

S6 E12 - The Terrible Revenge of Fred Fu-Manchu

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

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Now here is a record.

GRAMS GREENSLADE:

"This is the BBC Light Programme."

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. We present the story of Fred Fu-Manchu and his Bamboo Saxophone.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT FANFARE

SELLERS:

Now, let us turn back the clock to the year 1895. The year of the Great Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE

FX:

FADE IN, CROWD NOISE

SECOMBE:

My lords, ladies and gentlemen. We come now to the concluding round of the world's international heavyweight saxophone contest. From the Orient, with his bamboo saxophone, Fred Fu-Manchu!

GRAMS:

SLIGHT CLAPPING

FU-MANCHU:

[MILLIGAN]

I thank you.

SECOMBE:

And on my right, representing the Empire and wearing the kilt, a shamrock, four leeks and a thistle, with a turban made out of our glorious Union Jack -- Major Dennis Bloodnok -- an Englishman!

GRAMS:

FURORE, CHEERS

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, ohh...

SECOMBE:

Thank you, thank you. First, we will give a fair hearing to Mr Fred Fu-Manchu.

FU-MANCHU:

I thank you. (CLEARS THROAT)

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE - LAST 8 BARS OF 'VALSE VANITE', FOLLOWED BY SILENCE

SECOMBE:

And now -- the British contender -- Major Bloodnok!

GRAMS:

VAST CHEERS

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, thank you. (CLEARS THROAT)

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE - A SINGLE NOTE

SECOMBE:

The winner!

GRAMS:

VAST CHEERS, CROWD SINGING 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY'

SECOMBE:

Quiet! Quiet please! Quiet! Settle down! By the merest chance, it so happens that Major Bloodnok's name is already engraved on this magnificent silver cup.

GRAMS:

SWAMP WITH CHEERS

FU-MANCHU:

Stop! Ahhhh! English people most dishonest! I make terrible revenge on white man.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

'The Fearful Revenge of Fred Fu-Manchu, the disappointed oriental bamboo saxophonist'. Chapter One. A Blow Is Struck.

FX:

THUD

GREENSLADE:

Oooh!

SELLERS:

Chapter Two. Funeral Of An Announcer.

GRAMS:

FAST FUNERAL MARCH (FADES)

SECOMBE:

Chapter Three.

GREENSLADE:

The scene is in Outer Mongolia where within a life-sized reproduction of the Kremlin, three sinister figures are stooped over a hellish brew in a magnificently-equipped laboratory.

GRAMS:

BUBBLING

OMNES:

CHINESE BABBLING

FU-MANCHU:

(RAGING) Listen, listen, listen to me! Oh, Boy! You see this liquid here? It will bling just letlibution on all white men for foul tlick played on me at Clystal Palacklicklack... Listen boys: Anybody dlinking one dlop of this liquid will immediately explode at anything he points at. Oh, boy! Now we have plenty fun with white devils!

CHINESE:

[SECOMBE]

But - but how are we going to get fatal liquid dlunk by stupid white man?

FU-MANCHU:

It is very simple! Put in whiskey bottle and leave bottle in Hyde Plark!

ORCHESTRA:

PASSAGE OF TIME

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Oh, la, la la la-la... (SPEAKS) Oh! Here I am, six months later in Hyde Park. And see! Someone has... someone has put a naughty bottle of whiskey by my ancestral home, i.e. the dustbin. Any questions? Ohh! And what? Unless I am much mistaken, I am about to open the bottle.

FX:

BOTTLE POP

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. (GULPS) Ah! That's better.

FX:

SLIGHT EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Manners!

FU-MANCHU:

Ah, pardon me, please.

BLOODNOK:

What do you want, you fiendish yellow devil carrying a bamboo saxophone?

FU-MANCHU:

What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Are you one of those Boxer villains?

FU-MANCHU:

Pardon?

BLOODNOK:

Have you never heard of the Boxer Rising?

FU-MANCHU:

Only after the count of ten.

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to know that!

FU-MANCHU:

Neither do audience! Now listen, kind friend.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

FU-MANCHU:

Will do honorable flavour for me, please?

