

# RISING DAMP

the making of a situation  
comedy series



Rising Damp  
created  
by Eric Chappell

All Our Yesterdays

STORY FIVE: "ALL OUR YESTERDAYS"

Spooner has broken his right leg after tripping over Vienna on the stairs, and is confined to his flat with the limb cocooned in plaster of Paris and only his goldfish and beer bottles for company. He has also taken to playing his radio at full blast at all hours of the day and night, which has had an adverse effect on the rest of the Rigsby household. Up in the attic flat, Alan is seated in an armchair, having difficulty cramming for his end of term exams. Philip returns from a shopping expedition, handing his room-mate an individual pork pie and seating himself on a small cabinet to the right of the door as he peels himself an apple. Alan moans that it's no good - he can't concentrate. Spooner's had his radio on and off all night. Philip asks why doesn't he tell him about it, but Alan isn't too keen at this proposal. Spooner's a professional wrestler - and his body doesn't bend easily these days. Philip's sure he would be reasonable, but Alan isn't. Ever since he's had his leg in plaster, he's been impossible. He blames the whole medical profession just because it itches. He doesn't think he would be quite so angry if he had done it in the ring, but tripping over the cat, that's what really annoys him. Philip agrees, adding that Spooner blames Rigsby - he says that cat's their landlord's evil spirit - he's threatening to ring it's neck. Alan remarks that he'll do it, too - Spooner was a Red Devil. Philip enquires who they are, and Alan explains that they were the airborne division during the war. Philip responds: "Oh - the parachute boys". Alan doesn't think Spooner bothered with a parachute. He's as hard as nails - he's the one they used to lay across the barbed wire for everyone else to run over. He could break door's down with his head. Philip chuckles a little as Alan adds that he's not telling him to turn his radio down.

Meanwhile, downstairs on the next landing, Rigsby picks Vienna up from the floor, remarking that they can't have him standing about on the stairs like that - they don't want another accident, do they? Who's a naughty boy? At this moment Ruth emerges from her flat, remarking that she really must complain about Mr. Spooner's radio - it was on all last night. Rupert replies in the affirmative - he'll tell him about it. It's his leg - he can't scratch it. Ruth fails to comprehend how tuning into Radio Luxembourg's going to help. She hardly closed her eyes last night. Rupert replies that he would never have known it - she looks morning fresh, as usual. Ruth responds that she doesn't feel it - she feels shattered. Rupert remarks that he's not surprised with the stuff you get on the wireless these days. Where have all the decent programmes gone to - what happened to "IN TOWN TONIGHT"? Ruth replies that she's sure she doesn't know - that was before her time. Rupert asks what about Uncle Mac, then?: " 'Goodnight children - everywhere' - still brings a lump to the throat, hey?". Ruth remarks that if he could have a word with Mr. Spooner, and Rupert responds yes, of course - no sooner said than done. Ruth thanks him, and he adds that if she should find she can't sleep, just knock on his door. He doesn't sleep much himself - not since Anzio. He'll make them a cup of tea, and they can have a little chat about the old days. Ruth informs him that she doesn't think their 'old days' are quite the same, re-entering her room and closing the door on him before adding - to no-one in particular - that in fact, she has very few 'old days'.

Replacing Vienna on the floor, Rupert sends him on his way, remarking that he doesn't think Uncle Spooner wants to see him at the moment. In fact, he thinks he'd have his stripes out. Brushing some cat's hairs from his cardigan, Rupert enters Spooner's flat, where the gentleman is reclining on his settee with his leg up, his radio and a newspaper by his side and a crutch within reaching distance. Spooner promptly switches the radio off, growling to know what he wants. Rupert greets him cordially, and enquires how he's feeling. Spooner replies that his leg's throbbing like mad. All he can do is sit there, staring at the goldfish. Rupert muses that goldfish are a funny choice of pet, but Spooner counters that at least they don't trip you up on the stairs. Rupert tells him the throbbings a good sign - it shows it's getting better. He'll be back in the ring in no time. He offers to autograph the plaster cast to provide a bit of amusement, but Spooner threatens to provide him with a bit of amusement of his own. Rupert hopes he isn't bearing a grievance. He can't blame him, and he can't blame Vienna. It's not the cat's fault he didn't see him - he can't put lights on him, can he? And he knows Vienna feels sorry for him. He likes him. That's why he rubbed against his legs like that. He would have brought the cat up to see him, but he knows his fur gets up his nose. When Spooner vows to ring Vienna's scruffy neck and beat him to death with the carcass, Rigsby beats a hasty retreat, slamming the door shut behind himself.

