

S7 E21 - Insurance - The White Man's Burden

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

GRAMS:

SCREAMING FEMALE FANS AT ELVIS CONCERT.

GREENSLADE:

Right. Steady, girls! Steady! This is your old Wallace the 'pelvis' again with some real hot modern rhythm for you. So let's get hip with my latest recording, "See You Later, Alligator."

GRAMS:

MASSED APPLAUSE.

ORCHESTRA:

ROCK AND ROLL INTRODUCTION

GREENSLADE:

(SINGS) See you later alligator.
After a while crocodile.
See you later alligator.
After a while crocodile.
Cause you're in my way, my way, now.
Don't you know you cramp my style.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

MILLIGAN:

(DISTANT) Stop!

SEAGOON:

Stop, you mad fool, Greenslade. Are you out of your mind?

MILLIGAN:

(DISTANT) Put that pelvis back.

SEAGOON:

Take... (LAUGHS) Take off those false crepe-hair side-burns and remove that elastic leg support.

GREENSLADE:

I can't, I've got haricot beans.

SEAGOON:

You mean varicose veins.

GREENSLADE:

Haricot beans. I've just been shopping.

MILLIGAN:

(DISTANT) Ummmm.....

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Mr. Greenslade, I'd like you to bear in mind that you're in the company of cultured gentlefolk. So belt up, or you'll get a dirty big bunch of fives up your conk.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Now, the highly steamed and pressed Goon Show.

PIANO INTRO:

AWFUL PIANO PLAYING In C. (EXTENDED)

SELLERS:

(DISTANT) Next dance, please.

SEAGOON:

Yes, with that haunting Sellers theme sounding the death knell of all piano postal tuition courses, we present this week's play entitled - and we quote from this suicide note...

SELLERS:

'Insurance - the White Man's Burden'.

GRAMS:

SCRATCHY VIOLIN SOLO WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

GREENSLADE:

Scene one, the British Zoo. A flannelled fool approaches the penguin pool.

GRAMS:

CHEERFUL SCHOOL CHILDREN ON ZOO EXCURSION.

SEAGOON:

Ohhh, a good morning, zoological keeper.

WILLIUM:

Good morning, flannelled fool.

SEAGOON:

What a lovely day for a zoo.

WILLIUM:

Yes. That's why I let it out this morning.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! A merry zoological-type joke.

WILLIUM:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

A big crowd of people here today.

WILLIUM:

Yeah, I know, we let 'em in for the animals to look at, you see. Trouble is we have to lock the boa constrictors up so the kids don't get at them, you know. Lost four boa constrictors last year, kids taking 'em home all the time. Hang the laundry on out the back there.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

Come down the road...

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

...'e told me about 'er... eh?

SEAGOON:

Well done. Now tell me, what do you call those little black and white creatures in the penguin pool?

WILLIUM:

Well, I call that one Jim. That one's Terrance. And that's Penny-lope (PENELOPE) over there.

SEAGOON:

What do you call that one sitting at the piano?

WILLIUM:

I call him a pianist, mate.

SEAGOON:

Don't tell me that penguin plays the piano!

WILLIUM:

Well, I... er...

GRAMS:

PENGUIN VOCAL WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

WILLIUM:

Go on, play up, will yer. Ah, lovely! Lovely.

GRAMS:

TUNE CONCLUDES

WILLIUM:

There.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! And he sings as well.

WILLIUM:

Yes. And them's all his own words, too, you know.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, I realised that the great crowd was due to this piano playing penguin. If I could get him on the stage I'd make a fortune.

GREENSLADE:

Immediately Seagoon went to a nearby house and put up a brass plate inscribed 'Curator of Birds - Enquire within'.

FX:

QUICK KNOCK. DOOR OPENS.

SPRIGGS:

Good morning. Come in. Come i-innnn.

SEAGOON:

I want to buy a penguin.

SPRIGGS:

You look like the type. But only one penguin? I'm afraid - I'm afra-aaaaid - we only sell them wholesale.

SEAGOON:

Alright then, I'll buy one wholesale. How much are they?

SPRIGGS:

How much are they? How much are the-eeeeey! I'll just look, er, look in this catalogue.

SEAGOON:

I don't want a cat, I want a penguin. Look in the penguin log.

