

S6 E04 - Napoleon's Piano

Transcribed by Paul Martin, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

WAILING

GREENSLADE:

Oh, come, come, come, come, dear listeners. You know, it's not *that* bad.

SECOMBE:

Of course not! Come, Mr. Greenslade. Tell them the good news!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have the extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show.

GRAMS:

CROWD SCREAMING AND STAMPEDING

SECOMBE:

Mmm. Is the popularity waning? Hmmph.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho! Fear not, Neddie-lad! We'll jolly them up with a merry laughing type joke show. Stand prepared for the story of... Napoleon's Piano. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO MOOD-SETTING MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Napoleon's piano. The story starts in the bad old days, back in April 1955. It was early one morning and breakfast had just been served at Beaulieu Manor and I was standing at the window, looking in. With the aid of a telescope I was reading the paper on the breakfast table, when... when suddenly an advertisement caught my eye. It said:

GRYTPYPE:

(BASSY, ECHOEY) Will pay anybody five pounds to remove piano from one room to another. Apply: The Bladders, Harpiapipe, Quants.

SEAGOON:

In needle nardle noo time I was at the address. And with the aid of a piece of iron and a lump of wood, I made this sound:

FX:

KNOCKS FIVE TIMES ON DOOR

MORIARTY:

Sapristi knockos! When I heard that sound I ran downstairs and with the aid of a doorknob and two hinges I made this sound:

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNS, DOOR CREAKS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Ah! Good morning!

MORIARTY:

Good morning? Just a moment.

FX:

TELEPHONE PICKED UP, DIALLING

MORIARTY:

Hello? Air Ministry roof? Report. Yes? Yes? Thank you.

FX:

TELEPHONE HUNG UP

MORIARTY:

You're perfectly right – it *is* a good morning.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. My name is Neddie Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

What a memory you have!

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo! I've... er... I've come to move the piano.

MORIARTY:

(LAUGHS MANIACALLY, STOPPING SUDDENLY) Come in.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS SIMILARLY, BUT LONGER, STOPPING JUST AS SUDDENLY) Thanks.

MORIARTY:

You must excuse my filthy hands but I've just been washing my face.

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

(NOW HERE) Can I borrow your shoe? I want to read the paper.

MORIARTY:

I'm sorry it's on...

GRYTPYPE:

(INTERRUPTS) Oh, we appear to have company.

MORIARTY:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. This gentleman has come in answer to your advertisement.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, how lovely! Come in, sit down.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON:

No, thanks. I'm trying to give them up.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid for you! Now, Neddie, here's the money for moving the piano. There you are, five pounds in fivers.

SEAGOON:

Five pounds for moving a piano? Ha ha ha! This is money for old rope.

GRYTPYPE:

Is it? I'd have thought you'd have bought something more useful.

SEAGOON:

No, no. I have simple tastes. Now, where is this piano?

GRYTPYPE:

All in good time, laddy. Now first, will you sign this contract? In which you guarantee to move the piano from one room to another for five pounds.

SEAGOON:

Of course I'll sign. Have you any ink?

GRYTPYPE:

Here's a fresh bottle.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) Gad! I was thirsty.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi indelible! Do you always drink ink?

SEAGOON:

Only in the mating seasons.

MORIARTY:

Shall we dance?

GRAMS:

WALTZ

SEAGOON:

You dance divinely.

GRYTPYPE:

Next dance, please. Now Neddie, please just sign the contract.

SEAGOON:

Certainly. (SCRIBBLES) Neddie... Seagoon. A G G

MORIARTY:

What's AGG for?

SEAGOON:

For the kiddies to ride on. (BLOWS RASPBERRY, LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

Are you sure you won't have a gorilla?

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I've just put one out.

GRYTPYPE:

I see.

SEAGOON:

Now, which room is this piano in?

GRYTPYPE:

It's... erm... It's in the Louvre.

SEAGOON:

Strange taste you have.

GRYTPYPE:

We refer to the Louvre Museum.

SEAGOON:

What what what what what what what what what what? You mean the piano's in Paris?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! I've been tricked! Yahhahh!

FX:

THUD

MORIARTY:

For the benefit of people without television... he's fainted.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't waste time. Open his jacket...

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

...and take the weight of his wallet off his chest.

MORIARTY:

Aha!

GRYTPYPE:

Found anything?