Spooner's radio begins to blare out once again. Philip is seated in the armchair reading a newspaper, and Alan is seated on his bed reading a text book, when Rupert enters the attic flat. Alan immediately demands to know when he is going to tell Spooner about his radio, but Rigsby replies that he must make allowances - the man's suffering. Alan moans that so are they. He can at least tell him to turn the volume down. Rupert responds that his trouble is that he never stops complaining. Nothing suits him - the room, the furniture... Philip asks what furniture? Rupert enquires what does he expect with the money he pays - G Plan? Besides, if he'd put any more furniture in the flat, they'd have been overcrowded. Alan counters: "And who's faults that?". Rigsby slyly turns this criticism to his own advantage, remarking that he knows tensions must arise up here, under the circumstances; nerves are bound to get taut. Different ethnic groups - alien cultures. Philip asks whether he means because he's black. Seating himself on the cabinet to the right of the door, Rupert immediately switches to a defensive mode, remarking that of course they have to be very careful these days, don't they. Even Enid Blyton got into trouble because Noddy didn't like Gollywog. Alan informs their landlord that they get on perfectly well together, thank you very much. Rupert's glad to hear it, because if there's any trouble, he'll be the one to go. Philip's fireproof - he belongs to a victimised minority - he's got rights. Alan asks what about his rights, but Rupert tells him he hasn't got any.

Aggrieved, Alan responds that his father told him when he brought him up here that he would take advantage of his good nature. Rising from the cabinet, Rupert responds that he remembers him. He was the one who kept jumping up and down to see if the floor creaked - ended up with his foot through the plaster. He tells Alan that he should have seen some of the billets he was in during the war - they would have turned his stomach over. Alan proudly informs him his father was in the war - he was in the Royal Air Force. Rupert comments derisively: "Oh God, a Brylcreem Boy!". He proceeds to slag off the R.A.F., but Alan asks what about 19-40 - the Battle of Britain? Philip enquires about this phase of Britain's history, and Rigsby and Alan enlighten him. When Rigsby learns that Mr. Moore served in the Stores, he remarks that of course he wasn't the type. Most of them were public school lads. They were born to it. Underneath their foppish manner, they had nerves of steel - even if they did climb into their Spitfires with Teddy-bears under their arms. You could always count on the boys in blue when the pressure was on. Alan asks Rigsby how does he know he can't count on him when the pressures on? It's not his fault he missed the war. Perhaps he could have been doing victory rolls over Biggin Hill. As the music from Spooner's radio blares out afresh from below, Rupert laughs and responds that he's not a man of action. Alan tells him he doesn't know that - perhaps he could have been a war hero. Rupert replies that it's not likely though, is it? He does nothing but complain about Spooner's radio, but he won't tell him about it - he wants him to do it. Alan responds that's different - Spooner's a professional wrestler. His landlord points out that he's a professional wrestler with one leg at the moment, yet he's still frightened of him. Rigsby continues to goad Alan, who announces that he will go down and tell Spooner right now, despite Philip's warning that the gentleman has been drinking. He exits.