SPRIGGS:

It's a lie. I didn't write that one. Nevertheless I shall look in this penguin log. Where's my saw? (SINGS) Hahahahaa! Hoawaoaoaoaw! Here we are.

SEAGOON:

You found it?

SPRIGGS:

No, I was just telling you where we were.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens, I can throw away this map of China.

SPRIGGS:

I'll just make out this bill of sale. How do you spell penguin?

SEAGOON:

P. N. guin.

SPRIGGS:

And how do you pronounce it?

SEAGOON:

P - E - N - G - U - I - N.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Let me see, I'll write that down. E - Z - L - X - Q. Drat this pen - it can't spell!

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. Perhaps it's the ink that can't spell. Let me taste it.

SPRIGGS:

Right-oh, Jim. Right-oh, Jiiiiiiim.

SEAGOON:

(TASTING) P. E. N. G... No, no. This ink's alright.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Now then, 'here... Oh, ho-ho-hoooo.... Nee-hee-ho-hoo. Here's the one, Jim. Ah, here it is. The name's Tom. Tom Penguin. Pianoforte and penguin vocalist (SINGS) and melodies divine he sings.

SEAGOON:

That's him. How much?

SPRIGGS:

How much? Twenty pounds sterling.

SEAGOON:

That's expensive for a second hand penguin.

SPRIGGS:

Ah, but he's just been done up.

SEAGOON:

Who by?

SPRIGGS:

The husband of the penguin he's been carrying on with.

SEAGOON:

Twenty pounds? I've only got 18 shillings sterling.

GRAMS:

DOUBLE WHOOSH.

MORIARTY:

We are... Ohhh! Ahhh...!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we just heard your bank statement on the wireless.

SEAGOON:

The two strangers were dressed in immaculate hand-sewn rags with newspaper parcels to match.

MORIARTY:

Senti amo caro. Listen Neddie - and here is a hand carved Arab sock as a token of our goodwill.
Aowawawawawwoohaw!

SEAGOON:

What would you with me, gentlemen?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, my steaming French friend has come here to make you a present, lad.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes. And here is a sample of it in this bottle.

SEAGOON:

It looks like water.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but no ordinary water, this, lad.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww....

GRYTPYPE:

Partake and savour the bouquet.

FX:

CORK POP.

SEAGOON:

(TASTING) Ahhh! Good heavens! This is English Channel 1902!

GRYTPYPE:

One of their best years, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Really?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And there's more where that came from, wasn't there, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Plenty, mon... Plenty more!

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to present the sommelier who was responsible for bottling that rare vintage sea-water.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww...

GRYTPYPE:

Count Jim 'Grip Labour-Exchange' Moriarty. Leaper supreme and all-England crab champion.

SEAGOON:

I am both honoured to know a man of such exquisite boots.

MORIARTY:

Merkie mon ami, merkie, merkie. And here in return, free of charge, is the deeds to the English-type channel.

SEAGOON:

You mean you're offering me free of charge the deeds to the English channel?

GRYTPYPE:

He heard you, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Do you accept the English channel, then? Le Channel Anglais?

SEAGOON:

Yes. I only hope I can live up to it.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sure you can, Neddie. However, one slight formality, Neddie. For your own protection of course, the jokal style of protection, you must insure it, lad.

SEAGOON:

Insure it against what?

GRYTPYPE:

Fire, Neddie

MORIARTY:

Yes. Fire, Neddie. And fortunately for vous we happen to be strolling insurance agents of no fixed percentage.

SEAGOON:

What is the premium?

MORIARTY:

Tell him.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, let me see. You've got 18 shillings, haven't you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Well that's it. 18 shillings in sterling, lad.

SEAGOON:

How much do I get if the channel catches fire?

GRYTPYPE:

£48,000!

SEAGOON:

Where do I sign?

GRYTPYPE:

On the dotted line of this cheque I've just found in your pocket here.

FX:

PEN NIB ON PAPER.

MORIARTY:

Er, don't worry to fill in the amount, we'll... um... fill in that later. (GOES OFF SINGING) April in Paris... I can see it all now!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. These men think I'm a fool. Little do they know that the moment their backs are turned I'll be down to that channel, set fire to it and collect the forty-eight thousand knicker!

GRYTPYPE:

Right. To give him time, here is Max 'Worried' Geldray and his electric nose.

