

S6 E17 - The Raid of the International Christmas Pudding

Transcription by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Before the next part of the programme, here is "The Goon Show".

ORCHESTRA:

DISCORDANT CHORD.

SELLERS:

For years now, the feathered non-saxophone-playing Senapati tribesmen have been sweeping down from the date fields of Northern Waziristan.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

SELLERS:

Thank you. The reason for these destructive raids was an attempt to capture and imprison the recipe for the Great International Christmas Pudding.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE.

SEAGOON:

And, thank you. My name is Captain Neddie Seagoon, though why my mother christened me Captain I shall never know. (CHUCKLES) Take a look at this picture of the regiment. See what I mean? (CHUCKLES, CLEARS THROAT) But... but I'm digressing. China, 1884. The province of Sikiang is bleak, barren and desolate. There are no gas works and all the rivers are under water. Therefore, our story will take place in India!

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine!

GRYTPYPE:

It was a meeting in the spring of a late autumn in 1862 when the strange secret was first disclosed.

OMNES:

CROWD NOISE OF RHUBARB.

SEAGOON:

Gentleman!

OMNES:

CROWD NOISE OF RHUBARB.

SEAGOON:

Rhubarb. Gentlemen! At ease. You may smoke. Put that cigarette out!

ECCLES:

You said I could smoke!

SEAGOON:

Yes, but not tobacco.

ECCLES:

Ooooh.

SEAGOON:

Now, gentleman, we are facing a serious situation. Therefore, let's all turn round!

ECCLES:

(MUTED VOICE IN CROWD) Fine, that's a good idea.

SEAGOON:

The destructive raids of the Red Bladder's tribesmen are endangering the Great International Christmas Pudding.

OMNES:

(CROWD OF DISTRESSED VOICES) What... look here... rhubarb, rhubarb (ETC).

SEAGOON:

Yes! Yes! Eccles, put that saxophone out!

ECCLES:

You said we could smoke!

SEAGOON:

But not saxophones! Rhubarb, I tell you. Now, you see this large map of the Decca and Amritsar area showing the high ground and Sunday trains to Delhi?

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen...

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

I put this map up for a very special reason.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Really sir, what's that?

SEAGOON:

To cover that filthy great porridge stain on the wall! Now...

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Rhubarb, rhubarb.

SEAGOON:

I'm going to play you a military gramophone record. Listen carefully.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF GUNFIRE, BUGLES, ARTILLERY, YELLS.

SEAGOON:

Right, gentlemen, come out from under the seats. Eccles, put that horse out!

ECCLES:

But you said we could smoke!

SEAGOON:

Not horses!

ECCLES:

This one's cork tipped.

SEAGOON:

Which only goes to prove. Now, then! Gentlemen, do you know what record that was? It was the recording of the Battle of Plassey.

FLOWERDEW:

You mean you actually recorded an entire battle, sir?

SEAGOON:

Not just one, Flowerdew - 400! In fact, every battle ever fought in India has been recorded.

FLOWERDEW:

Can you... can you buy them locally, sir?

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

I mean, are they on the hit parade, sir?

SEAGOON:

No, no they aren't, Fudgeknuckle. The only copies are in the Indian Museum of Battle Records in Poona.

UNKNOWN OFFICER:

Gad!

SEAGOON:

Yes, one of these recordings has fallen into the hands of the Red Bladder!

OMNES:

Good heavens, Rhubarb (ETC).

SEAGOON:

Yes, Lieutenant Custard and that's not all. The record that was stolen was the one of the only victory the Red Bladder had over the British.

GREENSLADE:

Sir, of what *possible* use can this record *possibly* be to the Red Bladder?

SEAGOON:

A good question. I wish I had a good answer.

ANOTHER UNKNOWN OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Is it not a fact, sir, that the captured record is being played daily over the Red Bladder's wireless to incite his tribesmen to renewed savagery?

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Yes! But we *are* successfully countering.

LIEUTENANT BOWSER:

[MILLIGAN]

How, Sir? Tell us, how? Elucidate! Clarify this statement! Tell us how, sir? How? Do speak! Explain! Tell us! How? How? Tell me, how?

SEAGOON:

Lieutenant Bowser.

LIEUTENANT BOWSER:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

I'm putting you on a charge.

