

S5 E07 - Lurgi Strikes Britain

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GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

SELLERS:

And it used to be so popular. Well, here it is...

SEAGOON:

The Goon Show!

GRAMS:

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE, CHEERING AND WHISTLING

SEAGOON:

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Stop! Ah-ha-ha. Mr. Greenslade? Do your duty, laddy.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir. The story that follows is rather complicated. So, to avoid complications we open with Act Three, Scene One, Part Two, the same afternoon, enter a human being.

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Curse. As I was saying, I am a doctor. I used to have a practice in Harley Street but the police moved me on. Huh-hmm. One morning in May, I was going through an old dustbin when my valet announced a visitor.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

[SELLERS]

Pardon me, sir. There is a visitor to see you.

SEAGOON:

Right. Headstone? Put my lunch back in the dustbin and send him in.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

This way, sir.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, my dear Dr. Seagoon. Allow me, my card.

SEAGOON:

My card.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

My card.

MORIARTY:

Snap! And now, my friend, to business. My name is Count Moriarty. Have you ever heard of... Lurgi?

SEAGOON:

There's no one of that name here.

MORIARTY:

Sacristi Bombet! Listen to me while I tell you a tale. In 1296 on the Isle of Ewe...

SEAGOON:

Where?

MORIARTY:

Isle of Ewe.

SEAGOON:

I love you, too. Shall we dance?

MORIARTY:

I don't wish to know that. On the Isle of Ewe the dreaded Lurgi struck. In six weeks, in cinq weeks, mark you, Lurgi had destroyed... (AUDIENCE LAUGH) Silence please! Lurgi had destroyed the entire population!

SEAGOON:

What a splendid story.

MORIARTY:

Oui.

SEAGOON:

Have you heard the story about the man who didn't marry Rita Hayworth?

MORIARTY:

Impossible.

SEAGOON:

(SNIGGER)

MORIARTY:

As I was saying, Lurgi... Lurgi could easily destroy the entire human race!

ECCLES:

Then I'm okay, fellers. Ha-ha.

SEAGOON:

Count Moriarty, why are you telling *me* all this?

MORIARTY:

Why? Yesterday, Lurgi claimed its first victim in Britain.

SEAGOON:

Ha-Ha. You jest.

MORIARTY:

I jest what?

SEAGOON:

You jest said that Lurgi just claimed its first victim in Britain.

SELLERS:

(OFF) I don't wish to know that!

MORIARTY:

Sacre-bleu, sacre-bleu! How can you joke when Lurgi threatens? Sit down while I tell you a tale. Last night... last night, my dear Seagoon, I was a passenger on a bus in Oldham.

SEAGOON:

You reckless continental, you!

MORIARTY:

Touche. The bus was passing the Werneth Fire Station. All was normal and it was raining.... (FADING OUT)

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC

CONDUCTOR:

[SECOMBE]

Any more fares, please? Boundary Park next stop. Any more? Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

NORTHERNER 1:

[SELLERS]

What to do with him?

CONDUCTOR:

Hold tight, please, I - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Yakka-Boo, Ooooo Yakka Boo.

NORTHERNER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

'Ere, loosen his collar.

CONDUCTOR:

What's the matter with you lot? Take your hands off me! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

NORTHERNER 1:

Stop the bus! Stop it...

CONDUCTOR:

Don't you stop this - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Yakka-Boo.

NORTHERNER 2:

Give him air!

NORTHERNER 1:

Stand back right now!

CONDUCTOR:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo... (FADES)

MORIARTY:

Not a pretty sight!

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! What happened then?

MORIARTY:

The unfortunate bus conductor was taken to the Oldham Royal Infirmary.

SEAGOON:

And then?

MORIARTY:

And then, well, listen...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP MUSIC FOLLOWED BY DRAMATIC CHORD

CONDUCTOR:

Doctor, I tell you, I'm all right, I - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! I can't see what you're bothered about at all ya see... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! Yakka-Boo!

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

Yes, yes, yes. Now, breathe in. (CONDUCTOR INHALES) Breathe out.

