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**Appendix A**  
**to CBSC Decision 00/01-0688**

**CFMI-FM re *Brother Jake Morning Show***

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The following are transcripts of just a few excerpts from the *Brother Jake Morning Show* episodes of February 9, May 25 and May 31, 2001. They serve to illustrate the material that formed the basis of the British Columbia Regional Panel's findings under each of the subheadings explained in the decision.

**Sexually Explicit Segments**

Hosts' banter

[words sung]: "Did you ever wonder, if your mom gave dad a blow-job right before she kissed you good-night?"

Jake: What? Where did that come from?

Marty: I don't know. It just seemed to come out of nowhere.

Jake: Wow. Just in time for Kids' Joke Friday coming up in 50 minutes.

Marty: That left a bad taste in my mouth. [Corrie laughs]

Jake: Aww. Oh. I better take it easy, I'm ready to say anything.

Mexican woman comedic sketch

woman with Mexican accent, obviously in the throes of passion: Oh my, what is dat? Is dat your piñat? Oh my gawd, it is very very big, oh baby more [moaning] Oh that's it! Is dat your tongue?! Oh yes the tongue, yes the tongue! Oh the finger, yes the finger! [unintelligible] Let me wipe your mouth.

Hosts' discussions

Jake: How 'bout that e-mail I got e-mailed yesterday?

Marty: Oh, oh my god.

Jake: Wow.

Marty: It was disturbing.

Corrie: Which one?

Jake: The one -. It was very disturbing. The guy rolls up his pant sleeve. Rolls it all the way up, his pant cuff, all the way to the knee.

Marty: Right.

Jake: Lubes up his foot. And sticks it in this girl's butt. And the woman, she's lying there and her legs somehow are back behind her ears. She's very limber, she's a very limber girl.

Corrie: That's not a bad thing.

Jake: Wow, that was disturbing! You people out there e-mailing that stuff, geez ... keep it up. [Corrie laughs].

Marty: I saw that for about five seconds and I need about five years of therapy. [all laugh]

Jake: I don't know if I can ever wear an open-toed sandal again. [all laugh] The one with the big straps are really turning me on.

### Sex on the workbench conversation

Jake: You look tired.

Neil: I'm a little, well ...

Jake: Marty, take a look at him, he's got bags under his eyes.

Neil: I gotta tell, it was kind of a weird night last night. I met this girl on the chat line.

Jake: Right.

Neil: Turns out she's a hockey freak much like I am.

Jake: Uh huh.

Neil: So I gave it my best shot and I e-mailed her as hard as I could and I took her to the game.

Jake: Uh huh. You e-mailed her as hard as you could?

Neil: [laughs] Fast and boom boom boom. Here we go. You know, hard and strong.

Jake: Be strong.

Neil: Be forceful.

Jake: Yes.

Neil: So, we go to this hockey game, it's like sparks are flying all night. And this is pretty odd 'cause I'm usually peaked at, what?, two, three in the afternoon.

Jake: Yeah.

Neil: So we go back to my place, put on a little Barry Manilow. I mean I was so horny I actually spent the money to turn on my gas fireplace. You know how expensive that is these days.

Jake: Yeah, and you being Scottish.

Neil: She starts to do this wild striptease. Gets down to her thong. I'm thinkin' okay --

Jake: To Barry Manilow?

Neil: Yea.

Jake: [sings] "Oh Mandy, you came and you showed me."  
And she's takin' her clothes off?

Neil: Okay, well I figure I'd put him in, he's barely man enough so I'd look good. So she starts doing this little striptease down to the thong and Valentine's Day is already here, so let the games begin because, you know, I'm so

much at attention I should be singing the national anthem.  
So I pick her up, throw her onto the workbench.

Jake: On a workbench?

Neil: Well it's a bench.

Jake: Oh geez. [laughs]

Neil: So I'm just lettin' her have it. It's just --

Jake: What is wrong with you?

Neil: What, you don't like this picture?

Jake: I'm not sure where this is going. It's scaring me. [all laughing]

Marty: The workbench.

Neil: So she's goin' nuts grabbin' my nuts and I'm just thinkin' "this is great". [all laughing] So after about forty-five minutes

Jake: What?! is wrong with you? Grabbin' your what?

Marty: On the workbench.

Jake: On the workbench.

Neil: So after what I'm sure was an hour and a half.

Jake: Oh I'm sure it was.

