



A
YELLOW
HAT

A YELLOW HAT

MUSICAL COMEDY

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED

BY

THE EAGLE LAKE PLAYERS

PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

JESSIE GRIGGS

and

JACK O'CONNOR

CHARLES ISLAND, EAGLE LAKE, N. Y.

AUGUST 26th AND 27th, 1929



When buying in the future, remember the merchants who have made this program possible.

Believing that a goal beyond mere personal entertainment gives any project its real and worthy excuse for being, the Eagle Lake Players have decided to ask a financial return from this production, which will be contributed to the Moses-Ludington Hospital, in order to express their appreciation to that institution on behalf of the summer residents.

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THE CAST

Professor Gueer ----- Harry Rogers
Tomnie, a Chorus Girl from Broadway ----- Margaret Conklin
Jim, a College Boy ----- William Conklin
Bob, his friend ----- George Conklin
Carmelita, a Mexican cabaret girl ----- Gladys Lodge
Peggy ----- Helen Runge
Miss Tame, her aunt ----- Mrs. Rogers
Don Pedro, a Spanish nobleman ----- Douglas Humphries
Sheriff ----- George Howe
Waitress ----- Marjorie Wright
Cops ----- Peter Flint, Johnie Rogers
Tango Dancers ----- Doris Lodge, Charles Conklin

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COMPLIMENTS OF
CUNNINGHAM'S PHARMACY

Girls' Chorus—Margaret Conklin, Eleanor Brennan, Doris Lodge, Marion Fry, Dorothy Runge, Marjorie Wright, Lois Runge.

Men's Chorus—Alfred Runge, Joseph Worth, George Howe, Charles Conklin, Jack O'Connor, Johnie Rogers.

Orchestra—Piano, Jessie Griggs; Sax, Harry Rogers; Banjo, Prentice Rogers; Violin, George Howe; 'Cello, George Conklin; Flute, Peter Flint; Mandolin, Charles Conklin.

N. B.—Some of the musical numbers to be accompanied by The Chinese "Boomb Ba."

KODAKS

FILMS

CHARLES L. ROSS
DRUGGIST

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I—A road house near the Mexican Border

1. Overture—Fox trot
2. Professor's College Song
3. Just Look at My Beautiful Features
4. A Maiden Fair
5. Spanish Love Song
6. They Call Me Miss Taine
7. We Seek a Spanish Man

Act II—A balcony facing the woods

8. Bandit Song
9. Mexican Serenade

Act III scene 1—A dream picture

10. Swimming Dance

Scene 2—A terrace overlooking the bay

11. Entomological Love Lyric

Act IV—Same as act III, scene 2

12. A Sailor's Ditty
13. Military Collegians
14. You're Found at Last
15. I'll Not be Happy
16. Happy Ending

LYRICS

ACT I

PROFESSOR'S COLLEGE SONG

At college they are often vulgar and rude,

The best of my lectures are sometimes tabooed.

You tell them they're foolish and certain to funk,

They answer, "You'd better start packing your trunk."

CHORUS

They're 'crazy; they're lazy; they say they don't care.

Pupils are many, but students are rare.

At times they get studious and travel abroad.

They look at the Venus and say she's a fraud.

They go to the opera and call it a bore.
You tell them they're foolish—they show you the door.

They go over to Scotland and bring back some Scotch;

They travel to the Rhineland to look for the watch.

They journey to Paris to pick up some French,

And all they pick up is a miserable wench.

TOMMIE'S VAMP

Just look at my beautiful features,
Observe the well-shaped hips,
Now ain't I the finest of creatures,
With two such luscious red lips?

A MAIDEN FAIR

A maiden fair, a maiden fleeting,
Has set a fellow's heart to beating.
A flashing glance, a fluff of hair,
None to her can quite compare!

The prettiest girl we ever saw
Asked us the way to the Patio.
And soon she'll come—
A yellow hat,
A sporting car,
And all of that.

SPANISH LOVE SONG

Look into my eyes, Senor,
Dark as midnight skies, Senor!
Do not flee me,
You must see me,
Beauty of your dreams, Senor!
See this fair, red rose, Senor;
Here it will repose, Senor.
'Twill not flee me,
Till you see me,
Beauty of your dreams, Senor!
Come while night is dark and cool,
Evening shadows play
On the star-lit lilly pool,
Luring us away.

COMPLIMENTS OF
PALM BARBER SHOP
AND
BEAUTY PARLOR

(Lyrics Continued)

THEY CALL ME MISS TAINE
They call me Miss Taine,
and it's really a shame,
for my inmost desires are wild;
but my social position
and family tradition
have made me deplorably mild.

I'm a daughter of Vikings;
with snobbish dislikes;
and a look from Don Pedro's a thrill,
my niece is so prudish,
in fact, rather rudish;
my actions have made me quite ill.