LIEUTENANT BOWSER:

What for, sir?

SEAGOON:

Overacting. Now gentlemen, we *are* thwarting, and I repeat, thwarting the Red Bladder by broadcasting in reply all the gramophone records of *our* victories over him.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, yes?

FX:

PHONE HUNG UP.

SEAGOON:

Men, bad news. The Red Bladder has surrounded our radio station at Chatagan. All our records are in danger.

UNKNOWN OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

I say, does this mean, does this mean, war, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Men, I'm calling for volunteers.

FX:

SOUND OF FLEEING FOOTSTEPS. DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Now why didn't I think of that?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Ergh, sorry I'm late, it took me all morning to shake her off.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Just the man. We have a dangerous mission for you.

FX:

SOUND OF FLEEING. WHOOSH, DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Stop him before he gets to the bus stop!

ABDUL:

I've got him, sir, I've got him sir. C'mon.

BLOODNOK:

Take your filthy hands of my filthy arm, will you! I've never been so yakabakkaked in all my...

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop yakabakkakkering.

BLOODNOK:

Yakabakkakka.

SEAGOON:

Yakabakkakka, Ooo! You will assume command at once of the Fourth Battalion Night Schlappers and march to the relief of Chatagan.

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF MARCHING.

BLOODNOK:

And so we marched. Oh, how we marched. Week after week, month after month I led them. It seemed we'd never reach Chatagan. Then unluckily I took a wrong turning... and we arrived.

OMNES:

CHEERING OVER:

BLOODNOK:

Men... men of Chatagan radio station. You've all heard of me, Major Bloodnok, haven't you?

UNKNOWN:

No.

UNKNOWN:

[SECOMBE]

No.

UNKNOWN:

No, sir.

SEAGOON-ALIKE:

(CHUCKLES) No, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Well in that case I appoint myself mess-treasurer. I second that. Now then, what I want to know is...

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

...who's going to...

RED BLADDER:

[ELLINGTON]

Ahh, Major Bloodnok. At last I meet you, cor blimey.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

RED BLADDER:

My card.

BLOODNOK:

It's the naughty-type Red Bladder! Aaahh!

FX:

WHOOSH!

RED BLADDER:

Bloodnok, come out from under that bed.

BLOODNOK:

Don't hit me, then, don't hit me. Here, have my OBE.

RED BLADDER:

Listen. You have in your possession, here, 399 records of battles in which the British pigs beat my soldiers. Hand them over, cor blimey.

BLOODNOK:

And betray my secret trust? What do you take me for?

RED BLADDER:

Rogue, liar and a coward.

BLOODNOK:

Sit down, I think we can do business. Red Bladder, I'll make a deal with you. Here's a record of a British victory. Call off your attack.

RED BLADDER:

Ok, mate.

ANNOUNCER:

No attack took place that day. But the following morning...

GRAMS:

BUGLER, FOLLOWED BY SOUNDS OF ATTACK.

ABDUL:

Aaattaack! The Red Bladder is attacking again, sir!

BLOODNOK:

What what what?

ABDUL:

Ahhhh...

BLOODNOK:

Quick Abdul, post him another battle record, that'll keep him quiet. Thank heaven we've got 397 more. We're safe for 13 months and 3 days. Tell Miss Johnston I'm ready for her now, will you?

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE.

SEAGOON:

Meanwhile at Indian army HQ in Poona, I happened one evening to be listening to the wireless.

GRAMS:

MUSIC WITH INDIAN TYPE VOICE OVER TOP.

INDIAN ANNOUNCER:

[MILLIGAN]

Good morning wog wives. This is Abdul Nelric with your choice for this morning. And now for Mrs. The Red Bladder of two The Cages, Grand Pass Road, Khyber Pass, here is a record of the Battle of Pondicherry in which the British got a good bashing from the Red Bladder, Hooray.

GRAMS:

BATTLE SOUNDS.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Great Scott! Do you hear that, Field Marshal Carruthers?

CARRUTHERS:

[SELLERS]

Yes, but we didn't lose the battle of Pondicherry, sir.

SEAGOON:

Great galloping crabs! Do you know what they're doing?

CARRUTHERS:

What?

SEAGOON:

They're playing that record backwards, to make it sound as if the British were losing!

CARRUTHERS:

Then it doesn't take an idiot to know that our radio station and Major Bloodnok have been completely wiped out, sir.

