

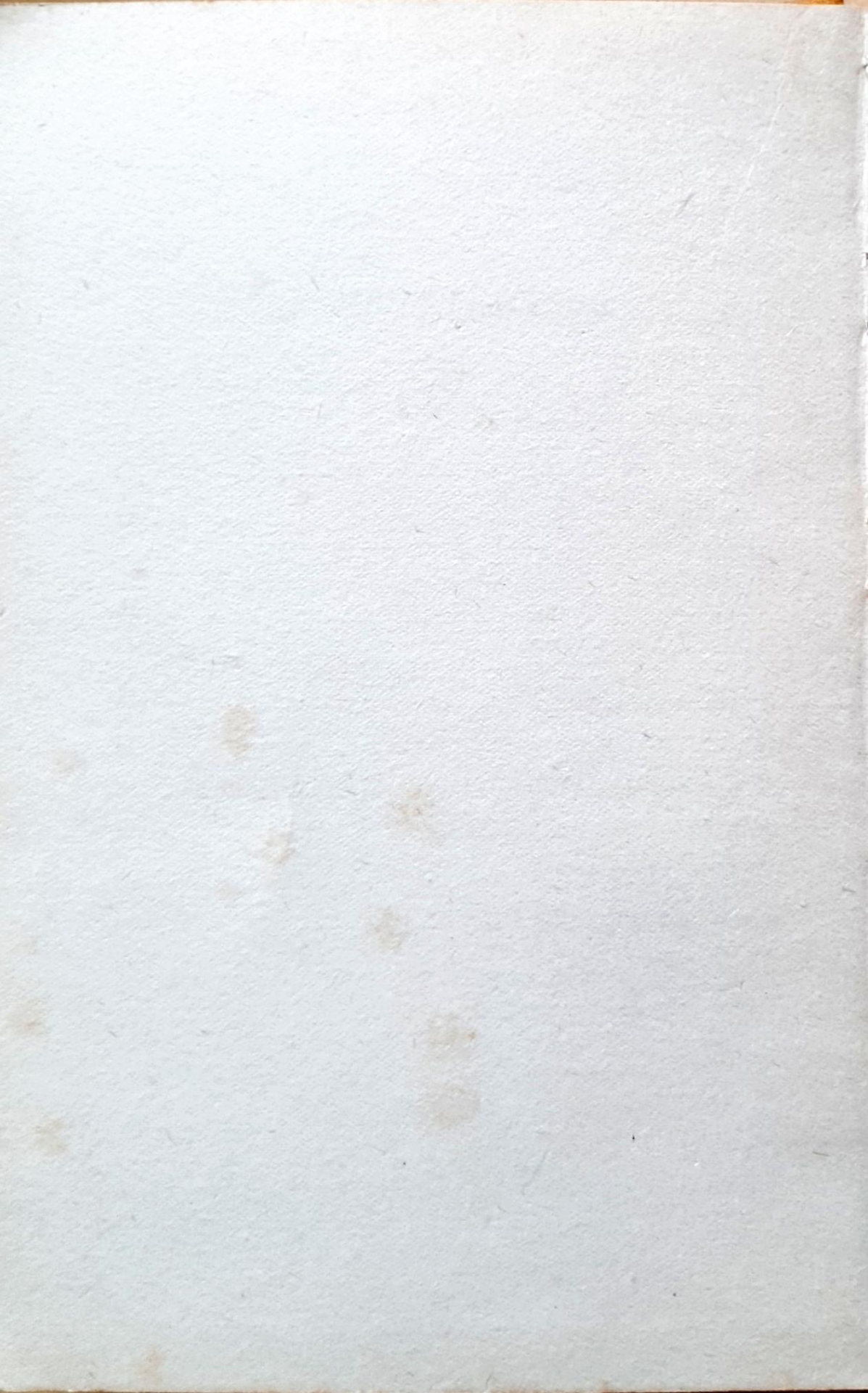
# GOOD TURNS

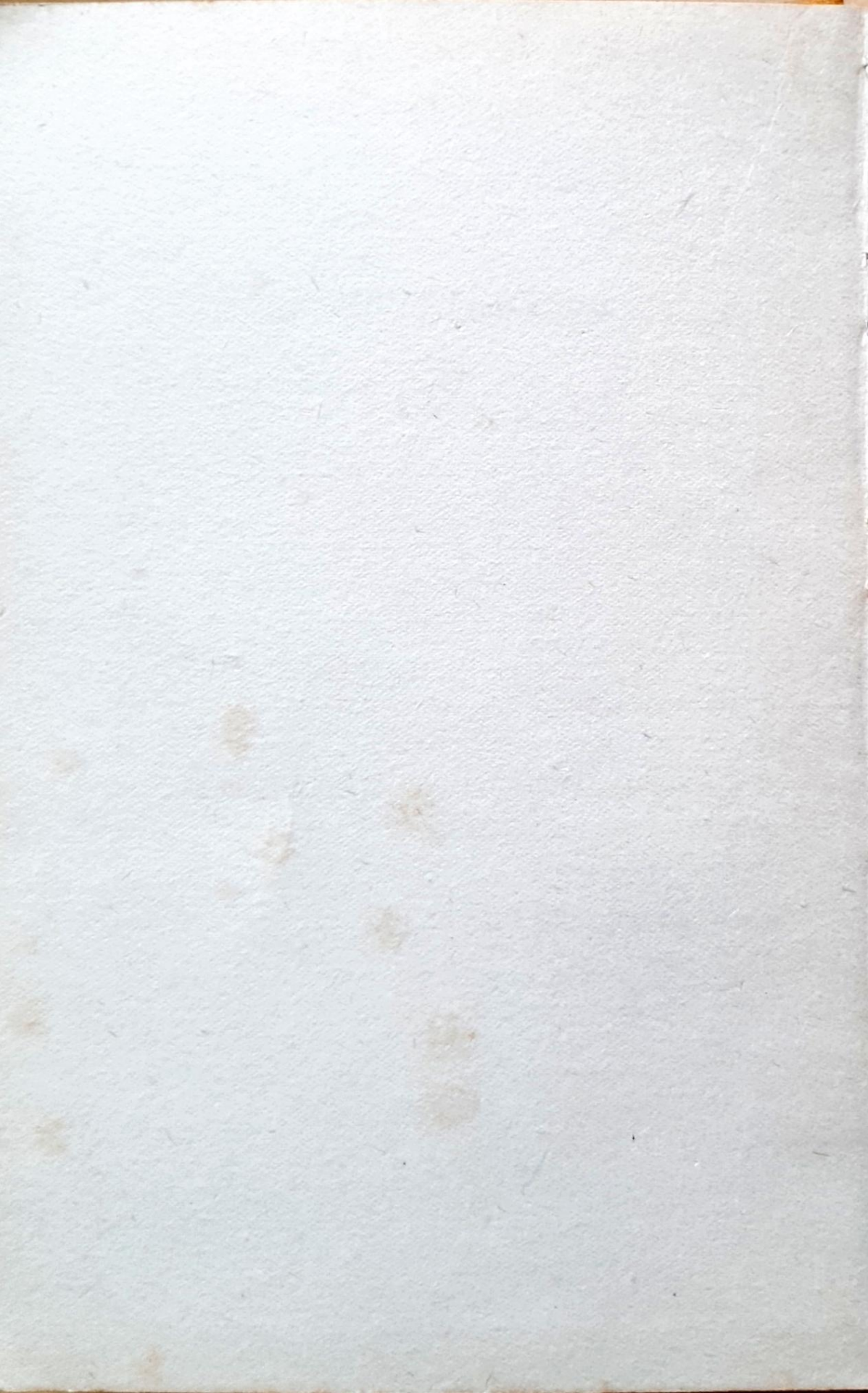
FOR SCOUT SHOWS

BY

"A HOLBORN ROVER"









# GOOD TURNS

SONGS AND SKETCHES FOR  
SCOUT SHOWS

By  
"A HOLBORN ROVER"

With Notes on Production by

**RALPH READER**

*The Well-known London Producer*

Compiled by

**A. W. HURLL**

London

**C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.**

**Tower House, Southampton St., W.C.2**



REPRINTED 1937

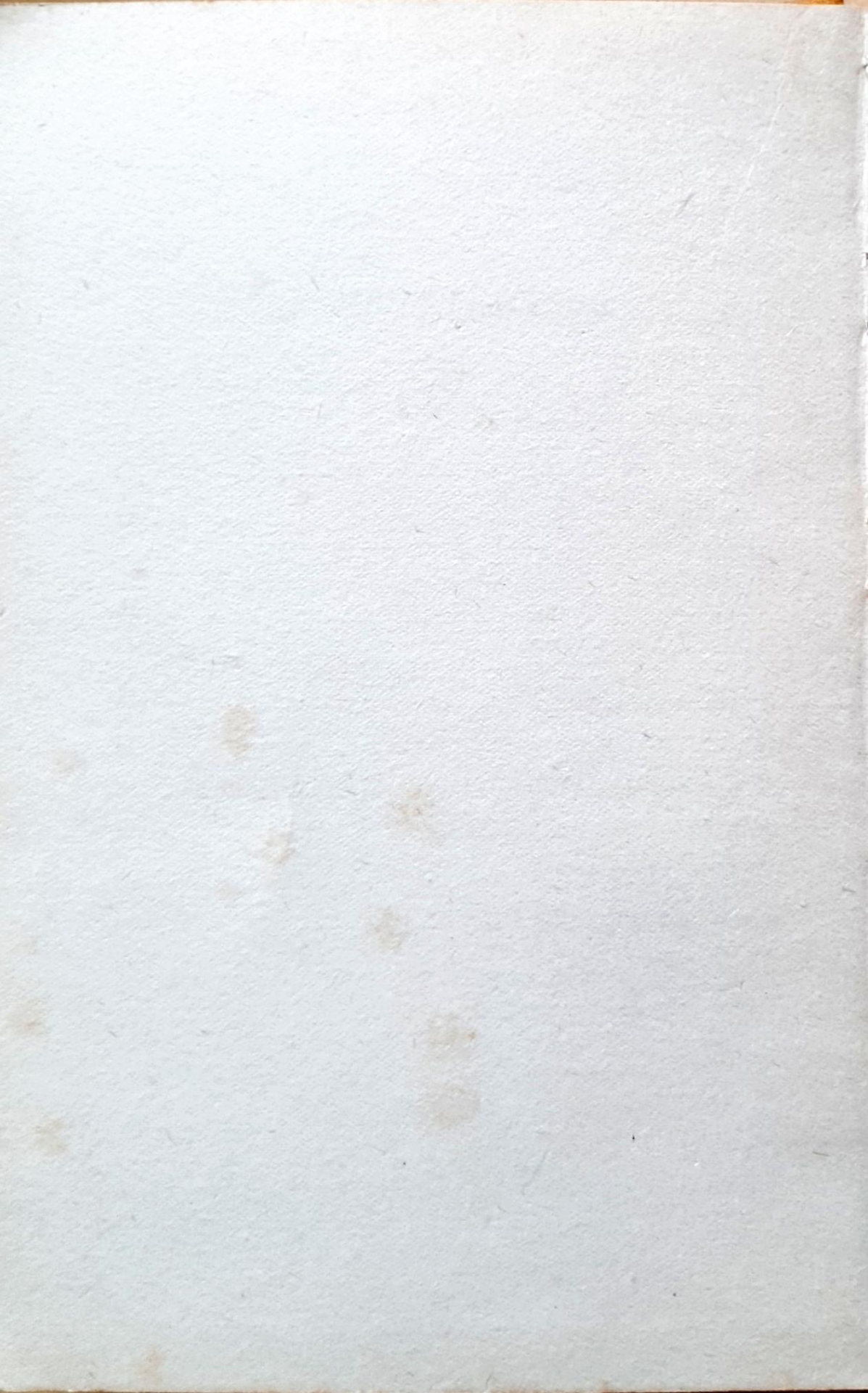
Made and Printed in Great Britain at  
*The Mayflower Press, Plymouth.* William Brendon & Son, Ltd.