I hang my reputation;
I have a flirtation
and I vamp every man that I see.
I'm concealing your passion
is not now the fashion—
I have these men wild over me.

COPS' DUET

I seek a man, a Spanish man,
his name is Don Pedro.
I do not know how he did grow
and I disagree a wee.

I think he's old, fat, small.

I think he's young, thin, tall.

I know he grows mustachios
which often droop into his soup.

I'm a drunken sot, with costly yacht,
which causes us much fear.
I do not know why he is so sly;

We know not why he's here.

I think that he seeks loot.

I fear that he will shoot.

We know that he is smuggling stuff
And cannot catch him fast enough.

* * * * *

ACT II

Bandit Song

**"WE MUST GET THAT MAN, IF WE
POSSIBLY CAN"**

We're bad men from 'cross the border;
We defy all law and order;
Ev'rything we want, we take it.
Look out for us, we're tough!
We can't see this country's beauty,
'Cause our hearts are set on booty,
Try and stop us, you can't make it,
We'd treat you much too rough.

CHORUS

Where's that man with all that money?
What we'll do to him ain't funny.
We must have that man, if we possibly
can!

He's too rich, his purse we covet;
We don't mind murder, we love it;
We must have that man, if we possibly
can!

So just bring him here and leave him;
Of his wealth we will relieve him.
If you'd like to see us busy,
Come along, we'll make you dizzy.
We must have that man, if we possibly
can!

(Lyrics Continued)

SERENADE

Away with me, dear Carmelita,
Over the sea we will fly.
You'll be my fair Senorita;
Sing me your sweet lullaby.
Moonbeams will play on the water,
Sparkling with silvery light;
The dark pines above you
Will murmur I love you,
For you are my princess of night.

The lingering rays of the sunset
Play on your ebony hair;
Throw me that rose, Carmelita,
Then I will know that you care.
Whispering shadows are creeping
Up from the silvery;
The dark pines above you
Will murmur I love you,
And seem, dear, to call us away.

COMPLIMENTS OF
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(Lyrics Continued)

**ACT III
A SAILOR'S DITTY**

A sailor's life is a carefree one,
We let things come as they may,
We've roamed the wide world over,
And we think it quite okay.
Our captain's bold we always hold
As our dearest friends and true.
We take French leave and they're so
bereaved,
They throw us in the stew.

CHORUS

For the sea was made for sailing,
And the boat was made to row;
So between the two, with a right good
crew,
We'd vanquish any foe.

With a big port here and a small port
there,

And a girl in every one.
There's a reason why and that's no lie,
We like to have our fun.
The Japs are cute and the Spanish rare,
And the French are most petite.
But the U. S. A.—we're here to say—
Supplies them hot and neat.

MARCH OF THE COLLEGIATES

Boys' Chorus

Returning triumphant, with noises dis-
cordant,
We've cast on the camp of the Mexican
Great ruin irreparable, for cause irre-
fragable.

Gueer

(Just look that word up in the lexicon).

CHORUS

Were not very bright; but surely can
fight

A great deal better than Prexy can.
To learn is laborious; but life becomes
glorious

When we're at war with the Mexican.

Boys' Chorus

Much hard, active work the professor
did shirk

Because of his age and his chill-blains.
But we'll spread it about that in spite of
his gout

Gueer

He's made much good use of his skill-
ed brains.

CHORUS

In first preparation, his lens he did sta-
tion

On various parts of a reindeer.
He collected its fleas—do not laugh,
if you please,

For this action was certainly sane,
dear.

Boys' Chorus

Soon bugs we were spreading in enemies'
bedding,

And now comes the greatest of del-
ights:

Our Bob we did carry away in a hurry,
Gueer

While the bandits were busy with fle-
ebites.

**COMPLIMENTS OF
ROTHSCHILD'S**

(Lyrics Continued)

HAPPY ENDING

Now it's getting late,
Don't procrastinate;
Let us syncopate.
Have a happy ending
Because I'm lending
My heart to you.
Now—let's be jolly;
Have a quick finale—
That's what to do.

* * *

I'm so glad they made the rescue.
Brought me back to you. Me? Yes, you!
I think that's another miscue.
Not at all I want to kiss you.
Aren't you rather indiscreet, Sir?
You made love to Carmelita.
That was on a bet. Indeed, Sir?
You are infinitely sweeter.

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PRODUCTION STAFF

Music ----- Harry Rogers, George Conklin
Lyrics—Gladys Lodge, George Conklin, Harry Rogers, William Conklin, Margaret
Conklin, Dorothy Runge, Barbara Hubley, Doris Lodge, Jack O'Connor
Staging ----- Charles Conklin
Costumes ----- Maud Fischer, Mrs. Rogers, Margaret Conklin
Art Director ----- Maud Fischer

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