CONDUCTOR:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

DOCTOR:

Must you? Now breathe in again.

CONDUCTOR:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

DOCTOR:

Please, I must ask you to reeeea... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

CONDUCTOR:

Nurse! Nurse! Nurse! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

NURSE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes? Now what is it, I... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

OMNES:

MULTIPLE 'EEEEEEEEH YAKKA-BOO', FADES...

MORIARTY:

(FADES IN)...And that is my tale Seagoon. In six weeks Britain could be destroyed by Lurgi and that includes... you!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, FOLLOWED BY CLOSING DUSTBIN LID

MORIARTY:

Come out of that dustbin, Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

(WITHIN BIN) I'm watching television!

MORIARTY:

Come out!

FX:

DUSTBIN LID BEING LIFTED NOISILY

SEAGOON:

Oh, please, please, I... I... I... I don't know anything about Lurgi.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! I will tell you all about Lurgi.

SEAGOON:

Then you cure it.

MORIARTY:

I am not a doctor. No. You must be the one. You... you and you alone will go down in history. Think: Louis Pasteur, Madame Curie, Sir Robert Fleming and now... you!

SEAGOON:

I agree. But what's Lurgi got to do with me and Pasteur and the other painters?

MORIARTY:

Sacre-Fred. Here, read this article.

FX:

PAPER BEING RUSTLED

SEAGOON:

"Will any doctor who has knowledge of Lurgi please communicate with Dr. Hercules Grytpype-Thynne"!

MORIARTY:

Well? What are you waiting for? With his help you will be the man to save the nation from the dreaded Lurgi.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I...

MORIARTY:

A Knighthood, position, riches, money!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, DOOR CLOSES

FX:

PICKS UP PHONE, DIALS

MORIARTY:

(SINGING) Niem solibadee en Paris! (SPEAKING) Hello? Ah, Dr Grytpype-Thynne? Ah, listen, Grytpype. Moriarty here. Yes. He's just left, he's on his way to you now. Yes. (LAUGHS) Yes. Until he answers, here's Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY:

"PINK CHAMPAGE"

ORCHESTRA:

HARP MUSIC CREATING MYSTIC EFFECT

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

Dr. Grytpype-Thynne?

GRYTPYPE:

The same.

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

GRYTPYPE:

Upsa-daisy! Now, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

I've come to help fight Lurgi. First Louis Pasteur, Madame Curie, Phillip Harbin and now... me!

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you. What are your qualifications?

SEAGOON:

I was struck off the Rolls twice.

GRYTPYPE:

You can only be struck off the Rolls once.

SEAGOON:

That'll give you some idea of my importance.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you're our man. The situation is extremely grave. In the last twelve hours, two thousand more victims have been smitten with Lurgi.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) We must move fast.

GRYTPYPE:

What do you suggest?

SEAGOON:

South America?

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, no. You are the one man who can save Britain.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. First Lewis Carroll, Madame Tussaud, Sir Robert Boothby and now... me!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Seagoon, let me tell you a tale. I've arranged for you to meet the Medical Council. Once there...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please... don't do that.

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

MORIARTY:

GOOD!

GRYTPYPE:

I'll tell you a tale. At the moment, Lurgi is confined to Oldham. Now here's what you must tell the Medical Council: All the Lurgi victims must be sent to Blackpool.

SEAGOON:

One moment, Dr. Grytpype. If you know the cure for Lurgi, why don't *you* have the Knighthood and the riches?

GRYTPYPE:

I can't. You see... I'm married.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm... I'm terribly sorry.

GRYTPYPE:

No, Seagoon, lad. It must be you.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I suppose it must.

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm.

SEAGOON:

First Joe Louis then Call Me Madam, Mooney and King and now... me.

GRYTPYPE:

Hmmmm. I wonder what's gone wrong?

MORIARTY:

Come Seagoon, off you go to the Councile Medicale.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC

OMNES:

TALKING AMONG THEMSELVES

LEW CASH:

(JEWISH VOICE) Ladies and Gentlemen! Ladies and Gentlemen of the British Medical Council! Now then, I've got you out of bed because I want you to 'ear about this Lurgi lark. What they're all doing their nut about in Lancashire. Here's the speaker, Dr.... erm...