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD . . . . .	7
A WORD TO PRODUCERS . . . . .	9
✓ THE MURDER ON THE LONELY FARM . . . . .	13
✓ THE ANNUAL . . . . .	17
MONEY . . . . .	31
VIEWS . . . . .	33
STEER FOR THE OPEN SEA . . . . .	37
JOHN . . . . .	39
NEVER THE TWAIN . . . . .	42
✓ A PROPHET IN HIS OWN—— . . . . .	47
THERE'LL COME A TIME SOME DAY . . . . .	52
CAMP-FIRES OF THE WORLD . . . . .	59
WHEN WE GROW UP . . . . .	63
YOUNG ENGLAND . . . . .	68
THE LANTERN LECTURE . . . . .	75







## FOREWORD

THIS book has been published in answer to the many requests that have been received from Scouts all over the country for these songs and sketches. Most of the material was originally written for and used in the first All-London Scout Revue, *The Gang's All Here!* performed at the Scala Theatre in October, 1932.

As a further help to the Producer, we were lucky enough to get the interest of Mr. Ralph Reader, so well known in theatrical circles as one of England's most successful producers, and he has kindly written for us many helpful hints and notes on production.

These notes will, I am sure, be of immense help to you in your show as it is very rarely one gets such expert advice on each individual item, and herewith we tender to Mr. Reader our thanks.

It is hoped that this book will help Groups in their search for ideas.

So, on with the Show!

A. W. HURLL.







## A WORD TO PRODUCERS

BY RALPH READER

*(The famous young English Producer of Musical Plays.)*

IF I had the opportunity of talking to you I should find the task of giving hints an easy matter, because it is the one thing to which I am accustomed. The written word is never so convincing as the spoken word. Personal contact counts for so much, but in the absence of this I must do my best "to get over" with my pen.

The first thing a producer must do is to school his cast in "SINCERITY." Nothing in the entire realm of show business pays quite as loyally as sincerity, it is the producer's greatest asset. The laughs a comedian gets when he falls bang on the stage or when somebody kicks him (on the usual place), mean nothing to the laugh obtained through real *humble*, earnest playing.

Have you ever seen Bobby Howes? We have no greater example in England of the strength of a sincere performance getting roars of laughter, than we can find if we watch this brilliant actor. I've produced two shows in which this popular star appeared, and he proved beyond doubt that the biggest laugh a comedian can obtain is when the audience is feeling sorry for him—and you can only make an audience sorry for you by being SINCERE. Therefore, Mr. Producer, win your first battle with your comedians by making them believe what they are doing and the part they are playing. Do this and you start on the right road.

Now about rehearsals. When you first commence, do not allow your players to memorise their parts until after



the first few rehearsals. Here's why. The first idea should be for the cast to read through their parts all sitting down. Then take them through very slowly walking it and let each player have a pencil and write down the various pieces of business or instruction you may give him. If they go straight home and swot up the lines, perhaps turning up at the next rehearsal word-perfect, they will have merely memorised their parts parrot fashion, and it will take a very long while before you will begin to get any real expressive reading. On the other hand, if they will read from the book for the first few rehearsals and read **ALoud** the business they have written in, they will find much less trouble in retaining direction and also in remembering their parts.

One of the easiest stars with whom I have worked as a producer is Harry Welchman (the famous leading man of many of our biggest West End successes). It was an education to watch this famous actor rehearsing in *Victoria and her Hussar*—his ease and assurance and the wonderful way he adopted suggestions were a glorious example to every aspiring performer, amateur and otherwise.

Another very important thing.

Be firm! Actors, especially amateur comedians (I have no grudge against them, but they **DO** need watching), will try all sorts of weird things if they think it may get them a laugh. Perhaps it would be quite wrong in the situation of the play to get a laugh in that place, but that won't stop the average comedian from trying. So watch them and put your foot down very firmly and definitely. It takes an *actor* to forget comedy and to sink into the background as a straight actor, allowing the plot of the play to take its course.

It is, I know, very hard to make the alleged "comic" see this but you must insist upon it being understood that the comedian must fit the part, because the author has made the part to fit the play. If you can imagine a charming picture of a farmyard which should be so effective but isn't, because



the cow is all painted in the wrong colours and stands out too much, spoiling the picture as a whole, you can imagine what the effect is when the funny man of a play suddenly goes mad and runs riot without thought or reason for the show.

Keep your cast under your thumb and make them remember this—Right or Wrong, a Producer is Right! If the show is a success, the players get the praise. If the show is wrong—heaven help the Producer.

Lastly, to every one of you who is really seriously interested in Amateur Theatricals and is anxious to improve his talents, may I give a few examples to watch for when next you go to your local theatre? (Nowadays people living in the country are not so handicapped when it comes to seeing stars in shows—thanks to the talkies.) You will be surprised at the many tips you can pick up if you are given the hint of what to look for, and as I have worked with each of the Artistes I intend to mention, I can assure you that this suggestion is well worth following.

*Sidney Howard* can show you how to convey as much with the raise of an eyebrow as with the funniest line ever written.

*Stanley Lupino* who makes even a fall a piece of artistry—you see he has studied falling and tumbling for years therefore proving that to take a fall *correctly* one must WORK.

*Violet Lorraine* could teach you the old-fashioned secret of *force* in any scene she plays—yet she is often speaking only in a whisper.

*Binnie Hale*—our great Musical Comedy Star—can show you how to play a charming little love scene as she did with Bobby Howes in *Mr. Cinders*, and the next moment relax and jump over to the London Palladium and run riot with those comics Mr. Black has given us in his world-famous *Crazy Months*. That is called Versatility.

So, in closing, make the theatre your recreation and use it for educational purposes too, especially as you are



interested in producing and playing yourself. Before the various plays in this little book I have written a few suggestions which I hope will help you.

Good luck to you all.

RALPH READER.



## THE MURDER ON THE LONELY FARM

*This recitation is done by two people. One is the reciter who must play his part in a perfectly straight way ; the other is the " noises off " man who should be the Troop comedian. It should be explained to your audience that this is a recitation with effects and that, owing to there being insufficient room back-stage, it is necessary for the " noises off " man to be on the stage with the reciter.*

*The " noises off " man should be made up as a stage-hand and as grotesquely as you like. His part is broad comedy ! He should be seated with all his properties around him. The noises are shown in brackets.*

### PRODUCTION

Here is the type of thing most Troop Comedians dream about and long for. Something that gives them a chance to let themselves go.

Most of the business is quite plainly stated in the sketch, but here is one very important thing to keep in mind. As soon as the Reciter starts to talk (after each piece of comedy " business ") the Comedian must remain perfectly still. This is done so that he will not take the attention from the reader of the poem while he is reciting his lines.

Besides, if the audience do not clearly hear what the poem is about, the antics of the comic will not be half as funny. The comedian must get the " effects " very clean-cut. He goes right out to get a big laugh and then holds *dead still* until his next cue. I would back this sketch to get over in any programme. (By the way, it could easily be worked at a camp-fire, too.)



The clock was striking (*four strikes on a triangle*) two o'clock  
and all around was still (*loud bang on drum*),  
When suddenly a form arose and crept across the hill.  
Towards the old Farm House the form so very slow did  
creep (*tap! tap! on bass drum*)  
And all was very silent 'cept the noises of the sheep (*Baa—  
Baa!*).

The farmer he was sleeping (*snores*) and all alone was he,  
He did not know that danger lurk-ed near him, Oh dear me.  
The wind outside was blowing (*siren*), Oh hearken to the  
wind,  
Methinks I've heard the wind before, but never quite that  
kind.

The form undid the latch (*bang on drum*) and then he slowly  
climbed the stairs (*tap! tap! on drum*),  
And in the farmer's bedroom he caught him unawares.  
The farmer said "Who is it?" (*say "who is it?"*) and  
then he yelled a scream,  
At first he thought 'twas nothing but a horrid nasty dream.

He couldn't see too clearly could poor old Farmer Gray,  
'Cos he had such bushy eyebrows they were always in the  
way.  
And then as if to make his cup of bad luck quite complete,  
The gum that he'd been chewing stuck his whiskers to the  
sheet.

Then suddenly the form just leaped upon the bed by heck  
(*bang on drum*),  
And then he placed his fingers around the poor old farmer's  
neck.  
The farmer thought "Oh me, oh my, he's come my house to  
burgle,"  
But as the fingers tighter got, loud was the farmer's gurgle  
(*gurgle*).



They rolled about and all at once they fell upon the floor  
(*bang on drum*),

A struggle such as this was never, never seen before.

The fight was so one-sided, it was really just a mockery,

He threw the farmer round and round and busted all his  
crockery (*break cup*).

The thunder roared (*bangs on drum*), the lightning flashed  
(*strike matches*) and then the rain came down (*squirt  
water from garden syringe*),

'Twas pitter patter, pitter patter, splashing all around  
(*more water, this time over RECITER*),

Outside the dogs were barking (*woof! woof!*)—Oh listen to  
their wails! (*Noise of cat*),

And then above the noise we hear the swishing of their  
tails (*fly-beater on drum*).

At last the farmer gave it up and very slowly said,

"You wicked awful naughty man, look what you've done,  
I'm dead."

And as his spirit left him, folks believe me 'cos it's true—

The wind came down the chimney as his soul went up the  
flue (*bang on drum*).

Away then went the murderer—he was a crafty card,  
It seemed each cow and sheep was yelling "Stop him  
Scotland Yard."

Away he ran, and ran and ran and then he couldn't stop  
And fifteen thousand miles away I saw the rotter drop (*bang*).

He'd lost his coat (*take off coat*), he'd lost his hat (*take off  
hat*), his boots were also giving,

He'd lost his breath and so he said, "Aw what's the use of  
living?"

He knew that he had done a wrong and that he'd have to  
pay (*drop coins*),

So he curled himself up in his shawl and slowly passed away  
(*fold up coat and lay down on stage*).



Thus ends the murder of the farm and strange as it may  
seem,

It really was the story of my last night's frightening dream.  
So learn the lesson while you may and don't you be misled,  
The moral is : Don't eat a lobster when you're going to bed !

CURTAIN



## THE ANNUAL

*The first part of this Sketch is played in the Troop Room, the night before the Annual Show. The final rehearsal is in progress, and voices are heard rehearsing before the curtains part.*

*The stage can be very simply set with just a few chairs and benches placed about. Make it more elaborate if you wish, but bear in mind that you have a very quick change for the second half.*

*All the actors are in their everyday clothes but it is as well, in order to plant in the minds of the audience the characters the fellows are playing, for each one to wear something to denote the part he is doing; that is, the girl would wear a lady's hat and the policeman a helmet.*

*For the second half you should use two or three large screens to denote the back and wings of a stage. There must be sufficient room for the characters in the wings to be seen, particularly as a good deal of comedy occurs there. It seems unnecessary to say that the players are now made up to represent the characters they are playing. The producer and prompter should be in Scout uniform.*

*The only property necessary is a bench to seat two, with a back which is covered with a large cloth, in order that the actors will not see that "Robson" is without his trousers; of course, the audience have realised this by seeing him in the wings.*

*Just one other point. Every one in the wings should be on one side of the stage only and there should be no exit on the other side. It will cause some amusement if the actors on making their exits try to discover an opening on the side of*



*the stage where there isn't one, and when they realise this fact they make a dash to the other side into the wings.*

## PRODUCTION

Having seen this playlet performed about ten times, I do not hesitate to tell you that there are more laughs in this than half a dozen average sketches put together. On the other hand it is easier to "kill" laughs in this skit than any other I have ever seen.

Why?

Because YOU MUST NOT USE A COMEDIAN (in the accepted sense of the term) in this play.

Sincerity and sincerity ALONE will make this a riot. Each player must believe every word he says and every situation he finds himself in. It is the *embarrassment* of the second part that will make your audience rock, and it is only with the utmost rehearsing and patience that you will be able to time your laughs and get the most out of this burlesque on amateur theatricals.

