

P R O G R A M M E .



GOVERNOR'S CHRISTMAS TREE PARTY

HELD IN THE TOWN HALL, STANLEY,

FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

COLONY OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.

On the 24th December, 1927.

*A MUSICAL PLAY in two ACTS**entitled**"The Troubles of Santa Claus"**composed and written by**HIS EXCELLENCY ARNOLD HODSON, C.M.G.,**and set to music.*

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C H A R A C T E R S .
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(In order of their appearance.)

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| <i>Zachariah Fee, the Wizard, with assistant wizard.</i> | MR. A. JONES. |
| <i>Santa Claus, with attendant.</i> | MR. A. R. HOARE. |
| <i>Bluebell, Queen of the Fairies, with attendant fairies.</i> | MRS. R. T. AMEDROZ. THE MISSES O. CHALLEN, E. LELLMAN, N. PITALUGA, G. PETTERSSON, M. HARDY, D. McATASNEY. |
| <i>Flip-Flop, the King of the Penguins.</i> | MR. F. A. W. BYRON. |
| <i>Leader of the Girl Children.</i> | MISS NANCY LELLMAN. |
| <i>Girl Children</i> | THE MISSES S. BINNIE, P. TURNER, M. REDMOND, D. ALDRIDGE, E. CRAIGIE-HALKETT, I. LEHEN. |
| <i>Puck with Boy Scouts.</i> | MR. J. D. CREAMER. MASTERS R. DEANE, P. HARDY, J. SMITH, J. KENDALL, B. BASELEY, J. BLYTH, L. SULLY. |
| <i>Imp</i> | MASTER BOBBIE RUMBOLDS. |
| <i>Chorus.</i> | THE CATHEDRAL CHOIR. MRS. G. L. PALLINI, THE MISSES V. KING, E. M. I. OSBORNE, M. SUMMERS, M. PECK, E. BERNTSEN, C. HOARE, M. NEWING, D. ATKINS, V. RICHES, D. WALKER, C. SHORT, M. CRAWFORD. |
| <i>Posse of Constables.</i> | D. J. O'SULLIVAN, S. H. HOOLEY, E. SWAIN, E. HEADFORD, R. H. EARL, M. WESTALL. |

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| <i>Conductor.</i> | HIS EXCELLENCY ARNOLD HODSON, C.M.G. |
| <i>Stage Manager.</i> | THE VERY REV. F. S. VAUGHAN, DEAN OF STANLEY. ASSISTED BY MRS. G. R. L. BROWN. |

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| <i>Orchestra.</i> | THE STANLEY SYNCOPATORS AND THE JAZZ BAND. MRS. VINCENT, MESSRS J. M. COUTTS, C. PETERS, F. O'SULLIVAN, A. I. FLEURET, N. BINNIE, L. W. ALDRIDGE, F. LELLMAN, A. SUMMERS, G. OSBORNE, E. SLADE. <i>Music arranged by</i> - - - J. M. COUTTS, M.M. |
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Scenery and Stage effects by:-
CAPTAIN NETHERCOATE, MESSRS. G. ROBERTS, J. W. GRIERSON AND R. HANNAFORD.

G E N E R A L C O M M I T T E E .

THE HON. J. M. ELLIS, THE HON. H. H. R. GRESHAM, THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF STANLEY,
MRS. VINCENT, MR. A. R. HOARE, MR. G. ROBERTS, MR. J. M. COUTTS, MR. J. W. GRIERSON,
MR. R. HANNAFORD, MR. F. O'SULLIVAN.

E X E C U T I V E C O M M I T T E E .

MRS. VAUGHAN, MRS. HOARE, MRS. BROWN, MRS. GRIERSON.

A S S I S T A N T S .

MRS. E. J. GLEADELL, MRS. A. I. FLEURET, MRS. PARKINSON, THE MISSES E. S. M. WARNER,
I. BEGG, M. A. SHORT, D. M. RICHES, M. BIGGS, G. REIVE, E. M. I. OSBORNE,
H. McNICOLL, W. CAREY, M. O'SULLIVAN, M. NEWING.
MESSRS A. NEWING, C. A. PARKINSON.

The following cables which have been received from the South Pole are published for general information. They explain themselves.

1.

To the Children of the Falkland Islands.

Santa Claus with the assistance of his capable police composed of Sea Elephants and King Penguins has managed to secure the person of Zachariah Fee and has incarcerated him in an ice chamber guarded by penguins. Santa Claus therefore hopes unless Black Magic is used of which he has no knowledge to be able to visit Stanley as originally planned, but he does not hide the fact that the position is not without anxiety.

PRIVATE SECRETARY.

2.

The children having heard that a local gentleman had been asked to take the part of Santa Claus were considerably upset. The following notice was issued at once to put their minds at rest:-

TO THE CHILDREN.

Zachariah Fee is becoming extremely active and is raising Heaven and Earth to prevent Santa Claus coming to Stanley. It is now necessary to tackle him with his own weapons and to meet his cunning plots by equally clever ones. For that reason and to put him off his guard we have issued a notice that Mr. Hoare will take the part of Santa Claus on Christmas Eve. We hope and expect that this will put Zachariah Fee off his guard and that our dear friend Santa Claus will then be able to escape.

We have made all arrangements for the Reindeer to be waiting in readiness for him at South Georgia, and the fastest Blue Whales are being kept at his disposal. These have been specially tamed by Father Neptune's crack rough-rider; we hope they will not start bucking as it is reported Santa Claus' seat in a saddle is not secure!

We must therefore all keep calm and hope for the best, but no one can tell what will happen when Black Magic is about.

We have sent an urgent telegram to Santa Claus in the name of all the children imploring him to be brave and not lose heart, and telling him we feel sure the Fairy Queen will help to get him out of the difficulties he is in now.

3.

To the children of the Falkland Islands

VERY URGENT Zachariah Fee by using Black Magic summoned the Sea Leopards. They have eaten all the Penguin Police and bitten the Sea Elephants who have fled. The Sea Leopards are starting to melt the walls of the ice dungeon by blowing upon it with their hot breath. I am afraid Zachariah Fee will escape. I am in terror of my life. Please ask the Queen of the fairies to help me.

SANTA CLAUS

The above show how efficient our local wireless service is; we believe it is the only one running to the South Pole.

"THE TROUBLES OF SANTA CLAUS"

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Whilst working one evening the idea suddenly occurred to me that owing to the intense interest the children were taking in the duel between Santa Claus and Zachariah Fee it might amuse them if I wrote a play on the subject for their Christmas Tree party. As time was desperately short I started to do this at once and wrote through the night. The play was finished next day with the exception of a few additions added later. Thus I crave forgiveness for its short-comings.

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY.

Santa Claus had been asked to visit Stanley to attend a Christmas tree. He thought he ought to have been asked before and we all think the same. He was therefore slightly annoyed.

From correspondence that ensued it appeared that an evil wicked wizard, by name Zachariah Fee, having been driven from the North Pole by the polar bears had taken up his habitat in the Southern Antarctic regions, there to work all the evil he could. Soon after his arrival he took a violent dislike to Santa Claus and a bitter feud arose between them.

Santa Claus, having given his promise to attend the Christmas tree in Stanley, began to make preparations but was continually hindered by Zachariah Fee till, after a great deal of trouble, he managed to secure and incarcerate him in an ice dungeon at the Pole.

To make sure that Zachariah Fee would not escape he put his trusted penguins and sea-elephants to guard the dungeon. He then wired to Port Stanley to let them know what had been accomplished. He stated that he did not feel quite easy in his mind as to whether he would be able to hold him secure or not for it was probable Zachariah Fee would use Black Magic. Therefore the position was not without anxiety.

