

S6 E16 - The Mighty Wurlitzer

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Hip. Hip.

OMNES:

Hooray!

GREENSLADE:

Oh, what fun we're having. Listeners, will you excuse this breach of corporation discipline, but, well - it is the festive season so... whoopee! (FINGER IN MOUTH WOBBLE)

SECOMBE:

Mr. Greenslade! Stop taking those naughty elderly men's get-fit hormones.

GREENSLADE:

Get nurked, little Welsh bum.

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Have a care, large bloated-type announcing gentleman. Or I'll belt the back of that great fat greasy nut of yours.

GREENSLADE:

Don't speak to me in those severe overtones. I'll have you know that I've been very ill. In fact I was at death's door twice.

SECOMBE:

Why didn't you knock? Enough of this Noel Coward-type dialogue. Remove those stained-glass corsets and give the listening listeners the old posh wireless chat, there, Wal. Go on, Wal. Go in, there.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show.

SECOMBE:

Hip Hip.

MILLIGAN:

(RASPBERRY)

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Tonight's play was written by that great homeless author Lucky 'Smiling Jim' Milligan, the darling of Coventry. Now living in a damp leather wellington boot off the coast of Highgate.

MILLIGAN:

Tonight I present my masterpiece entitled 'The Mighty Wurlitzer'.

ORCHESTRA:

CRASHING DESCENDING CHORDS

GRAMS:

ORGAN PLAYING

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, listeners? Ha ha.

SEAGOON:

Yes, we can all hear it. Bach's Tocata and Fugue. By Batch. Written especially for Reg Dixon and his Blackpool Tower. It was that music that meed me mooned to take up the organ. But, that started many years ago in the Rhonda Valley, bach.

ORCHESTRA:

'SOSPAN BACH' MOTIF

FX:

VERY HEAVY DOOR RATTLING DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound listeners? A door.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING, WELSH ACCENT) Sospach Bach.

MAI JONES:

[SELLERS]

(WELSH ACCENT) Who's that?

SEAGOON:

I just brought your saucepan bach. Ha ha ha.

MAI JONES:

Oh, it's Harry son back from the pit, bach. You're back early from the pit, bach?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I found a piece of coal so they sent me home.

MAI JONES:

Oh, lovely. Now sit down on Grandad and eat your nice reeking black bread and goat pie, bach.

SEAGOON:

You killed the goat for Christmas, bach?

MAI JONES:

We had to, he ate the turkey, see. Only way we could get it back, bach.

MILLIGAN:

Meiouw. Meiouw.

SEAGOON:

Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss. Come here, puss, bach.

MILLIGAN:

Meiouw, meiouw, bach.

SEAGOON:

That's the first time I heard a cat bark.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, GALLOPING COCONUT SHELLS FAST

ECCLES:

Hello, Neddie batch.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's Eccles the brain.

ECCLES:

Hello Nedieeee. Heelloo Nedieeee.

SEAGOON:

What the 'ell are you talking about?

ECCLES:

Ahhh, ohhhh. I've been taking talking lessons. Hallo Neddie. I'm gonna be an actor. To be or not to be, that is the question.

SEAGOON:

Shakespeare, huh?

ECCLES:

No, dat's Hamlet.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Have you seen Richard the Third?

ECCLES:

Oh, no. He died before I was born.

SEAGOON:

Dead? He can't be. Only last week I saw him in a picture.

ECCLES:

Ooh. Well, it must have been an old one. Friends, Romans and countrymen and those living in Coventry. Lend me your ears. I come...

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles. Shut up, Eccles. Oh, that's me!

MAI JONES:

Harry, what's this I hear, you playing the organ in the chapel?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, mam. Play it lovely, I do.

MAI JONES:

Then why have half the congregation changed their religion?

SEAGOON:

They don't appreciate a musical genius, that's why.

MAI JONES:

Oh, well, they're rotten...

SEAGOON:

You see, one day I'll be another Reg the Dixon. Another Sandy the MacNabs.

FX:

HEAVY DOOR KNOB RATTLING, DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, listeners? A door.

GREENSLADE:

(USUAL POSH ENGLISH ACCENT) Good evening, Mrs. Seagoon batch. Look, it is I, isn't it, batch.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Who're you kidding?

MAI JONES:

Oh, it's Greenslade, the voice from under milkwood. Lovely man he is, too. Pull up Eccles and sit down.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh.

