

*We can ride on lovers' sighs,  
Warm ourselves in lovers' eyes,  
Bathe ourselves in lovers' tears,  
Clothe ourselves in lovers' fears,—(So say the Fairies)*

**BUT OUR BUSINESS IS TO  
CLOTHE THE  
MORTALS ::**

We have Fairy-like  
**LINGERIE FABRICS**  
AND  
**READY-TO-WEAR  
GARMENTS**

AT  
**LONDON'S LOWEST PRICES**

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**T**HE COLCHESTER AMATEUR OPERATIC  
SOCIETY PRESENTS "IOLANTHE," THE  
FAMOUS COMIC OPERA BY W. S.  
GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN, AT  
THE HIPPODROME, COLCHESTER, ON  
JAN. 15th, 1929, AND THE REMAINDER  
OF THE WEEK ; WITH MATINEES ON  
THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

The Opera is produced by  
permission of Mr. R. D'Oyly  
Carte, and the Lord Chancellor's  
Song and other extracts from  
the Libretto are printed by the  
courtesy of Lady Gilbert.

Mr. L. M. Collings, Manager of  
the Hippodrome for the Lessees,  
the Gaumont - British Picture  
Corporation Ltd.

The Photographs are by G. M.  
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The Cover Design is by Mr.  
H. W. Pearce.

The Evening Performances will commence  
at 7.45 p.m., and the Matinees at 2.15 p.m.  
Carriages and late cars should be called  
at 10.15 p.m.

# THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S SONG

(Presented by the courtesy of Lady Gilbert).



THE LORD CHANCELLOR  
(MR. F. J. COLLINGE).

## RECIT.

Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest;  
Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers;  
Love, nightmare like, lies heavy on my chest,  
And weaves itself into my midnight slumbers!

## SONG.

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,  
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety:  
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:  
First your counterpane goes, and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;  
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles—so terribly sharp is the pricking,  
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.  
Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;  
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle!  
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eye-balls and head ever aching,  
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking;  
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich—  
Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second-class carriage—  
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations—  
They're a ravenous horde—and they all come on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.  
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon):  
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.  
Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by-the-bye the ship's now a four-wheeler).  
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "ties pay the dealer";

But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle,  
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:  
And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they've somehow or other invested in—  
And he's telling the tars, all the particulars of a company he's interested in—  
It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices all goods from cough mixtures to cables  
(Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as though they were all vegetables—  
You get a good spademan to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot-tree),  
And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree,  
From the greengrocer trees you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,  
While the pastrycook plant, cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three-corners, and Banburys—  
The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring,  
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing—  
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and  
you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep,  
and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue,  
and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;  
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—ditto ditto my song—and thank  
goodness they're both of them over!

Page two

# The Colchester Amateur Operatic Society

FOURTH SEASON :: 1929

1925: "The Gondoliers."

1926: "The Mikado."

1927: "Princess Ida."

## Vice-Presidents:

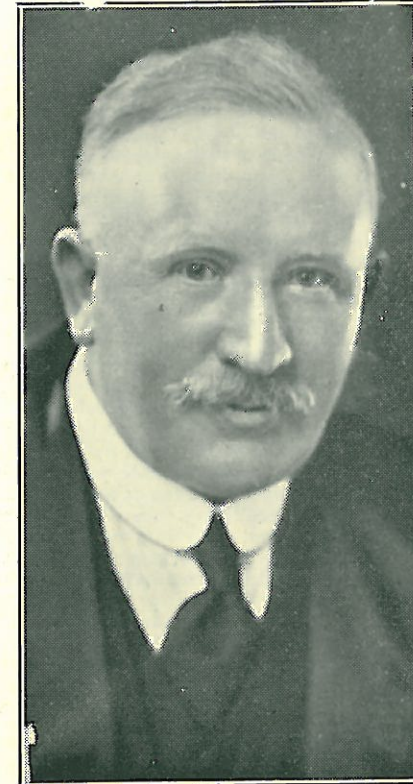
The Bishop of Colchester (The Rt. Rev. T. A. Chapman.)  
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Sir Laming Worthington-Evans,  
Bart., P.C., M.P.  
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## Hon. Accompanist:

Winifred Hodson, F.R.C.O.



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and Officers.

