

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 31st July, 1929.



A MUSICAL PLAY in four ACTS,

entitled

"The Downfall of Zachariah Fee"

composed and written by

HIS EXCELLENCY ARNOLD HODSON, C.M.G.,

and set to music.



The following wireless messages are published for general information. They explain themselves.

1.

From the Children of Port Stanley,
To Santa Claus, Christmas Castle, South Pole.

Confidential. Decipher yourself. We hasten to let you know that Zachariah Fee has become wicked again. He has stolen Bluebell's *protégés* and destroyed nearly all our dolls. After making insulting faces at the fairies he left for the South Pole in a blizzard, riding an albatross. He was actually seen by Mr. Sully, the lighthouse keeper at Cape Pembroke, in full flight, with a crowd of vultures following carrying his effects in their beaks. Do, please, dear Santa Claus, be on your guard and keep a sharp look-out. We are extremely anxious on your behalf.

2.

From Santa Claus,
To the Children of the Falkland Islands.

Thank you my dear children. You are right to be anxious on my behalf, for I am engaged in a terrible duel with the giant Blunderbore who suddenly appeared close to Christmas Castle after a volcanic eruption. I shall, therefore, be hard pressed when that evil wizard appears. Please try and get me some polar bears as they are the only animals the wizards are frightened of. Your true but harassed friend, Santa Claus.

3.

From the Children of the Falkland Islands,
To the Crown Agents for the Colonies, London.

Urgent. Please forward without fail by next boat a large consignment of the latest issue of polar bears. Essential that they be of the largest and fiercest variety, and not out-of-date. Kindly give this requisition priority over all others as it is of the utmost importance. Failure to comply will probably jeopardise our Tree.

4.

From the Crown Agents,
To the Children of the Falkland Islands.

Your telegram unnumbered and undated. Fifty polar bears left by "Lagarto" on November 25.

5.

From the Children of the Falkland Islands,
To Santa Claus, Christmas Castle, South Pole.

Your telegram. Fifty polar bears left London for you November 25.

6.

From Santa Claus,
To the children of the Falkland Islands.

Your telegram re polar bears noted. Thank you.

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

PROLOGUE.

It will be remembered that last year Santa Claus came to Stanley in rather a bad temper. However, in spite of his feeling not quite up to the mark, he performed his duties to the entire satisfaction of everyone present at the Christmas Tree. Unfortunately, owing to the popularity of the pantomime, it was requested by the Stanley people that a performance should be given after Christmas. This was done, and to make it as realistic as possible it was found necessary to wake up Santa Claus, who had gone to bed on Christmas Eve. To the consternation of everyone when he was awakened by the Queen of the Fairies he was found to be in a diabolical temper and was in such a passion that he said it would be very doubtful if he would ever appear in Stanley again. This caused great alarm and despondency amongst the children. To add to their troubles Zachariah Fee, who, it will be remembered, had repented of his evil deeds and been forgiven, suddenly fell from grace and became wicked again. He behaved in a most dastardly manner and destroyed so many dolls that there was not one left in any of the Stanley shops and he even seized those that were in the homes of the children if they were left unattended for a moment. The result was that there was a famine in the land and dolls could not be obtained even if a King's ransom was offered. His lust for destruction was so great that those few children who had been fortunate enough to save their precious dolls were afraid to leave them for a moment, and even when they had their baths the dolls were placed beside the cake of soap!

The cause of Fee's downfall was as follows:-

The kind-hearted Bluebell had befriended and taken under her charge three little waifs whom she had found lost and starving on an iceberg which passed close by Stanley. She took these children to Fairyland where she fed them on the richest cream and the most luscious strawberries ever heard of. The result was they became fat and plump, and their cheeks had even a more beautiful and natural bloom than those of the young ladies of Stanley who are famed throughout both hemispheres for their beauty in this respect. The ghosts from the South Pole, who are always wandering about seeking prey to feed the ogres, witches, wizards and giants who live there, soon smelt them out and by Black Magic and diabolical cunning enticed them away from Fairyland and took them to the Pole. Zachariah Fee, on hearing of their capture, yielded to temptation and catching an albatross made grimaces at the fairies and flew away to the Pole. On arriving there he found there was a terrible giant called Blunderbore who had been shot up by a volcanic eruption from the bowels of the earth. This giant frightened Fee terribly for like all wizards he was a coward at heart. He therefore outwardly made friends with Blunderbore telling him that he would later take him to Stanley where there were the most delicious children in the world, whose flesh had a flavour unequalled by any other boys or girls.

The Fairy Queen although she is powerful is not all-powerful and this year she could not find out the secret of the wizard spell. On consulting the law books which are kept hidden away in an enormous oak tree guarded by eagles and tom-tits she finds that this can only be discovered by the aid of little children, who must come to her of their own free will.

She therefore calls the fairies together by sending out messages to all parts of the world, which are written on the thinnest gossamer and tied to the backs of bumble-bees. In due course they arrive riding on dragon-flies and butterflies, but they find the solution of the problem too difficult. Just as the Court is about to break up another fairy enters who is in charge of little girls' dreams. She thinks she can help. She causes a little child called Blue Eyes, who is famed all through Stanley for her goodness, to dream that she hears a robin singing.

The plot now unfolds itself.

Act 1.

SCENE 1.

The Court of the Queen of the Fairies, the beautiful and dainty Bluebell. She comes in surrounded by her attendants. Blue Eyes, a pretty little Stanley girl, with her companions, follows. There are sounds of birds warbling, and the gentle sighing of the wind as it softly kisses the wild flowers and the heather.

(During this speech a little boy enters with bow and arrow, a scarecrow appears, etc. etc.)

Blue-Eyes:-

Last night in bed I had a dream
And everything quite real did seem.
I saw a Robin in a tree.
He sang away so merrily.
I wonder what he meant to say
When thus he sang at break of day?

Was he singing a paean of joy
At having escaped a little boy,
Who at him a short time ago
Had loosed an arrow from his bow?

Or was he warbling to his mate
Preening her feathers on yonder gate.
Trying to tell in terms of song
He thought of her the whole day long
And did not cast a wandering eye
On other birds as they flew by?

Or perhaps he only wished to say
That now it was the time of day
To start their work and cease their play,
And hunt for insects in the hay!

Or else he wished his mates to know
That he had watched the new crops grow
From the start when men did sow;
And that the time would soon be right
For them to make their tummies tight
With all the grain they stole at night!

Or did he tell them that that figure
With bloated hand upon the trigger,
With fearful face and hat on head
Was not alive but really dead?
And that they should really know
It was just a silly scarecrow!

It's very hard for me to say
What was the tenor of his lay:
For birdie language is not taught
In any books that I have bought,
So Fairy Queen will you please say
What sang that bird at break of day?

Chorus:

This little girl we now have heard,
We have no doubt she saw a bird
Sitting in a nice green tree,
Trying to catch a bumble-bee!
That little birdie sang quite well
But none of us we fear can tell
What he really meant to say
When thus he sang at break of day.
So please explain this Robin's song
As otherwise we'll all guess wrong.

Chorus dance folk dance.

Sailor dances hornpipe.

Bouquets are given to the chorus.

Bluebell, the Fairy Queen:-

Now little ladies I have heard
What you have said about that bird.
You did quite right to come to me —
I do so hope you'll stay to tea —
And I will do my best to see
That you're not caught by Mr Fee.

Sweethearts dear, of course I will
Tell you what that bird did trill.
Although the Fairy Queen I am
And do not care for any man,
I cannot say the same of Fee
Who worries me considerably.

And this year certain spells have come
Which undo all the work I've done.
Last year you know that all my frocks,
Including underwear and socks,
Were changed to those that came from Russia
By Mr. Fee who said "I'll cuss 'er"!

But this year things much worse have happened
Three little boys I'd carefully fattened
Who before were very scraggy.
(Oh their trousers were so baggy)
They really were all skin and bone
Friendless, deserted, all alone.

And now they've gone, I don't know where
Although I think — you well may stare —
That wizard Fee — how could he dare? —
Has them enticed to his far lair.
I shall soon be in a passion
If he treats me in this fashion

Now I must get from this fell wizard,
The horrid man he has no gizzard,
The secret of his spell this year
Or else your tree will not appear.

A tea-table is brought in by the Queen's domestic staff. Then silver and shaded candlesticks. Now flowers appear which turn into cakes and tarts with whipped cream. Boxes of chocolates also mysteriously arrive.

Now tell the little Scouts from me —
Don't hurry dears but drink your tea —
They must journey to the Pole
And search in every nook and hole
And hunt o'er plain and by the shore
Until they hear of Blunderbore.

Then let them seek and find his cavern
It is not cosy like a tavern!
But full of every kind of magic,
It really is too dreadful-tragic.
'Tis full of bats, and cruel dragons
Drinking blood from silver flagons.

And witches gaunt with silver hair,
Slobbering as from bones they tear
The tender flesh of plump young girls
Who just before had cut their curls.
Oh dearie me to think that bobbing
Has been the cause of all this sobbing!

