

S4 Special - The Starlings

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Mark Wallace and Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

TIMOTHY:

Ladies and gentlemen, we present a radio programme in English. From time to time actors will be heard. The author has fled the country.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC THEME, STILL PLAYING AS TIMOTHY SPEAKS

TIMOTHY:

1954. A world overshadowed with doubts, fears, uncertainty. Of Indo-China, the Suez, Cyprus, East and West German strife, the H-Bomb explosion and yet to come the unbelievable power of the cobalt bomb (MUSIC ENDS). But our own governors are not unaware of these dangers. At this moment, the House of Commons are debating serious matters.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

[SECOMBE]

Starlings, they're ruining St. Martin's!

FAIRFAX:

[SELLERS]

There are far too many starlings in Trafalgar Square.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Hear, hear!

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Then... we must... we must get rid of these disgusting creatures! We must.

FAIRFAX:

Well said!

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Yes, hear, hear, hear!

CRUN:

Yes, get rid of them! Get rid...

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Well said!

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

I didn't...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Get rid of them! Yes.

CRUN:

(TALKING OVER MINNIE) Get rid of... get rid of the...

MINNIE:

I didn't have a...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

Here, let's all have some tea.

OMNES:

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE, CARRIES ON IN BACKGROUND WHILE TIMOTHY SPEAKS

TIMOTHY:

Yes, Parliament was aroused. On the terrace of the House of Commons during the tea break, back-benchers gave voice to their feelings.

GRAMS:

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY SUNG BY CROWDS, FOLLOWED BY APPLAUSE AND CHEERS

TIMOTHY:

The inventive genius of the country was called upon and for three years the starlings were attacked with a series of frightening devices.

SELLERS:

Stuffed owls!

SECOMBE:

Wriggling rubber snakes!

MILLIGAN:

High frequency sound beams!

FEMALE VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Little round things that went "knick, knick, knick".

BLOODNOK:

Rice puddings fired from catapults!

TIMOTHY:

A recording of a female starling in trouble!

SELLERS:

Recording of a female starling not in trouble!

MILLIGAN:

Trained cats!

BLOODNOK:

Rice puddings fired from catapults, mark 2!

SECOMBE:

Flashing lights and Chinese crackers!

GRAND VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

Large things dropped from a great height and vice-versa!

BLOODNOK:

Failing that, rice puddings fired from catapults!

TIMOTHY:

For some inexplicable reason all these devices failed. The starlings remained.

UNDERTAKER'S VOICE:

[SELLERS]

The inventors were filled with remorse and in sack cloth they marched the streets.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS MARCHING SLOWLY TO A DRUMBEAT

ORCHESTRA:

DESPAIR MUSIC, CAST SOBS BEHIND

TIMOTHY:

At the same time, at the Ministry of Grit, Filth and Exportable Heads, the Secretary, Mr Ned Bladok was handed a vital bird statistic.

FX:

SLOW TYPING ON TYPEWRITER WITH DING OF CARRIAGE RETURN BELL

NED BLADOK:

Are you sure this figure is correct?

THROAT:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

Have you had it checked?

THROAT:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

You mean that there are 30 million starlings roosting in Trafalgar Square?

THROAT:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

Thank you, Miss Perch.

THROAT:

Right.

NED BLADOK:

(TO HIMSELF) 30 million starlings! Hmm. (CALLS) Mr. Thin!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING TOWARDS MICROPHONE

MR. THIN:

[SELLERS]

(BEFORE ARRIVING, DURING SOUND EFFECT) Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Coming, Sir! Ahh! (ARRIVES) Did you so much as call me, sir?

NED BLADOK:

Ah, yes, Mr. Thin. Call a meeting of all the people we keep specially for meetings!

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE

NED BLADOK:

(LOUD VOICE) Gentlemen, I have called this meeting to declare war on the starlings in London!