Alan enters Spooner's flat and utters a greeting, the latter gruffly demanding to know what he wants. Loosing a little of his courage reserves, Alan enquires how his leg is. In a less aggressive tone of voice, Spooner mournfully replies that he's been looking at it. He thinks they've turned it the wrong way - he'll end up walking like a penguin. Alan soothingly remarks that he shouldn't worry about it - they know what they're doing. Moving Spooner's crutch out of reaching distance, Alan demands: "Spooner? About that transistor...". Spooner growls: "What about it?". After a pause, the student asks whether he can borrow it. Spooner replies in the negative - it's all he's got - that, and the goldfish. Seating himself on the left arm of the settee, Alan bids his fellow tenant to seek solace by remembering that he was a Red Devil, but Spooner dourly replies that was a long time ago - he gets dizzy stepping off the pavement nowadays. Alan tells him that if he wants any help, like peeling his spuds or getting his medicine, he only has to ask. Genuinely touched, Spooner responds: "Yeah - well thanks very much, Alan. You know, you're the only one round here that's shown any sympathy". Alan replies that he's like that - he can't ignore human suffering. His hands have been trained to heal. He has a marvellous, soothing quality - it's amazing how quite people become when he gets near the bed. At this moment Spooner reaches down to pick something up off the floor, and Alan offers to do it for him, moving Spooner's leg in the process. Spooner immediately howls with renewed agony, moaning that it had only just stopped throbbing. He

informs Alan that his hands have been trained to kill, and advises the student to get out before he starts using them. He begins groaning again as Alan responds: "Cut that out, Spooner! A fourteen stone wrestler? You're behaving like a baby! You know what you are? Hey? You know what you are? A fake!". As Spooner bellows with rage, Alan makes a rapid exit.

Returning to the attic flat, Alan boasts of his 'courageous' confrontation with Spooner, but Rigsby finds his claims hard to believe. He leaves the room, and shortly Alan and Philip hear a sound reminiscent of Long John Silver thud-thudding upon the stairs. Alan assumes that Spooner is coming after him, cowering behind Philip and pleading with his room-mate not to let the gentleman get him. The sound stops, and the door opens to reveal their landlord - a yardbroom under his arm - grinning like a Cheshire cat. He greets Alan cheerily with: "Hello, Biggles!".

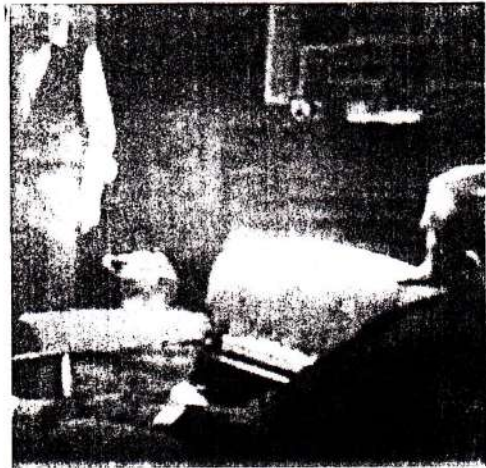
A short time later, Alan is seated miserably on his bed, whilst Rupert is seated on a table to the right of the alcove. Indulging in yet another chuckle, he describes the lad as a right Naffi candle. Not that he's surprised; he saw them go like that during the war - all talk till the first sign of danger, then they fell apart. Alan would have been the first to crack. Philip asks why doesn't Rupert tell Spooner to turn his radio down, but Rigsby points out that he isn't the one who's complaining; a little music doesn't worry him. Philip counters by saying that he won't go because Spooner threatened to wring his neck. He's surprised that someone who faced the might of the German army should be afraid of Spooner - that is, if he did face the might of the German army. Rupert asks what he's getting at, and Philip replies only that he always thought English heroes were supposed to be modest. Taking advantage of this welcome opportunity to save his own face, Alan butts in with: "Yeah! I've heard that people who really saw action never talk about it!". Rupert replies that's because nobody listens any more - they're not interested. They just want to forget the whole thing. A couple of poppies on Armistice Day, and that's about it. He informs the two lads that he was one of the first to enlist; he didn't listen to old Chamberlain. And he saw action, too. Bearing his chest, he points out a fragment of shrapnel embedded below his left nipple, adding that if it moves another inch, he'll be the last casualty of World War II.

