

S7 E02 - Drums Along the Mersey

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GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. (RASPBERRY) There will now be thirty minutes of, including several, and also one or two. And now the voice of...

SECOMBE:

(SINGS) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

GREENSLADE:

That was the world's highest paid idiot, Mr. Seagoon. One of the world's leading, also one of the world's biggest.

SECOMBE:

Mr. Greenslade, deflate that pneumatic statue of Marilyn Monroe and read the inscription on the head of this pin.

GREENSLADE:

Erm... the... Goon... Show.

SECOMBE:

Well said, well said, Wal. Hurray for the Goon Show! Hurray, hurray, hurray!

GREENSLADE:

Oh, stop that noise, you little greasy Welsh bubble.

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Just for that, read this piece of paper.

GREENSLADE:

You are... *fired?!*

SECOMBE:

Yes, fired. And here's a week...

FX:

CASH REGISTER.

SECOMBE:

...in lieu of.

GREENSLADE:

Preposterous! Absolutely preposterous. You know very well my weekly in lieu of is always...

FX:

CASH REGISTER, ARRGHH. POP GUN. TINGGGGGGGG

SECOMBE:

Agreed! But, first kindly diagnose this week's portion of Spike Milligan's head!

MILLIGAN:

What? What? What?

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

Right. Forceps.

SECOMBE:

Five-ceps, big nuts. hahaha.

GREENSLADE:

Just as I thought. Ladies and gentlemen, presenting: Drums Along the Mersey.

FX:

RHYTHMIC BEATING OF WAR DRUMS.

SEAGOON:

My name is the honourable Nedward Seagoon, undefended world champion 1936 and scion of the noble House of Rowton. Any questions? No? Right! Drums Along the Mersey, part two.

FX:

SNORING AND SMACKING OF LIPS

SEAGOON:

As I lay on the floor of the bridal suite, I was aroused from my slumbers by a loud gesture.

FX:

FRED THE OYSTER

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, the windows are closed!

BLOODNOK:

I know, it's hell in here, lad. I... I can't sleep. Just reading my bedding. Er... look at this in the personal column.

SEAGOON:

Let me see. If Nedward Seagoon, last heard of in a drunken stupor off the coast of Ireland, will contact Messieurs McHairy McLegs, Scotland, he will inherit a million pounds. A million pounds? I'm off!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no, wait! Neddie! A million pounds? Ohh! Oooooohh, oh!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.

FX:

SNORING.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear all that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

OhooooOh, oohhho! What a power of money, ohhh, the money! Ohoh, a million pounds, ohhow! Oow.

GRYTPYPE:

One of our inmates is heir to a million pounds.

MORIARTY:

Oh, ohaaaow! Million pounds! Oho, money, money. Ooaahohohoho, ooh.

GRYTPYPE:

Right! Now get up, you steaming international opportunist! Oil yourself and pack the jam tins. We're leaving at once for the Scotlands!

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE AND DRUM MUSIC, SPEEDING UP.

EXECUTOR:

[GREENSLADE]

Well, I am very happy to see you in Scotland.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

EXECUTOR:

Ah, ah, yes. So *you* are Neddie Seagoon?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I am, yes. Now, what about the million pounds? I... er... I don't want it all at once. Twelve shillings will see me alright for the week, I... I'm used to money, you know, I... er...

EXECUTOR:

Well, you'll have to wait till we read the will.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, the will. Well, read it, read it. You don't doubt that I'm Neddie Seagoon do you? I don't care what the milkman says, I tell you I *am* Neddie Seagoon.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SCOT:

[MILLIGAN]

Sir, there's a Mr. Seagoon outside for you.

BLOODNOK:

Ooh...

FX:

BODY FALLING TO THE GROUND.

EXECUTOR:

He's fainted downwards. Send in the gentleman.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, good morning.

MORIARTY:

Ah, good morning, otch aye, mon.

GRYTPYPE:

We are Neddie Seagoon.

EXECUTOR:

Both of you?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, both of us. You see, Neddie Seagoon was twins.

EXECUTOR:

He's bigger than I thought.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SCOT:

Pardon, there's a Mr. Seagoon outside for you.

GRYTPYPE:

Run for it, Moriarty!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY, FOLLOWED BY BREAKING GLASS.

EXECUTOR:

Next, please.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SEAGOON:

Ah, thanks! I am Neddie Seagoon!

EXECUTOR:

Yes, but... erm... this gentleman feigning a swoon on the floor said *he* was Neddie Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie Neddie, it's a lie.