GRAMS:

AUDIENCE RESPONSE AS TO HITLER'S SPEECHES

NED BLADOK:

Thank you. The question is, how to get rid of them?

BLOODNOK:

What about rice puddings fired from catapults?

NED BLADOK:

No, no, no, no. We've had that.

BLOODNOK:

Have we?

NED BLADOK:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I say, look here! I remember at Passchendaele during the first world war for lasting peace. I remember after a heavy artillery barrage there were no signs of birds for months after.

NED BLADOK:

I don't think that is at all relevant.

BLOODNOK:

If we could draw up 200 regiments of artillery, in Trafalgar Square, and let off a non-stop barrage for a month, I'm sure the little bounders...

NED BLADOK:

No, no, no, Major... Wait a moment!

BLOODNOK:

What?

NED BLADOK:

You've given me an idea!

BLOODNOK:

I have?

NED BLADOK:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh!

NED BLADOK:

Look, it all boils down to making a noise.

BLOODNOK:

A noise?

NED BLADOK:

Just a noise.

BLOODNOK:

Yes? Yes?

NED BLADOK:

Now, if we could get volunteers just to kick up a noise then..!

BLOODNOK:

Gad! You're right! Ah, perfect! I'll ask Field Marshall Clinical Foot to let us have three brigades of guards at Trafalgar Square at dawn on Monday!

GRAMS:

SOLDIERS MARCHING AND COMMANDERS SHOUTING OUT ORDERS

BLOODNOK:

What a magnificent sight! Aughhhh!

TIMOTHY:

Good morning. Er, Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

The same.

TIMOTHY:

I'm Mr. Cringing-Nut of the Morning Flight.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, you're one of the observers, aren't you?

TIMOTHY:

That's right, Sir.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. Well I'll tell you briefly what's happening. The whole of the square mile around Trafalgar Square has been cordoned off.

TIMOTHY:

Is it now a curfew area?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Only curfews are allowed in. All these squads marching in here are to kick up a din and in so doing, you see, they drive the starlings away.

TIMOTHY:

What does the noise making equipment consist of?

BLOODNOK:

Sergeant Steinbacker!

STEINBACKER:

[SECOMBE]

Sir!

BLOODNOK:

Explain the noise equipment to this gentleman, would you?

STEINBACKER:

Yes sir! All men entering this area are handed one of the following items: Iron bath tub with beater, football rattles, whistles, tin cans, dustbin lids, gas stoves filled with iron bolts, bagpipes, dinner gongs, kettle drums, thunder sheets and various other noise making gear, for the uses of.

TIMOTHY:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, I see that Lance-Colonel Sockclencher is going to address the men now.

SOCKCLENCHER:

[SELLERS]

(SPEAKING INTO MEGAPHONE) Men! At ease chaps! Now, I'm going to put you into the picture. In a short time we will be commencing the noise, for the uses of. So, lets have a little practice first, eh? Right. Now first, let's hear from the dustbin lids.

FX:

DUSTBIN LIDS BEING BANGED TOGETHER

SOCKCLENCHER:

Well done. Thank you. Yes, thank you. Right. Now, whistles and rattles.

FX:

WHISTLES AND RATTLES

SOCKCLENCHER:

Good show, whistlers and rattlers. Thank you, that's enough. I know you all like music but there'll be time enough for that in a few moments. So now, take your positions as, according to our information, the starlings are due in ten seconds from now. So, let's have complete silence.

TIMOTHY:

Gad, Carruthers! Action at last!

CARRUTHERS:

Yes, well, it had to come.

GRAMS:

SEVERAL SECONDS OF SILENCE, FOLLOWED BY STARLINGS ARRIVING, FLAPPING WINGS AND WHISTLING

SOCKCLENCHER:

(ON MEGAPHONE) Right men, noise... commence!

FX:

NOISE COMMENCES

TIMOTHY:

(SPEAKING OVER QUIETENED NOISE) Diary of Operation Cacophony.