And in this cavern Fee does stay,
He always talks at break of day,
So they must listen to his chatter,
Nothing else at all does matter.
Until they hear the magic spell,
This accomplished they must not dwell
In that foul cavern dark and drear
But hasten back and let me hear.

And say, if you see Blunderbore,
Prostrate yourselves upon the floor,
For as his eyesight is not good,
He'll surely think you're lumps of wood.

So off you go and tell each Scout
Of everything we've talked about.
And when they all come back again
Cluck softly like a broody hen,
For this will bring me from my Court
To hear your story long or short.

Chorus.

We have heard the dear Bluebell
Tell us lucidly and well
All the Robin tried to say
When he sang at break of day.
We have heard about the dragons
Drinking blood from silver flagons
And all about those cruel witches
Tearing flesh from babies' flitches,
And now we hope our boys will find
That fatal spell to ease her mind
That nasty wizard how we hate him
We do so hope our boys will bait him.

Chorus dance folk dance.

Fairy Queen and little fairies dance together. Bouquets are given to them.

At the end of this dance the ghosts from the South Pole who have been sent to spy out the land by Zachariah Fee dance on to the tune of "Hush! Hush! Hush! Here comes the bogey man". Bluebell by waving her wand makes the children and herself invisible.

INTERVAL OF ONE MINUTE.

SCENE 2.

A beautiful road in Fairyland by which the children are returning to their homes in the world below. It is carpeted with dew-drops to prevent their bare feet being bruised, and birds with brilliant plumage fly overhead to keep the burning rays of the sun from their bare heads. They are not hungry or thirsty as the fairies have caused the reddest wild strawberries ever seen or heard of and luscious water-melons and the greenest lettuce, greener even than the grass when it is kissed by the first rays of the rising sun, to grow immediately in any place they sit down to rest. Soon they are caught up by the Queen of the Fairies' Lord High Chamberlain, Fear-No-Foe, a very puissant knight of noble countenance and fine physique, who has been sent by the Queen to give them a magic pebble which when rubbed will always bring something to cheer them up however depressed they may be, and which in addition, if believed in, will protect them from any danger. To test their faith after having told them about the pebble he causes each incident as he relates it to be actually performed before their astonished eyes.

Fear-No-Foe:-

Here is a pebble,
Which aeons past was lost in flight
By a black rebel,
Who killed his master in the night!
Then by terrors racked
He seized a bag of gold,
And mounting horse bare-backed
Galloped away with wealth untold.
Anon from horse dismounting
He started counting.

Coins there were from every land
And these he tossed from hand to hand,
For he could not conceal his pleasure
At having won so great a treasure.
He found this pebble plain and small,
And saw 'twas not a jewel at all,
So threw it with an air of hauteur
Into a pond of dirty water.
A carp swimming there lazily
Swallowed it hastily.

In time this carp grew fat and stout,
He failed to keep a sharp look out.
In fact he was a stupid lout,
'Cos there were many crocs about !
All his family and relations,
And several fish in lower stations,
Flapping their fins with many a tear.
Did warn him that his end was near !
They spoke the truth, a croc jumped in
And gobbled him !

A little later the Emir's son,
When his daily task was done,
Escaped from nurse to have some fun;
And to the pond he fast did run.
There he saw a water lily,
Over he leant to pick it out —
Wasn't he a little silly ? —
He didn't see that ugly snout
Which from the rushes slowly rose
To catch him by the nose !
Then one great swish from long black tail
Did make of this a tragic tale !
That croc with tummy rather tight
Did spend, content, a happy night !

The Emir catching flies next day
To try and pass the time away,
While he waited for the news
Of those he'd sent to search the mews,
And streets and haunts of his great town
Both here and there and up and down,
To try and find his only joy,
In other words his little boy,
Was heard to say "If they do fail
With scorpions black their tails I'll flail,
And when of this they've had enough
I'll tie them to an empty trough,
And keep them in the sun all day
Until their throats are dry as clay !

"Then when their tongues begin to swell
A little pepper they shall smell !
Then some salt we will rub in
To make them realize their sin !
Later when eyes begin to stare
And anguish makes them pull their hair,
I, in the trough, just out of reach
Will carefully place in front of each
Some brimming cups of ice-cooled drink.
Ha. Ha ! I wonder what they'll think ?
And luscious wines both red and white
To mock them there throughout the night.

"Then when they are nearly dead
To the plain they shall be led
And be buried up to head !
There let the vultures have their say;
They ain't been fed for many a day,
They dearly love that kind of prey !

"Thus shall all the people know
As they wander to and fro
I was by the law appointed —
In fact I am the Lord's anointed ! --

The greatest Pooh-Bah in the land,
Who only has to lift his hand
To stop the rain and still the wind,
And yet my son they cannot find ! "

For many years the pebble lay
Safely, safely tucked away
You know where so I won't say !
Then one evening in the cool,
That crocodile who was no fool,
Much against his usual rule,
Crept out and lay upon the bank,
His hideous head on paws he sank,
And blew out breath so very rank,
That all the grass was withered up
As if it had been freshly cut,
Like those flat tracts where golfers putt !

Crept up behind some tall black men,
The story states in number ten.
Bending low they came quite near,
Each tightly held a long sharp spear.
Before that croc could wink an eye
They had speared him through the thigh !
Never on that bank I ween
Had a sight like that been seen !
Now that croc with open jaws
Turned upside down and clenched his claws !
His yellow fangs could clear be seen,
These reptiles' teeth are never clean !

He snapped and scratched and then up-reared
Until those men were much afeared.
Blood and saliva fell around
And lay in puddles on the ground !
While stately cranes who walked about
Did wonder what had put him out,
And birds who used to clean his jaw
Said to themselves "No never more
Will we perform our dental duties
Although 'tis true his teeth are beauties" ! .

But in the end they speared his eye
And mockingly they watched him die !
When this was done they cut him up,
And found inside him one large cup,
Several bangles made of gold
And bones of men both young and old,
And tucked away like poor Jack Horner
This little pebble in a corner !
And then by many a devious way
It came to me I'm glad to say.

Chorus.

What with crocodiles and rebels
And these strange mysterious pebbles,
And little boys who run away
When they should still be at their play;
And nasty Emirs cruel as Nero,
Who make our blood run down to zero,
We shall soon be quite unable
To sing the chorus of this fable !

The pebble is rubbed.

Chorus dance folk dance.

An Irishman comes on and dances a jig.

Boy Scouts and Girl Guides dance.

INTERVAL OF THREE MINUTES.

ERRATA.

Insert at bottom of first column on page 7.

Tender-Heart :-

Now pupils all attention please
And those with colds try not to sneeze.
I want you all to write a verse,
Not too long but short and terse.
Include in it a cat and rat
But not a bird or even bat.
Let the plot be good and clear ;
Now I must go and drink my beer.

*She goes and drinks out of a large
pewter whilst the pupils sit down and write,
scratching their heads at intervals. Then
they hand their verses in. Tender-Heart
takes them away to correct. Then returning
continues :*

I've read the verses one and all
Now come along to the Town Hall
Where I will read the best one out.
It is not good, in fact I doubt
If ever Master had such asses
To be the members of his classes !

She reads out the best one as follows :

The cat, the rat, and the little mouse
Were busy cleaning their home-made house,
For they were asking out to tea
The lazy sloth and jumping flea.
At four o'clock dressed in their best
They ventured forth and left their nest.
The flea in front, the sloth behind,
Well wrapped up because the wind
Was blowing, oh ! so cold and strong
And made a noise like a booming gong,
And after travelling quite an hour
They reached their host's most charming bower.
They noticed as they entered in
The cat had whiskers long and thin.
The rat was grey and very fat
And sleeping with the mouse on mat.
The sloth and flea took off their coats
(They little knew they'd burnt their boats)
They saw on table milk and cheese
Then meekly said "Now if you please
We'll have our tea and then go back
And take the leavings in a sack !"
The pussy licked her lips and said
"You can't do that 'cause you'll be dead.
I've always longed to eat a sloth
And now by Gad I'll eat you both!"
The sloth was tired and fell asleep
The flea lay trembling by his feet.
Then mad with fear she jumped on cat
And when well hidden said "That's that"
The sloth was eaten then and there
And nothing left except his hair.
It's also very sad but true
That rat and mouse were bolted too.
Oh dearie me it was a day
Alackaday, Alackaday.

Moral: Be careful when you're with a cat
To keep awake - don't sleep on mat,
And if ever you're asked out to tea
Don't travel with a cowardly flea!

*Tender-Heart with a frowning face
criticises the verses as follows :*

How could a rat and little mouse
Live with a cat in the same house?
Do you not know that cats eat mice
And always think them very nice?
They also like when very frisky
A little rum and sometimes whisky.
Then take the sloth and jumping flea.
I am quite sure they don't take tea
Nor wear apparel thick or thin
Except the one they're born in!
How silly then thus to mention -
Don't fidget please but pay attention -
Facts which every infant knows,
Even the babe in swaddling clothes,
Are quite untrue and without sense.
The moral too I ask from whence
Came such a stupid silly ending?
I feel quite sure you all are wending
Your way towards the asylum grim
I know the keeper I'll ask him.
Who wants to live with cunning cat
Or when he's drowsy sleep on mat?
Nor do I travel with a flea
But kill him promptly with a pea.
Another time do better verses
Else I will blast you with my curses.