SEAGOON:

Heavens, yes. We must send help. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Hold forth.

FX:

STANDING TO ATTENTION.

SEAGOON:

Off you go!

ECCLES:

Left, Right...

FX:

MARCHING FEET (CONTINUES UNDER)

CARRUTHERS:

Do you think one man's really enough sir?

SEAGOON:

Of course not. We'll follow behind with another man, namely, Max Geldray!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

MAX GELDRAY:

"APRIL IN PARIS".

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE. LINK MUSIC.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF BATTLE.

ABDUL:

Ah, sahib! Sahib! The Red Bladder's attacking again, mwah!

BLOODNOK:

Uh? I've got no more records, left! This Red Bladder's causing a lot of trouble!

GRAMS:

BUGLE CALL, STRANGULATED AT END

BLOODNOK:

Listen, where's me elastic telescope. Ah, good. Good heavens, it's a bugle call followed immediately by Seagoon and two men-type soldiers!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Waaugh!

SEAGOON:

Take off that Sabrina outfit and explain how the Red Bladder has been getting these records of British victories.

BLOODNOK:

He employed a mean, low, cunning trick, sir!

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

He bribed me! I'd have been mad to turn it down, of course.

SEAGOON:

Then he's got every record?

BLOODNOK:

Yes and believe me, our morale-boosting programme sounds pretty thin with just the whistler and his dog. Especially as the whistler died last week.

SEAGOON:

Gadjigoo this is terrible gigoogar.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

We've got to stop him playing our records.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. And so that night with the enemy at the gates, firing through the windows, throwing grenades into the compound, shooting up through the floor and dropping bombs through the ceiling, we were forced to take dinner from the kneeling position.

GRAMS:

BATTLE SOUNDS, GUNSHOTS (CONTINUES UNDER).

SEAGOON:

General, have you noticed anything strange about those stewed prunes.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, no custard.

SEAGOON:

Correct. And another thing, we're being attacked.

BLOODNOK:

What's more, the Red Bladder's got fresh troops.

SEAGOON:

Who told you?

GRAMS:

BACKGROUND NOISE FADES

BLOODNOK:

One of the women they got fresh with. I'm on the wrong side, you know...

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop blacking up.

BLOODNOK:

Stop blacking up. (SINGS) Maa-mee..

SEAGOON:

Yakabakkakagoo. Now, listen. Our first counter-move. Any suggestions? (PAUSE) Very well, our second counter-move. We'll form three companies of commandos, numbered one, two and three. Each will be thoroughly trained in the lost art of removing a gramophone needle from its soundbox and destroying it. Now, look at this chart.

CARRUTHERS:

Why sir? It's a photograph of a gramophone needle.

SEAGOON:

Correct. It's the actual gramophone needle the enemy is using in their insulting campaign, photographed at great risk by air reconnaissance at low level.

CARRUTHERS:

How did they manage to get so low?

SEAGOON:

They walked. Now, we're going to destroy Red Bladder's gramophone needle. We'll call this "Operation Needle."

MILLIGAN:

Nardle noo!

SEAGOON:

Thank you! "Operation Needle Nardle Noo" is on!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

Our heroes reported immediately for an intensive eight-year course at the army needle-destroying depot at Umbala.

FX:

DRILLING SOUND.

INSTRUCTOR:

[MILLIGAN]

There gentlemen. Having drilled a hole in the gramophone needle; you must do this very carefully, by the way; you put into the hollow of the needle, one eye-dropper full of the nitro-glycerine. Now be most careful about this, it's extremely dangerous. Now, next we attach the detonator leads and set the fuse, so. Now, we withdraw quickly to two miles distance, follow me.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello everybody! Sorry I'm late. Ooh, there's nobody here. Thinks: There's nobody here. I know, I will sit here quietly wntil the talking lecture-man comes back. Starts to cut out six boxtops of Scrappo thus enabling me to get the Scrappo Boy's bravery badge for eating six boxes of Scrappo. I think I will sing a little song to keep my spirints up. (SINGS) Oh, my love, my darling, I hunger for your touch, a long lonely time...

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Hallo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. It's the famous Eccles!

ECCLES:

It's the famous Eccles!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Eccles?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let's have a game.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You close your eyes and guess who you are.

