

S5 E24 - Yehti

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

LEW:

Aaaaaach! What's on the telly?

GREENSLADE:

You will find the answer to that question in the Radio Times, price thruppence. Three copper coins, mark you. And by Jove, it has become so interesting I would much sooner settle down and read it than listen to the radio, any day.

SECOMBE:

Didn't you once have a photograph in the Radio Times, Mr. Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

I did, indeed. Page 12, March the 14th, 1935 and strangely enough... and strangely enough, I happen to have 4 copies on me now.

SECOMBE:

Well, take 'em off and put a shirt on. The nation is standing by to hear you give them the old wireless talking, there. The old posh chat, there!

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, here is our usual warning to those of a nervous disposition, those without a nervous disposition and those still on the waiting list.

SECOMBE:

It's the esteemed Goon highly Show.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

SELLERS:

That was the orchestra under the direction of Wally Stott. Arthur Crube, first trumpet. Mervin Clap, bugle. Hezikhiah Pipstraw, spoons. Fred Crint, Chinese cymbal, temple blocks and lace table-mats. The stool arranger was Herman Tig. They have agreed, in conjunction with the NUR, to play the theme music of...

SECOMBE:

The Yehti!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

SECOMBE:

Boy, it's a catchy tune, is that, you know? Ha Ha! Everybody will be whistling it tomorrow, you know?

OMNES:

WHISTLING THE FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

Our scene opens in an upright pre-fab on Carshalton Marshes. It's the home of Ned Seagoon, philosopher, scholar, friend and foe, unemployed, wedding cakes a speciality.

SEAGOON:

I love my little home. And I like nothing better than to sit by my own fireside watching television in the next house but one. Yes, there's something to be said for thin walls. And one night in the middle of 'Quite Contrary' - yes it was 'Quite Contrary' - I remember, because I was asleep at the time. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

FX:

KNOCKS ON PAPER DOOR, SOUND OF PAPER RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Curse these pre-fabs. Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, I appear to have put my foot through your door.

SEAGOON:

That's all right, I'll get a bit of plaster.

GRYTPYPE:

No, don't worry, I've only bruised my knuckles.

SEAGOON:

I was thinking about the door. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF, CLEARS THROAT) If I'd known I was having visitors I wouldn't have given the staff the night off, you know. I doubt if there is a maid left. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) Pull up an orange box.

GRYTPYPE:

May I?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I'll stand.

GRYTPYPE:

I've been watching you for some time.

SEAGOON:

Oh, have you?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, not a pretty sight. You are Ned Seagoon, unmarried, no family-ties, British, occupation, er...

SEAGOON:

I run my own business in the West End.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes. In Oxford Street, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

GRYTPYPE:

That's right, I bought a balloon off you.

SEAGOON:

Yes, you did.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

As the man perused his notes, I looked him up and down. He had a high forehead just above his eyes and an aquiline nose with a couple of nostrils at the bottom. His jacket was so beautifully cut and his trousers were torn as well.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie?

SEAGOON:

He said.

GRYTPYPE:

I've been thinking.

SEAGOON:

He paused.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie?

SEAGOON:

He repeated.

GRYTPYPE:

I think you're our man.

SEAGOON:

Me?

GRYTPYPE:

He replied.

SEAGOON:

But I don't understand!

GRYTPYPE:

He vouch-safed. Don't you, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

He proclaimed.

GRYTPYPE:

Then I said...

SEAGOON:

Are you with us, Neddie? To which I replied...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Then I told him my name.

SEAGOON:

I'm Hercules Grytpype-Thynne of the East Acton Geographical Society.

GRYTPYPE:

He said I said.

SEAGOON:

He said I said.

GRYTPYPE:

Goodnight and out he went, while I settled down to watch telly in the next house but one.

SEAGOON:

In order to learn more I went straight to the East Acton Geographical Society. Once there, I enquired for Mr. Grytpype-Thynne.

WILLIUM:

He's not back yet, he went to lumber some Charlie in Carshalton.

SEAGOON:

I live in Carshalton.

WILLIUM:

I should go through, Charlie, the meeting's just starting.

