

AMERICA'S FINEST STAFF

EDITOR AND SWELL EGG:Howard Ostrowsky ,Founder
VICE-PRESIDENT AND PEACHY DRESSER:Joe Pinto
TREASURED TREASURER:John Rawlins
WONDERFUL BUSINESS MANAGER:John Gernand
SECRETARY WITH NEAT LEGGS:Joe DePillis
COORDINATED EDITORIAL COORDINATOR:Steve Korn
FASTIDIOUS OFFICE MANAGER:Bob Young
LOVELY PEOPLE TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION BUT
GREAT CONTIBUTORS NONE-THE-LESS: Pamela
Ehrenkranz ,Dan Fiorella ,Brodie Mack ,Ray
Morton ,Lori Vogel and Andy Yiannakos
(Not to mention Amy Burns, so we won't)

We would like to thank all the thousands of people who turned out at our first stage show "You Had To Be There!" held March 3 at Eisner-Lubin.The show was such a success that we plan on thinking about it again in the near future.And they said it couldn't be done!

As you may notice, this month we have for your dancing pleasure the world famous National Enquirer parody. The Enquirer holds a special place in our hearts here at The Plague because many of us will probably end up working for them. We can only hope that our tribute will be as funny as the real thing.

Poet's Corner

THE CABBIE'S EXULTED KNOWLEDGE

Ambling around / all over town
I see a taxi / and flag him down
I hand him a five / he begins to drive
He oozes greenfoam / I leave it alone.
Until I blow blue glass / when he becomes real crass
"I have all the answers," he says, "It's
The questions that give me problems."

- John R. Gernand

LUCY ON THE TUBE

by John Rawlins

Picture yourself on a fifties TV show
With real-life laughtracks from people long dead
Ricky Ricardo swears loudly in Cuban
His wife has a vase on her head.

Lucy on the tube with Ricky,
Lucy on the tube with Ethel,
Lucy on the tube with Mooney, Aaaa . . .

Whether she's riding down the Colorado
Or putting whipped cream on sundaes,
It doesn't matter, you saw this one last week
But the news is so boring these days.

Lucy on the tube beats Archie
Lucy on the tube beats Lobo
Lucy on the tube beats Vegas, Aaaa . . .

OLD MAN SAWHILL'S SCHOOL

by John Rawlins

Old man Sawhill had a school
N-Y, N-Y-U
And from this school he made big bucks
N-Y, N-Y-U
From a student here and a student there
Here a buck, there a buck, everywhere a buck buck
Old man Sawhill had a school
N-Y, N-Y-U.

Old man Sawhill left his school
N-Y, N-Y-U
To make more bucks down in Washington
N-Y, N-Y-U
From a taxpayer here and a taxpayer there
And a puppet president filling in up here
Rich man Sawhill had two jobs
D-C, N-Y-U

Old man Ivan was a stiff
N-Y, N-Y-U
But no one cared, they're too busy to
N-Y, N-Y-U
They're a-studying psych, they're a-studying math,
Here a chem, there an art, everywhere a sparrow-fart
Old man Ivan was a stiff
N-Y, N-Y-U

Each year students graduate
Goodbye, N-Y-U
And can't find any employment,
Hello, T-C-I
With a waitress here and a postman there
And a really lucky guy in TV repair
But old man Sawhill makes big bucks
F-U, N-Y-U.

16.

INS AND OUTS OF THE 80's: THE TRENDS THAT CUE MAGAZINE FORGOT (OR WERE TOO FRIGHTENED BY) TO TELL YOU ABOUT IN JANUARY.

Table with 6 columns: Activities, Mind-altering substances, Beverages, Clothing, Beautiful people, Cold weather wear, Locations, Celebrities, Lifestyles, Male Models, Goose-down vests, Greenwich Village, Bruce Springsteen, Life in the Fast Lane, Hebephrenics, Tweed lingerie, Boise, Idaho, Oogie, Death in the Gutter.

ROCK SCENE

by Joe Pinto

Since this is the first ROCK SCENE to appear in the new decade, I thought that it would be appropriate to analyze where the music business is going....This should come as a surprise to no one, but disco is finally dying. Music clubs will start playing more kinds of music, as the word disco will disappear from the language entirely. The dance clubs will start playing dance music from the past and future, which will lead to such mixes as Big Band swing music followed by old CHUBBY CHECKER records, both of which will make a strong comeback....Punk will replace disco as being the "in" thing for people who don't know any better. The main reason for this will be the movie being made by ROBERT STIGWOOD. As you may recall, disco was an interesting diversion enjoyed by blacks, hispanics and gays until Stigwood made a movie called "Saturday Night Fever," a film that will live in infamy. Suddenly, the dance was storming the country, and the marketers were not far behind. Soon there was everything from disco dresses and handbags to diapers for the 'toddlin' toddler.' Such will be the fate for punk after "Times Square," Stiggy's punk movie. Punk will further spread its claws into such stores as Bloomingdale's and Fioricci and enter the Saks, Joyce Leslie and Woolworths. Not long after, we will see housewives with modified green crew-cuts and executives with ripped 3-piece suits. The traditionalists will either cash in as being trendsetters or get terribly upset and turn to reggae or muzak or something....Jazz will start fusing with everything it hasn't fused with before, leading to such interesting forms as jazz-classic, jazz-Montovani, punk-jazz (in reaction to the popularity of the movie), and, near the end of the decade, it will merge with an old, forgotten form of music. The result will be jazz-jazz, and we will all be better for it...Novelty song will make a strong comeback within the next five years. DR. DEMENTO, the leading exponent of the art, will come to be almost a prophet, and sects will pop up in California to worship him. Others to enjoy such religious devotion will include ROSS BAGASARIAN, better known as David Seville of CHIPMUNK fame, CHEECH AND CHONG, and SKILES AND HENDERSON. This

will become mechanized, so that the minute a new song hits the top of the charts, a parody record will be made of it almost instantly. BOBBY "BORRIS" PICKETT will become an instant millionaire as the leader in this field....The biggest craze that will hit the country will actually be something that is as American as apple pie. After the death of disco, thousands of people will be left with huge portable stereo radios, which had been such a fixture in the late 70's. In order to put these to good use, a new form of music will be sought out for them. (A matter of form fitting content, you see.) The result will be the return of the marching band music of the late, great JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA. WKTU will shift quickly to the music and will change its call letters to W\$\$\$ (for Sousa, Sousa, Sousa, of course). The frequent annoyance to people of these radios will burst into impromptu entertainment, as spontaneously, hundreds of radio-toting strangers on the street will take over the avenue with unrehearsed precision marching. It will not be an unusual sight to look out of your window one day and see a group of hundreds of strangers suddenly forming lines and marching in the shape of a huge trumpet, carrying their 'Subway Master' machines with relish. Unemployment will decrease as a result, as scores of mostly young, black out-of-work Drum Majors will roam the streets of the city on roller skates, waiting for a march to break out so that they can lead it.

THE ROCK SCENE TOP TEN

- 1: WESSONALITY: Florence Henderson
- 2: DOWN BY THE RIVER (I LOST MY BABY): Ted Kennedy
- 3: LA DI DA DAH: Oogie
- 4: PSYCHO CHICKEN: The Frying Gizzards
- 5: CRUEL TO BE KIND SHOES: Steve "Lowbrow" Martin
- 6: THE SAME OLD SONG: New Music
- 7: DRIED OUT: Barbara Streisand
- 8: OKLAHOMA!: Klaus Nomi
- 9: BLUEBERRY BLINTZES FOR MY STRAWBERRY BLONDE: Tex "Iggie" Fenster
- 10: GOOD GIRLS DON'T, SO WE DON'T EITHER: The Knuck.

ROCK SCENE fully supports the protest against the departure of New York's finest radio station, WPIX-FM. See the back cover.

THE FOLLOWING COMIC STRIP IS MADE POSSIBLE BY A GRANT FROM ALEXANDER'S FUR VAULT...

HEAVENS TO BETSY, BETSY, IT'S

SUPERRAT

TIME AGAIN!

THE STORY OF A RAT THAT DOESN'T KNOW ANY BETTER.

STORY: JOE PINTO ART: AMY BURNS

IN A WAY, IT IS. THOSE LITTLE MICE WERE FOLLOWING YOU AROUND. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN AT THE SITE OF A NUCLEAR DISASTER IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU.

YOU'RE RIGHT

THEY HAVE TO BE STOPPED, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON FOR THE JOB

CRUSADER RABBIT?

THE MICE, HAVING A POOR SENSE OF DIRECTION, LOST RALPHIE QUITE EARLY & FELT THAT THEY'D FIND HIM AT HIS STUDIO...



THEY DESTROYED EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH...

HOW WOULD IT LOOK IF WE LET SOMEONE ELSE TAKE THE GLORY?

BUT THOSE MICE ARE HOT ON HIS TRAIL!

YOU MEAN, WE GOTTA SAVE HIM FOR OURSELVES?! AND I'VE GOT JUST THE BAIT FOR THIS RAT-TRAP..

YOU MEAN...?

EXACTLY! A TELEGRAM

SOUNDS LIKE WE GOTTA SAVE HIM!

FRIENDS, DID YOU EVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHERE NOTHING SEEMS TO GO RIGHT? DID YOU EVER WAKE UP TO FIND THAT THE DOG HAD SNEAKED INTO YOUR ROOM DURING THE NIGHT AND PISSED ALL OVER THE BED, AND WHEN YOU STARTED YELLING AT HIM, HE BIT YOUR EARLOBE OFF? KNOW THE FEELING? SO DOES OUR HERO, RALPH THE RODENT. AS YOU RECALL FROM THE LAST EPISODE, SUPERRAT WAS MERELY TRYING TO FIND A REANING-FUL RELATIONSHIP IN THIS PLASTIC SOCIETY, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, RADIOACTIVE MUTANT MICE WERE TRYING TO KILL HIM. IT'S BEEN DOWN HILL EVER SINCE...

ON THE AIR / STAND BY

RALPH, THOSE MICE ARE WRECKING THE COUNTRY-SIDE, SCREAMING FOR YOUR BLOOD. THE MAN ON THE RADIO JUST SAID THAT THEY'VE JUST DESTROYED PHILADELPHIA!

AT LEAST SOME GOOD HAS COME OF ALL THIS! SURELY YOU DON'T MEAN TO IMPLY THAT THIS IS ALL MY FAULT?!



NO, YOU!! YOU HAVE TO STOP THEM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

BUT THEY'RE AFTER ME!

IT'S PERFECT! YOU'LL HAVE AN ELEMENT OF SURPRISE! THEY'LL NEVER EXPECT IT!



IN ORDER TO WIN THE HEART OF THE WOMAN HE LOVES, RALPH RELUCTANTLY AGREES TO ATTACK HIS ATTACKERS. HEARING THAT THE MUTANT MICE HAVE CROSSED THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE (AS THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH CLEARANCE IN THE TUNNELS) RALPH HEADED FOR

MANHATTAN

MEANWHILE, DEEP BELOW THE CITY SOME WERE SAFE...



YOU HEAR THAT SOUND? IT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS!

THEM BIG DUDES ARE FINALLY GONNA GET RID OF THAT FIEND SUPERRAT!

B-B-B-BUT BOSS!! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA KILL HIM!

YOWZAH!

INCREDIBLY CORRECT!

YEAH!

WHAT HE SAID!



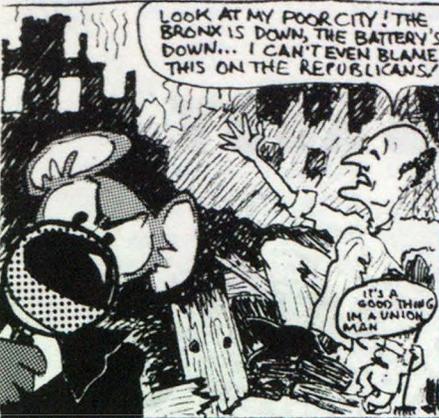
BACK IN THE WORLD ABOVE, RALPH HAS FINALLY ARRIVED ON THE SCENE...

