

S5 E06 - The Canal

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

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FLOWERDEW:

This is madness, do you hear me? Madness! Madness!

SECOMBE:

The man is, of course, referring to the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS:

1922 JACK PAYNE RECORD OF ONE-STEP

SECOMBE:

Stop! (MUSIC STOPS) Thank you, Ted Heath. Mr. Greenslade, tell the eager multitudes of the goodies we have in store for them.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gintlepong. In keeping with the policy of our more popular Sunday newspapers, we give you now a nice soggy mess of vice, drunkenness and, worst of all, the shame of our cities!

WINSTON CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Mixed fretwork classes.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, Geraldo. To commence this night of debauchery, we present the world's mixed bathing champion of 1931. The man in black - Mr. Valentine Dyll.

FX:

VIBRANT GIANT GONG

VALENTINE DYALL:

Allow me to correct you, little pygmy man. I am no longer the man in black. I am now the man in grey!

SECOMBE:

What brought about this change?

VALENTINE DYALL:

A very cheap dry cleaner.

SECOMBE:

Very well. Mr. Dyall, the floor is yours but remember, the roof... is ours!

VALENTINE DYALL:

Thank you, Barbara Kelly. Ladies and Gentlepongs, this *is* the man in black speaking. A funny thing happened to me on my way to the theatre tonight. A steam roller ran over my head. So much for humour. And now, pray allow me to tell the story of...

OMNES:

SCREAMS

FX:

DEEP RESONANT SPLASH

VALENTINE DYALL:

'The Canal'... a-ha, ha, ha.... (GOES OFF LAUGHING INTO ECHO)

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER HORROR THEME

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon. I come from mixed parentage - one male, one female. And that's how it should be. (LAUGHS) Ah, yes. My father was the famous amateur brain surgeon, Lord Valentine Dyall.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie was one of my adopted sons by one of my adopted wives. In 1899 I built for my family a huge mansion.

ECCLES:

It was only a luxury manor, but it was home to me.

FLOWERDEW:

(NUTTY) There's a cow on the roof and I am a daisy. I must be careful of that cow (JABBERS INSANELY)

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Eeh, heh, heh, heh, heh. My... er... children. The manor was a grim, black, foreboding place. Hanging in the eaves were myriads of red-mouthed bats that nightly danced in the dank air that arose from the oily waters of... The Canal. (MAD LAUGHTER AS BEFORE)

ECCLES:

Dat's my daddie who said dat.

ORCHESTRA:

CHANGE OF SCENE CHORD

FX:

HORSE-DRAWN HACKNEY WALKING SLOWLY

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter one. Ned Seagoon returns from college.

FX:

HORSE-DRAWN HACKNEY UP AND UNDER:

REUBEN CROUCHER:

[SELLERS]

Ooooooh, my life, it isn't 'arf parky up on this drivin' seat. Ooh, I should never have come out naked.

SEAGOON:

I say, driver! Have I far to go now?

REUBEN CROUCHER:

Eh? Let's have a look. (BREATHS IN THROUGH TEETH, TUTS) No, I shouldn't think you got far to go.

FX:

HACKNEY STOPS

SEAGOON:

I say, why have we stopped?

REUBEN CROUCHER:

It's no good, mister, I can't see a thing in this fog.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, I'll make it on foot. Farewell! (LAUGHS) Now, ahh, yes, this is the way, past the old blasted oak and down...

FX:

RESONANT SPLASH OF STILL DEEP WATERS

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heeelp!

REUBEN CROUCHER:

Where, wh-where, where are you, mister?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) In the canal!

REUBEN CROUCHER:

Here, catch. Hup.

FX:

SPLASH

REUBEN CROUCHER:

You forgot yer bag! Ha ha ha....