At this moment Ruth enters the room and Rupert hurriedly re-buttons his shirt, remarking that here's somebody who knows what it was like to go without during the war. Ruth admits that it was some years before she saw a banana; and her mother always insisted that they were machine-gunned by a Messerschmitt coming from the Vicarage. Rigsby tells Alan that's what it was like in those days; blood - sweat - tears - sacrifice! He couldn't make sacrifices; his hairs too long. He eats too many sticky sweets. His trouble is that he never did his National Service. He could have seen the world, had his own Bren gun carrier at eighteen and a good bunch of mates. And he wouldn't have been frightened of Spooner. This reminds Ruth of her real reason for coming up - they must do something about Spooner. Rupert agrees, adding that it's no good asking Alan - he came back terrified last time. Alan admits to being a physical coward, but Philip advises him not to listen to their landlord's stories; how do they know what really happened? After all, the memory can sometimes play tricks. This infuriates Rigsby, who exits. He returns with a large tin trunk containing his "Mementoes of five years of conflict", but before he can begin fighting World War II all over the house again Ruth asks Philip to come outside with her for a moment to pump up her front tyre, having first obtained Rupert's promise to talk to Spooner, adding that she would be very grateful. Alan rummages in Rigsby's trunk as his landlord moans about the apathy of his neighbours during the war. As Spooner begins to sing noisily, Alan persuades Rupert to go down and have it out with him.

Arriving downstairs, Rupert bravely confronts his troublesome tenant, but makes a fast exit when Spooner turns nasty. He is startled by the arrival of Alan, dressed in a uniform which came off a dead German. Rigsby sees the student is also toting a .45 revolver and takes it off him before inadvertently shooting a bullet through Spooner's door. The gentleman stops singing, and Rupert thinks he has killed him. Philip and Ruth arrive on the scene, and go into the flat to check, accompanied by Alan. Rupert lingers on the landing, aiming a savage kick at Vienna. Spooner proves to be quite unharmed, but persuades his fellow tenants to help him play a prank on their landlord. Rupert isn't amused. Then Ruth discovers that Spooner's goldfish bowl has been shattered by the bullet, and Rigsby suggests giving the pets to Vienna. Philip and Alan struggle to restrain an irate Spooner.

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# COMEDY EXTRACT



Rigsby stood outside the door of the first floor flat belonging to Spooner, his resident former Red Devil turned all-in wrestler. The strains of Spooner's boozy rendition of 'Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner' were clearly audible, to say the least of it, but he was understandably reluctant to complain. Spooner could be unpredictable at the best of times. Still, he had promised Miss Jones - and she did say she'd be grateful. Mustering all his courage, he was about to knock when Spooner ceased singing. Inwardly relieved, Rigsby turned and was in the act of re-ascending the staircase to the attic flat when Spooner began afresh. It seemed that on this particular occasion, fate most definitely wasn't on his side. Retracing his steps, Rigsby knocked on Spooner's door and entered, taking the wise precaution of leaving the door open should necessity call for a rapid exit.

"Spooner - do you know you can hear your voice all along the hall?"

Swigging freely from a bottle of whisky, Spooner growled menacingly. "What about it?"

"You know", Rupert replied hastily. "Fantastic the way it carries, you know?"

"I thought you come in to complain about it", Spooner confessed.

"Er, complain? No! Of course not, Spooner. What gave you that idea?"

"The last fellah that complained about it, I snapped him like a twig".

"Like a twig, hey, Spooner?". Rigsby gave a little nervous laugh.

"He said I sang flat. You don't think I sing flat do you, Rigsby?"

"Oh no - spot on - spot on! You've got a lovely voice".

"I'm glad about that. Because I'm in a nasty mood. And when I'm in a nasty mood, I'm inclined to do nasty things. Like tying people up in knots! You could see parts of your body you never knew existed!"

Drunk or sober, this was no way to talk to a Rigsby, as Spooner was quickly to discover. "Hey, now don't you threaten me, Spooner. I saw action, you know. I've seen as much action as you have, mate. Where were you when the bullets were flying? Floating around the heavens like a bloody mushroom!"