CLACKERS! LOOK AT THIS CARNAGE!!



JEEZ WHAT A MESS!

UNDAUNTED, HE STARTS SEARCHING FOR CLUES TO THE MICE'S WHEREABOUTS.



LOOK AT MY POOR CITY! THE BRONX IS DOWN... I CAN'T EVEN BLAME THIS ON THE REPUBLICANS!

IT'S A GOOD THING IN A UNION MAN

RUBBLE, THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT. IT WAS SUCH A SCENE, EVERYBODY TRYING TO ESCAPE, BUT NOBODY WANTED TO GO TO JERSEY OR QUEENS, AND THEY WERE SCARED TO GO ON THE SUBWAY, A DISASTER! SAY, ISN'T THAT THAT SUPERRAT CRUMP? WHY, I OUGHT TO...



BREAK TIME

NOW THERE GOES A MAN WITH PROBLEMS. OUCH!... SEE IF I EVER VOTE FOR HIM AGAIN!



You know, it's awful lonely down here without them mice

TO THINK THAT I WAS STARTING TO BELIEVE THAT THERE WAS NO INTELLIGENT LIFE LEFT IN THIS CITY. LOOKS LIKE I WAS RIGHT!



NOTICING THAT THE MAYOR IS RUNNING AFTER HIM WITH MURDEROUS INTENT, RALPH QUICKLY HEADS UPTOWN, LOOKING FOR AN OLD FRIEND AT PUBLIC TV.



FREDDY SILVERMAN, IS THAT YOU?!

YEAR, RALPH. YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN IT... THOSE BIG MICE SCREAMING YOUR NAME, THE BLOOD OF AN ENTIRE CITY ON THEIR PAWS - IT WAS JUST DISGUSTING... IT WOULD BE PERFECT FOR TV.!

PBS

PBS

CABLE FOR MR. RAT!

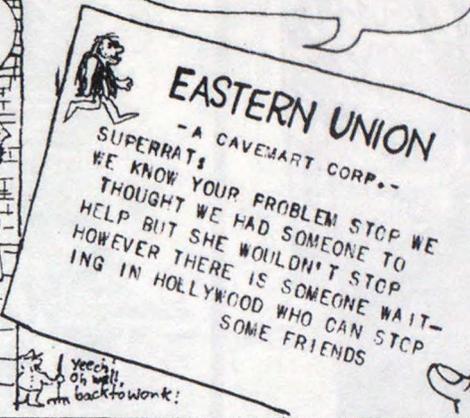
FRED, YOU GOTTA HELP ME!

MAYBE A MINI-SERIES!

ABOUT THEY'RE BIG NOW, AND, OH! THOSE DROPPINGS! AND GUESSES WHO GETS TO CLEAN UP?!

I KINDA LIKED THEM WHEN THEY WERE SMALL.

WITH MY LUCK, IT'LL BE A CHAIN TELEGRAM!



EASTERN UNION

- A CAVEMART CORP. -
SUPERRATS: WE KNOW YOUR PROBLEM STOP WE THOUGHT WE HAD SOMEONE TO HELP BUT SHE WOULDN'T STOP HOWEVER THERE IS SOMEONE WAITING IN HOLLYWOOD WHO CAN STOP SOME FRIENDS

Yeah! Oh well, mm back to work!

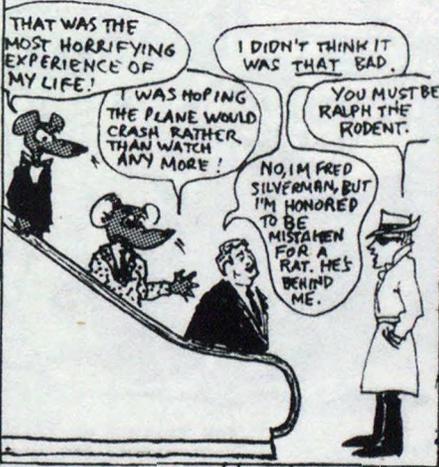
RALPH, ANXIOUS TO GET HELP & EVEN MORE ANXIOUS TO GET THE HELL OUT, BOARDS THE FIRST FLIGHT TO CALIFORNIA WITH HIM ARE FRED SILVERMAN & RALPH'S FAITHFUL SIDEKICK, VINNIE VERMIN. SUPERRAT HAD A FEELING OF IMPENDING DOOM AS HE GOT ON THE DC-10, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HIS FEARS MATERIALIZED...

LOS ANGELES AIRPORT



OH MY GOD! THE IN-FLIGHT MOVIE IS YOU LIGHT UP! MY LIFE!

SAFELY IN CALIFORNIA:



THAT WAS THE MOST HORRIFYING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE!

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT BAD.

I WAS HOPING THE PLANE WOULD CRASH RATHER THAN WATCH ANY MORE!

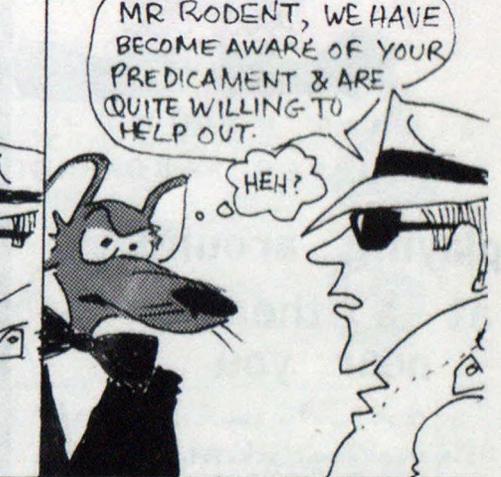
YOU MUST BE RALPH THE RODENT.

NO, I'M FRED SILVERMAN, BUT I'M HONORED TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A RAT. HE'S BEHIND ME.



RAL...

NO, BUT TRY AGAIN I THINK YOUR LUCK IS IMPROVING



MR RODENT, WE HAVE BECOME AWARE OF YOUR PREDICAMENT & ARE QUITE WILLING TO HELP OUT.

HEH?

I REPRESENT THE ATOMIC CAT, STAR OF THE 9-LIVES CAT FOOD COMMERCIALS. HE'S BEEN CATCHING QUITE A BIT OF FLAK FOR NOT BEING AS CUDDLY AS THE LATE MORRIS, SO HE'S BACKED OUT OF THE CONTRACT. HE'S WILLING TO HELP IF YOU PICK UP THE CONTRACT WITH A 50% INCREASE PLUS OPTIONS...



I MAY NOT BE CUDDLY, BUT I'VE GOT SOUND FINANCIAL INSTINCTS. MEOW.



PLUS TIME AND A HALF ON WEEKENDS.

SOME HELP!

I'LL PAY IF HE AGREES TO STAR IN A TELEFLICK IM GONNA MAKE WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER.



DO YOU BELIEVE THIS? I HOPE I'LL BE AROUND TO SEE THE MOVIE!

WILL THE 50 FOOT ATOMIC WALL PROVE TOO MUCH FOR THE MUTANT MICE FROM MINNESOTA, OR WILL HE MERELLY EAT RALPH? WILL VINNIE GET MORE LINES? WILL RALPH LIVE TO SEE THE FLICK? WILL ANYONE NOTICE THAT NEW YORK IS MISSING? AND WHERE'S FRUMP? FIND OUT IN NEXT MONTH'S CONCLUSION!

THEY'RE STILL AT IT!
 "We're Iranian students,
 We can do anything we want!"

J.R.
 D.F.
 by

ANIMAL EMBASSY

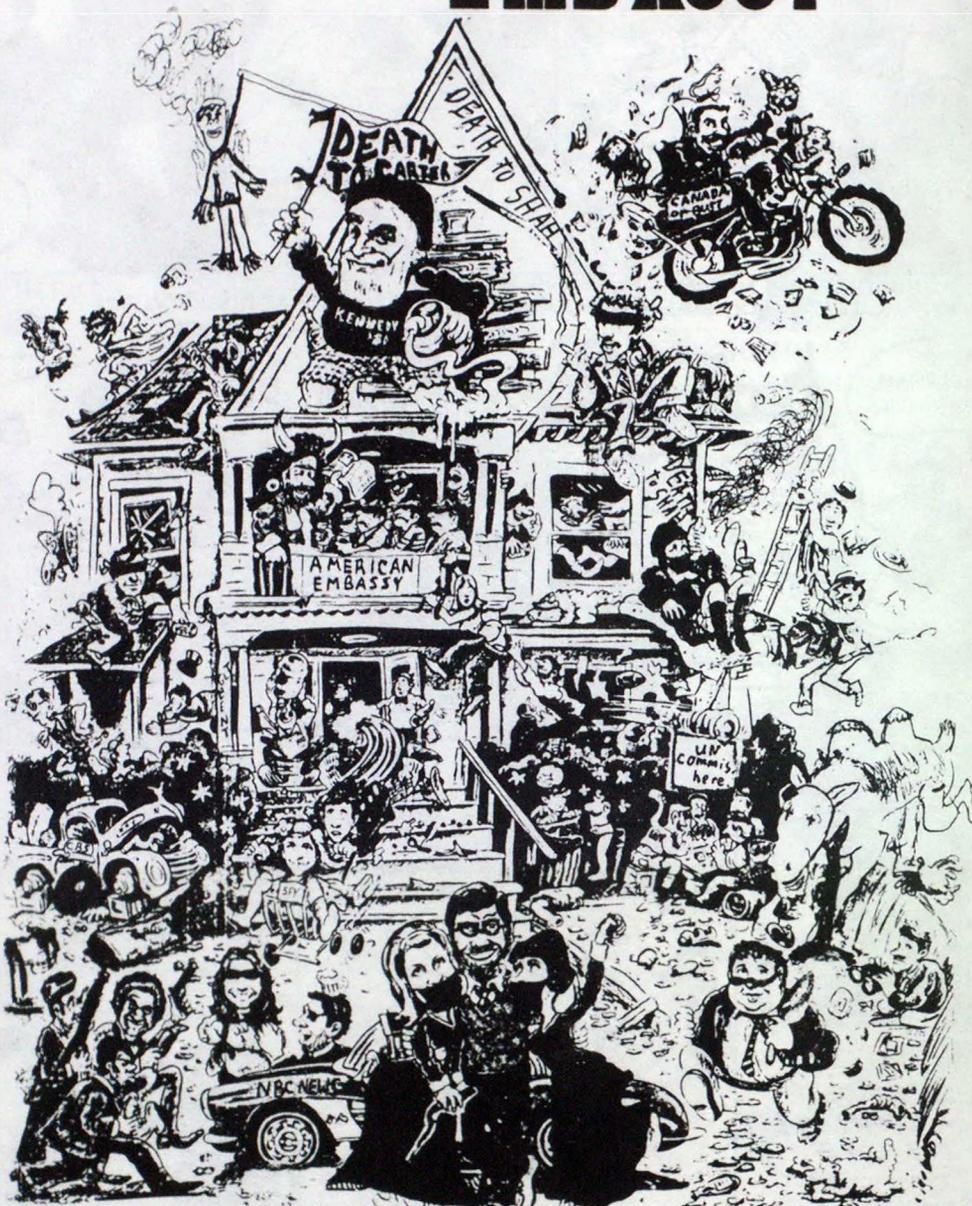
American
 Bozo



ALWAYS LAUGHS
 NEVER FROWNS

playing around
 at a theatre
 near you

Title song "When I'm Calling Me"
 sung by Blondie and Dagwood
 for lots of money and publicity



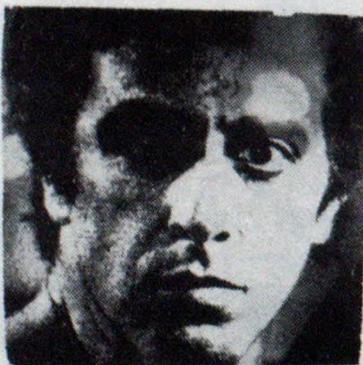
Starring

John Belushi as Ayatollah Soh
 Jane Fonda as "Mary"

Jack Palance as Filthy American Spy
 Guest stars: Sha-Na-Na as
 the crazy Canadians

now showing:

UA's TEHRAN I RKO HOSTAGE
 CINEMA VILLAGE IDIOT LOEW's SIEZED II SHAH's HIDEAWAY TWIN



AL PACINO
 is
BOOZING

Now Playing at Select Area Theatres

If you
 made a
 movie like
 this,
 you'd hit
 the bottle
 too.