Now a word to the Producer. Mr. Producer, you are the great "POWER" in this sketch, more so than any other in this book, and it is therefore to you I address these few hints. Do not allow any member of the cast to put in even the tiniest piece of business unless it has been worked out beforehand. Let each player help the other in this way. When a line is being read, try to focus the attention of the whole cast on this player so that the audience will not be confused as to who is speaking. In the second part when the audience sees for the first time "Robson" without his trousers, let him get as much laughter as possible but then, do not overwork it and still be getting laughs while the others are talking. You will lose many better laughs if you allow this.

At all times during your rehearsals keep saying to your cast "Wait for the laughs," and the best way to wait for laughs is to hold a still pose, looking at the speaker who has



just read the humorous line. Timing is the great secret of the theatre and it plays a great part in *Annual*.

In the second part when "Robson" is standing behind the bench, be sure that to all intents and purposes the "actors" on the "stage" cannot see he is without his trousers. I do not think there is much else to tell you. Before you start rehearsing all sit down and have a thorough chat over each part, and I would advise reading it through sitting at a table at least three times before you start setting the actions. This will enable you to get familiar with the lines and ideas before you commence putting it into play. *Make the audience sorry for your misfortunes* in this "play in a play" and you have the exact idea of the Author and the key to roars of laughter.

## CAST

COX	as	The Villain
HARVEY	as	The Girl.
SKINNY	as	The Policeman.
ROBSON	as	The Lover.
COLEMAN	as	The Detective.
O'MALLEY	as	The Old Man.
CLIFF	as	The Producer.
JONES	as	The Prompter.

PRODUCER. Honestly, fellows, you don't know half your parts and the show comes off to-morrow night. For the love of mike put some go into it. Now then, take that love scene again, and Robson, for goodness sake wake up.

*(Curtains open.)*

LOVER. The cad, the utter monster, so he has a hold over you?

GIRL. Alas sir, yes. And he wants to marry me.

LOVER. But do you love him?



GIRL. How could I when I love but you?

LOVER. Mill. For years I have been waiting for a girl like you and now I have really met you.

GIRL. Tell me you love me.

LOVER. Can't you see it in my eyes? I adore you. Ever since we first met I have had you in my dreams. I couldn't live without you, you are mine.

PRODUCER. You don't read that line romantic enough. Grab hold of the girl, let your eyes flash, let the audience know you adore her.

LOVER. What *her*?

PRODUCER. Certainly, it's in the play.

LOVER. Yes, but it isn't in the play for him—her to eat onions.

PRODUCER. Onions have no effect on me.

LOVER. No effect on *you*? Well, they're knocking me backwards.

PRODUCER. Try again, tell her you love her.

LOVER. I couldn't live without you, you are mine.

PRODUCER. No—not loving enough.

LOVER. Well, how can I make love to a girl who needs a shave?

PRODUCER. Aw, rats! Carry on, Harvey.

GIRL. What's your name?

LOVER. Cuthbert, but you can call me Cuth.

GIRL. Oh, Cuth, I love you.

LOVER. List. Who is that yonder?

PRODUCER. Enter the old man. (*The OLD MAN enters.*)

OLD MAN. Can you spare a copper for an old man, please?

GIRL. Oh, give him pence Cuth, give him pence.

OLD MAN. Heaven bless you kind lady and always protect you. And now may I tell you who I really am?



GIRL. Oh, please do. I know I have seen your feet before.

PRODUCER. FACE before.

GIRL. Sorry, face before.

OLD MAN. I am your brother.

GIRL. No.

OLD MAN. Yes.

LOVER. No.

OLD MAN. Yes.

GIRL. Winchester, my Winchester. How did you escape from goal?

PRODUCER. Gaol, you fool.

OLD MAN. I stayed in my cell for days and days until I grew this beard and then when I walked out of the prison gates, no one knew me.

GIRL. What a brain.

LOVER. What a beard.

OLD MAN. And now I come here to protect you but my strength is almost spent, and I'm afraid I cannot help you come what may.

PRODUCER. All right. Now the next part of the sketch is O.K., but I want to jump down to the place where Robson changes clothes with the old man. Don't forget you've got a very quick change so lay all your clothes out ready. Now carry on with the scene with the Villain after you come back and stand behind the bench. Take it from—"If only someone were here to protect me."

LOVER. O.K. You are over there, Cox.

GIRL. Oh if only someone were here to protect me.

PRODUCER. Enter the lover now disguised in the old man's clothes.

LOVER. I am here if I can be of any assistance.



PRODUCER. Villain.

VILLAIN. Go away you old man, you can't help, you're rusty.

LOVER. Rusty, eh? Well, I'll show you something.

VILLAIN. I could kill seven like you each morning before breakfast.

GIRL. Oh, what shall I do? Don't fight over me, boys.

VILLAIN. I wouldn't soil my hands.

GIRL. Oh, help me, Cuth, oh, help me, please.

VILLAIN. Don't you think she ought to wring her hands there?

PRODUCER. Good idea. Wring your hands on that line, please.

GIRL (*wringing hands*). Oh, help me, Cuth, oh, help me, please.

PRODUCER. The hero now realises that in changing his clothes he has left his money in the other pockets. Go on Robson.

LOVER. I have lost something.

PRODUCER. No, come out from behind the bench *before* you read that line.

LOVER. Oh, I have lost something.

COLEMAN. Crikey, he must be deaf.

PRODUCER. No, no, no, *come out from behind the bench before you read that line.* (To Cox.) Listen, if he doesn't come out from behind that bench—pull him out.

COX. Hear that Robson? If you don't come out from behind that bench on the night, I'm going to *PULL* you out.

LOVER. Oh, I have lost something.

GIRL. I know, I know.

LOVER. How can I cover up the bare facts?

VILLAIN. I knew all the time they robbed you. I am not the Villain.



LOVER. Not the Villain ?

VILLAIN. No, I am a detective and that woman is in league with a large gang who play on innocent fellows like you and when they change clothes with the guy who is supposed to be her brother they find that their money has been stolen. Then the girl meets the gang afterwards and they split the dibs, see ?

LOVER. Mill, is this true ? After all I've been to you.

GIRL. Well, the game's up so I might as well go quietly, curse it.

PRODUCER. Say " Curse it " in a more girlish way.

VILLAIN. Come on to the Station, darling.

PRODUCER. Very good. Now exit.

LOVER. Here am I stripped of nearly everything, but I still have something left. And that something I will guard with all my might for ever and ever and ever.

PRODUCER. Well, that's that. Personally I think it's the worst sketch ever written, but we can't alter it now. Don't forget chaps, if you do happen to forget your lines to-morrow night, do your best to cover it up, and Robson, don't forget to come out from behind that bench.

ROBSON. O.K. We'll do our best. Good night all. Sold many tickets ?

PRODUCER. Well, our families will be there.

ROBSON. Our families ? Say, listen chaps.

It takes mother's hands to nurse us when we're babies,  
It takes mother's hands to guide us as we grow,  
But the time we need our mother's hands the most is  
To clap us at our Annual Troop Show !

Tra-la !

COX. Good night.

PRODUCER. And now good luck for to-morrow night.

CURTAIN



COMPERE (*in front of curtain*).

Well, Friends, I'm sure you spotted some very familiar things that have happened to you. But what about the night of the show? The big night to everybody, except the audience. We are going to transport you to the Hall where they intend to give their show. You saw the directions being given to the actors, and you will now see how they will carry them out.

Our next scene shows the stage of the Hall, and also one of the "wings" on this side of the stage, so that you can see the performers waiting for their cues. You will also see the action as it is being played on the stage, in view of the audience.

You will probably think of *your* first appearance: of the mistakes *you* made, and how "You didn't think the audience noticed it." You will soon see how very much they did notice. In fact, quite confidentially, they very often notice things that are never really there at all.

But that is beside the point. Ladies and Gentlemen, we will now give you the night of the show, and put on the sketch you have just seen rehearsed. Watch the "wings" and the stage, and see how far the actors have retained their producer's direction.

Cheerio.

*(Curtains open showing the stage and wings on the night of the show.)*

PROMPTER. Honestly, I've never seen fellows look so stupid as you chaps do.

HARVEY. What's the matter? I think I look good.

PROMPTER. You look like Joan of Arc.

PRODUCER. Now, all ready, chaps? Be sure and speak up and don't forget, Robson, come out from behind that bench as I told you. All ready?

COLEMAN. Is this make-up O.K., chief?



PRODUCER. Great. Now stand up, I'm going to announce the sketch. (*He walks on stage.*) Ladies and Gentlemen, the next item is a sketch written by one of our boys entitled *To Do or Die* in one act. The scene is a park. I thank you. (*Exit.*)

POLICEMAN. Now then my lass, it ain't right for you to be out this time of night, be off.

GIRL. Ah, fain I would, but I have no place to go.

POLICEMAN. Too bad, too bad, such a pretty girl, alas.  
(*He trips as he goes out.*)

GIRL. I wonder, will he come? (*VILLAIN enters.*)

VILLAIN. So there you are, I thought you wouldn't fail me.

GIRL. You know why I have come here, Ronald X. Eustace. I came here because I had to, because—because—because—

PRODUCER. He's forgotten the words.

GIRL. Because—because—BECAUSE—

PROMPTER. "Because you have me in your power!"

GIRL. Because you have me in your power, because—because—because—

ROBSON. Crikey he's off again.

PROMPTER. "Because you have a letter."

GIRL. Because you have a letter that will prove my brother's innocence and will get him released from gaol. That's why I came, for that letter.

VILLAIN. You shall have that letter—at a price.

GIRL. What price? Remember I shall never be your bride, no never, I'm bothered if I will.

VILLAIN. Then how about a little kiss to start with?

GIRL. Oh, no, oh, no, oh, help me someone, help!

ROBSON. Who is it? I'm coming, I'm coming.

VILLAIN. Curses. I shall be back or your brother stays—your brother stays—your brother stays—



COLEMAN. Ha ha, his brother wears stays.

ALL (*off stage*). Sssh!

VILLAIN. Or your brother stays where he is—in gaol. (*Exit. Enter lover.*)

LOVER. Did you call for help just now, fair maiden?

GIRL. Yes, I'm afraid it was me. I was molested by a villain.

LOVER. Where is he? How dare he touch so charming a creature.

GIRL. He did a bunk when he heard you, kind sir.

LOVER. 'Twas good for him he did. Pray, who are you and what is your name?

GIRL. My name is Mildred, my friends call me Milly for short, but you can call me Mill. (*Enter DETECTIVE.*) Oh, who is this?

DETECTIVE. Do not be alarmed, miss. I am a detective and am on the track of a villain who has gotten a man falsely imprisoned. I believe I saw him speak to you.

GIRL. Oh yes, you did and the man in quod is my brother and the villain has a letter that will prove my brother was cracking a crib up in Scotland the night the murder was done in London.

DETECTIVE. Don't worry, I am on his track. I shall catch him yet.

GIRL. Thank you kind sir, oh, thank you. (*Exit DETECTIVE.*)

LOVER. The cad, the utter monster, so he has a hold over you?

GIRL. Alas sir, yes. And he wants me to marry him.

LOVER. Do you love him?

GIRL. How could I when I love but you?

LOVER. Mill. For years I have been waiting for a girl like you, and now I have really met you.



GIRL. Tell me you love me, oh, tell me you love me. By the way, what's your name?

LOVER. Cuthbert, but you may call me Cuth.

GIRL. Oh, Cuth, I love you.

LOVER. List! Who is that yonder? (*Enter the OLD MAN.*)

OLD MAN. Can you spare a copper for an old man, please?

GIRL. Oh give him pence, Cuth, give him pence.

OLD MAN. Heaven bless you kind lady and always protect you. And now may I tell you who I really am?

GIRL. Oh please do, I know I have seen your *feet* before.

OLD MAN. I am your brother.

GIRL. No.

OLD MAN. Yes.

LOVER. No.

OLD MAN. Yes.

GIRL. Winchester, my Winchester, how did you escape from *goal*?