SEAGOON:

Seagoon. Ned Seagoon.

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

LEW CASH:

My life, he's always doing that! Carry on, nut.

SEAGOON:

Ladies and Gentlemen, before I start are there any further questions?

MINNIE:

What is Lurgi?

FX:

THUMPS OF SOMETHING SOLID BEING HIT AGAINST WOOD (MINNIE SCREAMS) FOLLOWED BY SHUTTING DOOR

SEAGOON:

Any more questions? Now my plan is to set up Yakka-Bool Centres in Blackpool...

MINNIE:

I'm asking a civilian question. What is Lurgi?

HENRY CRUN:

That's another thing I want to know! What is Lurgi?

MINNIE:

What is Lurgi?

HENRY CRUN:

Shut up.

MINNIE:

Shut up.

HENRY CRUN:

Shut up.

MINNIE:

You shut up!

HENRY CRUN:

What is Lurji?

MINNIE:

What is Lurji? I've just asked that question, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Then why didn't you say so?

MINNIE:

I did say so.

HENRY CRUN:

If you've already asked there's no point in me asking again.

MINNIE:

Well anyhow, what is Lurji, eh?

HENRY CRUN:

One question at a time.

MINNIE:

It... it... it... it *was* only one question, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

But I've already asked that question.

MINNIE:

Thank you. Thank you, Dr Crun, thank you. Thank you.

HENRY CRUN:

Goodnight... goodnight Dr Bannister.

SEAGOON:

Dr Bannister?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Gad, he looks different in his singlet. Well, gentlemen, I beg of you, before it's too late. I select the Lurgi victims at Yakka-Bool Centres in Blackpool.

MINNIE:

Wait. Where are we going to get all the money from for this business, buddy?

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello?

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) You have arranged a charity concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund.

SEAGOON:

(QUIETLY TO SELF) Yes, yes that's it. (LOUD ANNOUNCEMENT) I have arranged for a charity concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund.

MINNIE:

Bravo! Bravo!

GREENSLADE:

Part Two. A Charity Concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund. The Overture by the Ray Ellington Quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'MY VERY GOOD FRIEND THE MILKMAN SAYS'

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Sir Malcolm Sargent, thank you. And next in this concert we have imported by permission of Count Moriarty and Dr. Grytpype-Thynne a great continental tenor, Jovani Sulphoney.

GRAMS:

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE, CHEERS, WHISTLES

SULPHONEY:

[MILLIGAN]

Thank you! Thank you! Gracias, gracias. For my first number I would like to sing that lovely melody that we all love so well, "I Travel The Road".

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND AND LENGTHY INTRODUCTION, SAME AS FOR 'ONLY A ROSE'

SULPHONEY

(SINGS) I gypsy am I, go wandering by, I travel the road, all day.

MORIARTY:

(OVER MUSIC) I'll give him the signal... now.

SULPHONEY:

I travel the road... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo!

SEAGOON:

Moriarty, Moriarty, the singer! He's got the Lurgi! Help! Run for your lives! Lurgiiiiii!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC, FOLLOWED BY HARP AGAIN

FX:

TAPPING ON METALLIC DUSTBIN

GRYTPYPE:

For the last time, come out of that dustbin.

SEAGOON:

(INSIDE BIN) Leave me alone, I don't want to catch Lurgi.

GRYTPYPE:

There is nothing to fear. Neddie, I'll tell you the cure.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID BEING OPENED

SEAGOON:

The cure? Ah-ha. That's it, the cure! The cure, what's the cure?

GRYTPYPE:

Now sit down Neddie and let me tell you a tale. I've arranged for you to force your way into the Houses of Parliament. Once there, you must impress upon them the disastrous quinquences of this dreaded Lurgi.

SEAGOON:

But... but... what's the cure?

GRYTPYPE:

The... err... cure is rather unorthodox, but here it is. You will tell them... (FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

TIME PASSING-TYPE HARP LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, an unsuspecting Parliament was debating important affairs of state.

