

R. Smith.

WORDEN HOUSE PARTY PROGRAMME.

- 5 p.m. Tea
- 5.50 Competition for Forms 1 and 2.
- 6 p.m. Dances: Military Two Step
Quick Step
- 6.10 Competition for Staff and Prefects: "Get that Beetle."
- 6.20 Dances: Square Tango
Quick Step - Ladies Excuse Me.
- 6.30 On the Stage: 1. "Things are not what they seem."
With S. Campbell, M. Rowlands, V. Westwater, Fishwick,
Battersby.
- 6.40 2. One Act Play: "A Waiting Game" by Morton Howard.
A Dramatic Society Production under the direction of Mr.
Downer with E. Hughes, M. Gallacher, I. Ward, V. Preston,
Crofts, Ditchfield, Wilford.
- 6.55 Dances: Progressive Barn Dance
Modern Waltz.
- 7.5 Competition for all: "It Depends on Your Taste."
- 7.15 Dance: The Dashing White Sergeant.
- 7.25 On the Stage: 1. The Pinder Polyphonists
closed 2. Piano Duet: Norwegian Dance (Grieg)
Played by D. Starkie and B. Stirk
5 yards 3. Triplets - Laraway, Campbell, Hibbert.
closed 4. Euphonium Solo: "Playmates." Played by Hoyes.
5. The Perils of Pearl - A Melodrama in Mime.
Played by Jeannette Oliver, Swarbrick, Laraway, Ward,
Hughes, Dean, Turner, Salisbury. Effects by Dewhurst.
- 7.50 Dances: Valeta
Quick Step
- 8 p.m. Competition for Juniors
- 8.10 Mannequin Parade. Squire Dior Exhibits Balshaw Fabrics.
- Mannequins: Violetta (Laraway), Desiree (Swarbrick), Alicia (Dowhurst),
Deidre (Battersby), Leonora (Makin), April (Pinder),
Sadie (Baxendale), Hyacinth (Marsden), Colette (Campbell)
Priscilla (Ward), Lucille (Wright, P.D.)
- 8.30 Dances: Gay Gordons
Quick Step (Ladies Excuse Me)
- 8.40 Competition for Senior Boys "They're Crackers!"
- 8.50 Dances: Quick Step
Modern Waltz
- 9.00 Competition for Staff and Form 6. "Putting the Baby to Bed."
- 9.10 - 9.30 Dancing.

The following invocation is to be spoken in the dark : -

Assist, o Muse, my faltering tongue
With words to match the glory
Of doughty deeds erstwhile unsung -
Colossal is my story!

(to audience) Pray you, with reverent ears attend,
You mortals microscopic:

Most sacred themes my words portend -
The Staff Match is my topic.

Thus having done, I'll quit the scene:

This choir - ("Hey, lights!" - the lights clack on with abrupt
suddenness.)

As the lights come on, the choir are discovered in white - the boys in
cricket clothes - and the girls likewise, if this is feasible: failing
this, the tennis equivalent will do. Each carries a cricket bat.

Opening chorus (to the tune of "Good morrow, good mother") : -

We sing of a battle
Whose fame is still ringing:
Don't think it mere prettles,
But list to our singing.
With verses Gilbertian
And vocal exertion
We'll tell you what wonders
(Plus several blunders)
Befell in the Staff Match this year, this year,
Attended the Staff Match this year.

Perhaps some sort of comic cricket-bat dance could be introduced here
- possibly to the tune of "Tripping hither".

Solo (to the tune of "When Britain really ruled the waves") : -

J. Brown, he swore a mighty oath -
(He swears oaths mighty well!) -
That he would train a cricket side
To play the school and play their hide
And send them all to ---- (consternation on stage -
hurriedly covered by rumble on bass of piano)
The Staff resolved to back his bet
To show there's life in old dogs yet.

Chorus: (repeat last two lines.)

Scope for the chorus dancing again here - comic antics of elderly gen-
tlemen suffering from lumbago, etc.

Chorus (to the tune of "Loudly let the trumpet bray") : -

Very soon the word went round
Tan-tan-tara! Tan-tan-tara!
To proclaim the coming tussle,
Tzing! Boom!
That upon this Balshaw's ground
Aged brains would match young muscle.
Tan-tan-tara (etc., per score.)

All - now - come out and watch the batting!
Joy! Joy! We're going to miss some Latin!
Blow the desks that we have set in -
Tan-tan-tara! Tzing! Boom!

