The dewy eve descended
And the City folk dispersed;
The day was almost ended
On a great November 1st
When a sudden influx started
To the Hill 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 stairs
Come to help the Parish Party
And to try to book their chairs.
More than 100 souls 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 Blackwillian style
Songs of the Hebridian ilk, were
Which Eric sang the while.
Two five part songs with scarce a break
Were sung by the Quartet
And then came in the Birthday Cake
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 Roper caused this thrill –
And then Ben’s “Too Bad To Be Long”
Or “Loose on Tower Hill”.
Words almost fail me over this –
The Prologue quickly, o’ev
The Play drew forth no single miss –
In fact, this cheered the move
Dear Camenatia, dishy maid,
A vamp of deepest dye
Was most efficiently portrayed
By Cuthbert Bardsley.
Pat was the villain (need we state?)
(A black moustache’s enough),
And Cuthbert was his dark-eyed mate–
A couple - real hot stuff!
Then came sweet Daisy and her Swain
A love-match to arrange;
A nurse 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 self
To which sweet Daisy came…..
The family retainer\(^\text{15}\), who
Was clad in sailors’ gear,
Though he forgot a word or two
Deserves a little cheer.
And then the Fairy “Matrimony”\(^\text{16}\)
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

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\(^1\) Nov. 1\(^{st}\) All Saints Day. All Hallows 1259\(^{th}\) 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