OMNES:

OLD COUGHS THAT ECHO IN THE CHAMBER

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Err, who's... who's responsible for the drains at Hackney? And... may I ask why... they have not been taken up... in the last... century?

OMNES:

HEAR, HEAR.

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

[SELLERS]

They... ah... they were... taken up... last December.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Oh!

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

Ah!

OLD POLITICIAN 3:

Hear, hear.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Isn't it... isn't it time... they... were taken up... again?

OLD POLITICIAN 3:

Well done!

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

Impossible! They've not been put back again, yet.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

I don't believe that...

GREENSLADE:

(OVER ARGUMENTS) The fierce debate was at its height when past the speakers chair crept a dustbin and with dramatic suddenness the lid was flung off!

FX:

DUSTBIN LID HITS FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Honourable members! I have some important news concerning Lurgi.

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

What... what... what is...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Rubbish, get out, he's a Liberal.

SEAGOON:

First of all...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

He's a Liberal!

SEAGOON:

I must ask you...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Speak up.

SEAGOON:

First of all, I must ask you all to lie on the floor.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Rubbish. I've never heard of such twaddle. Who are you sir?

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

FX:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

CHURCHILL:

Is it all right to get up now?

SEAGOON:

You may rise sir.

CHURCHILL:

Aaaargh.

SEAGOON:

Now, Lurgi threatens us all.

MINNIE:

What is Lurgi?!

SEAGOON:

Lurgi... Lurgi is the most dreadful malady known to mankind.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

In six weeks it could swamp the whole of the British Isles.

OMNES:

Rubbish!

SEAGOON:

Now, gentlemen... gentlemen, Oldham is already affected.

POLITICIAN:

What?

SEAGOON:

At this very moment, more and more people are contracting Lurgi.

OMNES:

SHOUTS OF SHOCK

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

A terrible state of affairs!

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

Is there any known cure for Lurgi?

SEAGOON:

That there is! Let me tell you a tale. By continuous research I discovered that all victims had one thing in common.

OMNES:

What is it?

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Out with it, man! Out with it!

SEAGOON:

None of them play in a brass band.

OMNES:

WHAT? GOOD HEAVENS! INCREDIBLE! AMAZING. CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

CHURCHILL:

One moment, sir. Are you inferring that by playing a musical instrument one is immune from Lurgi-eye?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

CHURCHILL:

Hmmm. Anthony, give me an "A", would you?

ORCHESTRA:

EACH INSTRUMENT PLAYING DIFFERENT NOTES, FOLLOWED BY DRAMATIC LINK ENDED WITH HARPS

GREENSLADE:

Following the dramatic disclosure in Parliament, Dr. Ned Seagoon has been put in full charge of the Anti-Lurgi Campaign.

MORIARTY:

(FADES IN)...you will need to order 4 million E Flat trombones.

SEAGOON:

That's going to cost something, isn't it?

MORIARTY:

Cost! Cost! *Lives* are at stake, man!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

If you can save Britain from Lurgi the government won't mind the expenditure.

SEAGOON:

You're right. First Louis Posture, Madame Pompadour, Sinzeer and Gladys...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes, yes. We've heard all that. And now you.

SEAGOON:

Yes, a-ha-ha...

GRYTPYPE:

Three million euphoniums, four million sousaphones. Well, here's the list. Sign here, lad.

MORIARTY:

And send it to Mssrs Goosey and Bawkes, the well-known instrument makers.

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, sit down while I tell you a tale. Within three weeks Goosey and Bawkes had received 50 million pounds in brass band orders. They delivered them to some 30 million musical instruments to Airwick Gatport, the great airport at Gatwick.

GRAMS:

LARGE PLANE MOTORS RUNNING

SEAGOON:

(OVER NOISE) What a sight! A thousand planes packed to the bilges with the life saving instruments. Well done, Goosey and Bawkes. Now, where is that Major Bloodnok? It's almost zero hour! Any of you pilots seen Major Bloodnok?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my Cap-i-tain. I heard you call me. Enter Bluebottle. Pauses for audience applause, not a sausage. (RECEIVES APPLAUSE) Wey! Better second house.

