

# "ARUBIAN KNIGHTS"

A MUSICAL ROMANCE  
IN TWO ACTS

PRESENTED BY

*Camps Onibar and Geneva*



SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 28, 1937

# "Arabian Knights"

## —CHARACTERS—

CAPTAIN SNIGGLEFITZ	.. . . .	Marv Fenster
SID	.. . . .	Sid Brody
LEE	.. . . .	Lee Tancer
BUTCH	.. . . .	Lee Silver
WILBUR	.. . . .	Stan Heller
HAL	.. . . .	Hal Tancer
LARRY	.. . . .	Dr. David Goldstein
SHORTY	.. . . .	Sam Arnold
SHIRLEY	.. . . .	Shirley Brown
BUDDY	.. . . .	Buddy Rossoff
FLO	.. . . .	Flo Schultze
DAISY	.. . . .	Daisy Blau
GLADY	.. . . .	Gladys Greenberg
MISS RUTHERFORD	.. . . .	Rebe Wimpie
MISS MASLOV	.. . . .	Natalie Friedland
MYSTERIOUS PERSON	.. . . .	Sylvia Fine
SAILORS—Cy Gorin, Marty Biernbach, Bernie Freedman and Nat Salner.		
NATIVE WOMEN—Harriet Refsen, Norma Gorshan, Mimi Siegmeister and Eddie Pollack.		
NATIVE MEN—Irvin Abraham, Hal Kasdan and Marv Blumberg.		

## —PROLOGUE—

Time—Present.

### ACT I

#### Scene I

Scene—Ship's Bar.

#### Scene II

Scene—The Brig.

#### Scene III

Scene—Ship's Bar.

### ACT II

Scene—The Beach on The Isle of Aruba.

—SONGS—

1. Fleet Floats On . . . . . Chorus  
Written by Sylvia Fine.
2. I Looked At You  
Written by Irvin Abraham.
3. Million Dollars  
Written by Irvin Abraham.
4. Hummin' Thru The Rye  
Written by Sylvia Fine.
5. It's All Right With Me  
Written by Irvin Abraham.
6. Whoops My Dear  
Written by Sylvia Fine.
7. Without A Man  
Written by Irvin Abraham.
- 8 Rhumba In Aruba  
Written by Sylvia Fine.
9. Lost In The Night  
Written by Sylvia Fine.
10. Don't Say Goodbye  
Written by Sylvia Fine.

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Book . . . . . Daisy Blau  
Dialogue . . . . . Irwin W. Spiegel, Sam Arnold  
Music . . . . . Irvin Abraham, Sylvia Fine  
Direction . . . . . Stan Beskind, Sylvia Fine  
Choreography . . . . . Daisy Blau  
Scene Design . . . . . Stan Beskind  
Scene Execution . . . . . Paul K. Perilstein, Hal Rubinson  
Crew . . . . . Jay Borowsky, Marty Grodnick, Jerry Artsis  
Costumes . . . . . Mom Rabbino  
Script Prepared by . . . . . Mimi Gorschen

# SONGS

## WHAT WOULD I DO

### WITH A MILLION

What would I do with a million  
dollars

Oh, what would I do—  
I'd take that million dollars  
and spend it on you—

I'd be a Rockefeller  
I'd take you to Bonwit Teller—  
Buy you a hat so nifty—

What's the use of being thrifty  
What shall we do with this million  
dollars

Well I'll tell you what—  
And burn up a yacht—  
It would be awfully easy to make this  
all come true—

If I had a million dollars to spend on  
you.

What would I do with a million  
dollars

Oh, what would I do—  
I'd take that million dollars  
and spend it on you—  
A wad like that relaxes  
When you're thru with paying taxes  
But honey if we're foxy—

We might save enough to go to the  
Roxy—

What shall we do with this million  
dollars.

Well, darned if I care—  
Let's give 'em back their dollars—  
They get in my hair—  
Long as we have each other—  
Baby we'll come through—  
Though I haven't got a million—  
to spend on you!

### I LOOKED AT YOU

I looked at you—  
I held my breath a second—

I looked at you—  
And then you smiled—  
And in that smile I saw

Oh such a new world  
The grass was greener than green—  
It was an absolutely you world—

I looked for you—  
Impatiently I waited—

I cried for you—  
Just like a child  
Then came that gorgeous moment

My dream came true  
The moment that I looked at you.

## HUMMIN' THRU THE RYE

If you mix your Traviata  
With a little la-de-da-ta  
If you're properly soused  
And you yodel Souir Faust  
Then you're hummin' thru the Rye  
If you do Ravel's Bolero  
As you're trippin' down the stairs

Oh

If you yell Hi-de-Hi  
Toasting mud—in your eye  
Then you're hummin' thru the Rye  
Mix a dry Martini with Tosca  
And you get the courage to ask her  
If she'll take a side-car on a train  
After marching down to Wagner's  
strain

Oh if you hum the Marsseillaise, Sir  
As you're gulping down a chaser  
If you warble "My Sin"  
As you swallow your gin  
Then you're hummin' thru the Rye.

## FLEET FLOATS ON

The fleet floats on  
We've ploughed thru all the seas  
We've swabbed the decks from China  
to the Port o' Keys  
Our masts have seen the seen  
They've been heavy under ice  
Sometimes it is June, but sour—  
berries it is not so nice

The fleet floats on  
We hornpipe and we jig  
Our great delight is seeing countries  
from the brig

If we don't give a damn  
We must stow it—never show it  
For the fleet floats on—  
The fleet floats on  
Get along, little tar, or you'll never  
get far.

The fleet floats on  
Get a move on Swab tho' you're sick  
of your job

The fleet floats on, and on and on  
(etc. to chorus, etc.)