We all love this game of cricket,
Looking on or at the wicket -
Dodging work - yes, that's the ticket!
Tan-tan-tara, etc.

Chorus: (repeat "All- now- come, out..." etc.)

Solo (To tune of the Sentry's song) : -

When all day long, on culture set,
The Staff had toiled without prosperity,
You'd see them nightly at the net
Performing feats of great dexterity.
Tho' creaking somewhat at the joints,

(page two)

Their vision blurred by great longevity,
They still displayed ingenious points
And subtle schemes to quell your levity.

For instance, Mister Wilkinson -
Fal-lal-la! Fal-lal-la!
With geometric fancy free -
Fal-lal-la!

~~Who would take the ball~~
To make the ball sit up and beg,
Would take Pythagoras's ruse
And send it swivelling in from leg
along the accursed hy-pot-en-use.
Fal-lal-la!

Chorus or solo (to tune of "When Britain..") : -
The venerable Bennison,
With Durham wiles of yore,
Would spin the ball with deadly skid,
And hair upblown like saucopan lid,
His style of nineteen-four.

Small wonder that alarm grew great -
the School felt dubious of their fate.

Solo (to tune of "when I went to the Bar") : -
When Glamour-boy heard of these dastardly schemes,
(Vowed he to himself, vowed he)
"Such dangers now call for action, it seems.
(Trowed he to himself, trowed he).
With batsmen like Bamford and Bourn to select
And bowlers like Knowles of ferocious aspect
The Staff will soon find that their hopes are quite wrecked
(Growled he to himself, growled he).

Solo (tune - "He who shies at such a prize") : -
When the day came fixed for the game
The Staff saw thing they had not planned on
The School won the toss : scored without loss.
Forty runs with gay abandon.

Chorus: Yorkers, bumpers, leg-traps - ev'ry wile was unavailing.
When at the worst affairs did mend:
Hilditch and Brown proceeded to send -
Mutt'ring threats with faces grim -
Six frightened batsmen to the gym.

Solo : Then came a lull : scoring was dull -
So was the fall of wickets thrifty:
Taking stock at four o'clock
Seven were out for nine-and-fifty.

Tea-time came: the Staff, by food -
Well, sandwich-paste and scones - renewed,
In for a slaughter, out of a fix -
The last man fell at eighty-six.

Chorus : (repeat last verse).

Two aged batsmen now appear, with full batting gear on; one wears side-whiskers and, if possible, cap of 1890 style; the other has a long grey beard. (Any possible features of likeness to identifiable members of Staff?) One has to be guided to an imaginary crease - and even then he gets things wrong.

Solo (tune - "When Britain...") : -
The veterans began to bat,
Their hopes now far from dead.
J. Brown with craft scored twenty-two,
Tried hitting out to Timbuctoo
And hit his bails instead.
With Leathley twelve and Rigby eight,
Our fortunes now looked re-se-ate.

Chorus : Five wickets down for sixty-nine:
Yes, Fortune's face looked quite benign.

~~When the day came fixed for the game~~
~~The Staff saw thing they had not planned on~~
~~The School won the toss : scored without loss.~~

(page three)

Solo (tune - "When darkly looms the day") : -
But darkly loomed the day -
~~Knowles~~ Knowles tactics did convey
Fra Wilkinson away

Without a run.
He mesmerised two more
And hit their stumps before
They added to the score -
Took three for none.

Solo (tune- "When I went to the Bar") : -
Then Dominic Morgan, nothing distraught,
Despair was far from his heart,
Proceeded to give us an interlude fraught
With comic, but run-scoring, art.
* What matter though style from golfing be lent? *
His bound'ries atomic explosively sent,
Though sometimes not quite the direction he meant,
Could ne'er from the score-book depart.

Solo (tune - "When Britain...") :- ^{aged}
With seven to win, came Father Bull,
Last hope of our campaign.
He drives cars more than balls, and yet
Six singles he contrived to get
And Destry ro de again.
Then, scattering the clouds to flight,
A dizzy ball was caught by Wright.

This epic tale shall old men tell
While poets pen bad verse:
This match of nineteen-fifty-four ^{six}
At last had ended in a draw -
Brown's views were very terse.
The trembling Staff excuse-notes bring -
"Brown studies" with derisive sting.

Chorus (repeat last verse.