Golden-Locks :

Oh teacher dear it's April first
If we don't laugh we'll really burst.
We never thought you'd be the fool
The only one in this large school.
You see we've really pulled your leg
And now your pardon we do beg

All pupils laugh :

*Tender-Heart in a cutting and sar-
castic voice :*

Now children dear and you Miss Begg
I see you've dared to pull my leg.
Now let me tell you one and all
From boyhood up I've kicked a ball.
And he who tries to pull that member,
Though it's April or November,
Will find he's made a great mistake.
He won't want jam or even cake,
For I can kick instead of ball
All the pupils in this Hall!
Now off to bed without your dinner,
I think in this I am the winner,
For I had ordered for this meal
A really nice and fat young seal
As well as tripe and savoury veal
With two fat ducklings and a teal!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

*The pupils beg Tender-Heart to
relent, promising to be good in future. She
does, and continues :*

Include in Flip-Flops speech, page 14.

I hear next year there will appear
Most lovely fountains filled with beer!
At which all shepherds from the Camp.
When they arrive so cold and damp,
Can go and quaff this luscious drink
Until they're feeling in the pink!
They wont care for the rain and snow,
And even when the tempests blow
They'll find their way to Stanley Town
With smiling faces - not a frown.
I wonder if this can be true?
I hae me doots, but what say you?

There'll also be, or so I'm told,
The latest baths - both hot and cold
In which a man can splash about
As if he was a frisky trout
And then when clean and spick and span
He'll really feel another man.

Electric light will soon be here
And then the darkness we won't fear.
Oil lamps and candles are all right

Except when wanted in the night,
Then we find they have no wick,
And want to break them with a brick.
They either smoke, or leak, and smell,
Or catch on fire and burn like - Well
Thank Goodness we're now done with them.
Excuse my language, please, ahem!

Broadcasting now fills up our time
From seven p.m. till nearly nine.
When days are short and nights are long
We love to hear a comic song.
Or one so sad it makes us weep,
Or some old favourite like Bo-Peep.
We also like our local artists,
Including drummers, fifes, and harpists.
Playing dance music bright and gay,
Which well is worth the sum we pay.
Next year all husbands and their spouses
Will want loud speakers for their houses.
So send your orders to our Captain,
Else you won't get them I'm quite certain!

Include in Bedroom Scene, page 10.

Mother to little child in bath:

You mustn't splash so my dear.

Child:

But oh mummy darling it's such fun.

(Then mother brushes child's teeth)

Child:

Ugh! mother it burns! the water is so hot!

Mother:

But you have nice white teeth now my darling.

Mother then brushes child's hair.

Child:

Oh! mummy you are pulling my hair.

Mother:

Oh you silly little darling now give mummy a
kiss and say you're sorry.

Child:

Sorry mummy darling, I won't cry any more.

*Mother. (After putting children to bed
goes over to Cissy who is playing with her
sister):*

Oh Cissy you naughty little monkey get into bed
you are losing your beauty sleep. Good night
darling.

All children:

Good night mummy darling.

*Tom and B. Hale enter bedroom having
returned from South Pole.*

Mother:

Oh my dear boys how glad I am to see you home
again.

Boys:

Mother darling we are pleased to be back once
more. We have brought you a penguin.

Mother:

Where have you been?

Boys:

South Pole, Mother. My word it was cold too!

*During Tom's speech Sew-on-Button
shows signs of sneezing.*

Tom:

Stop! Stop! you must not sneeze.

Mother. (After Tom's speech):

What a nasty dream you've been having darling,
I'm afraid some of this medicine will be the thing
to make you better.

Tom:

What medicine, Mother. *(crying)*

Mother:

Just some of this nice castor oil. Come along
darling jump into bed.

*She holds Tom's nose and pours out
caster oil.*

Open your mouth darling. Swallow quickly
darling. Don't eat fresh pork again.

Tom:

Ugh! Mother. (*cries*)

Sew-on-Button:

Mummy. I don't want any of that nasty medicine, I have'nt been eating fresh pork. (*cries*) May I see the dear little penguin?

Mother:

Don't be stupid darling you had bread and milk for your supper, so you won't want medicine. Stop crying at once. Naughty little girl. You will not see the penguin.

Now just one moment darlings I am going out to attend to your daddy who is working with Capt. Watson in the new Sealing Company. He comes home very early now as we only work eight hours a day. He's bringing home lots of money that's why we have our new beds. Good-night darlings, sleep soundly.

Sew-on-Button watches her mother go out, she then whispers to the children:

I've a big secret to tell you, come!

They all creep out of bed and sit around her on the floor.

Sew-on-Button:

I can recite.

Cissy:

You can't recite.

Thread-the-Needle:

I'm sure you can't recite.

B. Hale:

Well, We'll just see.

Tom:

But what's it all about?

Sew-on-Button:

Fairies of course what else do you think I would recite about. Now just listen. (*Stands on chair*) You won't tell mummy I'm out of bed, will you? Now listen.

The tiniest of fairies crept out of a rose
(I wish I'd been there, don't you?)
She washed her face and she bathed her toes
In a puddle of sparkling dew
And then she put on the daintiest dress
Made out of harebell blue
With a daisy petal she combed each tress
(I'd liked to have seen that too!)
On a crimson toadstool she took her seat
Attended by goblins too,
And gobbled her breakfast of honey sweet
(I like it myself, don't you?)
But what she did next I'm unable to say,
Or what she was going to do,
For she spread out her wings and fluttered away!
(Oh I wish she had stayed, don't you?)

All children:

Oh you can recite!

Sew-on-Button:

Hush! Sh! Listen, that's mummy.

All children rush back to bed and pretend to be asleep.

Mother enters and says looking lovingly at the children:

Oh what sweet little children I've got. All asleep

like little angels. Bless them! So good and trustworthy aren't they? *Turns to Billy.* Now Billy come, tell me your story.

(*After Billy Hale says "Newly slain by Blunderbore"*)

Mother:

Oh! my child. What a terrible thing. Those nasty nightmares must be dealt with and promptly too. Poor child, my heart bleeds for you, but you must have some medicine too!

Billy crying:

It wasn't a dream mummy. It's quite, quite true.

Mother gives him medicine. (Exit mother).

Sew-on-Button:

"I'll rub the pebble for a joke, there's never fire without some smoke. I wonder if the queen will come? I'll cluck and see, dear me what fun. (*All cluck*)

One small fairy enters. Children put their heads under the bed-clothes. Fairy dances between the beds. Then dances out.

Sew-on-Button:

I wonder where the fairy has gone to?

Thread-the-Needle:

I know. She's gone to fairy-land to fetch Bluebell because we all clucked.

All children:

Of course !!

Sew-on-Button:

Lets play Puff! Puff! Get out of bed and put your slippers on. Hurry.

Cissy notices daddy's whistle on table:

Ha. Ha. daddy's left his whistle on our table. Look! *She picks it up. Children face audience.*

Tom:

Good-night everybody.

B. Hale:

Good-night.

Billy:

Good-night, pleasant dreams.

Cissy:

Good-night. Sweet repose. Lie on your back and you won't hurt your nose!

Thread-the-Needle:

Good-night, sweet dreams.

Sew-on-Button:

Good-night. Sleep tight, mind the fleas don't bite!

Children form into line and pretend to be a train.

Sew-on-Button:

Port Stanley Non Stop Express. Take your seats for H.M.S. Durban. (*Whistle is blown. All children move off slowly saying Puff! Puff! Puff!*)

Ending to Final Scene.

Bluebell:

Let now the Christmas Tree appear !
We'll greet it with a hearty cheer.

*All cast shout Hip. Hip. Hurrah! 3
times.*

*Curtain is drawn but lo and behold Fee
is there with a small tree in his hand to
which a delapidated doll is tied! He leaps
forth and cries as he dances around the stage.*

Fee:

Here is your Tree
Ha, Ha ! He, He !

*Wizards, Ogres, Crocodiles, etc. dance
with him. Chorus and all cast cry out Oh!
Oh! Oh!*

*Bluebell (pointing to a clock which is
one minute to 12):*

Now when the clock does strike the hour
All evil sprites are in my power.
So cunning as you are O Fee
Methinks somehow we'll have our Tree!
At any rate your power is broken
Your curse, you see, was too soon spoken !
So on your knees O Zachariah
And say you're just a cunning liar !

*(Fee, Wizards and Ogres fall on their
knees.)*

There is a proverb clever Ghin
That states quite clearly re a grin
That his guflaw is far more hearty
Who keeps it till the other party
Has grinned and said his funny jokes.
So remember that you stupid mokes !

*Clock strikes 12 and real tree appears
Fee and all wizards repent etc. etc. etc.*

Act 2.

SCENE 1.