OH NO! IT'S TIME ONCE AGAIN FOR NORTON

BY

BOB YOUNG + BRIAN FEINBERG

When we last heard from our anti-hero, he was about to have some "fun" with the Catwoman.....

DID YOU EVER IMAGINE, NORTON, THAT ONE DAY YOU WOULD FACE...



THE ROLETTES?

ONE NIGHT WITH THEM, NORTON, AND YOU'LL BE WORN TO NOTHING! TALK ABOUT KILLING WITH KINDNESS!



BATHSHEEBA! ANSWER THE DOOR!



EEEK!



PUNISHMENT PIT NOOO!



EL CAPITAN AND PEPE THE DOGMAN!



YOU, SIR, LOOK LIKE AN AZTEC! THE CATWOMAN! SIC 'ER PEPE!



AAAGGH!!!

NOW, AZTEC, I HAVE AN ORDEAL IN STORE FOR YOU THAT WILL EC-LIPSE -



PUNISHMENT PIT ANYTHING THE CATWOMAN COULD DO!

LETTERING & LAYOUT - S.K.



LEATHER THAWKIES SOG

SPECIAL TODAY! BEEF STEW WITH TACKS

FREE HAWK SHIRTS TO FIRST 100 CUSTOMERS

MARDUS DE SADE CAFETERIA



YOU SEE, AZTEC, ALL OF THE FOOD HERE WAS PREPARED BY CHOCK FULL O' NUTS! AND FOR THE NEXT FOUR HOURS YOU SHALL EAT YOUR FILL! OR ELSE!



NO! NO! I... I'D RATHER BE LASHED WITH A CAT O' 34 TAILS!



NO SUCKIN' LUCK!



HAVE A WATER-ED DOWN COKE, NORTON!

HAVE A 99% FAT-FILLED HAMBURGER!

HAVE SOME KETCHUP WITH FRESH BAT'S BLOOD!

AND SO IT BEGINS....

Will the executives of Chock Full o' Nuts have the authors of this strip assassinated? Who cares? For the answers to these and other idiotic questions, see the next issue of The Plague!

7

COMEDY!! HOLLYWOOD CLASSICS

THE BLEAKEST ST. FILM FESTIVAL

ROCKY TWO HORROR SHOW

no wax lips

Abbott & Costello Meet their Maker

Mr Deeds Goes to Pot + Mr Smith Goes to Hell in a Mandbasket

ZOL'S GUIDE TO MUCKRAKING

Editor's Note:

A lot of folks out there have been accusing The Plague of not being politically-minded enough. Well, after a careful examination of our previous issues, I'd have to agree with this select group of cyborgs. Unfortunately my fellow staff members felt it was going a bit too far renaming the paper "The World Antisocial Boomfa Widgeon Alliance Gazette." While doodling a moustache on Jack Anderson's photo in a

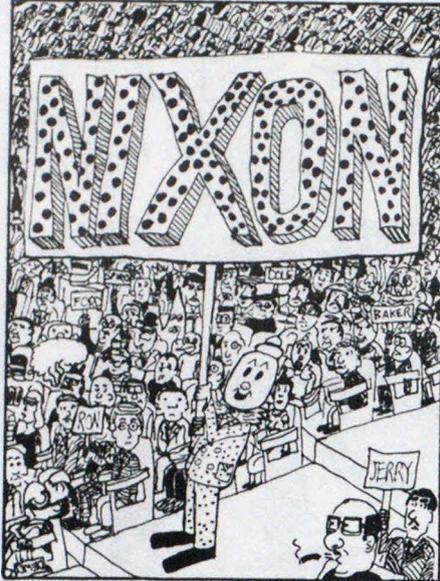
popular news daily, the idea struck me to send our star scooper, Zol "Stop the Presses" Umaträ, out to show a few of the dead-wood reporters on this rag how to do some real investigative work. Quoth Zol, "I've always admired great investigative reporters like Mike Wallet and Jack Ampersand. I never miss an episode of "Sixty Mimics" unless something better is on."

Text by Howard Ostrowsky
Pictures by John Rawlins



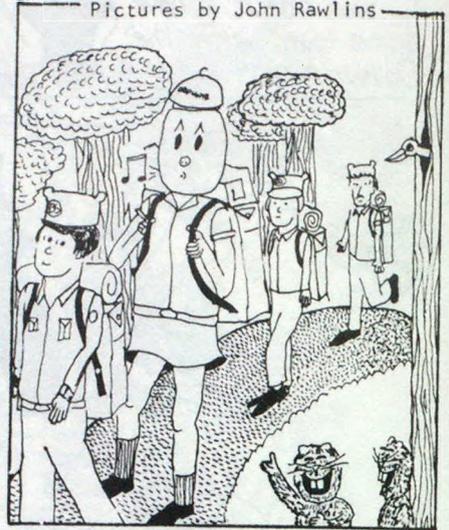
I. Is the Mafia Crime-Related?

Although I began my first assignment with enormous enthusiasm I soon became very bored with my topic and decided to move on. This may be due to the fact that several large men threatened to rearrange several of my handsome facial features. At any rate the editor of The Plague said I can keep these nice pinstripe suits that I requested for my investigation.



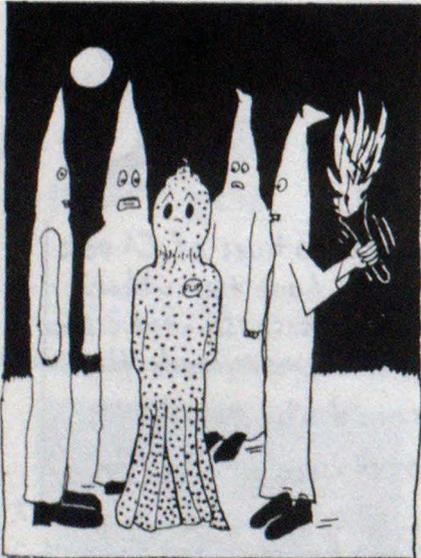
II. Are Republicans Actually Liberals in Disguise?

Everything seemed to be going fine this time. I was doing a great job mingling with bonafide Republicans when suddenly I was set upon by hordes of crazed Republicans screaming "executive privilege" and "I am not a crook." My editor suggested that it might have to do with the sign I unveiled. Tell me, who is this Nixon fellow anyway?



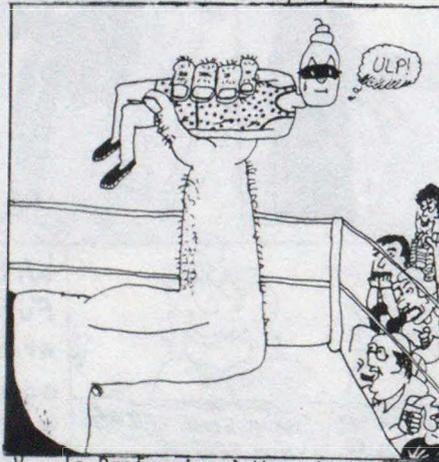
III. Are the Boy Scouts an Undercover Division of the KGB?

I tell you if this is not a commie organization nothing is. I mean the uniforms. That strange handbook probably modeled after Mao's red book. It all adds up. It was well worth getting poison ivy on that nature hike and being short sheeted by those little monsters each evening to get the goods on this set-up. I can't figure out why that guy from the Justice Department screamed that I was a nut and hung up on me when I called him to reveal my news.



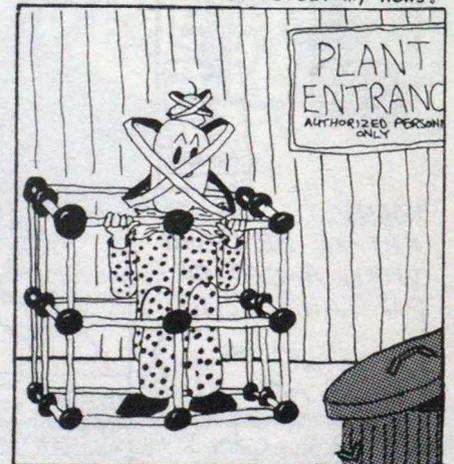
IV. Is the Klan a Racist Organization?

My investigations turned up no evidence of racial discrimination among the members of the Klan. They hate everyone! I would also suggest that they not be allowed to play with matches since they seem to be very accident-prone.



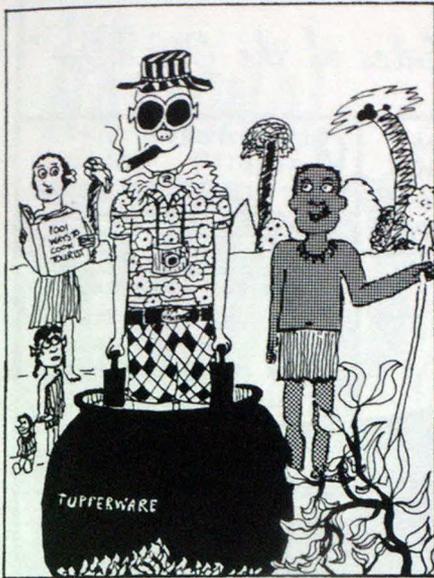
V. Is Professional Wrestling Fixed?

As a former professional poodle-wrestler in my home country I felt particularly suited for this investigative escapade. At my first match I conclusively found evidence of phony fixing in the sport of professional wrestling. Wrestling under the name Zippy Zol I was told to take a dive. I refused and was summarily dispatched by my opponent anyway. He threw me clear out of the ring. I landed in a deserted part of Flushing, Queens. Unfortunately the match had taken place in Cleveland.



VI. Are Nuclear Power Plants Safe?

It was a short hitchhike from Flushing to my next scene of action, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where I planned to do some nuclear power research. I concluded that indeed nuclear power plants are quite safe unless you happen to be near one. Since the mishap I have no worries when I bicycle at night since I seem to glow in the dark. I also have no trouble recharging batteries with my curlicue.



VII. What Happened to the Thousands of Tourists Who Disappeared Mysteriously After Visiting the Cannibal Nation of Zixbwie?

For years I've enjoyed that show "Wild Kingdom," so a vacation to the darkest regions of Africa intrigued me. I think it would be fair to warn all tourists that when a Zixbwie hotel offers to put you on the meal plan he doesn't quite mean the same thing as is commonly thought. Think twice if a friendly Zixbwie family says they would like to have you for dinner. I hope The Plague will pick up the tab for repairing my camera. It got slightly overcooked.