OLD MAN. I stayed in my cell for days and days until I grew this beard, and then when I walked out of the prison gates, no one knew me.

GIRL. What a brain.

LOVER. What a beard. (*OLD MAN takes off beard, but realising his mistake puts it on again.*)

OLD MAN. And now I came here to protect you but my strength is almost spent and I'm afraid I cannot help you come what may.

LOVER. But if you can't, I *can*. Pray let us go beyond the hedge and swop clothes, then when the villain returns he will think I am only a poor old man who cannot fight, and if he lays hands on our darling Mill, I'll sock his jaw.

GIRL. Then you come up and take the letter out of his pocket and you will be free.



OLD MAN. Come, let us run and change clothes quick.  
(*Exit LOVER and OLD MAN.*)

GIRL. Oh, if only he will return to taunt me.

ROBSON. Hey, somebody help me quick.

PRODUCER. Where's O'Malley gone, he's got the wrong trousers.

ROBSON. Well, where's my trousers? Get me some trousers quick.

PRODUCER. You fathead, where did you put them?

ROBSON. I left them here. GET ME SOME TROUSERS QUICK. (*Enter VILLAIN.*)

VILLAIN. I heard you, if only he will return, eh? So you are beginning to love me, eh?

GIRL. Never, better death than a wedding with you—yea, better death.

VILLAIN. Then it shall be as you say. I will let the world know about your brother and you will lose your job.

ROBSON. GET ME SOME TROUSERS!

VILLAIN. Won't I? Just wait and see. I know the manager at Marks and Spencer.

GIRL. Oh, if someone were here to protect me.

PRODUCER. That's your cue.

GIRL. IF SOMEONE WERE HERE TO PROTECT ME!

ROBSON. I can't find my trousers, what'll I do, what'll I do?

PRODUCER. Go on without them.

GIRL (*desperately*). *I want someone to protect me.*

COLEMAN. You can't protect her without your trousers.

ROBSON. Oh, what'll I do, what'll I do?

COLEMAN. Go on without them and stand behind the bench, no one will know.

ROBSON. All right, I will. But I'll kill the fellow who took those trousers.



GIRL (*fiercely*). For heaven's sake someone PROTECT ME.

(ROBSON now walks on and stands behind the bench, thus covering his legs up and the actors on stage do not realise the hero is without his trousers.)

LOVER. I am here if I can be of any assistance.

VILLAIN. Go away you old man, you can't help, you're rusty.

LOVER. Rusty, eh, well if I come out there I'll show you something.

VILLAIN. I could kill seven like you each morning before breakfast.

GIRL. Oh, what shall I do, don't fight over me, boys.

VILLAIN. I wouldn't soil my hands.

GIRL. Oh, help me, Cuth, oh, help me, please.

LOVER. Oh, I have lost something.

COX. Come out from behind the bench.

LOVER (*shaking head*). Oh, I have lost something.

(HARVEY is trying to motion him to come out from behind the bench in accordance with the Producer's instructions during rehearsal. Of course, ROBSON cannot come out but HARVEY does not know this. Eventually HARVEY goes up and pulls ROBSON from behind bench. They then see he is without trousers.)

LOVER. Oh, I have lost something.

GIRL. I know, I know.

LOVER. How can I cover up the bare facts?

COLEMAN. Put on another pair of trousers.

VILLAIN. I knew all the time they robbed you. I am not the villain.

LOVER. Not the villain?

VILLAIN. No, I am a detective and I find out things.

ROBSON (*undertone*). I wish you'd find out who took my trousers.



VILLAIN. That woman is in league with a large gang who play on innocent fellows like you, and when they change clothes with the guy who is supposed to be her brother, they find that their money has been stolen. Then the girl meets the gang afterwards and they split the dibs.

LOVER. Mill, is this true, after all I've been to you?

GIRL. The game's up so I might as well go quietly, curse it.

VILLAIN. Come on to the station, darling. *(They go out.)*

LOVER. Here am I, stripped of nearly everything—BUT I STILL HAVE SOMETHING LEFT, and that something I will guard with all my might for ever and ever and ever.

*(The curtains descend and rise, all the cast coming on for a bow. They bring on a blanket for ROBSON to wrap around himself.)*

CURTAIN



# MONEY

## PRODUCTION

Any Troop or Society with a good elocutionist should find this number very handy.

The rendering of the poem itself is, of course, up to the Reciter but here is the way I should stage it.

Keep the stage very dark with just a spot-light from the wings to pick out the speaker. Have the floor covered with a black cloth under which will be boys lying on their backs and with their bare arms coming through the cloth and all hands and arms pointing at and trying to get at the figure of Money. I do not think you will need a light to play on these arms as there would be sufficient illumination from the light on the figure to show up the surroundings, and a broad light on the group of arms would tend to destroy the illusion. The Reciter should be dressed in some symbolic costume denoting Money.

With this as a suggestion, your "effect-man" should be able to give you a very effective scene.

I would advise you not to bring up the lights on this at any time. Keep it always as an illusion—a sea of arms trying to reach Money.

---

In me you see the Thing all men desire.  
I have no colour, residence or creed,  
I am the match which lights that flaming fire  
That burns and scorches in the name of GREED.

I am the Thing that some men call Ambition.  
Asking for more is their perpetual cry,  
And when they seek improvement in position  
I'm used to reach their goal—with me they BUY.



Ladies with painted hands and jewelled fingers,  
Their name alone, a laughing parody,  
Women around whom the scent of perfume lingers  
Exchange their very soul for bits of ME.

Men work for me and slave for me and love me,  
I can be only good and never ill,  
To me there seems to be no Power above me,  
And so they fight for me and sometimes KILL.

These hands around are always calling to me,  
They plead—they long—they beg for me and crave,  
And not a single one can see right through me  
And so I laugh and make each one my Slave.

Each dreary day they struggle on to get me,  
This Thing they all regard as Man's best friend,  
They never seem to think they might regret me.  
So on they toil and sweat until the end.

I am a Need—in strength I am a Tower.  
I am a god—a god you all adore,  
I am Attainment and I am the power  
That rich and poor alike fall down before.

They laugh for me, they dance for me through ages,  
For me they give their all—their very breath,  
And then they reap from sin the only Wages  
My only conqueror—this Thing called DEATH.

So on and on the world's most open mystery,  
No one to challenge—only I defy,  
I am the cause of every page of History,  
King of all curses—money—MONEY—I.



# VIEWS

## PRODUCTION

I think *Views* explains itself. It might be useful to mention that I once saw the Holborn Rovers do this at a Camp-fire at Downe and it went over extremely well, so therefore this could serve you as a double turn, for your Troop show and perhaps for the Local Association camp-fire.

## COMPERE

Ladies and Gentlemen, as there seems to be no money about these days, it is almost an impossibility for people to travel and see the world. Therefore, we intend to do our best to bring the world to *you*. So, if you will kindly hold tight to your seats for a few moments, we will give you a quick trip round the world, showing you the capital cities of the world as they really are.

First of all, a view of LONDON.

*(The curtains open slightly and we see a lot of people selling flags on flag-day and all speaking at the same time. Curtains close.)*

Before we go on I would like to show you the same day elsewhere—this time in ABERDEEN.

*(The curtains open and we see a bare stage. Curtains close.)*

Not bad for a start, eh? But that's only the first. Be patient, there's lots more to come. What next? Oh yes.



And now dear people a trip to that well-known town of life and gaiety—BLACKPOOL.

*(A stick of rock is pushed through the curtains.)*

You see, it's simply amazing how fast one can travel if one likes ; by the way, before we leave the last town may I show you yet another view of this very famous holiday resort.

Friends, etc., yet another view of Blackpool.

*(Curtains open showing a bottle of ink.)*

Now we must go further afield. It's high time we left the dearly beloved shores of our own Empire and took a look to see what is happening in other parts of the world. So our first stop will be PARIS.

Ladies and gentlemen, the city of cities, gay Paree.

*(Curtains open and two very obvious Americans are seen.)*

Ha, ha, friends, I hope it was what you expected. However, we can't stop, on we must go and where to ? I'll tell you, to the bright, sunny land of Señoritas, the beautiful sun and the bull-fights, to SPAIN, that sunny land of Romance with a capital " R."

To the land of blue skies and harmony, the land of songs and melody. Behold I bring you Spain.

*(A string of onions are pushed through the curtains.)*

Can't you smell the air ? The freshness of Spain in each breath ? Look closer, look carefully, behold other views of Spain.

*(More onions are now seen.)*

We mustn't remain too long in one place, there is far too much to be seen elsewhere. So on we travel. (Gee, you're lucky you came to-night !) Leaving Spain and its memories behind us (they won't repeat), we arrive at our new destination—AMERICA. " Land of the free and the home of the brave," says the poem. The land of teetotallers, the land



of the champion razzberry blowers. The land of—oh, why bother? Look, LOOK, our first impression, ladies and gentlemen, AMERICA.

*(Curtains open to disclose about twenty gin and beer bottles.)*

You see, exactly like the pictures, but before we leave the dear old U.S.A. we must take a look at that far-famed city, known to every man, woman and child who can speak English and still understand American. We take a ride on the Twentieth-Century Limited and alight at—where? Why CHICAGO.

*(Curtains open on to a scene of men with guns, blood, and knives, etc. Curtains close.)*

Now that really calls for an explanation. The picture you have just seen is Chicago as it is *supposed* to be but, in fairness to Chicago, we are going to show you that famous city as it really is. *(Pause.)* Chicago as it really is.

*(Same as before.)*

We must not remain longer, we still have to get back to England. I can't possibly leave you in America. Maybe your old man is home waiting for his supper not dreaming you are umpteen miles away. So once again let's jump on a boat and head for Blighty. But we won't go straight across the Pacific. We will pay a visit to Australia first. Maybe you have friends living there, eh? Anyway, we will just take a very short look at the land of the Kangaroos. Are you ready? Right, a view of Australia, what, I wonder, have they there?

*(Curtains open and reveal a cricketer with a bat and the ashes. He walks down-stage and says, "D'you want these?"—holding out ashes.)*

I'm afraid that was a bit of a blow. More like a hit below the belt. However, who knows perhaps *(sings)* "There'll come a time some day."



So still we go on until at last the cliffs of England are sighted. We pull in the harbour and at long last we are home. What is our first impression, who is the most prominent person standing out from all the rest? Who is it reminds us of home, of beauty and of freedom?

As we arrive in England, home, home, home, and there he stands to greet us, look, LOOK——

*(Curtains open. There is a man holding a notice reading: "Income Tax.")*

FINAL CURTAIN



## STEER FOR THE OPEN SEA

*The music for this number can be obtained price 6d. from  
The Scout Shop, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.*

### PRODUCTION

What about this for a First Part Finale ?

Start the number in front of the curtains. Let it be sung by four fellows in Scout uniform. Then let the chorus be picked up by the entire company from behind the curtain, then suddenly swing open your curtain showing all the crowd on stage, if possible on a ship. Call the ship *Adventure* or something like that.

It would be very thrilling if you could get your stage crew to make a good scene of a ship with a mast, and at the top of the mast have a flag. Then, just before starting the last chorus, and before bringing down your curtain, use an electric fan to blow the flag. Here is a certain good effect.

Let the four chaps enter in front of the curtain and start singing the chorus, then the first verse, then a chorus, then the second verse, then all join in and on the *next* chorus open your curtains showing the ship and crew. If you cannot get the ship set in this time, try to repeat the refrain after each verse, first time quietly and the second time strongly. I think you will find this a splendid song for a First Part wind-up.

---

### VERSE

Come ye gallant Soldiers of Fortune

The World is spread before you.

March ye forth and there shall be more soon

Blazing the Trail anew.

Clear across the world, Adventure's calling to you from afar

Bidding each Apollo, to follow his Star.



## CHORUS

Don't stay anchored to the Mainland  
But steer for the Open Sea.  
If you're tied up in the Harbour  
Rovering will set you free.  
In the swim of Life's Adventure  
Why not swim with me ;  
Hoist your sails to the Windward  
And steer for the Open Sea.

