

JINKIE

COST: ONE S.A.S.E.
PER MONTH TO

ELAYNE WECHSLER
418 East 3rd Avenue
Roselle, NJ 07203
Don't Avoid "Uncle Floyd"!

VOLUME I, ISSUE 7

MAY 1981

A Special Time

On January 30, 1980, I wrote the following song and sent it to Floyd. I still consider it the best present I've ever been able to give to someone. I guess Floyd thought it was special too, because he had the kindness not only to reprint it (which came as a total shock and wonderful surprise) in the March, 1980 Uncle Floyd Show Gazette, the show's official newsletter, but also to allow me to perform the song on the show. It was taped just about a year ago, the third Saturday of May, 1980, and aired the following Wednesday. I remember I was sandwiched between two dynamite bits—one of the funniest "Mr. Frogers" ever done, and a hilarious "Captain Amazing" sketch—and, as you can well imagine, I felt quite overwhelmed and not a little inadequate. But it seemed to go over well, I had one of the most special times in my life, and in honor of that "anniversary" and the part of my creativity that has now turned to IJ, I reprint that song here. For those of you who are musically inclined, chords and music will be supplied upon request...

Words and Music by
Elayne Wechsler

"LAST OF THE OLD-TIME CLOWNS"
(written 1/30/80; 10-11:30pm)

c. 1980 Pen-Elayne
Enterprises

He came dressed in a coat from a second-hand store

With a bowtie that nobody wears any more

He was there to do punch lines, and shake a few hands

And I was among his most loyal of fans

The crowd roared with laughter, they shouted and cheered

Good jokes were applauded and bad ones were jeered

And the great hall was filled with the happiest sounds

For the last of the old-time clowns...

At first, he was taken aback by the crowd

He hadn't expected to hear them so loud

For he'd started with nothing, and stayed there so long

It surprised him to see he had pleased such a throng

He remembered his days with that carnival show

Where the fast-paced experience made him a pro

Then returning to home, he began making rounds

As the last of the old-time clowns

He had peddled his talents at parties and bars

He used what he'd learned watching old kid-show stars

When his audience thrilled to each slapstick routine

He decided to try for the video screen

Well, his show started harmless, a youngster's ideal

But soon older siblings found greater appeal

They had someone to root for, and share ups and downs

In this last of the old-time clowns...

Now a look of nostalgia appears on his face—

"I believe I was born in the wrong time and place

They used to do this when burlesque was the rage

How I long for the feel of a vaudeville stage..."

And, so saying, he sits himself down at the keys

And fingers some ragtime and swing melodies

And I feel like the circus has entered our towns

With the last of the old-time clowns

He's the last...of the old....time clowns....

UPCOMING EVENTS:

BELATED

APRIL 11 - THE BANGS' Anniversary (2 yrs)
 APRIL 20 - MARY JAMES, 16
 APRIL 23 - CATHY KORZ, 23
 APRIL 24 - GLENN SCHNEIDER, 9
 APRIL 25 - FR. JOE BARBONE, 35

MORE-OR-LESS CURRENT

MAY 3 - PEGGY GAVAN, 17
 MAY 9 - BILLY JOEL (?)
 MAY 9 - "UNCLE FLOYD DAY" at
 Freehold Raceway
 MAY 10 - MOM'S DAY (remember Mom...)
 MAY 10 - RICH BARBONE, 34
 MAY 14 - ED FLYNN, 25
 MAY 16 - Personal Appearance, Video
 Source, Rt. 46W, Parsippany NJ,
 scheduled to start at 10:30am
 MAY 17 - LINDA FRIED, 17
 MAY 18 - ART "SKIP" ROONEY, over 30?
 MAY 19 - NETTO, perpetually 29
 MAY 21 - LINDBERG LANDED IN PARIS, 1927
 MAY 24 - BILL-DALE MARCINKO, 22
 MAY 25 - LISA VITALE, 23
 MAY 25 - MEMORIAL DAY (I love a parade...)
 MAY 31 - JOANNE FLYNN, 14
 JUNE 11 - JILL SMITH, 15
 JUNE 12 - LISA BOTTINI, 20
 JUNE 25 - Stage Show, CREATIONS, W. Orange
 Eagle Rock Ave., next to old
 studio (more info next month)
 JUNE 30 - DAN REINHARDT, 19
 (Send in all events to be publicized by the
 5th of next month, please)

 *INSIDE JOKE is produced and created, in *
 *spite of everything, by Elayne Wechsler w/ *
 *a lot of help from my friends. Such help *
 *is always welcome, so feel free with writ- *
 *ten (& other) contributions. *
 * EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler *
 * PRODUCTION ASSTS....Margaret Kuczynski & *
 * Tracy Prieto *
 * STAFF WRITERS: Maria Vitale, Jerry Rubino *
 * NEW STAFF WRITERS: Sue Rosner, Margaret *
 * OTHER WRITERS & COPY CONTRIBUTORS: *
 * Patricia Silverberg, Laura Schneider, *
 * Tracy, Fred Velez, Derek Tague, Peg *
 * Mularz, Gloria De Massi *
 * SPECIAL GUEST WRITER/SYMBOL OF INTER- *
 * NATIONAL SOCIALISM.....Hilary Leighter *
 * c. 1981 Pen-Elayne Enterprises *
 * Printed by Mike, Bob, etc. at COUNSEL *

Editorial,

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS & SUBSCRIPTIONS

Let me assure regular subscribers to IJ that there was, indeed, NO April issue—see, it's kind of like the Python "Bruce (Australian)" sketch: "Rule Number 6, there is no 'Rule Number 6'!" My reasons for skipping a month were numerous, but above all, I just didn't have the time and energy, especially after what was supposed to be a "short" March issue.

