

The dewy eve descended
And the City folk dispersed;
The day was almost ended
On a great November 1st¹
When a sudden influx started
To the Hill² from far and near –
Scarce had one vast crowd departed
Than another did appear.
'Twas a mixed crowd, good and hearty
Bent on scaling stony stairs³
Come to help the Parish Party
And to try to book their chairs.
More than 100 souls⁴ then
Stood, squatted, crouched or knelt,
As thicker grew the hot air
Each buckled in his belt.
We tried to sing, and then to hear
In true Blackwillian⁵ style
Songs of the Hebridian ilk, were
Which Eric sang the while.
Two five part songs with scarce a break
Were sung by the Quartet⁶
And then came in the Birthday Cake⁷
Our appetite is whet.
With solemn pomp the cake appeared
Preceded by a bard
Adorned in white, with sweeping beard
(And Thompson(?) breathing hard!)
The cake was cut, the first slice sent –
Packed up with every care –
To Tubby and by John it went –
The rest went..who knows where?
The interval came full and fast
With hundreds to be fed...
Would all the cake and coffee last
The potted meat and bread?
After refreshments came a song
Jean Roper⁸ caused this thrill –
And then Ben's⁹ "Too Bad To Be Long"
Or "Loose on Tower Hill".
Words almost fail me over this –
The Prologue¹⁰ quickly, o'ev
The Play drew forth no single miss –
In fact, this cheered the move
Dear Camenatia¹¹, dishy maid,
A vamp of deepest dye
Was most efficiently portrayed
By Cuthbert Bardsley.
Pat was the villain¹² (need we state?)
(A black moustache's enough),
And Cuthbert was his dark-eyed mate-
A couple - real hot stuff!
Then came sweet Daisy¹³ and her Swain
A love-match to arrange;
A nurse¹⁴ whose years were on the wane
Imparted accents strange

The handsome hero of the mist
 Was of Swithinian fame,
 Who stopped to kiss that self-same s??st
 To which sweet Daisy came.....
 The family retainer¹⁵, who
 Was clad in sailors' gear,
 Though he forgot a word or two
 Deserves a little cheer.
 And then the Fairy "Matrimony"¹⁶
 Came tripping from the wings;
 Her words were sweet as honey
 And she said some pretty things:
 She spoke in accents sweet and clear,
 She spoke of happy fate;
 With fragile wings she looked a dear
 She spoke to each soul-mate
 George our Fairy, Puck's delight,
 A ravishing figure indeed,
 Bad each one a sweet "good-night"
 To which each said good heed.
 Tom took our prayers ??? in went
 And so we crept away
 To think about 3 hours well spent
 And sleep until next day

2.12.34

¹ Nov. 1st All Saints Day. All Hallows 1259th birthday.

² Tower Hill

³ A long stone staircase led up to the lunch club at 15 Tower Hill

⁴ Seats arranged for 150 people – 260 present!

⁵ Eric Blackwill sang Hebridian songs

⁶ The All Hallows Quartet Traditional

⁷ The Birthday Cake, lit by 12½ candle, one for each 100 years of All Hallows Life, was made by Mrs Pennell. The first slice was cut by Miss Halpane(?) and sent to Tubby in India (with John Gaclan(?))

⁸ Jean Roper, who broadcasts, sang 2 charming folk songs.

⁹ Ben Neville's play

¹⁰ Prologue written by me

¹¹ Camenatia – Rev C.K.N. Bardsley

¹² The Villain – Rev. M.P.G. Leonard

¹³ Daisy – Ben Neville. His Swain – Arthur Bussell (of St Swithins)

¹⁴ A Nurse – myself

¹⁵ Family Retainer –Gerald Stoneham

¹⁶ Fairy Matrimony – George Lucas