BLOODNOK:

What do you want me to do? What do you want me to do? How much? Anything for money, you know, anything. Here's the advertisement I put in the paper. Look here. 'Wanted -- Money! No reasonable offer refused'.

FU-MANCHU:

Now, please.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

FU-MANCHU:

Here. Take five shillings. Now, point finger at policeman over there.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, I've exploded a constabule! I've never known a copper go so far. What does this mean?

FU-MANCHU:

It means you will point at everything I tell you and poof!

BLOODNOK:

I won't do it. I won't do it, do you hear me! You'll have to force me.

FU-MANCHU:

What with?

BLOODNOK:

Money.

FU-MANCHU:

Vely well. Vely well. But you are my plisoner.

BLOODNOK:

What?

FU-MANCHU:

Only I can lemove your fatal plower.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

FU-MANCHU:

Raise hands and ears above head, please and follow me. (GOES OFF)

BLOODNOK:

You've got me, you've got me, you've got me... (ASIDE) But don't worry, dear listeners. Don't worry, dear listeners. I will secretly type a help note and leave it with a life-like oil-portrait of this yellow fiend underneath a convenient stone along with this recording of Max Geldray. There.

MAX GELDRAY:

"EXACTLY LIKE YOU"

GREENSLADE:

'The Dreadful Revenge of...' Er... That fellow... you know, that chap with the explodable finger. What's his name? Er... I'll get it in a minute. Don't go away. Erm... (HUMS AND HAWS)

SELLERS:

I'd like to tell listeners that Mr Greenslade is the only BBC announcer not so far approached by commercial television.

GREENSLADE:

I've got it! I've got it! 'Fred Fu-Manchu', Part Two.

SEAGOON:

You'll get it one day, Greenslade. (CLEARS THROAT) That night I was in my office at Scotland Yard listening to the commercial television with the picture turned down.

ANNOUNCER:

[ELLINGTON]

(DISTORTED) We interrupt this advertisement to give police message. Scotland Yard anxious to contact man with explodable finger, accompanied by sinister chinaman, who have already blown up 27,000 metal saxophones. Birmingham 4, Arsenal 0, cor blimey.

FX:

CLICK

SEAGOON:

Sergeant!

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

This is terrible!

THROAT:

What?

SEAGOON:

Birmingham 4, Arsenal 0? Yes. And then there's that dreadful Chinese saxophone destroyer! My honour as Chief Commissioner depends upon his instant apprehension. By heavens! I'll offer a thousand pounds for...

MORIARTY:

A thousand pounds for what? What? What?

GRYTPYPE:

Let me do the talking, Moriarty. Our card.

SEAGOON:

What's this? 'Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty'?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

'Eiffel Tower Specialists'?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

That's no good to me. I want men to track down the saxophone exploder.

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly. These Eiffel Towers are simply a disguise. Moriarty, take off your Eiffel Tower, would you?

MORIARTY:

(STRAINS) Ummmmm-mph.

GRYTPYPE:

There, you see underneath he's wearing his anti-saxophone exploding set.

SEAGOON:

The very men I want! Get Fred Fu-Manchu!

MORIARTY:

(MANIACAL LAUGH) What about the money? The money?

SEAGOON:

I'll give you an advance. Here's an oil painting of a cheque for three hundred pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good. Moriarty, take this to the Royal Academy and cash it.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

WHOOSH.

GRYTPYPE:

Back to the case. Now then, Neddie, whom do you suspect?

SEAGOON:

The Referee. He was obviously on Birmingham's side. I mean, Arsenal should have been three up by half time.

GRYTPYPE:

I know that, I know that, I know that, I know that. I mean the saxophone exploder.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes. Fred Fu-Manchu.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

He's trying to finish Britain as a saxophone-playing nation.

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! That goes pretty deep. Well, it's obvious that we've got to stop him. Where is this fiend?

SEAGOON:

I'm told he's in the vicinity.

GRYTPYPE:

Then we must wait until he comes out.

SEAGOON:

But he'll recognise us in these uniforms of plain-clothes men!

GRYTPYPE:

Then, we shall disguise ourselves. I know. I know, you put on Moriarty's Eiffel Tower and I'll walk behind him in mine.