The children's schoolroom with the usual paraphernalia. The boys and girls are sitting at their desks working. Unbeknown to them their real schoolmaster, a nice, kind man, has been decoyed away by Magic; and an assistant wizard, by name Make-Them-Tremble, is hurrying on his way to take his place. Fee has sent this wizard to find out what is happening.

Tender-Heart:-

Our teacher's very late to-day,
I'm tired of work, let's go and play.

Golden-Locks:-

Oh do you think it's safe, my dear,
Say he comes back and we're not here !

Tender-Heart:-

You really are a silly baby !
There is no risk. Let's have some fun.
Come here young Tom. Go keep cavé.
Whistle when you hear him come.

She now mimics her master, and puts on his gown and mortar, and places his pair of reading spectacles on her nose. She walks up and down the desks as masters are in the habit of doing, and examines their work, making comments where necessary. One of the small children when she is not looking places a long pin on her chair. In due course she sits down and then springs up with a cry. She is very angry. She says:

Who has committed this deadly sin
By placing on my chair a pin
With point upraised like fish's fin ?

No one in the class answers. She turns towards the audience and a voice broken with sobs says:

I sat upon it, it went in;
And not being fat but very thin
It's pierced my flesh and tender skin
Right through to bone.

Class giggles. She turns on them and continues:

Now don't you grin
You nasty girls with pumpkin faces
You're only fit to make grimaces
Like monkeys sitting in a tree !
For tea you'll have but bread and water
And will not touch the cakes I'd bought yer;
I'll teach you not to fool with me !

The class sing together (Note. Tickle-Toby is Tender-Heart's nickname):

What has happened to Tickle-Toby
She'll soon outrival the George Robey !

They address Tender-Heart:

Your wit, miss, is so fearfully clever
With your kind leave we'll laugh together.

They all laugh Ha! Ha! Ha! mechanically and keeping exact time. Tender-Heart joins in as it is really all a joke. The pin was only an imitation one. To have put a real one would have been cruel and no nice little girls would do that. Tender-Heart continues:-

And now who'll join my dancing classes ?
It'll mean hard work for you my lasses,
Because your brains are very small,
Sometimes I think you've none at all !

She then orders the children to form into line:-

Now forward march, together please.
One, two. One, two. One, two.
Marktime. Halt. Stand-at-ease.
Another time keep line quite true
Now let me hear the recitation
Which you have learnt in your vacation.
Silence, please, and all attend,
We'll now begin and sing to end.

All the children come forward one by one and sing the following quickly.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake as quick as you can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

Georgie Porgie, Pudding-y Pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry,
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said "What a good boy am I".

Dickory, dickory, dock.
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one
The mouse ran down.
Dickory, dickory, dock.

*A mouse runs on to the stage followed by a cat.
The chorus scream and stand on their chairs !*

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder who you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both
They left the platter clean.

Tender-Heart :

Very good indeed. First-class ! First-class !
You are a credit to my class.

The children march back to their desks.

The art of talking now I'll teach,
Don't fidget so I do beseech,
You are the most unruly crew,
I really don't know what to do !

The counsel when at bar he stands
Pleads his case with upraised hands.
He always starts with "Now, My Lud.
The other fellow is a dud"!

*She now notices one of her pupils put a sweet
into her mouth.*

Step up here, please, Miss Sarah Fry.
Your jaw is very swollen, why?

Pupil :

Please, Miss, my jaw is aching so.
Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. (*Sobs*).

Tender-Heart :

Poor child this must be seen to now.
Bring me the tweezers Susannah How.

Open your mouth at once, quite wide.
You saucy miss, what's that inside?
No wonder, hussy, that you cry,
How dare you suck a large bullseye?

*She removes the bulls-eye with a pair of
tweezers from her pupil's mouth. The latter
utters heart-rending screams. She then puts
the half sucked sweet on her desk.*

*Tom calls out : Cavé, Cavé, Cavé ! as a joke.
It is a false alarm. The pupils, who have
been wandering about, rush to their desks.
Tom sings :*

They are as green as the grass in June !
They are as green as the grass in June !
They are as green as the grass in June !
All of a Summer's morning !

The girls are angry and sing :

Oh how clever is our Thomas !
What a brain has our dear Thomas !
Girls, he'll set the Thames on fire !
Noble, splendid, handsome Thomas !

*Tom now becomes angry and sulks. He
does not like being chaffed !*

*Tender-Heart now points to the ceiling.
They all look up ! She eats the half-sucked
bullseye with great gusto and amusement,
humming "They are as green as the grass in
June". She goes on with her lecture :*

The Padre has a gentler tone,
And often does his words intone,
He always starts with "My dear brother,
I only hope you'll love each other".

The squire he coughs and hums a lot
Because he's had a stiffish tot !
He murmurs with a sullen tongue
"I wish by gad the job was done".
He utters words which none can hear,
And then succumbs and drinks his beer !

*To the horror of the class (of course
unknown to Tender-Heart who has her back
turned) Make-Them-Tremble enters. Tom
who is on guard did not hear him coming
for the very good reason as all little boys and
girls know wizards do not make any noise
when they walk ! The class who do not know
that he is anything but a real school-master
hurriedly, in fact between you and me very
hurriedly, resume their seats. To warn her
they cough, sniff and choke. She says whilst
Make-Them-Tremble looks on with a nasty
expression on his face*

Stop your coughing, sniffing, grunting,
It's worse than hogs when acorn hunting !

She then goes on with her lecture :

A giant speaks in different tones
Because his throat is full of bones !
A wizard's voice is not all there
From eating salads made of hair !

Make-Them-Tremble, aside.

I note, alas, her hair's been trimmed,
Well, never mind, she'll soon be skinned !
And boiled in oil she won't be bad,
The saucy hussy drives me mad !

Tender-Heart continues :

A witch's speech is quite the worst,
For they from birth have been accursed.
And now I'm tired of being master,
If he had come what a disaster !

*She dances a pas-seul. The wizard
dances behind her imitating each of her steps.
After a while she turns around to resume her
seat. She is horrified to see Make-Them-
Tremble, more especially when she realizes
that he has been watching her for some con-
siderable time ! He snarls out with a horrid
expression peculiar to wizards :*

What means this uproar, wretched brats !
Squalling and howling like mangy cats.
To your seats and desks make haste !
How dare you precious time thus waste !

*He now seizes Tender-Heart, then slaps and
shakes her violently.*

You are the ringleader, pretty Miss,
Take this and that and this !

Tom :

Shame thus to hit a little maid
To hit a man you'd be afraid !

Make-Them-Tremble :

O listen to our young Knight-Errant,
Where is your lance and fluttering pennant ?
I'll deal with you a little later,
Even if you should tell your pater.

Aside.

To make quite sure I'll tie him up,
And later he shall drink a cup
Of bitter pain right down to dregs,
Even though on knees he begs !

*Tom is tied up. Make-Them-Tremble
now goes to the blackboard. He calls up
Harry and tells him to spell cat and subtract
three from three. This he does correctly, but
the wizard whose education is very bad insists
that the right way to spell cat is "kat" and
three subtracted from three leaves one ! He
makes Harry get up on a stool and wear a
dunce's cap. Then continues :*

That little boy from Stanley school,
Is really quite the biggest fool
I've ever seen.
He cannot spell or even write,
He does not know his left from right,
Though he's thirteen !

Harry:

Please, Sir, you're very hard on me.
At Stanley we were always taught
When you subtracted three from three
The answer was a large round nought,
And that a cat was spelt with "C"
And not a "K" as you declare.
I therefore really do not see
Why you should tweak and pull my hair.

Make-Them-Tremble:

How dare you argue, Boy, with me?
You'll stand up there till after tea.
And write me out ten thousand lines,
And not in prose but well turned rhymes.
I tell you cat is spelt with "K",
And do not care what others say.
So keep awake, and if you nod
I'll beat you with my new birch rod!

Harry:

I did not argue, Sir, but said —

Make-Them-Tremble:

How dare you answer back — thick-head?

Harry:

I thank you, Sir, you're so polite,
Of course a teacher's always right!

Make-Them-Tremble:

You cheeky lad, you wretched dunce
I've spoken several times — not once.
So come up here and get your due,
I'll beat you till you're black and blue.

Harry, aside:

I truly am most dreadfully frightened
I only wish my belt I'd tightened.
I really feel most awfully funny,
There is a sinking in my tummy!
But still, I'll never, never cry.
So he won't see me wipe my eye.

*The wizard turns aside for a moment.
Golden-Locks hurriedly passes Harry a copy-
book to act as a pad; a useful precaution
before being beaten!*

*The wizard has had considerable dif-
ficulty in concealing his tail. It is now
noticed by one of the children. She says;*

What is that thing like wriggling eel,
Which keeps protruding by his heel?
He is a very nasty fellow.
D'you note his face is really yellow?

Make-Them-Tremble, who hears whispering:

Stop talking brats. You loathsome crew.

Aside.

How luscious they'll be in a stew!

Smacks his lips.

Another little child notices this and says:

Look! Look! D'ye see his under lip!
Beware! Beware! just take my tip!