## VERSE

As we're sailing maybe the weather  
Will make the way seem long.  
But we'll laugh and stand firm together  
Shouting a Rover Song.  
On and on we sail along and laugh at the rise and the fall  
Till we reach the Last Port—our Last Port of Call.



## JOHN

### PRODUCTION

Here is a very light little item which will go well with everyone. It can be played in front of the curtains while you are changing for the next item.

Work it like this. Let four little boys enter and stand across the stage. Each boy is carrying a large poster with one letter on each—"J," "O," "H," "N." (*Reading "JOHN."*) Then let "John" himself, who should be about fifteen, enter and as he comes to the end of each picture, the boys turn their poster around and on the back appears the picture of the character the Reciter is referring to. It would be a good idea to get your local cartoonist to draw a large humorous picture of each character.

---

Hello, I'm John! I'm much about the same as other chaps,  
A few good points, and several bad—you'll notice them  
perhaps.

I'm bashful—in a forward way—I'm scared of girls, oh, very,  
In fact I'm sure you'll all agree, I'm very ordinary.  
I've got a family just like you and here's a funny thing,  
They all regard me differently and to their views they cling.  
I see it in their very eyes when me they look upon,  
I hear it in their voices when they greet me, "Hello John."

My Dad has got his own ideas of what I'm going to be,  
Oh yes, he's got a million plans all building up for me.  
He often talks about them when he gets me on his own,  
I think I like him best of all, just he and I—alone.



For in his mind are pictures and I know he's got a host,  
But here's the kind of "me" I think he wants to see the  
most. *(Picture of rugger player.)*

Now Mother. She adores me, I'm her ace of joyous pride,  
To her I am perfection, all good things personified.  
I guess she thinks I'm wonderful, my faults she'll never see  
Why this is what she thinks I am, quite confidentially.  
*(Picture of cherub.)*

It's funny, very funny, yet it's absolutely true,  
And after all I s'pose it's just about the same with you.

And now comes my young Brother. Honestly, quite on the  
level,

It's no exaggeration, he's a blinking little devil.  
I have to keep him in his place, he tells such dreadful lies,  
I've no illusions how I look in my young brother's eyes.  
*(Picture of bully.)*

Of course we can't miss Granny out, all Grannies are the  
same.

They seem to carve themselves a niche inside the Hall of  
Fame.

When we grow up and battle forth, our lives we rearrange  
Yet in our Granny's eyes I'm sure we never seem to change.  
They have their own convictions and from them they never  
stir,

All through the years mine sees me and here's how I look to  
her. *(Picture of baby.)*

And so you see I'm all those things and all those things are  
me,

According to the views of my devoted family.

Of course, I can't be quite as perfect as they think I am,  
For ever dodging mischief like an ideal little lamb,



All fellows have their moments when some silly thing  
they'll do,  
And in that way I'm very human—just the same as you.

So as I turn around to these and cast my gaze upon,  
I'm glad I am, just as I am, a normal, formal—John !

BLACK-OUT



## NEVER THE TWAIN

### PRODUCTION

I think this item is quite clear as it is written. The only advice I would offer is that the scene should not be hurried. While the players are supposedly on the field, let the actors be watching the field and not turning to each other *every* time they speak.

Get the most enthusiastic youngster you have to play the Cockney. He need not necessarily be a comedian—enthusiasm is much more essential here. It would be quite in the running to have off-stage effects of crowds shouting and cheering, but be very careful where you bring these off-stage noises in. Unless you are quite certain you won't take too much attention from the continuity of the thought, don't tackle it, but play it just as written. On the other hand, if you feel you know where it could be done effectively, go ahead, for it would be worth doing.

### COMPERE

*"For East is East and West is West  
And never the twain shall meet."*

Ladies and Gentlemen, a three-minute Cameo in which we shall respectfully disagree with Mr. Kipling. The scene is in the stand of any big Football Club on any Saturday afternoon of the Footer Season.



## CAST

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY.

EAST END BOY.

*The two boys are sitting on a form, centre. One dressed smartly with public school scarf. The other a typical roughly clothed cockney youngster. When the curtains open we hear a whistle blow and someone shouts "half-time." They both stretch themselves and then after a moment's pause the cockney youngster, unable to keep quiet any longer, speaks.*

COCKNEY. Good game, ain't it?

P.S.B. Delightful!

COCKNEY. Eh?

P.S.B. Delightful.

COCKNEY. I thought that's wot you said.

P.S.B. How did you manage to get into the stand here?

COCKNEY. The Parson down our way give me the ticket.

He was coming himself but he ain't bin able to get away. I run two or three errands for him last night so he let me come here. I ain't never sat in the stand before.

P.S.B. Like it?

COCKNEY. Not much. Can't kick up enough row here Besides, you git stared at.

P.S.B. That's only imagination. Anyway, you don't feel nervous, do you?

COCKNEY. Naw, don't feel nervous, except that I want to laugh. I always do when you toffs start talking. What makes you talk like that?

P.S.B. Like what?

COCKNEY. You know, all "Rolls Royce."

P.S.B. Well, we can't help it, can we?



COCKNEY. What d'yer mean, can't help it? I suppose you jist open yer mouth, say something and when it comes out that's wot it sounds like. (*Pause.*) Blimey, you ought to hear our Bert take you fellers off.

P.S.B. (*smiling*). I'd like to hear him—very much.

COCKNEY. S'pose you know all the players by sight, don't-cher?

P.S.B. Oh yes, I certainly do.

COCKNEY. I generally stand over there. (*Points.*)

P.S.B. So do I. (*Pause.*)

COCKNEY. Bet you never met any of the team, did yer?

P.S.B. Oh yes, several of them.

COCKNEY. Honestly? You really met 'em? Spoke to 'em?

P.S.B. Yes, spoke to them, met them, been out with them——

COCKNEY. Crikey, that's wonderful. Don't arf feel funny meeting a bloke wot really goes out with one of them players. Bet you don't arf feel swanky don't you? Which ones do you know?

P.S.B. Matter of fact, I know them all—one particularly.

COCKNEY. Which one particlarrly?

P.S.B. Brunson.

COCKNEY. Brunson? Jimmy Brunson? Honest, do you really know him? Wot's he like? How did yer come to meet him, eh?

P.S.B. I met him years ago, when I was quite a little fellow. In fact, we grew up together.

COCKNEY. Grew up together? Wot in the same house? How?

P.S.B. Well you see, he's my brother.

COCKNEY. That's great—sir.

P.S.B. You think he's a good player?



COCKNEY. Hm, we got his picture up in our Troop Room and I got two fag cards in a frame at home. Do you know, about two weeks ago I waited outside the place where they come out after the match. I waited for two blinkin' hours and coo, didn't it bloomin' well rain. I got wet through and then I never see him. I went home all wet and didn't 'arf cop it from my old man.

P.S.B. Would you like to meet him?

COCKNEY. Shut up.

P.S.B. I mean it. Would you?

COCKNEY. How?

P.S.B. Now listen. I can't manage it to-day, I've got to cut right off after the game, but next Saturday meet me outside the stand entrance ten minutes before the start. I'll take you in to see the game and afterwards I'll take you out to tea with him.

COCKNEY. You ain't trying to make a mug out of me, are yer?

P.S.B. I'm very serious old chap. What about it?

COCKNEY. You know, I almost believe, honest I do. But I ain't coming out to tea with you. I ain't got no clothes.

P.S.B. You must be pretty cold.

COCKNEY. I mean, people'd stare. You all dressed up and me like this. I'd like to come, coo, wouldn't I though, but how can I? I'd feel—like you was taking pity on me or something.

P.S.B. Hey, are you getting stupid?

COCKNEY. I think that's the most sensible thing I ever said. Imagine me sitting down to tea with your brother in this rig and all the time he'd be looking at me and saying "poor little kid." (*Pause.*) Hey, will you make it in about four or five weeks' time? I might be able to earn enough by then to buy a suit. Would you? Please, sir?



P.S.B. The season will be over by then, old son. No, let's make it next Saturday.

COCKNEY. Aw mister, I know you don't understand, but —nothin' doing.

P.S.B. I see, you don't want to come, is that it?

COCKNEY. Don't want to come? Hm. (*Pauses.*) Look, they're coming out!

P.S.B. Yes, here they are. All ready for the second half. They'll have to play up to win, too. What are you, Scout or P.L.?

COCKNEY. Second. Look, there's your brother. See him, he's running round to warm up.

P.S.B. I'm a Rover Mate you know. Yes, that's my brother.

COCKNEY. You a Rover Mate? Where at?

P.S.B. School.

COCKNEY. School, eh? Seems funny for Rovers to be going to school, don't it?

P.S.B. Listen, you'll meet me outside the ground next Saturday, ten minutes before the game. Understand?

COCKNEY. Not in these clothes.

P.S.B. You won't be in those clothes. You'll be in uniform.

COCKNEY. Uniform?

P.S.B. Yes, and so shall I. (*Pause.*) O.K.?

COCKNEY. Delightful!

*(The whistle blows as the second half of the game starts, and the curtain closes.)*



## A PROPHET IN HIS OWN—

### PRODUCTION

The secret of this item must be speed. From the time the first set of Newsboys enter, there must be no wait. Carry on section after section as if your life depended on it.

The first part of each section is played in front of a curtain, then the curtains open for the second part.

The big laughs should come only on the actual black-out lines, therefore there should be no need to hesitate between speeches. It is probable there may be a laugh or two at the speech of the Fighter's wife, but I should be inclined to carry straight on until the last sentence is reached—pause a second, and then fire!

The Boy Scout episode must be played very nicely. Do not allow the Mother to be made up comically. *If the Mother gets any laughs in this sketch the whole thing is ruined.* The idea of this must get over by the last line of the boy. Lots of people will appreciate this. The first two episodes can be real laugh-getters and the last one can be almost a sermon.

### CAST

1ST NEWSPAPER BOY.  
2ND NEWSPAPER BOY.  
3RD NEWSPAPER BOY.  
FATHER BLANE.  
MOTHER BLANE.  
BOBBY BLANE.  
FIGHTING SAMSON.  
MRS. SAMSON.



## GOOD TURNS

G.S.M.

MOTHER.

BOY SCOUT.

COMPERE.

## COMPERE

Ladies and gentlemen, you have all heard about the "Prophets in their own Country." These are the extraordinary men who are never appreciated in their native lands.

In order to bring home to you more fully the wisdom and truth contained in this proverb, we are about to take you to the homes of some of our National Heroes.

We will first describe to you the abilities of these people, and then show you how their families react to them.

In other words, Ladies and Gentlemen, Famous Men at Home.

## THE HEAVYWEIGHT

1ST BOY. Speshul! Fighting Samson, the marvel of the age, knocks out Battling Brutus.

2ND BOY. New World Heavyweight Champion. Knocks out Brutus in first round. Final paper!

3RD BOY. Great new British Heavyweight. Punch like a mule. New Champion. Read all about the big fight at the Albert Hall. Extra speshul!

1ST BOY. New Heavyweight King. English Champion at last. Thousands stand up and cheer for five minutes. Paper!

2ND BOY. FIGHT result. Big knockout sensation. Read all about the big fight. Latest paper!

3RD BOY. Fighting Samson lives up to his name. Paper! Fighting Samson, the new Champion.

ALL. Great new boxing hero. Paper! New Heavyweight King. Paper! Big fight result.

*(Fade-out.)*



SCENE—*Fighting Samson's home. His wife is standing by a table as he enters.*

SAMSON. Sarah, look at me, I'm the new champ. Knocked him out in the first round, a right to the chin and then a left and he landed on the canvas so hard I thought he'd never get up. I'm the World's Champion, do you hear that, dearie? I'm the Heavyweight King.

WIFE. The Heavyweight King, eh? Why, you little worm you slunk off out of here to-night and you never chopped the wood, you never peeled the potatoes and you sneaked off without getting my supper beer. And you come home and tell me you're the new champion. A champion, eh? Why you dirty little rat, I'll teach you to sneak out behind my back before you finish your house-work. You're the Heavyweight King, eh? Well, look out, here's where you're going to get crowned. (*Bang! with rolling pin.*)

BLACK-OUT

### THE FOOTBALLER

1ST BOY. Latest Football Result, all the scores. Paper!