SEAGOON:

And for the first time I entered the inner-sanctum of the East Acton Geographical Society.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

CROWDED MEETING SOUNDS

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

[SELLERS]

Now, we must have an experienced climber.

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

May I suggest Hillary?

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

That's a good idea, suggest him.

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

How about Hillary?

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

No. Any more suggestions?

SOCIETY MEMBER 3:

[SECOMBE]

What about Sir John Hunt?

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Sir John Hunt? Has he had much climbing experience?

SOCIETY MEMBER 3:

Yes, he has that! Everest, 1953.

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Everest 1, 9, 5, 3. Good, I'll phone him later.

SEAGOON:

If I may butt in, Sir, perhaps I'm your man? My name is Ned Seagoon. I'm unmarried, no family ties, British and I'll go wherever it may be.

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

Ah, wait! Are you by any chance the Monsieur from British Carshalton?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

Ah, this is definitely him, I tell you.

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Yes, definitely.

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

You have been chosen from thousands of Charlies to bring back a Yehti. To wit, an abominable snowman.

SEAGOON:

Leave it to me. I'll leave for the Himalayas first thing tomorrow. The mystery that has shrouded this creature will remain a mystery no longer. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) The annals of history will ring with the fair name of Neddie Seagoon, the man who made possible research on the missing link. Remember the name, gentlemen, Ned Seagoon. (SINGS) For he's a jolly good fellooow and so say all of us!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy!

SEAGOON:

Hello, Mr. Thynne. I... er... I got here.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Well, now, as you probably would have been told, Yehti tracks were reported last week.

SEAGOON:

Last week? But Yehti tracks were seen years ago.

GRYTPYPE:

In Yorkshire?

SEAGOON:

Yorkshire? Here in England?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that's different. I mean...

MORIARTY:

Of course. Remember, the man who finds the Yehti will be rich.

SEAGOON:

Then why don't you go?

GRYTPYPE:

You see, Neddie, the Yehti is an unknown quantity, as yeti. Rumour has it that a Yehti has the ability to take possession of your mind.

SEAGOON:

Possession of my mind?

GRYTPYPE:

What have you got to lose?

SEAGOON:

No, no, I won't go! I won't! Yes, you can call me a coward if you like.

MORIARTY:

We will pay you £50 for one Yehti.

SEAGOON:

How dare you call me a coward! I leave for Yorkshire at once.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, DOOR SHUTS

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Paris!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

If there's a Yehti on the Yorkshire Moors that Charlie will bring it back.

MORIARTY:

And how much is a Yehti worth again?

GRYTPYPE:

Priceless. You can't get them, you know.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Paris! Let's have some music! Max Geldray?

MAX GELDRAZ:

'MOBILE'

GREENSLADE:

The Yorkshire Yehti, part two, three days later. Or part three, two days later, I really couldn't care less. Ned Seagoon was fighting his way through the terrible blizzard of '55 from Denshaw across the Yorkshire Moors. The drifts were 15 feet high and snow was expected.

GRAMS:

WIND BLOWING

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) I had to find Long Willie's Croft. This was a house on the lonely moors from which Yehti tracks had first been seen. On and on I stumbled through the inky darkness. First one leg and then the other. Which I found was the best way of walking. Then, when all seemed lost, I saw a light.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CRESCENDO, HARP BEING STRUMMED

SEAGOON:

Yes! Long Willie's Croft. The man who gave me directions at Piccadilly Circus had been dead right.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Open the door!

MINNIE:

Ooooh! It's the Yehti! We'll all be murdered in our beds! Ooooh!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

I'm not a Yehti! I'm Ned Seagoon. I'm a human.

MINNIE:

You'll have to prove it, buddy. Put a photograph of yourself through the letterbox.

SEAGOON:

Where can I get a photo of myself at this time of night?

MINNIE:

You can borrow my camera buddy.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR KNOB TURNING, DOORCHAIN REMOVED, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSE, MINNIE MUTTERING ALL THE WHILE

MINNIE:

I'll get the tripod and the black cloth.

SEAGOON:

I can't take a photo when it's dark. I'll have to wait till morning.

MINNIE:

Ah, you'll have to see Henry Crun about that.

SEAGOON:

Henry Crun?

