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R. S. V. P.

A MUSICAL COMEDY

PRESENTED BY THE CLASS OF 1958
VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

OCTOBER 19, 20, 1956

Director SANDY BORKUM

Musical Director CLARE WHITFIELD

Stage Manager LOUISE HOWARD

Technical Director ALISON HARPER

Assistant Stage Manager BO KNOWLTON

Choreographer SANDY BORKUM

BOOK BY:

Ann Breukleman, Jean Sonkin, Gillian MacBain, Jane Wylie, Sandra Burt,
Louise Howard, Sandy Borkum, Phyllis Gibson, Barbara Lebow, Eleanor
Pavlo, Clare Whitfield.

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY:

Clare Whitfield, Ann Breukleman, Janet Buxton, Elizabeth Frost, Phyllis
Gibson, Barbara Lebow, Sarah Lund, Eleanor Pavlo, Jean Sonkin.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

TIME: The present

PLACE: Hotel Windsor Square

ACT I Scene 1 Windsor Square Hotel
 Scene 2 Millicent's suite

ACT II Scene 1 Lobby
 Scene 2 Egyptian Room
 Scene 3 A dream

ACT III Scene 1 Outside Windsor Square Hotel
 Scene 2 Millicent's suite

Though Millicent is our very own, we would like to thank a certain author of
a certain book about a certain little girl in another hotel.

The program cover is by Sue Hunter.

THE CAST

(In order of appearance)

<i>Cleaning Woman</i>	Julie Brown
<i>Joe, the Janitor</i>	Beryl Richman
<i>Marie, a Maid</i>	Roberta Greene
<i>Maurice, a Waiter</i>	Elizabeth Smith
<i>Shoe Shine Boys</i>	Carla Poletti and Penny Freedman
<i>Pierre, the Chef</i>	Sandra Burt
<i>Gaston, his Helper</i>	Joyce Goll
<i>Max, the Elevator man</i>	Linda Hirsch
<i>French Maids</i>	Margaret Turner, Toni Suor, Andrea Kniznick
<i>Mailman</i>	Jean Evans
<i>Doorman</i>	Diana Tilt
<i>The Manager</i>	Marlese Cramm
<i>Millicent Hillman</i>	Anne Riggins
<i>Nannie</i>	Martha Noyes
<i>Professor Islip</i>	Molly Paine
<i>Caterer</i>	Ann Hunt
<i>Accountant</i>	Barbara Greene
<i>Tom, Dick, and Harry</i>	Beverly Cooper, Jane Merritt, Audrey Solomon
<i>Entertainment Director</i>	Susan Brandt
<i>Decorator</i>	Terry Atwood
<i>Assistant</i>	Sylvia Gilman
<i>Baker</i>	Becky Slack
<i>Butcher</i>	Trina Twyeffort
<i>Candle-stick Maker</i>	Phyllis Gibson
<i>Bell Boy</i>	Carolyn Merchant
<i>Sea Captain</i>	Ingeborg Gibelius
<i>Vassar Girls</i>	Suzanne Michel, Nancy Reilly, Meredith Miller
<i>Model</i>	Alex Gladstone
<i>Honeymooners</i>	Girl—Helen Dawson, Boy—Katherine Farwell
<i>Texas Oilman</i>	Jane Wylie
<i>Old Ladies</i>	Jane Buxton, Elisabeth Roberts, Patricia Soukup, Anne Breukelman
<i>Opera Singer</i>	Marjorie Cutter
<i>Country Hick</i>	Sally Swinford
<i>Rock 'n Roller</i>	Barbara Alderman
<i>Prep-school Boy</i>	Margaret Hopkins
<i>Ruby</i>	Adrianne Onderdonk
<i>Orchestra Leader</i>	B. J. Lockhart
<i>Cuban Singer</i>	Robin Neff
<i>Rumba Dancers</i>	Margaret Turner, Sue Holtz, Betty Lou Perlroth
<i>Card Fantasia:</i>	
<i>Blank Card</i>	Louise Howard
<i>King of Spades</i>	Catherine Allison
<i>Queen of Spades</i>	Margaret James
<i>Joker</i>	Jane Merritt
<i>Deuces Wild</i>	Susan Popkin, Helen Ogus
<i>Ace of Hearts</i>	Margaret Johnson
<i>Ace of Spades</i>	Winifred Johnson
<i>Cards</i>	Gretel Tyler, Beverly Cooper, Winnie Woodman, Linda Littman, Eva Kostyal, Betty Lou Grossman, Bobbi Diesenhof, Irene Galpern