MORIARTY:

Yes. A signed photograph of Neddie Seagoon. A press cutting from the theatre, Bolton.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

A gramophone record of Gili mowing the lawn. And a photograph of Gili singing.

GRYTPYPE:

He's still out cold. See if this brings him round.

FX:

COIN DROPPED ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Thank you, ladies! (SINGS) Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys. Sharing... (STOPS SINGING) Ah, oh, ooh, oh, ooh! Where am I?

GRYTPYPE:

England.

SEAGOON:

What number?

GRYTPYPE:

7A. Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON:

No, they hurt my throat.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, naughty gorillas.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Now I remember! You've trapped me into bringing back a piano from France for only five pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

You signed the contract, Neddie. Now get that piano (VOICE CHANGES TO LEW'S) or we sue you for breach of contract.

SEAGOON:

Owww!

FX:

DOOR RATTLED

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, Moriarty! If he brings that piano back we shall be well in the money. That piano must be worth at least ten thousand pounds.

MORIARTY:

How do you know?

GRYTPYPE:

I've seen its bank book. That is the very piano Napoleon played at Waterloo.

MORIARTY:

No wonder we lost.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. With all that moolah we can have a wonderful slap-up holiday.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Pariis, we found a Charlie...

GREENSLADE:

I say! Poor Neddie must have been at his wit's end. Faced with the dilemma of having to bring Napoleon's piano back from Paris, he went to the Foreign Office for advice on passports and visas.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

FX:

THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE, PIECES OF METAL ARE DROPPED ON THE FLOOR RANDOMLY

MINNIE:

Mnaw! Oh! That must be the Prime Minister at the door.

CRUN:

Yes, that must be the Prime Minister, yes.

MINNIE:

Coming, Anthony. Coming.

CRUN:

Yes. Tell him we're very sorry.

MINNIE:

Sorry for what, Henry?

CRUN:

Well.. well.. well.. make something up, anything will do.

MINNIE:

We're very sorry, Anthony. Oh, ohhhhh oh!

CRUN:

Oh!

MINNIE:

You're n... you're not the Prime Minister.

SEAGOON:

Not yet, but it's just a matter of time. My name is Neddie Seagoon.

CRUN:

Do you want to buy a White Paper?

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to give them up.

CRUN:

Oh. So are we.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARs THROAT) I want a few particulars. You see, I want to leave the country.

CRUN:

He's going to Russia!

MINNIE:

Stop him!

CRUN:

Stop him!

GRAMS:

FIGHTING SOUNDS, WITH BUGLE SOUNDING ATTACK. CRUN & BANNISTER YELL, WHILE SEAGOON SHOUTS "I SAY, I SAY!"

SEAGOON:

Are you threatening me?

CRUN:

Now, get out!

SEAGOON:

I will! But not before I hear musical saboteur Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

'AIN'T MISBEHAVING'

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon was confused - he's not the only one. It seems that with no more than a fiver, the cheapest way to Paris was to stow away on board a Channel steamer.

GRAMS:

SHIP'S BELL, SEAGULLS

SEAGOON:

Down in the dark hold I lay. Alone. So I thought.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) I talk to the trees... that's why they put me away... (CONTINUES SINGING UNDER)

SEAGOON:

The singer was a tall ragged idiot.

ECCLES:

(SINGS)...ragged idiot...

SEAGOON:

He carried a plasticene gramophone and wore a metal trilby.

ECCLES:

(SINGS)...metal tril.. oh! (STOPS SINGING) Hello, shipmate of mine. Where are you a'goin' off?

SEAGOON:

Nowhere. I think it's safer to stay in the ship until we reach Calais.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Hey, you goin' to Calliss?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

What a coincidence, that's where the ship's goin. Ain't you lucky! Everything's goin to be fine, fine, fine...

SEAGOON:

Here! Have a gorilla.

ECCLES:

Oh! Thanks.

GRAMS:

GORILLA ROARING

ECCLES:

Oww! Oww! Ooh! Oww! Hey! These gorillas are strong. Here, have one of my monkeys, they're milder.

SEAGOON:

And so for the rest of the voyage we sat quietly smoking our monkeys. At Calais I left the idiot singer. By sliding down the ship's rope, in French, I avoided detection and made for the Louvre. Late that night I checked into a French hotel. Next morning, I sat in my room eating my breakfast, when suddenly through the window a fork on the end of a long pole appeared. It tried to spear my kipper.

BLOODNOK:

Oh-ho!