Spooner uttered a roar of rage at this, and Rigsby made a fast departure, closing the door behind himself before continuing. "And - er - and don't let me have to tell you again, that's the last time! All right? Now you keep that radio down, because you don't frighten me, Spooner! I don't know the meaning of the word, all right".

Spooner made no attempt to reply, and Rupert turned to return to the second floor. He was startled by the arrival of Alan, dressed in the uniform of a German soldier from World War II.

"Oh, God!", Rigsby exclaimed. "God! What did you have to do that for? That took me back years, that! You frightened the life out of me!"

"Where'd you get it", Alan wanted to know.

"That? Came off a dead German, that!". Alan felt a little uneasy at this revelation. Then Rupert noticed the student was totting a revolver.

"Hey! Where did you get that from?"

"Out of the case".

"I'd almost forgotten about that. That's my old Captain's .45 that, you know".

"Is it loaded?"

"Is it loaded? Of course it's not loaded! You don't leave guns lying around loaded - don't you know anything?"

At this, Alan barked an order in a 'B' movie German accent. "Up with zee hands!"

His landlord wasn't amused. "Don't point that at me!"

"You said it wasn't loaded".

"You don't point guns at people, that's the first rule. Right?"

"How did we win the war, then?"

## EPISODE REVIEW

"ALL OUR YESTERDAYS" is a remarkable story which works successfully on two levels. The main plot revolves around resident all-in wrestler Spooner, who having broken his right leg after tripping over Rigsby's cat - Vienna - on the stairs of the boarding house, makes life Hell for the rest of the household by tuning his radio into Radio Luxembourg and playing it full blast at all hours of the day and night.

Grafted on to this is an interesting undercurrent of nostalgia, harking back to the dark days of World War II. Rupert conjures forth the spirit of the time with his references to ration books, gasmasks, Potato Pete, Doctor Carrot and Victory Pie.

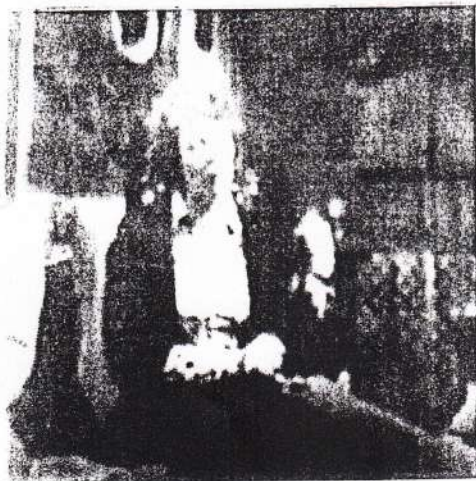
Alan is experiencing considerable difficulty in cramming for his end of term exams due to the noise emanating from Spooner's first floor flat, but he is reluctant to complain; even with one leg cocooned in plaster of Paris, the gentleman is still a dangerous and powerful adversary. And his body doesn't bend easily these days. The fact that Spooner blames the whole medical profession just because his leg itches doesn't incline him to view Alan with a great amount of regard.

Alan ventures to suggest to his room-mate, Philip, that Spooner's current temperament might have been modified had he sustained his injury in the ring. After all, falling down the stairs like "A sack of potatoes" is something of a blemish on his record of fifty-six successful jumps whilst a member of the Red Devils. "Yeah", Spooner recalls with pride, "I could come right down from three thousand feet, and land on a sixpence. One mistake, and they'd be scraping you off the tarmac like strawberry jam. And in all that time, I never so much as twisted my ankle".

"ALL OUR YESTERDAYS" is Derek Newark's finest hour, and he plays his role with relish. It's difficult to envisage a more worthy actor in the part. The credibility of the character bears homage to the brilliance of Newark's playing, and results in a truly memorable persona. "I would of course have enjoyed more episodes of "RISING DAMP", regrettably no longer possible", he would recall years later. "As to which episode I enjoyed most is almost impossible to say as I loved them all!".