<i>Chauffeur</i>	Polly Weil
<i>Mrs. Neanderthal</i>	Gilly McBain
<i>Ernest</i>	Jean Sonkin
<i>Cornelia</i>	Sue Holtz
<i>Penelope</i>	Ruth Grouse
<i>Mothers</i>	Sue Becker, Elizabeth Hulick, Celia Faulkner
<i>Children</i>	Mary White, Mary Walker, Ellen Malmquist
<i>Arab</i>	Jane Barnett
<i>Mrs. Hillman</i>	Gretel Tyler

Program Published by

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LIGHTS

Bo Knowlton assisted by Sue Albert, Carol Clarkson, Chase Coleman, Barbara Fortune, Toni May, Marcia Pears, Carla Poletti, Sue Stanwood, Mary White.

MAKE-UP

Lucia Coulter assisted by Kay Abbott, Diane Berger, Marie Bowman, Pamela Farrington, Timmi Klein, Mary Ryder, Ethel Wright.

PROPS

Deanne Beach assisted by Sandra Chaplin, Timmi Klein, Winkie Martin, Mary Ann Langdon.

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Alice Garrett assisted by Karen Bisgard, Joan Graham, Roberta Greene, Ann Jones, Beverly Lebov, Olguita Linares, Sallie McKee, Phillis Mand, Reva Messeloff, Isabelle Weber, Polly Weil, Ethel Wright, Alice Zuckerberg.

SOUND

Phillis Mand

COSTUMES

Marilyn Trail assisted by Katharine Ayers, Susan Becker, Marcia Gierspeck, Helen Gigliotti, Sandra Hallick, Elin Malmquist, Shari Ream, Audrey Solomon, Diane Bullock, Phyllis Gibson.

MUSICIANS

Piano: Linda Einfeld, Eleanor Pavlo, Betsy Frost

Bass: Gail Faithful

Percussion: Molly Paine, Sue Holtz, Carla Poletti, Peggy Hopkins

Clarinet: Billie Davis

Saxophone: Billie Davis

Flutes: Janet Buxton, Sandy Suits

Violin: Connie Beldon

Cello: Julie Phelps

Guitar: Alice Zuckerberg

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

New York Telephone Co., of Poughkeepsie

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THE SONGS FROM "R.S.V.P."

Seven O'Clock At The Windsor

Music and Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD
AND BARBARA LEBOW

It's seven o'clock at the Windsor,
The day has just begun.
We're feeling kind of lazy, and kind of low—
The manager, the doorman, and Max, and
Joe.

It's seven o'clock at the Windsor,
And everything is going slow;
The lobby's almost empty, the halls are bare,
No one's buzzed for our services, but we
don't care.

Soon traffic noises fill the air.
Horns blaring and tearing into our brains.
Quiet times like this are rare
In this hustling, bustling, rumbling, jumble.

It's seven o'clock at the Windsor,
The day has just begun.
We're feeling kind of lazy, and kind of low—
The manager, the doorman, and Max, and
Joe.

It's seven-oh-five at the Windsor,
And things are picking up.
We've received our first order, was it a laugh,
But it's Mrs. Hillman's daughter, she'll tip
the whole staff.

It's seven-oh-five at the Windsor,
And now we're having fun.
That order was a dilly, we can't deny,
But we're feeling sort of silly, who knows
why.

There's A Melody In My Heart

Music and Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD

There's a melody in my heart.
Been singin' it from the start
Of this happy day when I can say
My luck has begun
And I'm having some fun.