ECCLES:

Fine, I like the sound of that, I'll close my eyes. Now let me see... who am I? Who am I? I'm not going to tell you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, while he is guessing, I think... oh! What are all dem funny things on dis lecturer's desk? Oh, it is a little needule full of needule juice. Oh... and what is this big box here with the red labels saying "danger nintroglmcerine... explosive"? Thinks: I wish I had not readed that bit. I know, I will tiptoe out of the room. Thinks: This is one week Bluebottle's not going to be deaded. Reaches door, so far so good. Opens door, very carefully.

FX:

VERY QUIET CREAKING OPEN OF DOOR.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Turns back for one last look of triumph.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You have exploded me! Where's my leg? I don't like this game, I've done a bunk... I don't like this... (GOES OFF MUTTERING)

GREENSLADE:

The experiment had succeeded. The needle was entirely blunted.

SEAGOON:

So we prepared to raid the Red Bladder's dreaded radio station.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF FROGS ETC.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, that night our heroes crept through the jungle, playing their tom-toms as quietly as possible and holding umbrellas painted to resemble mango trees.

ECCLES:

Oh! I'm frightened!

SEAGOON:

What's up, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I just spotted a leopard!

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, leopards are always spotted. Now then, if it had only been a dog we could have all had lunch.

ECCLES:

Oh, spotted dog!

SECOMBE:

That'd explain the gag!

ECCLES:

Hey, oh, oh, I just saw a tree move!

BLOODNOK:

It must have spotted a dog as well!

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that! Now then...

ECCLES:

The tree did.

SEAGOON:

Let's check our bearings. Let me see now, one, two, three, four. That's one bearing each. Make them last as long as you can.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Every man should have a military bearing. Wait a minute... this is a civilian bearing!

SEAGOON:

Of course. We're in disguise.

BLOODNOK:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Now let's check our position. Put on that gramophone record of a map.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

MARCHING FEET.

SEAGOON:

Aah, yes. Just as I thought. We're marching up a road.

BLOODNOK:

Wait, listen.

GRAMS:

SPEEDING CAR SOUND APPROACHING.

SEAGOON:

Look out!

GRAMS:

CAR AND RECEDING.

SEAGOON:

Swine! He was driving on the wrong side of the record. Anybody hurt?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I'm hurt.

ECCLES:

He's hurting.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put on a record of a doctor's house.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Curse, he's not in. He must be away on another record. Well, never mind. Here's a phonograph of Gracie Fields playing Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

PLAYS GRACIE FIELDS' "SALLY" WITH SOME VARIANT LYRICS.

MINNIE:

Well done, Ray. Well done.

BLOODNOK:

Now stop this crazy type photographic humour. We must find the Red Bladder's radio station or my name's not Dennis Diana Dors Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

What's Diana Dors doing in the middle?

BLOODNOK:

Can you think of a better place? Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Shhhh. Quiet men.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I'm a wag.

SEAGOON:

I think we're within a stone's throw of the Red Bladder's secret radio. I'll make a test. Hand me that elephant.

BLOODNOK:

Here you are.

ECCLES:

Ohh, just take his hat off.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now then. (STRAINING SOUNDS) Ugh!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS THEN ELEPHANT TRUMPET NOISE.

SEAGOON:

I knew it! I knew it. We're also within elephant-throwing distance. But there's open ground between. How are we going to cross it?

ECCLES:

Here, how are we going to gonna get across it?

SEAGOON:

Ssssh, sssh... (SHOOSH NOISE GRADUALLY TURNS INTO STEAM ENGINE IMITATION). And so we arrived by train. Now men, we must effect entry by a cunning ruse. We'll say we are plumbers.

BLOODNOK:

But we don't know how to do plumbing.

SEAGOON:

Exactly. There's no plumbing in the Red Bladder fort. It's only to afford an entry.

ECCLES:

I can't afford an entry, I haven't got any money with me, I didn't...

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles! (REPEATED BY ALL) Stop it! The plumbers disguises. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Put this spanner behind your ear and wrap these 50 feet of lead tubing around your legs.

ECCLES:

Why?

SEAGOON:

Candidly, it suits you.

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

You, Bloodnok, you take this copy of "10,000 Plumber's Gags."

BLOODNOK:

Ahh.