2ND BOY. Blane scores winning goal. Full report! Pape-er!

3RD BOY. Chelton get English Cup, winning goal scored by Blane!

1ST BOY. Blane scores goal that wins match. Mobbed when leaving the ground. Speshul Edishun!

2ND BOY. Mob fights round Blane for autograph—police hold crowd back. Pape-er! Read all about the Chelton Hero. All the latest!

3RD BOY. Blane scores winning goal in last minute! Read about his wonderful run and shot.

ALL. Blane, the wonder of the age, scored winning goal, etc. etc.

(*Fade-out.*)



SCENE—BOB BLANE'S house. *His mother and father sitting at table. He rushes in madly excited. He is holding the cup in his hands.*

BOB. Look, Mother, Dad. We've done it, we've done it, the English Cup. And I scored the winning goal. What d'you think about it?

*(For a moment there is dead silence.)*

FATHER. You scored the winning goal, eh? You scored the winning goal? Listen, Bob, ever since you were a little boy your mother and I have worked and slaved with all our might for you. Haven't we?

BOB. Why, yes, Father, of course.

FATHER. And what do we get in return? What? Why the most selfish kind of human being I've ever seen.

BOB. But Father, I don't understand.

FATHER. Oh yes you do. Here was the time when I could have been free. Free to do as I liked, with money to spare and money to spend, yes lots of money. I should have been well off for the rest of my life—but no, you were too selfish. Always, you were selfish. That's what we get for all we have done for you.

BOB. But Father—what do you mean?

FATHER. You know what I mean, you blighter, you know darn well I gave Chelton to lose.

BLACK-OUT

### THE GOOD-TURN SCOUT

G.S.M. And now before closing our entertainment *(he is facing off-stage as though speaking to a hall full of people)* I have great pleasure in presenting to Scout Williamson a special badge of merit. This badge has been earned by Scout Williamson for the record number of Good



Turns done throughout the district. It seems as though he must always have been on the look-out for doing good deeds. Every neighbour around here has written to say what a wonderful chap he is for running errands and assisting them in any way possible.

Scout Williamson, forward !

*(The Scout enters. He receives the medal. Salutes and backs off.)*

G.S.M. I feel I should at least read a few of the many things this wonderful example of Scouting has performed. Three times helped his next-door neighbour with the spring-cleaning, four times gone to market for Mrs. Jones, three times has looked after the baby for Mrs. Simms, scrubbed the back-yard for Mrs. Phillips, attended to the radio for all the houses in Portland Terrace and has constantly gone round looking for places where he might lend a helping hand. Scout Williamson, I congratulate you.

*(Fade-out.)*

SCENE—SCOUT WILLIAMSON'S home. *He enters with his mother. He lays his medal on the table and picks up a book which he commences to read.*

MOTHER. Oh, my son, how proud I am of you. To think all those nice things your Group Scoutmaster said were about you. Oh, I'm so proud, and *(picking up medal)* what a lovely medal, and all for helping people. My, my, what does it say on it? I can't read it without my glasses. Bobby, run upstairs and get Mother's glasses, will you?

BOBBY. Ah, go and get 'em yourself !

BLACK-OUT



## THERE'LL COME A TIME SOME DAY

*The music for this number can be obtained price 6d. from The Scout Shop, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1*

### PRODUCTION

While (during these peculiar times) we are needing sermons to tell us to keep going and keep our minds from depression, this song should be ideal to work in all through your programme, and also to use at the very finale of your show, thus sending your audience away with the big thought fresh in their minds—that after all, there WILL be a good time coming some day.

Each character in this song-scena must be played with the deepest sincerity. You do not need a comedian. The Tramp must believe he is really down and out yet still have the will to keep on smiling. Even the Victim must behave as though he really has had an accident—yet as if he realises that his hurts cannot last for ever.

The water effect can easily be done by someone standing on the top of tall steps and using a watering can. This will not be seen if your curtains are only opened half-way up and just pulled back by two stage hands. (As a matter of fact this is exactly the way it was originally done by the Holborn Rovers. I happened to see their effort and you can take it from me the effect was good.) I believe they used old sacks on the floor to soak up the water, and the tent was placed *directly behind* the opened curtains. Only a very small tent is needed.

As for the last *finale* of the number (the number proper should be in the first half of your programme), this should be tagged on after you have completely finished your



performance. All these lines should be read in a real burlesqued manner. Try to carry the audience along, making them wonder "What are the boys getting at?" Then suddenly burst forth as loud as you like and try to make them sing it, too. I think you will succeed. It's a very easy tune to pick up.

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(THE SINGER *starts this song exactly as if it were an ordinary number.*)

#### VERSE

A man named Mister Atlas used to carry on his shoulder  
The world with all its worry and its care,  
With so great a burden can you wonder he looked older  
You must admit he had a lot to bear.  
Trouble's just a mad intrusion  
In the midst of its confusion  
I have made a resolution  
Just to keep on saying :

#### CHORUS

There'll come a time some day  
When everything will be  
Just as I wish it to be for me.  
There'll come a time some day  
I'll look across the foam  
And see my ship sailing home to me.  
Till then I'm standing the strain though  
Clouds are obstructing my view,  
While I look out for my rainbow  
One thing I'll do.  
As on through life I go  
I'll always try to show  
That in my heart I know  
There'll come a time some day.



(THE SINGER starts the chorus a second time when a TRAMP enters. He is very ragged but smiling. He passes THE SINGER slowly, then picks up a cigarette end from the road.)

SINGER. Broke ?

TRAMP. Yes. (*He is still smiling.*)

SINGER. Out of a job ?

TRAMP. Yes.

SINGER. Not hungry, are you ?

TRAMP. Well, er, yes.

SINGER. You're broke, out of a job, and hungry, and yet you're still grinning. Why ?

TRAMP. Ha, there's a reason. You see, I know something.

SINGER. What do you know ? The winner of the 2.30 ?

TRAMP. No, something better than that. You see, although I'm out of luck at the moment I don't care, because—(*starts to sing*—"There'll come a time some day, etc. etc.")

(*At end of TRAMP's chorus THE SINGER speaks.*)

SINGER. Say, wouldn't it be great if everybody could feel that way ? What's your business ?

TRAMP. By trade I'm a gardener.

SINGER. A gardener ? Say, that's funny, my old man wants a gardener. Why not come over and see him ; maybe I could fix it.

TRAMP. Oh, that's great. Can we go right away ?

SINGER. Sure, come on. You see that old song was right, wasn't it ?

(*Enter two stretcher-bearers with a man, who is covered over, lying on a stretcher. THE TRAMP and SINGER stop the newcomers.*)

SINGER. An accident ?

1ST MAN. Terrible.



TRAMP. A smash-up?

2ND MAN. Horrible.

SINGER. Is he hurt much?

1ST MAN. Right leg broken.

S. & T. PHEW!

2ND MAN. Left leg broken.

S. & T. PHEW!

1ST MAN. Right arm split.

S. & T. PHEW!

2ND MAN. Left arm split.

S. & T. PHEW!

1ST MAN. Busted nose.

SINGER. Let's see the poor man.

*(THE TRAMP uncovers THE VICTIM whose face is seen all bandaged up, but he is smiling.)*

SINGER. Good heavens! All bashed up like you are and still smiling!

VICTIM. Sure, why not? I won't always be like this—  
"There'll come a time some day, etc. etc."

*(The chorus is then done by the trio. At the end of this there is a thunder and lightning effect, the lights turn to blue and the tabs slowly open showing a little tent with two small Scouts looking out. The rain is pouring down as they are trying to cook something. Their hair is soaking wet and they are looking up to the sky.)*

SCOUTS. What a holiday! Everybody jammed in one tent. Rain, rain, rain, nothing but blinking rain. Aw, well—"There'll come a time some day, etc. etc."

*(All together for the finish.)*

#### ENCORE

BOY. Hey, Bill, I think they want some more.

SINGER. Shall we give 'em some more?



BOY. Sure.

SINGER. O.K.

Tho' times around are stormy, for the World has had a  
shake up

We wait for some solution patiently,  
Yet it's very simple, if you'd only try to wake up  
The thing to do is very plain to see.  
And the key's in your possession  
While we're passing through depression,  
Let this be our one obsession  
Just to keep on saying :

*(Enter JOHN BULL, who sings chorus.)*

CURTAIN

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### SUGGESTED FINALE FOR YOUR SHOW

1ST BOY. Ladies and gentlemen, our show is almost ended. We shall soon be sending you home, and as you leave us behind, we know, too well, how soon you can forget.

2ND BOY. While we had you here we didn't try to preach—we didn't try to teach you a lesson.

3RD BOY. We tried to make you forget your troubles, to banish away dull cares and to support British Industries.

4TH BOY. But, my friends, we have a request to make, a very serious request.

1ST BOY. Tell them what it is John, tell them what it is.

4TH BOY. You won't always be as bright as you are now, but one of these days the rain will come.

5TH BOY. Yes, my friends, the rain will come and the bluebirds of happiness will vanish.



1ST BOY. Tell them about the bluebirds, Bill, tell them about the bluebirds.

5TH BOY. They will fly away to their nesteses, up high in the tree-tops, away out of your reach.

6TH BOY. And all around will be dark, and the rain will be pouring down, and the clouds will be around you and you will be sad and everything will be wrong. Then on Monday——

1ST BOY. Tell 'em about Mondays, Bill. Tell 'em about Mondays.

6TH BOY. Yes, I'll tell 'em, I'll tell 'em. On Mondays, you will do your washing, just as you've hung everything on the line—the line will break and all the clothes will fall in the mud, and what will you do then?

2ND BOY. When you haven't enough money to buy a meal, when you're thirsty—so thirsty, and it's still raining.

1ST BOY. Oh, how it rains.

3RD BOY. And as you stand there, wet through, broke, fed-up, and weary.

4TH BOY. Everyone around you's got somewhere to go except you, and the rain is still pouring down.

1ST BOY. Oh, how it rains, oh, how it rains.

5TH BOY. What are you going to do? What are you going to do?

1ST BOY. Tell them what to do, Bill, tell them what to do.

6TH BOY. Yes, I'll tell 'em, hold the line. That's when you've got to remember—US, remember what we told you in a little song.

1ST BOY. Stand there like a man.

ALL. In the pouring rain.

1ST BOY. Stand firm and turn your face to the skies.

ALL. And let the rain fall all around you.



1ST BOY. Stand there with a smile on your face and smile at the rain.

ALL. Laugh at the rain.

1ST BOY. Because you know it won't always be like this.

ALL. Remember what we told you in that little song—  
“ There'll come a time some day, etc.”



## CAMP-FIRES OF THE WORLD

*Definitely a Finale for a show.*

*The words and music to the original Rover Song can be obtained from the Scout Shops, price one penny.*

### PRODUCTION

Production is very important—not so much in the reading of the lines, they must be allowed to play themselves—but in the second part of the scene.

The meeting of the Figure and the two Rovers must be played in front of the curtain. Then when the curtains open we should see as many Rovers as possible all over the stage with small tents and tiny camp-fires flooding the entire picture. At the back of the stage, little cardboard tents going up the back and getting smaller and smaller will give the effect of a very large camp. The entire episode must be played in very blue light. The timing of the number while the Figure is speaking must be very carefully done so that the curtains open on the last word of the chorus, and then the company repeats the entire chorus singing forte. You must have a leader at the back of the curtain to conduct the singing or you will never keep in exact time with the piano or orchestra out in front. This led up to "There'll come a time" Finale in *The Gang's All Here* at the Scala Theatre by the Scouts of London in their first Revue. I think you will like it and you can make it most effective.