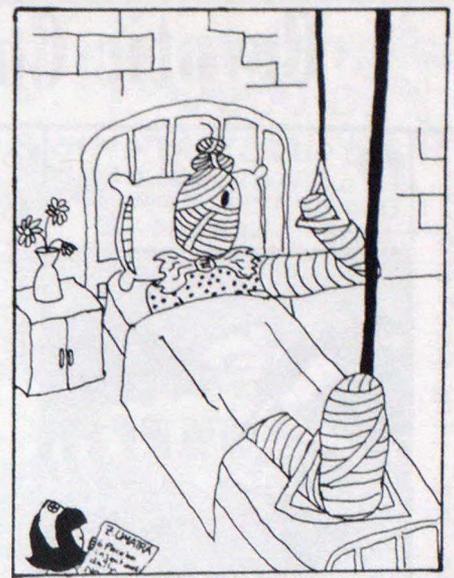


VIII. Obedience School--An Educational Experience or Just Another NYU?

My dog costume thoroughly fooled the human owners of the Acme Obedience School. Unfortunately I wasn't so convincing when it came to my fellow dogs. They came at me as though I were a fresh plate of Alpo. The rest is too unpleasant to describe in a family magazine like The Plague. Anyway this episode created the perfect circumstances for my last investigative scam.

Editor's Note:

So there you have it the ground-breaking work of Zol-- Investigative Reporter. Now I bet all the staff members will be willing to change the name of the magazine to avoid the humiliation that Zol has brought upon all of us.



IX. And What About Hospital Care?

My stay in the hospital has badly shaken my faith as well as several of my vital organs. I knew that there was some mix-up when a nurse came in and congratulated me saying, "It's a boy Mrs. Konufsky!!"

BOGUS ADVERTISEMENT

They're Coming to ruin your get-together.....

INVASION of the PARTY CRASHERS

you may never say +
"Happy Birthday"
again!

- OPENING SOON AT**
- RADIO CITY MUSIC VESTIBULE
 - UA Noisemaker
 - RKO Candle East
 - BELCO's Pod I
 - Cinema 5's ARTSY PARTSY

THEY MOVED TO THE COUNTRY FOR SOME PEACE:
WHAT THEY GOT WAS TROUBLE!!



REVENGE of the WILDERNESS FAMILY

rated TC
(Too Cute to be believed)

- *see strip miners stripped
- *see litterbugs bugged
- *see hunters hunted down!

HELD OVER!
10th BIG WEEK!!

- MANHATTAN GOODY'S SHOES II UA BLAND
- QUEENS Sid's VICIOUS RKO POTBOILER
- BROOKLYN Are you kiddin' ?

Or we'll come to your house and show it, really.

Uncle John's **Cryptic Cowboy comix** 'Disjointed Tales of the Old West'

EPISODE ONE: "THE FIRST EPISODE"

AS OUR STORY OPENS, A BRAWL HAS BROKEN OUT AT "THE MANGLED LIMB SALOON!"



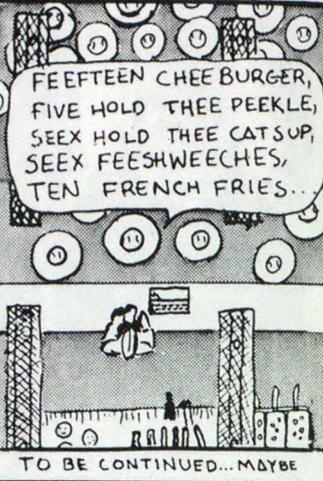
BACK AT THE RANCH... Cowboy Cal and Becky, his best gal, discuss physics...



MEANWHILE, WORKING LATE AT THE OFFICE, SHERIFF HAIR TRIGGER SPEAKS TO HIS DEPUTY.



ELSEWHERE, THE BANDITO RAIDING PARTY ORDERS DINNER.



\$10 for JOKES KIDS TELL

\$10 will be paid for each youngster's joke printed. Send your entry to: Kids Jokes, NATIONAL 1094 9306 Lantana, Fla. 33464. You must be 12 or under.

THE RHETORIC OF DENNIS HOPPER

DENNIS: Like, you know,
 GUNNAR: Where you from, man?
 DENNIS: Aw, man, look at this card, man,
 GUNNAR: He ain't gonna be usin' it for a long time, man,
 DENNIS: Hey, man, Kurtz is God, man!
 GUNNAR: He said he'd kill me,
 DENNIS: If I took a picture of him, man!
 GUNNAR: Like, you know, man?
 DENNIS: I'm hip.

Bob Young
 age 11
 Atlanta, Ga.

the adventures of **CLYDE** and his friends

BOY FEET, I SURE BET THAT IT SURE FEELS REAL GOOD TO BE OUT OF THOSE UNCOMFORTABLE SHOES AND SOCKS!

IT SURE DOES, CLYDE!

WE RESENT THAT!

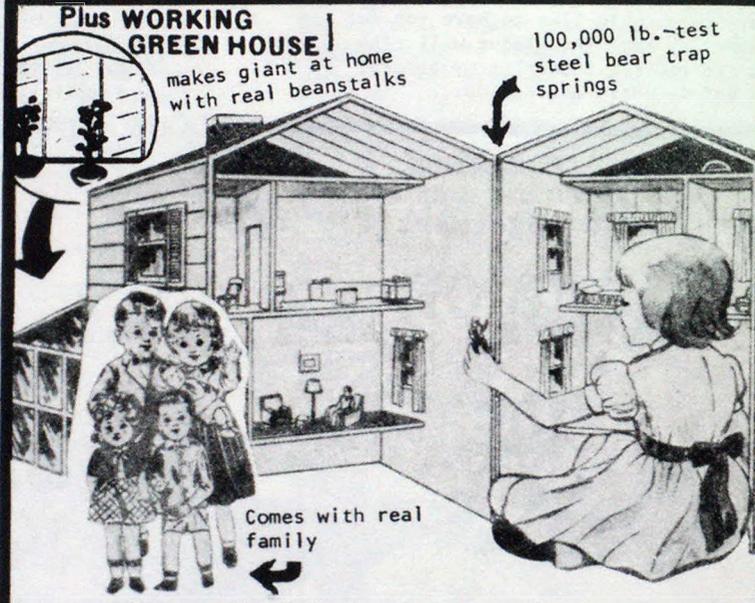


ad **GIANT TRAP**

Plus **WORKING GREEN HOUSE!**

makes giant at home with real beanstalks

100,000 lb.-test steel bear trap springs



Annoyed by jolly green pests? Well, be annoyed no more! Thanks to our Plague patented Jack the Giant Catcher trap. Here's how it works: bothersome giants are lured into bogus house by the scent of Englishman's blood. They get trapped inside and die. Comes equipped with actual full-sized family as bait (don't worry about being inhumane; they're only boat people). The bogus house is so nicely decorated (in either French Provincial or Early American), them pesky behemoths won't even mind being trapped inside. The Giant Trap. Giants lumber in, but they don't lumber out.

by Howard Ostrowsky and John Rawlins

**THE
NATIONAL**

AMERICA'S MOST LAUGHABLE NEWS WEEKLY

**- EVERYTHING
YOU DO
REVEALS YOUR
PERSONALITY**

IDOLATOR

parody

**Scientists Prove
Psychic Powers Can
Cause Biorhythms!**

**Gary Coleman's
Secret Past As
A White Adult**

**Learn To Lose Weight
By Psychically
Transferring Your Fat
To Other People!**

**Abbott And Costello
-Just Good Friends?**

**How The Stars
Shovel Snow**

**"I Am Toronto
Incarnate," Claims
Cheryl Tiegs**

**Rock Music May
Cause Acne!**

**Geiger-Counter Tests
Prove Anne Bancroft
Is Radioactive!**

**Cheap Gossip
Rags Can Cause
Brain Damage!**



IS THIS THE MAN WHO ASSASSINATED KENNEDY? OR IS HE JUST AN INNOCUOUS THRILLSEEKER?

This photograph blown up 30000 x from an aerial photo of Texas, may be all the evidence needed to reopen the Kennedy assassination case. This gentleman, who has yet to say anything about the accusations leveled against him, is currently in custody of Dallas police until the allegations leveled against him can be proven. The assassin has been identified as Lee Harpo Oswald, an accomplished horn player and faithful employee of a Dallas company. F.B.I. officials are quick to point out this does not rule out the single bullet theory of J.F.K.'s death. "The President was killed with one bullet, with perhaps a little help from one cannonball, too," stated F.B.I. spokesventril oquist J. Edgar Bergen. CONTINUED ON
PAGE 25.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE CONCLUDES ANCIENT MAN NEVER SAW UFO'S!

an IDOLATOR exclusive by John Rawlins

Conclusive proof has been uncovered that proves conclusively that no prehistoric man at any time, at any place, saw an unidentified flying object. This amazing conclusive fact has been concluded by Doctor Archie Hart III, an expert in archaeological discoveries.

"It was in South Africa that we discovered these cave drawings, along with hundreds of ties to NYU," stated Dr. Umatra. He added that many of the ties were

Bill Blass originals, and sold for far less than what you'd pay for them in New York.

Speaking of the elegant Mr. Blass, he was seen last night in Sardi 's with Barbara Streisand, Tony Randall, Jane Fonda, Omar Sharif, and Grace Slick. We got a photo of them but it was all out of focus. Jane told us she was taking up a foreign language, but declined to say which.

Well, whatever language it is, it probably isn't as complex a language as Dr. Shanghai found scrawled on the walls of this South African cave. The message states, in part, "WE, THE MEN OF MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, HAVE NEVER TO OUR KNOWLEDGE SEEN A UFO." It was signed, sealed by a notary public and dated "10000 YEARS B.C."

Though 10,000 years sounds like a long time, it it seems an even longer time since we saw fallen angel Farrah Fawcett-Majors at any of the chic superstar shindigs. Spend some more time out in the sun, baby, or you'll lose your beautiful California tan.

"I haven't seen disco dogface John Travolta for awhile either," said Dr. Tisch, as he showed us photographs of ancient structures so sloppily built they couldn't possibly have been made by a superintelligent race from another galaxy. He has also uncovered expanses of land that resemble anything but a UFO landing pad, and when viewed from above spell out "VON DAANEKIN IS A FINK."

Dr. Blondebeard is being denounced in other parts of the world, such as Denver, where a large part of the population is from Uranus. Uranians claim Dr. Larkin is "alienating alien people," not to mention putting a damper on the upcoming TV miniseries "Roots: The Interstellar Generations," in which Linda "Alice" Lavin and Ricky "Ba-Ba-Loo" Ricardo will star as extraterrestrials making their first contact with Cro-Magnon man. Also starring in the miniseries: Ben Vereen, Carol Burnett, Ed McMahon, Charles Bronson, Cheryl Tiegs, Percy Sutton, Ray Bradbury, Foghorn Leghorn, and a special 15-second glimpse of Marlon Brando way in the background near the end of the show.

"I next plan to prove dinosaurs never existed," stated Dr. Ak.



Dr. Wilson examines his basement for leaks.

SCIENTIST DISPROVES EXISTENCE OF EVERYTHING!

J. Tweekens Frump, a distinguished scientist from the University of Mars, has published a paper which totally undermines the laws on which science is based. This paper has the scientific community in an uproar as this totally destroys their credibility should Frump prove right.

"These laws," Frump told us in an exclusive Idolator interview, "Are no more valid than an unstamped parking ticket. They are just a load of whooie. Take Newton's Law of Gravity. What comes up, must come down, right?"

"Well, what about all them satellites? We send hundreds up and only Skylab comes down! And what about that bit about two objects falling at the same speed? Cow dung! You take the front page of the Times and a Brahma Bull to the top of #1 World Trade Center and drop 'em and see if the bull don't come down first!"

At this point, the interview was terminated as the doctor convinced himself that we did not exist and that he would be wasting his time by continuing to talk to us.

Wazmo Fitzgerald: The Year That Makes Me WISH I WERE DEAD!!!