There was then a lull for several weeks, but on the 24th December, namely the day of the Christmas tree, an urgent telegram was received from Santa Claus saying he was in terror of his life and imploring us to ask the Queen of the Fairies to help him and that Zachariah Fee by the use of devilish incantations had managed to secure the good services of the sea-leopards. They had appeared on the scene and eaten the penguins, and afterwards had bitten the sea-elephants who had promptly decamped roaring with pain.

To make matters worse he had made small fires in the insides of the sea-leopards to make their breath hot and now by constant blowing on the walls of the ice dungeon they had started to thaw them, and it was obvious Zachariah Fee was on the verge of making his escape.

That is the position at the opening of the party, and it is still obscure what is going to happen.

Later to the consternation of the whole assembly Zachariah Fee appears. He is evidently in a passion. He makes a speech from which it is seen that he wishes to spoil the party. He expresses his abhorrence of the country and his dislike of Santa Claus, and then as a finale curses the Christmas tree and orders it to be changed into a Diddle-Dee bush.

It is also obvious he wishes to do further evil by Black Magic.

Santa Claus now appears and warns the children about Zachariah Fee, and tells them to be very careful not to let Zachariah Fee ring a bell for if he does that it is a sign for all evil spirits and sprites to appear, and to beware of the Magic Tune which when played drives everyone (even him) mad !

After Santa Claus has finished his speech the Queen of the Fairies, the dainty and beautiful Bluebell, appears. She explains to the children that she has come to protect their lives and tells them to remove the clappers from the bells so that Zachariah Fee will not be able to ring them.

After her a deputation of little girls from Stanley arrive and thank Bluebell for her assistance.

After they had finished it was intended that a deputation of small boys should do the same, but they were labouring under a great sorrow. They had heard their fathers had been held up to ridicule and wished to do something for them. Sad and dejected for many a weary day they had wandered alone over the grey moorlands, saying "Lack-a-day, Alas! Ah me", followed by their faithful hounds with lowered heads and drooping tails, thinking out a solution to their troubles, and many a bitter tear was dropped and where they fell the "Pale Maiden" grew but with a crimson bloom instead of white. Now their opportunity has come.

They decide to get a first-rate advocate for their cause, and therefore collect all their marbles and by selling them bribe Puck with the proceeds to appear in their stead. Puck then makes his appearance and in an impassioned speech says what they have asked him to.

As soon as Puck has finished, Zachariah Fee, mad with passion, rushes forward and seizes a bell which is on the table and tries to ring it but to his horror and amazement it has no clapper! Mr. Sullivan, with his trusted police, march on and Zachariah Fee is seized and removed struggling to the cells.

Then the curtain goes up but to the amazement of everyone it is found that the Christmas tree has been changed into a Diddle-Dee bush. When the alarm and despondency are at their height Bluebell waves her wand and it is found that because the wizard had not succeeded in ringing the bell the curse has not been able to work for longer than one minute, and the Diddle-Dee bush disappears and the real Christmas tree takes its place to the tumultuous rejoicing of the whole assembly.

His Excellency opens the proceedings with the following speech.

Dear Girls and Boys,

If this had been an ordinary party I should have begun my speech by saying "Ladies and Gentlemen", but I feel sure if I had done this you would have been annoyed as it seems much too formal.

I will not hide from you the fact that there is Black Magic about so I know you will be kind and lenient if the sprites and hobgoblins use their powers and make me forget all the nice things I wish to tell you and I am also frightened of the Magic Tune !

It gives me more pleasure than I can say to see so many of you here this afternoon. As you know this is a party particularly your own, and I only asked those who are 16 or under. If I had not done this I should certainly have thought that there were many here who were over that age, but I suppose appearances are deceptive and my suspicions are not correct, and that those of you who look grown up must really be younger than you appear. I imagine you are like Peter Pan, who, as you all know so well, *never never* will grow up!

You are all aware that we have asked a very famous person to visit our party this afternoon, namely Santa Claus, but I cannot tell you how my eyes have been opened since I asked this gentleman to come here. I always thought that he was a kind and placid individual but I must inform you that this is not the case. I imagine he is getting old, and having so many places to go to at this time of the year it makes him irritable. You have no idea the worry he has caused me. My hair is turning grey. As you know Governors are not paid overtime like so many other people are. Personally I think it is a great shame. That is why they are so punctual in closing their offices, but lately I have had to forego this rule! Nearly every night, long after midnight, I have been telephoning to the Wireless Station in connection with our visitor. Mr. Mercer and Mr. Lanning I am sure will soon go on strike as Santa Claus is quite an impossible person to deal with. I am not going to tell you all the things he has done, but I will just relate a few of them. First of all a few days ago we wirelessly down to the South Pole to get into communication with his staff. After trying for two or three nights in succession we finally received a message from his private secretary to the effect that he was playing a prolonged game of croquet with the penguins and could not possibly pay any attention to us until the game was finished. They must take a long time over their games down there if it takes three days to finish a game of croquet! Then when this game came to an end we were informed he had gone for a picnic with the sea-elephants and no one knew when he would return.

I then got rather annoyed and said if he did not reply at once I would report him to the Superior Court of the Fairies who would probably punish him very severely for disappointing all the little boys and girls in this Colony.

He then replied, evidently rather frightened at last, that he would come if proper arrangements were made to receive him. I told him we would do everything in our power to meet his wishes in this respect. He then sent a message, a rather peremptory one I thought, demanding a salute of 100 cannons, and the services of the Chief Constable, Mr. Sullivan, to be continually night and day at his disposal to protect him from Zachariah Fee. He went on to say he must have a plentiful supply of penguin eggs, not the ordinary gentoo or rocky

penguin, but King Penguin eggs, which, as you know, are only to be found in the neighbourhood of the South Pole.

With regard to the salute I told him it was quite impossible for us to fire off 100 cannons as I myself only had a salute of seventeen and that I thought he should be content with half this number, namely eight and a half. We wrangled over this matter for several days until at last he condescended to come if I would give him four and a quarter cannons loaded up to the muzzle to make an extra large bang. I agreed to this as I believe all our gunners are insured and if the cannons burst, as they probably will, and blow them to pieces their widows and children will be well provided for.

I could not really go on arguing with him about the penguin eggs so I am afraid I told a tarradiddle and said we would supply them. I will let you into a little secret and tell you what I have done, but you must promise faithfully not to tell anyone. I have got a lot of gentoo penguin eggs and painted them to look like king penguin eggs. I only hope he will not discover it!

I really thought everything was settled but just before coming down here this afternoon I received a cable to say that the Wizard of the South Pole, that wicked, detestable and cunning Zachariah Fee, about whom you all know, had escaped from his ice chamber, and that Santa Claus was terrified, had thrown several fits and went in fear of his life. I wired imploring the latter to come here quickly. I said we would send out our launch, the "Penguin", fully armed to blow Mr. Zachariah Fee to pieces the moment he appeared on the horizon. Santa Claus thanked me for this and then nearly broke my heart by saying it had been reported to him the Town Hall was warmed by central heating and that it was beneath his dignity to enter any room unless he could descend by a chimney full of smuts. So the position now is very critical as I do not know who will arrive first Zachariah Fee or Santa Claus, and when the latter does come and sees there is no chimney he may pass on as he is such a touchy individual, but I am tempting him - he is sure to be hungry after such a long journey - by putting a large blown king penguin egg outside the front door with a stuffed king penguin beside it. These I have borrowed from the Museum, and I really believe if he is once persuaded to alight we shall then probably be able to catch and bring him upstairs. I am afraid the Government will have to pay a large bill for all the wireless messages, and also for the hire of the reindeer we are providing him with from South Georgia to draw his chariot, and it will probably mean a supplementary estimate which the Secretary of State may object to - but still we will not grumble at this, will we, if he actually turns up? And then perhaps the Queen of the Fairies, the dainty Bluebell, may come to help us in our troubles. How nice that will be, and what a hearty welcome we will give her.