SECOMBE:

March the 7th, third week of operation. Starlings undisturbed. But two thirds of Guards Brigade now stone deaf.

MILLIGAN:

April 1st. Still no effect on starlings. All rather annoying, really!

SELLERS:

December the 1st, very cold. Noise makers were augmented by the bagpipes of the Highland Brigade. Starlings still unperturbed. The population of London dropped 10,000 overnight.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES JOIN THE REST OF THE NOISE

TIMOTHY:

December the 3rd. Deep snow. Starlings sleeping peacefully. Noise continuing. Field Marshall Plunch sends the brigade a Christmas greeting. He receives in return a Christmas Pudding with a rather disturbing message. And then...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS AND TUNE

TIMOTHY:

February the 32nd. All troops withdrawn. Operation Cacophony abandoned.

SELLERS:

A military disaster! Those responsible, clad in sack cloth, once more walked the streets.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS MARCHING SLOWLY TO A DRUMBEAT

ORCHESTRA:

DESPAIR MUSIC, CAST SOBS BEHIND

OMNES:

SHOUTING ANGRILY, BLADOK TRYING TO KEEP ORDER

NED BLADOK:

Members! Members! Mr. Prime Minister, members! I admit... I admit that Operation Cacophony cost £160,000 and was a complete and utter failure. But... but these little mistakes will happen!

CHURCHILL:

[Sellers]

You made a muck of it!

MILLIGAN:

Bravo!

NED BLADOK:

Honourable members, it was not an absolute failure. I mean, that is to say, though the starlings were not driven from Trafalgar Square, they were... err... well... rearranged!

MINNIE:

Rubbish! Rubbish!

BLOODNOK:

You should have used rice puddings fired from catapults!

NED BLADOK:

Nonsense!

TIMOTHY:

I suggest the honourable member applies for the Chiltern Hundred.

NED BLADOK:

I refuse to get in that queue!

TIMOTHY:

Aaahhh!

NED BLADOK:

In any case, I have already taken steps to ensure that the starlings are removed from London!

MILLIGAN:

It's lies!

NED BLADOK:

I have, this day, inserted an advertisement in the papers asking for suggestions that will rid us of this pest!

CHURCHILL:

Well, we'll give you one more chance. Now then, lads, who's for a quick round of pontoon?

OMNES:

"BRAVO!" AND "HEAR! HEAR!" FOLLOWED BY APPLAUSE AND SHOUTS OUT ENCOURAGEMENT,
FADES OUT

FX:

TYPING BEING DONE VERY SLOWLY

NED BLADOK:

Good morning, Miss Perch. Working late again?

THROAT:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

Good girl. Ahah, hah, hah. Any replies to the advert in the papers?

THROAT:

Yes, this bloke here's been waiting for you.

NED BLADOK:

Oh! Ha-ha.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! Hee-hee! I have been waiting to speak to you, Mr. Clum-Thrut-Knid-Sproo-Theckran-Bludge-Sprathatan.

NED BLADOK:

Mr. Bladok's the name.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, that's it! I knew it was something like Clum-Thrut-Knid-Sproo...

NED BLADOK:

Please, please. Will... will you come in please?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

NED BLADOK:

Now, Mr... umm...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Umm, my name is, er, Jim Bluebottle Tiger-Nuts. It is an unusual name.

NED BLADOK:

Yes, I suppose it is. (POLITE COUGH) Still, a rose by any other name, you know?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I do not know any roses by any other names.

NED BLADOK:

Ha-ha-ha. (POLITE COUGH) Err... cigarette?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I do not smoke. Too expensive.

NED BLADOK:

It's no expense to the Ministry. I could have you one rolled within the hour!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, thank you.

NED BLADOK:

Right. Now, to business. What is your invention?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is an artificial explodable bird-lime.

NED BLADOK:

What a fascinating start. Continue.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you. Well, I have managed to compound a mixture that looks exactly like bird-lime. Now then, this bird-lime can be put down anywhere where there are starlings.