SEAGOON:

Right, round the back for the 'ol brandy, there.

SELLERS:

Good luck, there.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF AT SPEED.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

WIND AND WAVES.

SEAGOON:

I wonder how many listeners noticed that while Max Geldray was playing I caught a road to Norman's Bay Halt and am now addressing you from the beach at Pevensey Bay where the great English channel meets the great English sewage system.

MILLIGAN:

Phooooo!

GREENSLADE:

And so saying, Seagoon prepared to ignite the English channel. Devil that he was.

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF WIND AND WAVES.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it was bitterly cold as I walked through the thick winter snow to the water's edge. Suddenly I noticed, lazing in a deck chair, a gentleman in ankle length swimming trunks, sunglasses and suntan oil.

ECCLES:

He - llo! Well, well, well, my friend, my good man. Are you on holiday, too?

SEAGOON:

With that statement, folks, I realised that the case of The Crown verses Eccles was proven.

ECCLES:

Oh, what a day this has been! Oh, what a day! (SINGS)
With a smile on my face,
I belong to the human race...

SEAGOON:

It's a lie!

ECCLES:

I might be a [UNCLEAR].

Melody devine.

(NORMAL) Oh! Well! Where am I? Oh, yeah! What a day! What a scorcher today has been.

SEAGOON:

This is a scorcher?

ECCLES:

This is a scorcher.

SEAGOON:

Then what's the snow doing on the beach?

ECCLES:

It's on holiday as well. (SINGS)

England my island home.

Land of the free...

SEAGOON:

Listen, blue shivering frost covered figure, what gives you the ideas that it's hot today?

ECCLES:

Well, my granddad he phoned up this morning and he said "Out of bed, lad! Out of bed! It's a beautiful day."

SEAGOON:

Where is he?

ECCLES:

He was phoning from Bermuda. And who am I to argue?

SEAGOON:

Dear grandson Eccles, sit down on this fossilised shooting stick.

ECCLES:

(AGONY) Ooooooh! That's an old gag but a new stick. Well... Thank you, my good man.

SEAGOON:

Now let me put you right before you freeze to death. It's summer in Bermuda but it's winter over here.

ECCLES:

You can't fool me, Neddie. Look at the reading on this thermometer.

SEAGOON:

Hundred and thirty degrees?

ECCLES:

Yer.

SEAGOON:

This thermometer has a temperature.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

We must get it to a doctor at once!

ECCLES:

And with that remark, folks, the case of The Crown verses Neddie Seagoon was proven. Your turn.

SEAGOON:

A-hem, a-hem.

ECCLES:

(SINGS NONSENSE, THEN...) Where were we? Oh, the thermometer.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

ECCLES:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

You took the thermometer out of a hot water bottle.

ECCLES:

Of course. I always keep it in there. If I didn't it would drop below zero and we'd freeze to death.

SEAGOON:

Are you the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

ECCLES:

No. Oh, the Chancellor of the Exchequer! Oh, well, I can understand because I've often been mistaken.

SEAGOON:

For the Chancellor?

ECCLES:

No, I've just often been mistaken, that's all. Well, I'd better get back to the match factory.

SEAGOON:

Matches!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

ECCLES:

(IN TIME WITH THE CHORDS) Ho, ho, ho, hoooo!

SEAGOON:

Curse, I've forgotten to bring any. Perhaps I can make use of this maladjusted human barometer. A-hem, a-hem, a-hem. You work in a match factory, don't you?

ECCLES:

Yeh. I'm a dipper.

SEAGOON:

You put the heads on?

ECCLES:

No, I put the gloves on, they're boxing matches. Ha ha ha ha! (LAUGHS) Thank you. Thank you, my friends, it's all free. Ta.

SEAGOON:

Get in this catapult.

ECCLES:

Ok.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

ECCLES:

Owww!

GRAMS:

DISTANT SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

Now to burn the channel.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He - eeeeeeeelp! Help, I'm drowning. Drowning. Drowning in the water.

CRUN:

Min. Min. Mnk, mnk... Wake up, Min, wake up.

MINNIE:

(RHYTHMIC WAKING UP)

CRUN:

Wake up, Min, wake up. Wake up, Min.

MINNIE:

Wake up on your side of the bed.