Now you all know that Her Majesty the Queen has most graciously sent ten beautiful presents to be given to you. I do not think such a wonderful thing has ever happened before at a Governor's Christmas tree. We all of us value this gracious act on Her Majesty's part more than we can say. Words of gratitude fail us, and I feel sure that those children who are lucky enough to receive one of these gifts will cherish it all their lives, and their children and grandchildren after them. As you know some weeks ago the lucky numbers were drawn and put into a sealed envelope which has rested until now in the Colonial Secretary's safe. I will shortly break the seal and read them out, and then you will come up here and receive them.

When I look around and see so many charming young ladies present I regret more than I can say that I have forgotten one thing, and that a very important thing, *i.e.* a large bunch of mistletoe!

You will notice that although I told you the hour to come I did not mention anything about the time you should go. I did this with a purpose as I want you to stop as long as ever you like so that you may thoroughly enjoy yourselves. You will, however, have to be very nice to the members of the two bands in order that they do not get tired and go off too soon. I use up a lot of wind talking but they use far more blowing down their long instruments and you have no idea how lowering and weakening it is!

Now in conclusion let me remind you that "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer" and my most sincere hope is that your cup of happiness will be so full this evening that it will overflow and make other people happy too.

Act 1.

THE LAND OF TOPSYTURVY.

(During the performance there are many dances and side shows which to save space are not shown here.)

Zachariah Fee, the notorious wizard and necromancer from the South Pole, cursed be his bones!, makes his bow to the public.

I am the Wizard, Mr. Fee;
I journey from the great South sea.
I did reside in dungeon cool;
I never knew I was a fool
But I was caught by Santa Claus
Who has not feet but hairy claws.
I heard the journey here was easy,
But I find it's rather breezy.
The wind does blow without a doubt,
It turns my stomach inside out.
I cannot find a tree to sit on;
I badly want a plump young capon,
Or failing that a fat young boy,
Whose tasty flesh does never cloy.
I do not like this nasty hole;
I only wish it was the Pole.

Note 1. The "Penguin" came and shot at me
But I was safe as safe could be.
Those silly, stupid, cunning sailors
Might just as well be ugly tailors.
If only I could get some food
I'd even eat a piece of wood!
I long for food I crave for tea;
I hate your beastly Christmas tree.
I tried to sleep but found a flea
Was biting me on the neck and knee.
I tried to eat but heard a bee
From which I then was forced to flee.
Another bumblebee buzzed by
Humming plaudits to the sky;

How I hate this nasty pest,
I always thought it was 'non est'.
And then a bottle blue came past,
It was travelling very fast.
Put blue before and bottle after
And then you'll see what I am after!
And later on I'll weave my spell,
And then when I do ring the bell
I'll drive the lot of you to - well
I will not say in case you tell!
So now I curse your Christmas tree
Withered and shrivelled let it be
And so that all the world may see
I change it into Diddle-Dee.
Ha Ho, Fe Fo, Hi Ho, Fo Fe.

Note 2.

Chorus.

Zachariah is a liar,
Bold and bad is he.
He has come without a doubt
To try and spoil the tree.
He is just a clumsy fellow,
And we warn him once for all,
Though his face is dirty yellow,
We have people in this hall
Who will chase him though he bellow.
So we will with Bluebell's help
Catch and bind his feet with kelp.

Note 3.

Santa Claus arrives in a sledge drawn by reindeer, and accompanied by merrie music and salvos of cannons enters the hall. The steamers in the harbour sound their sirens.

I am he called Santa Claus;
I brook no rule, I know no laws.
I journey now to Stanley Port
To see all them of good report.
I want to know all boys and girls;
So cut your hair and trim your curls.
I hear that he called Mr. Fee
Was last seen sitting in a tree.

Note 4. I do not think this can be true
For I have not seen one in view.
But probably he's here about
The nasty clumsy dirty lout.

His eyes are more than I can bear,
For they are always on the stare.
His nose reminds me of a crayfish
For it is long and rather reddish.
He does not wash but once a year,
And then they say he uses beer.
Note 5. He does not clean his teeth at all
But only scrapes them on the wall.
For he does want them sharp to be,
Because he lives on flesh you see,
Not mutton, beef or good fresh trout,
But little boys without a doubt,
And if he cannot eat the boys
He'll smack their heads and break their toys.
He is a nasty low down creature
Without a good redeeming feature.
His scheming tricks are full of guile
And he can worry yet awhile;

But in the end you will not fail
To get him in the local jail.
And then will be my turn to grin;
I'll bite and scratch and kick his shin.
And you will all be there as well,
Until by guile he rings the bell,
Which is a sign in Wizard Land
For all bad sprites to come to hand.
So guard the bell rope with great care,
And all of you must be aware;
For he is a pernicious fellow
With nasty face of dirty yellow.
And never happy will we be
Till he is thrown in the Sea.
So let us hope it won't be long
Before his liver's on a prong,
His eyes upon the steeple spire,
His ears upon the hottest fire,
His body in the harbour deep
Minus his eyes, his ears, his feet:
And then at last I shall be free
To look around and see your tree.
Now children dear I'll tell you all
Whilst I have got you in this Hall,
I have of late been rather crusty,
You see the road is long and dusty,
So if you have not fathomed yet,
I have been really in a pet!
To bed of down I should have gone
And there remained until the morn;

But as you know I can't to-night
 For I must work with all my might.
 But still a moral I must give,
 It'll help to teach you how to live;
 When clouds are black and things are blue
 And everything seems wrong to you:
 When brother bags your piece of melon,
 And father smacks the part you sit on
 Because you have disturbed his slumber
 By trying to regain the plunder;
 Don't whine or sneak or argue then
 But wait until the clock strikes ten,
 For the male awaked from sleep
 Is not placid like a sheep !
 And when you are full of ire
 Douse it like you do a fire.
 And instead of passion vile
 Summon up a happy smile.
 Then upon life's path you'll find
 Other people wondrous kind.
 When to-night you go to bed
 And Mother's tucked you up and said
 "Good-night, my darling, sleep your hearty.
 I am so glad you liked the party",
 Ask your Daddies Mummies all
 Not to go to sleep at all.

But to listen for my knocking
 Then I'll put something in your stocking !
 And now I really must pass on
 For I am frightened of the Parson !
 For I should not have butted in
 Without at first consulting him !
 For he may dislike my preaching
 'Tis his work to do the teaching.

Chorus.

Now Santa Claus he knows no laws,
 We don't believe he has got claws,
 For this was only said by Fee,
 At anyrate we all can see.
 We all are very sorry too
 That he has travelled through the Blue
 To find we have no chimney here,
 Although 'tis true there's lots of beer:
 And this we hope will him appease,
 Although we fear he's hard to please.
 And now we all will jolly be
 And loose our darts at Mr. Fee,
 For Christmas comes but once a year
 And when it comes it brings good cheer.