*Make-Them-Tremble, holding a birch
rod, to Harry:*

Take off your coat and kneel on chair,
To make quite sure I'll seize your hair.

Be warned — if you do scream or cry
I'll beat you till you nearly die!

*He lifts up his arm to deal the first blow
when the Queen of the Fairies, accompanied
by her retainers, enters. She is invisible to
the children who cannot think what has
happened as Make-Them-Tremble keeps on
holding his arm out. It has really been
paralysed by the Queen. One of the latter's
attendants now seizes the birch rod and beats
the wizard from the room. The children
only see the wizard and the birch rod beating
him and are naturally astounded.*

Tender-Heart:

How strange. What does it mean?
Was everything just now a dream?
Are things not really what they seem?

*Blue-Eyes now dances in with her friends
on her return from Fairyland. She calls
them all together and says:*

Tom, Harry, Jack and Billy Hale
Gather round and hear our tale.
The Fairy Queen has had her say
And you must leave at break of day,
It's time to work and not to play.
So listen hard to all we say.

You must all go to the Pole
And search minutely every hole
Until you find old Blunderbore,
Who has a cavern near the shore,
And from him find out the spell.
You know last year it was a bell.

It is the most appalling spot
Where wizards live and corpses rot
There thunder booms and lightning flashes
Accompanied by most awful crashes,
But be you brave and do not weep
Even though your flesh should creep.

So hasten now and pack your boxes
And mind you take your thickest socks.
For the Pole is very cold
And no clothing there is sold.
There is no boat here fit to sail
So you must travel on a whale.

And to cheer you on your journey
When you come back from this tourney,
If to us you still are true,
We will kiss till all is blue.

Nor will we wait or even tarry
But ask the Padre us to marry.
Honest Injun we're not lying
For all day long for you we're sighing
In fact from love we're almost dying!

Chorus.

Oh dearie me what saucy misses
Thus to offer boys their kisses!
Each lucky boy will win a bride,
No wonder they're puffed up with pride!
We think that this is very bad,
For we have never kissed a lad!
Except perhaps our little brother,
Or possibly there was another!
But this was done, oh quite sub rosa!
The boy for sure would not expose her,
Who granted him one little kiss —
Surely in that there's nought amiss!

The pebble is rubbed.

Chorus dance folk dance.

A love scene is acted by the children. Then they act and sing "I don't want to play in your yard". The chorus, shocked, cover their faces with their hands.

Bouquets are presented to the little girls.

INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.

Act 3.

SCENE 1.

The children's bedroom. It is bedtime. The youngest child is just finishing his bath and is being dried by his mother. The others are just going to say their prayers. There has been some trouble over a doll.

Billy :

Cissy, I say with hand on heart,
I'm awfully sorry, dear sweetheart

Cissy :

Never mind Billy, you dear little silly
I'm going to kiss you willy nilly !

They kiss and make friends and then kneel down together.

Billy :

Dear God to-day I went to the well,
And as Cissy's dolly was not very well
She asked me to take it — I know I did wrong
For just when I got there bang went the gong !
Putting dolly on edge, I rushed back for dinner.
I said it on Sunday "I'm a miserable sinner"
But I was so hungry and I heard from our cook,
There were ducklings for dinner and trout
from the brook !
But when I returned the doll wasn't there
She'd dropped to the bottom right down
through the air !

Cissy :

Dear God, how I loved her ! I gave her a kiss
Whenever I thought of her, poor little miss;
And now the position really is this:-
You promised, you know, when two or more
Are gathered together and Thee implore,
That you will grant what they ask of Thee,
So send poor dolly back to me.
Billy and I decided to-day
We'd ask our request without delay;
And this is a secret between Us Three,
For You won't tell and neither will we.
Good- night dear God, and guard us all,
Specially Daddy and Mummy and dolly so small.

They get into bed and are tucked in by their Mother.

The boys have been to the Pole and returned. They have found out the spell and rescued the fairies' protégés.

Tom to Cissy :

Hullo, Cissy, not asleep yet ?
Naughty kiddie your eyes are wet.

I think I know what's troubling you.
And what is more I'll mend it too !
I found this dolly in the shed
After you'd got into bed !
A careless little girl you are
You'll never make a good mama !

Cissy :

Oh thank you, Tom, you are a brick.
She's been unwell and awfully sick.
And now you've brought her back to me.
And I shall always grateful be.
I'll promise you I'll dig for worm,
Even when it's not my turn,
And I will also fag at cricket,
And stand behind when you're at wicket.

A wonderfully happy, knowing look passes between Cissy and Billy. They jump out of bed and give each other a hug. They return to their beds, Cissy with the doll in her arms. Tom goes up to his mother and tells her what happened on the journey. She naturally thinks he is having a joke with her and she is not alarmed till the end of the story !

Mother, we saw Blunderbore,
He was sitting on the shore.
Never have I seen a sight
Which gave me such a dreadful fright !

And what do you think he was doing ?
Watching a pot in which were brewing
Several cats who still were mewling !
And all around were giants hewing
Logs to make the fire still hotter.
Oh Mother he's a dreadful rotter !

And then at last he turned his head.
It was so dreadful I do dread,
Although I'm safely tucked in bed,
To tell you what I really saw.
Oh can he enter by the door ?

Oh Mother do be careful please,
Whatever happens do not sneeze !
For when I heard the wizard speak —
He does not know I'm going to sneak ! ---
He said to Blunderbore "The spell
This year is not a common bell,

"For they have all the clappers taken
And no man now can them awaken
In time to get up for their labour
And this old spell they highly favour,

" So now another one I've made
Which is common to man and maid.
I'll simply say it rhymes with breeze"
And I'm quite sure he means a sneeze !

From his eyes like lightning came
Two frightful shapes 'mid sheets of flame,
Then I saw that these were snakes
Like travellers tell us live in lakes.

And from his mouth a huge toad hopped
And from his nostrils scorpions dropped
And centipedes were in his beard
I saw them when at me he leered.

And lizards ran between his legs
Where other reptiles laid their eggs.
And when he breathed the grass did wither
(Can you wonder I did shiver ?
Not from cold but dreadful fear,
For he was drawing slowly near !)

And on his head I saw a raven
Surely I'm a dreadful craven !
For that bird appeared to me
Like nothing else on land or sea !

And when it croaked the whole earth shook
I've never read in story book
Of such a fearsome dreadful creature
He seemed to say "I'm going to eat yer".

I did not tell you he had claws
Like Fee does say of Santa Claus,
And they were long and ashen grey
And razor-sharp to seize his prey,

And then he said "Fee Fo Fi Fer,
I smell the blood of an islander"
And then my hair did stand straight up
Although not long it has been cut.

And then we saw the Jumjuntu,
The Eatumup and Boojum too !
And creeping out when nearly dark,
That fearful reptile called the Snark !

And I whilst sitting by the sea
Was scared as stiff as stiff could be.
And now I'll ask young Billy Hale
To carry on this dreadful tale.

Chorus.

This little lad saw Blunderbore.
That giant grim — he heard him roar.
Poor wretched cats who still are mewing
In spite of all that dreadful stewing.
Lord preserve us from the lizards,
And all reptiles without gizzards,
And the raven black as ink
We will put him down the sink.
Now let us hear young Billy Hale
Carry on this fearful tale.

Pebble is rubbed.

Chorus dance folk dance.

Little girl clucks.

Fairy Queen enters with her Court in answer to the cluck and thanks the boys for having rescued her protégés and found out the spell.

One of the little fairies dances by herself.

Smallest child in bed, by name Sew-On-Button, inconsequently breaks in :

Mummy why do kittens boil !
Are they really filled with oil ?
As Daddy said the steamers are,
Or perhaps it was the big Jack Tar
Who carried me and dear Helena
When last we went on board the steamer.

Mother :

Darling they do not boil at all,
But kittens large and kittens small
When you stroke and scratch their fur
Do make a noise we call a purr.
Now my darling enough's been said
So on the pillow lay your head,
Then I will tuck you up in bed.

Another little child, by name Thread-The-Needle :

Mummy where do fairies come from ?
I want to know because Young Tom
Did say they're found upon the plain
Like mushrooms spring up after rain
But someone told me, I think 'twas Winny,
That they do enter by the chimney.

Bringing fairy gifts in plenty
To all young people under twenty.
I wonder if she spoke the truth ?
I only hope it's not all spoo !

Mother :

My little darling how you chatter !
Where they come from doesn't matter.
Such a question I've ne'er heard
Why not ask the little bird ?

And if he isn't to be seen
We will ask the Fairy Queen.
Now say "Mummy dear I thank you"
Else your Daddy he will spank you !

Billy Hale carries on the story :

I've been told by those who hunt
That lions roar and leopards grunt,
But those we saw did only scream
As if in agony extreme.

And then we saw being put to bed
The wizard's offspring newly fed.
Cradled were the wizard brats
Raising Cain — worse than tomcats,
For they played with long black rattles
Uttering meanwhile hideous cackles.

And upon each pillow sat
 Hideous toads both large and fat ;
 And on those reptiles, horrid, bloated ,
 These nasty children simply gloated.
 I think they were for them to bite
 If they were hungry in the night.
 As we give our babies rubber
 When they are inclined to blubber.