Steven Korn

One would think that Wazmo Fitzgerald would be the happiest man in the world after the year he had in 1979. He became the darling of the Salvation Army crowd. He not only signed a deal to model a cosmetics and clothing line for megalomaniacs, but shortly after that he entered into a similar deal "to design casual wear and shrouds for stockyard animals and a line of disco-wear for buzzards." Then in December he won the Snidely Whiplash award for "long and meritorious service to this, that, and maybe the other thing as well." If that weren't enough, on New Year's Eve CBS News finally answered the question long puzzling the TV community, namely, who will replace Walter Cronkite when he reaches mandatory retirement age? The answer: the new anchor team of Wazmo and self-proclaimed Pope Mumbles Growl VI will take over the CBS News desk in early 1981. Wazmo will do 15 minutes in Latin and Mumbles will do the other 15 in English, easily the most innovative move ever made in the history of network news. And on top of that, with the recently announced firing of Bert Parks as Miss America pageant host, the Idolator has learned that the job is Wazmo's for the asking. We have learned that a Latin translation of the popular theme song, "There She Is, Miss America," has already been commissioned so Wazmo can sing it at the ceremony. In fact, the real reason Parks was fired was that the pressure to hire Wazmo could no longer be ignored as a total advertising boycott was already organized in mid-November. But with all the glory which is leading Wazmo to becoming ruler of all he beholds (Wazmo has only peripheral vision by the way), he revealed to us some terror in his paradise. "Waz" held nothing back as he told us the truth about the year that made him wish he were dead despite the accolades mentioned above.

Wazmo told the Idolator, "I was on Hollywood Squares and I was the 'Secret Square.' As everyone must know by now I missed the question, 'Whose pictures must every Umätrian carry at all times or face ostracism?' Any two-year-old knows the answer is Lord Edward and Pegeen Fitzgerald and Joe Franklin but I missed it! I was never more embarrassed in my life! I went to see the Disney film 'Bambi,' to try and lift up my spirits



FORMER MISS AMERICA PHYLLIS GEORGE (l.) applauds as WAZMO (center) steals the Snidely Whiplash Award. Bedford Hills Chief of Police, KNUT JOHANSSSEN and his close vegetable friend Scallion (r.) are not amused.

but I was never more scared by a movie in my short time on earth. It was horrifying, morbid, and disgusting, and it preyed on my mind like a demon out of the fiery depths threatening my peace for about four seconds. Then I got better. I decided to stay for the second feature which was '1941.' What an awful year! That year makes me wish I were dead! I'm glad it's 1980 when everything is so peachy keen!" So you see readers, even superstars get depressed. (You can hear Wazmo starting March 1 on his new series of poetry recitals for radio titled "Wazmo Rhymes in the Rhine." (Check local listings for the time in your town.)

the beautiful news

by Christopher Hampton

Ciao, all you zesty beautiful people out there. I have just returned from Paris with the smell of French cuisine still on my clothes to tell you about the latest fashions, the down and outs of our most chic crowds, the no-no's and the yes-yes' of the coming season, and the latest and the greatest under Apollo.

First flash my dear babies is to get rid of those skinny-leg French tailored jeans. Absolutely nobody, not even a nun, no one is wearing those jeans anymore. I mean they are poo-poo...tre gauche...simply macabre, my dear jetsetters. They are outdated and diseased with hepatitis, I mean get rid of them now! What is the wear in pants? Well, my dears, see-through smoke colored fiberglass pants is what's wearing in Fashion City. You see, after prolonged wear and discoing they scratch your skin and make you bleed leaving cute little red rivers on the inside of your pants.

Double flash: it has been heard along the hanging racks that our darling baby Prince Charles is just breaking the hearts and virtue of many a feline jet-setter. Beware, a little warning from Baby writer herself...Don't end up playing Red Riding-hood with him. This wolf is no cantalope...In this fine season I can report none of our babies have taken razor-to-wrist. There's a new more chic'er method. An overdose of almond extract. Everyone in our circuit knows that an overdose of almonds causes choking. It's a great way to go especially with that Persian-blue color you turn. Magnifique. Just fill your champagne glass half full with extract and half with champagne and ouala! You're gone... Our friendly baby Mick is into "S" & "M."

The no-no's for this season are to avoid all eye-contact with non-babies, no smiling at non-babies unless they are photographers, and no making amore to non-babies...you may catch scabies.

The yes-yes' are to have free sex with all babies who are the tawdry gaudy beautiful ones, have enemas after each meal, and frequently check for those naughty penicillin viruses.

We all know my dear babies that we are the latest and greatest under dear star shining Apollo. I mean, shining is our art. We are the--utmost. It's ridiculous to think of nothing less.

IDOLATOR SCIENCE REPORT: Focus on DREAMS

by John Rawlins

Dreams sure are weird, ain't they? Well, ever since the first caveman decided to lay down in the bushes in a catatonic state because it was too dark to hunt and besides he didn't want to wander off a cliff like his friend did last night, mankind has been attempting to interpret the unreal world of his dreams. Sigmund Freud stated that dreams were messages from our subconscious mind. The Biblical character Joseph could predict a man's future from his dreams. Salvador Dali painted lots of looney pictures that I can't make any sense of. What are dreams all about anyway? After years of research, I have managed to come up with a few ways to approach this question.

One must first realize that dreams are filled with symbols, many having sexual undertones. Snakes symbolize the male sex organ, keyholes symbolize the female sex organ. Rolltop desks symbolize chromosomes, old men with phony Norwegian accents symbolize breasts, CB radios symbolize orgasms, and every musical instrument symbolizes kinky goings-on with tuna salad and a set of trampolines. (The only exception to this last rule is the marimba, which symbolizes C B radios.)

To dream about sex, or common household utensils that symbolize sex, suggests that you consciously desire to have sex. Perhaps this is why these dreams occur so often. In any case, you should not be ashamed to tell your friends of such dreams. Your subconscious, knowing how much you love to tell your dreams, has kindly devised this system of symbols so you can dream about sex and not be embarrassed by any references to sex when you tell about it later. After all, how many of your friends know what that old man with the phony Norwegian accent symbolizes? And besides, if everyone dream without symbols, they'd all be so embarrassed afterward they'd be afraid to come downstairs for breakfast. That's not what made this country great!

Dreams have in some cases predicted the future. Computer programmer Migachewy Isoparametric dreamt one night that his aunt would die and indeed, seventeen years later, she did. Past-president James K. Polk dreamt that he would never be attacked by harpies. Damned if he wasn't right! And the Plague's own Yub Bong, M.D., dreamt that one snowy morning he would be presented with a set of hand-tooled leather bagpipes. When he woke up it was snowing. Such incidents should not lead one to believe, however, that all dreams come true. Lulu S. Trinkleham, my ex-wife, once dreamt that Clint Eastwood would give her a walking tour of the Aleutians, and instead was electrocuted on a tour through Con Edison.

Even celebrities have dreams. Liza Minelli usually dreams about "hundreds of bottlecaps, all flying around." Eric Estrada dreams about "salt shakers, hovercrafts, different fruits, the mountains, anything that comes to mind." Bo Derek dreams about "the color turquoise. That's all I ever dreamed of in my entire life." Glen Campbell dreams about "Bo Derek."

Dreams sure are weird, ain't they? I had one where there was this big ferris wheel, see? And all these people are waiting to get onto the wheel. But this fireman walks up to them and tells them, "No carbon today, folks, we only want the real thing." Then from out of the crowd comes James K. Polk on horseback. He leaps onto the fireman, they both fall into one of the cars on the ferris wheel, and the ride starts up. Suddenly, all these surrealist artists come by and begin hitting the crowd over the head with paintings. Glen Campbell begins to bounce up and down on a trampoline. My ex-



wife flies by on a hovercraft and is enveloped in a whirlwind of bottlecaps and harpies. I get offered a lousy job writing for a cheap gossip supermarket paper. Then the dream starts all over again. This time it is done in kabuki theatre style, with subtitles. I'm about to be introduced to Liza Minelli when I realize I don't have any shoes on. Someone yells "Surf's up!" and we all run to the beach. Then I wake up. Well, there ain't a shrink or surrealist artist or celebrity that can explain this dream to me for the life of them. Someone (it was either Georges Brague or Doc Severenson) said that the kabuki section symbolized a lack of faith in American-made transistor radios but I told him he must be schizophrenic or something (yeah, it was Doc Severenson!).

Dreams sure are weird, ain't they?

NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: Seduce Pigeons and Live Longer!



In a highly classified, top-secret, hush-hush report retrieved by our sources from a government research agency's trash compactor, it is revealed that pigeon seduction can make it possible to live a longer life. Studies have shown that stress and anxiety causes heart trouble and psychological problems that tend to shorten life. Often this stress is brought on by guilt feelings associated with pent-up sexual frustrations. Seducing pigeons is helpful because it relieves tension without guilt or anxiety. Research conducted at Perdue University shows that while pigeons are small, horny and willing to do anything for a good time, they never form long-lasting relationships. Unlike other animals (bears, ducks and mongooses, especially) who tend to expect more than cheap, physical gratification, pigeons fly away at dawn's first light, making them the ideal one night stand. Finally, we have an easy way to release frustrations without guilt or anxiety. All the evidence isn't in yet, but our editors are trying this method, and it seems to be working for them.

Ray Morton

Predictions for 1980 & 1/2!

by Joe Pinto

We have once again gathered together several of Burbank's top psychics in order to get their predictions for the remainder of the year.

While preparing his re-election campaign, President Jimmy Carter will call in several of the country's top media advisors in an effort to bolster his sagging image. This will follow the results of a poll which will show that Carter has slipped in the campaign, falling behind Hughie Newton and Richard M. Nixon. Soon afterwards, a TV campaign will be started with Carter being depicted as "New and Improved" for the coming year. The commercials go on to say that the 1980 model Carter will be sleeker, have more chrome and go far on a little gas.

Also on the political front, the CIA will be connected in the press with assassination attempts on Edward Kennedy and Billy Carter. The president will deny any knowledge of the plan, although he will say privately that he wished that he would have thought of it first. Soon afterward, Pat Paulson will pass Carter in the polls.

Religious cult leader Rev. Sun Yung Moon will undergo a sex change operation in Vienna and change his name to Daughter Chuk Moon.

Mary Tyler Moore will quit show business after her last attempt at a prime time TV show fails. The show called, "Leave the Beaver," was about a park rangerette in Yellowstone

National Park who is constantly at odds with her fellow rangers. (The plot will often deal with how, although equal in rank with the other rangers, Mary always has to do menial jobs, like scraping beavers that had just been run over off the road. Hence the title.) After the show is cancelled during the credits, Miss Moore will enter a convent and atone for her sins.

The rock group Devo will demonstrate their concept of de-evolution at a press conference and turn back into monkeys for the reporters.

President Carter will proclaim November 4th, 1980, "Mary Jo Kopechne Memorial Day" and call for nationwide mourning. The day will not be a holiday since it will coincide with Election Day.

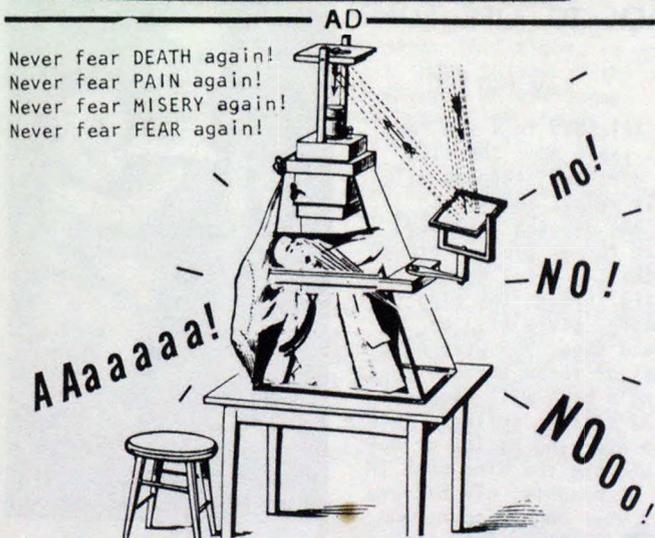
The nation will have its first topless newscast as the new announcer on the NBC nightly news, Tom Snyder, will remove his shirt during an item on the middle east.