Zachariah Fee, having listened to what Santa Claus has been saying, now reappears in a furious passion. He is foaming at the mouth, and his jaws work up and down without ceasing, showing his pointed teeth. It is noted by all they have recently been sharpened. He screams out livid with rage:-

Oh yes it's me,
 Poor Mr. Fee !
 Turned up you see
 In spite of He,
 Like a bad penny
 Out of many.
 Indeed I've heard
 Just every word !
 A nasty fellow
 With face of yellow !
 Not made of spice
 Or nothing nice,
 Oh yes, Oh yes,
 By Good Queen Bess !
 Old Santa Claus
 Has hairy paws !
 I saw them clear
 When he was near.
 He talks a lot
 Of awful rot !
 And what is more
 He is a bore !
 I'll eat the boys
 And smash their toys.
 I'll bash each head
 With bits of lead,
 And as for girls
 I'll tear their curls
 Right out by root,
 And with much soot
 Will wipe their face,
 And spoil their lace;
 And when they yell
 I'll smile as well !

Hark, Hark they cry
 As I pass by:-
 "Hear comes the Wizard
 Without a gizzard" !
 Their timbers shiver
 I have a liver !
 At times it's true
 It does turn blue
 When I drink Fiz,
 But that's my Biz !
 But now I think
 I'm in the Pink;
 And feel my spell
 In wood and dell
 Will work all right
 This very night.
 I'll make one stew
 Of all that crew;
 If hung enough
 They won't be tough.
 But Bluebell dear
 I greatly fear
 Will served up be
 At time of tea,
 In form of Roast
 Upon some toast.
 For she unlike the other crew
 Is very plump and tender too.
 I'll lick my chops and smack my lip
 When I this cup of pleasure sip !
 And "rats" to all of you I say
 I'll come again ere break of day.
 Beware, beware the fated hour
 When you will all be in my Power !

Act 2.

(SCENE SAME AS IN ACT 1.)

Bluebell, the good and beautiful Queen of the Fairies, enters to the accompaniment of sweet music, accompanied by her fairy court.

Note 6. I am the fairy good and true
Who knows exactly what to do.
Oh my dears I've had a shock
For I find my Fairy Frock
Which I had brought out for your party
(It was a beauty, Oh so larky!)
Has been changed to one from Russia
By Mr. Fee who said "I'll cuss 'er !
And all my undie things so white
Have all been taken in the night!
And now I know not what to do,
For they are changed to flannel too !
Not flannel white with face of down !
But flannel red that knocks you down !
This trick of his is hardly fun
It tickles so I'm almost done !
My dears I'm driven nearly crazy
For as you know I'm never lazy;
But if you scratch from morn to night
You'll understand to what a plight
That horrid nasty Mr. Fee
By magic Black has now brought me !
I'm certain sure he ain't no gent
And even doubt if he keeps Lent;
I pray you all be cool and calm
For none of you will come to harm.
I can't remain for long to-night
To see the ending of this fight.
As I am due in London Town
To keep all evil spirits down.
To scatter grain amongst the pheasant
Who dearly love that kind of present.
To cast the worm to fishes slim
Who otherwise would all get thin.

To see that those who now are mocking
Have all got something in their stocking.
All fathers, mothers, babes and sucklings,
Hens, cats, dogs and fat young ducklings,
Are forced to-night to tread a measure,
And thus give others certain pleasure.
And if the Foxtrot don't appeal
You surely all can dance the reel ?
For I have heard in Stanley gay
They all do dance till break of day:
The bands do play till crack of dawn,
And then they finish on the lawn !
And when the sun has risen high
They go on dancing in the sky;
And when the sky is full of damp
They foot a measure in the Camp.
I know you'll have a happy season
I cannot give you rhyme or reason.
All the people here know well
The way to spend a good Noel.
And now I'll tell you what to do
If that wizard bothers you.
When the sun is very high.
Shining brightly in the sky.
Remove the clappers from the bells,
And carefully place them in the cells.
Then when he does pull the bell
It will be an awful sell !
I find I've spoken quite a lot
I hope it is not awful rot,
But as my part is very short,
I'll call King Penguin to disport.
I wish you well in your great tourney !
And now I'll go upon my journey.

Enter Flip-Flop, the Penguin King, ruffling his feathers.

Note 7. I've come to sing a song to you,
I only hope you'll like it too.
I notice up behind the town
Strange white things go up and down.
I think they all can shoot a bit
If they this funny thing can hit.
I hope with all they'll wipe the floor
Note 8. And bring back home the Kolapore.
For they are a sturdy lot
I cannot think they'll go to pot.
Now we have a new drill hall
For our soldiers slim and tall.
It supplies a long felt need
Else our men had gone to seed.
Not long the motor-car has come,
It does our work and makes for fun;
And many wish they'd not been born
When drivers sound the motor horn.
Oh what trouble there has been,
Note 9. A horseman thrown on the green!
Note 10. I saw a man with bag of white
Scattering it both left and right,
This I think you all must know
Is meant to make the new grass grow!
Everywhere the dust does lie
Like manna fallen from the sky,
And then the wind does start to blow
And far away it all does go!
I notice in the fields close by
Men and women whirling by,

Hitting at a small white ball, Note 11.
Which no one understands at all.
And if they do not hit the pill,
Things are said - not good but ill !
And I hear someone has seen
Note 12. A golf ball driven from the green !
Even golfers full of wine
Would not commit so gross a crime.
And then when night is near at hand,
Note 13. I see a small and secret band
Rolling the ball at a long wicket;
I think this funny game is cricket.
And the Scouts have just begun.
They are loved by everyone.
And are learning everything
Both boxing-out and boxing-in,
And every boy both fat and thin.
He takes a breath and hits like sin.
And then upon each others' snouts
They do deliver fearful clouts.
And now a man from home has come,
Who really knows the way it's done,
And though we're hurt by Dr. Jones,
He will be here to mend our bones !
Twice a week they meet together
Spite the hot and sultry weather !
They are very brave and true,
They will do a lot for you.
The racecourse rails, you know, are done Note 14
And soon we'll have a lot of fun.

- The numbers now will soon go up
I wonder who will win the Cup ?
All sports are booming in the town.
And this will keep the livers down.
Those who grumbled now are for us.
- Note 15. For to us has come the "Fleurus".
She does take our mails away.
And brings them back I'm glad to say:
On the water she does float.
Like a duck on placid moat;
She does fill our heart with pride.
As we see her outward glide.
- Note 16. And for ice she does not care.
Yet at times she should beware !
- Note 17. But we miss the "Afterglow":
She is sure but very slow:
- Note 18. Soon she will arrive from Punta.
If the poachers do not hunt her !
- Note 19. And in the harbour hulks are many
I would sell 'em ten a penny
They are terrors in the fogs
And drive to frenzy old Sea Dogs
"Hang it, Sir, when we were young
Such a thing could not be done".
And I think they are quite right
For they are without a light.
Now we have a daily paper.
Every morning if not later
It appears in covers neat;
This we think is hard to beat.
Now we know who come and go
Those who venture to and fro.
And about the time of vespers
This is cabled to the Westers:
All the news from London Town
Carefully it is written down:
Everything we do or say
All appear in it next day,
And we now have for discussion
Other things besides our mutton.
And to those who wish to flutter
It does give the price of rubber,
And for those to football given
All the goals are carefully written.
Then at times we have a "thriller"
Which with news does nearly fill her.
Now we are all braced and steadfast
For we read it with our breakfast.
And I hear its circulation
Is not reached by any nation.
Some do doubt if this is true
But if I don't then why should you ?
Geese there are on every hand,
Some do say they spoil the land,
Others that they help a lot
By manuring every plot.
Which of these is right or wrong
Is now the tenour of my song.
Some destroy with poison vile,
Others try another guile;
Many are who use a bullet
Hitting poor gander in the gullet.
This brings in a little gain.
And slays the goose without much pain.
- Note 20. For every "nib" so much is paid

