

# THE CRUISE OF THE CALGARIC



ENGLISH MILES



M.A.

## XIV

### HOME AGAIN

ON SUNDAY MORNING we had come round the north of Scotland, passing between the Orkneys and John o' Groats (which someone enthusiastically hailed as John of *Gaunt*). On Sunday afternoon we had come through the Outer and the Inner Hebrides, and on Monday morning we woke up to find ourselves steaming up the Firth of Lorne.

At 9.0 a.m. we anchored some way out from Oban, and to our surprise and joy we found that a "delegation" had come out to greet us here as well. The Guiders were headed by Mrs. Cameron, District Commissioner for Oban. They brought for the Chief Guide a huge bunch of heather, including quite a lot of white heather, and mixed with that lovely flower, grass of Parnassus.

At Oban our Scottish contingent parted from us: as they went down the gangway we sang to them, "Will ye no come back again?" But they wouldn't, and when last we saw them they were dancing a reel with great gusto in the tender.

All that day we steamed along the west coast of Scotland, passing close to Islay and the Mull of Cantire. About tea time we were off the north-east coast of Ireland, seeing quite close at hand the cliffs of Rathlin Island, and far away in the sun-lit west, the peninsula of Inishowen.

That evening there was the most beautiful sunset which many of us had ever seen—great bars of turquoise and gold, flame-colour and pure green, stretching across the western sky.

Next morning the sky was grey and the atmosphere laden with mist and rain as we crept into the Mersey after our voyage of 3,424 miles. As we drew up alongside the jetty we saw a body of Scouts waiting there, and just beyond them a long row of Guiders, in faultless attire and in perfect line. We thought they looked rather strangely at us, as we leaned over the side of the ship, yelling and cheering. Then we realised that the strangeness was not in them but in ourselves—we had become quite continental in our manners!

Our cheers were redoubled as we caught sight of Mrs. Birley, Miss Pilkington and Mrs. Melly, and we nearly cast ourselves overboard in our efforts to shout at them. Then suddenly we saw the Guiders break into smiles, some of them broke their line, and a few of them went so far as to wave to us! We had succeeded in demoralizing them and, after that, there was no formality when we finally went down amongst them.



But before that the Chiefs had a delightful ceremony in the drawing-room. For the last time, a delegation had come on board, and this time our own country had "done us proud," for we were greeted by no less a personage than the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. A. Gates.

Among others who joined in the greetings were Colonel Melly, Scout County Commissioner; Sir Frederick Browning; Major Denton; Mr. F. T. Murphy, Commissioner for Liverpool; and Mr. A. B. Canty, Manager of the White Star Line. Mrs. Birley, Chief Commissioner, Miss Christine Pilkington and Mrs. Melly, County Commissioner and Assistant County Commissioner for South-West Lancashire, were also present.

The Lord Mayor spoke a few true and feeling words to the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide. He congratulated them on their safe return and on the success of their cruise; he spoke of the good which is being done to the youth of our country by these two great Movements, and said that, for his part, he only wished that a census could be taken of the parents whose children had benefited by it and that their feelings with regard to it could be put into words. He said that this cruise, which had done so much good internationally, had also done much good locally, in Liverpool itself: the equipping of such a ship for a cruise provides a good deal of employment.

The Chief Scout briefly expressed his sense of the great honour which the Lord Mayor had conferred upon us in coming in person to welcome us, his entire agreement with what His Worship had said, and his pleasure in having been the means of giving employment in Liverpool.

The Chief Scout then had the great pleasure of presenting the Silver Cross of the Scout Movement to Scout James Rowland, of the 60th Birkenhead troop, for rescuing a boy from drowning in a pit in Salisbury Road, New Ferry.

After passing through the Customs, and after great fraternizing with the Scouters and Guiders from Lancashire and Cheshire who had come to meet us, we got into our special train and in due course arrived at Euston Station.

But where was the delegation to greet us? London pursued the even tenor of its way and was quite unconscious of our arrival. The most that could be done was for Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Janson Potts (County Commissioner and Assistant County Commissioner for London) to leap quickly from the train, to run to the further end of the platform, and to return, looking as pompous as they could, to welcome the Chiefs and to wish them "a happy stay in our great city."

This is really the end, but in Scouting and Guiding nothing ever comes to an end for the end of one thing is always the beginning of another.

So instead of saying: "Here endeth the story of the *first* cruise of the British Scouters and Guiders," I will say:

"HERE BEGINNETH THE STORY OF THE SECOND CRUISE."



*Photo*

HOMeward BOUND

*Walthams, Ltd.*



[Photo]

[D. Archer Thomson]

THE "GALGARIC" FLYING THE SCOUT FLAG AND THE WORLD FLAG OF THE GUIDES