SEAGOON:

Who the blazes are you, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Ah-ah-oh! I'm sorry. I was... ummm... fishing.

SEAGOON:

Fishing? Fishing? This is the thirty-fourth floor.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. The... ummm... river must have dropped.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, sir?

BLOODNOK:

I've got it on a bit of paper, here. Let's have a look... oh, yes! Major Dennis Bloodnok, late of the third Disgusting Fusiliers. OBE, MT, MT and MT.

SEAGOON:

What are all those MTs for?

BLOODNOK:

I get tuppence on each of them. Ohh! I'm in condition tonight. Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

You're acting suspiciously suspicious. I've a good mind to call the manager.

BLOODNOK:

Call him. I am unafraid.

SEAGOON:

(CONSIDERS) No. Why should I call him?

BLOODNOK:

Then I will. Manager?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Oui, monsieur?

BLOODNOK:

Throw this man out!

SEAGOON:

Ahhh!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

BLOODNOK:

Now for breakfast. Kippers? Toast? Oh, yes! Wait? What's this coming through the window? Flatten me croaker and nosh me slappers! It's a fork on a pole. And it's trying to take me kipper off me plate! Ohhhhhh! I say! Who is that?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I was just fishing.

BLOODNOK:

What?! I've a good mind to call the manager.

SEAGOON:

Go on then, call him.

BLOODNOK:

No. No, why should I?

SEAGOON:

Then I'll call him. (ASIDE) Watch me turn the tables, listeners. (CALLS) Manager?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Oui monsieur?

BLOODNOK:

Throw this man out of my room!

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Alone in Pariii. I went down to the notorious Cafe Tom, proprietor Maurice Ponk.

GRAMS:

CLARINET AND PIANO PLAY IN CLUB ENVIRONMENT

SEAGOON:

Inside, the air was filled with gorilla smoke. I was looking for a man who might specialise in piano robberies from the Louvre.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

DR. EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

(GERMAN ACCENT) Good evening. You are looking for a man who might specialise in piano robberies from ze Louvre.

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

EIDELBURGER:

I was listening on the radio and I heard you say.

SEAGOON:

Good. Sit down.

EIDELBURGER:

No thank you, I'm naked.

SEAGOON:

Garkon?

THROAT:

Oui.

SEAGOON:

Two glasses of English port-type cooking sherry.

THROAT:

Oui.

SEAGOON:

Now... have a gorilla.

EIDELBURGER:

No thanks, I only smoke baboons.

SEAGOON:

Good show!

EIDELBURGER:

Yes. Babboon show!

GRAMS AND AUDIENCE:

RIOTOUS CHEERING

EIDELBURGER:

Thank you. Thank you and now back to ze plot.

SEAGOON:

Yes! This piano we must steal: it's the one Napoleon played at Waterloo.

EIDELBURGER:

Steal? That will be a very sticky job.

SEAGOON:

Why?

EIDELBURGER:

It's just been varnished. Ho ho ho! Ze German joke, ja? Huh?

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha. Ze English silence.

EIDELBURGER:

Now, Mr Sneezegroin, meet me outside the Louvre at midnight on the stroke of two.

SEAGOON:

What time?

EIDELBURGER:

When the clock strikes twenty past twelve. Bob an' Alf veederzoin.

SEAGOON:

Veederline. True to my word, I was there dead on three.

EIDELBURGER:

You are late.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, my legs were slow.

EIDELBURGER:

You will have to buy another pair. Zis, here, is my oriental assistant, Yakamoto.

YAKAMOTO

[MILLIGAN]

(CHINESE ACCENT) Ah! I am very honoured to meet you. Why? I don't know. Oh, boy!

SEAGOON:

What does this oriental creep know about piano thieving?

EIDELBURGER:

Nothing, he is just here to lend colour to the scene. Now Neddie, this is the map plan of the Louvre and the surrounding streets.

FX:

PAPER UNFOLDING. CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING DIALOGUE

SEAGOON:

Now, you take one end of this map. That's right. Unfold it. That's the way. Aha. Mmmm. That's right. There we go. Yes. Mmmm hmmm. Keep going. Yes. It's big, isn't it?

EIDELBURGER:

(FAR) Yes, it is. This bit here shows the Rue de la Pays.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, you're miles away! Walk straight up that street, take the second on the left and I'll be waiting for you.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING BY AT SPEED, THEN SCREECHING TO A STOP

EIDELBURGER:

I took a taxi, it was too far. Now, we disperse and meet again in the Hall of Mirrors, when the clock strikes twinge. At midnight we strike.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN STRIKING TEN TIMES AT VARYING SPEEDS

EIDELBURGER:

Shhh! Is that you, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

No, it was the clock. Where's Tom Yakamoto?