SEAGOON:

(OVER TOP OF BLOODNOKS PREVIOUS LINE) Ooieyooieyoo.

BLOODNOK:

I was only *saying* I was Neddie Seagoon till *you* got here.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

You don't want your shoes cleaned do, you? Then I was going to let *you* say it.

EXECUTOR:

Well, now, this... er... this... er... new gentleman fits the horrifying description given in these documents.

SEAGOON:

Eh? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (DEGENERATES INTO CHICKEN CLUCKS)

EXECUTOR:

All right, all right, right. So now, if you'll put on these baggy bladder kilts, my partner Mr. McRed Hairy McLegs here will read Baron Seagoon's will.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES UNDER:

McRED HAIRY McLEGS:

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH GIBBERISH. LOTS OF ROLLED R'S ETC)

SEAGOON:

The will, the will!

MCRED HAIRY MCLEGS:

Aye, aye.

SEAGOON:

Aye, arlllll.

MCRED HAIRY MCLEGS:

I, Baron Seagoon, being of partially soun' mind, leave Neddie Seagoon one million poon'!

SEAGOON:

I'm rich! I can buy a wig!

MCRED HAIRY MCLEGS:

Aye. But yer not allowed to spend the million till yur hundredth birthday!

SEAGOON:

Aaaaahaaw! I can't spend it until I'm a hundred?

BLOODNOK:

Take it, lad, we'll sell it.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I'll sell it! Part three: an auction sale!

FX:

MURMURS. THREE STRIKES OF GAVEL.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen! The last item in our auction today is the valuable, attractive million pounds! What am I bid for one million pounds? (SILENCE) What? What? What? What? What? It's worth twice that, it's not enough. Very well! We'll auction Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA

FX:

WAR DRUMS.

GREENSLADE:

Drums along the Mersey, part three, the third. Pooooor Neddie Seagoon.

MILLIGAN:

Oohohohoho! Ohhh, go in, there.

GREENSLADE:

With a million pounds which he couldn't auction and couldn't spend till his hundredth birthday.

SEAGOON:

Well done, Wal! (CLAPS)

MILLIGAN:

Well done, well done.

SEAGOON:

Then... a stroke of luck! I was called to the British Museum.

MINNIE:

Ooaah, we sent for you Mr. Seagoon. Oh, dear, dear. Oh, dear, dear. We got a proposition to put to you buddy. (SINGS) Yim bob diddaly daaah. Yim bop diddaly daaah. (STOPS SINGING) Oh, I love that Rocking Roll, buddy. Oh, yes, I remember now. We'd like to hire your million pounds for our display of unique exhibits. Ohhh...

SEAGOON:

Well I... um... I... uuuweee...

MINNIE:

It would be placed in a position of honour, buddy. Next to this ancient Peruvian calendar stone.

SEAGOON:

Calendar?

MINNIE:

You've heard of them, of course. They're different from ours.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

MINNIE:

For instance, Jim, where were you born?

SEAGOON:

1921.

MINNIE:

That's a nice place to be born. If... if you were a Peruvian, you'd be... um... you'd be a hundred years old, now.

SEAGOON:

A hundred years old? Did you hear that, Bloodnok? The million is mine if I become a Peruvian!

BLOODNOK:

Quick! To Peruvia!

FX:

CAR DRIVING AWAY AT SPEED. SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

From there on we took a boat. Then... disaster!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

FX:

SEA SOUNDS, WAVES.

BLOODNOK:

In, out! Out, in. Oh, oh! Cast adrift in an open boat, with only the sea to keep us... afloat.

SEAGOON:

You're the cause of this all the strife, getting caught with the captain's wife.

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie, Mr Fry, we were just good friends.

SEAGOON:

Good friends? It's a wonder both of you didn't catch your death of cold!

BLOODNOK:

I know, I know. I... I behaved like an absolute bounder and a cad. It's the only way you can enjoy yourself these days.

MORIARTY:

(FAR OFF) Ahoy, ahoy, ahoy

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, look! We're saved! Saved! Look what's bearing down on us!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, two men in lifebelts.

MORIARTY:

Ahoy.

GRYTPYPE:

Helloooo, Neddle!

SEAGOON:

I seem to recognise that tone of face.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we bring good tidings. May we come in?

SEAGOON:

Of course, but wipe your feet. I've just done the step.

MORIARTY:

Oooh!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we have... er... just discovered, through the courtesy of Mr. Bentine, that you are a Peruvian.

SEAGOON:

What? But mother said I was born in South Wales!

