

S6 E19 - The Jet-Propelled Guided NAAFI

Transcript by Alan Dicey, adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Program.

FX:

SMALL COIN DROPPING INTO TIN CUP

GREENSLADE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Greenslade! Abandon these financial irregularities! Hand over that copper coin of the realm and read this extract from a recent issue of the Telegraph.

GREENSLADE:

Yes sir. "In building a new residence for the High Commissioner in Colombo, the British Government was taken for a ride by the contractors. A witness at an enquiry said a semi-circular settee cost £420."

SEAGOON:

Which naturally brings us to the highly esteemed Goon Show. Scene 1: we continue with the enquiry.

FX:

GAVEL KNOCK X 3

CRUN:

That's all very well, but why a semi-circular settee?

GREENSLADE:

Because, sir, it was for the use of a semi-circular Vice-Consul.

CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

What about Mafeking?

CRUN:

Has the Minister of Works anything to say? What about the Ministry of Works? Isn't...? What...? What...? Where is he?

ECCLES:

Ummm, I chose all that furniture myself. I chose it all... I chose all that furniture.

CRUN:

What is all this about?

MINNIE:

What about the...?

CRUN:

What are we all here for?

MINNIE:

We haven't had the...

SECOMBE:

What about our lads in Korea then?

MINNIE:

What about the...?

SECOMBE:

What about the lads in...?

MINNIE:

What...? Let me finish...

SECOMBE:

What about the lads?

MINNIE:

Let me finish. I said what about the drains in Hackney?

CRUN:

What about the drains in East Finchley?

MINNIE:

Never mind them in Finchley.

CRUN:

I don't...

MINNIE:

I live in Hackney and the drains pong.

SEAGOON:

What about the Welsh reactionaries, then?

MINNIE:

Shut up, Mr Bevin.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

But what about all this washing outside Number Ten, that's what...

GREENSLADE:

Please, gen...

MINNIE:

Shut up, you big...

CRUN:

Shut up.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, shut up, yourself.

MINNIE:

Why don't... We've got... oh, get on...

GREENSLADE:

Please, gentlemen.

SECOMBE:

Give over [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

I'm not a gentleman!

GREENSLADE:

You said it. Gentlemen, this is an enquiry into the cost of a Government building in Colombo.

MINNIE:

Ooohh!

CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Hoorah! Hooray!

CRUN:

Who authorised this? Who au...?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, Mr Eccles, here.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I chose all the furniture myself.

CRUN:

Mr Eccles, why did a seven-and-sixpenny window-seat cost £246?

ECCLES:

Ummmmm... I Resign! You speak to my secretary. You can't talk to a Government Minister like that! I won't be out of work long, you see! I'll get that Ministry of Fishery job, you watch. I've kept goldfish!

GREENSLADE:

Mr Eccles... Mr Eccles, we are not for one moment doubting your sincerity.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

GREENSLADE:

It's just your intelligence that's in question.

ECCLES:

Well, I accept your apology.

CRUN:

How dare you interrupt me when I wasn't saying anything! How dare you?

ECCLES:

I Resign!

CRUN:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up, Eccles! Shut up!

CRUN:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

One moment, please.

MINNIE:

Aaah, Shut up! You steaming nit, you.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo. Now, as a strolling Prime Minister of no fixed address, I must protest at this gross mis-spending of public funds.

MINNIE:

Ohhh....

SEAGOON:

This... this... this building in Ceylon was supposed to cost £25,000! In fact, it cost £59,000!

MINNIE:

Ohhh....

BLOODNOK:

We mustn't stand for this.

SEAGOON:

We're not going to!

MINNIE:

Bravo!

SEAGOON:

We're not going to indeed!

MINNIE:

Ah, bravo!

BLOODNOK:

Good, good.

SEAGOON:

To teach those concerned with this disgusting waste a severe lesson, I've ordered the building burned to the ground and a new building put up at the proper price.

FX:

APPLAUSE, FOOT-STAMPING, HALF-CHORUS OF "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lads. Thank you, lads. You'll get your OBEs as you go out.

GREENSLADE:

That afternoon, the strolling Prime Minister was summoned urgently from The Windmill to attend, of all things, a vital Cabinet meeting.