GREENSLADE:

Sorry, batch. Mrs. Seagoon, may I see you alone?

MAI JONES:

Ohhh, you devil! My husband's still in the house, as well.

GREENSLADE:

Madam, I came here merely to discuss Neddie. The villagers have sent me here with this money to send Neddie away for a musical education... (GOES OFF TALKING)

MAI JONES:

Well, really, I never thought it was like that, you know... (FADES)

SEAGOON:

And so Eccles and I left the village. As we reached the top of the hill we turned and waved and the villagers replied.

GRAMS:

RIFLE SHOTS, RICOCHETS IN FOREGROUND

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, listeners? Ha ha.

GREENSLADE:

For years we heard nothing from Neddie. And then, one day...

MAI JONES:

We heard nothing from him again.

GRAMS:

WELSH MALE VOICE CHOIR GENTLY SINGING

GREENSLADE:

We put a light in the window. Nothing much happened - except the house burnt down. The first people to see him again were two gentlemen purchasing arms for the Egyptians.

GRAMS:

OLD MOTOR CAR

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Moriarty and myself were searching the North African deserts for old derelict tanks and guns.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) I'm walking backwards for Christmas, across the Irish sea...

GRYTPYPE:

Stop the car. Stop the car.

GRAMS:

CAR STOPS DEAD

GRYTPYPE:

I thought I saw a Greek urn buried in the sand.

MORIARTY:

What's a Greek urn?

GRYTPYPE:

It's a vase made by Greeks for carrying liquids.

MORIARTY:

I didn't expect that answer.

GRYTPYPE:

Neither did quite a few smart alec listeners. Drive on, Moriarty.

GRAMS:

THE ORGAN APPROACHING

GRYTPYPE:

No wait... Listen.

GRAMS:

THE ORGAN APPROACHES AT SPEED - AND PASSES

MORIARTY:

By the great sweaters of Sabrina! Did you see that, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, yes. A man driving a cinema organ at speed.

MORIARTY:

Yes, I can't understand it, the nearest Odeon is at Clapham.

GRYTPYPE:

The poor devil must be lost.

MORIARTY:

Lost? Sapristi Nobollers! What's a cinema organist doing in the Sahara Desert?

GRYTPYPE:

It might be Sandy on holiday.

MORIARTY:

It's always Sandy on holiday in Sahara.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

MORIARTY:

Look, he's turning round and he's coming back.

GRAMS:

ORGAN APPROACHES AND SLOWS DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty, put on evening dress, it's a white man.

SEAGOON:

I say, hello there.

GRYTPYPE:

We say hello there, too. Have a statue of George the Third.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, they give me a headache.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, bad luck.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha. Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

I saw you parked here, I thought you might be having trouble with your car.

MORIARTY:

We are.

SEAGOON:

What's wrong?

MORIARTY:

We can't keep up the instalments.

SEAGOON:

When did you buy it?

MORIARTY:

Yesterday.

GRYTPYPE:

I say, aren't you Ned Seagoon, the colden-voiced coon?

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's me.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, at last we meet then, face to face.

SEAGOON:

Horrible isn't it? (CORPSES)

GRYTPYPE:

Only for me.

SEAGOON:

Remains to be seen.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

A turkey after Christmas. Ha ha! I say, look here.

GRYTPYPE:

Man to man, Neddie, how's the record selling?

SEAGOON:

Well, it's number scrimpson scree and throo on Housewives' Choice and third on the...

MORIARTY:

Stop this crazy-type talking! Let's get going, Grytpype. My wife is waiting for you to come home.

GRYTPYPE:

Not so fast, crazy-type frog-eater. Neddie? Allow me to introduce my heavily-oiled friend here, Count Fred Moriarty, crack leather bucaine player and voted Mr. Thin Legs of 1912.

MORIARTY:

Correction, please, Mr Thin Leg.

GRYTPYPE:

Leg?

MORIARTY:

Yes, I only entered one.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah.

MORIARTY:

Now Seagoon, tell us, what is that fifty-ton brass-bound contraption you're driving?

SEAGOON:

It's a Wurlitzer.

MORIARTY:

We thought it was a mirage.

SEAGOON:

A mirage? I've never heard of that make. Ha ha!

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, what wit. You're not the famous Evelyn Waugh, are you?

