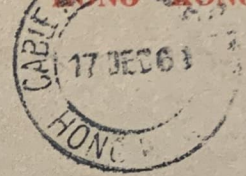


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The first line of this Telegram contains the following particulars in the order named: Prefix Letters and Number of Message, Office of Origin, Number of Words, Date, Time handed in and Official Instructions—if any.

CC4312 HONGKONG 22 17 1524 INLAND NR293
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD CITY HALL THEATRE HONGKONG =
MAINTAIN FEVER PITCH TONIGHT AND THROUGHOUT
THE RUN BEST WISHES TO ALL COLIN AND THELMA

Enquiry respecting this telegram should be accompanied by this form and may be made at any of the Company's Offices.

有所查問須將此電帶來

Do spend an evening with Mother Hubbard

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD — A pantomime by the Hongkong Stage Club and The Garrison Players at the City Hall Theatre, December 17-23.

"PANTOMIME WILL NEVER DIE", and certainly pantomime is at its strongest with the joint presentation by the Hongkong Stage Club and the Garrison Players of this Christmas' OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

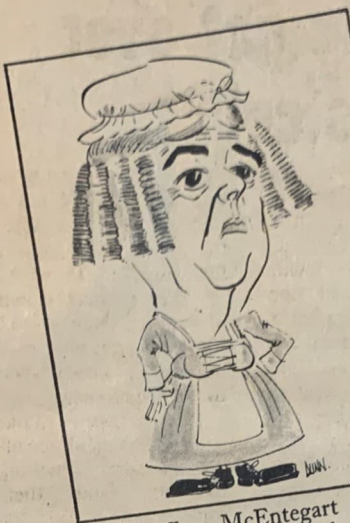
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD is playing to a full house every night, and the majority of the audience is children. Children voicing their protest against bad treatment of Mother Hubbard's dog, Woof-Woof, screaming with laughter at Bombolin the clown, and pretty much taking over the City Hall Theatre during intermissions.

But the true air of pantomime is present, with a grand circus on stage, resplendent with a cow, a bear and, of course, Woof.

This year's presentation has been produced by Dorothy Hart-Baker, who deserves much credit for the wonderful results of this colourful play. The stage and costumes have been designed with children in mind, colours and delightful props are the background for this little piece of entertainment which also delights the adults.

Mother Hubbard is played by Geoffrey McEntegart, a buxom, flitty little lady who practically lives for her dog Woof. Woof on the other hand, is seen by the children as just a great lovable hunk of a dog, who is HERO.

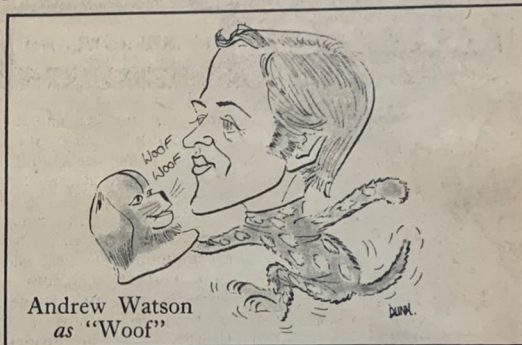
The acting is good, McEntegart plays the part extremely well,



Geoffrey McEntegart as Mother Hubbard



Dick Martin as Sfitza



Andrew Watson as "Woof"

and even dons ballerina apparel complete with sequinned tights for his last sketch as a dancer in the circus.

Much credit also goes to the animals, which the children really adored. The play itself could have been shorter, three hours being a bit too long to sit through, especially the solo singing.

The adult audience is entertained by snide remarks (readily appreciated) about local bodies of government,

and name dropping, which Mother Hubbard loves, includes Brook Bernacchi and our Governor.

A wonderful way to spend the evening out

for the whole family, OLD MOTHER HUBBARD plays till tomorrow and also matinees in the afternoons.

— RITA DRAGOMER

Mother Hubbard is a riot of fun

*"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone ..."*

So goes the familiar nursery rhyme.

But the Garrison Players and the Hongkong Stage Club production of "Old Mother Hubbard" is a somewhat different and more funny version of the famous rhyme.

For their pantomime, they have such characters as Tommy Tucker, Betsy (Mother Hubbard's daughter), Roland Butter, Mr Chump the butcher, and Knick and Knock, acrobats, and clowns.

It is all about Mother Hubbard and her very clever dog, Woof.

She loved the dog so much that he was becoming utterly spoiled. His every whim and wish was met and Mother Hubbard was slowly going bankrupt trying to feed it.

Her friends begged her to sell Woof or send it out to work so that he would at least be paying for his keep, but Mother Hubbard refused.

TWO VILLAINS

Then one day, while her back was turned, two villains, Roland Butter and Mr Chump the village butcher, kidnapped Woof and send it to the circus.

Woof fell in love with the circus. There he saw show horses, bare-back riders, acrobats, a bear and a clown.

He loved it so much that he refused to return home to Mother Hubbard.

So, in despair, she married Mr Chump the butcher. And her pretty daughter Betsy married Tommy Tucker. And of course, they all lived happily ever after.