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

I was having lovely, lovely dream, Henry. I... I dreamt I was asleep.

CRUN:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Those voices are coming from the Pevensey Bay lifeboat shed.

CRUN:

Min, Min, Min, Min, wake up, Min.

MINNIE:

Ok, buddy. I'll wake up!

CRUN:

Ohhh. You...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

You heard what the gentleman said. Our voices are coming from the Pevensey lifeboat shed.

MINNIE:

Oh, we'd better get over there as quickly as possible.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He - eeeeeelp!

CRUN:

What?

ECCLES:

Help, folks, I'm drowning.

CRUN:

What... what did you... what did... what did you say, sir?

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) I said, He-eeeeelp! He-eeeeelp! He-eeeeelp! I'm drowning. He-eeeeelp!

CRUN:

I can't hear you, sir, I can't hear you. What...?

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Just a minute.

CRUN:

Just a minute.

GRAMS:

SPLASHING. GROWING QUICKLY LOUDER.

FX:

BOOTS HURRIEDLY RUNNING OVER PLANKS. RAPID KNOCKING ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Yes?

ECCLES:

(CLOSE) He-eeeeelp!

CRUN:

Thank you. Get back in the water and we'll be out in a flash. Min, Min, Min, Minnie, Min! Prepare the lifeboat.

MINNIE:

Alright, Henryyyy. Quick. We must hurry. Hurry.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

A man's drowning.

CRUN:

Yes. Get that long piece of wood and lay it down.

MINNIE:

Right. Okay. Right, got it.

CRUN:

Now that'll be the keel.

FX:

GENTEEL HAMMERING.

MINNIE:

Right, Henry.

CRUN:

That's right Min.

MINNIE:

Mmm, come on!

CRUN:

Nail those pieces of wood on each side of the tar-tee!

FX:

GENTEEL HAMMERING CONTINUES UNDER.

MINNIE:

(HOT RHYTHM SINGING AND HAMMERING)

CRUN:

Min, Min!

MINNIE:

What? What? What?

CRUN:

Min, please leave off that... that sinful brown singing. Leave it to coxswain Ray Ellington.

MINNIE:

Okay.

SEAGOON:

Yes, girl, get your skates on and round the back for the 'ol brandy, there.

MINNIE:

Ooooooooo!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

If listeners with pneumatic drills will kindly lay them aside, they'll be able to hear this announcement. (CLEARS THROAT)

SEAGOON:

A-hem.

MILLIGAN:

A-hem. A-hem.

SELLERS:

A-hem.

SEAGOON:

A-hem.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, hell bent on burning the English channel, stoops low over a tinder box and struggles to make a fire.

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS. DISTANT SEA.

FX:

MATCH STRIKING.

SEAGOON:

Curse this wind. I should never eaten those balloons.

GRAMS:

FIRE ENGINE PULLING UP. FIRE BELL.

BLOODNOK:

Aeeeeeeeeooooough! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! So! Caught you in the act, you incendiary fool, you.

SEAGOON:

The speaker was dressed as a fireman, riding a tricycle and carrying a photograph of a fire bell.

BLOODNOK:

Allow me to introduce myself with this gramophone record.

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

(RECORDING) HAVE YOU PUT ME ON?

BLOODNOK:

Yes! Tell him who I am.

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

(RECORDING) A-hem. This is Major Bloodnok, winner of the golden richard and eye-watering champion supreme.

BLOODNOK:

So that's who you are.

SEAGOON:

No. That's who *you* are!

BLOODNOK:

What! Nonsense. I am, sir, the fire prevention officer for the Pevensey sewage farm.

SEAGOON:

Now listen, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Don't talk to me about 'listen'. I've got better...

SEAGOON:

Ten thousand pounds is yours if you help me set fire to the English Channel.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh-ohh-oh!

SEAGOON:

Here's a shilling on account.

FX:

CASH REGISTER.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, you go ahead, lad, I'll turn a deaf ear.

SEAGOON:

I didn't know you had a deaf ear.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I found it on the floor of a barber's shop in Penge. Now, Neddie...

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He – eeeeeelp, folks! He-eeeeelp.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, you fool.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Shut up, you fool but he-eeeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up as well. Neddie, light that channel.

SEAGOON:

Right. Let's start a fire with these two twigs here.