EIDELBURGER:

He's gone to the Clochemerle.

FX:

HANDBELL RINGING

MAURICE PONK:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Everybody out! Closing time!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Quick! Hide behind this pane of glass.

EIDELBURGER:

But you can see through it.

SEAGOON:

Not if you close your eyes.

EIDELBURGER:

Gefine geblungen, you are right! Are all your family clever?

SEAGOON:

Only the crustaceans.

PONK:

Everybody out and that goes for you idiots with your eyes shut behind the sheet of glass.

SEAGOON:

You fool, you can't see us.

PONK:

Yes, I can! Get out or I call the police!

EIDELBURGER:

You anti-Bismark swine! I shoot.

SEAGOON:

No, no! Not through the glass, you'll break it. First I'll make a hole in it.

EIDELBURGER:

Gut!

FX:

GLASS BREAKING

SEAGOON:

There! Now, shoot through that.

FX:

GUNSHOT

PONK:

Oh. You killed me. Foutre a la porte. You will get me ze sack. Oho! Oh! Oh, I die. I fall to ze ground. Oh, I die.

OMNES:

BOO! HISS!

SEAGOON:

Never mind, Walter. Swallow this tin of Life-o, guaranteed to turn you to life. Recommended by all corpses and Wilfred Pickles. Forward, Ray Ellington!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"DON'T ROLL THOSE BLOODSHOT EYES AT ME"

ORCHESTRA:

THEME CONTAINING SNATCH OF MARSEILLAISE

GREENSLADE:

Part Two, in which our heroes, their purpose almost accomplished, are discovered creeping up to the piano.

EIDELBURGER:

Shh... Neddle. There is someone under Napoleon's piano trying to lift it by himself.

SEAGOON:

He must be mad.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) I dy dum dy dee.

SEAGOON:

I was right! Eccles, what are you doing out after feeding time?

ECCLES:

I signed a contract that fooled me - fooled *me*, mark you - into taking this piano back to England.

SEAGOON:

What? You must be an idiot to sign a contract like that. Heh heh. Now help me get this piano back to England. Together... lift.

OMNES:

GENERAL STRAINING SOUNDS, WITH PIANO PLONKS

SEAGOON:

Watch the old tenor's friend... heave... No, no, no. It's too heavy. It's too heavy. Put it down.

FX:

THUD, PLONK

ECCLES:

Here... here, it's lighter when you let go, i'n' it?

SEAGOON:

I have an idea. We'll saw the legs off. Eccles? Give me that special piano leg saw that, er, that you just happen to be carrying. Ha ha ha. Thank you... now.

ECCLES:

(SINGS UNDER)

FX:

SAWING WOOD FOLLOWED BY WOOD DROPPING ON FLOOR

FX:

SAWING WOOD FOLLOWED BY WOOD DROPPING ON FLOOR

FX:

SAWING WOOD FOLLOWED BY WOOD DROPPING ON FLOOR

FX:

SAWING WOOD FOLLOWED BY WOOD DROPPING ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

There! I've sawn off all four legs.

EIDELBURGER:

Strange. The first time I've known of a piano with four legs.

ECCLES:

Hey! I keep fallin' down.

SEAGOON:

I'm terribly sorry, Eccles. Eccles, here! Swallow this tin of Leggo, the wonder leg grower. Recommended by all good centipedes.

GREENSLADE:

They managed, by sweating and struggling, to get Napoleon's piano into the cobbled court.

SEAGOON:

Which is more than Napoleon ever did.

BLOODNOK:

Halt! Hand over le piano in the name of France.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, take off that kilt! We know you're not French.

BLOODNOK:

One step nearer and I'll strike with this fork on the end of a pole.

SEAGOON:

You do and I'll attack with this kipper.

BLOODNOK:

I've a good mind to call the manager.

SEAGOON:

Call the manager.

BLOODNOK:

No. Why should I? I... I...

SEAGOON:

Very well, I'll call him. (ASIDE) I'll get him this time. (SHOUTS) Manager?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

Oui, monsieur?

SEAGOON:

Throw this man out. (BLOWS RASPBERRY)

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon. You must let me have that piano, you see... I... I foolishly signed a contract that forces me to...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, we know.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, you..