The Beatles will reunite at the sight of the next nuclear disaster. Hoping that just being together will further the cause of anti-nuclear protest, the Fab Four will be exposed to high-level radiation which will fuse their bodies into one viscous mass. Roger Corman will then offer to star them in a movie, called "The Rock Group That Ate Chicago."

Spurred on by the success of friend Al Pacino in his Broadway role as Richard III, Robert DeNiro will star in a stage production of "A Midsummer's Night Dream," giving the unique interpretation of Puck as a homicidal manic.

FOOL-PROOF WEIGHT LOSS THROUGH CANCER!

Scientists have recently discovered the ultimate method for loss of unsightly pounds. Researchers noticed that white mice injected with large amounts of carcinogens showed a great deal of weight reduction before they kicked the bucket in the name of science. This led Professor Randall T. Thimpitt to write the soon to be published volume "Lose Pounds the Easy Way and Leave an Attractive Corpse." In that book, Prof. Thimpitt states that the easiest way to follow his diet is to get all the cyclamates and saccharin that you can get your hands on and sit back and wait.



Never fear DEATH again!
 Never fear PAIN again!
 Never fear MISERY again!
 Never fear FEAR again!

Are you SCARED? Do you worry about TORNADOES, HURRICANES, EARTHQUAKES, FOREST FIRES or other NATURAL DISASTERS? Many Americans such as yourself have never eaten in the fear that a FAMINE may strike the land and they will have no spare food at home. SOUND FAMILIAR? Do you suspect that in the event of a FLOOD, TROPICAL STORM, DROUGHT, or any of the other MILLIONS of natural common dangers, your storm cellar, fall-out shelter, air-raid shelter, or drain pipe will not adequately protect you from INEVITABLE SUDDEN DEATH? Billions DIE DAILY in this world! Are you AFRAID because these natural dangers could add you to that total at ANY

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NATIONAL IDOLATOR Page 15

ELVIS PAGE

ELVIS

FATHER OF TWIN PUPPIES: Legend has Affair During Military Stint !!

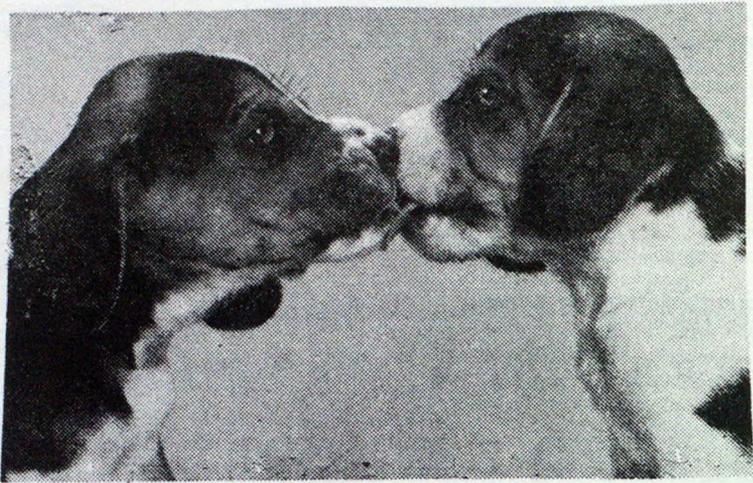
by Andy Yiannakos

Music "Electrician and Magical Legend" Elvis (The Pelvis) Parsley is reputed to be the fate-fickled father of twins, conceived during his military obligation in the fifties. The twin pups, now healthy pedigrees living (incognito) in Florida swamp, were mothered by a lost stray, whom Elvis picked up and took a liking to. This information was relayed to the NATIONAL IDOLATOR by an old friend of the late musician, who died two uranium spillovers ago from an overdose of Liv-A-Snaps.

The source also told the NATIONAL IDOLATOR that, "Yea, ya know, Ya're in the service, and yar' hard upt, an ya gets its as ya can. Elvis sure did a whole latta howlin' over herr."

***Significance of the story relayed to the NATIONAL IDOLATOR, and other gibberish contained in this and all issues, should be analyzed with and understood with a grain of diet-salt.

(***NATIONAL IDOLATOR Warning)



PARSLEY TWINS mourn for the "KING"

THE 1980 BRING **ELVIS** BACK TO LIFE FUND!

Ray Morton



ELVIS IS STILL DEAD! Yes friends, this sad fact is as true today as it was three years ago. The King is still six feet under, eating dirt and sleeping with the worms. But now, amazing as it seems, Speed-E-Z-Revivicator Compound of Trenton has devised a method to bring the King back in all his former glory. Through a scientifically researched process, a S-E-Z Rco technician will pass millions of volts through the King's corpse. With all that juice flowing, Elvis will be flipping and jumping so much you'd swear you were watching him live in concert. And the cost of these three minutes (the maximum time before the King's body will blow apart because of the stress) is only 27 million dollars. That's right, for the cost of feeding a starving nation or making a major motion picture, we can see the King back in action (and drain the power out of Memphis, his beloved home, to boot). So hurry. Empty your bank account and use the handy coupon to help BRING ELVIS BACK TO LIFE.



*ELVIS
and mom as
perceived ever
so well by fan-
atic Clem Folder-
ol.*

BRING ELVIS BACK TO LIFE FUND
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Address _____
I.O. _____
Particular Mental Defect _____

*Most recently
discovered last ever
photograph of the "KING"
while he was alive.*

Exclusive: SHOCKING NEW EXPLOSIVE

BEST SELLER ABOUT

ELVIS !!

Ray Morton

Excerpts from the new bestseller I Almost Saw Elvis In a Crowd Once and Would Have Touched Him If a Fat Lady from New Jersey Didn't Get in My Way, the Bitch, by Mrs. Elvira Hotchkiss.

"It all started on Saturday morning, in May of 1974. My husband, Roger that is, got up and while he was rubbing the gunk off his teeth - you know, all that stuff that makes a waxy yellow buildup on the side of your teeth where the toothbrush don't get - well anyway, he was rubbing off the gunk and he goes, 'Let's go to the mall,' and I said, 'Roger, I don't wanna go to the mall today. I just took your mother yesterday, and after buying curtains with her, a martyr would deserve a month off.' But he just said, 'I wanna go to the mall,' and he began to jump up and down like a baby like you wouldn't believe. Well, I figured, what the hell? Like, it's better than staying in the kitchen all day and cleanin' the waxy buildup like the kind on Roger's teeth..."

* * *

"...vaseline. An' anyway, I don't like using that stuff. All that slipping and sliding, it makes me nauseous. So we left that store an' was going to get something to eat, like a bagel or something. So we was going along, trying to shut up that stupid bird Roger bought. I mean, if he wanted a bird, why didn't he just say so, instead of carrying on like he really had to go to the mall for something important. (All right, it was the weekend, but he could of got those things in the machine at the train station!) Anyway, we was going along when all of a sudden this huge BLIMP crowds right out in front of me. I mean, this tub had to be the fattest, grossest, piggist, monstrous, fattest slob I have ever seen. She looks like she pigged out on some gross, giant salami sandwich or something and washed it down with something left from OpSail. She comes out of one of those 'petite woman' shops, y'know, like she was really gonna fit into one of those dresses, that fat tub. And she had one of those stupid little poodle dogs fat tub-o-lard's ladies always have with them. They must think it makes them look smaller or something. Anyway, Fatso was yanking it along, the dog squealing and yelling and generally being a real pain. Anyway, I couldn't see nothing that was in front of her like you can't see nothing if you're in a Volkswagen and

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Mr. ROGER HOTCHKISS with his stunning author-wife ELVIRA(right).

you're parked behind a Mack truck. Then, all of a sudden, about a million people musta come through the mall. There was guys with blue uniforms and sunglasses and walkie talkies all over the place. They was acting like real security guys, getting everyone out of the way real fast like you wouldn't believe. All of a sudden, there's a lot of yelling and screaming and some fat guy with a fancy haircut walks by. Only I didn't see him because godzilla-bod was in my way. I said, 'Roger, who was that?' an' Roger goes, 'I think it was Elvis Presley.' Well, that's what Roger said, but he's full of shit a lot of times so maybe it wasn't, but I'll never know because the next thing you know, the poodle is twisting its leash all around my legs and fatso is falling on me and I couldn't breathe like you wouldn't believe ... Then Roger and I went to the A&P and got some peanut butter because Roger was in one of his moods again. On the way home, this big Caddy pulls out right in front of us and nearly runs us off the road. I look in, and guess who it is? FATSO and her squealy little mutt from the mall. Just whizzin' by in the Caddy - I mean I coulda swore she'd at least be hauled around by a Mack truck or tractor trailer or something. Fat people give me a pain."

* * *

Next Week - Part Two of this shocking and explicitly revealing book by the woman who knew the real Elvis - and almost met him!

Part II - "Roger and I Watch Elvis on the T.V. But the Tube Burns Out."

DON'T MISS IT!!!!



NATIONAL IDOLATOR

Page 17

ORGANIZED CRIME STILL STRONG!

-Reports League of Women Hitmen.

REPORTED by J. Arnold Stankwell

The Underworld, Organized Crime, the Mafia; for years the government has been trying to rid our country of these terrible plagues on our society. Millions of dollars are spent annually in attempts to put the Mob out of business, or at least to get them to curb their dogs. Yet law enforcement agencies have little or no effect. Why can't they crack this case? The National Idolorator has learned that Organized Crime is a tightly-meshed society which is impossible to infiltrate. Police cannot expect much help from informants or deserters. The Mafia is a lot like the Book of the Month Club, once you join, you're in for life.

Getting someone to snitch on the Mob is very difficult, only a few cases come to mind. Getting someone to snitch on the Mob and keeping him alive is harder still, the few cases come to naught. The law does its best to keep informants alive. "To protect someone from assassination," the F.B.I. told us, "we provide the informant with a new identity. This includes a new library card, a three piece suit and a subscription to Time magazine."

But how do the police get informants to come forth and spill their guts? Chief Detective Harold Slump of NYC explains, "We use Want Ads. They are an easy and inexpensive solution. We put ads in all the local papers."

A typical will read: "Wanted--bright, young informant to squeal on Mafia. No previous experience necessary. Short hours, good pay. Call 356-8921 between 2 and 6 pm." Then they simply wait by the phone. They're still waiting.

The most effective way is to try to root out a member of the Mob who has been done an injustice. This type of individual is just itching to get revenge any way he can. Unfortunately, most mobsters prefer their own methods of revenge. These methods include cement blocks, violin cases and garages in Chicago.

With coercion and a few well-placed dollars, informants can be brought forth to put an end to gangland enterprises. The Idolorator looked into the famous case of Vinny "Lucky" Goombotz (so named from the time his nose fell off, falling on and killing three would-be assassins).

In 1963, "Lucky" Goombotz was called before a Congressional Hearing where he told of a Mafia scheme to blackmail the entire City of New York with the threat of depleting the city's water supply. The mayor was to be contacted by the heads of the New York families, including

Al "The Turtle" Saqusoni, Jimmy "The Baker" Bacagalope, Tony "The Moose" Falella and Don "No Funny Middle Name" Lacertosa. If the mayor didn't comply, all members of the mob would go into their bathrooms and flush at the same time. The plan fell through when it was discovered that most members of the mob didn't have in-door plumbing.

With this testimony, the F.B.I. was able to revoke all mobsters' lobbying privileges and refuse them use of the C.I.A. washrooms for a year. The day after he gave testimony, "Lucky" Goombotz was kidnapped but was returned the following week in a manilla envelope.

And the search goes on for people who are willing and able to unmask the evil doings of the Underworld and make this nation safe for good, decent folk, like our readers. These people must be brave, strong and not mind being stuffed into a manilla envelope.