Producer Ronnie Baxter was taken ill a few days prior to recording, but fortunately he was able to secure a suitable stand-in director in the person of colleague and friend Len Lurcuck. Lurcuck proves himself a valuable if temporary member of the production team, and his masterful direction helps to make this an outstanding example of early "RISING DAMP"; indeed, perhaps the best episode of the first season.

Whilst Rigsby professes to be unworried by Spooner's radio, he is constantly being pressured from all quarters to act; something he is quite understandably reluctant to pledge himself to. Spooner is convinced Rupert taught Vienna to trip him up on purpose (his landlord certainly expresses a moment of mischievous delight when referring to his pet as a "Naughty boy"), and regards the cat as Rigsby's evil familiar. When Rupert calls in on his incapacitated tenant to enquire after his health, Spooner vindictively threatens to ring Vie-





nna's neck and beat him to death with the carcass. Rigsby advises against this action, unless he wants to hear the muffled marching feet of thirty thousand felines bent on revenge!

Alan's revelation that his father served in the Royal Air Force Stores during the war doesn't cut much ice with his landlord: "None of them could stand heights - you couldn't get most of them up a ladder, let alone an aeroplane! How we ever won the war, I'll never know. Hey - hey - we were on parade with them in Manchester - they were a spectacle! There was five hundred of them, and they didn't make a sound - they were like ghosts. Do you know what they were wearing? Hey? Rubber boots! The Women's Land Army could march better than them - and they were pushing wheelbarrows".

Philip argues that surely the R.A.F. were supposed to fly, not march. "Ooh!", replies Rigsby. "You mean th - to fly, not march. "Ooh!", replies Rigsby. "You mean th - ing. No, no - they never went near them - they went everywhere by luxury coach". He concedes a little credit to "The boys in blue" when Alan mentions the Battle of Britain, though.

Alan himself boasts that he could have been a war hero, doing victory rolls over Biggin Hill, but later confesses to being a physical coward: "It was the same when I was at home. All the dogs in the street used to bark at me - even ours!".

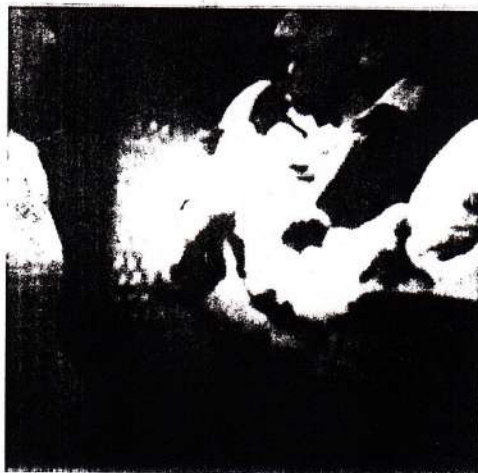
"There are different kinds of courage, Alan", Ruth consoles him. "I mean - we wouldn't like to go into a ward full of smallpox!". Alan readily admits that neither would he. As a would-be doctor he leaves a great deal to be desired, being unable even to locate Spooner's pulse. Perhaps if he spent a little less time pursuing the fair sex and dedicated himself more wholeheartedly to his studies, he might improve his chances of passing his medical degree.

Rigsby himself claims to have been one of the first to enlist in the army at the outbreak of World War II: "I was there! I didn't take any notice of old Chamberlain, you know - 'In my hand I have a piece of paper...' - we all knew what he could do with that!". There were no flags out for him when he came home, however; no banners across the street saying 'Welcome home'. They hoped he wasn't coming.

Even Ruth, under coercion, admits to defying the Luftwaffe from her very perambulator whilst coming from the vicarage with her mother: "She was pushing me in my pram, and this Messerschmitt dived very low. She saw the pilot quite clearly - in fact she swore it was someone she'd met in Germany before the war. What she must have said to him to go to those lengths, I can't imagine".