But we're "back to normal" now, and, as you will probably surmise from this issue, I have carried out my pledge to the extent that much more of this rag is dedicated to comedy in general rather than The Uncle Floyd Show specifically. I will still maintain, more or less, the "Floyd" angle, since I still plan, with permission, to pass out copies at appearances and the like, but I feel that not only are there more things on heaven and earth than UFS, but that other publications, especially The Gazette, this issue of which was superb beyond all others, cover the show much better than I could. It may turn out that the only "remnant" of Floyd will be "You Know You're a True Uncle Floyd Fan When..."—which I will continue as long as I get contributions and which I dearly love—and it may not turn out that that is the only Floyd-related column. UFS events will always be in the Upcoming Events column, and I will still accept articles having to do with the show, but for strictly UFS stuff, there are plenty of other newsletters and fanzines, only some of which are listed in these pages. I hope to give you something more, something special, something that reflects my "creative process", and I feel this issue is a huge step in that direction.

Enough editorializing. Thanks this ish go to Maria Vitale, forever and ever, and also to Marci Mann, Jerry Rubino, Pat and Janet Brown, and Laura Schneider, whose support is great and whose money and stamps ain't bad either. By the way, if you'd like to contribute to IJ but feel I might be embarrassed to take money or something, I'd just like to set your minds at ease on that point (I LOVE MONEY!), hint, hint... Seriously, though, I think we can keep it going with just SASE's and voluntary contributions for now...but I'll let you if the situation changes...Subscription is one SASE per month, to address on front page... if you're laid up for the envelope, just send me an 18¢ stamp...

Selected Shorts

We got only about a 15% return rate so far on the questionnaire, probably because many people seemed to think I didn't want them back after April 10 (I wrote "preferably" on the bottom, not "must be in"). So if you still have last month's questionnaire, I'd really like it back, filled in, of course. Full results, therefore, will not be tabulated until next month, but just a few notes: Yes, Laura, we will have a feature on Hal Roach's "Our Gang" next month; Tamar, see the "Tizwas" article; Margie, I'll talk to Phil; Sue Kaufmann, you're hired, write it & I'll print it; and for those who wanted more interviews, especially with cast members, I cannot make any promises, but I'll see what I can do...

Congrats to IJ subscribers CINDY MILTNER and SUE KOHOUT, both of who made the UNCLE FLOYD SHOW ALL-STARS softball team (Sue as an alternate, Cindy as a "regular"). They join veteran LISA VITALE and the rest of the team, which is managed by Frank Gengaro, for what promises to be a very exciting season. For full team roster and schedule, see the April UFS Gazette. Come on out to Branch Brook Park on Bloomfield Ave. in Newark, and support the team.

BACK ISSUES

I'd neglected, last month, to mention that back issues of INSIDE JOKE (#1 through 6) require, in addition to a modest charge for my time and tzuris in Xeroxing (and bear in mind that, through no fault other than modern technology and my lack of original templates, the copies you get will be black-and-white and not as good as the originals), also one SASE (18¢) for each issue desired. It's up to you if you want to kick in the extra stamp for the larger issues, I can handle that.

Prices are as follows:

ISSUE #1 (Premiere "On the Rag" ish):
50¢ plus SASE

ISSUE #2: 50¢ plus SASE

ISSUE #3 (Expanded Xmas issue):
\$1.00 plus SASE

ISSUE #4 (Expanded, features an INTERVIEW WITH FLOYD'S FIANCEE LISA VITALE):
\$1.00 plus SASE

ISSUE #5 (b & w only): 50¢ plus SASE

ISSUE #6 (b & w only, expanded):
\$1.00 plus SASE

VIDEO PLAYBACK

Getting Hooked On The Video Game Machine

by Chris Calam

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU been all set to leave a diner after finishing your meal and then spotted a video game machine on your way out?

Yes, the harmless electronic toy, usually stuck between a cigarette machine and a biorhythm card dispenser, catches your eye and you wind up putting a quarter in it. The lights start flashing, the figures start moving and it even starts to talk to you.

Two hours and \$15 in change later, after your date decided to call a cab and go home alone, you stand there exhausted and frustrated with no money left to pay the toll on the parkway. And you're wondering how the player whose high score is blinking at you ever got so good at this game.

Sound familiar? Video games are on the increase and have matured in the small space of five years since the first moving blip "tennis" game hit the bars and pocketbooks.

Last year, in fact, video games made more of an impact in sales than any other spin off the new electronic software revolution. The most famous of these devices, Space Invaders, has even made the jump into players' homes and living rooms in a scaled down, but no less

addicting, version.

Currently, of all the video games that frequent the sub shops, bowling alleys and boardwalks, only a handful are available for sale in the home unless you want to spend a few thousand dollars for the arcade models.

The new wave of home video games is due to the concept of "plug in cartridges" that toy manufacturers have adopted. Instead of buying a new console for every new game, costly and in the end boring when you grow tired of playing it over and over, you now can buy one master console that accepts different games you can purchase and insert as you do with cassettes in an audio tape deck.

Space Invaders, the eternal struggle of a lone earth bound defender against an army of slowly descending alien attackers, has best made the transition from commercial to home use. The new version has less invaders than the arcade model but just as much excitement. In fact, I found the game more enjoyable because I was able to achieve higher scores than I ever got playing the coin operated unit.

Breakout, where you try to smash through a wall of different colored bricks by ricocheting a small white ball against them, also has remained faithful to the original quarter a game version. If you were good at the old Tennis video contest you'll love this one.

Gunfight suffers the most of all the games I've tried that were transformed to home use. In this one, two armed cowboys face each other off in a shoot out but while you can play this game alone against the computer, the action and thrills really need another human competitor.

Astroids, another well-known arcade game is supposedly soon to be manufactured by Atari in a greater quantity than it did on its first run. Now the most sought after game on the market, Astroids consists of a small tri-angled rocketship that you pilot through a meteor field, gaining points by blasting them to smithereens and meanwhile destroying a large and small enemy saucer.

Besides these games, Atari also markets a chess game, a maze game, football and basketball games, a game that simulates driving a car at night and about 40 others. And Activision, another different electronics firm, has its own line of separate video cartridges that fit into the Atari and Sears master console.

Mattel has its own game console and cartridges out, though not in as much variety as Atari's but, according to some, more sophisticated versions of play under the Intellivision trade mark. The company also offers a keyboard attachment that converts it into a home computer.