SEAGOON:

Heavens no, I wasn't born till 1918.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you must be the 1918 Waugh.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

Touché.

SEAGOON:

Threeché.

MORIARTY:

Sabrina.

OMNES:

(SHARP) Hooray!

GRYTPYPE:

I'm glad two thirds of us agree. While the listeners are wondering what this all means, here is Max Geldray to play his perforated Arab neck twig and steam boot.

MAX GELDRAI:

'I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE'

GREENSLADE:

The Mighty Wurlitzer, Part Two. Hip hip.

OMNES:

Hooray!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. It did not take long for Grytpype-Thynne to realise that Neddie's mighty high-speed organ would make good gun barrels for the tanks now waiting at Antwerp for shipment to Egypt.

SEAGOON:

Mr Grytpype-Thynne and Mr Thin Leg of 1912 took me to lunch at the Swank Hotel des Wogs in Cairo.

GRAMS:

WOG TRIO

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, well, did you enjoy the meal, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

You asked me why I only play my organ whilst travelling at speed or faster. Well, I didn't want people to copy my technique. I didn't like them looking over my shoulder so the answer was... keep moving.

MORIARTY:

You're brilliant! You're the cleverest idiot I've ever met.

SEAGOON:

Then you haven't met the man who pumps the organ, Eccles.

FX:

FAST COCONUT SHELLS

ECCLES:

Hello, Neddie. Now is the winter of our discontent...

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

No, shut, up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up. Get up.

GRYTPYPE:

Sit down, Mr. Eccles. Now that you're here, you can do something useful.

ECCLES:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Go away. No, better still, better still, put this to your head and pull the trigger.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Oooooooooow!

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now Neddie, I suppose you must be wondering why we brought you here.

SEAGOON:

You know, I've been wondering why you brought me here.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, (WHISPERING AWKWARDLY) Neddie, we've heard you play the organ and we don't rather think that you've got it.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish. Next to Reg Dixon I'm the greatest player in the world.

MORIARTY:

Nonsense, Ena Baga could play better than you.

SEAGOON:

I'd like to hear Ena Baga try it.

MORIARTY:

Little tone-deaf lad, I'm an authority on the organ playing. You haven't a hope in the world of becoming a great organ player.

SEAGOON:

What! (SOBS) Oh, what a terrible turribule shock! For ten years I've studied organ playing in the Sahara and now... failure! And sunburn! I ask you, what can I do with my fifty-ton brass-bound organ?

GRYTPYPE:

May I make a suggestion?

SEAGOON:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you could be the first man to break the world's land speed record in a Wurlitzer.

SEAGOON:

I've never heard such a ridiculous idea.

GRYTPYPE:

Neither have I, but there it is.

MORIARTY:

Neddie? Neddie, if you do this thing, it would make Reg Dixon green with envy, lad.

SEAGOON:

Mmm, that sounds interesting. What do you say, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Nuttin', I'm dead.

SEAGOON:

And it suits you.

FX:

PISTOL

SEAGOON:

Aaah!

ECCLES:

And it suits you, too.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop this crazy-type humour. Answer now, do you want to break the land speed record in a Wurlitzer?

SEAGOON:

Alright, what have I to lose?

MORIARTY:

Good work, Grytpype, we've got him. Ha ha ha!

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Paris... Armaments for Egypt...

ORCHESTRA:

RISING APRIL IN PARIS-CHORD LINK

SEAGOON:

By raising an overdraft at the Bank of Jerusalem, no mean feat in itself, I shipped my organ and its crew to Daytona Beach, America for the record run. There we engaged the world's greatest military organ engineer.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Whooooaaaarggghh! Slud blan dweeee, ohhh, that's better.

MORIARTY:

Then don't come near me. Now Bloodnok, remember, loosen all the nuts and bolts so that when he's travelling at speed the whole organ falls to pieces.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you for telling me the plot. Now then, what about the moolah?

MORIARTY:

Moolah? No money until the sabotage is done!

BLOODNOK:

What!? Great heaps of green splat! (CHICKEN CLUCKING NOISE)

MORIARTY:

Stop using that fowl language!

SEAGOON:

Hello, I presume you're Major Bloodnok come to help me maintain my organ.

BLOODNOK:

I am, and how is the Wurlitzer this morning?