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## Hon. Treasurer:

W. W. Townsend.

The Colchester Amateur Operatic Society was founded in 1925 for the encouragement of music and drama by the production of Comic and Light Operas. Its progress has been rapid and successful and it is hoped that the present production of "Iolanthe" will in every way equal those of previous years. New members are gladly welcomed, the subscription is a nominal one of five shillings, and carries with it the privilege of prior booking.

Page three

**" IOLANTHE "**  
or  
**" THE PEER AND THE PERI."**

*First Produced at the Savoy Theatre, November 25th, 1882.*

**A CRITICAL ANALYSIS.**

Why is it that elevation to the Peerage is such a coveted honour?—and that men risk lives and limbs and seek the great responsibilities attached to those positions? Well, now, I am going to give you my theory in the matter, for the solution is, I believe (and never divulged before) shown early in the course of the development of this Opera—and I hope that the result of the exposure will not cause good (and BAD) Colcestrians to neglect their businesses and local interests in their efforts to attain the dignity of becoming " Lord THIS or Lord THAT."

Now for it! Phyllis (I don't know her second or surname but suppose that Sir W. S. Gilbert, who wrote this Opera, deliberately refrained from mentioning it, feeling that she might at any moment burst on an astonished World as " Lady THIS or Lady THAT " !). well, Phyllis is a Ward of the Court of Chancery: and it is one of the Annual Duties of all such Wards of the Court of Chancery to attend the Peers of this enlightened Realm at their H.Q. (Anglic—English for " Head Quarters"), at Westminster, London, S.W.1. Now, these Wards of the Court of Chancery are under 21 years of age and most of them very eligible young ladies, and when I tell you that Phyllis is the most beautiful of any of them—the most accomplished—and altogether the most Taking Young Party, singing like an Angel and Dancing like—well, like anything at the least (and sometimes without) provocation, you WILL AT ONCE GUESS AT THE REASON OF THE DEMAND FOR PEERAGES!!

Needless to say, the whole of the House of Lords fell violently in LOVE with her, the Lord Chancellor himself having it worse than any. So, whenever Phyllis made her Annual Visit to them, they in a body escorted her to a convenient Tea and Chocolate shop in Bond Street, London, W.1., where they regaled her ad lib. (which is French for as much as she could hold), with Chocolates, ices and other Seasonable or Unseasonable Dainties. It naturally took her all her time to recover before her next visit. On such occasions the Peers, desirous of looking their best, wore most elaborate and expensive Coronets and Robes; and of course considerable interest (more even than the Lord Mayor's Show and Mr. Guy Fawkes' Day) was created in the progress to refresh their beloved Phyllis.

Well now, this adoration of the Peers for Phyllis, who in addition to being a Ward of the Court of Chancery, was, I should mention, an Arcadian Shepherdess, grew so overpowering that they resolved to go to her and Politely Request her to choose one of them in Marriage. The others would then at once put an End to their Blighted Lives.

The scene of the Opera opens in an Arcadian Glade near to the Cottage where Phyllis lived while getting over her Annual Chocs. and Ices. The Peers arrive, having walked from London in full Regalia, to the great awe and reverence of the inhabitants of the places through which they passed. Phyllis is sent for and dutifully responds with some amazement and annoyance, for she thinks they have brought her a further supply of dainties, and she has not yet fully recovered from her previous entertainment in London. However, the Peers declare the Love which is rapidly undermining their constitutions. Who can conceive the utter astonishment and horror which paralyses them when she says that she is already engaged to Strephon, (whose other name I do not know, or whether this is his Front or Second name). Strephon's Mother is Iolanthe, a Fairy who has 25 years previously been banished by the Fairy Queen for marrying a Mortal, and HE consequently is half Fairy and half Mortal. Now one of the advantages of being a Fairy is that old age is a thing unknown, and when the Queen of the Fairies pardons Iolanthe, Strephon finds himself in possession of a Mother and Aunts considerably younger than himself. Very well then. The Peers having received their congé (which is French for " turned down " or " jilted"), withdraw from the scene: and Phyllis, looking for Strephon to tell him all about it, finds him embracing a Young Lady. Woman-like she becomes annoyed, and, stopping the Peers just before their return to London to drown themselves in the River Thames which flows by their official Residence, announces that she will marry herself to the Richest. This reduces her Suitors to Three, viz. (which is French for " namely " or " what I am about to confide for your private information "). Very well, then, viz.: George the Lord Mountarat; Thomas the Lord Tolloller; AND THE LORD CHANCELLOR. George and Thomas (I'm sure they will pardon this apparently disrespectful familiarity when they understand that the space in this programme is too limited to repeat their Full Titles). Very well then again. G. and T. weigh up the matter, and as each thinks the other the more worthy, they cancel their application forms, leaving now only The Lord Chancellor in the Field. This old gentleman is in a very bad state, which you will quickly gather from his wonderful description of the torments he undergoes in his Love for Phyllis: and he is prepared to take extreme measures to make her His Lady Chancelloress (or whatever the Female of the species is called).