(This column appears weekly in the Aquarian. Note the author. Now, as to whether this is the same "C.M. Calam" who writes for UFS, your guess is as good as mine, but the article's interesting and informative anyway, especially for those of us into video games.)

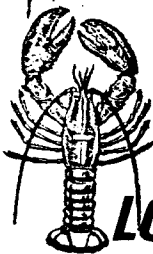
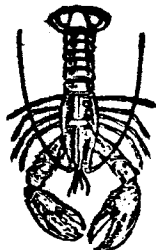
Fan Club Moose

ROSTER

This month's FCN starts off with a congratulations to DIANE DROPPA and FAN CLUB BED PAN for getting announced on the air! FCBP's motto is "Laughter is the Best Medicine", and it originates, as you may have guessed, from a hospital staff—specifically the staff at Roosevelt Hospital in Metuchen. Diane is pres, CATHERINE ZAMBITO is veep, and the club is made up of staff, patients, and friends. The club has already made Floyd a hot plate out of tiles in the shape of Oogie, which was also shown on the air, and Diane relates, "One patient was discharged recently and the patient in the next bed gave her a going away present of an ear plug for her television so Skip's laughing won't bother her mother when she watches the show at home. Honestly!"... Floyd has announced, via the Gazette, that he will now begin official fan club number registration, to be done on a first-come, first-serve basis. This means if your fan club already has a number and wants to keep it, you'd better send in your \$3 registration fee pronto. Floyd informs us, "Inactive clubs will be forgotten, and their old numbers will be assigned to our newer clubs." Registration sheets are "suitable for framing" too. Why does this suddenly remind me of my old frat and its many attempts at uniform organization? From experience, I wish you GOOD LUCK, FLOYD—and PLEASE, FAN CLUBS, HELP OUT... Oh, and one more thing, WAYNE HASTRUP is looking for a cheap printer so he can finally put out the Register. Can anyone help him?....

FACTS ABOUT LOBSTERS:

You can find out a lot about them on the 1st floor of the American Museum of Natural History...



**Love
dem
LOBSTERS!**

U.O.W for Vin

Well, folks, give yourselves a pat on the back. VINNIE SCELSA made VIEWER-OF-THE-WEEK, thanks to all of you who signed the INSIDE JOKE petition on the back of the February issue and sent it in! I forwarded the 30 signatures to Floyd, who announced the good news, I believe it was, the second week of April, correct me if I'm wrong. From all of us at IJ, who knew it was "in the bag", CONGRATULATIONS VINNIE!

As most know by now, Floyd facetiously bills the Gazette, his publication, as "The New York Times of all newsletters, fanzines, and printed matter concerning The Uncle Floyd Show." Paul Dial, to parody, has labelled his UFS Mirror as "The National Enquirer of...", and most of you can figure out which paper I'm taking off on when I use the expression "Imagine how much acid it must be to work at INSIDE JOKE..." So here, with the most apt (!) descriptions along the same line, is a roster of all of the UFS publications with which I'm now in contact. Subscription is a SASE (self-addressed, stamped envelope) unless otherwise stated.

THE UFS GAZETTE

"THE NEW YORK TIMES"

EDITOR: FLOYD VIVINO

PRICE: \$6.50/12 issues

P.O. BOX 791, PARAMUS, NJ 07652

THE FLOYDIAN PRESS

"THE NATIONAL LAMPOON"

EDITOR: MARCI MANN

201 RIDGEWOOD AVE., GLEN RIDGE NJ 07028

INSIDE JOKE

"THE DAILY NOOSE"?

EDITOR: ELAYNE WECHSLER

418 E. 3rd AVE., ROSELLE NJ 07203

THE UFS MIRROR

"THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER"

EDITOR: PAUL DIAL

628 POWELLS LANE, WESTBURY NY 11590

ON THE AIR

"THE NEW YORK HERALD" (hmm, get it...)

EDITOR: JEFF MULLER

439 FAITOUTE AVE., ROSELLE PARK NJ 07204

THE SAVE REEL

"THE WASHINGTON POST" (too hip also...?)

EDITORS: GEHEBE & FASANO

248-13 139TH AVE., ROSEDALE NY 11422

THE UFS REGISTER

"THE DAILY JOURNAL"

EDITOR: WAYNE HASTRUP

285 W. WEBSTER AVE., ROSELLE PARK NJ 07204

'FU'-ing Around

by Maria Vitale

...from the underground of...well, you probably know how it goes by now. At any rate (preferably, first-class), I have a little story that I'd like to share with you all (y'all?)—

This issue's article was enclosed in a hermetically sealed envelope which was then placed in a jar and buried along with some unknown persons in a block of quick-drying cement. This was rather silly, as I soon realized, since the envelope had to be sent to you-know-who for publication by the deadline.

Well, after spending about four hours with a sledge-hammer and missing Benny Hill and Mr. Szorentini's program (yes, it was a Monday!), I finally found what was left of the jar—now in "millions and billions of pieces" (sorry about that!).

Anyway, I was able to retrieve the envelope, but it was rather soggy and so, left in a position of not having anything to hand in, I thought, "Why not share my exploits with IJ's readers, whoever they may be?" Well, there you have it. I know, some of you may be thinking, "What a rotten excuse for a (expletive deleted) article." Well, nuts to you!!

There's just one thing (No, I am NOT going to start that again!), the police have found the bodies which were in the cement and frankly, they are stumped, but they do have several possible explanations for the broken glass. Oh, well, what more can I say?

That's it for now. Be sure to look for that other article in some future issue of IJ. It's about some very interesting people: Bianca, Catherine ("The Shrew, The Shrew, the one they call..."sorry. Inside joke, don't ya know!).

As always,

"THE KID"

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TRUE UNCLE FLOYD FAN WHEN....

(#4! And on and on the ideas go, as long as you keep sending them in! Anyone is welcome to make suggestions, real life or no, to add to our already growing list. Oh, and AS AN EXTRA, in about the 7th or 8th installment of this, I'll list them all once more, for those of you keeping track...)