Neil: She's on the big fellow, she's ready to let loose. It's like I'm takin' on the grouse grind. And the moment comes and she starts screamin' "Bobby, Bobby".

Jake: Bobby? Who's Bobby? I told you that routine wouldn't work.

Neil: [unintelligible]

Jake: Were you at the hockey game last night or not? [all laughing] Wow, we've just stepped, we've taken fifteen

large steps backward. And actually we've, we've actually stepped --

Neil: Eighteen thousand people screaming "Bobbyz"  
[laughing]

Jake: Oh my god. You're right, that's ...

Marty: I actually thought of Bob Essensa and I still don't get it.

Jake: Yeah. You thought of Bob Essensa and you still don't get it?

Marty: Yeah, yeah.

Neil:: That's probably why you're not getting it Marty. [all laugh] So, of course, she's on the floor while I'm ...

Marty: You're never getting it again Neil. At least with anybody who heard that.

Jake: Yeah, exactly.

Corrie: Stay off the chat line.

Jake: [imitating Neil] "I put her on the workbench and I was just givin' her eh."

Corrie: How romantic.

Jake: He's a sensitive man. He's in touch with his feminine side. And I bet you, I bet you this girl that you had on the workbench probably had a little air nipple valve where you have to inflate about thirty-eight pounds per square inch. That's wild. So you wanna talk any sports, or is that, have you peaked?

Neil: Well no, I was just sayin' that *Bobby* played well last night. [all laugh] It was a night for the back-up.

Jake: Yea. And they sent you in.

Neil: Shields played well and uh --

Jake: Did you have your Shields by the way with ya? [all laugh]

Neil: The Shields played well.

Jake: [laughing] The Shields played well.

Neil: And now all of a sudden it's startin' to work.

Jake: Yeah, because we're involved. [all laugh] That's right. On your own. I think you're on your own. I think you need help. You need comedic help, my friend. Ahh, so you did have a pretty good night, I can tell you had a pretty good night.

[talk about the game]

Jake: [...] Now, Cloutier, how big is Cloutier? Is he like six-one, six-two, is he a big boy?

Neil: Well I didn't go into the locker room, Jake. I don't know.

Jake: I'm surprised you didn't go and check everybody's private parts out in there. 'Cause you're on a tangent, you know.

Marty: You might wanna put them on the workbench.

Jake: Yeah, yeah, you might want to throw Cloutier on the workbench.

Marty: Excuse me, can I bench you, you're Bobby. [all laugh]

Jake: But he's a big lad isn't he? I think as size goes. He says, Bert says, he's a big lad, a very strong guy and he hasn't had anybody around him defensively in Tampa to make him a good goaltender.

Neil: When I heard Bert describe him, I thought 'what is this, déjà vu?', I thought you were talking about Kevin Weekes.

Jake: Uh huh.

Neil: Same thing.

Jake: Really, that's what you thought?

Neil: Yeahh, I thought of Kevin Weekes.

Jake: That went right through your mind? That and the copious amounts of sex you're having on the workbench. [Neil laughs] Bobby! Bobby! Oh boy. You should loosen the vice on the workbench.

call from listener named Steve to win prize pack

Jake: I'm going to send you to the Canucks game.

Steve: All right.

Jake: I'm going to send you to the Canucks game and I believe it's Valentine's Day and we're going to throw in a beautiful little prize from the Love Nest as well.

Steve: All right.

Jake: Now do you have a girl?

Steve: I have a girl.

Jake: You have a girl. You married?

Steve: Uh, getting closer.

Jake: Are you living together?

Steve: Yes.

Jake: Ah ha. This one here is valued, this nest basket number five, love basket number five, a hundred and fifty dollars. You get the Kama Sutra weekender kit; it includes the honey dust, the pleasure balm, the mint-tree shower gel, the clove shower gel, edible warming oil of love and feather ticklers. No, I'm not done yet Steve! [Corrie makes cat meowing noise]. A bottle of wet flavoured lubricant, a love mask. We've talked about the love mask.

Corrie: Zipper not included.

Jake: Uh, one jelly egg, small soft vibrator for foreplay, one sexual positions book, a forty eight hour West coast aromatherapy candle, plus a fifty dollar gift certificate for the Love Nest.

Steve: Oh we're going to be busy.

Jake: Yeah, you are going to be busy. Plus I'm going to throw you into the draw for the grand prize Bro' Jake's red hot seat. The Canucks versus Washington game [...].