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLED, DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'm sorry I'm late. Sabrina wasn't on til after the interval. I...

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

[SELLERS]

I'm glad you got here. Now Mr Prime Minister, first question: What is the liquid that most inspires the British soldier while on active duty?

SEAGOON:

Tea!

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Tea is correct, a big hand for the lucky winner!

GRAMS:

CLAPPING AND CHEERING.

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Now, d'you wanna double your salary? Good! Question number two: What is the organisation that supplies tea to the troops?

SEAGOON:

The NAAFI!

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Right again!

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Now, I'll just pour this bucket of custard over your head to prove that Prime Ministers are funny!

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE, WHISTLES.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SPRIGGS:

Now, sir. We want you to peruse these vital secret plans.

SEAGOON:

I'll read them tonight in bed.

SPRIGGS:

What?

SEAGOON:

And now gentlemen, I want you to peruse *these* plans.

SPRIGGS:

What are they, sir

SEAGOON:

A new secret tunnel between the House of Lords and the Folies Bergere.

SPRIGGS:

But sir, I thought we were cutting down on this sinful national expenditure?

SEAGOON:

Of course we are! We haven't built any lighthouses in The Strand this year. And... and besides, we've cut the tunnel estimates down to the barest essentials.

UNINTELLIGABLE PISSED LORD:

You mean there'll only be one [UNCLEAR]?

SEAGOON:

Yes. And only plain silver chandeliers.

ECCLES:

I... I... I Resign!

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I dunno.

SEAGOON:

Well, shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

CRUN:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Please, lets not start that again.

MINNIE:

What about the drains in Hackney?

SEAGOON:

Please. Gentlemen. Now, don't forget. Economy is the watchword. Black Rod?

ELLINGTON:

Yes sir?

SEAGOON:

Carry me to my car.

ORCHESTRA:

PONDEROUS CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

That night in bed, Britain's strolling Prime Minister unrolled the secret document.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, good evening, sir. May I help you?

SEAGOON:

Ah, Sir Grytpype, my trusted butler, confidante, best friend, sincerest critic and author of "Ten Years as a Russian Spy at Number Ten". Help me unroll this top secret document which nobody must unroll.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, sir. First, do let me take a holiday snapshot of you.

SEAGOON:

By all means. By all means. I'll just slip on my bathing costume. There!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now, a little smile, sir? Good. Look, just hold the plans right up in front of your face.

FX:

CLICK OF SHUTTER

GRYTPYPE:

There. Thank you very much, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Ha, ha. Now, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Read these plans to me. No, no, wait.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

No-one must see these plans.

GRYTPYPE:

Of Course!

SEAGOON:

Put on your dark glasses and look the other way as you read them.

GRYTPYPE:

Certainly, sir. Anything for the old country.

SEAGOON:

Good. And to make doubly sure, I won't listen. Now, what *are* these plans?

GRYTPYPE:

Now let me see. (MUMBLES NONSENSE) Good heavens, sir. It's a plan of a new Guided NAAFI! A self-contained... a self-contained missile capable of carrying 82 staff, 10 NAAFI pianos, 60,000 gallons of tea and 12 tons of buttered crumpets being shot 6,000 miles up and set fully operative at the point of impact in 16 seconds. It sounds quite impossible.

SEAGOON:

Do you think so? Give me that phone. (PICKS UP PHONE) Hello? Tell the NAAFI launching site at Rockall to launch the prototype guided NAAFI to Malaya and report on arrival.(HANGS UP PHONE) I'll show you, old faithful servant. (PHONE RINGS) Yes?

WILLIUM:

NAAFI Manager Kuala Lumpur, here. The old tea's ready, now, sir.

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE

SEAGOON:

There you are. Shot to Malaya and set up in 7 seconds!

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, what a fiendish weapon. With this, Britain is unbeatable.

SEAGOON:

Yes. What a pity we can't build more. Economy, you know. After all, the country can't afford tunnels to the Folies Bergere *and* Guided NAAFI's, can we? Ha ha ha! Shhh! Quick! Hide these plans. Here's Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY AND THE ORCHESTRA

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC FANFARE

SEAGOON:

(SNORES)

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhh. Our little strolling Prime Minister of no fixed address is asleep.

