The Queen of the Cannibal Isles
A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

Book By
EDWIN C. VOSE, '11
And
CLARENCE A. STEWART, '12

Music By
ORVILLE B. DENISON, '11
SCOTT B. PUTNAM, '11
HENRY A. HALE, Jr., '10

John S. Martin, '12
Raynor H. Allen, '09

Lyrics By
EDWIN C. VOSE, '11
RAYNOR H. ALLEN, '09

Dudley Clapp, '10
Henry O. Glidden, '13

Barto V. Reeves, '12

Presented Under the Management of
Dudley Clapp, '10, General Manager
Irving W. Wilson, '11, Business Manager
John H. Lenaerts, '12, Robert W. Weeks, '13, Daniel F. Conlon, '13, Assistants
Kenneth Greenleaf, '11, Stage Manager
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Henry C. Davis, Jr., Publicity Manager
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ACT I

1. Opening Chorus
2. It's Great to be a Hero - Datto Goah and Chorus
3. What to do - Don't do it - Datto Goah and Hamdi Singh
4. Hail to Her Majesty - Chorus
5. We're the Villains - Katamaroi, Royal Chef, and Singh Singh
6. Tourists - Mrs. Jenn, Roberta Schlick, Jones, Henry Schlick, and Lord Lengtleigh
7. Copy for the Paper - Jones
8. Finale - Ensemble

ACT II

9. Opening Chorus
10. The Royal Chef - Royal Chef and Chorus
11. Home would look good to me now - Mrs. Jenn, Roberta Schlick, Jones, Henry Schlick, and Lord Lengtleigh
12. Queen of the Cannibal Isles - Queen and Chorus
13. Tropicannibal Isle - Natives
14. I guess that's Loving Some - Queen and Jones
15. Finale - Jones and Ensemble

ACT III

16. Opening Chorus
17. King of Boozeland - King and Chorus
18. By my Coconant Tree - King and Chorus
19. Quit yer Kiddin' - Katamaroi
20. The Sailors of the U.S.N - Lieut. Jack Garden and Chorus
21. When the Right Girl Meets the Right Boy - Lieut. Jack Garden and Roberta Schlick

Tech
Opening Chorus Act I.

No. 1.

E.C. VOSE '41.

Allegretto.

J.S. MARTIN '12.

PIANO.
Ladies.

We love to watch the guards at drill.

They seem to do it with a will. All hail to her majesty's royal guard, to the royal guard all hail.
Guards.

You see in us the members of a gallant little band. You

The girls all fall in love with us up to their very ears. Ladies, we

can't find our superiors in any other land. A

know that for herioic stuff we cannot find their peers. Guards, our

finer, braver lot of men it would be hard to meet. For

uniforms they look so neat, we alway make a hit. Ladies, and

we're the can dy soldier boys, we know we can't be beat. I

when they march along the street, they know that they are it. They

Teck
tell you that we are the goods, We're raised on Union Food.

cheer us loudly as we pass, I tell you there's some class.

Guards. We are her majesty's royal guard, The pride of the

Ladies. They are her majesty's royal guard, The pride of the

land are we. Guards. So give us a cheer, for we

land are we. Ladies. So give them a cheer, for they

fight without fear, when the enemy we see.

fight without fear, when the enemy they see.
We are the heroes of this isle.
They are the heroes of this isle.

Guards:

beat us would be hard;
beat them would be hard;

So in
So in

case of a fuss, they just call upon us, We're her
case of a fuss, they just call upon us, They're her

majesty's royal guard.

Freh
It's Great to be a Hero

No.2.
E. C. Vose, '11

J. S. Martin, '12

In me you see a Captain bold, of
My bravery has made of me the

great ability. My praise is sung by young and old, Of this commun-
i-dol of the realm. They know the ship of state is safe, When I am at the

ty. Up-on my powers they rely. They think I am immense. And
helm Where'er I go, I win. I know the heart of ev'ry miss. It

Text
Every time that I pass by, The cheering is intense.
Sure is fun to be the one, They all desire to kiss.

CHORUS

It's great to be a hero And wear a hero's smile.
To own the people's gratitude And keep their praise on file.
The girls all want to kiss you You have a pile of fun.
Just keep the other heroes off and your fame's won.

Deck
No. 3.

What to do - Don't do it.