*(The scene is in one. There is a complete black-out with a FIGURE standing in centre of stage. THE FIGURE is symbolical—perhaps of Father Time. He speaks.)*



I stand alone—and everyone must pass me,  
 Sometimes they pass without a word or sign, without  
 the slightest knowledge of my presence. But all  
 of them I see.

Sometimes I get a cheery word of greeting,  
 Sometimes a smile,  
 Sometimes a friendly handshake—and sometimes a  
 sigh.

I speak, without expecting any answer, as they pass by.

*(Enter a ROVER. He has a pack on his back and is on his way to camp. THE FIGURE flashes a light on THE ROVER. THE ROVER stands straight to the light.)*

FIGURE. Who comes this way? A friend—or is it foe?

ROVER. A friend, oh stranger, looking for a rest  
 To ease a little bit the toil and strife that is our lot to  
 conquer,  
 To make a better world for men to live in  
 To learn more of the world we call our Home.  
 I look to find a place to pitch my tent  
 Where I may spend the night, and ere I lay me down to  
 sleep  
 Search through my doings of the day and call to mind  
 each of my actions done;  
 If I be satisfied—if I can find one little helping hand I  
 may have given,  
 One little life to someone in distress  
 Then I shall lay me down to sleep—Content!!

FIGURE. Pass Friend, pass on and find thy rest.

*(ROVER goes off and now another ROVER appears. This time he is a foreigner. He also has travelled far. He is loaded with kit and is tired and weary.)*

FIGURE. Who passes by, is it a Friend or Foe?

2ND ROVER. What carest thou, oh stranger, who I be?  
 I am a foe of no one but myself—so do not be afraid.



I am but one of many many tribes who take the open  
road and try to do

In some poor humble way a daily turn of good.

I try to polish up an oft-times dusty sign called  
"Duty,"

I strive to keep that easiest thing to break—A Promise.  
So I be weary and would find a place to camp the  
night,

A place where I might light a fire and where the  
flames

Might rise for other men to see—that I might see their  
Light

And realise that others in my Tribe are doing just the  
things that I would do.

With one Ideal throughout the world to journey

With that Ideal as one to make us brothers.

FIGURE. Pass Friend and light thy Fire that men may  
see.

(Exit ROVER.)

FIGURE. From East and West they come and pass along.

They pitch their tents each night at evening time,

THE CAMP-FIRES OF THE WORLD THEY LIGHT

AND TOWARD THE HEAVEN A SONG OF YOUTH (*start  
singing the Rover Song very quietly behind the  
curtains*) GOES UP.

A SONG THEY SING IN MANY DIFFERENT TONGUES,

IN DIFFERENT WAYS—YET MEANING ALL THE SAME.

THEIR LIFE A TRAIL—THE WORLD THEIR CAMPING  
GROUND

ROVERING ONWARD—UPWARD—TO THE END.

*(The curtains now open showing full stage with a lot  
of tents flying flags of every nation with Rovers at door to  
each tent. The stage is still rather dim and in front of  
every Rover is a red camp-fire. It shines on their faces  
and they are all singing the Rover Song. We see what*



*looks like a big camp with Rovers of every nationality sitting outside their tents and all singing the same song.)*

*(The curtain descends slowly.)*

*(THE FIGURE should go off as soon as the curtains open and he should stand on an elevated platform right at the back of the stage overlooking the entire camp.)*



# WHEN WE GROW UP

## PRODUCTION

You will need two sets of curtains for this, unless screens could be substituted.

Be sure the children sitting on the floor keep very still when the Policeman and Preacher are talking ; also see that when they appear in the " flash-back " toward the end of the sketch, they are in exactly the same positions as they were when they played the early part of the scene on the floor. Also they should have the same toys.

I would suggest that the scene between the two grown-ups be played nicely, and not to *aim* for laughs. Let the scene be amusing in preference to forced comedy.

## CAST

JOHN.

BILLIE.

POLICEMAN.

MINISTER.

JOHN (Grown up).

BILLIE (Grown up).

SCENE—*We see two children (JOHN and BILLIE) playing with toys on the floor.*

JOHN. What are you going to be when you grow up, Billie ?

BILLIE. Oh, I don't know. My Mummy wants me to be a lawyer.

JOHN. Oh, I wouldn't be a lawyer. I'd like to shoot Rabbits and Tigers and things like that, wouldn't you ?



BILLIE. No, I wouldn't like that very much.

JOHN. I know what I'm going to be, I'm going to be a policeman. Can't you imagine me standing on the corner of a busy street making everybody do as I tell them. There I shall be right in the middle of everything, a lot of motors all around and everybody waiting for me to give them the signal——

*(The curtains at back slowly open and we see a POLICEMAN, supposedly JOHN. Both boys are looking straight out front away from the POLICEMAN. There is the sound of motor horns, etc.)*

POLICEMAN. Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait your turn. Hey you, can't you see the line? Well, stop behind it. Move along there please, move along. Hey, stop blowing your horn, keep quiet and wait for me. Who do you think you are? Come on now, Miss, step lightly—Gee, there's a pretty girl—coming over here, too, wonder what she wants. *(Very charmingly.)* How do you do, Miss? Want to get where? Gamages! Take a number 14 'bus, land you right at the door, Miss. Don't forget now, number 14; a pretty girl like you Miss shouldn't be running around London alone. Why, if I had the afternoon off I'd escort you myself. Number 14 'bus, Miss. Good afternoon, Miss, don't forget now, number 14. Good-bye. *(POLICEMAN turns quickly.)* Hey, who are you pushing? who are you pushing? what do you want? Oxford Circus! Oh find it yourself, I'm busy. *(Sounds of motor horns as curtains close.)*

BILLIE. Coo, I wouldn't like to be a Policeman, even if a lot of pretty girls did come and ask you the way.

JOHN. Well, what are you going to be? You'll have to be something, you know.

BILLIE. I'll tell you what I'm going to be, something my Granny always wanted me to be. I'm going to be a Minister.



JOHN. A Minister ! And have to wear one of those funny collars ?

BILLIE. Yes, and maybe you will come some Sunday morning or evening and hear me preach. Just think of me standing up in the pulpit on Sundays addressing the people——

*(The Boys are staring out front again, thinking, as the curtains slowly open and we see a minister standing in the back. We hear the sound of an organ.)*

MINISTER. My dear people, in fact, my very dear people, I have to announce the Annual Choir Outing will take place next Saturday. We are planning to return home an hour earlier than usual on Saturday night so that we shall allow time for our Choir members to get rid of their headaches before Church time next day. Last year, if you remember, five of our members missed the train, four others went on to the next Station, two have never been seen since, while those who did catch the train were so exceedingly jovial that remarks were passed that we had been imbibing too freely. If anybody can give me the name of the person who turned common informer I shall be very glad to exclude him from all future Band of Hope meetings. Our Sunday School teachers will meet on Wednesday evening. My wife and the Curate will entertain the gentlemen at the Rectory, while I shall be looking forward to having all the ladies in the Session Room. I must ask you all to make a special effort towards the collection to-day ; and children please leave out the buttons. The first Sunday in the month Mrs. Will's baby will be baptised ; the second Sunday Mrs. Cole's twins ; the third Sunday Mrs. Parker's triplets and we are living in hopes for the fourth Sunday. Brother Walters met with a slight accident last night. A stick in his wife's hand came in contact with his head. I sincerely hope he will now keep on the wagon. We have decided that in future



our Ranger and Rover meetings will be held on *different* nights. This will enable parents to get their boys and girls home much earlier than at present. We will now join together in singing "Let us live and let live." (*Music as the curtains close.*)

JOHN. Gee, I wouldn't like to be a preacher.

BILLIE. John, I wonder if we shall ever see each other when we grow up. I mean, when you're a policeman and I'm the clergyman?

(*They both stand up and BILLIE puts his hand on JOHN'S shoulder.*)

JOHN. I expect so, Billie, we're bound to meet somewhere or the other. Still I wonder if we really shall ever meet?

BILLIE. I wonder?

(*The curtains in front of them slowly close. A notice appears between the curtains which says "20 Years Later!" The curtains open again and we see two men in the same position as the two boys were left.*)

BILLIE. Say, aren't you Johnnie Wilson?

JOHN. Yes, that's me. Good heavens, I know you, don't I? You're Billie Clark!

BILLIE. Right first time. Gosh, it's great to see you again. How are you?

JOHN. Fine thanks, how's yourself, you're looking good. How's the world using you?

BILLIE. Not too bad at all.

JOHN. Funny thing meeting you to-day. Only last night I was thinking when you and I were together as kids. Must be about fifteen years since I last saw you, Bill. Remember how we used to talk about what we were going to be when we grew up?

BILLIE. Yes, I often think about it. By the way, John, you were going to be a Policeman, weren't you?



JOHN. I was.

BILLIE. And did you join the Force?

JOHN. No, I didn't, but funnily enough I *do* wear a blue uniform.

BILLIE. Well, what's your job?

JOHN. I'm a pork butcher.

BILLIE. And very nice, too, not quite what you expected probably, but I guess it's a paying concern. I can just picture you slicing up sausages by the yard.

JOHN. Well, now, how about yourself? You were going in for the Ministry.

BILLIE. Yes, that was my ambition once.

JOHN. And are you a Clergyman?

BILLIE. Well—er—no, eh I'm, er, well no, I'm not.

JOHN. Come on, don't be bashful, if you're not the Clergyman you were going to be, what are you?

BILLIE. The fact is I'm—I'm a Bookmaker!

JOHN. A Bookmaker! Anyway you have realised half your ambition, you do at least stand up and talk to people.

BILLIE. Yes, isn't it funny how things turn out. Why it seems only like yesterday when we were sitting on the floor and chatting about the future. Do you remember?

JOHN (*very slowly*). Do I remember, I can see it now.

*(The curtains slowly open at the back of them and we see two children on the floor as in beginning of sketch.)*

JOHN (*the child*). What are you going to be when you grow up, Billie?

BILLIE. I want to be a Clergyman.

JOHN. I'd like to be a Policeman.

BOTH CHARACTERS. 'Phew!

CURTAIN



## YOUNG ENGLAND

### PRODUCTION

Before you tackle this I would advise a very serious reading through first to get a thorough idea of what it's all about and then read it again to get yourselves very acquainted with the characters, so that you will simplify casting difficulties.

This advice may seem unnecessary. I know you would read through any sketch before deciding whether to use it, but in this particular playlet something more than an ordinary reading-through is essential. Chiefly because you will need at least two very good *actors*.

Several of the other sketches in this book would almost play themselves as long as they were rendered intelligently, but not so this one. Do not attempt to produce this sketch with other people sitting around. Select a separate night and have only the cast on hand. Talk over each part with the performers and get their reactions.

The later part of the play must get over far more by the tense atmosphere created than by any spoken lines. Start the sketch rather quietly and slowly, then work up in speed towards the end so that at the last when Sportsmanship is winning, the voices are louder and the finish carried through with a sense of thankfulness and happiness.

### CAST

Three youths, HARRY, BILL and JOHN.

SCENE—*Inside a Labour Exchange. There is a bench centre.*

*BILL is seated at bench when JOHN enters to go into an inner office, presumably to "sign on."*



JOHN. Hello.

BILL. Getting cold, isn't it?

JOHN. Yes, soon be winter. Something to look forward to, eh? (*Exit.*)

BILL. I don't think.

(*HARRY comes out from office which JOHN has just entered.*)

HARRY. Sorry to keep you waiting, what's the plan?

BILL. What's the plan? The same words every day, why don't you alter it a bit? Your words and this daily visit always the same. Phew!

HARRY. What's up, Cheerful? Day by day in every—

BILL. Oh, stall it. I can't see how you can keep that stuff up day after day.

HARRY. Well, what do you want me to do—look like you? Come on now, what do you want?

BILL. A job. That's all—a job. Here's a paragraph that'll interest you—listen: "Man refuses to leave the Dole. Why get a job he argues." That's the stuff that gets me mad. People believe it. They think we're all the same. They don't believe we want to earn a living, come down here every day and sign on, get the money at the end of the week and let it go at that. Crikey—they think we love it!