At a party that's just for me.
I'm happy as I can possibly be,
For this is the way,
A wonderful way
To chase a lonesome feeling away.

If you've been feeling bored and bothered,
Kind of lonesome, too,
There's no need to sit and sorrow
Have a party and you won't be blue
tomorrow.

There'll be a melody in your heart.
You'll be singing it from the start
Of that happy day
When you can say
A party is the only way.

Poor Professor Blues

Music and Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD

Millicent:
In school they treat me like a queen.
It's unthinkable to beat me ever.
When I fool and play and make a scene
They say it's good for my libido and my
liver.

Tutor:
You've got the pampered pupil jive
Oh yes the pampered pupil jive.
That's the only jive
You can't revive
Except after five
When you arrive
After a drive
At a dive
That's alive
Where you can derive
Release from inhibitions
And your pent up emotions
Come alive.

Tutor:
I've dedicated all my days
And educated many.
I've always waited for a raise
But I never got a penny.

I've got the Poor Professor Blues
Oh yes the Poor Professor Blues
They're the only blues
That you can't lose
Unless you choose
To refuse
The neglected muse
Her rightful dues
And take a cruise
With a bottle of booze
And then settle down
For a long peaceful snooze.

My Cuban Caballero

Music and Lyrics: BARBARA LEBOW, JANET

BUXTON, CLARE WHITFIELD, AND ELLIE PAVLO
Oh—on a visit down below,
Near the Gulf of Mexico
I met a Cuban Caballero.

La—as I sat in my cabana,
My Muchacho from Havana
Whispered "Mi Americana."

He said, "Te quiero, mi amor
You are the one that I adore."
I said, "Don't touch me, oh senor,"
But when he kissed me . . . more more!

Whee—you should take a look at me.
I'm the mother now of three
For I learned to say, "Si-si."

Red Hot Nanny

Music and Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD
AND BARBARA LEBOW

Tutor:
Red Hot Nanny with a Londonderry air.
Red Hot Nanny with curlers in her hair.
Red Hot Nanny with her legs all bare.
She's a Red Hot Nanny,
Red Hot Nanny—

Nanny:
Red Hot Nanny, yes sirree!
Red Hot Nanny, can't you see!
Red Hot Nanny, look at me!
I'm a Red Hot Nanny with a Londonderry
air.

Tutor:
Red Hot Nanny with a Londonderry air.
Keeps a bottle hidden in her rocking chair.
Red Hot Nanny—she don't care.
She's a Red Hot Nanny,
Red Hot Nanny—

Red Hot Nanny with a Londonderry air.
Red Hot Nanny, all the people stop and
stare.

Red Hot Nanny—she don't care
'Cause she's a Red Hot Nanny,
Red Hot Nanny—

Nanny:
Red Hot Nanny, sakes alive!
Watch me jump and jive!

Red Hot Nanny, man alive!
I'm Red Hot Nanny with a Londonderry air.

A red hot ever lovin'
Glamorous
Whiskey-shovin'
Mama to every guy
A boiling
burning
simmering
sizzling
Red Hot Nanny am I!

This Is My Day

Music and Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD

This is my day,
My happy day;
Come to my birthday party.
Lady, please stay,
Don't go away;
Come to my birthday party.

I think we'll have cake
And ice cream too
Toys and candy.
I haven't quite planned
What else we will do
But it'll be dandy.

This is my day,
My happy day;
Come to my birthday party.
Mister, please stay,
Don't go away;
Come to my birthday party.

Wouldn't You Like To Come?

Music and Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD,
BARBARA LEBOW, ELLIE PAVLO

Millicent:
Party, party, I'm having a wonderful party.
Party, party, wouldn't you like to come?

Sea Captain:
It absolutely positively cannot be.
A person of my rank and ingenuity
Has never been, however insubstantial he
Allowed to mingle with a single girl like
thee.

Vassar Girls:
We've been sitting here since early in the
morning,
And we're waiting for our dates to come.
We are weary of the lobby we're adorning,
And our derrieres are practically numb.
We have read the note which said they would
meet us neath the clock
We are trusting little freshmen, yes we are.
But if they're stewed and are rude, and we
see them reel and rock
Then we're better off alone by far.