MINNIE:

That's his name.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Yes. I think he's down in... I think he's down in the coal-cellar getting the coal, you know?

SEAGOON:

Well, you can't get the wood, you know?

MINNIE:

You can't, ying-tong-iddle-I-pong.

SEAGOON:

Good!

MINNIE:

Good. I'll go and fetch Henry. Oh, dear, dear.

SEAGOON:

I'll come with you.

FX:

ECHOEY FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

Steady now.

MINNIE:

Hold on to me.

SEAGOON:

Do you come here often?

MINNIE:

Only in the spring.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

SEAGOON:

Oh, I say!

MINNIE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Sounds like a large coal cellar.

MINNIE:

Yes, it's a mile to the coal-face, you know? (CALLS) Henry? Henry?

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun? Mr. Crun? I say?

MINNIE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Wouldn't it be better if I struck a match?

MINNIE:

Mercy save us, no! The driver wouldn't like it.

SEAGOON:

The driver?

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, FAST TRAIN PASSES

MINNIE:

He's late again, tonight.

SEAGOON:

That was a train!

MINNIE:

Yes, it's a busy time just now, you know?

SEAGOON:

(GULP!) I remembered Mr. Thynne's words.

GRYTPYPE:

Take possession of your mind!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no!

GRYTPYPE:

Take possession of your mind!

SEAGOON:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

Your mind!

SEAGOON:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

Your mind!

SEAGOON:

Heeeelp!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

Ah, in two seconds I was up the stairs again. Was I losing my mind? Was this a trick of the fiendish Yehti?

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, Mr. Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, a train just ran through your cellar.

HENRY CRUN:

A train? My goodness, what time is it?

SEAGOON:

12.56

HENRY CRUN:

Ooh, quick! Open that door!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, FAST TRAIN PASSES

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

HENRY CRUN:

The mails must go through, you know?

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, Mr. Crun, I must talk to you about the Yehti. Is there a room in the house that trains don't run through?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes. In there.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR OPENED

GRAMS:

SHEEP BAAING LOUDLY

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun? Mr. Crun? I must tell you about the Yehti. Mr Crun, I must ask you... It's very important!
Mr. Crun?

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SEAGOON:

We can't talk in there.

HENRY CRUN:

I don't know who that lot belong to.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, now about this Yehti.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes. Yes, I saw the tracks and... oh! What time is it?

SEAGOON:

12.59

HENRY CRUN:

Stand well back! Stand well back!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

TRAIN PULLS UP TO A STAND STILL

HENRY CRUN:

Well, good night, Mr. Seagoon. Have a pleasant trip

SEAGOON:

Yes I will, thanks very much. About... Mr. Yehti! I mean Mr. Crun about this Yehti! I mean Mr Yehti about this Crun...! Mr. Crun! Mr. Crun!

GRAMS:

TRAIN PULLS AWAY

SEAGOON:

What's going on here? Why have I been bundled on this train? What's going on?

BLOODNOK:

I say!

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry sir, I didn't see you there!

BLOODNOK:

I say, are you the ticket collector?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Then help me out from under this blasted seat, will you?

SEAGOON:

There you are, that's it.

FX:

METAL CLANGING

SEAGOON:

There. I'm a tenor, you know?

BLOODNOK:

The tenor's friend.

SEAGOON:

Yes. My name is Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Ned Seagoon? Well, well, well, what a coincidence! Seagoon! Yes, of course, I remember. Didn't your father have a son?

SEAGOON:

Oh, I... I never asked him about his private affairs.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, of course, of course, yes! I knew your father before you were born.

SEAGOON:

I didn't.

BLOODNOK:

I wish you had, things might have been different. And... er... tell me... er... he left you... er... all right, did he?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes. I need never want.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, splendid, splendid, yes! Yes, lad! You know I always remember the look in your father's eyes when I lent him the money.

SEAGOON:

What money?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, laddie, there's no need for you to pay your father's debts, I won't hear of it! I mean, what's £20?

SEAGOON:

£20?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, don't worry about it, lad, it will do in a moment, I'm in no rush.

SEAGOON:

But I only brought a few pounds with me.

BLOODNOK:

Well, if you insist I accept.

SEAGOON:

But it isn't really mine to give. This is the reward money for the information regarding the Yehti.