E.C.VOSE '11

Allegro.

J.S.MARTIN '12

There is a certain class of folks in every community. Who are countless clients we have had prove our superiority. Over

There
al-ways bound to get in wrong if there's an op-per-tu-ni-ty. Their
all com-pet-it-ors com-bined we get a large ma-jor-i-ty. Our

friends look down and pity them, these Jo-nahs of hu-man-i-ty; But
hum-blest pa-trons we de-light with sim-ple per-spi-cu-i-ty; While

nev-er think of help-ing them pre-vent a new ca-la-mi-ty; But
rich and poor they all u-nite to praise our in-ge-nu-i-ty; They

here's a clev-er scheme we've planned, We give them all the ad-vice they'll stand.
want our coun-sel 'cause we're wise. We don't ev-en have to ad-ver-tise.
We always tell them what to do, we give advice and counsel, too. Tho'
sometime it's not easy to see through it.

tell you, we're a clever pair, we own the patent on hot air. We

tell 'em what to do and they don't do it. We it.
Hail to Her Majesty.

Maestoso.

Our majesty approaches, Her Majesty to bestow,
Row all in servile humility And your devotion

Sing to the fairest ruler The world has ever seen, Your voices raise and shout her praise For she's our royal Queen.
We're the Villains.

No. 5.

H. 0. GLIDDEN '38

Allegro.

Moderato.

Stealth-i-ly we steal a-bout, In si-lence of the night Sh! We're the
Ghosts and spir-it's ev'ry-where; We crouch and hold our breath; Sh! We're the

Vil-lains, Sh! We're the Vil-lains, Treach'rous desp-rate, fear-less, hard-hid, craft-y
Vil-lains, Sh! We're the Vil-lains, Treach'rous desp-rate, fear-less, hard-hid, craft-y

Vil-lains, For mis-chief on-ly are we out, We'll work with all our
Vil-lains, For mys-ter-y is in the air, Dis-cov-er-y means

Teck.
We're the Villains. Cruel, fiendish, crooked, plotting base death.

Well start a riot or a fight, we'll kill, we'll kill, we'll kill,

Mid blood and gore on human flesh with fiendish glee we'll dine, we'll cut and slash, and

scrape the bone, we'll gnaw and bite, we'll shriek and groan. Sh! We're the Villains Sh! We're the
Tourists

No. 6.

H. V. REEVES, '12

S. B. PUTNAM, '11

Allegro

Some people are roaming the country for health, And some for the fun of the

We've got left in the lift of an English hotel, And blarneyed in Dub-lin and

Voices
life,
And some for the purpose of showing their wealth, And
Cork,
We've had baked beans and brownbread in Boston as well, And

some to escape from a wife,
The thing we enjoy is the
walked up Broadway in New York,
We've painted bright red the old

freedom from care, You can ride in a taxi or bus,
You can
mill in Pariser Hoched'der Kaiser in German for luck,
Where Ted

stop when you like, you can go anywhere, When you're touring a long with us, We are
pot-ted hippos with ko-daks were we, We're a touristcrat-ical bunch.
tour-ists, tour-ists, traveling over the land
With a golfing cap upon the back of the head, and a field glass in our hand, For we are tour-ists,
tour-ists, Faces all sunburned and tanned; With our Baedeker book, and our guide Mr. Cook, We're a tireless touring band. For we are band.
No. 7.

E. O. Vose '15.

J. S. Martin '12.

Allegro.

1. Oh!
2. A
3. The

here's a bul-ly scoop, my friends, I know'll make a hit.
If
mur-der is a love-ly thing, To read a-bout at night; With
head-lines that the pa-pers have, They make the pub-lic jump; They
I could only get it home. "Would stir things up a bit;"
"Four photographs and diagrams, It seems a gruesome sight;"
But get you all excited but, The small type brings a slump;
As tourists on an unknown isle, About to be devoured;
Think look at Sam-my Prescott’s face; A murderer is he;
"Sedgwick skips theICONI-TRY" (p. 39) To travel for his health;
Or how the editor would smile: "It’s equal to the Howard;"
"Caused the death of thousands in bacteriology;"
"Bartlett is arrested, Speeding in our common-wealth."