SEAGOON:

We're all in the same boat.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

We have no money, so the only way to get the piano back to England is to float it back. All together, into the English Channel... hurl... (HEAVES)

GRAMS:

SPLOSH

SEAGOON:

All aboard HMS Piano! Cast off!

ORCHESTRA:

SEAFARING MUSIC

GRAMS:

WAVES, SEAGULLS

SEAGOON:

The log of Napoleon's Piano. December the third: second week in English Channel. Very seasick. No food. No water. Bloodnok down with the Lurgi. Eccles up with the lark.

BLOODNOK:

(WEAKLY) Seagoon, take over the keyboard, I can't steer any more.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, take over the keyboard.

ECCLES:

I can't - I haven't brought my music.

SEAGOON:

You'll just have to busk for the next three miles.

BLOODNOK:

Wait!

ECCLES:

Ooooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Great galloping crabs! Look in the sky.

GRAMS:

HELICOPTER

BLOODNOK:

It's a recording of a helicopter. Saved!

SEAGOON:

By St George, saved! Yes! (ASIDE) For those of you who haven't got television, they're lowering a man on a rope.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is I! Sea Ranger Bluebottle! Direct from HMS Boxer. Signals applause.

GRAMS:

WILD APPLAUSE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cease! (APPLAUSE CUTS OFF) I have drunk my fill of the clapping.

SEAGOON:

Little stinking admiral.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aye!

SEAGOON:

You have arrived in the nick of time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silencio! I must do my duty. Hurriedly runs up cardboard union jack. I now claim this island for the British Empire and Lord Beaverbrook, the British patriot. Thinks: I wonder why he lives in France. Three cheers for the Empire. Hip hip hooray. Hip hip...

SEAGOON:

Have you come to save us?

BLUEBOTTLE:

...hooray. Rockall is now British. Cements in brass plate. Steps back to salute.

GRAMS:

SPLOSH!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiiooo! Help! I'm in deep dreaded drowning-type water.

SEAGOON:

Here! Grab this fork on the end of a pole.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's got a kipper on!

SEAGOON:

Yes! You must keep your strength up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But.. but, I'm drowning!

SEAGOON:

There's no need to go hungry as well. Take my hand!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why? Are you a stranger in paradise?

SEAGOON:

(STRAINING) Heeuuuuuuuuuuuup! For those without television, I've pulled him back on the piano.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Piano? This is not a piano. This is Rockall.

SEAGOON:

This is Napoleon's piano.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, it is not.

SEAGOON:

It is.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it isn't.

SEAGOON:

It's Napoleon's piano.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, this is Rockall. We have tooked it because it is in the area of the rocket testing range.

SEAGOON:

Rocket testing range? I've never heard so much rubbish in all my...

GRAMS:

WHEEEEE... BOOOM!

GREENSLADE:

What do *you* think, dear listeners? Were they standing on Rockall? Or was it Napoleon's piano? Send your suggestions to anybody but us. For those who would prefer a happy ending, here it is.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

ROMANTIC MUSIC UNDER:

JOHN:

[SECOMBE]

(OUT OF BREATH) Gwendoline! Gwendoline!

GWENDOLINE:

[SELLERS]

(FEMALE VOICE) John, John darling.

JOHN:

Gwendoline... I've... I've found work, darling. I've got a job.

GWENDOLINE:

Oh, John. I'm so glad for you. What is it, darling?

JOHN:

Darling, all I've got to do is to move a piano from one room to another. (LAUGHS MADLY)

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

Notes:

Wilfred Pickles was an English actor and radio presenter.

HMS Boxer was a Royal Navy tank landing ship. Launched in December 1942 it saw service as part of the Allied invasion of Italy. It was refitted in the mid-late 1940's, then placed in reserve in 1956 and scrapped in 1958.

Lord Beaverbrook was a Canadian/British business tycoon and politician.

Rockall is a very small, rocky island in the North Atlantic. The islet was within reach of the planned guided missile range in the Hebrides and the British government feared foreign spies could use it as an observation post. In September 1955 the island was officially annexed by the UK when 4 men, were deposited on the island by a Royal Navy helicopter. The team cemented in a brass plaque on the rock and hoisted the Union Flag to stake the UK's claim.

'Stranger in Paradise' is a song covered by many artists in 1955, most successfully by Tony Bennett. It begins "Take my hand, I'm a stranger in paradise..."