HARRY. And what's it to do with you what they think? Am I losing any sleep at night through what other folk think about me? Listen, Bill, you're beginning to take things too seriously. Come on, buck up.

BILL. I can't help it. It isn't the coming down here that gets me, it's the long dreary day hanging about.

HARRY. I know, but it's the same for all of us.

BILL. No it isn't. You don't notice it like I do. After you get out of here in the morning, what's left? Twelve hours of what? Loafing, walking, looking at Ads. in



papers, street corners, then night, and the same thing all over again next day. That's what hurts, and there seems to be no end to it.

HARRY. Hey, did you ever try taking poison?

BILL. Oh, be serious. It's three years since I first came into this place and outside of four weeks up North I've been here every day. Three years—ever since I left school, and who knows, it may be another three. And these papers make out we love it.

HARRY. Can't be as bad as that. Come on, let's get out.

BILL. I don't want to go out. Go ahead, I'll see you at the Pool room later. What a Country, what a mess! Everybody ought to be darned thankful for the War—if it hadn't been for that they'd have had nothing to blame it all on.

HARRY. Why don't you get a box and stand out in Hyde Park? It's a shame to be wasting all that stuff on me.

*(Enter JOHN.)*

JOHN. Any of you fellows know of a street corner we haven't found yet to stand on? I've got another day to waste.

HARRY. Good lor, another one?

BILL. Doesn't seem like I'm on my own, does it?

HARRY. I never thought you were, but you don't mind me saying that you're making it far worse by all this cackle.

JOHN. What's this—a preacher?

BILL. He seems to know a lot about Hyde Park.

HARRY. Pardon me if I leave you fussy men. If you hear of a good job going, call me at the Ritz.

JOHN. Why not look for a job there?

HARRY. I'd look anywhere for a job. I saw a man fall into the water yesterday and I ran right after his job.

BILL. Did you get it?



HARRY. No, it was already filled by the man who pushed him in. (*Exit.*)

BILL. I wish I could feel as cheerful as that mug always does.

JOHN. It's a complaint with him. But I wish I had it.

BILL. 'Tis tough, isn't it, this out-of-work, jobless feeling?

JOHN. It's the hanging about that kills me. Watching other fellows going out nights and week-ends and hear 'em talking about what they're going to do after they leave off work. Gosh! if I only had some work to leave!

BILL. It would be rather wonderful to spend a Sunday thinking about getting up on Monday morning to go to work—with real money coming in and be able to save.

JOHN. Save—I'd almost forgotten the word. If I had the dough I'd go to Canada or America. Can't be as bad out there.

BILL. Well you won't get the cash signing on here. Don't you hate the way chaps who are working seem to look at you? They know you're on the Dole and make you feel you shouldn't mix with them. Do you ever feel that way.

JOHN. I feel every way. Listen—no, doesn't matter.

BILL. What were you going to say?

JOHN. Nothing much, only when you said about saving—made me think of——

BILL. Of what? Eh?

JOHN. Do you remember that chap who spoke to me at Dave's Pool room last Friday? You saw him outside several times lately.

BILL. Yes I know—who is he?

JOHN. I don't know really, only he told me about something and gave me his address, he—well, it was something about a job.

BILL. What kind of a job?



JOHN. I don't know. It was something on the quiet. Might be something to do with horses—I don't know—when I thought it over—but it's money.

BILL. What do you have to do?

JOHN. Meet people at certain places and give them something.

BILL. Give 'em what?

JOHN. Don't know. He said it would be all right and there'd be money in it.

BILL. In other words it's not lawful?

JOHN. Well he said that whatever happened we couldn't get touched as we wouldn't know what was in the envelopes.

BILL. You couldn't get touched, you mean that maybe the police might——?

JOHN. Well, it isn't as bad as that I don't think, but he said all I had to do was to take these packages to certain people who would be waiting for them at the places he would send me to. I was to give them the things but not to let anyone else notice it. He offered to pay in advance for any job I did for him.

BILL. It's crooked anyway. Must be. But if it's safe——

JOHN. If it's safe, what? You mean——?

BILL. If you only did it for a couple of days—you needn't keep doing it. Anyway, it would stop this awful killing time day after day—no one would know—if you didn't keep on doing it. Would they?

JOHN. No, it's pretty safe. Say, would you come with me? We could split what we make.

BILL. I don't know.

JOHN. Why not? I'll tackle it if you come in with me. I've got his address. He can't come around here again—he thought someone was watching him so he's keeping clear. We can find him with this address. What about it?



BILL. It's better than loafing about—but——

JOHN. It must be safe, besides, we don't know anything about it.

BILL. That's the trouble—it might be anything. It might even be dope.

JOHN. We don't know and they can't do anything to you if you don't know. He said that. What about it?

BILL. Where's the address?

JOHN. Here. Shall we go?

BILL. Yes, come on.

*(From outside comes the sound of a newspaper boy.  
"Big new Football Surprise—famous Centre-forward  
signed for London [fill in local names for this part] Club.  
Big surprise. Special Edition. 'Nother Centre-forward  
signed for London Club.")*

BILL. What Club is it? Get a paper.

*(JOHN runs out to get paper, while BILL looks at the address.)*

JOHN. Hey, look! the Arsenal's signing a new man. Doesn't give his name. Crikey, what a team they'll have. Some fun on Saturday, eh?

BILL. First round of the Cup, too, we'll have to get there early. Does it say if Jack will be well enough to play?

JOHN. Doesn't say. What a smash he had last week. A rotten foul, I call it—they should have ordered that back off the field. Why don't they play the game?

BILL. I hate that filthy play. Did you see the way he tried to trip James?

JOHN. Even their goal was really off-side. That ref. was blind.

BILL. Let's have a look—hold this.

JOHN. What's that.

BILL. The address.



JOHN. Oh ! (*He looks at it, then at BILL.*) No, you keep it.

BILL. I don't want it. Say, if Jack can't play Saturday, the team'll be all in pieces.

JOHN (*looking at address*). Yes, the team'll be all in pieces.

BILL. Absolutely in pieces.

JOHN. Pieces.

BILL. Pieces.

JOHN (*giving address to BILL*). Go on, tear it in pieces.

BILL. All right—little pieces.

JOHN (*grabbing small bits as they fall to the floor and tearing them still smaller*). New Centre-forward for the Arsenal—wonder who it is ? I feel cleaner now, don't you ?

BILL. Football Saturday—yes, I feel clean—football—great game footer. Where are you going now ?

JOHN. Anywhere. Let's keep walking—it's great out—I feel great, don't you ?

BILL. Yes, better than I ever felt before. Gee ! it's great to be alive. Let's go up and find Harry—tell him about the Arsenal. Coming ?

SHOUTS OF BOTH AD LIB., OFF



# THE LANTERN LECTURE

## PRODUCTION

If you have fellows who like dressing up and really enjoying themselves, I can suggest no better opportunity for them than this little piece of foolery.

You have I am sure all seen the old-fashioned slides lecturers once used at their talks. If you haven't, then your fathers and mothers will soon enlighten you. Well, the idea of this sketch is to burlesque this old-fashioned idea, using real people instead of slides. The characters can dress up as weirdly as they like. A frame with a curtain behind it would make a good "screen" or failing this, it would be quite practical merely to open the curtains sufficiently wide to show the audience the tableau.

Be sure and see at your rehearsal that the audience at the sides will also be able to see properly.

I suggest that the lecturer have a drooping moustache and dress to suit the occasion and he should have a billiard cue to rap on the floor for each change.

## COMPERE

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with deep regret I am forced to make an announcement.

As you know we were to have to-night a lecture with Lantern Slides, the Lecture to be given by that well-known Speaker and Sportsman, Professor Michael Michelmas.

Well, Mr. Michelmas is very absent-minded. He left home to-night without the slides so he had to return home to get them and then, on arriving in this Hall about five



minutes ago, he was staggered to discover he had forgotten the lantern.

It is quite impossible for us to wait while he runs home to fetch the lantern, and as Mrs. Michelmas isn't on the 'phone there is only one thing to do. Namely, to carry on with the lecture and instead of the lantern pictures, several of our Sabbath School scholars will do their best to pose for you. This is the very best we can do for you in the circumstances.

I will now hand you over to Professor Michelmas. Ladies and Gentlemen—the Professor! (*Exit.*)

*(Loud chord from orchestra as THE PROFESSOR enters. He is made-up rather weirdly and carries a billiard cue which he uses to tap on the floor when the picture is either shown or closed in, and also to point out things of interest in the displayed tableau.)*

PROFESSOR (*bowing*). I am going to tell you to-night of a deep love and a riotous adventure, of beautiful scenes and dirty schemes, of thwarted passions all illustrated with my very own lantern slides which I forgot to bring. However, we shall do the best we can. Now to begin.

Ladies and Gentlemen—The Romance of Nance.

Nancy O'Dary was a pretty little thing. (*Curtains open showing a boy made up as a girl complete with a fan. He must be perfectly still.*) She had beautiful flaxen hair, pearly white teeth, a lovely dimple, a beautiful swan-like neck and two lovely blue eyes. She was the simple, healthy kind of girl all men liked. She was famed the countryside throughout for her prowess at Tilting the Bucket, Cheap Excursions and Postman's Knock. Ah! What a laugh had Nancy! (*Big hoarse laugh from the picture.*) Nancy has a cold! (*Taps cue and curtains close.*) But little does she know, as she sits there so calmly, what Fate has in store for her. The Villain comes on the scene. (*Taps. Curtains open showing THE VILLAIN complete with moustache. He is looking off stage with hand shielding eyes.*) Look, his name is Richard



Duckbutt worry. He is the original Dirty Dick. You can see the evil glint in his eye ! (*Points with cue.*) No, he is not admiring the beautiful sunset, he has just perceived a trim little figure you all know so well, he has just spotted sweet Nancy O'Dary. (*Taps cue and curtains close.*) And, like all real villains do, he scrapes up an acquaintance with her, in other words, he gives her the "glad eye." (*Curtains open and we see THE VILLAIN and NANCY almost back to back looking over each other's shoulders.*) You can see the sly look in his eye which bodes ill for sweet Nancy O'Dary ! (*Curtains close.*) Nancy does not realise what all this means. But you wait and see my friends, let us take a look at the next picture and see what is happening to our poor heroine—(*curtains open and they are sitting on a seat both looking very love-sick*). See, he has enticed her into a park, and there she sits all unaware of the danger which is threatening her ! (*Curtains close.*) Little does Nancy know what the Fates have in store for her, little does she know. Mark my words, my friends, and look carefully. (*Curtains open. THE VILLAIN is choking NANCY.*) There you are, what did I tell you ? The dirty old so-and-so is up to his old tricks again. See how she screams and shouts for help. Fight, Nancy, fight. Stick it, stick it like the good little girl that you are. Someone will come to your aid. (*Curtains close.*) Oh, folks, what our poor little Nancy must be going through. Is there no one who will hear her screams and come to her assistance ? Someone must come, somebody must help her. Let us take a look and see. (*Curtains open, THE HERO is dressed in an old-fashioned cycling outfit complete with cap and cycle.*) Look, *that*, ladies and gentlemen—is the hero—the strong silent man, before the talkies came. Mount thy steed forsooth, and go in the direction of the screams. True Blue Harold will win through in the end ! (*Curtains close.*) This story now becomes thrilling—will he be in time to save our Nancy ? Let us look and end the suspense. (*Curtains open. Tableau—HERO standing behind VILLAIN. THE HERO has a bicycle pump upraised.*)



Look, he has arrived in time and our Nancy is saved. The hero is going to sock the villain over the head with his bicycle pump. Nancy, you are saved, saved—don't look so worried. Nancy, you are saved! (*Curtains close.*)

There is a little sequel to this story, one which I am sure you will all be pleased to hear. There is a wedding in the church round the corner. Let us join the merry throng and meet the happy couple as they leave the church. (*Curtains open. NANCY and HERO walk forward arm in arm. The orchestra plays Wedding March and we see old boots and shoes thrown—and hitting them.*)

CURTAIN