And thus are many fortunes made !
I think myself it is too sad,
And even stronger - rather mad.
To finish off a bird so fat
As if it was a common rat !
For it is good to eat you ken.
By some preferred to any hen:
And if it was not here, I bet,
We should all try the goose to get:
They only want to live their life
And do not hanker after strife;
And nature's laws are always right,
Though hard to see with human sight.
And I see the goldfish pretty,
Do they catch them from the jetty ?
I wonder, have they an immortal soul
Or just look pretty in the bowl ?
And I hear we soon shall see
Sent to us from cross the sea,
Lizards who will catch and eat
The nasty flies that spoil our meat.
If you want to make a fire,
Say to light a funeral pyre;
You must get some old dry timber
Before you burn it to a cinder;
But in this country there is one
Which wet or dry will burn like fun.
And we have the thing Pelagic
Which is surely rather tragic !
And a lot of things besides
Hidden now from human eyes !
In this land of ice and snow,
Where the Zephyrs gently blow,
Where the doves are always cooing
Whilst the gallants do their wooing.
We are really very happy,
Is there one who does not marry ?
He who comes does always stay
Never, never, goes away !
Although it's said they hate the place
This, I think, is great disgrace.
There is always tip-top mutton,
Quite enough for any glutton.
Geese and goslings fill the larder.
Splendid fishes from the harbour.
If this fare does not suffice
One must make some sacrifice.

Note 21.

Note 22.

Note 23.

Note 24.

Chorus.

We have heard the dear Bluebell
Speak to us so very well;
And the Penguin too has warbled,
Nothing he has said was garbled.
Every word we've heard her utter
Has gone down like melted butter.
And we feel that now our Tree
Cannot be harmed by Mr. Fee.
How we thank the Fairy Queen
That to us she now has been,
And we hope so very much,
By her kind and gentle touch,
She will heal all tears and sorrow
And thus ensure a happy morrow.

Dainty little maidens, the children's representatives, now appear.

- Note 25. We are the children gay and bright
Assembled in this Hall to-night.
We thought at first O dear Bluebell
That you were just a common sell.
But now we know it is all true
That there are fairies in the Blue.

We hope that you will always see
That we are safe from Mr. Fee.
For we have heard he'll break our toys
And do his best to eat our boys,
And on us vengeance try to wreak
He is a nasty dirty sneak !

We know that you have come to see
That we shall have our Christmas Tree
And to prevent that villain Fee
From changing it to Diddle-Dee.
Our gracious Queen has been so sweet
By sending presents to our treat,
And we will always thankful be
That Majesty has graced our tree,
And try as hard as hard can be
To thwart the wiles of Mr. Fee.
For this is an uncommon thing
For She is consort of our King.
And now we really ought to stop
For we have spoken quite a lot.

Chorus.

We have heard the little girls,
Minus locks and minus curls,
Tell us such a pretty story,
Full of hope and full of glory;
We have put them through their paces.
We have seen their dainty faces,
And we can assure them all,
What they say will never pall;
And quite safe from Mr. Fee
They shall ever ever be.

Puck makes his appearance with the Boy Scouts.

I am the man called Mr. Puck
I come to wish you all good luck.
I have a message from the boys
Who all have come to get their toys : -
"We do love our Island Home
Though perhaps it is alone.
We are just an outpost lonely
Very loyal and very homely.
We have our own Island story
Very fine and full of glory.
We are of a manly stock
Not soft at all but hard as rock.
We are proud of King and Empire,
Note 26. But we are not fond of satire.
And we like not those who mock us:
That is very hard upon us.
Every jibe and sneer goes in
For our skins are very thin.
There it festers and what's more
Is apt to raise a nasty sore.
Therefore those that jeer at us
May their faces bite the dust.
We have seen the gorse in bloom.
But alas it fades too soon.
Then we have the plant called scurvy.
This is rather topsy-turvy,
Called because it used to be
A cure for those upon the sea.
And we have the flower "Pale Maiden".
O how pretty nature made 'em;
And wherever we have been
There is always tussac green,
And a lot of plants besides
Which would open all their eyes.
Trees 'tis true are not in plenty,
It is said there are not twenty;
And they are all in Hill Cove wood
Where trees for many years have stood.
But a forest is depressing
Therefore that is not distressing;
And if everything was well,
We should want the moon as well.
Have our mockers faced the blizzard?
Eaten goose without its gizzard?
Note 27. Have they seen the Mollymawk
Or heard them when they try to talk?
Or been amongst the penguins placid
When they are disturbed and harried?
Seen them when their eggs were taken
Without shame try to replace them?
Watched them sliding down a mountain
However hard you cannot count them?
Then there are the seals and whales
And a host of shrimps and snails
Sought by scientists galore
Who often venture to our shore.
Have they seen our Wintry weather?
Fallen headlong into heather?

Have they ridden steed unbroken
Till their hearts were nearly broken?
Then a pause and down together,
Man and horse mixed up with leather:
Wicked hoofs go flashing by,
My God! Keep clear your weather eye!
Just a chance! It's now or never,
And sad to say however clever,
It's sometimes one and sometimes t'other;
And often sister mourns for brother,
And a simple humble mound
Shows where he lies underground.
Have they passed the icebergs hidden
By the sleet and hail fierce driven?
Have they suffered strong and true
While their nose was turning blue?
Have they on a Wintry night
Entered port without a light? Note 28.
Have they seen a mere land-lubber
Shoot a harpoon into blubber?
Have they been in vessel small Note 29.
Really small not large at all?
Have they faced the seas gigantic?
To give their height would be pedantic.
Tearing, shrieking, screaming billow:
Splitting head upon the pillow.
While the vessel noise is making
Till one thinks she's really breaking.
Have they as in bunk they lay
Said "To God I'll oftener pray"?
Have they yielded up their supper
Without a curse or any mutter?
Have they ever climbed a mountain,
Tired and thirsty drunk at fountain?
Have they ever shot a snipe
With its swift and swerving flight?
Have they ever hooked a trout
And then successfully got him out?
Have they passed through Narrows deep Note 30.
Where the tide and wind do meet?
Do they know our navigators?
Swift and sure as alligators
Who seeing someone's little daughter
Sent to draw the evening water
Creep quite close to river side
In the cool sweet eventide,
With open jaw and evil eye,
Quiet and silent there they lie.
That little girl is doomed to die!
And then she's gone without Goodbye.
So do they in any weather
Keep their heads and pull together,
And quick as lightning seize their chance
As mounted soldier picks up lance;
For delay would spell disaster
To all the crew, including Master.
Have they ever hunted cattle Note 31.
Which is almost worse than battle?

Note 32.