SEAGOON:

Stand away little stringy pants, this is man's work.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But I have done all my homework and I washed my knees, look! Points to white spot on leg, doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot.

SEAGOON:

Stop that dooting, man!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ee-hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Where's Major Bloodnok?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can play that part better than he can, him can. I'm in the school play at Christmas. Puts on white beard, holé!

SEAGOON:

Wait a moment, there *is* a part for you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I knew you would not play this game without little Bluebottle. What do I say, Captain?

SEAGOON:

Read this, but don't read it 'til I tell you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My little Captain is going a long way off to see if I can shout to him. Turns from windows so I will not shatter them.

SEAGOON:

(FAR) Right-O! Read it out now!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you! (CLEARS THROAT) Reads part: "My name is Ned Seagoon...".

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You have deaded me before we even started the game. And you have singed my Edward Perdom Egyptian-type shirt. Oiiy! Moves off for new supply of crepe-air.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, thud me cronker stops and duffel me latches. A civilian on army property? Who are you, sir?

SEAGOON:

I'd rather not say, sir, you see I...

BLOODNOK:

Come on out with it man! I'm broad-minded! Wait a minute, you're not Ned...

SEAGOON:

Shhhhh, please.

BLOODNOK:

What a strange sounding name.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok...

BLOODNOK:

That's more like a name! Pleased to meet you, Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

I'm not Major Bloodnok, that's *your* name.

BLOODNOK:

Of course it is, yes. Aahhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Err, Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You will be parachuted into Blackpool with your band. The object being to instruct the Lurgi victims in the use of these new instruments.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we're all ready to depart, now. Band, by the left, into the plane, quick march! Chocks away, good luck!

GRAMS:

DOORS SHUT AND PLANES TAKE OFF

SEAGOON:

What a sight! A thousand planes taking off towards Blackpool. Soon it will all be over. Lurgi, conquered by me!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC ENDED WITH HARPS

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) And now here's the news. Today in Parliament questions were asked regarding the dropping of some 50 million brass band instruments on Blackpool late last night. There appears to be no valid reason why this strange operation was carried out. It is known to have cost the treasury well over 25 million pounds. As a result, income tax will now be three guineas in the pound. New Scotland Yard are trying to trace a short fat man who started a rumour about a non-existent disease called Lurgi. He is reported to have last been seen...

GRYTPYPE:

Switch it off.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, we've heard enough of that now. Let me see now, that's £15,000 for you, 15 million for me, 6 million for me and then for the...

FX:

DOOR OPENED ABRUPTLY

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Ah! Ah, there you are!

GRYTPYPE:

It's little Neddie.

SEAGOON:

I say, have you... have you heard the news? They... they say that there's no such disease as Lurgi.

GRYTPYPE:

No such disease as Lurgi? And you went to the Houses of Parliament and told them there was. Oh, dear!

SEAGOON:

Eh? Ah, but... you... you... you told me to tell them! I mean...

GRYTPYPE:

Toothbrush, change of underwear. Yes. Got the plane tickets?

MORIARTY:

(COUNTS MONEY)

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! There... there... there... there... there... *is* such a thing as Lurgi, isn't there? (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Yes, you told me there was, didn't you, I mean...

TAXI DRIVER:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, pardon me, the car is waiting for Mr. Goosey and Mr. Bawkes to take them to the airport.

SEAGOON:

Wait! You're... you're the singer from the Albert Hall!

TAXI DRIVER:

Ooh!

SEAGOON:

You've got Lurgi! Run for your life! Lurgi! You've got..... Wait a minute. Mr. Goosey and Mr. Bawkes?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, that's our business name. We make brass band instruments, you know.

SEAGOON:

You must have made a fortune! You...

GRYTPYPE:

Let me tell you a tale. First Charley Peace, Dr. Crippin and now... Muggins. Good-bye.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

Muggins? Who... who's Muggins? (SOBS) Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a 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 Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton. Ooooooooooh, Yakka-Boo!

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO