIRST LADY OF THE LAND GIRLS)	- MICHAEL BENGE.
LITTLE SID HOLLAND (SMALL FRY)	- HANS SCHRAMM.
POLICEMAN (JUST ANOTHER DUMB STAGE COP)	- GORDON MACKENZIE.
LIEUT. LEE (THE LAST OF THE DEMOCRATS)	- JOHN WALTON.
GENERAL FRIEDBREAD (JUST A HEADACHE TO HITLER)	- BEEP HEREFORD.

ALL CHARACTERS IN THIS SHOW ARE FICTITIOUS, AND HAVE NO RELATION TO ANY PERSONS LIVING, DEAD, OR BURIED !

U N D E R G R A D U A T E S ' S U P P E R .

Thursday, May 6th., 1943 - 8.15 p.m.

T O A S T L I S T .

"The King."

The Chairman.

"The Professorial Board."

Mr. J.W.Winchester.

Reply.

Sir Thomas Hunter.

I T E M .

"The Graduands."

Mr. R.M.Daniell.

Reply.

Mr. Patrick Macaskill.

"GAUDEAMUS."

"The Executive."

Mr. D. Cohen.

Reply.

Mr. M.L. Boyd.

I T E M .

"The Ladies."

Mr. W. Rosenberg.

Reply.

Mrs. Mary Boyd.

"AEDEM COLIMUS."

"Absent Friends."

Mr. L.J.R.Starke.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

Chairman: Mr. M.L.Boyd.

Accompanist: Mr.B.Vance.

GAUDEAMUS.

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter;
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat Academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles formosae,
Vivait et mulieres
Dulces et amabiles,
Bonae laboriosae.

THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Aedem colimus Minervae,
Acti desiderio
Artes nosse liberales
Hoc in Hemispherio.
Aedem colimus Musarum
Sub Australi sidere:
Nos a Mysis maria longa
Nequeunt dividere.

CHORUS.

O Victoria, sempiterna
Sit tibi felicitas,
Alma mater, peramata
Per aetates maneat.

Studiosi, studiosae
Captant sapientiam:
Circa venti turbulenti
Auferunt desidiam.
Omnium Collegiorum
Surgit hoc novissimum:
Ergo vires juveniles
Exhibent fortissimum.