MORIARTY:

Pssst!

GRYTPYPE:

Who's that?

MORIARTY:

Psssst!

GRYTPYPE:

How do you spell it?

MORIARTY:

(RASPBERRY)

GRYTPYPE:

You illiterate swine. It's Moriarty, where are you?

MORIARTY:

Here. In the piano.

GRYTPYPE:

What the devil are you doing in there?

MORIARTY:

I'm hidin'.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't be silly, Haydn's been dead for years.

MORIARTY:

Silence! I don't wish to know that!

GRYTPYPE:

Neither do I.

MORIARTY:

I say, look here. Now, help me out! I'm disguised as one of the piano strings

GRYTPYPE:

Which string are you?

MORIARTY:

I think I'm a G-string.

GRYTPYPE:

So that's why I can't see you?

MORIARTY:

Now then, I'm not sure which string I am, so you'd better play a scale.

GRYTPYPE:

(STRIKES A NOTE) Doh.

MORIARTY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

(STRIKES A NOTE) Rey.

MORIARTY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

(STRIKES A NOTE) Mi.

MORIARTY:

Me, that's Me! Help me up.

FX:

CLANKS AND CREAKS.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Good heavens, Moriarty, you're two feet taller than you used to be! How did that happen?

MORIARTY:

Some swine sent in a piano-tuner.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you always were musical.

MORIARTY:

Dwoinnng.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Moriarty, I want you to photograph this photograph of the Guided NAAFI plans.

MORIARTY:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Record it on tape.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Swallow it, raise your right leg and flee the country. Farewell!

MORIARTY:

Farewell!

FX:

WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

What's going on down here?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing, sir, nothing at all.

SEAGOON:

That's funny Grytpype. I thought I heard the sound of a man photographing the photograph of the secret plans, recording them on tape, swallowing them, raising his right leg and fleeing the country.

GRYTPYPE:

Quite impossible. We were whispering.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry. I must have been mistaken. Answer that phone.

GRYTPYPE:

What phone?

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

That one. Give it to me! Hello?

WILLIUM:

This is the manager of the Guided NAAFI at Kuala Lumpur, sir. Do you want this tea we brewed up?
Or shall we throw it all away?

SEAGOON:

Certainly not. I will not tolerate waste. How much tea is there?

WILLIUM:

10,000 cups.

SEAGOON:

Right. Keep it on the boil. I'll attend to it.

FX:

PUTS PHONE DOWN

SEAGOON:

Grytpype, we're going to Malaya.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Prepare airliners to carry 10,000 troops. Tell them we're going to Malaya for tea.

GRYTPYPE:

That will mean tropical kit, sir.

SEAGOON:

Tropical Kitt, I love that woman! Ooohh, you mean uniforms.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes, well, have them issued at once.

GRYTPYPE:

You will have your little joke.

SEAGOON:

Yes, needle nardle noo, Ha, ha, ha. Eyes that [UNCLEAR]. No expense must be spared to see that this tea is not wasted. The watchword is still... economy!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, sir.

ORCHESTRA:

OMINOUS, SLIGHTLY FAR-EASTERN LINK.

GRAMS:

MARCHING FEET. SERGEANT-MAJOR SHOUTS "CPNEEEE - HALT" OR SOMETHING SIMILAR.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, what a magnificent economical sight. 1200 planes, 10,000 men. All pledged to avert tea-wastage. Well, goodbye, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, just a moment, sir. It's 10 to 12.

SEAGOON:

Well?

GRYTPYPE:

Time for your OBE, sir. Say Ahh.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Oohhh, that's better.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Well, goodbye, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Goodbye, Charlie.

SEAGOON:

My name's not Charlie, it's Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

I know but somehow I always think of you as Charlie.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Farewell, friend.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

MORIARTY:

Hello, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, where are you?

MORIARTY:

I'm hiding in the lining of your underpants.

GRYTPYPE:

Fool. What are you doing there?

MORIARTY:

I couldn't get out of the country with the plans.

GRYTPYPE:

Why not?

MORIARTY:

The fares have gone up again.

GRYTPYPE:

Great Heavens! Wait a moment, we'll travel free, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

How?