But what can the average citizen do to combat Organized Crime? Sure, you say, "Hey, I'm a nobody. The Mafia doesn't bother me. All right, just a little. Really, I don't mind. Actually, they've got me under their thumb and are bleeding me dry." Next thing you know you're doing an imitation of a spare tire in somebody's car trunk. Here are just a few tips from our panel of experts to help you topple the Underworld:

-Don't buy cookies from Mafia Scouts who go door to door.

-If a Hitman asks you for the time, lie. This will make him late for the murder attempt.

-Boycott pizza and hard drugs.

-Don't vote for politicians who have a backer named "One Finger."

-Avoid the waterfront when carrying large amounts of cash.

Granted, these are only limited suggestions in the fight against crime, but just remember, if everyone in New York City decided to turn in state's evidence, the D.A.'s office would be very crowded.

D.F.

STUDY: Diet Soda Boost Risk of Having to Go to the Bathroom

The Plague (NYU)- People who drink two or more cans of diet soft-drink a day may run a 60% higher risk of having to go to the bathroom, according to a new study of human exposure to saccharin and other distasteful chemicals, released yesterday.

The study conducted by the National Association to Prevent Excessive Flushing (NAPEF), and made public by the janitors, also discovered that sugar substitutes might just enhance the taste of food, if you're lucky.

It concluded that both saccharin and another sugar substitute, cycle-a-mate, which was in widespread use until its ban in 1970, are potential risk factors for human excretion.

AN APPEAL

This week's human interest story concerns a very brave little boy with a very rare condition. His name is Timmy, but this 10-year-old is not like other boys his age. You see, while most boys his age have begun to develop their male secondary sex characteristics, little Timmy has not. Where most boys have begun to form pubic and underarm hair, all Timmy has is smooth, smooth skin. While other boys have small, shallow chests, Timmy has developed rapidly enlarging mammary glands. And where most boys have normal male genitalia, all little Timmy has are numerous folds of skin.

And that's not all. When other little boys are out playing football, baseball, basketball and soccer, all little Timmy can do is talk on the phone for hours, and spend even more time shopping for bargains at Bloomingdale's.

No, Timmy isn't like other boys his age. You see, little Timmy is a girl. Only nobody has told him/her yet. Won't you help? Please send your contributions to: The Committee to Please Tell Timmy He's a Girl, 1818 Ignorance Drive, Portland, Oregon 48331. Thank you.

by Brian Feinberg

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ASK THE REAPER



(Do you have any questions about death? You can send them to The Reaper, c/o The National Idolator, P.O. Box 1313, Cleveland, Oh.)

Dear Reaper:

Every morning when I wake up, I thank God I'm alive, but every night when I try to go to sleep I am scared that if I doze off I won't wake up. What can I do?

Confused

Dear Confused:

Sleep obviously symbolizes death to your subconscious mind. It is not sleeping that you are afraid of, merely death. I can assure you that you will not die in your sleep. As a matter of fact, you will be quite awake when that airplane crashes into that mountain.

Dear Grim Reaper:

I and my friends were talking over tea the other afternoon discussing the amenities of life, when naturally the conversation turned to the etiquette of death. Unfortunately our local book merchant was fresh out of material on the subject. Would you be so kind as to advise hence?

Cassie Snobgrass

Dear Cassie:

I have recently consulted the late Amy Vanderbilt and she is currently at work ghostwriting a book on the very subject. A highlight from the text, which will be published soon by Reaper and Rowe is that one should be careful not to drool at the fateful moment. If possible, you should also be wearing a clean set of underwear.

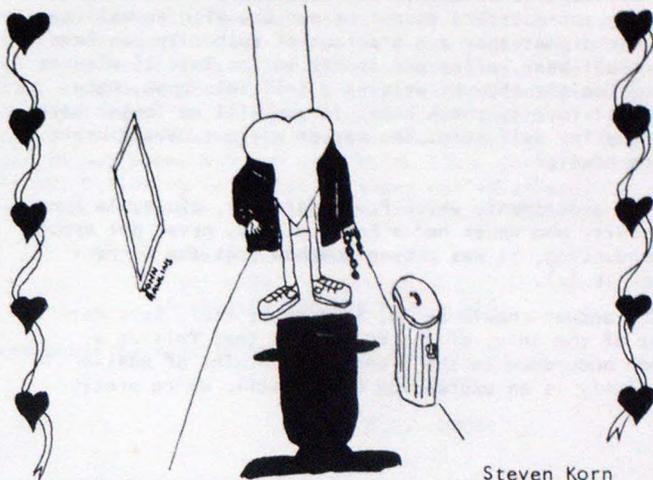
Dear Son:

How come you never come to visit? Not even so much as a phone call! Wouldn't you think that a boy could find some time just to send a postcard even? No, no, no, it's always you and those business trips! Can't you forget your business for just one night so you can come see your old mom? After all, wasn't it I that gave you your first scythe and shroud? The only way that I could get you to come was if I were to die, then you would have to show up.

Mommy

Drop dead, mom. That dumb shroud wasn't even the right size. I had to trade it to Finky Finklestein for his Mets Season tickets, and that was a fate worse than death.

QUIZ!!!-ARE YOU A CANDIDATE FOR HEART ATTACK???



Steven Korn

This Idolator quiz will let you know whether you should see a doctor immediately as a high heart attack risk or whether you should see a doctor immediately as a low heart attack risk. This is a distinction-forming quiz which may save your life if you take it but probably will just please the AMA because we advised you to see a member of the medical profession immediately either way. By the way, if you don't take this quiz you'll surely die in three weeks. Oh, yes, it'll be awfully grisly too. I guess we should mention how it will happen, but when we told George Romero he was sickened. Let's just say you'll wish you were having a heart attack. Don't believe us? Skip over the quiz and see. The Idolator dares you. Here's to your health!

1) ANSWER YES or NO. If the presidential election came down to a choice between the Mork and Mindy ticket and the Laverne and Shirley ticket, I'd be content to go roller discoing on the first Wednesday after the second Tuesday after the first full moon in November 1980.

2) TRUE or FALSE. The best method of self help is to write a self help book.

3) When people say "Hello Senator Proxmire" to you, you respond

a) Oh, I'm not Senator Proxmire. I think I'm Joey Ramone. We're often mistaken for one another. We have the same tailor.

b) What's a file cabinet?

c) Muy bien, Carlos. Quien esta el matador? Esta Fernando Lamas! Donde esta Esther Guillemos? Ella esta en la Tequilla. Que buena!

4) Do you take it to mean you're unpopular when total strangers incessantly come up to you on the street and say, "Helen of Troy is one thing, but Flipper the Dolphin could have saved Sparta!" and walk away?

5) TRUE or FALSE. 90% of all cardiac arrest victims know Ulam's Conjecture by heart.

6) Eenie, meenie, mynie _____

a) Moe (b) Larry (c) Curly Joe (d) Shemp (e) Ivan Bennett.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 20

QUIZ ANSWERS!

1) No. Studies conducted by Professor Busy Martinez at the University of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm proved that most activity causes heart attack and that includes roller disco dancing. A person who was really concerned about their health would waste no time and vote in that election and write in the ticket of Prof. Busy Martinez and Grumpy the Dwarf.

2) True. Studies by Prof. Busy Martinez of Zol U. show that any sub-standard doctor or non Dr. with an ability to pretend that they are a person of authority can have an instant best seller and appear on the last 15 minutes of the Tonight show by writing a self help book. Once the first royalty check comes in you will no longer have any need for self help. You may or may not have a heart attack however.

3)c. In experiments which Prof. Martinez, of Joya's Fun University who never had a heart attack, never got around to conducting, it was proven somehow that the correct answer is (c).

4) The answer should be no. Studies by Prof. Busy Martinez of the Univ. of the 80's found that this is a common occurrence in the Siberian mountains of Russia and simply is an expression of goodwill. We're pretty

sure of this but we can't be positive since Prof. Martinez' translator didn't really speak Russian. But they live to be 150 anyway so whatever they say must be a heart attack deterrent.

5) False. Interviews with all cardiac arrest victims by Prof. Busy Martinez of Netto Univ. (Yukon) showed only 88.7% knew Ulam's Conjecture.

6)d. Research compiled by Prof. Martinez of Brian in Brighton shows that everyone's favorite is Shemp.

If you answered 6 of 6 correctly--you're a candidate for a heart attack!!

- 5 of 6 - You're a candidate for heart attack!!!
- 4 of 6 - you are a heart attack
- 3 of 6 - you are an idiot!
- 2 of 6 - you are a genius!!
- 1 of 6 - you don't know Prof. Busy Martinez.
- 0 of 6 - you are an NYU student!

Of course, in any case, see a doctor immediately. GO RIGHT NOW!

Sponsored by the Cardiologist Assoc. of America

Poster Idol ROKK "SLY" FOXX: I Left My Body After My Soap Box Racer Crash!

by Steven Korn

Last month, millions of adoring fans spent days and days in front of their TV's or radios awaiting word on the fate of their hero, "mucho macho man" Rokk "Sly" Foxx, whose vehicle had crashed in Montana. Women 'round the whole world held outdoor vigils in their town squares for the fourteen days of "Sly's" hospitalization. Rokk is fine now and he told the Idolator of an amazing occult experience he had after the mishap. It happened after his macho soap box coaster, "Blazing Aardvark" overturned when Rokk (spelled with two K's like a true machismo sex idol) installed a mirrored windshield, "so I could see myself and make sure the wind misplaced not a strand of my macho hair." Unfortunately, this meant he could not see the road ahead at all although Rokk indeed saw himself in his mirror. Right until the point when he went through the "Mr. Pucci Wild Animal Sanctuary" window on Billing's Oak Street, anyway. The mirror and Rokk's poster (which was pasted on the passenger side of the mirror "so that I could see myself and decide whether I was better live or on paper") were unhurt, but Rokk suffered a (most macho, of course) coma. This was fortunate for a number of reasons as we shall see.

"I do my best work while in a coma," barked Rokk in a macho way. "I got my big break in the business while comatose. I couldn't talk or think, just smile and look suave for the 'mamasitas.' The expectation that we have even a touch of creativity is a real problem and being in a coma is a ready excuse when critics try to cut us macho men down. They say like, 'how are you contributing anything positive to the arts?' or something dumb like that, and my manager just says, 'hey, he's in a coma, OK?' and they feel sorry for me and shut up. My TV series pilot was filmed during my coma and the network execs (a macho abbreviation for executives) said I never had more teen appeal. My new series goes on in April and will be called "Please Adore Me." It has no plots or character development or those things. It's the perfect vehicle for me, Rokk "Sly" Foxx. Watch for this showcase of my body in the spring. Now let me tell you about leaving my body immediately after my crash."



Pre-crash photo of ROKK "SLY" FOXX

He continued (believe us, every word is true, we promise!), "Well, you know I'm adored by millions. Of course none of them knows me. Those who do don't know me for long because I'm a constant reminder of the macho ideal and they don't want to be seen with me. No one talks to me. I can only relate to other one-dimensional people, I guess. That can get lonely. So, I have this mannequin, my plastic body, and I take it along everywhere for companionship. It's like being in a car pool. After the crash I left that body, my body, in Mr. Pucci's ferocious wildebeest aisle as I staggered away before lapsing into my coma. I left my body! And the wildebeests claim they haven't seen it. There's my macho occult tale, see ya later!!"

You could look it up, we swear it's true. Honest! Please believe us. Well, at least don't sue us. OK, take a number, we'll get to your lawsuit in about 18 months. All right, so there really is no Rokk Foxx, what do you care? He's just as macho as any of your other poster idols. You can't even lie in this country anymore and it's all because of people of your ilk. Bring back Idolator gore I say. Rokk Foxx my earlobe! No one sued over disgusting things, they just hospitalized themselves when they got sick. Ah, to those things that were but can never be again, I guess.