Philip is inclined to take Rigsby's tales of heroic deeds with a generous pinch of salt. After all, it was a long time ago and the memory can play tricks. This infuriates Rigsby, who produces a large tin trunk containing mementoes he gathered during five years of conflict to back up his stories. These mementoes include a uniform taken off a dead German soldier, a letter from Montgomery, burnished shell cases, an SS dagger and a .45 service revolver which belonged to his old captain. This last item provides a nice touch of continuity with the pilot episode, "THE NEW TENANT" (Production Number 2721), in which the captain was stated to have been blown up by an artillery shell.

The .45 leads to a memorable climax in which Rupert's incompetent leaving of a live cartridge in one of the chambers leads to explosive consequences...



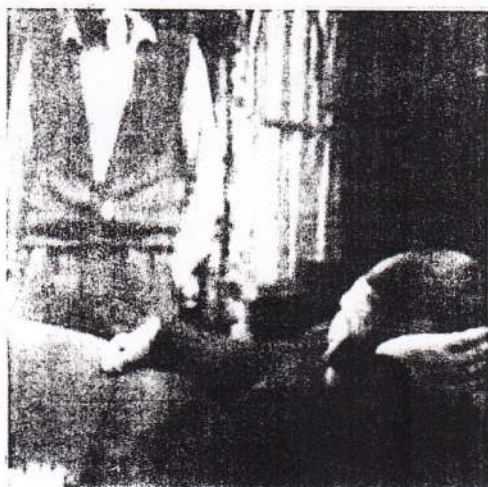
# CHARACTER PROFILE.

**SPOONER:** An eighteen stone all-in wrestler who occupies the first floor flat adjacent to Ruth Jones, known to the fraternity as The Animal. He possesses a natty dress sense and is very possessive about his clothes - according to Rupert Rigsby: "He knocked a bloke down three flights of stairs once just for wearing his hat".



He is a former Red Devil, and during his service in the Parachute Regiment he made fifty-six jumps - "Yeah - I could come right down from three thousand feet and land on a sixpence. One mistake, and they'd be scrapping you off the tarmac like strawberry jam. And in all that time, I never so much as twisted my ankle. I was taught to fall, you see".

When he is in the ring, Spooner has a nasty habit of spitting his drinking water over the crowd, all in the heat of the battle, of course. He doesn't have many supporters - they're the ones he spits at! Although he has a filthy temper, he can at times demonstrate generosity, such as the occasion when he gives Rupert two free tickets to a wrestling bout.



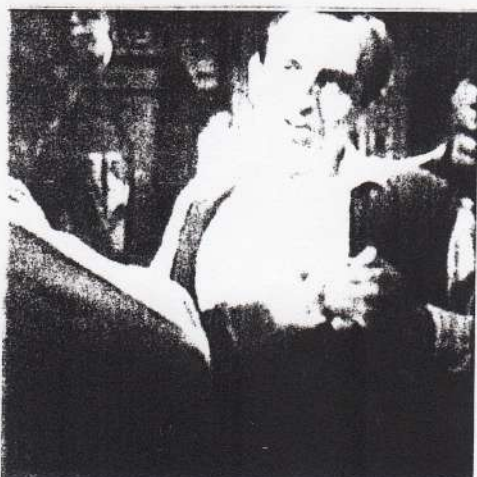
He enjoys good food and drink and is a patron of The Grange, as is Philip Smith. He keeps goldfish in his flat as pets, and when he goes out for the evening he never gets back to his flat before 2 a.m. On the night Ruth is disturbed in her flat by Baker, Spooner is wrestling in Wolverhampton. Ironically, he is afraid of the dark.



# RISING DAMP FLASHBACK



(ABOVE) Alan urges Spooner to remember that he was a Red Devil.



(LEFT) Rigsby bares his chest to expose a war wound.