Model:
I have so many, many things to do,
My eyes, my hands, my toenails too,
My bubble bath in milk, my egg shampoo,
So how could I ever have time for you?

Honeymoon Couple:
Only three hours ago we were married.
We'll be here for our whole honeymoon.
We are waiting for our things to be carried
To our suite—they will call for us soon.
I am weary and I'm leery of the future that
awaits

I have never married anyone before.
We've been dancing and romancing, but
always double dates
And my brother watched us from behind the
door.

Texas Millionaire:
My oil wells are poppin', and I've got to
check;
My yacht is crying for a brand new deck
I've gotta count my money, comin' by the
peck
Among my acquaintances, you're just a speck.

Wagnerian Opera Star:
I've come from the stages of Vienna,
For the Met has been calling me here.
I shall leap through the fires of Valhalla
And love little Siegfried and his spear.
I shall wail all my scales through the night
and through the day,
And make eyes at all the tenors—and some
men.
They don't mind what's behind so I'm proud
of what I weigh
And the costumes wouldn't fit me were I
thin.

Old Ladies:
We have to feed the birds or we'll be sorely
missed.
Later on Matilda we'll deal out some whist.
Oh Agatha! Oh Emily! Our shopping list!
So leave us all alone, my dear, and don't
insist.

Country Hick:
I have come from the country to the city
And I'm gonna have a heck of a time.
I am looking for a chicken that is pretty,
Galavant till I ain't got a dime.
I want a chick who is slick, who will show
me all the town
Oh a lovely little lady, yes sirree.
With a chassis that is classy and low and lacy
gown
And a smile that is specially for me.

Rock 'n Roller:
The joint is jumpin' and I gotta rock
Gotta rock around the lobby, gotta rock
around the clock
Gotta rock, gotta rock around the whole
darn block
I can't stop for you, I just gotta rock, gotta
rock, gotta rock, etc.

Prep-school Boy:
Here I am by myself in the city.
I'm supposedly meeting my aunt.
But my aunt is a fussy old biddy.
When she comes I'll hide behind the potted
plant.
It is nice, once or twice, to see the zoo in
Central Park,
But I've heard that there are better things
to do.
Charlie's Bar isn't far, and with a simple
mark
I can fix my ID card to get a brew.

We Are The Children Of Progressive Parents

Music: JANET BUXTON
Lyrics: SARAH LUND

We are the children of progressive parents!
We are not used to playing games like
musical chairs.
All these organizers get in our hair.
Oh, we have our cake and eat it too.
We are the children of progressive parents.
We do what we want to, let our hearts run
free.
Our parents never hamper our personality.
They never get angry, they never fuss.
Their only concern in life is us.
We are not disciplined or the well-rounded
type.
We shall never like conventions, but we still
like IKE!
Our parents take us to the opera, they let
us cuss.
This kind of party is not for us.

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Medley Song

Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD, BARBARA LEBOW,
ELLIE PAVLO

Model:

My bubble bath in milk, my egg shampoo,
My eyes, my hair, my toenails, too,

Sea Captain:

Are the things that acted and attracted me
to you.
In my station this sensation is completely
new.

Vassar girls:

Our dates were so funny and ugly
That we left them by the clock to rave and
rant.

Prep School Boy:

Met me aunt at the bar down at Charley's
And together we got potted by the plant.

Workers:

We are the workers, Tom, Dick, and Harry,
Harry, Tom, and Dick, and we'll eat until
we're sick.

Night Club Singer:

Oh, this is better than the show
In the night club down below,
Or my Cuban Caballero.

Rock and Roll Man:

The joint is jumpin' and I gotta rock.
I've rocked around the lobby and I've rocked
around the clock
I just finished rockin' round the whole darn
block,
So don't stop me now, I just gotta rock, gotta
rock, gotta rock, etc.

Professor:

I've dedicated all my days
To educating smarties.
I've learned that teaching never pays
Gonna spend my life at parties.