"HELP WENDELL BECOME A SAINT FUND" still exists!

Steven Korn

Millions of you have almost given to the "Help Wendell Become a Saint" fund already and we have every reason to believe you will continue to philanthropically dig deep down in your pocketbooks and think about giving to our fund and rectifying the sad situation we first brought to your attention 8 short years ago, hoping to strike a sympathetic chord in all of you so that you'll keep up with the story and thus buy the Idolator.

Wendell Paperbagg lived off Halloween candy for seven years when he decided he was tired of being just another poor Klingon in Iowa. He was going to be a saint. That was 1972. All that stood in Wendell's way was the performance three miracles. Miracles cost money however and the Idolator took up the collection effort as it provided the perfect vehicle for exploitation. We've even actually received some donations.

Mostly due to your generosity, Wendell almost performed one miracle last month. With your funds, Wendell came within an eyelash of rolling a stone and gathering moss. The rock and the nearly gathered moss were each bought with your kind donations. With more of your money, Wendell is planning to go to Rome for

his vacation and as long as he's in the neighborhood, he's going to ask the Pope to canonize him, in person, on the strength of the near miracle. Wendell feels the commercial possibilities are endless for a living, official saint. In fact, "Soup of the Saint," "Soap of the Saint," and "Soot of the Saint" are all campaigns pending on Wendell's success. The Vatican would gain too, says Wendell. "The canonization of a living Iowan is sure fire prime time stuff. It's got every angle, ads could be sold for \$500,000 a minute easy." The Idolator wins because we get 15% of anything Wendell earns. And, most importantly, you, our beloved readers win because a real live saint means a new celebrity to fawn over in our pages and you will be to blame for this one, not us. Following is a list of those who've already contributed to make St. Wendell a reality. Thank you all.

Generosso Pope - \$1.50
Omar - 9¢
Kreeg the Banshee King - 4Ω

Send contributions to St. Wendell Fund
c/o Nat'l. Idolator
Box C
N.Y., N.Y. 00001

NO FRIENDS? NO FAMILY? OR ARE YOU JUST UNPOPULAR?

Feel ashamed when others pull out wallet photos of their loved ones or wives and you don't have anything to show back except your voter's registration card? Well, be ashamed no more! Thanks to our Plague patented collection of Fake Family Fotos. They're poorly composed, out-of-focus, overexposed, and in shabby condition, just like real family photos! That's because our photographers use old battered instamatics to give you that Sunday photographer look. And if you send now, we'll mail you a free sample of our Fake Family Fotos. If not completely satisfied, return it for a full refund.



FREE SAMPLE ORDER FORM

Check as many as you like, we'll only send you one anyway.

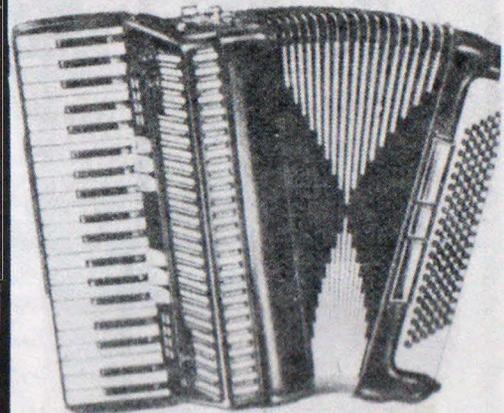
- MOM (with cookies)
- MOM (with chicken soup)
- PA (with pipe)
- PA (building treehouse)
- UNCLE TED
- FAT AUNT TESSIE
- EXTRA-FAT AUNT TESSIE (limited amount)
- COUSIN BETTY
- JANE AND THE KIDS
- FREDDY JUNIOR'S HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION
- ANNIE'S SWEET SIXTEEN PARTY
- ALL PURPOSE GIRLFRIEND / MISTRESS / SLAVE / CALCULUS TEACHER (endearing expression of true love handwritten on back).

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John Rawlins

Howard Ostrowsky



It's Brando's Look-Alike Sister!

The strong features etching this handsome woman's face are a family trait. She's 60-year-old Jocelyn Brando — and she's a look-alike for her famous brother, Marlon!

\$5 for HAPPY THOUGHTS

\$5 will be paid for each happiness letter printed. Send your entry to: Happy Thoughts, NATIONAL, P.O. Box 100, Lantana, Fla. 33464.

Pull the Wrigleys from my lips
Obscene movement of your hips
Hair, smells like burning cloth
Beware the sandwich, beware the froth
Too much protein causes gout
I hope your teeth rot and fall out
I hope your teeth rot and fall out
I hope your teeth rot and fall out.

John Gernand

NATIONAL IDOLATOR

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the fond Fairwells

The catastrophe-ridden story of the Three Fairwell brothers, Ike, Mike and Jim, and their depressingly downbeat adventures in a world that only exists as New York's backyard.

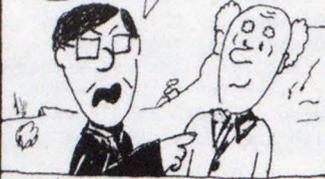
TEXT: JOHN RAWLINS
ART (?): DAN FIORELLA

My God, Ike! It's as big as a house!



... Says Enid Yerse, Registered Nurse, to the one man she's truly in love with, the ever-indifferent Dr. Ike Fairwell,

My God, Tetrachloride, where have you brought us?



... Asks New Jersey University President Emeritus John C. Sawdust, of his about-to-be-retired employee, Chronography Professor, Marvin Tetrachloride,

My God, Mr. Marlow, I'm getting the definite feeling my beloved Gwen is in the immediate vicinity!



.. Says diner owner Mike Fairwell to his private detective, Sam Marlowe,

My God Ma'am, we're going to be eaten alive!



.. Says Millionaire Jim Fairwell to the one woman who is paying any attention to him (though she secretly loves another) Iridium Tetrachloride,



Says big scary Tyrannosaurus Rex to Jim's faithful short-tempered manservant, Pendulum,



As Sam gallantly leads Mike, Jim, Iridium Tetrachloride, Pres. Sawdust and Pendulum in mass retreat from the Tyrannosaurus Rex let's recap the events leading to this moment...

Tetrachloride, attempting to con Jim out of a few million to use in research projects, invited him over to his lab to allow his maddeningly beautiful daughter, Iridium, to tempt Jim into giving her all his IBM stock. Jim mistook the invite as one to a party and invited his 2 brothers and friends along. As Jim was about to be rooked for everything, President Sawdust burst in...

Sawdust insisted on Tetra's immediate resignation. It seems the good professor just turned 65 and it was time to be put out to pasture. Tetrachloride took refuge inside his Time Machine...



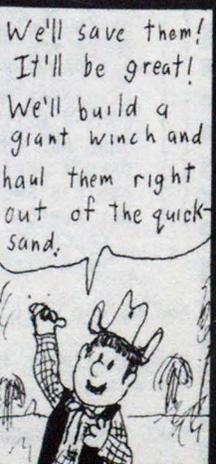
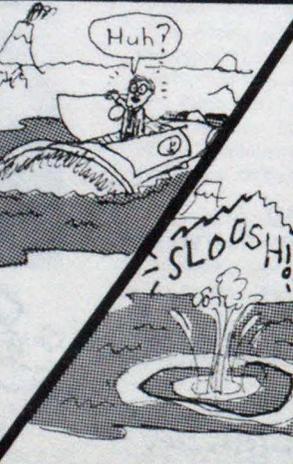
Before anyone knew what was happening, they had all been transported millions of years into the past...



Stay in the Time Machine, Enid, I'll go out there and stop that Tyrannosaurus!



What a Catastrophe! That wicked Tyrannosaurus just knocked my Time Machine into that patch of quicksand!



Yeah, Jim! I'll be great! We'll work side by side, a millionaire and a diner owner joining forces to save their brother!



Yeah, President Sawdust. It'll be great! We can work side by side too. Two men at each other's throats, now striving together to escape this hell-hole!



Sirs, you are forgetting one thing.



We'll hafta rescue Ike later. Fa now let's head fa those caves!



Dad, did you ever think your machine would be so successful?

Frankly, no! Do you think we might be able to live on a honest salary, earned from my invention rather than continue to con innocent people like Jim?

While I am at a loss to explain why my Gwen would be here in pre-historic New Jersey, I get the definite feeling she is nearby.

Not at your age egg-head! Think she knows a good hiding place?

This is a fascinating spot to collect rare plants!



What a catastrophe! I haven't been this scared since I saw "Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster."



How about "The Invasion of the Giant Koalas?" I bet that one scared you.

No, but "All the President's Men" nearly gave me heart failure.



The rare rubber plant vine...



...Lummox!



Ooh Horace, I can't keep my hands off you a moment longer! You're the one I love!!

But Iridium, he has no money! This is beginning to sound like an after shave commercial. What about Ike and Enid, shouldn't we rescue them?

No, but he has guts! He has style! He has a uniqueness that is completely unlike anyone else's! Wait!



I Told you all Owen was here and now I'm sure of it. There's a doorway here in back of the cave!



This will only take a moment, Jim.



And so, after Pendulum's amazing slaying of the Tyrannosaurus, Mike has caused the cave to cave in. Will this be for the general good of himself and his friends or will they all be buried alive? Will Jim recover from Iridium's rejection of him? Will President Sawdust go into a song and dance routine culminating in a huge finale—with hundreds of tap-dancers, acrobats, jugglers and Tailors all singing the "Theme from A Summer Place"? And how are Ike & Enid doing these days? Catch the thrilling conclusion in the next issue of The Plague when we'll see Jim say.....



ZØL SAYS: NIX ON PIX!



In the country of my birth (which will remain unnamed to perpetuate my mythical status) when Toto (the "rock" group not the dog) comes on the radio, men prostrate themselves to show their obedience to the line handed down by our leader and dry cleaner owner, Nielson Schlock. In my travels, I have come to notice that a similar malady has overcome your WPIX-FM radio station. What once was progressive is now regressive. As I would count the cracks on the ceiling on Sunday nights, I'd love to listen to "Radio, Radio." Not counting Joe Franklin, this was the most interesting show to ever grace the audio airwaves. They took chances whereas other stations wait for proven marketability. SO NOW I AM LONELY! NO ONE WILL TALK TO ME AS PIX DID! What is the fun of listening to a station that is in reality nothing more than a loop tape of (AIR) HEAD GAMES. Can N.Y. stand by apathetically and benign while NY radio has been emasculated by a bunch of demented "taste makers?" They even took off the show of my pediatrician, DR. DEMENTO. In my country, we've heard of WNCN, a classical station which went through a format change and public outcry brought the classical format back. Let's do the same for PIX. Write incredibly nasty letters to Ray Yorke and Leavitt Pope at 220 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017, or circulate petitions and send them to either or both of the above. PIX people were the only ones who would talk to me, ZØl Umaträ. ACT NOW! N.Y.C. may never see the likes of WPIX-FM again.

DINOSAUR



FUNNIES

WHAT DO ATILLA THE HUN, ADOLPH HITLER, RICHARD NIXON, GODZILLA AND SIRHAN SIRHAN HAVE IN COMMON?

That's right. They had a deficient sense of humor. Had these boys taken the time to laugh a little, the world would be in much greater shape. What can you do to help prevent the rise in the world of such evil power again? Read The Plague. Better still, write for it. If you are gifted by God with the ability to make people laugh, then it is your duty as an American to write for The Plague and stop the spread of evil. The choice is yours: Remember, the fate of the human race hangs in the balance.

Yes, I want to save mankind. I will send many humorous articles to Box 79, 21 Washington Pl., Room 504. I will attend the weekly meetings every Thursday at 1 PM at the office. I will eat all my greens and brush my teeth after every meal. Thank you for saving me.

Signed _____ / /1980