Have they ever driven sheep
Through the snow and blinding sleet ?
Have they ever on the Butts
Seen our men so full of guts,
Hold the rifle firm and true,
While the tempest blew and blew ?
They have not yet gone to Heaven,
Strange, because they use mark Seven,
Out of date and very old
But their feet are never cold!
Though 'tis bad it has its use,
It always gives us an excuse.
When by chance we don't shoot right
We put it down to bad cordite!
No these mockers are not men.
They are like the Barndoor hen
Who cackles hard with all her might
And does not lay an egg at night !
Are they any good at rowing ?
I think, perhaps, they're used to towing.
Can they hold or wield an oar
When blisters come and hands are sore ?
When a Man-of-War comes here
And off they start to rousing cheer.
I can give you one good tip;
Back our lads and not the Ship !
This will bring a welcome "tenner"
If you will always bet again'er.
For up to now they've not been beaten
The fruit "Defeat" they have not eaten !
Have they ridden in a race ?
Do they know the thing called pace ?
Bending forward, hands well down,
On the Course beyond the Town.
Methinks perchance that kind of cuss
Does much prefer the omnibus !
You know the "Capetown" had a team ?
So skilled a one had ne'er been seen.
She came from far to Stanley shore,
Tween you and me to get our gore !
Twice thirty times she'd won her tourney.
(Was it worth so long a journey ?)
She had the latest ammunition,
She hoped to send us to perdition !
She went away with record broken,
Our boastful words we now have spoken !
We are not really full of pride,
But only wish our sores to hide.
My word when they come back again
They will bring the best of men !
And if we find they are too strong,
We will play our magic song !
Which in trouble will always be
The best of friends to you and me !
For the Navy like not mocking,
(I doubt if they hang up a stocking !)
At hunting, shooting, fishing, whaling,
Riding, driving, flying, sailing,
Running, mending, walking, cooing,
Fighting, dancing, loving, wooing,
Singing, chanting, boxing, brewing,
Nursing, cooking, talking, sewing,
We will take the whole world on
Even though we're sat upon !
And if beaten you will see
We shall love our enemy,
And not show to those outside
The naughty thoughts that rage inside !
For that I take it is the test,
Win or lose, to do your best ;
And not by any whine or grumble

Note 7.

To make excuse why you did tumble !
Have they ever left their fireside ?
To cut their peat in nearest bog-slide
Like us when a long day we've toiled,
For we work hard and are not spoiled.
Have they ever had no mail
For three long months or more ? words fail.
Methinks if we were Blackamoors,
Or unruly were and kept no laws,
Or had not feet but hairy claws
As Fee doth say of Santa Claus !
Or if we had a woolly pate
With crinkled hair instead of straight.
And a flat retroussé nose
Instead of one of graceful pose,
And were not white as white could be,
Such things as this could never be
In this dear Land across the sea,
Which loves so much the Old Countree.
We'll treat them with contempt and scorn.
And hope in time they'll learn to mourn
For all the harm they've done to others:
Quite forgetting we're their brothers.
They are surely just rascallion
Only fit to herd with carrion.
Excuse our words if they are rough
For as you know we're hard and tough.
But as we now are in December
We'll do our best not to remember,
And as to-morrow is five and twenty
We'll all hold out our hands in plenty.
At times plain speaking does no harm.
We have our say and then are calm.
It's apt to clear the air as well
Like open throttles steam dispel.
We hope to send the usual greeting
From every one who's at this meeting:
May your Xmas happy be
Whether you're on land or sea,
May the New Year open well
And carry on till next Noël.
When our honour is at stake,
And our people lie awake,
We get comfort from the fact
That our Rulers full of tact,
Will our interests well uphold
And refuse all bribes of gold
Even if they come from Heaven
They'll play true and not be craven.

Note 33.

Chorus.

We have heard of Mr. Puck
We only hope he brings good luck !
We have heard his peroration,
Worthy of the largest nation.
He has earned his payment well
Although our boys did marbles sell.
Bless their jolly little hearts
They shall have a feed of tarts.
For they felt their honour slighted,
And did their best to have it righted.
And we bless the children here,
Who our honour hold so dear;
May they ever tread the road
Helping those with heavy load;
Tackling those with armour strong,
Always keen to right the wrong;
Leaving those with armour thin
For other knights to fight and skin.

The curtain now goes up but to the consternation of all the Christmas Tree is found to have been changed into a small Diddle-Dee bush! There are cries of despair and disappointment. The wails are heartrending, and every handkerchief is soon wet through, and the mothers are in despair for they fear their beloved children will catch mortal chills by blowing their noses with these sodden pieces of cambric.

Bluebell now comes forward and implores them all to be brave in the moment of trial and to wring out their handkerchiefs carefully before using them. She states as Zachariah Fee did not succeed in ringing the bell his evil spell can only last for one minute when the real Christmas Tree will appear. This before the tumultuous applause has died away actually takes place.

The clock now strikes twelve and Christmas Day is here. It is the time of Peace and Goodwill. All evil spirits lose their power and Goodness reigns. Queen Bluebell whose knowledge of Fairy law is unique is well aware of this. She seizes the opportunity and waves her wand three times when to the amazement of all Zachariah Fee reappears, falls on his face, confesses his evil life, and begs forgiveness; swearing on his honour to turn vegetarian and not to eat stews made of little boys again. He also promises to use Pepsodent instead of cleaning his teeth by scraping them on walls.

As an example to all that it is never too late to repent Queen Bluebell forgives him, and they dance together. Father Christmas forgets his bad temper and seizing Puck follows suit to the tune of "I want to be happy," played by the massed bands

CURTAIN.

At the conclusion of the Play 3 verses of the National Anthem will be sung by Zachariah Fee, Santa Claus, Bluebell, Flip-Flop, Puck, Fairies, Choir, and Boy and Girl Children, to the accompaniment of the combined Orchestras. The audience will join in.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King:
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
Oh save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

ADDENDUM.

1. In the chorus of Zachariah Fee's first speech, after

*"So we will with Bluebell's help
Catch and bind his feet with kelp"*

two sailors come on dancing the hornpipe. They bring with them a large piece of kelp which they put down on the front of the stage and go out dancing the hornpipe. Then the chorus do a folkdance. After this the Magic Tune is played in normal time.

Before Santa Claus enters four and a quarter cannons are fired from the jetty. The cue will be when the Magic Tune ends.

As Santa Claus enters the choir will sing the first verse of "For he's a jolly good fellow".

2. In Santa Claus' speech, when he reaches

"I hear that he called Mr. Fee"

Zachariah Fee now creeps in very stealthily and listens to what he is saying.

"For all bad sprites to come to hand"

he stops and sends out his attendant, after the necessary acting, to bring in a little Boy Scout to guard the bell. Santa Claus warns the little boy by pantomime how to guard it and what will happen if he does not do it properly, and that he is on no account to leave the bell whatever happens although he will be severely tempted by Zachariah Fee. To emphasise this he spans him to the accompaniment of the drum. After the spanking the little Boy Scout salutes and stands to attention by the bell.

After Santa Claus' chorus is finished the chorus will dance a folkdance. Then the Magic Tune will be played very faintly, all the cast dancing to it.

3. When Zachariah Fee, in his second speech, reaches

"I'll smile as well"

he suddenly notices the little Boy Scout guarding the bell. He tries to persuade him to abandon his post, but the little boy shakes his head and will not go. Zachariah Fee then sends out his attendant who brings back a box of chocolates and Zachariah Fee shows this to the little boy who still refuses. The attendant is then sent out again and comes back with a large bottle of beer which Zachariah Fee opens with a large "pop". The chorus dance in each holding a large letter which spells "Barley Wine" (See Note 5). As the little boy is thirsty he is tempted about three feet from his post but he realizes his mistake in time, fights the temptation, and goes back to his duty.

4. Zachariah Fee now loses his temper completely and goes on with his speech at the end of which he looks down and sees a cigarette lying on the stage. Pining for a smoke he stoops down and picks it up. He is just going to light it when the children dance in with letters which read "No smoking allowed in the Town Hall". The choir at the same time stretch out their hands and sing "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!". Fee then attitudinizes in front of the chorus going from one side of the stage to the other. When the laughter ceases the little boy guarding the bell is seen to get very drowsy; he yawns several times, lies down, curls himself up, and goes to sleep on the floor to the tune of "Hush-a-bye baby on the tree top". Fee watches him all the time with a diabolical chuckle. As soon as the little boy is asleep Fee creeps towards the table to ring the bell which is on it. He is just going to do this when the Magic Tune is struck up and he is forced against his will to dance backwards. Thus the bell is saved in the nick of time. The little boy still sleeps on peacefully. He has really been mesmerised by Fee.