GRYTPYPE:

We'll reach Moscow via Malaya. Now quick, crawl through this photograph of a hole in the fuselage of this aeroplane.

MORIARTY:

(STRAINS) Right, we're in.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

MORIARTY:

Now throw away that photograph of the hole before we fall out.

GRAMS:

AEROPLANE TAKING OFF

ORCHESTRA:

TRAIN-WHISTLE TYPE CHORDS.

GRAMS:

DRONE OF PROPELLORS...

GREENSLADE:

By dawn, the mighty aerial fleet were approaching Ceylon.

SEAGOON:

I've worked it all out, here. Now, the cost of firing the Guided NAAFI to Malaya was a quarter of a million pounds. Manager's wages, eight pounds ten, making a total of errm . . . making a total of errr . . . Ah! Chancellor of the Exchequer, just the man. Now, how much is a quarter of a million pounds plus eight pounds ten?

ECCLES:

I resign! You can't talk to me like that!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up! Here, step outside this door.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SOUND OF WIND: DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

He always wanted to visit Ceylon. Tell the Minister of Aerial Music to ask the Black Watch to play for dancing for all ranks.

MINNIE:

Huzzah!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"SHE'S A THREE-HANDED WOMAN"

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS, DENOTING ARRIVAL

GREENSLADE:

That night, the aerial armada landed and the troops, under Major Bloodnok, bivouacked in the steaming jungles, a mere days march from the Guided NAAFI.

OMNES:

SNORES AND OTHER SOUNDS DENOTING SLEEPING SQUADDIES.

MORIARTY:

Psssst! Psssst! Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ooohh. Don't come in my tent yet, please, just a moment. Goodnight darling, I'll see you later.

THROAT:

Goodnight, darling.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, out you... er... hmm-hmm... Come In!

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Now, Major le Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

A civilian! How dare you enter my tent, sir.

MORIARTY:

That's the only way I could get in!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! For all you know I might have had some ladies in here. Get Out!

MORIARTY:

Be quiet or I'll tell them who sold those three cardboard tanks.

BLOODNOK:

What! It's all lies! In any case they never paid me. Is there no honesty? You know what happened to me last night?

MORIARTY:

No?

BLOODNOK:

Thank heaven for that. Now then, state your business, sir.

MORIARTY:

Now, listen!

BLOODNOK:

What?

MORIARTY:

Tomorrow we reach the only jet-propelled Guided NAAFI in the world. It must be destroyed!

BLOODNOK:

What! Are you a spy?

MORIARTY:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

Then why are you covered in mince?

MORIARTY:

I'm a mince spy!

BLOODNOK:

A Merry Christmas!

MORIARTY:

They wish to know that. A merry Christmas to you, too. Now listen, would you be willing to sabotage this secret guided NAAFI?

BLOODNOK:

I'll have you know that I am a patriotic English gentleman, sir.

MORIARTY:

And what does that mean?

BLOODNOK:

It means I'll only do it for money.

MORIARTY:

Very well. Here, here is a carbon copy of an imitation £100 note.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a moment! How do I know this carbon copy isn't a forgery?

MORIARTY:

How? Look here! Here's a life-size oil painting of me robbing the bank with it.

BLOODNOK:

But it shows you clean-shaven

MORIARTY:

I was wearing an invisible beard!

BLOODNOK:

Great malleable lumps of steaming thun!

MORIARTY:

I apologise.

BLOODNOK:

You Chinese think of everything.

MORIARTY:

But I'm not Chinese!

BLOODNOK:

Then you must have forgotten something! You should be more careful, give me the money.

FX:

CASH REGISTER BELL, COIN DROPPING IN TRAY.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now then, what do I do?

MORIARTY:

Now listen. All has been arranged. Hand this parcel of explosive sausages to the guided NAAFI manager.

BLOODNOK:

Right. Gad, there he goes, off to join Grytpype-Thynne in an attempt to reach Moscow with a photograph of the plans. See Page 4 of the script. Any questions? Good. Part 5, arrival at the NAAFI.

