

**HELEN AND THE TROJANS**

(Continued From Page Two)  
her a goop  
We're not ashamed to say that we  
will stoop  
To anything.

Mrs. Soakus:  
Timid soul:  
(Tune: What'll I do?  
What'll we do if that shrew won't  
go away  
If she's here to stay what'll we do?  
For our men stay away at the of-  
fice all day  
They will play with that shrew,  
what'll we do?

Mrs. Sockra:  
(Tune: Kitchen Mechanic)  
I'm just a kitchen mechanic, but  
I'll warn my old man  
To leave that hypnotising Greek  
alone.  
If he bothers that blonde, I'm  
just the lady who can  
Make him rue what he has done.  
Cause every night you bet your life,  
I'll feed him jugs full of hemlock  
and underdone ham  
I'm just a kitchen mechanic and  
the lady who can  
Make my old scandalizing Sockra  
Tease moan,

And how you'll hear him moan!  
If that old tantalizing man don't  
leave that Helen alone

Mrs. Ben Hur:  
(Tune: East Side, West Side)  
If we don't watch out, in all our  
Trojan towns  
Husbands will be leaving home  
And acting like old clowns,  
We must stop them, e'er they do  
begin  
We must work like Trojans for to  
save our men from sin

Now comes Mrs. Sockra singing I'm  
just a kitchen mechanic, followed  
by Mrs. Hur singing if we don't  
watch out.

Mrs. Hector:  
Enthusiastically, after a moment  
of thought  
(Tune, Deck the Halls with boughs  
of holly),  
I have hit upon a plan, ha, ha, ha,  
ha ha etc.  
Whereby every woman can, ha, ha,  
ha, etc.  
Keep her husband round her  
finger, ha, ha, ha, etc.  
Harken, girls, it's a hum-dinger,  
ha, ha, etc.

ACT III.

Outside the walls of Troy. City gate

at left. Two soldiers guarding  
the wall, marching up and down  
on top of it if possible, to tune  
of W. and L. Swing.

Drums are heard off stage right. A  
firecracker is popped off. Pre-  
lude to Wm. Tell storm played  
softly on piano. Sentinels look  
off ni the distonce. One sings.

(Tune: Over There)  
"Lookie there, lookie there, lookie  
there,  
The Greeks are coming, the Greeks  
are coming,  
The Greeks are coming on a tear!  
Blow your horn, send the word,  
let's be heard,  
They're coming over, and they'll  
drag back Helen without mercy  
by the hair!

They blow Reveille on kazoos.  
Singing from behind the wall.

(Tune: Johnnie Get Your Gun.  
Hector, get your gun, get your gun,  
get your gun  
We're ready for the fun, etc.  
The Greeks are coming, the Greeks  
are coming  
The Greeks are coming on the run.  
They think they're hot, but they're  
not, that's just rot  
We'll meet them half way and

we'll turn them into one big  
greasy spot!

Greeks sing as they come on the stage  
from right, armed with greasy  
spoons, toasting forks, and fry-  
ing pans.

(Tune: Put on Your Old Gray Bon-  
net.)

Put on your old gray tunic  
Wage a war worse than the punie  
And we'll lick the Trojans in the  
fray  
While they're busy being coy  
With our Helen here in Troy  
While the sun shines we'll make  
hay!

Trojan warriors appear in the gate,  
armed to the teeth.

(Tune: Hark the Sound of Tarheel  
Voices).

Hark, the sound of Trojan voices,  
Ringing without fear  
We will meet the Greeks in bat-  
tle, We will smear them here.  
Frail the bravest wop of all, Dear  
to his own kind in the hot-dog  
business  
Our dear Troy, priceless gem, re-  
ceive all praises thine  
For I'm a Trojan, born, I'm a  
Trojan bred  
And when I die I'm a Trojan dead

So it's rah, rah for Troy, Troy  
Rah, rah for Troy, Troy  
Rah, rah for Troy, Troy, rah  
rah, rah.

The Trojans emerge fiercely from the  
gate, it becomes apparent that  
they are held back by strings,  
tied harness fashion around their  
middles, and held by their wives,  
who follow them on the field.  
Trojans turn pleadingly to their  
wives.

(Tune: Take me Out to the Ball  
Game.

Let me fight in the battle  
Let me loose in the crowd  
I will behave like a gentleman  
Defend my name like a loyal  
Trojan.

Wives take up the tune with:

It's not for your country You're  
fighting  
That woman is still on your mind  
I will hold you, "hen-peck" you,  
scold you  
Expect you to keep your nose to  
the grind.

Hector, Trojan warrior, steps forward  
as far as his wife will let him,

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