### **Segments Involving Comments About Identifiable Groups**

#### Olaf segment

Olaf (with a Scandinavian accent) talks about his three-legged dog humping its squeaky toy [sounds of squeaky toy].

Olaf: I'm excited the Blow Jake is coming.

Jake: What?

Olaf: You know your golf tournament in Nananyimo is coming and I'm going to be there.

Jake: No you said you were excited to blow Jake.

Olaf: Yeah, the golfing tournament. Everybody wants to go to the Blow Jake.

Jake: It's the *Bro'* Jake, brother, short for 'brother'. B-R--

Olaf: Yeah, you're crazy. Jakie?

Jake: What?

Olaf: You know Doctor Yubenyankinoff, your doctor what you was recommended for me?

Jake: Yea.

Olaf: When he's writing an article in the Humpmeanddumpmestein paper and he's saying that forty percent of men are in the shower and they're

masterbashing, and the other percentage they're all singing a brand new song and you know what that hit is?

Jake: What?

Olaf: [laughs] I didn't think so.

"Gay James Bond" movie parody

[male voice-over]: The Gay James Bond is back.

[woman singing]: "Brownfinger. He's the one, the one with the stinky finger."

male voice-over: The Gay James Bond excited you in *The Guy Who Loved Me, From Russell With Love, Dr. Yes, Thunderball, Octopenis* and *Never Say Never to Rear End*. Now the Gay James Bond is back in *Brownfinger*."

[clips from the fictional movie]

Blowfellow: You got me from behind again oh-oh-seven inches.

Bond: I can smell evil and I know you are the butt of all evil, Blowfellow.

Blowfellow: Let me put something on the stereo Mr. Bond.  
[sound of the song *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*]

Bond: Oh, you know I can't resist Judy Garland. I can't fight you Blowfellow. Do you feel like dancing?

Blowfellow: Let me call in my evil henchman Handjob.

Handjob: You wanted to see me Mr. Blowfellow.

Blowfellow: Spank Mr. Bond.

Handjob: Oh yes.

Bond: [groan] Oh yes [groan] oh clever, Blowfellow, got me to fall in love and [unintelligible].

Blowfellow: Not this time Mr. Bond.

Bond: Hmm. Essandemm gave me those exploding anal beads. Now if I could just get him into bed.

Blowfellow: Mr. Bond, Mr. Bond. I see the spanking had no effect. I have something that will scare you into submission.

Bond: Not [unintelligible name]?!

Blowfellow: Oh no, we got rid of that bitch. Remember the guy with the sharp pointed metal teeth?

Bond: Jaws?

Blowfellow: Yes, Jaws.

Bond: What are you thinking Blowfellow?

Blowfellow: Bring in Jaws and bring in the new guy.

[woman singing]: "Brownfinger. He's the one, the one with the stinky finger."

[male voice-over]: The Gay James Bond returns in *Brownfinger*. Coming soon.

### Heavyweight Joe conversation

Marty: It kind of reminds me of something that happened to Heavyweight Joe.

Jake: Oh?

"Joe": Hey, hey, hey, you know I went to a bar the other day. It was a different kind of a place. Never been there before.

Jake: Was it Maverick's?

"Joe": No, it was different from that. It was a lot of fellas were there, really well-dressed guys. Anyway, this guy comes up to me and says "Hey Heavyweight Joe." He must've recognized me. He said "Hey Heavyweight Joe. I'm a gay man and I'd like to have SEX with YOU!" [all laughing] I says, "Excuse me?".

Jake: That's what I would say.

Joe: Well, I said, and then this guy says "Well let me rephrase that. I am a gay man and I would like to have sexual relations with you. Perhaps touching or fondling, what have you, right here, right now." [all laughing] Well, I thought about it for a while, but Brad and I have been dating for about seven months and I didn't want to blow it for some one-night stand. Ever since I've been Heavyweight Joe, it's totally different.

### **Segments Involving Matters of Taste**

#### "Dog Balls" sports report

Jake: Well guys, what's going on? Anything? Anything exciting?

Marty: Well, I was watching the Canucks game last night. I was glued to the TV.

Jake: Yeah.

Marty: Until the start of the third period and then I woke up and Michelle woke me up 'cause I was snorin'.

Jake: You don't snore?

Marty: Yeah. Well I wasn't sure who won, but I know now.

Jake: Yeah. There was, dog balls.

Marty: Yep.

Jake: They're dog balls.

Marty: Dog balls.

Jake: Two zeroes. They're called either an 'eight' in golf or dog balls. I got dog balls.