ORCHESTRA:

VAGUELY MILITARY BUGLE CALL VERY DISTORTED GOING UP AND DOWN IN SPEED

SEAGOON:

Men! I think that takes most of you in. We're here to drink NAAFI tea. (SOUND OF TIN MUG BOUNCING OFF HARD HEAD) Oooooowowwow! Who threw that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I did, Captain.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, you little tea-stained, crumpet-ridden idiot?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am a little tea-stained, crumpet-ridden idiot. Thinks: I'm a little tea-stained, crumpet-ridden idiot.

SEAGOON:

Great larrups of dongle. He thinks he's a little tea-stained, crumpet-ridden idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Don't shout so loud! You'll wake up the Minister for Defence Against Surprise Air Attack.

ECCLES:

I'm awake and I resign!

SEAGOON:

Good! And as you're out of work you can fill a vacancy that's just occurred.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

We need a Minister for Defence Against Surprise Air Attacks.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine. Okay Bluebottle, address the men.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

ECCLES:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Soldier men of England. You have been broughted here to drink all this lovely thick brown lukewarm NAAFI tea. Drink and be merry, I say.

OMNES:

(GRUMBLES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you for your encouraging words. Everybody inside! Oooh, I like this game, being the wonder-boy NAAFI manager. Thinks: this is what a nice clean life leads to. Hmmmm, why did I ever lead one?

ECCLES:

Hello, my good man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello, Lord Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello, Lord Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are you the Ministrer for Food?

ECCLES:

Yeah. Oh, look here, here's a parcel of naughty sausages for you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh.

ECCLES:

Major Bloodnok gave them to me just before he deserted.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooooh, I love sausinges.

ECCLES:

Fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I think we will have a feast...

ECCLES:

Fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...of lovely little sausages. We'll put them in the refridgimerators and go and get the frying pan. Come on, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Okay, okay.

FX:

DOOR OPENED, THEN SHUTS.

FX:

ANOTHER DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Keep going, Moriarty. We can't be far now.

MORIARTY:

Yes. According to my calculations we are only a hundred yards from the Soviet border.

GRYTPYPE:

Theres a sign, what does it say?

MORIARTY:

Let me see. Eggs and Chips, twelve-and-nine. Beans on Toast, ten shillings

GRYTPYPE:

You big steaming nit, you.

MORIARTY:

What!

GRYTPYPE:

You've lead us back to this dashed guided NAAFI

MORIARTY:

Sapristiyakakabakacooandneedlenardlenoo! It's that confounded compass. It's the last time I buy those cheap Christmas crackers.

GRYTPYPE:

Shhh. Someone's coming. Quick, into the fridge.

MORIARTY:

Into the fridge, quick!

FX:

FRIDGE DOOR SHUTS.

MORIARTY:

Now we're in here we'll change clothes and come out disguised as each other.

GRYTPYPE:

Brilliant! You'll get a Russian OBE for this.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi. Wait! The plans! They mustn't find these plans.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, wrap them round these naughty sausages.

MORIARTY:

Right. And now we imitate the sound of eight ounces of dripping.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

FX:

SOUNDS OF WRAPPING. DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah. You rotten, naughty sausages. Well, I will just pop them into this nice boiling hot frying pan.

FX:

SIZZLE. EXPLOSION!

BLUEBOTTLE:

So that's why they call them bangers.

SEAGOON:

Where did those sausages come from?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The rotten Minister of Food!

ECCLES:

I resign!

GRYTPYPE:

Hands up, all of you!

SEAGOON:

Don't be a fool, Grytpype. Drop that cucumber.

GRYTPYPE:

What?! And leave myself cucumberless in the Salad Season? Not likely. Moriarty, we've lost all the plans in the explosion.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, I still have something up my sleeve.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

My arm.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. We'll use that.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Go to the launching control.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Point the whole of this guided NAAFI to Moscow and off we go!

MORIARTY:

Fire!

FX:

BIG EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

And that is how, 15 seconds later, under Sir Neddie Seagoon's great economy drive, the lucky natives of Aldershot were delighted to find a fully-operating three million pound NAAFI in their midst.

GRYTPYPE:

Aldershot? How have we come to Aldershot?

MORIARTY:

That's the last time I buy a box of those cheap Christmas crackers!

GRYTPYPE:

You steaming nit, you...

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellars, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, Announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

"CRAZY RHYTHM" PLAYOUT