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TRUE UNCLE FLOYD FAN WHEN...

- ...you can't find a job and like to sleep a lot—like Charlie!
- ...someone says "Whatcha gonna do??" and you quickly reply, "I'm gonna make a pizza!"
- ...you have a box of donuts in the cafeteria at school and you throw a few pieces like the Eddie Slobbo bits.
- ...you look at a toaster oven in the store and yell out, "SCOTT GORDON!"
- ...you have an urge to run into a truck in front of you.
- ...on TV, a kid says, "Oh yeah?" and you scream back "OOOOOH YEAHHHH!"
- ...you miss the first ten minutes of the show, the whole day is shot, and you can't get in the mood to watch the rest.

(submitted by Peg Mularz)

- ...you join a Skip Rooney Fan Club and find out you're the only member.
- ...you buy stock in the White Pigeon Meat Company.
- ...your idea of listening to classical music is Skip playing his horn.
- ...you hire Charlie Stoddard as a driving instructor.
- ...you feel sorry for Oogie when Floyd yells at him.

(submitted by Pat and Janet Brown)

- ...you turn on the TV at 3:00 in the afternoon to watch Channel 68, watch the static, and invent (or remember) routines—it's 6pm E.S.T. and you're on the West Coast...
- ...you're late to school every day because you must watch Uncle Floyd (that's an old one, from back in the 8am days...).
- ...you take off from the most important day of your job to go to the U.F. convention.
- ...you walk down the street, hear someone shout, "Hey, buddy," and crack up hysterically.

(submitted by Tamar Rothenberg)

On Wednesday night, April 22, Floyd and cast guested on the radio show of MIKE SZORENTINI on WSOU-FM, Seton Hall (89.5FM). Many call-ins were taken, and the first two were well-known viewers and also die-hard Szorentini fans, JOHN CAVANAGH (he of the Junior Achievement pictures on the wall) and DEREK TAGUE (he of the Trivia Quizzes monthly in the Gazette). Other famous names who got through included GLENN CUTLER of Edison and PAUL BRUKER, the official Beatles maven (no, no relation to Ed Rudy, who probably just thinks he's a maven). As an added surprise, one of the calls was also from MICHAEL ROWE, the third credited writer of the show. By the way, in answer to a fan's query, Mugsy hinted at some sort of relationship between himself and "C.M. Calam", the second credited writer. Also revealed was "C.M."s job as a writer of a video column for the Aquarian (one of which columns is reproduced elsewhere in this paper). But the big surprise for most UFS fans came when Floyd announced officially his engagement to the indeed very engaging LISA VITALE of good ol' Newark. And, something else which gave a lot of people a big kick, Lisa actually spoke on the air for the first time (one of the best moments was when a caller asked if any of the cast was into hockey [to which they answered in the negative], gave the score of the Rangers' game, and then Lisa asks, "Do you know how the Flyers did?"). The reaction to the announcement was totally favorable, as nearly every subsequent caller congratulated the happy couple, and Lisa came off as graceful and eloquent (and friendly as well) as in person or at stage shows.

Besides sports and Floyd's engagement, other subjects discussed were syndication, past cast members, the possibilities of more stage shows in certain areas (many collegians will be disappointed to learn that the cast does not plan any more shows at colleges for awhile, due to assorted backstage problems), and explanations of inside jokes (no, not the one you're reading—stuff like Scott and the toast, Charlie and fish, and, of course, "Pookie"). The cast also joked around about their ages, ate pizza, and generally had a great time, as did all of us in the listening audience. Again, great job, Mike!

* * * * *

POETRY: 

This is not only a pitch for you to support the show's official newsletter and thus the show (and it is helpful to support it—remember, Floyd makes no money in putting the Gazette out; in fact, last I understood, he took a loss each month...but he does it because he cares, and so should we). This past issue of The UFS Gazette had more necessary and useful information than ever. For fan clubs, Floyd has designed an official Fan Club Registration form, without which no fan club has official rights to retain their number (although you can still technically exist if unregistered). An application costs \$3, to be mailed, preferably by check, to Floyd c/o the Gazette. If you've got a large fan club, it shouldn't be too hard, everyone can kick in a dime or quarter... Also in the April issue is a complete tentative schedule for the Uncle Floyd Show All-Star softball team, which is why it is not reproduced in IJ. Please consider subscribing to the Gazette, "the New York Times of all publications having to do with The Uncle Floyd Show." Send \$6.50 for twelve (large) issues to Floyd Vivino, P.O. Box 791, Paramus, NJ 07652.

THE MAN IN THE GLASS

*If you get what you want in your struggle
for self,
And the world makes you king for a day,
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself,
And see what the man has to say.*

*For it isn't your father, or mother, or
wife,
Who upon you their judgment will pass,
The fellow whose verdict counts most in
your life
Is the one staring back from the glass...*

*He's the one you must satisfy beyond all
the rest,
For he's with you right up to the end—
And you have passed your most difficult
test
If the man in the glass is your friend.*

*You may be the one who got a good break—
They think you're a wonderful guy;
But the man in the glass say's you're only
a fake
If you can't look him straight in the eye.*

*You may fool the whole world down the
pathway of years,
And get pats on your back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heartaches
and tears
If you've cheated the man in the glass.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (submitted by Derek Tague)

TAKE ONE

by "Rockin'" Sue Rosner

(This marks Sue's premiere, if I talk her into it, as IJ's next "newest staff writer". All that means is that, one hopes, she will be writing nonsense regularly. That shouldn't be so hard for Sue—even her correspondence has me rolling on the floor! This is one of her many hairbrain-children, and may help to explain a lot...hmm...)

"MOTHER COLLEGE"

UCLA. On the west coast, thousands of young adults flock there to participate in their athletic program, major in suntans and maybe even get an education. On the east coast, "UCLA" stands for "University Corner Lexington Avenue" (across the street from Bloomingdale's), for there is housed the internationally renowned Mother College.