BLOODNOK:

Murgle me rogers! You couldn't have come to a better man. I used to go to school with a Yehti.

SEAGOON:

Yes? Good, good. Now tell me, are they tall and shaggy or are they more squat with smooth skin?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, they are.

SEAGOON:

Oh. And they walk upright like humans and have the powers of telepathy. And in actual fact they're the missing link, the step from animals to man in one direction while in another, far higher in intelligence and having the ability to possess one's mind.

BLOODNOK:

Is there any more information I can give you?

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you, no. You've given me enough to work on, you have indeed!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Well, here's the money and thanks once more. Thank you once more, yes. Now, there's just one more question.

BLOODNOK:

Oh?

SEAGOON:

Where can I find this Yehti?

BLOODNOK:

Well, before I answer that question, I think... um... another couple?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, yes. Here you are.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now, where can I find this Yehti?

BLOODNOK:

I've no idea.

SEAGOON:

But I've just given you some money.

BLOODNOK:

For information as to the whereabouts of the Yehti you must get off... Here!

SEAGOON:

Wait!

FX:

TRAIN DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE MOVING CLOSER

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaah!

GRAMS:

TRAIN PASSES

SEAGOON:

I was left in the pitch dark on the Yorkshire Moors. I was just about to run after the train, when I felt a hand on my arm.

ECCLES:

Hal-lo! Did you hear that, I got the sausages! I got the sausages instead of Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

Eccles! What are you doing here?

ECCLES:

The same as you, waiting for Ray Ellington and his Quartet. That's a good introduction isn't it?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE'...SEGUES INTO... 'READY, WILLING AND ABLE'

SEAGOON:

Ahh, that's better. Now Eccles, will you help me to find this Yehti?

ECCLES:

How do we find it?

SEAGOON:

We have to find his tracks, first. That shouldn't be difficult, they're about 18 inches long and 10 inches wide.

ECCLES:

Oh, nearly as big as mine.

SEAGOON:

We start at once.

ECCLES:

Mr. Seagoon, can I bring a friend?

SEAGOON:

Friend?

ECCLES:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

There's only one thing that can befriend Eccles and that is... a Yehti! As casually as I could I asked him... He's not about 12 feet tall with hair all over him, is he?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'm not. Enter Bluebottle with a smile and a song. Stands waist deep in snow, smiles grimly, jabs alpen-stock into snow... Ooh, my foot!

ECCLES:

This is my friend.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here we are again, this time on the Yorkshire Moors. Thinks: Here we are again, this time on the Yorkshire Moors.

SEAGOON:

Now listen to me, icicle pants.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Huh?

SEAGOON:

Are you willing to join us in the search for the Yehti?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, my Capitan, I will join you. And Eccles will join us, too, won't you, Eccles? Forward! Moves forward, but feet are frozen to ground. Falls flat on face. Pretends to be examining tracks.

SEAGOON:

And so we planned our search for Yehti tracks. After long discussion we decided that the best place to look... was in the snow. Our search commenced.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

How's your little pussycat getting on?

ECCLES:

Fine! Fine! It just had 6 puppies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Could I have one, Eccles? I'll feed them and sees no one touches them for you. I will treasure it, I will.

ECCLES:

Okay then, you can have... you can have two of them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee-hee! Two little bow-wows. Do you know what I will call them? I will call them... (SELLERS CRACKS) I will call them Mick and Pat.

ECCLES:

Ooh, Mick and Pat! Hi ho hum! I know a story about Mick and Pat.

BLUEBOTTLE:

So do I (BOTH LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Eccles! Bluebottle! What's that?!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you see, Mick goes to the doctors...

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. Look! Yehti tracks!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Oooh!

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER CHORD

SEAGOON:

Those tracks led us to a disused farm house. The door was closed. It only remained for someone to go in and capture the Yehti.

ECCLES:

(PANICKING) Goodnight!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Goodnight, Mr Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Goodnight!

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Don't worry, I'll go. But first, I want you to do something, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Just nip inside and see if the coast is clear.

ECCLES:

Okay. That's if we all go in together.

SEAGOON:

Oh, we'll search the house.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Leave the door open so we can dash out if need be.