ORCHESTRA:

MOCKING THEME, FADES INTO:

FX:

THREE KNOCKS ON HEAVY WOODEN DOOR

SEAGOON:

Anybody about? Mother? Mother? Mother, I'm home.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Oh, mother, I'm... I'm so glad to see you. Dear old mummy. (BIG KISSES) Oh, mother. (MORE BIG KISSES) There!

ELLINGTON:

Pardon me, sir, but I'm the butler.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, GONG

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Father! You... you are Father, aren't you?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Do I have to undress?

SEAGOON:

No, it's just that you've changed so much. (ASIDE) And, dear listener, changed he had. He looked tired and weary. His eyes... his eyes were sunk back in his head. They were were bloodshot, watery and red-rimmed. What had caused this?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie, we've bought a television set. But what are you doing back from school?

SEAGOON:

My schooling is completed.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Oh, nonsense, you've only been there forty-three years.

SEAGOON:

Nevertheless, I came out top boy in the entire kindergarten.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Really? Then it's politics for you! Neddie, now that you're home, promise me one thing.

SEAGOON:

Very well, Father, I promise!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Thank you. See that you keep it for your mother's sake.

SEAGOON:

Ying tong yiddle I po!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Good! Promise me one more thing. Never - never - go near... The Canal.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL

(FAST, ANGRY) Just never go near the canal, that's all! (NORMAL) Now, you must be tired, you need rest. Eccles?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Yer? Did... did my daddy call me?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Eccles, get your things out of Neddie's room.

ECCLES:

Okay, daddy.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CATTLE MOOING

ECCLES:

Come on now, shoo, shoo... (RANDOM CATTLE SHOO-ING PHRASES)

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

ECCLES:

Well, goodnight, Neddie. Sleep well.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

That night I lay in bed with a clothes peg on my nose. What had happened to everybody? 'Don't go near the canal', he had said. (YAWN) Don't go... near the canal... (SNORES)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(SINISTER) Right, he's asleep, heh heh heh heh. Hand me the mallet, Doctor.

DR EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

Here.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Right - huhhh.

FX:

WALLOP ON BONCE

SEAGOON:

Zzzz - oooh!

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter two.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

One.... Two.... Threeeee...

FX:

SPLASH - BUBBLES OF BODY SINKING

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter three.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Er, hello, Lloyds? About that life insurance... Yes, on my son Neddie. Well, it appears to have... er... matured. You'll bring the money round? Right. Thank you.

FX:

RECEIVER DOWN

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(CACKLES SINISTERLY)

OMNES:

FROM OFF, A LONG AGONISED SCREAM

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(CALLS) No, not tonight, dear! (NORMAL) Forty thousand pounds, just for throwing little Neddie in... The Canal. A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(GASPING) Father, I...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie! You've been playing in the canal! I told you to stay away! Eccles?

ECCLES:

(OFF) Yes, yeh?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

He's back.

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Come on, all out! Get out, shoo... (RANDOM CATTLE SHOO-ING PHRASES)

FX:

CATTLE MOOING

ECCLES:

Well, here's yer clothes peg.

FLOWERDEW:

I'm a daisy, father's a plum, that's why we stoned him. I hear music and there's only Max Geldray there.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC THEME

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter four.

HENRY CRUN:

Bow, wow! Bow, wow! Where's that naughty pussy cat? Bow, wow! Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow..

SEAGOON:

That's Grandad. These three days I've been kept locked in my room. I pass the time cutting the grass under my bed and feeding the monkeys. At night... at night I can hear digging in the cellar. A thought has just struck me. What has become of mother? Dear mother, she was like one of the family.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

In here, gentlemen.

DR EIDELBURGER:

Oh, thank you, thank you.

YAKAMOTO:

Yerserkah, yerserkah.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie, I've brought two freshly-released physicians to see you. Dr. Yakamoto and Dr. Justin Eidelburger.

SEAGOON:

But there's nothing wrong with me.

DR EIDELBURGER:

Zat is why we are here, haa haa haa!

YAKAMOTO:

Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

DR EIDELBURGER:

It's a German joke you know, he he. Dr. Yakamoto? The treatment.