And each baby had a Nanny.
 They were really quite uncanny
 With such long and ugly faces.
 Quite disfigured by grimaces :
 And as they rocked their charges' cots,
 We saw their arms had large red spots !
 These were splashes of children's gore
 Newly slain by Blunderbore !

And they had such funny tootsies
 Perhaps I ought to say their footsies !
 They were long and very thin
 And covered by some wrinkled skin.
 And as they watched they crooned this song
 Whilst one beat time with a forked prong :

Oh little wizards	A golfer's stymie.
Without gizzards.	A curser's blimy.
Now shut your eyes	And puppies' tails,
And think of pies.	Six juicy quails,
Made from frogs	One kitten's purr.
Who live in bogs.	Including fur.
And mangy dogs,	Also the caw
And little hogs.	Of sly jackdaw.
And seals and whales	A robin's chirrup
And luscious snails,	Instead of syrup.
And dainty lasses.	One nightmare
And braying asses,	With foot of hare.
And kangaroos,	A goose's cackle.
And Jackaroos.	Some fishing tackle.
A little bleed.	One whale's spout
One centipede.	Without a doubt.
Two fat slugs,	A bulldog's growl.
Some baby pugs,	One wolf's howl
And an odd parrot	An oyster's beard
With savoury carrot.	From seaweed cleared,
Also a porpoise	And now forsooth
And lazy tortoise.	One dragon's tooth !
A drum's dub-dub.	And oh what bliss.
A giant's club.	A serpent's hiss.
A fluter's toot.	Now add the baa
A motor's hoot,	Of sheep's papa.

A whistle shrill	By name a ram
A hedgehog's quill.	Which rhymes with ham.
A duck's quack-quack,	A joke, by gad,
A spanker's smack.	So don't look sad !
A turkey's gobble,	Include a rabbit.
One horse's hobble.	Let no one crab it,
A maiden's sneeze.	The hairy paws
An old man's wheeze !	Of Santa Claus,
An organ's groan,	And a sparrow
A tankard's foam,	Grilled on a harrow.
A steamer's smoke.	Now in a whisper !
An ugly moke,	One long whisker
A marksman's miss	From Fee's new beard !
An old maid's kiss !	(We are afeared !)
A wandering eye.	Now little dears
A baby's cry,	Douse your fears,
A caterwaul,	And hush-a-bye
An insect's crawl,	And lull-a-bye
A gallant's wink,	And sleep away
A rusty sink	Till break of day.

And when they did end this lay
 We waited till the dawn of day.
 Then out we stole with careful tread,
 We only had two loaves of bread !
 And once outside we ran a race
 'Twas Tom himself who set the pace.

And when we found our trusted whale
 From horrors seen we were quite pale.
 And just as we did leave the shore
 We heard the most appalling roar.
 And on the beach oh what a fuss
 All the wizards chasing us !
 Oh save us from old Blunderbore
 I hear him coming through the door ! !

Pebble is rubbed.

Chorus.

Oh dearie me we're all a-dither
 For Blunderbore he cometh hither !
 Can he be so great a sinner
 That he will eat us for his dinner !
 Shall we never play again
 In the sun and in the rain ?
 Hark ! we now can hear him roar
 He is coming through the door ! !

Chorus dance folk dance.

Nigger minstrels appear and sing.

INTERVAL OF THREE MINUTES.

SCENE 2.

The children's bedroom. They have been put to sleep by the kind fairies and are slumbering peacefully. Each little bed has its guardian fairy watching over it. Fearful noises are heard accompanied by thunder and vivid lightning. The earth trembles. Zachariah Fee and Blunderbore enter. They are accompanied by ghosts, witches, ogres, lions and leopards. Zachariah Fee is now jealous of Blunderbore and wants to get rid of him. He speaks :

For six long months I ate no boy.
I did not break a single toy.
I did not tease a little girl.
Or pull out by root one single curl.
I might have been a saintly priest.
From drinking beer I even ceased.

But now I've broken loose once more
And all good actions much deplore
I now will do my best to make up,
Even if it makes me hiccup,
For all the precious months I've wasted
In which I have not even tasted
One single stew of human broth,
Or plate of soup with blood red froth.

And as for that old Santa Claus
Who brooks no rule and knows no laws
And has not feet but hairy paws,
Which have not nails but large red claws :
I'll bash his head with my new cudgel
And when I'm tried I'm sure the judge'll
Let me off with easy sentence
For I will simulate repentance !

They say this year they know the spell
Of course they think it is a bell.
Oh may they all be sent to - well
I will not say in case you tell.

They think I am a stupid wizard
Because I have not got a gizzard !
But I am really very cunning
Like "Charlie's Aunt" I still am running.
And even poor old Blunderbore,
The biggest fright I ever saw !
Does think the magic word is cheese
Because I said it rhymed with breeze !
Oh dearie me it makes me wheeze,
You see it really is a sneeze !

Now pepper red and black I've sought
And strongest snuff I've also brought
And powders made from fluff and dust
So when they breathe it they will bust
Unless they sneeze. So sneeze they must !

And he who sneezes in my presence
Turned will be into an essence
To make the flesh of boys more tasty
When I eat them without pastry.

And as for their old Christmas tree,
Withered and shrivelled let it be,
And so that all the world may see
I turn it into Diddle-Dee !
Oh what fun I'll have this year
Heaps of food and lots of beer.

Pebble is rubbed.

Chorus.

Now we've seen the wizard Fee
Curse and blast the Christmas tree.
And his awful threats we've heard
Which the bravest must disturb.
Pepper black and red he's sought.
And other dreadful things he's brought.
To make us sneeze 'tis his intention
So guard you well and pay attention.

Chorus dance folk dance.

Stanley girls dance together.

Giant Blunderbore :

Fee Fo Fi Fer
I smell the blood of an islander !
Is it a "He" or is it a "Her"
Or only a beast all covered with fur ?

Whatever it is I'll eat it for dinner
I don't care a rap for a saint or a sinner !
Although I'm so large and exceptionally tall,
My brain sad to say is remarkably small,
And I find it quite hard to remember the spell.
Last year, let me see, I think 'twas a bell.

Ah now, I remember, the word rhymes
with breeze.
It was something to eat. Of course it's a cheese.
I'm longing to catch a few widows or lasses,
And then with some beer served up in long
glasses.
I'll eat and I'll drink till I'm full as a tick,
And the bones that are over, well later. I'll pick.

Pebble is rubbed.

Chorus.

What with Fee and Blunderbore
We can really do no more !
Has ever mortal seen such creatures
With their cruel and ugly features ?
Be they "Hes" or be they "Hers"
Or only beasts dressed up in furs,
Or gay young widows fair of face
They had better leave this place !

Chorus dance folk dance.

The Charleston Championship of the world is now decided. Two severe and very prim old ladies, by name Mrs. Gossip and Mrs. Scandal, dressed in black with old-fashioned long skirts act as judges. Each dancer as she collapses from fatigue is carried out. At the end the old ladies become so fascinated that they jump up and dance the Charleston themselves.

INTERVAL OF ONE MINUTE.

SCENE 3.

Children's dining room. On the table is a cheese which has been drugged by the children. Blunderbore goes up and eats it. He succumbs to the poison and is caught and tied up by the Boy Scouts and then executed. Fee watches the execution with a diabolical grin.

Scout Find-The-Trail :

Heave Ho my hearties fix him fast,
This night on earth will be his last.
Now bring the block and then the axe.
Some sawdust white or else some flax
To dull the stains, for blood will flow
When head is severed by the blow !
Ha ! Ha ! He wakes, he rolls his eyes
I notice they are full of flies !
Now Blunderbore pray to your Maker
For Satan is about to take yer !
No more back-chat, no more strife,
Nothing now can save your life !
So on the block please lay your head !
And I will smite it till you're dead !

Zachariah Fee has tried every wile and cunning trick to make people sneeze. He has put pepper into flowers and spilled snuff on the ground and filled the air with influenza germs, but all are prepared and hold their noses. He now sees he is out-matched and says:

Oh please, Oh please,	Don't look in glasses
Why don't you sneeze ?	You hideous lasses,
You won't smell pepper	For if you do
Will nothing tempt yer?	They'll break in two !

In this large fold	And all you boys
Won't one catch cold ?	Are hobble-hoys.
Even one snuffle	You're just like monkeys
Will help a little !	With brains of donkeys !

Do smell this rose	By wizardry
And don't hold nose !	You've undone me !
Or else this snuff	My power is gone
One little puff !	I'm quite forlorn !

Well hang you all	I quake, I quake.
Both great and small !	I fear the stake !
You ugly hussies	But now O fate
You're like fat pussies !	It is too late !

He bursts into loud sobs, whilst the chorus rock with laughter, and still holding their noses they sing:

Thank the Lord his number's up,
He has drunk the bitter cup.
No more ravings, no more bellows,
That's the way to treat such fellows !
Now we'll do the same to Fee
As soon as we have had our tea.
And all those nasty horrid witches,
Who tore the flesh from babies' fitches,
We'll catch and burn them all with fire
And watch them roasting on the pyre !