5. In Bluebell's speech

"The way to spend a good Noël"

The Stanley children now dance in and listen to what she says. At the end of the speech Bluebell and Zachariah Fee dance together. (The fairy does this to try and find out from him the secret of his Black Magic. She uses all her wiles to try and fascinate him.)

6. In Flip-Flop's speech, when he reaches

"Else our men had gone to seed"

The Boy Scouts march in with flags bringing a real miniature of the Junior Kolapore

Cup which they show to the audience. This is then placed in front of the stage and they form up and go out again. After that Tunney and Dempsey fight for the World's Championship. Then Flip-Flop goes on with his speech. When he comes to :-

" They will do a lot for you "

he stops. The little girls' representative now dances on with the Stanley girls. They come to the front of the stage in a long line holding hands. They let go of each other and make a deep courtesy to the audience. They go backwards to the middle of the stage and draw up in line. The Leader then goes up to the table to remove the clapper from the bell as she has been warned to do by Bluebell.

7. Then she looks down and sees the little boy asleep. She is very upset as he has no pillow or blanket. She kneels down, strokes his head, gives him a kiss, and then goes back to Bluebell at a dainty run. She tells Bluebell what she has seen and asks her to go and look after the Boy Scout. Bluebell then comes on with her attendants. They stand in a semi-circle round the little boy and one of the little fairies puts a pillow under his head, covers him up with a blanket and gives him a kiss. Another brings in a hot water bottle, a glass of milk, and sandwiches so that when he awakes he may have something to eat. The little girls stand by looking on. Bluebell with her attendants then dances out to the fairy tune. The little girls do likewise.

8. Bluebell and Fee then return and dance together. When this is finished Flip-Flop goes on with his speech.

9. When he reaches

" If I don't then why should you "

Now one of the little Fairies comes in and dances by herself. Then the Magic Tune is played very faintly so as not to disturb the sleeping Boy Scout. All join in this dance. When this is finished Flip-Flop goes on with his speech.

10. When he reaches

" Which wet or dry will burn like fun "

The Stanley girls dance in carrying large bundles of Diddle-Dee which they show to Flip-Flop and leave in front of the stage. They make a deep courtesy to the audience and then dance off. Flip-Flop then goes on with his speech.

11. At the end of Flip-Flop's chorus, the chorus dance a folkdance. Then the Magic Tune is played to which all the cast dance.

12. At this point the Wizard casts a spell on two well-known members of the audience who are magically compelled with obvious reluctance to leave their seats and ascend the stage. There chairs are provided for them, but as they sit down they are stealthily drawn away by Black Magic and they sit on the floor accompanied by a bang from the drum. Magic still holds them in thrall and they are compelled to perform a *pas seul*. Their original distaste for this exhibition quickly passes away, and they finish their dance with wild abandon.

13. The children's representative at the end of her speech wakes up the little Boy Scout in charge of the Bell. He shares his provisions with her and they make love. A placard "Passed by Censor" is put on the table. The Chorus with a cry of "How perfectly shocking" dance to the back of the stage and turn their back on the proceedings. At the end of her chorus they dance a folkdance, then the Magic Tune in which all the cast join.

14. In Puck's speech, when he reaches

" We should want the moon as well "

Bluebell dances on with her fairies carrying gorse, scurvy, Pale Maiden, and tussac, followed by the Stanley girls with six pots containing small trees. They all come on to the tune of the fairy dance. They go up and show these to the audience, put them in front of the stage, make a deep courtesy, and then go out again.

When this is going on Zachariah Fee creeps on to the stage desperate with hunger. He seizes one of the little girls as she is going out and starts to eat her. This is too much

for the little Boy Scout who leaves his post and attacks Zachariah Fee, driving him off. The latter looks around, however, and seeing the bell unguarded rushes towards it and seizing the handle tries to ring it, but to his horror there is no sound as it has no clapper! With a scream of rage he throws the bell on the ground whilst the chorus sing "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!", pointing their fingers at him. This last disaster breaks his spirit and he crawls to the side of the stage and lies there moaning.

"Where the tide and wind do meet?"

Three niggers come on playing mouth organs. Two young ladies enter with combs and tissue paper which they hand to the chorus. The latter play an accompaniment to the mouth organs on the combs.

"To all the crew, including Master"

Enter alligator, then little girl with empty pitcher. Exit alligator with little girl in his jaws.

15. Puck goes on with his speech. When he reaches

"And does not lay an egg at night"

the sound of a cock crowing is heard from behind the scenes and all the Boy Scouts dance on to the tune of a quick march, each holding an egg in his hand. They show these to Puck, salute, and dance off again. Puck continues his speech.

"I doubt if they hang up a stocking!"

Small sailor boys dance in singing:-

"We will go and tell the Admiral."

16. Then on the cue

"They'll play true and not be craven"

the constables dance on and arrest Zachariah Fee who is removed struggling.

17. After Puck's chorus the chorus dance a folkdance. Then the Magic Tune is played very faintly. All the cast dance.
18. The curtain now goes up and discloses a small diddle-dee bush instead of the Christmas Tree. Everyone on the stage weeps and moans. Two little girls bring in handkerchiefs on silver salvers and give them to the chorus who all wipe their eyes with them. Bluebell now comes forward and implores them to be brave, and requests them to wring out their handkerchiefs carefully which is done in pantomime.
19. The clock then strikes twelve very slowly, and during the striking Bluebell waves her wand and Zachariah Fee repents and is forgiven. The Boy Scouts march on, one of them carrying a leg of mutton which Fee refuses with disgust, but he accepts a large cauliflower to show that he has turned vegetarian, and at the same time a toothbrush and a tube of Pepsodent as he no longer wishes to clean his teeth on walls. Bluebell and Zachariah Fee then dance together, and everyone joins in, to the tune of "I want to be happy", starting very slowly and increasing to the utmost power of the band. During the dance flowers are thrown into the audience. Complete abandon prevails, the bandsmen even dancing amongst the audience. When this dance is finished the chorus return to their seats and all the characters draw up behind them with the exception of Bluebell and Santa Claus. Bluebell waves her wand, and the curtain goes up and the real Christmas Tree is exposed to view.
20. After a suitable interval during which the band plays, the characters draw up in line facing the audience and the Boy Scouts bring in flags. Then the three verses of the National Anthem are sung.

In the performances given after the Races the lines after
"And soon we'll have a lot of fun"
were altered as follows:-

The numbers now have all gone up
We all do know who's won the cup,
And this was done by Tipperary
Who never once has proved contrary:
And one above we think does know
How splendidly his horse did go:
Before he left us he had reckoned
His gallant horse would not be second!
And we have heard of Charabelle
And that dainty mare Bluebell,
And Ojo ridden by one called Paice
Who made of each a gallant race;
Valencia, Klondyke, Comet, Grey,
Did all do well I'm glad to say,

And Cracker, Pigeon, Model, Sheikh,
Did win for backers many a stake,
And a horse which rhymes with jelly,
In vulgar language termed the Belly!
And the ladies rode so well,
What a story we could tell!
If before we had our doots,
These were settled by Mrs Coutts!
All day long the sun was bright,
It shone away with all its might,
For twenty years we have not seen,
A day like that — it's never been!
We were a very happy crowd,
The praise of all was long and loud.

(Tipperary was owned by Mr. Duncan Coutts - no relation to the Mrs. Coutts who won the ladies' race - who died a few days before the races. The last wish of this gallant sportsman was that his horse should win the Governor's Cup. The races are nearly always run in execrable weather, hence the last couplets.)