FX:

DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND SLAMS SHUT

ORCHESTRA:

SCARY CHORD

SEAGOON:

I said don't close the door.

ECCLES:

I didn't close it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I didn't, as well. I don't like this game. I want to go back to London Town and see the pretty shops.

SEAGOON:

We must try another way out.

FX:

SEAGOON RATTLING THE DOOR, WHICH OPENS

GRAMS:

SHEEP BAAING LOUDLY

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SEAGOON:

Curse it! More sheep.

ECCLES:

Where?

SEAGOON:

In that room. Didn't you hear them?

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

You must have done, listen again.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, LONG SILENCE

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, I can hear them now, yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, so can I, I can really hear them, lots of sheepies.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

But they weren't there that time. They weren't there, you understand? I know, they've moved in to another room. That's it! They must be in here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF SMASHING GLASS

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

Oh. That room's empty as well.

ECCLES:

Let's try this room here.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Whoops! Sorry!

GREENSLADE:

I should think so, too!

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

Old Greenslade having a bath. Fancy meeting him. It couldn't be! Eccles, you open that door and tell me if I'm seeing things.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

DONKEY BRAYS, THEN FARTS - FRED THE OYSTER

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SEAGOON:

Who was that?

ECCLES:

Fred the Oyster!

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens.

ECCLES:

Here! Here! Look! Look! This door, it's marked 'Eccles'.

SEAGOON:

So it is.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, you lucky thing, Eccles. Your name on the door! Yee-hee! Are you going to go in?

ECCLES:

Well... um... yeah. Good-bye, fellows.

SEAGOON:

Good luck, laddie.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, ECCLES ENTERS

ECCLES:

(FROM BEHIND THE DOOR) Well, hello girls! Ho-hum! Oh, thank you. Yeah, I'll have a piece of that chicken, yeah. Thank you! Thank you! And a bunch of grapes. Yeah. Oh, girls! Girls! Girls! Ooh! It's good to be alive!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, I wish I had a door with my name on it like that. Thinks: Eccles is a happy-go-lucky lad.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, look! Bluebottle, this door has *your* name on it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Has it?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, yes. B L E N... T M... Blumbintle. Yes, it has. Wipes mouth with shirt tail and prepares to enter for the good things of life. Speaks: Good-bye, Mr. Seagoon. I hope that there will be a door for you. Enters own door.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, BLUEBOTTLE ENTERS

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION, RUBBLE AND MASONRY FALLING

GREENSLADE:

And there we must leave the Goon Show for another...

SEAGOON:

No, no, wait! You can't leave me here alone in this house with a Yehti. Help! You can't leave me. Let's have a happy end, Greenslade. Greenslade? Wally?

GREENSLADE:

All right, all right, don't fuss...

SEAGOON:

Where's the door marked 'Neddie'? Bluebottle's door, Eccles's door, what's this one? (GULPS) 'The Yehti'. What should I do? If I could capture it, all my troubles would be over. But how? How could I find a crate big enough? Wait a minute! Quick as a flash I had the answer. It was simple. Lock the door...

FX:

KEY TURNS IN DOOR

SEAGOON:

...and take the room to London. Ha-ha, I've got you! To London!

ORCHESTRA:

TRAVELLING LINK TYPE CHORD!

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Gentlemen of the East Acton Geographical Society, it's two weeks now and still no word from Neddie about this Yehti.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Come in?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Well, well, well, we were just talking about you.

SEAGOON:

Well, I've got it. A Yehti. Help me to get this room in here.

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Is the Yehti in there?

SEAGOON:

Yes, he's in there.

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Don't bother to bring the room in, we'll come out.

SEAGOON:

Right. Well, here it is. Now, stand well back gentlemen. He may be armed.

FX:

KEY TURNS IN LOCK

SEAGOON:

Now when I fling this door open... be ready to grab him. Right!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS OPEN

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaaah!

ORCHESTRA:

END 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 Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

NOTES:

NUR is the National Union of Railwaymen. Union unrest was threatening strike action in 1955.

An 'aquiline nose' is curved or hooked like an eagle's beak.

Sir John Hunt was a British military officer who is best known as the leader of the 1953 expedition to Mount Everest.