NED BLADOK:

Um-hum.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then, simply by pressing a remote control button, all those little blobs of bird-lime can be exploded!

NED BLADOK:

Good heavens!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It is all done by sound waves!

NED BLADOK:

You really mean it would drive the starlings away?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

NED BLADOK:

Gad! What a saviour he is! Here, have an OBE!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ta!

NED BLADOK:

In England's darkest hour one always appears. First Cromwell, then Fred Clute and now... you. Now, Mr. Tiger-Nuts, you have the formula for this artificial explodable bird-lime?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have.

NED BLADOK:

Good! Let me have it and I'll get the Woolwich Arsenal to make it up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

This little invention of yours will save the day. (FADE OUT)

GRAMS:

FADES IN: CAULDRONS BUBBLING

NED BLADOK:

(SPEAKING OVER GRAMS) Well, gentlemen of the press, there it is. 40,000 liquid tonnes of artificial explodable bird-lime!

TIMOTHY:

Wonderful! Absolutely marvellous!

NED BLADOK:

Not too close, gentlemen, ah-ah! Mind you don't fall in!

MILLIGAN:

Ah, terribly sorry!

CHURCHILL:

It looks like the real thing.

NED BLADOK:

Well, it has to.

CHURCHILL:

Mm?

NED BLADOK:

These starlings must not suspect for a moment that it was [UNCLEAR].

CHURCHILL:

No, no.

NED BLADOK:

After all, they know the real thing.

CHURCHILL:

Of course, of course.

TIMOTHY:

When will it be ready?

NED BLADOK:

Well, the head of the department tells me the mixture will take ten days to cool.

MILLIGAN:

That's not bad at all.

NED BLADOK:

No. Then it is to be given artificial colouring and forced into tubes ready for squirting on to the buildings.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, brilliant!

NED BLADOK:

All in all, about two weeks, I should say. By then the inauguration ceremony will be ready.

TIMOTHY:

What inauguration ceremony?

NED BLADOK:

My dear sir, the exploding of the artificial bird-lime necessitates the pressing of a button. And it is common law that all cutting of tapes and pressing of buttons must be carried out with due ceremony.

MILLIGAN AND SELLERS:

Of course, of course...

NED BLADOK:

As it will be in this case.

TIMOTHY:

Can I quote you on that?

NED BLADOK:

You can quote me as saying it, but... no more.

TIMOTHY:

What will be the date of the ceremony?

NED BLADOK:

Er, three weeks from now. The BBC are covering the occasion.

TIMOTHY:

They would! (VOICES AND GRAMS FADE OUT)

TIMOTHY:

This is London. And now it's time for our special outside broadcast from Trafalgar Square. Today the great experiment Operation Explodable Bird-Li... err, Bird Mixture... is about to commence. For the first part of our broadcast, let us go over to Brian Ginstone.

GRAMS:

CROWD ATMOSPHERE

GINSTONE:

[TIMOTHY]

(SPEAKING OVER NOISE) Hello listeners, Brian Ginstone here and I'm speaking from the roof of St. Martin's. The roof of St. Martin's where, for the past week, workmen have been spreading the artificial explodable bird mixture. So, to tell us a little about it, let's have a word with the foreman. Pardon me, sir.

BERT:

[SELLERS]

Eh?

GINSTONE:

I'm from the BBC.

BERT:

I'll punch you in the flipping ear 'ole!

GINSTONE:

(LAUGHS POLITELY) Well, I wonder sir, if you'd like to say a few words to the listeners.

BERT:

Don't they get enough chat from you lot?

GINSTONE:

(LAUGHS POLITELY) But, well, tell me...

BERT:

What?

GINSTONE:

How long have you been putting the mixture round the ledges of this building?

BERT:

Oh, er, about ten days, on and off.

GINSTONE:

What do you mean, "on and off"?

BERT:

Well, some of us keep falling off.