The pebble is rubbed.

Chorus dance folk dance.

Little girl clucks.

Bluebell and Fee dance together. They want to entrap each other. Exit Fee. All take the opportunity of sneezing.

Flip-Flop, the King of the Penguin, enters, ruffling his feathers. He is accompanied by his newly hatched brood, Preen-My-Feathers, Hop-A-Little, Moults-A-Lot, Fat-And-Prim.

(Entries during this speech:- Little boy riding hobby-horse, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Wolf Cubs, Brownies, Tunney and Dempsey, Crinoline dance, May Pole dance, Golfers, Pip Squeak and Wilfred and Daily Mirror poster, Deceivem the conjuror, etc. etc. etc.)

I've come to sing a song to you,
I only hope you'll like it too.
Last year I spoke of many things
But not of cabbages or kings.

I mentioned how someone had seen
A golf ball driven from the green.
I told you of our daily paper,
The critics said 'twould end in vapour —
Or smoke, to use the common phrase —
But pessimists aren't right always,
And in this case they've come a cropper
For our paper's proved a topper.

And I told of horseman thrown
By a hooter slyly blown !
And lots of other things as well —
All the gossip I did tell !
And now I will bring up to date
Everything I've seen of late.
I know I look a funny thing
Yet I am the Penguin King !

Our Bisley meeting was such fun,
And lots of cordite, quite a ton,
Was shot away ere it was done !

Towards the end of the last day,
The ladies came I'm glad to say,
And made the markers run away !
We all look forward to next year
When the new targets will appear
With smaller bullseyes I do hear !

Pebble is rubbed.

To the amazement of the children they suddenly find themselves on the shooting range. They are dressed as soldiers and one has the Governor's clothes on !

1st Soldier:

What sort of sight do you use ?

2nd Soldier:

One of those new amateur sights.

3rd Soldier:

I like a *fine* sight.

4th Soldier:

What is a fine sight ?

3rd Soldier:

You must be blind to ask such a question. Look on your right and left. That's what *I* call a fine sight.

Goes up and turns chorus girl's face to audience, and kisses her.

Enter H. E. Salutes etc.

H. E.

Good morning. Any possibles to-day ?

Puck:

No, Sir. It's not like them good old days when Mr. Summers made 99. Them *were* days! (*Wags his head.*) Ah me, Ah me! Eh, and how well the ladies shot at the last Bisley!

H. E.:

Good morning, Mr. Grierson. I'm afraid the wind's going to get up. I see some nasty looking clouds over there. However it can't be helped. Are you going to break the century to-day, Mr. Grierson? My word, it does blow in this country. Phew, it blows hard enough to tear the funnels out of the steamers. No wonder there are no fleas on the dogs. Has your dog caught any more hares ?

Mr. Grierson:

Not to-day, Sir, but I've just shot a brace of snipe which I am sending to Government House.

H. E.:

Thanks very much. I love snipe. (*Aside*) I wonder if I can get the peatboy to clean them.

5th Soldier:

I say, Bill, are you in the Kolapore team ?

2nd Soldier:

Not this year, but I hope to be next.

5th Soldier:

What does that mean about being "dry" ?

2nd Soldier:

Blimy, don't you know that? You *are* green. It means they are not allowed to wash till they come back again.

5th Soldier:

My word, they *are* lucky dogs. I *should* like to be in that team.

3rd Soldier:

I hear there are a lot of motor-cars in London. I *do* hope Captain Watson will be careful.

6th Soldier:

My Daddy came back with a split jaw the other day.

5th Soldier:

Most distressing! How did it happen ?

6th Soldier:

Dad said it was done by his rifle. He says the dratted thing kicks like a horse.

2nd Soldier:

Oh yes, I see. (*Nods head*) Just like poor Mrs. Nethercoate got her black eye playing hockey ! !

4th Soldier:

I hear you're engaged. Give me a straight answer now ! (*Person addressed blushes violently and covers his face with his hands*) Thank you very much, you needn't answer; a *flush* beats a *straight* you know ! (*All soldiers laugh*)

2nd Soldier:

And when you're married, poor old chap, what with 'er relations and your relations you'll always 'ave a "full house". (*Aside*) It's no good being the best poker player in the regiment unless I let people know it !

(*Goes on*) Marriage is a 'ard life it is with its bickerings and what-nots. I've buried four of the varmints I 'ave, but one gets over one's sorrow. "There's as good fish in the sea as ever comes out of it" says I to myself after each defunct. (*Wipes his eyes*) Now, my lad, remember that 'umourist Mr. Punch's words of wisdom. Says a lad to 'im "What's your advice, gratuitous of course, about 'Oly Matrimony Mr. Punch?". He answers 'e does in one word "Don't". Now that's the answer I like - short and to the point. And then there's that great poet Shakespeare. Says 'e in one of his hinspired verses :

"When a man's single
He laughs and he sings
When a man's married
His troubles begin"

or words to the effect.

5th Soldier:

Strike me blind if that ain't funny now ! (*all laugh*)

Valet:

How witty they're getting, Your Excellency !

H. E.

Yes, when I came to govern this Colony I did not realize I had a lot of budding Dan Leno's in the Defence Force. I suppose I ought to laugh, but it's difficult to keep up one's sense of humour in the Antarctic climate. (*Laughs, Ha! Ha! Ha!*)

2nd Soldier:

I don't like these 'ere sailors coming. I don't. What with their Heave-Ho's my Hearty, and their Hard-a-Port instead of good whisky, and their eight bell(e)s instead of Christian marriage, they're the limit, they are. When *they're* here we're the also-rans — no partners, no nothing.

3rd Soldier:

When Bluebell said they 'ave a way with 'em she spoke the truth. I won't let my sister sing in the chorus, I won't. No glad eyes for her, the saucy puss, thank you very much.

2nd Soldier:

I knows the sex, I does, with their innocent don't-kiss-me-when-anyone's-looking sort of faces. Their downcast eyes! Oh yes, Oh yes! Lord love a duck, I know the varmints, with their bosoms full of serpents.

4th Soldier:

Watch 'em and treat 'em 'ard when sailors are about, *I* says. The mere sight of one makes them all dithery.

2nd Soldier:

Give me the sodgers every time. I'm a bigamist. I am - I mean a pessimist - or is it optimist? Anyhow, it dosen't matter a - - - - - I mustn't say that, though, because I see Mum sitting there in front.

H. E.:

Now, my lads, not so much chatter. Let's go on with the shooting.

All soldiers together:

Yes, Your Excellency.

Men draw numbers for shooting.

H. E.:

What's my number?

Puck:

You shoot now, Sir.

H. E.:

Who with?

Puck:

Mr. Grierson.

H. E.:

I'll shoot you for a shilling, Mr. Grierson.

Mr. Grierson:

Not to-day, thank you very much. Your Excellency.

H. E.:

Albert, put down my coat and cartridges. Where are my glasses?

Valet:

Your Excellency, the glasses are over your shoulder.

H. E.:

Stupid of me. So they are. (*Turns to soldier*) Have you a cigarette? I've left mine at home.

4th Soldier:

Yes Sir, but I'm afraid they're only stinkers. (*Starts to roll it*)

H. E.:

I like stinkers, especially when they're home-made. You can lick it yourself but don't make it too wet or it won't draw. Sorry there'll be no tea to-day. Headford's away with the Bishop. I expect he'll be jolly seasick too. Really, tea is the best part of this shooting business.

All soldiers together:

Indeed it is, Sir.

H. E. lies down. 4 shots. 3rd shot is a miss.

H. E. (sitting up)

These infernal cartridges again. I must really write to the Secretary of State. (*Looking at the cartridge*) I see by their date they came over with William the Conqueror. Albert, keep this cartridge for me. My word, the wind's getting

stronger. It's terribly cold. Just cover me with a coat. It's cold enough to freeze the marrow in your bones.

Wind gets up. Targets are propped up with stones. 4th shot, marker hit, etc. etc.

All soldiers dance and then march out.

Our splendid lads are full of buck.
For they have had a piece of luck.
Formerly from morn till night
They laboured on without respite,
But now — can you beleive it, eh? —
They only work eight hours a day!

Our little lasses now are guides.
They do a lot of things besides!
They have a palace near the sea
In which they make delicious tea.
And once at least on every day
Do one good turn — or so they say! —
And tiny mites who once were Townies,
Have now become dear little Brownies!

Each little Brownie, each little Cub,
Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub.
They play the flute, they play the drum,
All of them whistle, all of them hum.
Fat little cheeks, jaws set so tight,
Blowing and puffing with all their might.

Each little girl, each little boy,
In chubby hands one little toy,
Play in the blizzard, play in the sleet,
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, go little feet.
Sometimes a sob, sometimes a cry,
When piece of grit falls into eye.
Then Mummy comes, gives her a kiss,
All sorrow goes, naught is amiss.

