



Revue Extrayaganza

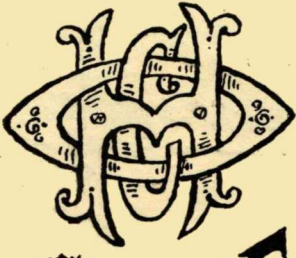
By
Hastings
Orphans
Club.



In aid of Plunket Society.

Municipal Theatre, Hastings
Friday : August 4th : 1922

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HASTINGS



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KARAMU ROAD
A. GEORGE
HASTINGS



↪ FIRST SPASM ↩

Orchestra "Our Miss Gibbs" Selection
 (Orphan Archie Don, Baton Weilder)

Orphans - - - Opening Chorus
 (Welcome to the Chief)

Hail our Chief! Hail our Chief! Hail our Chief!
 Hail! Hail! Our Chief! Hail! Hail! Our Chief!

The Orphans we, as you will see,
 Indulge in song and snappy recitation;
 We are a band, you understand,
 We disapprove of moral dissipation.
 Where ere we go, the world will know,
 From New Zealand's shores, to the distant Bay
 of Biscay,

We try to please and put at ease,
 Our shows are always merry bright and brisky.
 And in the field of modern entertainers, no com-
 petitors can stand a show with us.

—Show with us.

In the game of song, there never was, no never
 were, old songsters that could stand to equal us

—Equal us.

We want you to give your attention,
 If you cannot sing then hum this melody.
 Of course you could never be like us,
 But be as like us as you're able to be.

**Of course you could never be like us,
 But be as like us as you're able to be.**

Chief Orphan O'Meara Opening Address
 (Brevity is the soul of wit)

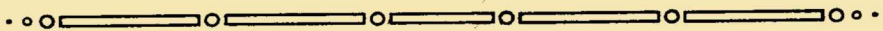
Hasling's Orphans Club



- Orphan F. S. Thomas - - Song
(Not on the Backyard Fence)
- Orphan Sandy Robertson Recitation
(A Drop of Scotch)
- Orphans Watson and Waters Violin Duet
(A Great Mixture)
- Orphan D. Crooks - - Song
(He Doesn't Mix With Them)
- Orphan Rev. A. Hunt - Recitation
(Ex-Chief Orphan, Wellington)
- Orphan J. Young Song
(A Humorist from the Bluff)

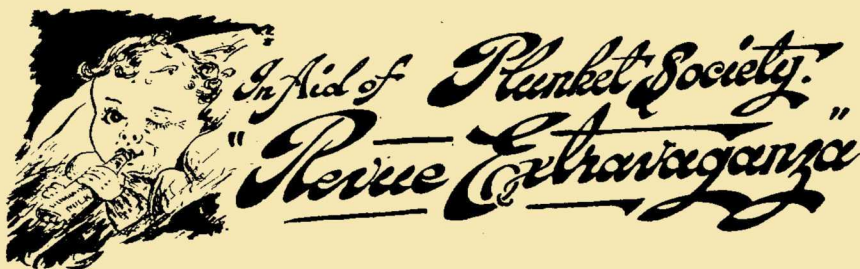
The audience are requested to keep their seats while a scene is arranged for the following item—

Community Singing "Let's All Sing"
Directed by Orphan Archie Don
First Spell for a Few Minutes.



EXECUTIVE.

- Chief Orphan—A. E. O'Meara
- Deputy-Chief—Geo. L. Cameron. Deputy-Chief—T. B. McNeil.
- Committee—Orphans T. Clarkson, H. G. Davies, R. Martin,
G. H. Roach, E. W. Crook.
- Treasurer: Orphan I. C. Davis. Hon. Sec.—Orphan T. M. Brennan
- Musical Director—Orphan A. Don. Accompanist—Orphan L. Bryant.



➤ SECOND SPASM ➤

Burlesque Revue of the Plunket Society.

Scene: Interior of a modern hostel.

Cast in order of entry.

Angelina (the flapper daughter of Peggy O'Neil)	Orphan H. Poplewell
Plunket Nurse Peggy O'Neil (I Love a Car, but oh! that Ford)	Orphan H. G. Davies
A Mother O'wad some pow'r the giftie gie us To see oorsel's as ithers see us.	Orphan Jock Craig
Her Baby, Leslie (A Howling Success)	Orphan N. H. Beatson
Jacob Cohen (Three Guesses, Vot am I?)	Orphan H. Gilmore-Smith
Another Mother (The Pride of the Village)	Orphan T. Brennan
Her Baby, Willie (Give the Kid a Banana)	Orphan Will Cameron
Bertie (Anglina's Lover)	Orphan C. Crooks
Doctor Brody-Hilson (Ether-one Will Do)	Orphan A. E. O'Meara
Musical Sambo (He has the catarrh badly)	Orphan W. Knox
Singing Dinah (Just cleaned the kitchen flue)	Orphan G. L. Cameron

Orphans Club



INTRODUCING :—Songs, Recitations, Dance
and Musical Numbers.

Song "I'm the Plunket Nurse" Orphan H. G. Davies
(with apologies to the Plunket Society and all others
concerned)

Cohen's 'Phone Conversation to Rosenbaum
Orphan H. Gilmore-Smith

Song "I Said No, I Don't Like to Do That"
Orphan Will Cameron

Danse De Lux (not washing powder)
Orphans Crooks and Poppelwell

Song "Do You Ever Think of Me" Orphan H. Poppelwell

"ANGELINA'S DREAM"

Introducing instrumental solo, "Bye Lo" Orphan W. Knox
Song "Bye Lo" Orphan G. L. Cameron and Chorus

Peggy O'Neil Orphan H. G. Davies
(Tells the Story of Love)

Finale The Orphans' Club

GOOD NIGHT.



PROPERTY DONATIONS: Pictorial Pictures of Perfect
Plunket Babies (drawn by Pat. Hanna, Vice Regals).
Stage Decorations and Signs by Orphan E. W. Crook
Furnishings by Messrs. J. J. Cassin, A. Christie, A.
Room and scores of others.



Community Songs. "Let's All Sing"

(Orchestrated by Orphan A. R. Don)

Till the sands of the desert grow cold,
And their infinite numbers are told,
God gave thee to me,
And mine thou shall be
For ever to have and to hold.
Till the story of judgment is told
And the mysteries of heaven unfold,
I'll turn, love, to thee,
My shrine thou shalt be
Till the sands of the desert grow cold.

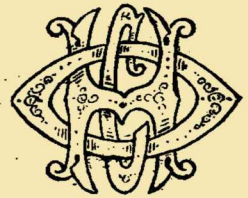
Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled with
care,
I kiss the dear fingers so toil worn for me;
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

The Bells of St. Mary's, ah! hear they are calling
The young loves, the true loves, who come from the
sea;
And so, my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
The love bells shall ring out, ring out for you and me-

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
As we go marching along.

Three blind mice, three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run, see how they
run;
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a sight in your life as—

Hasling's Orphans Club



Song, "I'm the Plunket Nurse"

Words by Orphan H. G. Davies.

Doc. Truby King, is a sweet dear old thing
Anywhere, any time, with the kids;
Now I'll put you wise how you'll soon recognise,
This wonderful work of his.

If you see one dressed like me,
That's the Plunket Nurse.
Baby's pining all the while
Send for Plunket Nurse.
We'll attend to them all day and night,
Don't care whether they are black or white,
Plunket Society look for variety,
I'm the Plunket Nurse.

Plunket Nurses cure all mothers curses,
And a million ladies start on having babies
When they meet our Plunket Nurse.
Nothing slow with Nursie Martin, O!
But still and all I know that she could never stand
a show
With our Peggy O'Neil.
Davie Davis said the crows will save us with a
simple winning baby smile
Peggy isn't simple, that is why she has the other
nursies beat a mile.
So if you have a babe who's pining and a dying,
And you feel you want to stop your silly sighing
Send for Plunket Nurse.

Mothers you know like to make a great show,
And they dress up their babies in silk.
It's sad to relate, that they can't put on weight
Without they have humanised milk.

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