Vers.
For it's copy, copy, copy, Anything that's news will do
Murders weddings and divorces, Hurry up and send it through, Then it's

copy, copy, copy, Scandals, crimes, and sporting dope,

rit.

Some big scoop to hand our rivals Is our fond-est hope.
No. 8.

Finale Act I.

E.C. Vose '11

Allegretto.

J.S. Martin '12

most important man am I, My office holds me up on high, For

Chorus.

I'm the special envoy For He's the special envoy. Up-

on my mission all depends That's why they're careful whom they send, So
Chorus.

I'm the special envoy So He's the special envoy For

I am the special envoy The Queen's Ambassador

minister plenipotentiary. And then I guess some more

I'm on a royal mission To represent our land Just
trust in me and I'll win you see. So strike up the band.

Tempo di Valse.

Affairs of state, Affairs of state, how tiresome you are. And yet for you all things must wait, You are my evil star. The
cares of state, the snares of state, Too man-y to re-late;

fear they'll be the death of me, These dreadful Af-fairs of State.

Allegro molto.

The cap-tives, oh, the cap-tives, We've got 'em on a

string, The cap-tives, oh, the cap-tives, At thought of them we sing. We
live on alligator stew. But we love missionaries, too. The captives, oh, the captives. We're crazy after you. The captives, oh, the captives. We're crazy after you. Oh, you captives. Oh, you captives. We love our alligator stew. But oh, you captives.
We've come together this hour to-day To cook up our daily meal.

And as our dinner gets under way Round the kettle we stealily steal.

We dance, we leap, we're daring and buoyant Shout and sing we're happy and joyant

Circling round and round to the sound of the ton.
toms, Come and join in our happy choir. Come and join in our dance and song.

Then be glad and free as you enter our

wild jamboree. And be bête and gay. Come and throw all your cares a way. To and

fro we go Round the fiery glow in our dance of a banished glee.
Dance and sing with all your might for dinner time will soon be here with all of its pleasures Leap and glide from left to right throw up your arms and shout a wild Hurray Hur- rah Give your patriotic yell so that the
air will 'em re-sound with vi-brant ech-o-es

Soak 'em, choke 'em Boil 'em smoke 'em eat 'em up a-live

Then
dance and sing with all your might for din-ner time is nigh

Give the pa-tri-o-tic yell of the Can-ni-bal Isles.
The Royal Chef.

No. 10.

B. V. REEVES 12.  

O. B. DENISON II.

I'm the cook to her majesty,
When I cook for her majesty,
I'm the Boss of her whole cuisine.

Finest in the land, you see,
Finer food you never will see,
I'm the Lord of the pots and pans.

Took.
And great skill is necessary, To prepare a missionary.
For preparing dainty dishes, That will suit my mistress' wishes,

So he's fit for the table of a queen.
I've got Chefs from France like 'al- so rans:"

I can roast 'em, I can boil 'em, And I'm never known to spoil 'em,
I can bake 'em, I can fry 'em, And they're always glad to try 'em,

I'm the very finest cook this Isle has ever seen. I
I'll cook any thing from elephant to black and tans.

Teck.
REFRAIN.

I am the royal chef,
The royal chef,
At the royal cooking school, I never got an F. And the way I serve the state, Is to serve a tasty plate For

Chorus.

1. I am (He is, he is) the royal chef.
2. I am (He is, he is) the royal chef.

Fed.
Home would look good to me now.

1. Oh! take me back to Boston mine, To Boylston street once more,
   I long to see a tax-i-cab, To dodge them as of yore; I'm gain,
   wild to see old Charlie Wirth, I pine for Sub-way air, And

2. My greatest wish is to be back On Wall Street once again,
   I long to hear the tick-er-tick, And be with oth-er men; I
   I pine to be in pol-i-tics; I'll raise the price of pork If
oh that dear Tech Union lunch I wish that I were there
on-ly I get back some more, in lit-tle old New York.

Home would look
good to me now that's true; I wish that I were
there I do; This place may be fine, but I feel blue; Oh!

1. home would look good to me now.
2. now.
Queen of the Cannibal Isles.

No. 12.

E. J. Vose \( \text{M} \).                                  O. B. Denison \( \text{M} \).

I thank my subjects one and all, For this obseance low,
I love my own, my native land: My charming isle.

Where please me to see the love, That for your queen you show.
My sweet contentment fills the air, On every face a smile.