How and why Mother Hubbard ends up marrying the butcher and her daughter marrying Tommy Tucker must not be told. Go and see the pantomime and find out for yourself.

Mother Hubbard is played by Jeffrey McEntegart, her dog Woof is played by Andrew Watson. Betsy is Mona Alexander, Tommy Tucker is Annette Martin, the villain Roland Butter is Godfrey Eden, Mr Chump is Bill Bailey, Knick and Knock are Ian Cosie and Ron Mooney.



This pantomime is produced by Mrs Dorothy Hart-Baker. The sets are designed by Jim Brew, music by Ian Stuart and choreography by Mrs Joan Campbell.

It will be shown at the City Hall Concert Hall on Thursday, December 18 till Monday, December 22. There will be two matinee shows at 3 pm on Saturday and Sunday. Tickets are \$10, \$8 and \$5.

Gala night is on Wednesday. Proceeds from the show will go to the Hongkong Round Tables' building fund.

Old Mother Hubbard,
played by Jeffrey
McEntegart, scolds
her dog Woof, played
by Andrew Watson,
in the
hilarious
new panto.

An intricate web of sexual frustrations

IT is possible, I suppose, that a former editor of *Punch* is right in believing that there is nothing really serious enough in the world today to be funny about. Our public figures are already so comic, and so untruthful, that the rest of us can only conjecture why the professional clowns don't insist on Trades Union demarcation lines.

Is deliberate pantomime necessary, then? The Stage Club and Garrison Players clearly believe that it is not, and in *Old Mother Hubbard*, at the City Hall until Tuesday, have presented instead a sub-Freudian ritual, thinly disguised as fun for all the family.

The plot is an intricate web of sexual frustrations. Mr Chump, a chump, is after Geoffrey, a wrinkled, paunchy widow pushing fifty-five. She is unusually attached to her dog, Woof, and the disturbing aspects of this relationship are subtly hinted at. A circus comes to town, and a big top appears in 'little bottoms' (sic).

The dog is kidnapped and led thither, and Geoffrey, lured by some deep inexplicable longing, soon follows. A bestial orgy ensues, in which other animals take part,—a bear, horses, and even a bull (amusingly disguised as a cow).

While the clowns fran-

tically try to distract the attention of the children in the audience, a ring-master, Senor Sfitza, produces Tommy Tucker, hired at great expense from a Hollywood musical of the forties. Her knickers are showing, however, and far from normalising the situation, she inflames passions to white heat. (She can sing, too). The inevitable happens, and they all live happily ever after.

THE cast is large. Mrs O. M. Hubbard turns in an impeccably convincing performance as that ever-improbable character, Geoffrey McEntegart, an absurd, booze-ridden Irish bog salesman. As for Chump, Butter, Toddy, Pippin, Snip, Loopy, Nick and Nock, your reviewer is at a total loss to account for the uncanny authenticity that Messrs Bailey, Eden and Co bring to their parts as these lustful half-wits.

The girls are charming and have but one thing in mind, though that is not enough by itself, and herein lies the moral. Betsy could have everything from Roland Butter (the baker),—eclairs, doughnuts, and in fact as somebody puts it, "her life shall be one long swiss roll." Learning to ski does not appeal to her, however, and she helps Tommy sweep out the elephant cages instead. Young love clears away all obstacles. Pantomime lives on.—Simon Ellis.

Up the

(col. 30-12-65)
wrong

beanstalk

Sir,—Your report last Sunday that Old Mother Hubbard had a housing problem cannot be allowed to pass without comment.

She most certainly had a house for she was able to go to her cupboard to look therein for a bone for her canine companion.

The fact that she had none was, of course, swiftly reported to the Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Animals and stern measures were taken to apprehend her.

Unfortunately, all the King's horses and all the King's men were on duty elsewhere at the time and the aforesaid Old Mother Hubbard was able to make a swift getaway on the cow that jumped over the moon (incidentally forestalling the Apollo programme by a good few years).

On the question of why there was no bone for the canine companion, recent researches have suggested that Old Mother Hubbard lived in the brick house, erected by the third little pig, as a sub-tenant.

Like most little pigs of landlords, this one had raised his rents consistently; thus Old Mother Hubbard was unable to afford even the most meagre groceries either for herself or canine companion.

Fortunately, the case eventually came before Old King Cole who was so busy with his entertainments programme he threw it out of court.

By now you will have wondered what became of the Old Woman Who Lived In a Shoe — who, in fact, really did have a housing problem.

Well after having received no satisfaction from UMELCO, and not having an ombudsman to appeal to, she became a squatter in the House that Jack built.

BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP.

INTERESTED.

P. cat. 20-12-69.

Mother Hubbard

Sir,—Please change your theatre critic. Simon Ellis went to a lot of trouble to write a very witty review about the pantomime.

He must be kinky to read all those unusual motivations into those traditional parts. This pantomime was written for children and enjoyed by all the children there.

What a pity the criticism in your paper was written by one of the children in the audience.

**Stevensons under 21
(JANE AND JENNIFER)**