

S5 E19 - The Missing Scroll

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

Jolly good! Bravo! Hear, hear! Yes, well done.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, gentleman, for praising my announcing.

SELLERS:

Yes, yes.

GREENSLADE:

But I was merely doing my duty in upholding the finer traditions of my alma mater, the Home Service.

SELLERS:

Hear, hear!

SEAGOON:

Hear, hear! Well done. Huzzah! Huzzah!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, yes indeed.

SEAGOON:

Well done!

GREENSLADE:

The Home Service provides us with the best programmes!

SEAGOON:

Always. Yes.

GREENSLADE:

Therefore, it is with heavy heart... I announce one of the worst.

SEAGOON:

Mister Greenslade? Stop reading that Radio Times, pull up your bloomers and tell England.

GREENSLADE:

Alright. England, I'm pulling up my bloomers.

OMNES:

CHEERS, HOORAY ETC.

GREENSLADE:

Stop! Thank you, Greensladers. Put away those cameras because now the Goons are about to embark on a strange story entitled...

MILLIGAN:

The Lost Music Of Purdom.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE, HARP PIECE, THEN MYSTERY-MOOD MUSIC

SEAGOON:

My name is Seagoon. Neddie Seagoon. You've possibly seen my name in the mirror. It reads Noogear Eidden Noogear. In the year nintoon hundred and scranson screen I was employed at the Norwich Castle Museum as a translator of ancient manuscript. My keeper was a certain Mister Roger Fudgeknuckle.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

[SELLERS]

(AS ELDERLY SCOTSMAN) Eeeh, marr, Neddie. That's all for today. What's the time?

SEAGOON:

(BIG YAWN) Three minutes to midnight.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Oooh, well. Might as well have an early night, then, eh, Neddie? (CACKLING-LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Ah, shut up, you mean old bounder. (LAUGHS) Deaf as a coot!

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Goodnight, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Goodnight, you bald old bath bung.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Goodnight. Oh, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

I just thought to tell ye. One day you're going to be a bald old bath bung, too.

SEAGOON:

Eh? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Thought I was deaf, he did, thought I was deaf... (GOES AWAY MUTTERING)

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

(ANSWERS PHONE) Hello?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Hello. Is that the Norwich Castle Museum?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

I must ask you to speak louder.

SEAGOON:

Why?

MORIARTY:

I haven't got a phone.

SEAGOON:

Can't you find a phone box?

MORIARTY:

I don't think they've got one round here.

SEAGOON:

Why? Where are you?

MORIARTY:

On top of a bus.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing up there?

MORIARTY:

I wanted to smoke.

SEAGOON:

Well, what do you want?

MORIARTY:

A match, please.

SEAGOON:

Just a moment, here!

FX:

STRIKES MATCH THREE TIMES, MATCH FLARES

MORIARTY:

(BREATHES DEEPLY) Aagh. Merci, mon ami. I'm... I'm speaking on behalf of the famous London antique dealer, the honourable Grytpype-Thynne. He's looking for a bright assistant.

SEAGOON:

The honourable Hercules Grytpype-Thynne? Why, he was the famous London antique dealer who was looking for a bright assistant. (CLEARS THROAT) What wage is he offering?

MORIARTY:

Shall we say, X pounds?

SEAGOON:

I accept! (PAUSE) That's more than I ever got here. Where shall I meet you?

MORIARTY:

Wherever you like.

SEAGOON:

Right. See you there.

MORIARTY:

Good. Now... erm... what time?

SEAGOON:

I'll leave that to you.

MORIARTY:

Splendid. Don't be late. Goodbye.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Who was that, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Curse! I forgot to ask.

FX:

RATTLING PHONE CRADLE/HOOK.

SEAGOON:

(INTO PHONE) Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Yes? Yes?

SEAGOON:

I forgot to ask your name.

MORIARTY:

I'm sorry, I can't tell you.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

MORIARTY:

I've hung up.

SEAGOON:

Curse.

MORIARTY:

However, while we're about it, what's yours?

SEAGOON:

Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Till we meet then. Au resevoir.

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE

SEAGOON:

Well, Mister Fudgeknuckle, I'm handing in my notice.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Dear laddie, just because you resign don't think Norwich Museum's going to fall doon.

SEAGOON:

Very well. (LOUDLY) I resign! (SILENCE) Right, now. Hands up all those who thought the museum was going to fall down. Eh? Come along. Come along, let's see you. Right. Now, take a hundred lines. 'I must not try and guess the end of Goon Show gags'. Alright. Carry on.