The rule is one of happiness, Enjoying every hour.
Sun shines out from cloudless skies, It thrills me thro' and thro',

Took.
Chorus.

would not change my little throne, for universal pow'r. She
all about on ev'ry hand, there rolls the ocean blue. While

Tempo di Valse.

would not change her little throne, for universal pow'r.
all about on ev'ry hand, there rolls the ocean blue.

I am the Queen of the Cannibal Isles, I love my

realm so dear. I rule the finest land for
miles, My skies are always clear.

My subjects all their homage pay—Their faces wreathed in smiles.

My slightest wish they all obey; I'm the Queen of the Cannibal Isles.
Tropicannibal Isle.

R.H. ALLEN, '09.

Moderato.

Piano:

\(\text{Wailin' here fo' ma lovely cuddled lady Southern}
\text{Now this gal is a lady most poetic Ber ol'}
\text{stars are a shinin up above Ah waits}
\text{man is mis-tah Ro-me-o So she'll}

Text.
her to know for she is my baby

Loves her so

know when she hears my song pathetic

She has this

much Ah wants her to be my own little

soon guy up in de sky high Ah wants to

turtle dove.

let her know.

Underneath the

tropical moon on a tropical island

Took.
love songs fill the air
Bright eyes smile
My honey

here beside the silvery sea I'll be waiting all the

while Nightbirds flying Hear me sighing waiting for you

honey on my own tropi-canibal isle. My honey isle.
I Guess that's Loving Some.

No. 14.


M. E. EEN. This Isle of mine you will a-gree,

JONES. I will a-gree your lit-tle Isle,

Has its fine points to a large de-gree When it comes to mak-ing love.

Has got us beat-en by a mile When it comes to mak-ing love.

Terā.
When it comes to making love, 
A nicer place I've never seen

When it comes to making love, Then we're right in it you'll admit,

It also has a lovely Queen, We don't make Cupid work a bit, 
When it comes to making love, When it comes to making love,

You don't waste time, I'm right in line. 
You're right in line, So don't waste time. 
Be my love-y dove-y

Be my toot-sie woot-sie Be my Baby Doll.

Verse.
For I love but you, dear, And you know that's true, dear. I want you just you, that's all.
You're my honey bunny. For you're all the money,
You're my sugar plum. Now's the proper time, love,
Say that you'll be mine, love, Guess that's loving some. some.

Ted.
Finale Act II

NABOB JONES

J. S. MARTIN '12

No. 15.
E. C. Vose, '11

In

me my friends you now may see, Your new-ly chos-en king, I'm
wonder what the boys at home Would say if they saw me, A

Treb
ready to accept my rule I'm good for anything; Your
sitting here upon my throne, In all my finery; I'll

queen and I both side by side, Will rule this land as one. So
but I'll make them gasp for breath. They'd think that they had "hats;" It

give us both a cheer, With voices loud and clear, So
would be some surprise, That you can well surmise, They'd

I'll have some idea Of the future that is near. For I am
scarce believe their eyes, Until I put them wise. For I am
Na - bob Jones Es - quire,
In your new King - ly Sire;
So
deck me out with bells and rings, And all that I de - sire.
On
el-e-phants I'll ride, With your Queen here by my side, Now she's
Lil - i-o-ka-zoo-ka, Jones Es - quire. For I am quire.
Opening Chorus Act III.

No. 16.

E. O. Vose "H.

Maestoso.

O. B. Denison "H.

Piano.
All hail the sun! All hail the sun! All hail the rising sun!
The sun appears off in the East, it marks the break of day.
It showers all with golden light, it makes all bright and gay.
The trees all shine in
brilliant green and cloudless is the sky. The birds awake with plumage bright. They sing as you pass by.

Salute the dawn! Salute the dawn has come!
A-wake your royal majesty, Your majesty a-wake. The day brings forth new pleasures Of which you should partake. Your subjects all await you. Their homage they would pay. So wake your royal majesty and greet the day. A-wake, our Queen, a-wake!
King of Boozeland

E. C. Yose, '11

J. S. Martin, '12

I am a royal
The peerless nation

po-tentate, I am a mon-arch grand, My rule's su-pre-me, and that's no dream. I'm
that I rule, It real-ly can't be beat. My sol-diers lunch on clar-et punch. They've

loved thru' out the land. My king-dom is a beau-tyspot. Where freely flows the wine,
never known de-feat. My sub-jects are in-dus-trious. They work to beat the band. And

Chorus

'take a drink each time I think It makes me feel di-vine. It makes him feel di-vine.
tend my crops of bran-dy drops. The fin-est in the land. The fin-est in the land.