Mother College offers courses like Guilt 101, Intro to Yelling, Advanced Nagging, and, with the holiday season upon us, for the Jewish mother there is a course entitled "1001 Things to Do With Matzoh Brei".

Students at Mother College must memorize such standards as "wait 'til your father gets home", "be home by 11:00 or don't bother coming home at all", and the most famous of the lot, "when I was your age...".

There's a special course for those mothers with children over 20. It's called "Getting Offspring Married—and FAST!!" In this class mothers with daughters give their phone numbers to mothers with sons. The prerequisite is for the sons to look like Poindexter and the daughters to have so much hair under their arms, a family of robins have moved in. Another course requirement is for the mother to say, "So, did you meet anyone today?" anytime an unwed offspring enters the room.

Want more information on this institute of higher learning? Dial M-O-T-H-E-R-S.

hi!

EXPOSÉ by "Maggie K."

by Margaret Kuczynski
and Tracy Prieto

-and

(This marks my production assistant's first submission, if she wishes, as a full-time "staff writer"—yes, those words again...Also, many thanks to Tracy Prieto too...)

THE SCANDAL BEHIND THE ALLEN DIRNFELD FAN CLUB AND PIGEON SOCIETY

by the ex-Pigeon Sisters

One day at a monthly meeting of the "Pigeon Lovers of America", the Allen Dirnfeld Fan Club was exposed. Slinky Stella was distraught over being black-balled from the fan club, and, in her distress, vowed to get revenge. Slinky Stella made an anonymous phone call to the "Pigeon Lovers of America's" president, Twinkle-toes John. She revealed that the so-called "pigeon lovers" had found a greater love than pigeons... Allen Dirnfeld. "Oh, horrors!" cried Twinkle-toes John, "A greater love than pigeons, unthinkable!"

The most devout members of the pigeon society are found to be the leaders of this outrageous cult. The president is Musical Meg, who once led a walk to Washington to save the pigeons of Central Park. Tempting Terry is the "pied piper" of the fan club. She lures pigeon lovers from the safe world of pigeon museums and shows to the wild and exotic life of the Allen Dirnfeld fan club. Tempting Terry had once been an activist in saving the pigeons of Central Park as well. Lovely Lana is the club's first and most loyal member. "It's a pity that we lost 3 of our best members," said Twinkle-toes John. Lovely Lana had once been a leader in equal rights for pigeons. When we, the ex-Pigeon Sisters, asked "Pigeon Lovers of America's" president what he thought of the exposed club, he replied, "It's really a shame. Those girls were always very active in the 'Pigeon Lovers of America'. When something like this happens, all you can do is hang your head in shame and try to forget." Twinkle-toes John is now looking for new members to the Pigeon Society. If you'd like to join, call LPI-GEON and ask for Twinkle-toes John...

Tizwas

by Hilary Leichter

(INTRODUCTION: Does this make Hilary our "foreign exchange" reporter? In any case, Hil hails from London, specifically, and besides having a cute accent and all that, she also brings news of England's answer to "The Uncle Floyd Show". Although "UFS" is no longer as strictly for children as "Tizwas" still is, Hil assures me, after having seen only portions of one "Uncle Floyd Show", that the similarities are quite evident. If you have any specific questions about "Tizwas", you can write to me or Hilary—her address is 212 Westfield Avenue, Elizabeth, NJ 07202, but only until June. I will have an updated report in a future issue, as I will be able to see this show first-hand [if it's still on] come September.)

"TIZWAS"

On seeing that word, thousands of political exiles will weep copiously into their hankies and start trying to reach the BBC World Service (even though "Tizwas" is on ITV). For all you colonials, I will try and explain what goes into one of my favorite programmes, which is probably the British equivalent of "The Uncle Floyd Show".

"Tizwas" is a Saturday morning children's program, which, because it has as many adult viewers as children, starts at the civilised hour of 11 am and ends at half past twelve, in time for lunch. Its cast consists of 5 adults and a studio audience of about 30 children (it's a small studio) who sit there holding up placards with jokes on, and every so often get covered with flans* or buckets of water.

Its most important contribution to society is the concept of throwing buckets of water over people, and the invention of the "Bucket of Water" Song to sing whilst preparing for the throws. This charming ditty runs something like:

"This is a song, a song that we all can sing

We can't go wrong, we're happy as a King

We march along with a rum-tum-tum, We crash the cymbal and beat the drum,

We sing the song, the Bucket of Water Song!" (SPLASH!)

This has been incorporated into Sally James' (a cast member) Famous Pop Interviews. This is where Sally James interviews actual famous pop groups such as the Tourists and the Pretenders (you can tell I've been outside England for some time!) whilst the rest of the cast throws flans and buckets of water at them.

But who throws the flans, you say? It's the masked person, the Phantom Flan Flinger ("Who is the Phantom Flan Flinger?"). His secret is more mysterious than the Lone Ranger's; I personally think it's Sir Keith Joseph, relaxing after a heavy day in Parliament. After all, when I saw him speak at Cambridge, he spilt a jug of water over the man sitting below his platform. He was obviously prime "Tizwas" material.

This leads me to my favorite feature in the show. Imagine one child (aged about 7) sitting centre stage and two parents (aged about 30) sitting either side of her. She has to answer simple and outrageously hard general knowledge questions. If she gets a question right, she gets loads of prizes and her Dad gets a flan in the face and a bucket of water all over him. If she gets a question wrong, she still gets loads of prizes and her Mum gets a flan in the face and a bucket of water all over her. I always wanted to take my parents onto "Tizwas" but I think they would probably refuse.

Of course, I have glanced over** that opportunity for stardom for everyone's favorite dog "Spit Spot" (pffft...)** or more handy hints for your garden in "Compost Corner (COMPOST CORNER!)", but if you want to experience the delights of "Tizwas" for yourself just catch the next Laker "Skytrain" to London. And please remember to save a seat on the plane for me!