SEAGOON:

But wait! If Fu-Manchu sees two Eiffel Towers together, he'll know one of them is a phoney.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you have a sharp mind.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

Two Eiffel Towers must never be seen together. Take it off and we'll use my portable Nelson's column instead. You stand on top and I'll wheel you along.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but won't that be rather conspicuous?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, certainly not, Neddie. I'll enclose the whole thing in a cardboard replica of Charing Cross Station.

SEAGOON:

To think I doubted you!

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Have this water-colour of a cheque for 50 pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Moriarty!

FX:

WHOOSH

MORIARTY:

Yes? Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Take this to the Royal Institute of Water-Colour Painters and have it changed into woodcuts.

FX:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Now then, Neddie, are you on top of the column?

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Yes!

GRYTPYPE:

Right! Off we go!

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Curse these blasted pigeons!

FX:

FADE IN UNDER FOLLOWING, SLIGHT TRAFFIC

GREENSLADE:

And so, disguised as Charing Cross Station on wheels, they moved cautiously up the Strand until they were suddenly halted at the Adelphi by a familiar voice.

BLOODNOK:

Roll up, there! Roll up! Tonight, for one night only, Jim Fu-Manchu, amazing oriental conjurer. No relation to naughty Fred. Seats at the box office or, at a slight reduction, from me personally. Magnificent simulation gold watch here.

SEAGOON:

Look! Look! Dennis Bloodnok, the confederate of Fu-Manchu! Jim must be Fred in disguise. No Chinaman could have a name like Jim.

MORIARTY:

Neddie, we've got him! You cover the back and we'll cover the front.

GRYTPYPE:

And that's how he got away at the side.

FX:

CHINESE GABBLING. CAR REVVED UP FAST AND AWAY

SEAGOON:

There he goes!

FX:

TWO SHOTS

MORIARTY:

I think you've wounded him. Yes! Look! Here's a trail of fresh noodles.

SEAGOON:

After him! After him! Quick! Into the squad car and hold tight.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS OR SLOW RECORD OF HORSE AND CART

SEAGOON:

Can't you go any faster?

MORIARTY:

Of course - giddap!

FX:

HORSE AND CART EFFECT SPEEDED UP TO FANTASTIC SPEED

SEAGOON:

Stop!

FX:

STOPS AT ONCE

SEAGOON:

We've reached a crossroads.

MORIARTY:

Wait! The trail of noodles has stopped and continues with preserved ginger!

SEAGOON:

We must hurry. He's reached his last course. Which road has he taken?

MORIARTY:

The one to Dewsbury. All Jews lead to the Dewsbury.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Then we haven't a moment to lose. Giddap there!

FX:

HORSE AND CARTS RESTARTS AND SPEEDS UP. FADE DOWN UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

Dewsbury! That was the significant word. As Seagoon well knew, in Dewsbury resided the player-owner of the last remaining metal saxophone in England.

FX:

(FADES IN) BUBBLING CAULDRON

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY HOT SAXPHONE SOLO: "YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS"

FX:

TERRIFIC STEAM JET

MINNIE:

(SCREAMS) Ooow-owwww, you... Oh, dear, ohhhh.... Dear, dear...

CRUN:

Keep still, Minnie, keep still. Hold that saxophone still.

MINNIE:

But it's getting hot, Henry.

CRUN:

I don't care, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Ohhh...

CRUN:

How can I get this jet of green steam up it if you jiggle about?

MINNIE:

Why... why do I have to have a jet of green steam up my saxophone? (MILLIGAN CRACKS UP)

CRUN:

I keep telling you. That naughty saxophone exploder, Fred Fu-Manchu, is after your saxophone.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh!

CRUN:

And this green steam will immunise it.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Now, once again. One... Two...

GRAMS:

SAXOPHONE SOLO: "IN THE MOOD"

FX:

TERRIFIC STEAM JET AS BEFORE

MINNIE:

(SCREAMS)

CRUN:

No, it's no good, Minnie. You were playing the wrong tune, you. It must be 'The Yellow Man from Texas'.

MINNIE:

I'm sick and tired of playing that one, buddy.