Nanny:

Red Hot Nanny with a Londonderry Air.
Red Hot Nanny of the Hotel Windsor
Square.
Havin' a hot time at this affair
'Cause I'm a Red Hot Nanny with a London
Derriere!

The Lonesome Song—Duet

Music and Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD

Millicent:

I've been lonesome, and I didn't know
exactly why.
I've been lonesome, and I didn't know
exactly why,
But I won't have to be lonesome any more.
If she's coming home.
Is she coming home?
To stay and play and spend the day with me.

Nannie:

You've been lonesome, and it breaks my
heart to see you cry.
You've been lonesome, and it breaks my
heart to see you cry,
But you won't have to be lonesome any
more,
If she's coming home.
Yes, she's coming home
To stay and play and spend the day with
you.

I've Been Wild And I've Been Gay

Music and Lyrics: CLARE WHITFIELD

Mother:

I've been wild and I've been gay;
I go to parties every day.
Now I'll stay at home with you.
All my life has been a whirl;
I've traveled halfway round the world.
Now I'll stay at home with you.
I'm glad I wandered into your party—quite
by mistake;
And though your friends are rather arty,
their welcome has been hearty.

Oh, I've been wild and I've been gay;
I go to parties every day.
Now I'll stay at home with you.

Millicent:

Mother, I'm so glad you came.
Though you're late, you're not to blame.
All these people are such fun, but Mother,
you're my favorite one.
Mother, how I hope you'll stay,
Playing with me every day.
All these people are such fun, but you're my
favorite one.

I've been kind of lonely wishing you were
here.
And I'll be happy only if you are near.

Mother, I'm so glad you came.

Though you're late you're not to blame.
All these people are such fun, but you're my
favorite one.

The Torch Song

Music and Lyrics: AMBIE BREUKLEMAN, JEAN
SONKIN, AND PHYLLIS GIBSON

What a bum! O Lord, my man's a crumb!
He'd curse his mother, cross his pal, or toss
his gal around.

Oh, low! I tell you, kid, he's low!
He lives on whiskey, rum and gin,
And sometimes heroin.

Because he is mine I buy iodine,
His whiskers leave my face so sore.
It's really no loss, since I have Blue Cross
I'm willing to try it once more—though I
know

He's a cad! Oh, Lord, my man is bad!
With all his faults I love him still
And so I'll tag along.
Mean—Oh Lord, he's mean
He's mean, but he's mine!

Here Comes The Caterer

By BARBARA LEBOW

We're going to have a party, a party, a party
We're going to have a party, let's plan it
now!

HERE COMES THE CATERER!

I am the caterer, the caterer, the caterer
And what I'm gonna cater will be shown to
you later.
Sweetbreads and chicken livers,
Caviar and sardine slivers,
Frankfurters that are petite,
Chocolates so very sweet.

We are the workers, Tom, Dick, and Harry.
Harry, Tom and Dick, and we'll fix the place
up quick.
Crepe-paper hanger-uppers.
Caterer will give us suppers.
Paint in every crack and cranny,
Hurry, or we'll hear from Nanny!

I am the manager of the entertainment.
The children and their fun are what I run.
"Pin the tail upon the donkey,"
"In the middle is the monkey,"
"London Bridge is falling down,"
Let the kiddies go to town.

I am the decorator. I am her assistant.
We'll decorate it here with a lot of party
cheer.

I am the baker, the baker, the baker
And now I'm going to bake a delicious
birthday cake.
Pink icing, roses on it,
"Happy Birthday" big upon it,
Yummy, fluffy cake inside,
Tasty pastries are my pride.

Let's fill it with balloons
And flowers in festoons.
Crepe-paper canopies
To cover up the draperies.

We are the butcher and the candle stick
maker,
Cohorts notorious of the baker.
I'll put chicken in the pot,
Caterer will serve it hot.
I'll make candles for the cake
That the baker's gonna bake.

Decorator and the workers,
Manager and caterer,
Butcher, baker, candle maker,
Nanny, tutor, all of us,
Party should be fabulous!

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