

ADVERTISEMENTS

C A F É V I C T O I R E

PRESENTS

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SAMUEL FRENCH LTD



31 MARCH - 3 APRIL 2004 THE VICTORY HALL BALCOMBE

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR

was first devised by Theatre Workshop, directed by Joan Littlewood, in 1963. It chronicles the horrors of the First World War through a series of short scenes based around the songs, pictures and documents of that period. As Victor Spinetti, one of the original cast, writes in the current script of the piece:

“We all knew something of the background to that war but I never knew that all the fuses for the shells were made in Britain and that the Germans bought their share from us during the war. I didn't know that the women who worked in the munitions factories had their hands dyed yellow, permanently, from the saltpetre. Nor did I have any idea of the losses in that war. Ten million dead. Twenty one million wounded. Seven million missing. At Passchendaele alone, thirteen thousand men were lost in three hours. Haig's comment was, 'Mostly gamekeepers and servants'.”

Our presentation of the piece comes about following the persistent vision of our producer, Rodney Saunders, who has for many years wanted to see this particular show put on in the awesome setting provided by the frescos of Balcombe's Victory Hall.

We hope you enjoy it, but we hope too that it makes us all reflect again on the sheer scale of the wilful destructiveness which allowed it to happen as it did.



OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR

Please join us, if you wish, in singing the reprise of this chorus at the very end of the show.

*Oh, oh, oh it's a lovely war
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh?
Oh, it's a shame to take the pay;
As soon as reveille is gone,
We feel just as heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeant
Brings our breakfast up to bed.
Oh, oh, oh it's a lovely war,
What do we want with eggs and ham,
When we've got plum and apple jam?
Form fours, right turn,
How shall we spend the money we earn?
Oh, oh, oh it's a lovely,
Oh, oh, oh it's a lovely,
Oh, oh, oh it's a lovely war.*



ADVERTISEMENTS

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

The War To End All Wars

“If I should die, think only this of me;
That there’s some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England...”

Rupert Brooke
The War Sonnets: V. The Soldier

“...the least rewarded of all wars
that men have fought.”

Winston Churchill
A valedictory to Rupert Brook
The Times, April 26, 1915



ADVERTISEMENTS

THE PLAYERS

Mike Anderson	Isabel Gordon	John Randall
Botts Bottomley	Eddie Hammond	Mike Rayner
John Bunn	Jim Knight	Barbara Saunders
Caroline Carpenter	Margaret Laker	Rodney Saunders
Chris Carr	Chris Mitchell	Glynis Sayer
Mike Chatt	Neil Mitchell	Nancy Towers
Maria Daultrey	David Moore	Chris Walker
Sue Etheridge	Colette Randall	Manuela Warburton
Dorothy France		Douglas Wragg

THE CREW

Martin Allitt <i>Stage Manager</i>	John Moore..... <i>Slide Operator</i>
Anthea Bell..... <i>FOH</i>	John Randall..... <i>Set Building</i>
Roger Bell..... <i>FOH</i>	Robert Saunders..... <i>Graphic Design</i>
Denise & Martin Bugler... <i>Props</i>	Rodney Saunders..... <i>Producer</i>
Steven Daultrey..... <i>FOH</i>	Pam Taylor..... <i>Prompt</i>
Norman Howard..... <i>FOH</i>	Julie Walker..... <i>FOH</i>
Eileen Knight <i>Set Design</i>	Priscilla Williamson..... <i>FOH</i>
Jim Knight..... <i>Director</i>	Robin Williamson..... <i>FOH Manager</i>
Margaret Laker..... <i>Make-up</i>	Nigel Willson..... <i>Technical Manager</i>
Keith Major..... <i>Lighting</i>	Eileen Winn..... <i>Costumes</i>
Diane Mitchell..... <i>Costumes</i>	Douglas Wragg..... <i>Musical Director</i>

FOH = Front of House



FUTILITY

Move him into the sun –
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds –
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved – still warm – too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
- O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

*The author of this poem, Wilfred Owen, was badly injured in 1917
but returned to the front in August 1918.
He was killed on November 4th - seven days before the armistice.*



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The players and crew would like to thank:

Paul Scofield
*for agreeing to be patron of the production and for recording the poems
with which the show opens and closes.*

The Balcombe Estate
for sponsoring the production

The Victory Hall Management Committee
for the use of the Victory Hall for rehearsals and performances

Balcombe W I
for use of the W I Room

Balcombe Parochial Church Council
for use of the Parish Room

Balcombe Social Club
for its cooperation and assistance

Mark Fairweather
*for donating meals at his restaurant, Evolution in Haywards Heath, as
lucky programme prizes*

Nigel Willson
for donating the wine from his vineyard at Lower Ricks, Balcombe

Isabel Gordon
for providing the box office in Threads

and the numerous other people of Balcombe
without whose support and assistance
this production could not have been
achieved.

*All profits from our production are being
donated to The Victory Hall*



CAFÉ VICTOIRE

Menu/Table des Scènes

LES AMUSE-GUEULES

Overture
The beginning of things

LES HORS D'OEUVRES

The War Game
The posturing powers of Europe

An Afternoon in Sarajevo
The excuse for war

The War Begins
Belgium falls: the French go hunting

Enlistment
The euphoria of the volunteers

The Allies Confer and Consult Each Other
An Anglo-French duologue with Belgian commentary

From Mons (Belgium) to Waterloo (Station)
The first injured reach home

All Quiet on the Western Front
It was not all over by Christmas

ENTRACTE

*20 minutes to enjoy your
pre-ordered drinks from the bar*

LES VIANDES

Oh What a Lovely War
Britain introduces conscription

The Shooting Party
Business as usual

Back at the Front
A pep talk in the trenches

Waltzing in Picardy
Sir Douglas Haig joins the dance

Haig's Offensive
The first attack on the Somme, July 1916

The Peace Platform
Mrs Pankhurst pleads for peace

Passchendaele
The third battle of Ypres, 1917

LES DESSERTS

Hymns Ancient and Modern
Asking the Almighty for help

A Burial Party
...but Haig still believes

Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers
Life on the home front

Finale
The war to end all wars