GRAMS:

CRASH OF BUILDING COLLAPSING, MASONRY FALLING, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Wrong again. That was the Tower of Pisa. Carry on, Mister Greenslade. Give 'em the old chat there on the old wireless.

GREENSLADE:

We take up the story where Neddie Seagoon Kneecaps meets the mysterious phone caller in London, the well-known place.

SEAGOON:

Aaah. Good evening. I'm sorry I'm late.

MORIARTY:

I accept your applegopalogee. Now then, follow me into this highly mysterious house.

FX:

DOOR OPENS TO SOUND OF LONG SQUEAKING HINGES. DOOR CLOSED

MORIARTY:

Now, Neddie. Follow me into this highly mysterious room.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENED

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, good evening, gentlemen.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GRYTPYPE:

Aah. Mister Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

How do you do.

GRYTPYPE:

Throat!

THROAT:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Take Mister Seagoon's hat. And burn it.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

So *this* was the honourable Grytpype-Thynne. He stood warming himself in front of the big open fire with his big open trousers. Around the room were hung mummified trams, ancient scrolls, scripts, parchment overcoats and a few early stone saxophones.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Neddie. Warm yourself by the fire. Oh, Moriarty? Break open a bottle of wine.

FX:

BOTTLE SMASHES

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now, Neddie, you've been on the radio, have you?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Though I fear it's a dying medium.

GRYTPYPE:

I knew a dying medium once. He got better.

SEAGOON:

How terribly jolly for the spirit.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. (BOTH LAUGH) Oh, dear. Yes. The Director of the BBC Home Service is looking for new ideas.

SEAGOON:

How about suicide?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Oh, ye good joke, I say. Moriarty...

FX:

BOTTLE SMASHES

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now, Neddie, let me tell you a tale. Four thousand years ago a Lebanese slave named Purdom recorded the only known music of ancient Babylon. Now, this music was lost but has been seen recently in a certain Arab souk.

SEAGOON:

What's a souk?

GRYTPYPE:

Souk it and see. But, um...

FX:

BOTTLE SMASHES

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Moriarty. Let Greenslade explain. What I want... (FADES QUICKLY)

GREENSLADE:

May I explain that the BBC Home Service are offering fifty pounds for the recovery of this lost manuscript of Purdom. Fifty pounds or a life subscription to the Radio Times. While Mister Seagoon is deciding which of these offers to accept, a fine old English gentleman, Max Geldray, will play a frozen Arab sock from the waist down.

MAX GELDRAY:

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME"

GREENSLADE:

The highly esteemed Goon Show, part the second. In which Ned Seagoon travels to foreign climes in search of the lost papyrus.

ORCHESTRA:

EASTERN MOOD MUSIC WITH INDIAN TYPE VOICES OVER

SEAGOON:

Mesopotamia, city of filth. As I stepped down the gangplank at Abudan, I was greeted by a mysterious Arab.

WILLIUM:

Psst. 'Ere, are you Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Only by name.

WILLIUM:

Follow me, mate.

GRAMS:

TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS GOING FASTER UNTIL RUNNING

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) I followed him for three weeks. Unable to contain my curiosity I asked him: Where are you taking me?

WILLIUM:

Nowhere, mate.

SEAGOON:

Then why did you ask me to follow you?

WILLIUM:

I was lonely, mate.

SEAGOON:

What! You've brought me all this way - for nothing?

WILLIUM:

Well, you can pay me if you want to, but...

SEAGOON:

I've got a good mind to...

WILLIUM:

No, no, no, don't nut me, mate, don't nut me. I'll tell you the truth, so, cor, love a duck, struth, cor, stone the crow, cor blimey, I will.

SEAGOON:

Londoner, aren't you?

WILLIUM:

No, Yorkshire. You see, mate, I was bribed to lead you into this desert and leave you here to die.

SEAGOON:

Leave me here to die?

WILLIUM:

Well, to die or tomorrow.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that!

WILLIUM:

Neither do I.

SEAGOON:

Who does. Well... who put you up to this?

WILLIUM:

The forces of evil.

SEAGOON:

The horses of thevil? Er, who are they? Speak up so that listeners without radio sets might clearly hear the plot.

WILLIUM:

The bloke's names was Doctor Eidelburgers and Yakomottoes. They're after the lost music of Purdom.

SEAGOON:

Mustn't get it before the Home Service. Now, how do we get out of this terrible desert? But, hist! I hear horses heeves approaching.