In the performance given after Christmas, when the curtain goes up that should expose the Tree, no Tree is there, but in its place Santa Claus is discovered asleep in bed. Bluebell wakes him up and he comes to the front of the stage in a nightshirt and nightcap and carrying a bedroom candlestick.

Santa Claus speaks after having been awakened by Bluebell.

Who woke me up? Who woke me up? You woke me up! Unkind and heartless fairy,
to disturb at the very outset a sleep that should have lasted till next Christmas Eve.

To oblige you all I came here from my far away home at great personal trouble and suffering. I have been seasick and saddle-sore. But you gave me a good reception, and I thank you for it. The King Penguin eggs were very succulent, though perhaps a trifle over-ripe. Mr. Sullivan has been at my service as you promised, and he showed himself to be a stout fellow.

But when I had done my part you should have left me to sleep in peace till next December,

"For a man awaked from sleep
Is not placid like a sheep"

I'm weary of the lot of you, and fed up with your Christmas Tree. Seeing the way I've been treated I doubt if I shall be here next year.

As you all know, Santa Claus is a double personality. When he has gone to sleep after his Christmas activities, the personality of Santa Claus remains dormant for 12 months, and in its place emerges the other. Up to now I have spoken to you as Santa Claus, but I can feel him dying away and my other personality awakening.

In fact I begin to feel myself to be a middle-aged empire builder in a nightshirt. A few short weeks ago I never thought that at my time of life I should be called on to climb down a ladder from a roof, or dance alone in the limelight, or to appear on a public platform in a nightshirt - and not my own nightshirt at that - but a borrowed night-shirt of a far flimsier texture than I should have selected for the purpose. (Turning away from the Conductor, in an audible aside). I'll tell you a secret, but don't breathe a word of it to anybody - *it's the Governor's nightshirt!!*

And now if Bluebell who woke me up will put me to sleep again, very likely at the end of my twelve months slumber I shall have forgotten how you disturbed my sleep to night, and I may come to your Christmas Tree next year after all.

And so, Mr. Conductor, (singing drowsily) "Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed".

Wearily attempting a dancing step in time to his singing, Santa Claus goes back to bed. The little fairies tuck him up and kiss him good-night, and Bluebell puts him to sleep again.

NOTES.

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- Note 1. Refers to the Government launch called by that name.
- .. 2. Refers to the bluebottle fly. The only pest in the Falkland Islands.
- .. 3. Refers to the noted sea-weed which grows from all hidden reefs around these Islands.
- .. 4. Refers to the absence of all trees.
- .. 5. Refers to a particularly strong brew of beer specially imported into the Falkland Islands called Barley Wine.
- .. 6. Refers to a beautiful Russian dress she wears.
- .. 7. Refers to Targets. Rifle shooting is the most popular pastime in the Colony. The people excel in this art. They beat H. M. S. Capetown's team which had never been beaten before.
- .. 8. Refers to the Junior Kolapore Cup shot for at Bisley.
- .. 9. A motor driver in the exuberance of his spirits sounded his horn as a well-known local horseman passed by with unfortunate results to the latter.
- .. 10. *i.e.* artificial manure.
- .. 11. Refers to the boom in golf.
- .. 12. The Governor whilst shaving in the morning saw a young man on the new green in front of Government House. He removed the pin from the hole as it was in his way and then proceeded to drive off a golf ball.
- .. 13. The ladies' cricket club.
- .. 14. Refers to the enclosing of the racecourse with a new railing and its being thrown open to the public.
- .. 15. This is the name of a Norwegian steamer used by this Government to bring mails from Montevideo etc.
- .. 16. This refers to the well-known fearlessness of the Norwegian sailor in connection with ice, and to the fact that the "Fleurus" recently collided with an iceberg.
- .. 17. The name of a small steamer belonging to this Government.
- .. 18. Punta Arenas, the Chilean port, where she had been for repairs. The next line refers to seal poachers.
- .. 19. Refers to old sailing vessels disabled by gales during their voyage around the Horn and left here to end their days. They have never had lights at night. A commission has recently been appointed to see into this.
- .. 20. "Nib" is the local name for beak.
- .. 21. Refers to goldfish recently imported from Montevideo.
- .. 22. Refers to the campaign against the bluebottle pest.
- .. 23. Refers to the Diddle-Dee bush which has this unique quality.
- .. 24. Refers to whaling problems.
- .. 25. They had doubts before. See page 3 paragraph 2.
- .. 26. Refers to Falkland Islands Battle Film.
- .. 27. A large sea bird.
- .. 28. None of the harbours are lighted except Stanley.
- .. 29. Refers to whale catchers.
- .. 30. Refers to the terrible tide races which a coasting steamer cannot face if there is a strong wind blowing in the opposite direction.
- .. 31. Refers to the wild cattle which roam in parts of the Islands.
- .. 32. 1915 ammunition.
- .. 33. *i.e.* December 25th.

PART 2.

Tea, crackers and Carnival novelties will be provided for the Children in the Great Hall.

ITEM 2.

The drawing of lots for Her Majesty the Queen's prizes will take place after the performance of "The Troubles of Santa Claus"
(All are requested to remain in their seats.)

ITEM 3.

Grand March to view the Christmas Tree and presents. The distribution will take place immediately after.

ITEM 4.

Children's Games (Assorted)

ITEM 5.

The Land of Pandemonium.
(To the tune of "I want to be happy").

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Children, beware of Zachariah Fee!

ITEM 6.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwellton braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true,
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa'c'her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

THE GOLDEN VANITEE.

A ship I have got in the North Countree
And she goes by the name of the Golden
Vanitee

And I fear she'll be taken by a Spanish gallie
As she sails by the Low-lands low,
As she sails by the Low-lands low,
By the Low-lands low,
As she sails by the Low-lands low.

So boldly up-spake then the Cabin boy,
Say what fee shall be mine if the galley I destroy
If the Spanish I vanquish, and no more they can
annoy,

As you sail by the Low-lands low,
As you sail by the Low-lands low,
By the Low-lands low,
As you sail by the Low-lands low.

Of silver and gold I will give much store,
And my daughter so fair, who doth dwell beside
the shore,
And of treasure, good measure, I will give to
thee galore

As we sail by the Low-lands low,
As we sail by the Low-lands low,
By the Low-lands low,
As we sail by the Low-lands low.

The boy bared his breast and he swift leapt in,
And he held in his hand, just an auger sharp and
thin,

And he swam thro' rough water to the Spanish
Galleon,

As she lay by the Low-lands low,
As she lay by the Low-lands low,
By the Low-lands low,
As she lay by the Low-lands low,

The auger he grasped and the ship bored twice,
While the crew were at play with their cards and
with their dice,
Till the water rushed inwards to their very great
surprise,

As she sank by the Low-lands low,
As she sank by the Low-lands low,
By the Low-lands low,
As she sank by the Low-lands low.

The cabin boy swam to the larboard side,
"Oh good Captain, give heed, I am drifting with
the tide"
"I will shoot you and kill you" then the cruel
Captain cried

"You may sink in the Low-lands low,
You may sink in the Low-lands low,
In the Low-lands low,
You may sink in the Low-lands low.

The cabin boy swam to the star-board side
"O! my mates, take me in, I am drifting with the
tide"

On the deck then they laid him, and he closed
his eyes, and died!

As they sailed by the Low-lands low,
By the Low-lands low,
As they sailed by the Low-lands low.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet
Has won my right good will.
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill !

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
"I die for her I love."
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will
I'd crowns resign to call her mine
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill !

GOD SAVE THE KING

Motor Cars and carriages should be in attendance by midnight.