In the meantime, Strephon, indignant at being cast off by Phyllis, calls to his aid the Fairy Queen and her Fairy Subjects, one of whom is Iolanthe, his Mother, now forgiven and restored to her position as a sort of Forewoman Fairy. The Fairy Queen prevails on Strephon to accept a Seat, of which she has the disposal, in the House of Commons, where as a Fairy Member with the help of his Fairy Aunts they can do as they jolly well like with the Laws of the Country. Thus, Members of the House of Peers were to be punished for their Rudeness to the Fairies, their audacity in being Parties to the separation of Strephon and Phyllis, and their Innumerable Other Crimes.

In Scene 2 are the Houses of Parliament to which the Fairies come in order to follow the Fortunes of the Fairy Member Strephon, and the Arcadian Shepherdess Phyllis is wandering about the same neighbourhood undecided still as to the selection of an Earl to marry her. She, however, presently meets Strephon, and these two wheedle each other so effectively that on his telling her that the young lady she saw him embracing in Act One is his Mother, she forgives him, and so the World goes round!

The Peers have transferred their affections to the Fairies, and the Fairy Queen falls an easy victim to the " usually admired " qualities of Private Willis, B.Co., 1st Grenadier Guards: and all are being wafted away to Fairyland as the Curtain finally hides them from our view.

A delightful Opera and Story showing the habits of Fairies in their natural Haunts: the Peers in their unnatural haunts at the Houses of Parliament: and how each of these two Kinds of Beings behaves in the Domains of the Other. What the ultimate result is, Goodness only knows!

—H.A.C. 26/12/28.

Page four

**" IOLANTHE "**  
or  
**" THE PEER AND THE PERI."**

**THE MUSICAL NUMBERS.**

OVERTURE .. .. . ORCHESTRA

*The Overture is one of the most beautiful of Sullivan's works; it is hoped, therefore, that the audience will be seated in good time.*

**ACT I.**

No.	1. Opening Chorus of Fairies—Soli (Celia and Leila)	.. .. .	" Tripping hither, tripping thither."
	2. Invocation (Queen, Iolanthe, Celia, Leila and Chorus of Fairies)	.. .. .	" Iolanthe from thy dark exile."
	3. Solo (Strephon and Chorus of Fairies)	.. .. .	" Good-morrow, good mother."
	4. Solo (Queen and Chorus of Fairies)	.. .. .	" Fare thee well, attractive stranger."
	4a. Soli (Phyllis and Strephon)	.. .. .	" Good-morrow, good lover."
	5. Duet (Phyllis and Strephon)	.. .. .	" None shall part us."
	6. Entrance and March of Peers (Tenors and Basses)	.. .. .	" Loudly let the trumper bray."
	6a. Entrance of Lord Chancellor		
	7. Song (Lord Chancellor and Chorus of Peers)	.. .. .	" The Law is the true embodiment."
	8. Trio and Chorus of Peers (Phyllis, Lord Tolloller and Lord Mountarat)	.. .. .	" My well-loved Lord."
	9. Recit. (Phyllis)	.. .. .	" Nay, tempt me not."
	10. Chorus of Peers and Song (Lord Tolloller)	.. .. .	" Spurn not the nobly born."
	11. Ensemble (Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountarat, Strephon, Lord Chancellor, and Chorus of Peers)	.. .. .	" My lords it may not be."
	12. Song (Lord Chancellor)	.. .. .	" When I went to the Bar."
	13. Finale Act 1. (Phyllis, Iolanthe, Queen, Leila, Celia, Strephon, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountarat, Lord Chancellor, and Chorus of Fairies and Peers)	.. .. .	" When darkly looms the day."