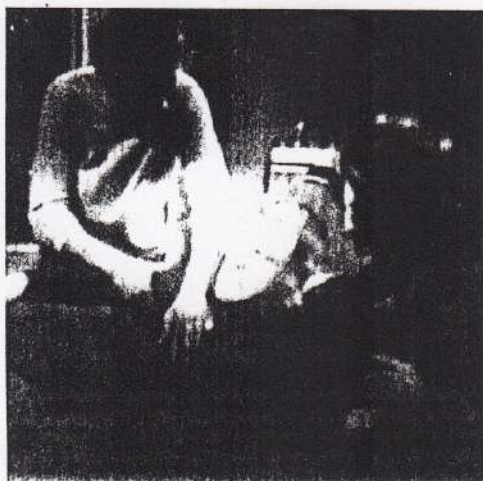
(RIGHT) Rigsby plays a practical joke on Alan.





(ABOVE) Rigsby shoots a bullet through Spooner's door.

(RIGHT) Alan attempts to locate Spooner's pulse, whilst Ruth and Philip look on.



(LEFT) Philip and Alan restrain Spooner to prevent him from attacking Rigsby.

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Issue No. 7 - available from 1st. October 1995 - will be "THE PROWLER".

EDITOR: David C. Taylor, 86 Morse Close, Plaistow, London, E.13 OHJ.

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# TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS



Rehearsals for "ALL OUR YESTERDAYS" took place at St. Paul's Church Hall, Sussex Place, Hammersmith, London, W6 (since demolished), between approximately 9.30 a.m. - 1.30 p.m., from Tuesday 19th. to Friday 22nd. November 1974. A Walk-through followed on the morning of Sunday 24th. November at the Yorkshire Television Centre, Leeds, and the episode was recorded in Studio 4 later that day.

Len Lurcuck, a friend and colleague of Ronnie Baxter, stepped into the director's shoes when the latter was taken ill a few days prior to recording.

It was suggested by Lurcuck that the individual pork pie and apple to be consumed by Richard Beckinsale and Don Warrington in the opening scene of the story should be provided by the Yorkshire Television Centre staff canteen, but Beckinsale expressed a preference for providing his own pie, making a good humoured if unflattering remark regarding those on sale in the canteen.

A special light-weight plaster cast was constructed to be worn by Derek Newark, which was hinged for ease of application and removal.

Also commissioned was the printing of a sweatshirt with Spooner's wrestling handle - 'The Animal' - emblazoned across the chest. After recording was completed, Derek Newark was allowed to keep the sweatshirt as a memento of his appearances on the show.



A bowl of goldfish was hired for the scenes in Spooner's flat, in addition to a World War II German uniform and a .45 revolver which was loaded with a blank cartridge.

Extensive use was made of music taken from stock during the first half of the episode, to represent the sounds emanating from Spooner's radio.

A mew was 'fed in' during the sequence in which Rigsby aims a kick at Vienna.

Derek Newark occupied Dressing Room No. 7.

The end credits were superimposed over the "RISING DAMP" caption slide.



# PRODUCTION CREDITS

PRODUCTION NUMBER 2755

"ALL OUR YESTERDAYS"

COLOUR

AIR DATE: FRIDAY 3rd. JANUARY 1975

BROADCAST: 20:30 - 21:00

(AS THAMES TELEVISION, LONDON)

## CAST

Rupert Rigsby.....Leonard Rossiter  
 Alan Guy Moore....Richard Beckinsale  
 Ruth Jones.....Frances de la Tour  
 Philip Smith.....Don Warrington  
 Spooner.....Derek Newark

## TECHNICAL CREDITS

Creator/Writer.....Eric Chappell  
 Producer.....Ronnie Baxter  
 Director.....Len Lurcuck  
 Designer.....Colin Pigott  
 Music.....Dennis Wilson  
 Casting.....James Liggat  
 Floor Manager.....Mike Purcell  
 Stage Manager.....Terry Knowles  
 Production Assistant.....Mary Byrne  
 Lighting.....Peter Hardman  
 Cameras.....Arthur Tipper  
 Sound.....Ian Hughes  
 Vision Mixer.....John Cooper  
 Technical Supervisor....Gordon Quinn  
 Wardrobe.....Brenda Fox  
 Make-up.....Diana Caplin  
 Prop Buyer.....Rod Saul  
 Call Boy.....John Heaton  
 Warm-up.....Felix Bowness