Took
REFRAIN

Oh! I'm King Co-co Co-la, I rule a kingdom grand, My subjects and my property I keep all well in hand. For I'm a royal monarch, I'll have you understand.

I'm Co-co Co-la

King of Booze-land. Oh! land.
By My Cocoanut Tree.

No. 18.

R. H. ALLEN '09.

VOICE.

PIANO.

On a
This

Co-co-nut isle there lived a coon. And a cocoanut coon was he. He
Co-co-nut coon was a red hot sport From his shoes to his cocoanut crown.
lived all day and he slept all night In the shade of the coconuts

One
greased himself with cocoa grease And he sailed to Boston town

There he

lovely day for coconuts A maid went strolling by

He
fell in love with every girl He passed on the way

So he

hand-ed her a cocoa bean And then she heard him sigh Oh!
gathered them together And to the whole bunch he did say

Fool.
REFRAIN.
First time slowly—Second faster.

Ah am the king of the Coconut nuts In all this great big land

wealth is great and Ah would state Ah'm a regu-lar Frank-ie Rand; So

maid with the eyes of a co-co-co brown Ah wants you ma wife to be. An'well

Drink Co-co co Ja from a co-coconut cup (Good Laved) By ma coconut tree.

TooA.
No. 19.

**DUDLEY CLAPP III.**

**O. B. DENISON III.**

**Allegro.**

**PIANO.**

When Wil-lie Jones went to Re-vere, on Sat-ur-day at
two, He saw a maid-en nif-ty, and he said, How do you do. She
an-swered him so sweet-ly that he took her to the shows And

when he started jol-ly lag-she said in tones that froze

Quit your kid-ding kid-do, 'cause you can't kid me, You

think you're quite a kid-do straight from kid-der-ville. I see Tho your
manner may be breezy don't you do me out as easy But just
quit your kidding kid do, 'cause you can't kit me...

DANCE.

Teck.
No. 20.

E. C. VOSE '11

The Sailors of the U. S. N.

O. B. DENISON '11

Tempo di Marcia

Oh, we're the Yan-kee sail-or's symphon
We love the bat-tle's din and roar, we ex-

U. S. man-of-war. We tar-ry at our head the flag of the land we're fight-ing
joy the pow-der's smell. And for our dear old Un-ule Sam we'd fight un-till we

for; So give us a cheer and nev-er fear; we're out to win, you bet. For
fell; In lurk-ing dan-gers we de-light, for mines we have no fear. Our

For 4.
we're afraid of nobody we've never been licked yet.
Lives we'll give in service for the land we love so dear.

*REFRAIN.*

We are the Yankee sailors,

Uncle Sam's sailors, boys;

We go where duty calls us.

We're right there with the...
[Music notation]

You'll always find us ready

To fight and fight again.
So give a cheer,
for the stars and stripes,
And the boys of the

1. [Music notation]
2. [Music notation]
When the Right Girl Meets the Right Boy.

E. C. Vose '14.

O. B. Denison '14.

Heroin. There's a time and place for all things. That's a saying I've heard.

Lient. Every rule has its exceptions. That's a fact, you know, sir. How would I know if it's true?

Heroin. Yes, we all know that exceptions exist. Could you see yourself as I do?

Lient. But the rule of love is something I am sure you would agree. Heroin. If you love me as I love you.
That we neve r learned at school.
That is quite en ough for me.
When the right girl meets the right boy, What mat

ters the place or the time; The ple a-ure they feel to each is so real, it

makes e v - ry thing seem sub- l ine. Th o'ks but of love, as from a bove, fill

both of their hearts with joy; The future is clear for their love is sin-cere, when the

Took,
REFRAIN

right girl meets the right boy. When the right girl meets the right boy, what matters the place or the

time; The pleasure they feel to each is so real it makes everything sublime.

Thoughts of love, as from above fill both of their hearts with joy. The

future is clear for their love is sincere. When the right girl meets the right boy.

Text,