GINSTONE:

Do you? (LAUGHS POLITELY) What jolly fun.

BERT:

Yes.

GINSTONE:

Now, tell us, you've been working on this job for ten days or more.

BERT:

Mm.

GINSTONE:

What do *you* think of the idea and its chances?

BERT:

Well, you know, I...

GINSTONE:

Oh, er, thank you. Now, as the workmen take down the last of the scaffolding, I see that the ceremony in the Square below us is about to begin so, over to Richard Dingleby (FADE OUT)

GRAMS:

CROWD ATMOSPHERE, CONTINUED THROUGHOUT

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

[SELLERS]

(SPEAKING OVER CROWDS) Here, in the Great Square of Trafalgar which, as we all know, takes its name from the great underground railway that runs directly beneath its ancient flagstones, here all is in readiness for the great explodable bird mixture inauguration. To my right raises the great wooden oak platform from which this solemn ceremony will be perfumed. The entire Square is a great mass of banners. Banners from the great Society of Pest Control all waiting to see the result of this experiment.

FX:

SIREN ADDED TO CROWD ATMOSPHERE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

Yes, there goes the great siren, telling us that all the workmen are clear of the buildings. That is to say St. Martin's, the National Gallery, Africa House and all the other buildings that have been treated with this wonderful explodable bird mixture.

GRAMS:

SOLDIERS MARCHING AND SHOUTING COMMANDER IN BACKGROUND ADDED TO CROWD ATMOSPHERE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

Now then, to my right, up the right side of the square, I can see the bright scarlet and pink tulips of the Royal College of Herald's as they march majestically up to the base of the great platform. (SOLDIERS GRAMS STOP) They are, of course, waiting to sound the traditional fanfare, Tedium Vitae, which will announce the arrival of Duchess Winifred Boiledusspudswell, the well-known human being.

GRAMS:

HORSES AND CHARIOTS JOIN CROWD ATMOSPHERE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

And as I speak, I see the Third Battalion of the First Regal Household Cavalry, so-called as every member is a householder. And yes, there they go, their great white plume swords, snorting at the reign and fie and lifting the dust as they pass the base of Nelson's great column. That column so nobly erected here in 1672 to commemorate Lord Nelson's victory at Balaclava, over the combined Egyptian and Turkish cavalry.

GRAMS:

CROWD STARTS CHEERING

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

And those cheers are for the leader of the Household Troop as he dips the Union Jack, the national flag of the union of Jack.

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

That great fanfare announces the arrival of the great television coach bearing the Duchess by arrangement with Richard Winnick and Mark Loodman.

GRAMS:

COMMANDER SHOUTS "PRESENT ARMS!", FOLLOWED BY SOUNDS OF PRESENTING THE ARMS

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

The Guard of the Tunder Plummage Haddackurs presents arms and we all stand to attention for the anthem of the great Bird Pest Control.

ORCHESTRA:

ANTHEM OF THE GREAT BIRD PEST CONTROL

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

What a lovely tune that is, from the pen of the marcher of the Archer Street Rolls. And now, yes, now, here comes the Duchess of Boiledusspudswell followed by the venerable City Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brother-In-Laws and all the other great traditional hangers-on. Now, the Duchess approaches the great charcoal and balsa staircase that leads up to the rostrum and at the same time leads down again. She mounts the great steps, her great cape of Norton Weevil squadling across the ancient planges of the high Grantfordlood.

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

And with that the Herald sounds the Thurk Voluntary, the Voluntary so well beloved by the Swahali dust-group of Westminster. And now she reaches the great gold and bronze microphone to make her declaration. But first the Master of the Rolls and Leather Goods pledges his allegiance, also the quanti-denorum, so let us listen to it.

GRAMS:

SPEECH BEING MADE ON MICROPHONE, BREAKING UP EVERY FEW WORDS

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

He appears to be having trouble with the great microphone of state, the same great microphone used ever since 1672, hand beaten and foot slapped gold and silver surmounted by two Burmese cherubs and fashioned by the great sculptor Ben Venuto Selinae and his brother Fred. Oh, and now I see the great engineer of state with the great state screwdriver adjusting the mace screws on the great microphone.