GRYTPYPE:

Of course! Didn't you know that Cardiff originally came from Peru on a raft?

SEAGOON:

This is wonderful, man. But how can I prove that all Welsh people come from Peru?

GRYTPYPE:

Really, it's quit simple. You sail from South America to Cardiff on this cardboard raft.

SEAGOON:

Aye?

GRYTPYPE:

And the million pounds is yours to spend right away. Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes, sir, yes. Yes indeed, little Welsh blubber. You try this Kon-Tiki type craft at once.

FX:

SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

There!

SEAGOON:

Gad! It fits the ocean perfectly.

MORIARTY:

I know, it was specially tailored for the Atlantic.

SELLERS:

Yes, yes, yes.

MORIARTY:

Now, look at all those holes we've made. You can't get them like this these days.

GRYTPYPE:

And all we're asking is three and six.

SEAGOON:

It's a deal! No! No, wait. (WORRIED LAUGHTER)

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

I haven't got any money.

MORIARTY:

Owww! What about the million pounds?

SEAGOON:

But I can't spend it.

GRYTPYPE:

You can pawn it.

SEAGOON:

Where?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, inflate the rubber pawn shop.

FX:

PNEUMATIC SOUNDS.

MORIARTY:

Huh! Voila! Step inside, little Neddie.

FX:

DOOR OPENING. SHOP BELL.

CRUN:

Good morning, sir. Nice day for a pawn?

SEAGOON:

This million pounds, how much will you allow me on it?

CRUN:

English money, eh? Now, we don't usually lend money on antiques.

SEAGOON:

Antiques? These pounds are right up to date. Why, only the other day an American offered me a shilling for one of them.

CRUN:

Oh, that's different. If the Hens like them, I can... I can let you have... erm... seven shillings.

SEAGOON:

Here, Moriarty, seven shillings. The raft is mine! Cast off!

FX:

ROWING IN WATER

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) Maybe it's because i'm peruvian, (SPEEDS UP FASTER AND FASTER) that I love England so. Maybe it's because I'm Peruvian, that I love [UNCLEAR]. Ying-tong-iddle-I-po.

GRYTPYPE:

There he goes with his specially tempered map and compass. Bon voyage, little Welshman. Goodbye.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

FX:

SEA SOUNDS, WAVES. SEAGULLS.

GREENSLADE:

On February, Seagoon's attempt to prove the Peruvians were Welsh, began.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, we left the coast of Peru and, using Moriarty's special map and tempered compass, carried the raft inland.

FX:

FAR OFF WAR DRUMS. FROGS.

SEAGOON:

Hurrh, hurrh, hurrh. Pant. Hurrh.

BLOODNOK:

Look here, Seagoon, you... you carry it a while. I... I think I'll get up in the crow's nest.

SEAGOON:

I can't understand it. A hundred miles inland and no sign of Wales.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, I've got my big naval harpoon ready.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, I'm not looking for whales the fish, I'm looking for Wales the land. Wait a minute! This compass. What's the time by your watch?

BLOODNOK:

East-nor-nor-east.

SEAGOON:

Just as I thought. This compass is slow. It says twenty past two.

BLOODNOK:

Great brown nudded nurglers! Those villains! They've switched the compass for the wristwatch.

SEAGOON:

Gad! And not being men of the sea, we don't know which is which!

BLOODNOK:

Well! Now here's a pretty kettle of fish!

SEAGOON:

So it is and a damned silly place to leave it!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Well, we can't stand here all day making these wonderful jokes.

SEAGOON:

You're right. Forward!

FX:

SPLASH. SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop! I think we're near a river.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense! No river could survive with me in it. I've been banned by the LCC Public Baths Anti-Pollution Committee.

SEAGOON:

I know. Let's get out of the water and see if our drawers cellular are wet.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

FX:

SPLASHES.

SEAGOON:

They *are* wet. So it is a river!

BLOODNOK:

What? Then I'll soon tell you its name. Give me that mug.

FX:

SPLASH, GULP, LIP SMACKING NOISES (AND OTHER RATTLY NOISES?)

BLOODNOK:

It's the Amazon.

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

BLOODNOK:

It says so on the map, here.

SEAGOON:

A river on the map? We can't leave it there. Help me get it back into the water. One, two, hup!

FX:

SPLASH!

BLOODNOK:

Good shot, sir! Right between the banks!

SEAGOON:

How painful! Wait! What fools we are!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

How are we going to get the raft across? The river's full of water.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's quite simple. Build a bridge and carry it across, how else?