GRAMS:

OUTLANDISH HISSING AND PUFFING ENGINE NOISES, BACKFIRING, ALARM BELL RINGS, MORE BACKFIRING, ENGINE HISSES UNTIL STOPS, THEN POP. THEN SOMETHING FALLS OFF AND RATTLES ON GROUND

ECCLES:

Ha-llo! Are you the one that's lost in the desert?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but how did you know?

ECCLES:

I've been listening on the radio.

SEAGOON:

I eyed the stranger closely. He was living proof that the Piltdown Skull was not a hoax. He was dressed in an egg-stained nightshirt, army surplus boots and a racoon-skinned trilby with the brim pulled well down over the knees.

ECCLES:

You can laugh. You can laugh. I'm the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Famous for what?

ECCLES:

Well... you've seen the Eiffel Tower?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well... let that be a lesson to you. (APPLAUSE) See, they're all on my side.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. How does the Eiffel Tower make you famous?

ECCLES:

I fell off it, heh-heh.

SEAGOON:

No man has ever fallen off the Eiffel Tower and lived.

ECCLES:

You call this living?

SEAGOON:

Only during the mating season.

ECCLES:

Good luck!

SEAGOON:

Where do you live?

ECCLES:

Oh, in that home over there.

SEAGOON:

That's a pyramid, the place where they bury the dead.

ECCLES:

Any questions?

SEAGOON:

Well, now you've exhausted your store of three letter words perhaps you'd be so kind as to give us a lift to the nearest settlement.

ECCLES:

OK. There ain't no room in my car but you can run behind.

SEAGOON:

Thanks, that'll save walking.

ECCLES:

Hold tight.

WILLIUM:

Matey.

ECCLES:

Yup?

WILLIUM:

Can I stand on the running board?

ECCLES:

Certainly. Now, hold tight now.

GRAMS:

ENGINE NOISES INTERSPERSED WITH EXCITED EXCLAMATIONS AND HOY HOYS, HONKS HORN AND UNINTELLIGIBLE PHRASE FROM ECCLES, HISSING, BACKFIRES, DRIVES OFF, FADES

WILLIUM:

Well, it's no good standing here on this running board. Might as well follow 'em.

SEAGOON:

I'll come with you.

ECCLES:

Mind if I come, too?

SEAGOON:

About time you came to. Now, come on, we must get to town before sundown. You take the saxophone.

WILLIUM:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you on the piano.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, let's go.

GRAMS:

DANCE MUSIC ACCOMPANIED BY JOGGING FOOTSTEPS

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, unknown to Seagoon and the Director of the Home Service, on a bus travelling from Oldham to Cleethorpes, a certain conversation is going on.

SELLERS:

(SLOW YORKSHIRE ACCENT) It's in a cage, you say?

SECOMBE:

(SAME SLOW YORKSHIRE MANNER) Aye. It were in it when I bought it, you know.

SELLERS:

Aye. What kind of bird is it?

SECOMBE:

Well, I'm not sure, really. You see, I got it off a sailor, you know.

SELLERS:

Oh, aye. I say, what's the colour of its plumage?

SECOMBE:

Oh, you can't see it, it's covered with feathers.

SELLERS:

Nature's wonderful, i'n't it.

SECOMBE:

Aye.

SELLERS:

I don't know what they'll think of next.

SECOMBE:

Oh, aye.

SELLERS:

Aye.

SECOMBE:

Sailor gave it 'me, you know.

SELLERS:

Oh, aye?

SECOMBE:

Aye, a sailor.

SELLERS:

Oh, aye.

SECOMBE:

It's got a red beak at one end and a tail at the other.

SELLERS:

And...?

SECOMBE:

And a bird in between.

SELLERS:

It's in between, then, is it?

SECOMBE:

Aye.

SELLERS:

Aye, that's a good place for it, you know.

SECOMBE:

Well, he seems to be 'appy there, you know.

SELLERS:

Well, then, I wouldn't move him.

SECOMBE:

I don't think I shall, really.

SELLERS:

No. You know, I had one the same build. Beak one end, tail the other and the bird dead in between, it were.

SECOMBE:

They're like that, aren't they?

SELLERS:

Oh, aye.

SEAGOON:

Funny that, aye.

SELLERS:

They look lovely, too.

SECOMBE:

They do look nice. You can't se..., you can't comment, you must admit.

SELLERS:

Aye. I say, what's this I've heard about your missus.