MILLIGAN:

(ON MICROPHONE, BLOWS A FEW TIME) Hello... testing, testing.. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, testing. Yes it's all right, now. Yes, it's alright.

MASTER OF THE ROLLS:

[SELLERS]

(ON MICROPHONE) My lords, ladies and gentlemong. Pray silence for the Duchess Boiledusspudswell, Dame of the Empire and at the present appearing in television's "That's your lot", "Where's your bonce?", "What's up now?", "Who's your dad?", "Why have you come?" and other edifying panel games. She appears by permission of the makers of Footo, the wonder boot exploder.

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

With that great dignified ringing across the great square, she steps up to the great microphone...

DUCHESS:

(SOUNDS LIKE THE QUEEN, SPEECH BREAKING UP) Ladies and Gentlemen. It is... pleasure that I have come... today to give my...

MILLIGAN:

(BLOWS INTO MICROPHONE A FEW TIMES) Hello... hello... testing... 1, 2, 3, 4... Yes, it's alright girl.

DUCHESS:

Ladies and Gentlemen. It is my privilege and privilege to name this experiment Operation Explodable Bird Mixture and may all who stand on it perish.

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

She steps forward to press the great button. She presses it. And so, for the final result, over to Brian Ginstone on top of the National Gallery.

GRAMS:

MILD EXPLOSIONS CONTINUES THROUGHOUT SPEECH

GINSTONE:

And all around the cornices of St. Martin's the bird mixture is exploding and the starlings are being driven away and I...

GRAMS:

GIANT EXPLOSION, CROWD SCREAMS

GINSTONE:

Oh. Oh, dear. I... I don't quite know what's happened, it's...

FX:

FIRE ENGINE BELL RINGING, SCREAMS CONTINUE, FADE OUT

OMNES:

FADE IN: SHOUTS AND BOOS IN HOUSE OF COMMONS "PRIME MINISTER", "THE WHOLE PLACE WAS BLOWN TO BITS!", "IMBECILES!", "WE WON'T HAVE IT!"

CHURCHILL:

Lads, lads, lads, lads. Please, lads. Quiet now. Let us have a fair hearing. And now, Mr. Bladok.

NED BLADOK:

Mr. Prime Minister, Honourable Members. I fear that the explodable bird-lime was a mite too powerful. But... but fear not, St. Martin's will be rebuilt!

TIMOTHY:

But the starlings will only roost in it again.

NED BLADOK:

If they do, well, we'll blow it up again! Naturally we would rebuild again, but if the starlings still persist in roosting there, we'll have no compunction but to blow it up yet again! We'll see who gets tired first!

MINNIE:

But think of the expense!

NED BLADOK:

No fears there! I have it on good authority that our financial position is far in excess of the starlings'!

MINNIE:

Huzzah!

NED BLADOK:

Yes, in any case, I have a new invention to deal with the pests.

CHURCHILL:

What?

NED BLADOK:

Rice puddings fired from catapults!

FX:

GUN SHOT

NED BLADOK:

Oooh!

TIMOTHY:

Good shot!

CHURCHILL:

Right, lads, now then, how about a nice cup of tea?

OMNES:

"HEAR, HEAR!" PLUS CHEERS AND APPLAUSE, FADES OUT

GRAMS:

STARLING TWITTER DURING ANNOUNCEMENTS

TIMOTHY:

That was "The Starlings", that was, by Spike Milligan. All parts were played by Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. Other pests were played by the starlings themselves. Technical production by Harry Green and Barry Wilson. I am the announcer. Andrew Timothy is the name and I am asked to say that any resemblance to a Goon Show is due to the laxity of the producer Peter Eton. Goodnight.

GRAMS:

STARLINGS FADE OUT