FX:

MATCHES

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeeougheeehehe! You rotten swines, you. Those are my legs! I was practicing knot tying under a pebble when my legs were attacked.

SEAGOON:

Why! It's a pudding bowl haircut with loose boots.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not insult Bluebottle. You do not know that I am the brains behind the Finchley Mother's Christmas Drawers.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He - eeeeeelp!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Shut up, Eccles but he - eeeeeelp!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles! Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles, shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Oh-owwwwww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

If you don't shut up I'll hit you with this water.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime in the Royal Suite at the Y.M.C.A. at Eastbourne...

VIOLIN SOLO:

(VERY AMATEURISH WITH LOTS OF OUT-OF-TUNE NOTES)

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, play on, Moriarty. How delightful. Who wrote that tune?

MORIARTY:

Fritz Kreisler.

GRYTPYPE:

You're not going to let him get away with that, are you?

MORIARTY:

Ok, little Grytpype. We've got Neddie's 18 shillings insurance money and the world lies before our feet and there's room for it.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty, cover the soap dish.

MORIARTY:

But it's empty.

GRYTPYPE:

We don't want people to know that.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

GRYTPYPE:

Entrays, silvoo plate!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Hands up, you devils. That fire insurance you sold me was a fake.

GRYTPYPE:

What do you mean, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

This morning I accidentally dropped fifty lighted matches in the channel and it wouldn't accidentally catch fire.

MORIARTY:

What!

GRYTPYPE:

It, er, it must be damp, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Yes. That's it, Neddie, the English Channel must be damp. It's all this rain we've been having.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I want my 18 shillings back or I aim to shoot to fire to kill.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, we aim to shoot to fire to kill. BANG, we will go. BANG...

SEAGOON:

Get out...

GRAMS:

BODY FALLING INTO WATER.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you devil instrument incarnate. Why did you throw that child into the sea?

LITTLE JIM:

Yes, why?

SEAGOON:

To give... to give brown Milligan a chance to say his new catchphrase, that's why.

GRYTPYPE:

Now look here, Neddie...

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He - eeeeeelp!

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you brown fool.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh...!

MORIARTY:

Neddie, you must give the channel a chance to dry out.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I tell you, you flannelled fool. One hot summer and the English Channel will be a firetrap.

SEAGOON:

Well, alright. I'll wait till then.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank heavens, that's put him off.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes. Yes, that's put him off.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes, indeed. That's the end of our bit of the story.

GRYTPYPE:

Alas. Alas.

SEAGOON:

Let's listen to the rest of it on the wireless, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

Good idea, yes.

GRAMS:

RADIO SET BEING TUNED IN.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) Insurance - The White Man's Burden part three.

GRAMS:

DISTANT WAVES. SEA BREEZE.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) With Neddie fobbed off, coxswains Crun and Bannister pull Eccles ashore.

ECCLES:

(APPROACHING) Oooohh! Ohhhhhh. Thank you. Well, thank you, Min and Hen, for pulling me out of the English Channel. Another month out there and I'd have drowned of starvation.

CRUN:

Min...

MINNIE:

Yes?

CRUN:

Would you join me in the next line?

MINNIE:

Yes, I'll help you, Henry.

CRUN & MINNIE:

Yes. We'd never have got the boat out to you if we hadn't pumped a thousand gallons of oil on the sea to calm it. Yes, Henry. We'd better set fire to it to get rid of it.

MINNIE:

I'll...

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK

MINNIE:

the matches.

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION. FLAMES ETC.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! It's caught fire, Henry!

MORIARTY:

Grytpype! Turn that radio off. Didn't you hear? The Channel's on fire!

SEAGOON:

What a bit of luck. My policy's matured. Forty-eight thousand pounds!

MORIARTY:

Oh, no!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Moriarty, protect the jam tins and open the door.

MORIARTY:

I'm off.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. Forty-eight thousand pounds. But before we pay you the forty-eight thousand pounds you must, for your own protection, insure it.

SEAGOON:

Against what?

GRYTPYPE:

Against this, Neddie. Hands up and turn round!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Fooled by insurance, the white man's burden. And the Goon Show's end.

COMMISSIONAIRE:

[SELLERS]

Your, er, brandy bottle's at the stage door, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRAMS:

PAIR OF BOOTS RUNNING OFF.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Pat Dixon.