At night when lions and tigers prowl,
Cubs sit in their nooks and practise their howl!
They follow the lore in a hunter's book,
And intend later on, by hook or by crook,
To hunt all the game that lives in the land
With dagger in belt and spear in their hand.

Good little lads, stick to your dream,
Even if things are not what they seem.
You'll have lots of fun, but keep a look-out,
Then each of you soon will be a good scout.

The Scouts are very smart and keen,
A better lot I ne'er have seen.
A story true I now can tell
Which shows they know their duty well,
And in a crisis keep quite cool
Which really is a golden rule.

They found one day when out with trainer,
They had by chance forgot their strainer,
To strain the tea when it came out
From their camp-pot with metal spout!
A little scout pulled out his shirt
They poured through it and caught the dirt!
This surely shows a lot of brain,
How many men would do the same?

Before, the "Afterglow" was slow
But now she never wants a tow!
When next she comes to us from Punta
I feel quite sure they will not hunt 'er!
And one called Howatt is her Master,
He stamps with rage when others pass 'er!

Our brothers in the West all love her
Because she is their fairy mother!
Who takes to them their mails and chattels
In spite of storms through which she battles.
She then returns with sick and weak
Who help and comfort here do seek.

In fact she is a saucy pet
And we're right proud of her you bet !

The "Penguin" too is smart outside
Like a sweet maid, or new-wed bride !
She's had new ribs and paint and tar
And shines as brightly as a star.
The brothers Ratcliffe are her crew
And they have quite enough to do !
For she's as busy as a bee
Both night and day going out to sea.

And Amazon and Ambuscade,
What a journey they have made !
Eight thousand dreary miles and more
To come and visit Stanley's shore.
We offer to our boys in blue
Our hearty thanks and welcome true.

But Jack we fear does hate this sex
(Points to chorus)

For girls he knows are apt to vex !
He therefore travels quite alone
And leaves his wife and chicks at home.
Therefore we know no sparkling eyes
Will tempt him to deceit and lies !

This gives a chance for the retort
That Jack has wives in every port,
But this we feel is wicked scandal
And he who says it is a vandal !

We only hope they'll like our chorus
Who have sung so nicely for us
And that our local pantomime
Will help to pass away the time.
And how we hope they'll come again
The captains, officers and men.

The Colonial Secretary we do assure,
Who is so good to rich and poor,
That nothing now can be inclement.
Since he has wooed and won Miss Clement.

We know he is quite full of pluck
And wish them both the best of luck.

Horses gallop up and down
On the course beyond the town,
They are training for the Cup
I know which number will go up !
So if you want some information,
First give me a good donation !

Our football field is now quite straight
From outside fence to paddock gate.
For this we truly thank our stars,
It keeps the lads away from bars !

The golf-course too is now first class
It's covered with the greenest grass,
All day long both men and maids
Tear it up with clubs, not spades !

And now we know our hefty bruisers
Have clashed with those who came in Cruisers !
They all were very light on toes,
And gave and took some nasty blows !

I'm very glad I am a bird,
To hit like this does seem absurd.
It's true we sometimes flap and peck
Too forward penguins in the neck
When they try and steal our eggs
After drinking several pegs !

And now I must shut up my beak
For I am scared of cousin Squeak
Made famous by a daily paper.
Oh how the other penguins hate her !
Who told me after last year's treat
That all I said was just a bleat !
She really is a jealous bird,
'Course what she says is quite absurd.
But silly Pip and the wee Bunny
Are not like her but really funny.
If I could get her once alone
I'd bite and peck her to the bone !

Pebble is rubbed.

Chorus dance folk dance.

Act 4.

SCENE 1.

Santa Claus, with his son and heir, Fill-The-Stocking, arrives in a sledge drawn by reindeer, accompanied by merrie music and salvos of cannons. The steamers in the harbour sound their sirens.

Although he has been particularly requested to say something different from last year he refuses. He states he always wears the same clothes and makes the same speech and that if we do not like it we can get someone else. "Needs must when the devil drives"! Truly Santa Claus is a soured and crusty individual.

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.
I do not think this can be true,
For I have not seen one in view.
But probably he's hereabout
The nasty dirty clumsy 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.

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 there was one called Blunderbore,
I used to hate him even more.
His hateful cry "Fe. Fo. Fi. Fum"
Used to—but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

Last year I told you that the spell
Was just that thing we call a bell
This year the Fairy Queen has told you
To be careful not to "tishoo",
So whatever happens if you please
Be certain sure you do not sneeze.

So guard your nostrils 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 you 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 you 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 any rate 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.

Pebble is rubbed.

Chorus dance folk dance.

Santa Claus dances with attendant.

Zachariah Fee, having listened to what Santa Claus has been saying, now re-appears 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. A doll mysteriously appears from the air which he catches and destroys. 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:
"Here comes the Wizard
Without a gizzard"!

Their timbers shiver
I haver a liver!
At times it's true
It does turn blue
When I drink Fizz,
But that's my Biz!

And 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!

The Constables now march on singing. When they have finished they seize Zachariah Fee who struggling desperately and uttering piercing shrieks is removed to the cells.

We are the constables bold and free
We don't care a rap for "He" or a "She"!
Unless the last-named is as fair as a lily,
And then like all mortals she drives us quite
silly!

And as for that wretched unspeakable Fee,
Just wait a few minutes and then you will see!
And as for all giants and men of that kidney,
We'll put them in irons and send them to Sydney!

And as for all witches and miserable wizards,
Who keep on remarking they ain't got no gizzards,
We don't care a rap or a twopenny hoot,
We'll give them the sack, or as some say the boot!

And then we will have a jolly good spree,
For we are the Constables bold and free

Chorus.

Ha Ha He He
Dear Mr. Fee
Once more you see
You can't catch we!
Nor change our tree
To Diddle-Dee.
And now you'll be
Chucked in the sea.
So rats to thee
Dear Mr Fee!

Pebble is rubbed.

Chorus dance folk dance.

Little girl clucks.

Fairies and Stanley children dance together.

Ghosts, ogres, witches, giants and all other members of the cast dance in.

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 making anyone sneeze 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 again as she did last year and they dance together. Father Christmas forgets his bad temper and follows suit to the tune of "I want to be happy" played by the massed bands.

At the conclusion of the Play three verses of the National Anthem will be sung by all the cast 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
Oh 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.

CURTAIN.

EPILOGUE.

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 nightcap and carrying a bedroom candlestick.

Santa Claus.

Who woke me up? Speak up ! Don't stare !
Was it that Fairy Queen with nut brown hair ?
The saucy puss how could she dare !

From barren Pole I journeyed here,
Leaving my home and those I love so dear,
My bed of down and home brewed beer.

Across the frozen wastes I ski-ed my way,
Remember, for all this toil I get no pay,
And labour more than your eight hours a day !

I crossed the fearsome ocean, riding whale,
The motion, quite uncommon, turned me pale.
I who for aeons past have been so hale

And when I called the steward. — for what
reason ? —

Ask those who venture forth at this dread season !
The waves towered up like mountains bleak,
And in the hollows all my bones did creak,
And I did feel forlorn and very weak,
And hankered not for pork or tasty leek !

Upon my brow an icy sweet broke forth, and
leaning for'ard
I had just strength enough to call out steward !

No nice young man in navy blue, or pretty nurse
steward !
Came running up to hold my hand, and I got
worse,

And that is why I feel inclined to curse !
It is not worth it, however large the purse !

'Tis not my custom either to ride whale,
My courage, bear in mind, did never fail.
But oh how it does pain me, my poor tail !

'Tis true since I have reached this horrid spot
You all for me have done a lot.
And cheered me up with many a welcome tot !

The penguin eggs were ripe and very tasty.
The salute was good, perhaps a trifle hasty
My bodyguard of five and he called Sullivan
Did guard me safely whilst I slept on your divan.

But having done my part you must remember,
It is not cricket to wake me till December !
Now I am weary of you all, including Tree,
And it is doubtful, next year, if I shall be
In a fit state of mind to fight Fee's spell
So put this in your pipe and smoke it well !

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

As you know in me lie two,
Old Santa Claus and teacher too !
I see your eyes are now agog,
I really am your pedagogue !

So off to school at once, at once,
Including clever ones and dunce !
And learn your rules of three and tables,
And stop these most unseemly babels.

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

*Cries of anguish from all the children.
Several faint and are carried out by the ambulance men.*

My years are now two score and over,
With wife and chick I lived in clover,
Till I was forced at risk of neck,
To climb down steps at someone's beck,
Someone who has great power and glory
Else it would have been another story !

And then in spite of all this risk,
I, even I, was forced to frisk,
Not once or twice but several times
Whilst chorus sang some silly rhymes !

And now I'm clothed in nightshirt chilly,
Forced to wear it willy-nilly,
For fear of one I dare not mention,
For if I did I'd lose my pension !

And this in front of wife and daughter,
What fearful things I now have taught'er !

Bluebell now waves her wand and Santa Claus is seen all of a sudden to become very sleepy.

I'm getting drowsy, what is this ?
I feel so sleepy. Oh what bliss !
If I can sleep just twelve months more
I'll come again to Stanley's shore.