**ACT II.**

No.	1. Song (Sentry)	.. .. .	" When all night long a chap remains."
	2. Chorus of Fairies and Peers	.. .. .	" Strephon's a Member of Parliament."
	3. Song (Lord Mountarat and Chorus)	.. .. .	" When Britain really ruled the waves."
	4. Duet (Leila, Celia, with Chorus of Fairies, Lord Mountarat and Lord Tolloller)	.. .. .	" In vain to us you plead."
	5. Song (Queen, with Chorus of Fairies)	.. .. .	" Oh, foolish fay."
	6. Quartet (Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountarat and Sentry)	.. .. .	" Tho' p'r'aps I may incur your blame."
	7. Recit. and Song (Lord Chancellor)	.. .. .	" Love unrequited robs me of my rest."
	8. Trio (Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountarat and Lord Chancellor)	.. .. .	" He who shies at such a prize."
	9. Duet (Phyllis and Strephon)	.. .. .	" If we're weak enough to tarry."
	10. Recit. and Ballad (Iolanthe)	.. .. .	" My Lord, a suppliant at your feet."
	11. Recit. (Iolanthe Queen, Lord Chancellor and Fairies)	.. .. .	" It may not be."
	12. Finale (Phyllis, Iolanthe, Queen, Leila, Celia, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountarat, Strephon, Lord Chancellor, and Chorus of Fairies and Peers)	.. .. .	" Soon as we may, off and away."

Page five



ERNEST H. TURNER, A R.C.O.,  
Hon. Musical Director.



H. ASHLEY COOPER,  
Producer and Stage Manager.

# “ IOLANTHE ”

OR  
“ THE PEER AND THE PERI ”  
BY  
W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

## Dramatis Personæ

THE LORD CHANCELLOR	... ..	F. J. COLLINGE
EARL OF MOUNTARARAT	... ..	CLIFFORD A. KING
EARL TOLLOLLER	... ..	W. HUBERT FORD
PRIVATE WILLIS (of the Grenadier Guards)	... ..	JACK COLE†
STREPHON (an Arcadian Shepherd)	... ..	HERBERT BISCHOFF
QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES	... ..	JOSÉ SCOTT
IOLANTHE (a Fairy, Strephon's Mother)	... ..	MARY DONOVAN* WINIFRED FIELDEN†
CELIA	... ..	PEGGY CHAPMAN
LEILA	... ..	DORIS WARNER
FLETA	... ..	DORIS PIPER
PHYLLIS (an Arcadian Shepherdess and Ward in Chancery)	... ..	PHYLLIS M. BAKER

\* Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings.  
† Tuesday and Friday Evenings, both Matinees.  
‡ G. VENMORE ROWLAND on Wednesday Evening and Thursday Matinee.

CHORUS OF DUKES, MARQUISES, EARLS, VISCOUNTS, BARONS, AND FAIRIES.

## Scenes

ACT I.: AN ARCADIAN LANDSCAPE.

ACT II.: PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER.

Date—between 1700 and 1882.

There will be an interval of 15 minutes between the Acts.

It is hoped that the audience will be seated in good time and will observe SILENCE during the playing of the Overture.

Out of consideration for the singers it is hoped that gentlemen will refrain from SMOKING.



## Ladies and Gentlemen of the Chorus

EVA PALMER	KATHLEEN BROWN	CHARLES F. JEFFERY
VERA BONNER	WINIFRED LEWIS	WILLIAM V. GRIBBELL
MONA SHEPPARD	MURIEL DOBLE	C. LUPTON FIELDEN
SYBIL BAYLISS	EDITH SQUIRE	HAROLD FIELDEN
DORIS EVERETT	DOROTHY HAMILTON (Understudy Leila)	CYRIL DOBLE
MAUD CATER	GLADYS ROGERS	WILFRED C. BROWN
DORIS B. NEALE (Understudy Celia)	OLIVE CHAMBERS	FRANK CORK
CASSIE BOWLES	G. F. B. HUGHES	J. G. THIRTLE
GRACE RAINBIRD	W. BRUCE	ALAN T. GODBOLD
MAY HEAP	F. T. HAMILTON	ALBERT E. LEGGETT
NANCY BARKER	ALFRED C. SAUNDERS	HAROLD CROSS
GRACE TRACEY	HORACE PEARCE	N. JOSCELYNE (Understudy Private Willis)
ETHEL TURNER	LESLIE C. W. ROBERTS	S. E. WILSON
A. R. FARQUHARSON	LEONARD W. R. PEASE (Understudy Strephon)	Train Bearer: BRIAN WHITE
WINIFRED EVERETT	HAROLD TURNER (Understudy Lord Chancellor)	
VIOLET RICHIE (Understudy Fleta)		