CRUN:

Then... then... then play the modern-rhythm-style "Riding on a Rainbow" and I'll put on this record of Mr Ray Ellington to accompany you.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"RIDING ON A RAINBOW"

GREENSLADE:

That was Ray Ellington of whom it has been said. Next, we present 'The Dreaded Revenge of Fred Fu-Manchu', Part 4. And I quote, 'Part 4'. The story up to now. By passing him twice, Seagoon managed to reach the Bannister residence ahead of the dreaded Fu-Manchu.

SEAGOON:

Now to organise the defence. Who'll volunteer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will, my capitain, I will. Enter Balloonbottle, son of the regiment, with cardboard waterpistol and water in empty lemonade bottle.

SEAGOON:

Noble lad! Bluebottle - from the right - number!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sixty-three.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Curse! Sixty-two deserters. Oh, if we only had some more idiots to make up the number.

ECCLES:

(APPROACHES, SINGING) Twenty tiny fingers, twenty tiny toes. That's my boy.

SEAGOON:

You! From the right - number!

ECCLES:

One!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, form fours!

FX:

SQUAD FORMS FOURS

SEAGOON:

Let's see them do *that* on television! Now, Bluebottle, take this stick of dynamite.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I don't like this game.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Now. If you see Fu-Manchu come up that road, light the fuse, count scramson and throw it under his car. Understand?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

Good! Farewell.

FX:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're going to light the nice stick of dynamite, aren't you?

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

How many have you got to count up to before it explodes?

ECCLES:

Oh... Um... I... I dunno.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you'd better light it and count how long it takes then you'll know, won't you?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, yeah. I'll light it now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, not yet. Wait till I get behind that tree.

FX:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHOUTING, OFF) It's all right!

FX:

MATCH STRUCK AND FIZZLE CONTINUING UNDER --

ECCLES:

OK. One... Two... Three... Four... Five... Erm... Six! It's getting difficult here. Ah! Seven. A good job I went to College. Seven... er...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) What are you waiting for, Eccles?

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) What comes after seven?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHOUTING, OFF) What did you say? I can't hear what did you say.

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) I said, 'what comes after seven?'

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHOUTING, OFF) I - can't - hear - you!

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) OK, I'll come over.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHOUTING, OFF) No, no, no, no! Do not bring that dreaded dynamite over here to me. I'll come over to *you*! (APPROACHING) Now then, now then, what is it, then?

ECCLES:

Well, I want to know...

FX:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

(CALLING) Bluebottle? Bluebottle!? Ooooooh... What's this custard on the wall?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't you touch me, you rotten swine, you. Scrape me off and take me home.

SEAGOON:

Keep quiet, you two.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Keep quiet you two, you two keep quiet!

SEAGOON:

(FLUFFS LINE) Oh, needle-nardle-needle-noodle-nardle-ha-hum-ho-hee-hoh.

MILLIGAN:

Well said!

SEAGOON:

I'm just about to knock at the Minnie Bannister Home for Part 5 of the Fearful Fu-Manchu Story.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

(RASPBERRY BLOWN) Ohhh! Who's there?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) It's me.

MINNIE:

Henry, there's a man called 'Me' at the door.

CRUN:

Me?

MINNIE:

Me.

CRUN:

He'll have to prove it. (RAISES VOICE) You, out there!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Yes?

CRUN:

Prove you're me.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) All right. I'm Henry Crun.

CRUN:

Oh, that's me, Minnie, yes. Min, open the door and let him in.

MINNIE:

But you are in, Hen.

CRUN:

Well, you'll have to let me out again.

MINNIE:

Why?

CRUN:

Because I'm out there waiting to come in.

MINNIE:

Oh, very well.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. PAUSE.

SEAGOON:

Now then, Mr Crun, I want to warn you that...

FX:

KNOCKING

CRUN:

Who... who's that out there?

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's me. You've locked me out.

CRUN:

Nonsense. Me just came in. He's here now.

MINNIE:

(OFF) No, no, it's me, Minnie.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Quick! That's the woman I'm here to protect. Open the door.

CRUN:

Very well, very well. But I must let Minnie in first.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Thank you, Henry.

CRUN:

That's all right, Min. Now then, dear, what were you...

FX:

KNOCKING

CRUN:

Who's there?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) It's me. She isn't here.