TULLA JAKKABULLA:

[ELLINGTON]

Yim, bom, ballaboo. Liberace, too!

BLOODNOK:

I don't know who he is but he's got the right idea!

SEAGOON:

It's a native drummer and his quartet, about to play their latest recording! Hup!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET

SEAGOON:

Stop that anti-Seagoon applause. And you, sir! How dare you sing in the middle of a steaming jungle without dressing for steaming dinner?

TULLA JAKKABULLA:

Me Tulla Jakkabulla.

BLOODNOK:

Not in these trousers, you won't.

TULLA JAKKABULLA:

Come, come, white man. You follow me. Me keep missionary burning in the window for you.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK.

FX:

JUNGLE SOUNDS, DRUMS WAY OFF, FROGS, BIRDS? UNDER:

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) With the aid of a rough jungle bier I was carried inland.

BLOODNOK:

I had a rough jungle brandy and followed much later.

SEAGOON:

How much further, chief?

ELLINGTON:

Only two miles. Or, with your legs, twenty.

SEAGOON:

Duck's disease. The curse of the Seagoons!

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, lad. You're still clearing the ground behind. I say, though, it's a good job you haven't got the curse of the Bloodnoks.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, Dennis, what is the curse of the Bloodnoks?

BLOODNOK:

Me! You see, I'm the black sheep of the family.

ELLINGTON:

Don't worry. Me also black sheep of the family.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I supp... Oh, yes! Yes.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Look!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

A native village. Then this must be... "Drums along the Mersey", part three.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) I see, yes.

FX:

WAR DRUMS.

SEAGOON:

We were led to a rude wooden hut.

BLOODNOK:

Inside was a rude wooden bed.

SEAGOON:

On it lay a rude wooden man.

BARON SEAGOON:

[VALENTINE DYALL]

And a rude wooden welcome to Peru, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, it's rude wooden Baron Seagoon. The man who left me a million pounds in his rude will.

BLOODNOK:

Then it *is* true. He is rudely dead!

BARON SEAGOON:

That was mere rude idle gossip. I just overslept one morning. Now, Neddie, hand over the million pounds. It's not yours till I die.

SEAGOON:

I... I... I... I haven't got it.

BARON SEAGOON:

Quit stalling. I planned this plan to get *my* million pounds out of England.

SEAGOON:

So this is all a trick. Well, it's misfired. I was forced to pawn the money with Grytpype-Thynne.

BARON SEAGOON:

Him! But this was his idea. The double-crosser! Where is he?

SEAGOON:

In a pawn shop in the Atlantic.

BARON SEAGOON:

Then we've got him cornered! Show me the way and I'll give you half the million.

BLOODNOK:

Which half?

BARON SEAGOON:

The other half.

BLOODNOK:

Which half are you having?

BARON SEAGOON:

The other other half.

BLOODNOK:

I say, you're cutting it fine, aren't you?

BARON SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up!

BARON SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Bloodnok!

SEAGOON:

We accept! But we warn you, Baron, if you try anything funny, you won't get a laugh from us!

BARON SEAGOON:

Right! Give me the pawn ticket. Follow me!

FX:

SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

Into the Atlantic we plunged. I swam strongly. My duck's disease is now being a boon.

MILLIGAN:

(THREE QUIET CHICKEN SQUAWKS)

BLOODNOK:

We swam steadily for a week. Then another week, in that order.

SEAGOON:

I think... this is the spot.

BARON SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

SEAGOON:

Positive! I recognise the ocean.

BARON SEAGOON:

Well, the pawnshop's not here.

SEAGOON:

Perhaps it moved.

BARON SEAGOON:

Moved! What a cunning method of concealment. After them!

FX:

HORSES GALLOPING AWAY.

GREENSLADE:

Weary of swimming, our heroes remounted and headed for the Savoy Hotel, Frith Street.

FX:

RATTLING OF COINS UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Oooh, lovely moolah.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the power of money. Let's count it again, buddy.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

A million pounds and all in money. Ooh, buddy, oohoho.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, what luxury, Moriarty. Let's face it; we've never had it so good. Moriarty, say something for me.

MORIARTY:

Diana Dors.

GRYTPYPE:

Aoooh!

MORIARTY:

With hinges!

GRYTPYPE:

Oooh!

MORIARTY:

Hohoho!

FX:

KNOCKING.

GRYTPYPE:

Say "come in" for me, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Come in for me, Moriarty.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

MANAGER:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Gentlemen, I am ze manager. Is everything to your liking?

GRYTPYPE:

Everything, except your impression of a Frenchman.