Marty: Right on.

Jake: So. My dog can't get dog balls because he had those removed.

Marty: Oh, poor guy.

Jake: Those two large bangs you might have heard in North Van. About a year ago, you remember that? [other hosts laugh] Oh, it was awful. Remember the morning when he woke up.

Marty: Oh, I do.

Jake: Woke up and turned around and learned that in fact they weren't coming back. And I felt so bad that I dropped trou' and let him lick mine. [Corrie & Marty laugh]

Marty: Oh, that's such a beautiful story.

Corrie: What a nice guy.

Jake: That's the kind of guy I am.

Marty: Your balls are showing. Your balls are showing. [in stage whisper]

#### Hosts' banter

Corrie: How are *you* doin'?

Jake: Cover me, I'm goin' in. [all laugh]

Lexy: [in background] Hold my import.

Jake: We've got some --

Corrie: Hold my import.

Jake: Hold your what? Your import? Where is that import? [all laugh]

Lexy: It's in that commercial. He's like "Hold my import."

Jake: Oh, I wasn't sure. I'd like you to hold my import.

Lexy: Okay.

Marty: That's no import. That's a domestic.

Jake: No, that's an import. How do you know it's a domestic?

Marty: I just guessed.

Corrie: I think it's a micro-brew. [all laugh]

Marty: Wow.

Jake: I don't think it's a micro-brew my friend. I think it's a young Lou Pinella.

Marty: And then take it and pop the top. [all laugh]

Jake: [in background] Polishing my girlfriend Pete. I didn't do it. That was a funny song. The young Lou Pinella. People go "what was funny about that?". Well young Lou Pinella, really, he always wore the turtle neck.

Marty: That's right.

Jake: Hence the ... uh-huh, uh-huh. And you look at Pinella's face and, I'm tellin' ya, it's a, it's about a pubic hair away from lookin' like a penis. [all laugh] With the big bulgy ferengi head on it.

#### Story about Jake in his boxer shorts

Jake tells a story about how he had to rush to his daughter's dance recital to deliver her inhaler because she was having an asthma attack.

Marty: And you were in your boxer shorts the whole time.

Jake: I was in my boxer shorts. The thing about boxer shorts, you know they do have a fly opening in the front.

Marty & Corrie: Yep.

Jake: And it was really weird. Seeing me with a young Lou Pinella hanging out my shorts.

Corrie: Nice. What a visual.

#### Kids Joke Segment May 25, 2001

Keegan (9 years old): One time my grandma was at the park with two friends and a man came by and flashed them. Both of her friends had a stroke, but my grandma, she couldn't reach.

Ryan (9 years old): If you're French in France and English in Canada, what are you in the bathroom? European.

Cody (12 years old): There's a blonde, a brunette and a red-head and all three ladies are pregnant. And the brunette says "I'm going to have a boy because I was on top." And then the red-head says "I'm gonna have a girl 'cause I was on the bottom." Then they both looked at the blonde; she's just sittin' there cryin'. And they say "What's wrong?" and the blonde says "I'm gonna have puppies 'cause I was in the middle."

#### Jake's comments after a news report

after a news story about a male prisoner who tried to escape by hiding a key under his foreskin:

Jake: Now I would be able to do that, but unfortunately my dad had mine cut off early, at an early age, and is now using it as a fan belt for his '57 Fairmont.

#### Flatulence conversation

after news report about a many who tried to extinguish the eternal flame at the Arc de Triomphe by sitting on it:

Jake: What an idiot! What an idiot! Let's stick my ass down on a flame at the Arc de Triomphe. This'll be funny! This'll be very funny. Is he a French guy?

Marty: I'm not exactly sure. I don't really know. I believe he was, yeah.

Jake: Wow.

Marty: I thought maybe he was going to pass wind. See that would be funny.

Jake: That would be the biggest blue angel ever. You're sitting over there and the eternal flame blowing and then all of a sudden a little flatulence. You gotta do it just right

when you're doing a blue angel. I don't know how anybody -. Don't, by the way, I do not recommend anybody at home try a blue angel. That's lighting farts. Women don't believe it, do they, Oly?

Oly: They don't.

Jake: But we've shown them, haven't we?

Oly: Well, there's not a guy out there that hasn't seen it, done it or heard about it.

Jake: Oh yeah. The funniest one I ever saw was in Moncton and it was at a Harvey's restaurant parking lot with Hazing Horseman. And Hazing was four hundred pounds of man.