## Orchestra

<b>Violins—</b>	<b>Cellos—</b>	<b>Bassoon—</b>
*DAVEY MARKS (Leader)	MAX HOLST	H. O. COUSINS
*J. GINSBURG	*F. G. HART	<b>Cornets—</b>
IDA BURSTON	<b>Double Bass—</b>	A. FRENCH
GERTRUDE ABLIN	*E. PULLEN	J. T. JONES
HILDA SMITH	<b>Oboe—</b>	*V. YANTZEN
MINNIE MARDON	EDWARD TRELFOED	<b>Horns—</b>
JOAN RANDOLPH-SYMONS	<b>Flutes—</b>	C. F. BARTON
JACK GODBOLD	A. LACEY	J. A. MARTIN
	A. M. WALKER	<b>Trombones—</b>
<b>Violas—</b>	<b>Clarionets—</b>	JOHN WHITING
A. H. HARVEY, F.R.C.O.	JULIAN EGERTON	JOHN HURSEY
F. J. SMITH	F. E. WRIGHT	<b>Tympani, etc.—</b>
ERIC G. H. TURNER		*VINCENT RENNIE

\* Members of Hippodrome Orchestra.

PRODUCER AND STAGE MANAGER .. .. . H. ASHLEY COOPER  
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THE COLCHESTER PLAYERS present “THE BEST PEOPLE.” Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, February 7th, 8th, and 9th, at 8 p.m. Matinee, Saturday, at 2.30 p.m.



*Private Willis—Jack Cole.  
Fairy Queen—José Scott.*



*Fairy Queen:*  
"How would you like to be a fairy  
guardsman?"



*Phyllis—Phyllis M. Baker.*



*Leila—Doris Warner.  
Celia—Peggy Chapman.  
Fleta—Doris Piper.*

*Leila:* "Something awful! She  
married a mortal!"  
*Fleta:* "Oh! Is it injudicious to  
marry a mortal?"  
*Leila:* "Injudicious! It strikes at  
the root of the whole fairy  
system! By our laws, the  
fairy who marries a mor-  
tal, dies!"



*Fairy Queen—José Scott.*





Fairy Queen—José Scott. Celia—Peggy Chapman. Leila—Doris Warner. Flea—Doris Piper.  
Private Willis—Jack Cole.

Fairy Queen: "That is how I treat my regard for that man!"



Iolanthe—Winifred Fielden. Phyllis—Phyllis M. Baker. Mountararat—Clifford A. King.  
Tolloller—W. Hubert Ford. Strephon—Herbert Bischoff.

Phyllis, Mountararat, Tolloller, Iolanthe, Strephon: "We think we heard him say,  
That on a rainy day,  
To while the time away,  
On her he'd call!"



Fairy Queen—José Scott.  
Iolanthe—Mary Donovan.  
Lord Chancellor—F. J. Collinge.

Queen:  
"Death thy doom, and thou  
must die."

Phyllis—Phyllis M. Baker.  
Earl of Mountararat—  
Clifford A. King.  
Earl Tolloller—W. Hubert Ford.



Phyllis: "As none are so noble—none so rich as these couple of lords . . . . . and I don't care which!"  
Page eleven



*Phyllis*—Phyllis M. Baker.  
*Strephon*—Herbert Bischoff.



*Phyllis*: "But I'd rather have half  
a mortal I do love than  
half-a-dozen I don't."



*Fairy Queen*—José Scott.  
*Lord Chancellor*—F. J. Collinge.  
*Earl of Mountararat*—Clifford A. King.  
*Earl of Tolloller*—W. Hubert Ford.



*Fairy Queen*:

"And a Duke's exalted station  
Be attainable by Competitive  
Examination!"



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