TRANSLATIONS INTO AMERICAN:

*FLAN—A pie in the face **GLANCED OVER—Not touched on, not gone into detail about

***A dog which spits. Really. I don't think even Lisa can boast of that being one of Clark's "talents".

Coming Next Issue:

- SPORTS REPORTS by S. Kaufmann - EXPOSE BY MAGGIE K.: FRANK BIRD-DO!

- The Church of the Sub-Genius by Bill-Dale Marcinko

- Questionnaire Results - One Hen, Two Ducks...

- Hal Roach's "Our Gang" - Test of Following Directions

-AND- WHOZITS

(postponed from this issue)

"VOICE of the VIEWERS" *(Letters)*

Dear Elayne,

After reading Derek Tague's letter to the editor in the March issue of IJ, I felt I had to write a letter in response.

Picking on such miniscule features of your paper as lettering, color of the paper its printed on (which I think gives it flavor [salted or not, Derek!]) and personality) and referring to IJ as IJ (some people need the room saved by abbreviation for more important matters) really is nitpicking, if you ask me (was that a run-on sentence?). As for use of Yiddish terms and your so-called "hipper-than-thou" attitude, they give your publication a lot of flavor and the feeling that you're talking with the reader instead of talking at some Joe Schmoe you could care less about.

As Maria Vitale said, there are always a few people who are more than willing to "patronize" you by complaining. Remember, if they don't like it, they wouldn't read it. I personally think that if people are going to complain about something they can get free and something that enriches their understanding of Uncle Floyd, they'll complain about everything.

So Derek, don't be offended—take all of this with a grain of salt. Would I want to offend you?

METaphorically, Sue Kaufmann

Dear Elayne,

When I read Derek Tague's letter I was so mad! I can understand offering negative feedback, but ONLY if it's honestly felt. Derek dug in and picked INSIDE JOKE apart piece by piece. Now, he honestly can't feel offended at the lobster (which I love), the Yiddish terms, and the run-on letters! "Ah, come on!" The "cute and colored paper", the lobsters, the terminology and your writing style is all part of the personality of IJ. (That's right, "IJ"—too nonchalant for y'all? SORRY!! "Well, excuuuse me"...)

All I can say is—I love INSIDE JOKE before and behind Elayne's back!! I'm proud to say it too!

If I came off sounding too sarcastic—GOOD (Seriously, if I offended the wrong people, SORRY)! Lots of love, Margaret Kuczynski

P.S. HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED!

Dear Elayne,

Please send me the next issue of INSIDE JOKE. It's a great paper! I've watched Uncle Floyd for over 2½ years and have seen many changes. Like the show, IJ gets better with age. Paul A. Reardon

"Master of Prestidigitation"

REVIOOSE

NIGHTWALKER—Gino Vannelli

by Peg Mularz

Here's some new music from the guy who keeps repeating, "I Just Wanna Stop". Nightwalker is a debut album on Arista Records from Gino Vannelli.

It's been since 1978 since Gino released an album but if you are a true Vannelli freak, such as I, you think the wait is well worth it!

On this album is Gino's two brothers, older brother Joe, and gorgeous baby brother Ross (Watch out Vivinos!). Ross supplied hit "I Just Wanna Stop" on the last album. All three brothers work great on this album as they did on the last!

This album has terrific songs such as Gino's new release (+ hit!) single "Living Inside Myself". Other great songs are: "Nightwalker", "Seek and You Will Find", "Stay With Me", "Sally (Says the Sweetest Things)", and "I Believe".

CAVEMAN, starring Ringo Starr, Barbara Bach, Dennis Quaid, Shelly Long, John Matuszak, Avery Schreiber, and Jack Gilford

by Margaret Kuczynski and Tracy Prieto

If you are a Ringo fan, you'll definitely want to see it. But if you are a person who just loves good comedy, CAVEMAN is a must. CAVEMAN is a movie set in prehistoric times. What makes this movie different from others of its type is that you can get into it. Ringo Starr, as the love-struck hero, goes through battles saving his friend with unexpected methods. The movie shows the discovery of fire, music, jealousy, war and true love. Ringo is supposed to be the first thinking man—he even devises a way of standing upward, instead of stooped over.

This movie is Ringo at his best, but he has a lot of help from his co-stars. Dennis Quaid's good looks will melt your hearts, girls (and some GUYS too!); Barbara Bach and ex-football player John Matuszak make you hate them as the bad guys; Shelly Long and Jack Gilford will win your hearts with their cute antics.

The movie has a vocabulary of only 15 various words and grunts. Some of the stunts and effects are unbelievable, but the movie doesn't pretend to be anything but fantasy and escapism. If you have been finding life rough lately, CAVEMAN will help you forget your troubles for a while.

See CAVEMAN...you'll love it!

(ED NOTE: I heartily concur!)

The Roches

LIVE AT THE ROSE ROOM, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY, MARCH 31, 1981

review by Elayne Wechsler

"The old home town looks the same"—it was back to good ol' R.U. I went for this Jersey gem—home-grown talent in the three diverse forms of the Roche sisters; Maggie, Terri and Suzzy. Ramblin' Rose, the organization sponsoring the concert, tried to set the atmosphere by playing Renaissance over the speakers, but the sound system (or the record player) was so bad that even a devoted Renaissance fan such as yours truly wished it a speedy end. Happily, the system seemed to be working just fine when it came to the live portion of the show.

The opening act, David Rose and the Beelines I think it was called, was very polished and tight, but the audience really didn't pay them as much attention as I felt they merited (alas, 'tis the sad fate of most opening acts). The 5-member group played all originally-written songs, in a style more reminiscent of 60's rock than of "progressive/new wave" per se. The songs were fresh, many funny (especially their anthem to paranoia, "What's Wrong With Me?") and D.R. is a band to look for (ED. NOTE: My distinguished colleague B-D.M. has a differing opinion of the band...well, Billy, I liked 'em, but I suppose there's never any accounting for differences in personal taste).