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, yas. At once, honouwable sir. Would the honouwable Neddie Seagoon please put honouwable feet into this delicate thirty-ton iron container?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Do as the little oriental says, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(NERVOUS LAUGHTER) Very well, Father.

DR EIDELBURGER:

Good. Now zen, we pour in ze concrete mixture, zo!

FX:

CONCRETE GOING IN

SEAGOON:

I've got clean socks so be careful.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(TALKING OVER FX) You see, Neddie, the doctors say when the concrete blocks set on your feet, you won't be able to run away and play near... The Canal! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP ARPEGGIO (MINOR) WITH BASS CLARINET (PLAY LITTLE TUNE)

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Hello? Lloyds? I want to add to that last policy on my son, Neddie. Yes. Yes, I want one that covers him in the event of him ever putting concrete blocks on his feet and throwing himself in the canal. Yes, I know it's not likely to happen but... ha, ha... just in case.

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter five.

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heeeeelp!

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter six. The Lock-Keeper's Lodge.

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk, mnk, mnk, mnk.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heeeeelp!

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, help, help, yes. Oh, dear, dear, dear... (SNORES)

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heee - ooo - eelp!

MINNIE:

Henry? Henry? Hen... yakkakoo... Henry, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What? What? What? What?

MINNIE:

Hen-Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

What is it, Min? What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

There's a... there's a gentleman in the canal, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Thank you, Minnie. Good... goodnight... goodnight, Min.

MINNIE:

Goodnight, Henry

SEAGOON:

Heeeeeeeelp!

MINNIE:

Henry. He said 'help', Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Help?

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

That's the distress call, isn't it?

MINNIE:

Oh, yes, he... he... he must be drowning, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear.

HENRY CRUN:

(CALLS) Pardon me, sir, but can you keep afloat till next Tuesday?

SEAGOON:

What's today?

HENRY CRUN:

Friday.

SEAGOON:

No! Help, I'm going down.

FX:

BUBBLES

HENRY CRUN:

We're coming, sir. Hurry, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Coming, buddy, coming.

HENRY CRUN:

Have... have you turned the gas off, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes, yes, I've turned the gas, yes...

SEAGOON:

Help! Helpppp!

MINNIE:

I wonder who he is.

HENRY CRUN:

(CALLS) Yes. What... what... what is your name, sir?

MINNIE BANNISTER:

(CALLS) What's your name, buddy?

SEAGOON:

(AMID BUBBLES) Neddie Seagoon.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, we're very... very pleased to meet you. My name is Crun, Henry Crun. And this is Miss Bannister. She's one...

SEAGOON:

Helpp, I'm going down....

HENRY CRUN:

Don't... don't do that, sir, or you'll drown yourself. Oh, dear, dear, this fog. I can't see a thing in the fog, you know.

MINNIE:

Where are you, sir?

SEAGOON:

In the canal!

MINNIE:

He's in the canal.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. Mr. Seagoon? Follow these instructions and you'll be safe. Hand me the life-saving manual Minnie.

MINNIE:

There you are.

HENRY CRUN:

Ready?

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Hurry up, then.

SEAGOON:

Yes, hurry up!

HENRY CRUN:

Mr Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yea-uuurrghhhhh...

HENRY CRUN:

Take three... three dozen eggs and break into a bowl.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Mix in eight ounces of castor sugar then stir over a low gas.

SEAGOON:

I haven't got a gas stove.

MINNIE BANNISTER:

Here, catch.

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

HENRY CRUN:

Right, now then, add four pounds of millet flour and bring the mixture to... Minnie?

MINNIE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Heeeellppp...

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY CRUN:

This isn't the Swimming Manual.

MINNIE BANNISTER:

(CALLS) We've got the wrong book, Mr. Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

What'll I do with all this mixture?

MINNIE:

We'd better go in, Henry, it's a shame to waste all that food.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Coming, hupppp!