SECOMBE:

Oh, aye. Well, you know. It's very funny, this. She had an operation on the kitchen table amongst all the cornflakes.

SELLERS:

No!

SECOMBE:

And then, er... (FADES)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that conversation has nothing to do with the show. But we thought listeners might like to hear what a couple of real idiots sounded like. And if you would like to hear four real idiots, keep listening...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"MAMBO ITALIANO"

GREENSLADE:

We return you now to the music of Purdom, part the third.

ORCHESTRA:

SOMBRE EASTERN MOOD MUSIC, VOICES YELLING OVER TOP

GREENSLADE:

Lost! Seagoon and company are hopelessly lost in the desert. And in a blinding sandstorm, see a light ahead. It is a little antique shop on the outskirts of Aleppo.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF WINDSTORM

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Yim bom biddle dee. Yim bom biddle doh. Yim bom...

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, HOWLING WIND STOPS

CRUN:

Min...

MINNIE:

Yim bom Italiano yum diddle dee... I got...

CRUN:

Minnie. Min. Min.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Stop that modern Eastern style rhythm singing. Please remember we're British.

MINNIE:

Mmm. I've got to keep my voice in practice, Henry. My day is coming, buddy. Yum yum yumbo Italiano. Yim dim biddle doh. Yukabako...

CRUN:

Min. Min. Stop it.

MINNIE:

Biddle doh...

CRUN:

Naughty Min.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Look, Min. I want you to send this to Mister Née Master of the Bond Street Art Galleries.

MINNIE:

What is it?

CRUN:

It's a rare eau wine vase.

MINNIE:

Oh.

CRUN:

Be careful... with it... Min. It's worth...

FX:

VASE SMASHING

CRUN:

...nothing.

MINNIE:

Yim bom biddle...

ELLINGA:

[ELLINGTON]

Me Ellinga!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGA:

Me strong. Me beat man with one hand. Me kill. Strong. Me kill 'em!

CRUN:

Yes. Yes. Yes.

ELLINGA:

Me kill with one...

CRUN:

Very good. Yes I want... Ellinga, I want you to take this...

FX:

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

CRUN:

Drat it. Ellinga, answer...

ELLINGA:

Me strong! Me kill a man with one hand.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

ELLINGA:

Me kill a... (CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING HUBBUB)

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR CONTINUES

CRUN:

Answer the door, Ellinga.

MINNIE:

Answer the door, Henry.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, KNOCKING ON DOOR CONTINUES

MINNIE:

The phone's ringing, Henry.

CRUN:

I know it's ringing.

MINNIE:

Then why don't you answer it, buddy.

CRUN:

I can't, when it's making all that noise.

MINNIE:

Answer that phone.

CRUN:

Answer the door.

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR CONTINUES, PLUS PHONE CONTINUES RINGING

ELLINGA:

Me strong! Me kill 'em man with one hand. Me kill...

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Anybody in? Anybody in?

MINNIE:

(SINGING) Yim bon adle dee... (CONTINUES OVER HUBBUB)

CRUN:

Stop that!

SEAGOON:

Open up this door!

ELLINGA:

Me strong. Me kill 'em...

GRAMS:

OVER ALL THIS NOISE BIG BEN CHIMES

CRUN:

(YELLS OVER ALL THIS DIN) Stop it! Stop! Stooooooooooooop!

FX:

ALL NOISES STOP

CRUN:

Stop it, do you hear me! Nyuk, nyuk. Nyuk-aaaahh. Aaah! Aaah! Ooh. (SOUND OF NOSE BEING NOISILY BLOWN ONCE) (SHORT SECOND OF SILENCE)

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Yim bom biddle...

ELLINGA:

Me strong! Me...

FX:

DOOR KNOCKING STARTS UP AGAIN

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES, BAGPIPES START PLAYING

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Open the door! Open the door!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Stoooooop!

FX:

ALL NOISES STOP

SEAGOON:

What the devil's going on in here?

CRUN:

Do you come here often?

SEAGOON:

Only in the mating season.

MINNIE:

Ooohh!

CRUN:

Steady, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, buddy.

SEAGOON:

I observe that this is an antique shop. Tell me. Have you by any chance come across a manuscript signed Purdom?

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What?

CRUN:

Yes. I threw it in the dustbin yesterday.

SEAGOON:

Has it been emptied?

CRUN:

Yes. They empty all Arab dustbins at Sidi Rosaic.

SEAGOON:

Come, Eccles. We must hurry.