SEAGOON:

Running like a bird. (CLUCKING) I'm rather broody. Yes, I... I warmed her up with Handel's Largo then two laps with Reg Dixon's Blackpool Nights Medley.

MILLIGAN:

(QUIET) Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

What melody are you playing for the record run?

SEAGOON:

Twelfth Street Rag. It's the fastest tune in the world.

BLOODNOK:

Well, to wish you luck I shall have a nip of brandy. Are you going to have a tiny tot?

SEAGOON:

If I did it would be the sensation of the medical world.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you... you naughty-type Wurlitzer player, you!

SEAGOON:

Major, I want you to meet my organ pumper, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello... Major!

BLOODNOK:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Major!

BLOODNOK:

Private Eccles!

ECCLES:

Private Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Me old batman!

ECCLES:

Old batman.

BLOODNOK:

You remember me, Major Bloodnok?

ECCLES:

I remember you, Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Aeiough, yes.

ECCLES:

Aeiough, yes.

BLOODNOK:

You must remember the good times we had?

ECCLES:

I remember the good times we had.

BLOODNOK:

Remember that Naafi bird?

ECCLES:

I remember that Naafi bird.

BLOODNOK:

What was her name now?

ECCLES:

Now.

BLOODNOK:

Filthy Gladys.

ECCLES:

Her name was Filthy Gladys.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Course you were too young to enjoy it but me and the lads, we had a wonderful time with her, Ohhhhh...

ECCLES:

Ohhhh... you and the lads had a wonderful time wid her.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. I wonder what became of old Filthy Gladys.

ECCLES:

I married her. And then... and then I deserted.

BLOODNOK:

Deserted? Then why are you wearing that military medal?

ECCLES:

All my clothes are at the laundry.

BLOODNOK:

Heavens, you mean they accepted them?

ECCLES:

Only for burning.

BLOODNOK:

Of course, of course! (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. All was set, then. Tomorrow, the world's land speed record for Wurlitzers. In the meantime, Ray Ellington will play his canvas porridge bin and oiled groin bush.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'LATE NIGHT FINAL'

ECCLES:

Oooaarrgghhoo...

GREENSLADE:

The Mighty Wurlitzer, part the three. Hip Hip

OMNES:

Hooray!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Next morning on Daytona Beach, a shock was in store for Neddie.

FX:

TAPPING AND FILING

SEAGOON:

Yes. To my horror a second great organ, the festival organ, was being prepared for an attack on the world's land speed record.

FX:

TAPPING AND FILING

MINNIE BANNISTER:

(SINGING) Bom bom biddle bo... (GETTING JAZZIER THEN MILLIGAN CORPSES)

HENRY CRUN:

Stop that sinful, sexy, crazy American rhythm singing.

MINNIE:

Aaaaooohhh. You're corny, buddy. Yes, remember what Jim Davidson said? Get modern in six weeks or get out. (SINGS) Have you ever heard two love birds talk, yakka bacca cooo... (ETC)

HENRY CRUN:

Listen, you mustn't talk like that to me, I'm... I'm a friend of Paul Fenoulhet.

MINNIE:

...Naughty... (CONTINUES SINGING)

HENRY CRUN:

(SHOUTS) Stop it Min!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

You're driving me into a frenzy of evil dancing.

MINNIE:

No, I'm not gonna stop my rhythm...

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(ARGUING FURIOUSLY - STOP SUDDENLY)

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(ARGUING FURIOUSLY - STOP SUDDENLY)

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(ARGUING FURIOUSLY - STOP SUDDENLY)

MINNIE:

Aaaaooooohhh.

HENRY CRUN:

Stop it, I say! Stop it! Stop that crazy rhythm, you sinful woman, Min. Now let's get on with the work. Have you cleared that E flat pipe yet?

MINNIE:

Yes, buddy. Yes, try it now.

GRAMS:

TWO TOOTS ON ORGAN

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, listeners? Yakaka.

HENRY CRUN:

Eureka! It's clear, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Ooh, it sounds real cool.

MINNIE:

Real cool, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Get your woollen crash helmet on, I'm taking it out on a trial run.

MINNIE:

You're taking my crash helmet on a trial run, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

No, no, Min.

MINNIE:

You – no, Hen.

HENRY CRUN:

Get in, buddy.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy. Get...

HENRY CRUN:

Hold tight.

MINNIE:

Crazy...