HENRY CRUN:

Coming!

FX:

TWO SPLASHES

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT LINKING CHORDS

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Er, yes, sir?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ehh-hee. Good evening to you. Is this the manor of the place where lives the Valentine Dyll man, is dis the place where it is, is it, den?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, yes it is.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He he he. I am from the Lloyds of London, the well-known insurance company. I am their junior representative. Feels in pocket, produces smart calling card.

ELLINGTON:

Oh, come in, sir.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter the new Bluebottle. The new Bluebottle wearing city gentlemen-type striped trousers and Anthony Eden homberg. Really Dad's trilby painted black.

ELLINGTON:

Erm, have you wiped your feet, sir?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ELLINGTON:

Then where'd that mud come from?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Off my shoes - eeh-hee-hee! I made a little jokules, ee-hee! Pauses for audience applause, as usual not a sausinge.

AUDIENCE APPLAUDS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, thank you. Was going to use rude word, but changes mind.

ELLINGTON:

Now, what's your business here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have come to pay the insurance on the recently drowned and deaded Neddie Seagoon.

FX:

WHOOSH, DOOR SHUTS

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Did you say insurance?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, yes, I have...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Splendid, there, just sit down and warm yourself by the candle. Ellington! Entertain the gentleman.

ELLINGTON:

Certainly. Here's the dance of the... erm... seven kilts.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY'

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, I accept your apology. Now, Lord Dyall, the solemn business of paying out the insurance money. Moves left, opens official briefcase. Not too wide as I still got my dirty laundry in one compartment.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

It's forty thousand pounds, isn't it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, yes. But it is all in pennies.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Forty thousand pounds in pennies? Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yer, Daddie?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Your hat, lad.

ECCLES:

Okay, dad.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Now just hold it there. And now, Mr. Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, now to get...

OMNES:

LONG AGONISED WAILING HEART-RENDING SCREAM

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(CALLS) It's in the cabinet by the bed, dear. (NORMAL) Carry on. Carry on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He he he. What... what was that dreaded scream, sir? He-hee...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Oh, that was my eldest thing. Now, er, count out the money.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. One, tuppence, thruppence, fourpence, fivepence...

GREENSLADE:

Chapters seven, eight, nine, ten and eleven.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(VERY TIRED) Four million eight hundred and thirty-two pennies.

FX:

CLINK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehh hee - roll on, beddy byes. Four million eight hundred and thirty-three pennies. Four million eight...

FX:

THUMP, HUNDREDS OF PENNIES DROPPED ONTO FLOOR

ECCLES:

Ohhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohheei! You dropped them! One penny, tuppence, thruppence, fourpence...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Father!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(FLAMING) Neddie... You!

SEAGOON:

Yes!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Come on, all out, Shoo! Shoo!

FX:

CATTLE, ETC. AS BEFORE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pardon me. Did you say this was Neddie?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Er, yes. (HAPPY) Why, Neddie, you're safe, dear boy. Thank heaven, we thought you were drowned, didn't we, Mr. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He he he he, yes, yes. Well, you will not need this deaded money for him drowning. Thinks: this will save Lloyds a lot of money and who knows, a managerial job for Bluebottle. Thinks again: thanks to brains, the new wonder head-filler. Well, I must be going. Goodnight, everybody. Exits left.

FX:

WHOOSH - DOOR SHUTS

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Curses! Now, little Neddie, you've been playing in the canal again. It's got to stop!

SEAGOON:

I agree, Father.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Silence when you talk to me! Now, go upstairs to your room and come down at once! I want to talk to you.

FX:

HEAVY THUDS OVER...

SEAGOON:

But I can't move daddy, these... these concrete blocks on my feet...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

We'll soon have them off. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Did my daddy call me?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Put these sticks of dynamite into his concrete blocks.

ECCLES:

OK, my daddy knows what he's doing.