CRUN:

Rubbish! Rubbish. She *is* here, aren't you, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, I'm here, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes, she...

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Well, you're not out here.

MINNIE:

Oh. Are you sure?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Yes. Come out and have a look.

MINNIE:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Ohhh! You're right, I'm not. Help! I'm lost! We'll all be murdered in our beds, oh! (GOES ON HAVING HYSTERICS)

GRAMS:

IN DISTANCE, 'VALSE VANITE' ON SAXOPHONE

SEAGOON:

Listen! That's Fred Fu-Manchu playing his dreaded oriental bamboo saxophone. And the swine is playing in a different key.

MORIARTY:

Quick! We must fly. He's closing in from all directions.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

BLOODNOK:

Aiaough! Don't move, anyone! I've got you covered with my finger!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you treacherous renegade!

BLOODNOK:

This is no time for compliments. Now where's that last English saxophone, eh? Come on!

MINNIE:

I won't show it to you.

BLOODNOK:

What! It's Minnie!

MINNIE:

Oh!

BLOODNOK:

Minnie Bannister, the darling of Roper's Light Horse! Also the darling of his heavy one.

MINNIE:

Oh, Dennis. Daring Dennis!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, darling, dance with me.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh...!

GRAMS:

FAST 'BLUE DANUBE'

SEAGOON:

Stop this! Stop this, you crazy Sabrina and Michael Wilding!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes. I was forgetting my duty to friend Fu-Manchu. Now then, where's the saxophone, eh? I intend to destroy it with my explodable finger.

ECCLES:

Over my dead body.

FX:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

That's that settled!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you've killed the noble Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Well?

SEAGOON:

Congratulations.

ECCLES:

Yeah! Well done!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Enough of these pleasantries! Now, where's that saxophone? Fu-Manchu promised me ten pounds to destroy it.

SEAGOON:

I'll give you fifteen pounds to join *us*.

BLOODNOK:

The swine Fu-Manchu can't buy me with money!

SEAGOON:

Oh, noble Englishman!

BLOODNOK:

Never mind that. Where's the cash?

FX:

CASH REGISTER

BLOODNOK:

Ah, the old Jewish piano.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

FU-MANCHU:

Ah! Fiendish Bloodnok, you have betrayed me. I point explodable finger at you. Take that!

FX:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Gad! He's got Bloodnok.

FX:

THREE QUICK EXPLOSIONS

FU-MANCHU:

There! Have destroyed evellybody except you, Mister Seagoon and Glytpype-Thynne.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no! Spare our lives and I'll give you the last metal saxophone to destroy.

FU-MANCHU:

Oh, boy, a tuddy! Now I will be champion bamboo saxophonist of Universe.

FX:

TYPING

SEAGOON:

As he spoke, I surreptitiously typed a short note to Grytpype-Thynne and passed it to him.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie, listen. A letter from you.

SEAGOON:

Really? What does it say?

GRYTPYPE:

'Dear Grytpype, while I engage this bamboo saxophonist in mortal conversation, slip round under his kimono and bore a few holes in his bamboo saxophone'.

FU-MANCHU:

Please, not so loud, I can hear you.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. (QUIETLY) 'P.S. Don't let him hear you reading this letter or it will mean certain death for both of us'.

FX:

TWO EXPLOSIONS

GREENSLADE:

And, by George, he was right. Tickets are now on sale in the foyer for tonight's recital by Fred Fu-Manchu, the world's only bamboo saxophonist. I thank you.

GRAMS:

'VALSE VANITE' ON SAXOPHONE, FADES

GREENSLADE:

All complaints about the Goon Show should be addressed to 'Life with the Lyons', Alexandra Palace, West Croydon. So, good night.

FX:

EXPLOSION

FU-MANCHU:

Oh, boy! I got him, too!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME 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.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

Notes:

The Boxer Rising was a Chinese rebellion against foreign influence in areas such as trade, politics, religion and technology that occurred in China from 1899 to 1901.

S6 E12 - The Terrible Revenge of Fred Fu-Manchu

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

Michael Wilding was an English actor.

'Life with the Lyons' was a BBC radio situation comedy. A TV version was also made.