SEAGOON:

Now, who knows how to ring a doorbell?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can, Captain, I have been to college.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens, right. Ring!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ding a ling a ling a ling.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

RED BLADDER:

Yes, what d'you want, cor blimey!

SEAGOON:

We're plumbers.

RED BLADDER:

Come in, cor blimey!

SEAGOON:

Wait, noble Red Bladder. Why have you got your trouser legs rolled up above your neck?

RED BLADDER:

Got burst pipe.

BLOODNOK:

That's done it, we can't repair any burst pipes. (CLEARS THROAT) Tell me, where is the pipe?

RED BLADDER:

In hareem.

BLOODNOK:

Weahahh!

FX:

SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, come back here!

RED BLADDER:

Come, come. Hurry up and mend burst pipe, cor blimey. Four of my wives are underwater.

SEAGOON:

I'm... well, I'm terribly sorry, we... we were on strike, you know. We never repair wives under water. Well, goodbye!

RED BLADDER:

Me suspicious of them, cor blimey.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

RED BLADDER:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

RED BLADDER:

What d'you want?

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) This'll get us in safely listeners. (NORMAL) I'm Doctor Seagoon and we are strolling brain surgeons and tigers' dentists.

RED BLADDER:

Good! My tiger got strolling brain and two bad teeth. This way, please.

SEAGOON:

Right, you know, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, we... we've all just been struck off the rolls.

RED BLADDER:

Why?

SEAGOON:

The baker didn't like us sleeping on them. Ha ha! Good day!

RED BLADDER:

Cor blimey. Me very suspicious now! First plumber, then strolling brain surgeons, then corny gag about struck off rolls! Now what?

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK, KNOCK.

SEAGOON:

One, two, three.

SEAGOON AND COMPANY:

(SINGING) We three kings of Orient are...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SEAGOON:

Owww.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGING) We two kings of Orient are...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

ECCLES:

Owww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SINGING) Noel, Noel...

RED BLADDER:

Stop! Stop! Christmas not here for another eleven months!

SEAGOON:

Well, can we come in and wait?

RED BLADDER:

Very well, on one condition.

SEAGOON:

What?

RED BLADDER:

That you go away at once.

SEAGOON:

Very well, we will, on one condition.

RED BLADDER:

What?

SEAGOON:

That you let us stay.

RED BLADDER:

Snap!

SEAGOON:

We're in, lads.

RED BLADDER:

You sit here and wait for Merry Christmas, cor blimey. Me go put frogman suit on, talk to four submerged wives.

MINNIE:

Ohhh.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

We must hurry, chaps. The Red Bladder is due to broadcast Wog Wives Choice in five minutes. We must blow up the gramophone needle before then. So much for the plot. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Now, follow me down this passage. What's in here?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

EXOTIC MUSIC.

ECCLES:

OoooOooo...

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here! Get those trousers pressed, will you?

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

He'll be sorry when the cold weather comes. (CLEARS THROAT)

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain? Look. Here is the vital record-type-playing room.

ECCLES:

Ooo.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Well done, Bluebottle, good work. Gaddidgooliette. What's this record on the turntable?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is a South American one.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It says 78 revolutions a minute. Thinks: Joke.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: Whallop.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: Oh, my nut!

SEAGOON:

Hurriedly we drilled a hole in that gramophone needle, filled it with nitro-glycerine and screwed it back in.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Good. The Red Bladder's coming, Capitan!

ECCLES:

Oooo.

SEAGOON:

Quick, disguise yourselves as gramophone records!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Put these labels on.

ECCLES:

Oooo.

SEAGOON:

And remember at all costs, if he plays you...

ECCLES:

Yuh?

SEAGOON:

...sing!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeh.

SEAGOON:

Shhh.

RED BLADDER:

What's this, cor blimey. Three new records? Me put one on.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) I watched horrified as he put Bluebottle on the turntable. Would Bluebottle succeed in deceiving the Red Bladder?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SINGING 'THE THIRD MAN' THEME) Ding a ding a ding a ding, ding a ling a ding a ding. Ooh, wait a minute. This needle's full of the dreaded nitro...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

GREENSLADE:

And it was. An heroic British victory with the loss of only three idiots. This show was recorded on a double-sided Bluebottle. Good night, listeners.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC-recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet (FADED OUT).