ECCLES:

OK.

GRAMS:

THIRD MAN THEME PLAYED FAST

GREENSLADE:

We move now to Sidi Rosaic. The great Arab dustheap.

FX:

CLANK OF BINS

OMNES:

Pooh! Pooh! (CONTINUES UNDER)

FX:

DUSTBINS CLANGING, LIDS OFF, ETC. CONTINUES UNDER:

ECCLES:

Blimey! Pooh!

SEAGOON:

Put that down, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oooh. Look at dat. Pooh!

FX:

MORE DUSTBINS CLANGING, MORE PHEW! POOH! PONG!

GREENSLADE:

(BACKGROUND NOISES STOP) While Mister Seagoon is searching for the lost manuscript, let us go over to Churdstone Prison, where Mondigent Clute is waiting for us.

CLUTE:

[SELLERS]

Hello listeners. And I'm speaking from Churdstone Prison, the new social reform prison, And standing next to me is the prison Governor, Mister Norris Lurker. Good evening, Mister Lurker.

LURKER:

[SECOMBE]

Good evening!

CLUTE:

Grand. Mister Lurker, this is, is it not, a prison without bars?

LURKER:

Yes. I believe that when a man gives us his word not to escape, that's good enough for us, you know.

CLUTE:

Grand.

LURKER:

Anything's good enough for us. We have no restrictions on the prisoners whatsoever, whatsoever. Anytime they like they can walk out of here. No bars, you know. No bars at all.

CLUTE:

No.

LURKER:

All we have is their word of honour.

CLUTE:

Yes. Grand. Grand. Er, could we interview one of these honour prisoners?

LURKER:

Certainly.

CLUTE:

Good. Good.

LURKER:

(SHOUTS) James! (PAUSE) James? (PAUSE) Wilson! Barry Wilson! (PAUSE) Hamilton! Hamilton? Charlie Brown? Willoughby? (MORE AGITATED) Crouch? Er... Crouch? Er... Danby? Charkampton? Aberdan? (PANICS, SHOUTING TO FADE)

GRAMS:

ALARM BELLS RING, FOLLOWED BY DANCE MUSIC OVER...

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) I'm only a strolling vagabond, so good-a-night...

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER SOUND, FOLLOWED BY FAST MARCHING TO TRUMPET BAND

MILLIGAN:

This isn't good enough, you know.

GREENSLADE:

We return now to the great Arab dust heap.

OMNES:

Pooh! Phew! Pooh!

FX:

DUSTBINS CLANGING, LIDS TAKEN OFF AND ON

ECCLES:

Cor blimey! Look at this one!

SEAGOON:

Leave it alone, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oh, oh,

SEAGOON:

Ah, it's no good, it's not here. There's no sign of the lost manuscript. Wait! This dustbin here.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

Eccles. Help me to empty it. Come on.

FX:

DUSTBIN UPENDED, SOUND OF CANS, ETC., FALLING OUT

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieghhowie! You rotten swines, you! Eeeh! You have nudded me. I was kippin' in the dustbin and splunge! I was hurled out onto my little nut. Eeeh!

SEAGOON:

Little rubbish-covered idiot. Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who am I? I'm Blunebottle. Ying tong idn-plong ding.

SEAGOON:

Good!

BLUEBOTTLE:

If you listen to the radio you'd know that was'n Bluebottle. Dat's was what I am. Do you come here often?

SEAGOON:

Only during the mating season.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Now, have you seen an ancient musical document signed Purdom?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, my capitan. I have not seen an ancient musical document signed Purdom. Thinks: I have not seen an ancient musical document named Purdom. No.

ECCLES:

Wait! Wait! Look! Ooh! What's this I found?

SEAGOON:

Let's see. This is it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) The lost music of Purdom. (LAUGHS) Eccles, let the world hear it!

ECCLES:

Ooh! The lost music of Purdom. (SINGS) Pur-dum Per-dum Purdum purdum purdum...

ORCHESTRA:

(CLOSING THEME)

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 Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

(OUTRO)

Notes:

The Piltdown Skull was claimed by experts to be the fossilised remains of a previously unknown form of early man. The significance of the specimen remained controversial until it was exposed as a forgery in 1953.

Running boards are long flat boards under the car doors that act as a footstep for the passenger. On many older cars they were very prominent allowing people to stand on them whilst the car was moving.

Aleppo is a city in northern Syria.

A 'souk' is a commercial quarter in an Arab city.