GRAMS:

MOTOR CAR STARTING; PROGRESSION OF GEAR CHANGING INTO DIFFERENT SPEED ORGAN TUNES, GOES INTO DISTANCE WITH MINNIE DOING VARIOUS NOISES

SEAGOON:

Great wrinkled things! Did you see that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes, I saw that, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Another organ trying to break the record. This is more than fat and bone can stand. Any of you spectators have any knowledge of that organ?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have certain knowledges, I have. (AUDIENCE APPLAUD) Hooray! Large amounts of the... your Archers are in the audiences. Enter Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

Ah, it is a little cardboard East Finchley mechanic.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Lad, lad, now. Tell me, what speed does Mr. Crun's organ do?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I shall not telle-d you! I have been sworn to secrencyns by Mr. Crunge and Miss Ballistrade.

SEAGOON:

Lad, lad, lad. Tell me and these two ounces of cardboard brandy balls are yours.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh, cardboard brandy balls. Thank you. Thinks: with these type sweets my prestinge will increase at school. Yes. Thinks again: if I gave one of them to Winnie Hemp, it... it might act like a love philtre on her. And then... ehhe heheheheee...

SEAGOON:

Thinks: you dirty little devil!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: are you referring to me?

SEAGOON:

Thinks: yes I am.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: you big, fat steaming nit, you.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: Take that!

FX:

WALLOP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: O000ooohhhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

There, there, don't take it so hard. It was only in thinks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mmm. Thinks: doesn't say anything, just thinks.

SEAGOON:

Here, lad. Now here are the brandy balls. Now, how fast does Mr. Crun's Wurlitzer go?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will tell you. Eighty mumph.

SEAGOON:

Mumph?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, Eighty M.P.H. Mumph.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Gad, gid! Mine's only ever done 50 mumph!

MORIARTY:

Then it must be destroyed! (TO LISTENERS) This means more scrap for us, listeners. (TO NEDDIE)
Here, Neddie, put this bomb in the E flat organ pipe.

SEAGOON:

I'm too fat to get in that.

MORIARTY:

Er, let me see now, who's thin enough to get in?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shall I go home now, captain, I got my...

SEAGOON:

Yes, you!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH AWAY

BLUEBOTTLE:

(MILES AWAY) Goodbye!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, come down off that Mount Everest.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, you will dead me! 'Blange', you will go and I will be blanged.

SEAGOON:

Here's a picture of Sabriiiinaaaa!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

Where? Where? Where?

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! Bloodnok! Throw that sofa away! Now... Bloodnok, Bloodnok come here, you'll do. Now, put this bomb in Mr Crun's Wurlitzer.

BLOODNOK:

What? Yeah alright, I'll do it. But for fifty pounds.

SEAGOON:

Gad, there are no flies on you.

BLOODNOK:

I know, but they'll be back in the spring again.

SEAGOON:

There, fifty pounds in used custard.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

GRAMS:

CRUN'S ORGAN DRIVES UP TO A STOP

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Ahh, ahh, there, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

We've just done sixty miles an hour in the organ, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

I'll beat that. Stand aside! So saying, I sprang into the cockpit of my Wurlitzer.

GRAMS:

ORGAN STARTS UP, THEN FALLS TO PIECES; SOUND OF GREAT HOLLOW ORGAN PIPES HITTING THE GROUND

MORIARTY:

Hoe arr! Good work, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(APPROACH) Oohh ohhhh. Cruel, cruel fate. My Wurlitzer - fallen to pieces.

HENRY CRUN:

Then we hold the record for Wurlitzers. Hooray!

SEAGOON:

No, no, I'll not be forestalled or fivestalled! Out of my way.

BLOODNOK:

So saying, he sprang into Crun's Wurlitzer and strapped himself into the leather playing seat.

GRAMS:

ORGAN STARTS UP, DRIVES AWAY

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, Did you remember to put the bomb in?

BLOODNOK:

Er, let me think, I... I...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, was how Neddie Seagoon broke the world altitude record for organs. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show - a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, 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 programme produced by Peter Eton.

Notes:

Reg Dixon was a well-known organist who played in the ballroom under the Blackpool Tower.

Sandy MacNabs is cockney rhyming slang for crabs (pubic lice)

Evelyn Waugh was an English writer.

Paul Fenoulhet was a conductor of various BBC orchestras.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.