MANAGER:

Merky, mon ah-me. Er... was your breakfast satisfactory this evening?

GRYTPYPE:

The fish had a bone in it.

MANAGER:

I'll have it dismissed at once. Poisson, you are fired!

GARÇON:

Aaah!

FX:

SPLASH.

MANAGER:

Errrr... by the way sir, there are three gentlemen on horseback swimming up the stairs to see you.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Well, lay out my horsehair bathing costume and rubber toga. And... er... ask them to come in, would you?

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

BARON SEAGOON:

Hands up! All of you!

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

MORIARTY:

Ooh. It's him!

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. We're on your side!

BARON SEAGOON:

Not any more, Neddie. I want my million pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

It's the Baron! What are you doing out of the jungle? You'll catch your death of cold.

BARON SEAGOON:

I want that million pounds and I want it fast. I'm going to sing the whole of act three from Tosca and if you haven't handed it over by then... I shall sing act four!

GRYTPYPE:

You vocal devil incarnate.

SEAGOON:

But there isn't any act four in Tosca.

BARON SEAGOON:

Then you've less time than you think. (SINGS TO TUNE OF TOSCA) Ying tong iddle i poo la lee daa...

MANAGER:

Ah, gentlemen...

BARON SEAGOON:

YA LA LA DIIIIII!

MANAGER:

Gentlemen, please...

BARON SEAGOON:

YA LA LA DEEE!

MANAGER:

Oh, please, gentlemen! Ohhhh...

BARON SEAGOON:

(STILL SINGING) YING TONG IDDLE I POO!

MANAGER:

Gentlemen...

BARON SEAGOON:

Brown power!

MANAGER:

Oowaa, gentlemen, please! Please, gentlemen...

BARON SEAGOON:

YING TONG IDDLE III...

MANAGER:

Ah, mais non (SPEAKS FRENCH) Gentlemen. Gentlemen. Gentlemen, please. There is a charge of six pounds... (SINGING STOPS) There is a charge for six pounds for singing and fighting in the royal suites.

BARON SEAGOON:

That's what I was afraid of. It's a pleasure, here.

MANAGER:

Ta. Wait, this money is a forgery!

GRYTPYPE:

What! Moriarty that six pounds came from the million, that means the whole lot is a forgery.

MORIARTY:

Oh... (GROWL)

BARON SEAGOON:

Come on! Hand it over. But keep both hands raised in the air. Now, anybody got a ladder? (PAUSE)
No? Well...

MANAGER:

I... I... I'm going to call the police. Police?

ECCLES:

Hello, my good man, what's going on 'ere?

MANAGER:

Are you a policeman?

ECCLES:

Yep. Wanna know the time?

SEAGOON:

Just a minute.

ECCLES:

That right! It's just a minute past... that's right. Ah, goodbye. Have a good time. How's your old dad? Everything's fine. (SINGS) Ah, my love... (MILLIGAN CORPSES)

GRYTPYPE:

Just a moment, officer. That rhythm Baron is in possession of forged money.

ECCLES:

I arrest you... I arrest you in the nim of the loo!

BARON SEAGOON:

No! No, no, no! It's not mine. It belongs to Neddie. I left it him in my will.

SEAGOON:

But it's not mine until you're dead.

BARON SEAGOON:

Well, you'll soon have it! Goodbye!

FX:

GUNSHOT, BODY FALLING TO GROUND.

GRYTPYPE:

There, now, it's all yours, Neddie. Officer, arrest that forger.

SEAGOON:

You can't arrest me; I'm a Peruvian, ha, ha, ha.

ECCLES:

A Peruvian forger. You'll get life for this, Neddie. Come on...

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know this (YELLS OF PROTEST UNDER:)

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan, Valentine Dyall. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

Erm... yes. Well now, here is an announcement for listeners still wondering why this programme was called 'Drums Along the Mersey'. While the... um... programme was being broadcast, there were in fact several drums beating along the Mersey. Those with their windows open may have heard them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hey, why wasn't I in this week?

MAX GELDRAI:

PLAY OUT.

Notes:

1) "There were several Rowton Houses in London: they were working men's hostels provided by Lord Rowton (Montague William Lowry, 1838-1903), but by the 50s they were apparently no better than doss houses."

2) This is a reference to the famous 1947 expedition that sailed a balsa wood raft named Kon-Tiki from Peru to the Polynesian islands to show that South Americans could have travelled to and settled in Polynesia in pre-Columbian times. The story became a bestselling book (1948) and documentary film (1951).