FX:

FUSE STARTS TO BURN

ECCLES:

There, I light the fuse. Now in ten seconds time there's gonna be a dirty big...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Yes, yes. Er, Neddie, wait outside in the garden, will you?

SEAGOON:

Yes, Father.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(SINGS) 'Come in to the garden Maude'...

FX:

DIALLING

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Hello, Lloyds? Yes, a new life policy, please. I want to insure Neddie in the event of him ever putting concrete blocks on his feet, blowing himself up with dynamite and landing in the canal. Yes, I know it's not likely to happen, but just in case...

FX:

EXPLOSION, WHISTLE GOES UP

GREENSLADE:

Chapter twelve.

FX:

WHISTLE DESCENDS, SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Heeeeelp!

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter thirteen.

FX:

PENNIES BEING DROPPED ONTO A PILE

BLUEBOTTLE:

There! That's the lot, Lord Dyall.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Yes. Forty thousand pounds. Poor Neddie.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It was funny him falling in the canal again so soon after... when I had left. It is... it is a good job you ran after me, isn't it?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Well, goodnight, Mr. Bluebottle. Thank you for...

FX:

DOOR OPENS, PRONOUNCED CREAK

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

You!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Yes, me!

ECCLES:

Shoo! All out! All out! Come on!

FX:

CATTLE, ETC. AS BEFORE

SEAGOON:

Father!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it is little Neddie. Oh, well, well. Could I have all the money back again, please?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

No! Hands up! All of you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, he's got a gun!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yes, daddy?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Take these two men and chain them up... (SINISTER) in the dungeon! (EVIL CACKLE)

ECCLES:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

FX:

HEAVY CHAINS, MANACLES

ECCLES:

Oh, di dump one over dere, one over dere, one round dat leg, one round dis leg, one der... Now, they're not too tight, are dey?

SEAGOON:

Eccles, do you realise what daddy's trying to do?

ECCLES:

Oh, yer! He's tryin' to keep you away from der canal because daddy loves you and he... he don't want you to get drowned.

SEAGOON:

No, no! He wants to kill us all and that includes... you!

ECCLES:

Oooh. Ooooooooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehh hee! I am frightened

ECCLES:

So am I.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't want to be deaded yet. I haven't had my half day off this week!

SEAGOON:

Shh! Quiet, Bluebottle. Now, Eccles. Undo these chains and help us capture father before he kills us all.

ECCLES:

Okay, okay.

SEAGOON:

Right, now this is the plan. We got...

FX:

DUNGEON DOOR SLAMS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eiiih! Someone has closed the dungeon door from the outside, we are trapp-ed!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Ha ha ha ha ha! (GOES OFF ON ECHO)

SEAGOON:

Curse, he's locked us in. Never mind, we'll batter the door down. Where's something with a blunt head?

ECCLES:

Here y'are.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Put me down, Eccles! Put me down. I shall charge the door and smash it down.

SEAGOON:

Good man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stand back, here I go. To matchwood I will splinter the door. Charrrrrrge!

FX:

LONG APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, SPEEDING UP, GETTING LOUDER

FX:

NEARER AND FADE INTO THE DISTANCE

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FAR) You rotten swine, you! Who opened the door?

ECCLES:

Ha-hum!

SEAGOON:

Good work! Now listen, both of you.

ECCLES:

Yup, yup, yup?

SEAGOON:

We've got to think quickly.

ECCLES:

Dat leaves me out!

SEAGOON:

We three are going to throw father into the canal!

GREENSLADE:

Chapter fourteen.

FX:

SPLASH

ECCLES:

Help!

FX:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Help!

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

You devil, Lord Dyall!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Ha, ha, ha, haaa! You didn't think you could... Oh, eeih oh...let me...!

FX:

SPLASH

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Heeeelp! Who did that?

GREENSLADE:

Last chapter.

HENRY CRUN:

Hello, Lloyds? About the life insurance I took out on the four gentlemen...

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show - a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Valentine Dyall 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.