There's really no one word or form of music to best describe the Roches. They're a sort of combination of folk-rock, comedy songs, and New Wave, kind of a "Joan Baez and Yoko Ono Meet the Smothers Brothers." Maggie, whose guitar never left her hands but for one song when she took to the piano, is the serious one with the low alto voice, and, to all appearances, seems to be the eldest of the three; Terri's the soprano blonde who usually stands on the left; and Suzzy—as there's no way of describing her, I will have to describe instead a "suzzy" attitude. A suzy person sits in there somewhere between genius and madness, not really knowing or caring about his/her surroundings but always managing to rise above them anyway...the only other suzy person I can think of is Netto. Get the idea? So that's Suzzy, who stands in the middle.

The Roches' music is also something that goes beyond normal categorization. Most of the songs have amusing lyrics or are accompanied by "wacky" gestures, but through it all runs a tone of great seriousness and philosophy. And unbelievable harmony. Some of the best examples of the beautiful way the women's voices blend is found in their songs "Hammond" (my favorite), "Quitting Time" and an astounding a cappella version of Handel's Messiah. Yup, the one you did in high school choir, otherwise known as the Hallelujah Chorus. A cappella. Just three voices. More of a recitation than anything else. If you can imagine what possesses three women to undertake a task like that, you may begin to understand the Roches.

Now, for those of you who are more or less familiar with the Roches, I'll recap: They did all the songs from their first two albums that people expected them to do, with the exception of "The Death of Suzzy Roche" (when a fan shouted out that one, Suzzy's look was a riot). A change from the last time they were in N.J. was that their theme song, "We", is now at the end of the program instead of at the beginning ("Hammond" started it off). And yes, there are new ones. A strange one (which isn't?) about golf, and a title which says it all, "The Irish Were Egyptians Long Ago" (the sisters were raised pretty strictly Irish Catholic—a fact which also crops up in their tribute "Nurds", the title song on their second album). "Mr. Sellack" received a great deal of applause and laughs (Suzzy's beginning to really ham it up delightfully—more so than before, even), and many of us found a special meaning in "Commuter Train". Suzzy also excelled in her solo of a poignant song called "Jill of All Trades".

The sisters joked with the audience throughout (there were some very witty remarks about how nice a day it was and how awful folks looked with shorts and no tan!), and did three encores. We could've stayed all night...

In next month's "Comedy Cornered"—
STEVE SCHEINER'S
(Hister) nonsense!

This issue dedicated to the
memory of Bobby Sands
"Give Ireland
back to the
Irish"—Paul
McCartney

Open Your EARS

BY JERRY RUBINO

(Jerry's reviews for this month are taken from his music column in the Secaucus Home News.)

MUSIC REVIEW

Sandinista! The Clash

(Epic Records)

The fourth album from The Clash by all means not only opens new doors for the band themselves, but in music as well. *Sandinista!* is a collection of 36 songs sprawled out on six sides, clocking in well over two hours. Although their musical style has changed since their initial release, the band is still involved with politically-oriented lyrics, now more than ever before. All in all, this LP gives you a well-balanced look at many types of musical approaches.

I knew right from the start that this album was not going to be the easiest collection of songs to reckon with. So to see how its impact really was, the day I received it I listened to it in its entirety, and then filed it with the other Clash albums in my record library. About three weeks later, I slapped the entire set on my turntable, and lo and behold, it knocked me out. This, for the most part, is one of the most advanced pieces of work in music today.

Side one opens up with a hot rap-dance number dealing with middle class life, "The Magnificent Seven," that should have you rapping in no time along with singer/guitarist Joe Strummer. On "Hitsville U.K." guitarist Mick Jones and Ellen Foley, this year's musical couple, sing about independent label companies all over in a Motownish tempo. Ellen easily drowns out Mick; maybe Ellen should have put it on her new LP? Anyway, "Junco Partner" is a lack-luster reggae ballad, while "Ivan Meets G.I. Joe" is a fun, funky tune that depicts the hype disco got using a brilliant metaphor between the dance floor and the battle field. Finishing up this side are a rockabilly Clash-style cut, "The Leader," and a sincere ballad, "Something About England."

The flip starts with a waltz, that's right, a waltz, and keeping with The Clash it's called "Rebel Waltz." "Look Here," a Mose Allison song, is done up in a snappy, jazzy way, followed by another reggae track, "Crooked Beat," sung by bassist Paul Simonon. For the most part, this

track is too stretched out to really be enjoyed. Mick Jones takes the vocal lead for one of the standout cuts, "Somebody Got Murdered." After a fine reggae number, "One More Time," it is then done over in dub that easily loses interest.

The second record begins with two sparkling dance tunes. "Lightning Strikes (Not Once But Twice)," about New York City, done in a way which recalls "Train In Vain," and then runs into Jones' luxury living attack, "Up In Heaven (Not Only Here)." Throughout the LP, drummer Nicky "Topper" Headon supplies good rhythms with Simonon, but especially on the dance cuts. The rest of side three is filled with so-so calypso and reggae, and a surprisingly well-worked gospel song, "The Sound Of Sinners."

Turn it over and you've got the best and one of the only few true rockers: "Police On My Back," an old Eddy Grant composition. "The Call Up," an anti-draft tune, "Washington Bullets," one of the heaviest political songs, and two rather slumping cuts, "Midnight Log" and "The Equaliser," are all overshadowed by the driving side opener.

Now it's time for the third and final record, and these last two sides are mostly Clash experiments. But in the long run, stand up to being a good gamble. Some of these trying cuts are, in fact, enjoyable. Especially Blockhead's keyboardist Mickey Gallagher's children (Luke, Ben and Maria) reworking of an early Clash killer, "Career Opportunities." Gallagher, of course, supports the Clashmen both onstage and on vinyl. Another winner is "Lose This Skin," written and sung by the band's friend, Timon Dog. The rest is basically dubber Mikey Dread infested, and Dread even sings his own "Living In Fame." Although dub may not be a rocker's delight, it does take time to take in, and you'll realize it does fit in quite well.

At first I figured this album could've been a dynamite single album, or even an impressive two-record set, but three may be too much. But I was wrong'em

boyo, this is a phenomenal outing. All the music may not be appealing and easily accessible to the "average" listener. You need a lengthy time to enjoy it all. I even surprised myself for catching on in such a short amount of time. I would give anyone high credit for being able to understand and flow in with *Sandinista!*, and also the music of today. You should surely stand out among your peers who still rely on *Zep II* and *L.A. Woman* as their main musical source in life. I said it before, and I'll say it again, wake up - this is 1981!

What makes *Sandinista!* an even better bargain is the special low price that's tagged on this album at most record stores. It'll probably only run you between nine and twelve bucks for a three-record set!

Jerry Rubino

MUSIC REVIEW

3/24 *Paradise Theatre*
Styx
(A & M Records)

Act One: Open up with a little intro that we will be exposed to a

few times. We'll then move into basic Styx, "Rockin' The Paradise." Oh, now a little different sound with "Too Much Time On My Hands," even "Nothing Ever Goes As Planned" will pass. What's next, a copy of Cornerstone's "First Time?" Well, alright, "The Best Of Times" will make up for the hit that never was.

Well, it's now intermission, time for some Milk Duds, playing pinball or Space Invaders (or just to turn the LP over). Act Two begins, and glides through without even grabbing my attention. I should've stayed in the lobby during intermission!

Absolutely Madness (Sire Records)

The British ska sound that Madness brings us puts fun into today's music scene. Their work is fresh and clean, making it a must for any stereo system. Madness has always been guaranteed to get your feet shuffling on the dance floor with shifting farfisa notes and blurring horns, but their poppy-tunes are also highly noteworthy. "Embarrassment," "Disappear," and "The Return Of The Los Palmas 7" feature Mick Barson trading in his organ for piano and carrying them along.

This second LP from Madness took awhile for me to match on to, as was the case for their debut. Now that I'm hooked, I can't get it off the turntable!

Captured Journey

(Columbia Records)

This is the seventh album for this San Francisco-based band. On their first few offerings they played mostly hard rockin' blues (keyboardist/vocalist Greg Rolie and guitarist Neil Schon are graduates of Santana), but since the addition of singer Steve Perry, they have leaned more towards the commercial side. Therefore, *Captured* features mostly tracks from the last three LPs. The recording quality of this album is excellent, with no over-dubs, something many of today's super groups futz around with.

Since Perry has joined the group, Greg Rolie has been seeing less vocal action, and recently has left the group. So we can figure on Journey to follow on the same musical path. Sure it sells, and makes everyone involved with Journey happy, but I did like their initial outings a whole lot more.

Jerry Rubino

COMING NEXT MONTH:

"SCANDAL SHOT" OF
JERRY AND THE FAMOUS

"W.O.W." -

WENDY ORLEAN WILLIAMS

(if I don't have to
censor it!)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS: Random Ravings of Newer Viewers

(This month's ravings come to us from Laura Schneider of Parlin, NJ and Patricia Silverberg of Brooklyn, NY. Laura's the one who drew that wonderful picture of the "Floyd TV Guide cover" that appeared in last month's issue. Her topic is extremely interesting, and one which has had particular relevance to me ever since my good ol' David Cassidy (remember him?) days... Since this rag is for the most part geared towards a more mature audience than some other newsletters, both Laura and I would welcome your comments on the questions she raises: Where does one draw the line between immaturity, "groupie-ness" if you will, and being a "loyal supporter" or "friend"? Pat's contribution, postponed from last month, is a poem which appeared in her school paper...)

Well, well, well...here goes...Naturally, I am a newer viewer. If I weren't, I wouldn't be writing this column, right? Seriously, I've been watching The Uncle Floyd Show constantly since last July, but from March 1980 to June of that year, would you believe I just watched Oogie and shut it off? Before then, I only watched occasionally...

Enough of this small talk - I only have one page to fill. First of all, I would like the world to know...I'm 15. Wonderful, you say. Well, not really, but it gives me a good excuse to act immaturally, don't you think? And that's what this column is focusing on - immaturity and groupies (oh no, not that word, again!).

I'll start at the top. On January 4th, 1981, The Uncle Floyd Show made its historical appearance at the Club Bene in Morgan-Sayreville-South Amboy, New Jersey (I prefer "Sayreville", having lived here for 10 years, I think I know my way around). I went to the show with two of my 13-year-old friends, Karen and Michelle (at this time I was 14...even better!). Of course, the show was great, and since it was our first live show, we were in a crazy mood, like everyone else there. You know, the adrenalin was rushing...it was great. So we were in this great mood, and, even though the show ran long (2-1/2 hours), we had to have more! Well, two-thirds of the house evidently agreed with us, and, with the help of a lot of beer bottles, we persuaded Floyd to do an encore! Well, we thought, this is great. Let's go up and attack Floyd just like all those chicks used to do with the Beatles!

We didn't think it was a bad idea, so we moved closer to the stage. We were by the edge; Karen and I were on chairs and Michelle was behind us. Naturally, we lost our nerve. I mean, suppose we got kicked out? So I was just about to get down from my chair when somebody (who remains unidentified to date...I don't know who it was!) pushed me, and since Karen was in front of me, I pushed her, and we sorta landed on the stage. What else could we do but run?! So we ran towards Floyd...I never made it, though. Scott grabbed me and told me no one is allowed on the stage, so get off. Well, I did! But Karen got lucky...she'd made it all the way to Floyd and got to kiss him on the cheek! (if you can't tell by now, we both think he's rather attractive) The funny thing was, he just ignored her and kept on talking! Here ends our experience.

Or so I thought. But no, our incident got a plug in the January issue of INSIDE JOKE, under RATTPacking - phenomenal! Since no names were mentioned, I decided to identify myself...I figured, why not? Now, some may not think our escapade was too mature, but that doesn't bother me. I just wanted to air my views in this column, and, if possible, get some opinions. Does anybody else out there consider what we did "groupie-ish"? Please let me know (c/o IJ)...thanks a bunch!

Laura Schneider

"THE WEIRD, WACKY, WONDERFUL WORLD OF UNCLE FLOYD"

Who is this man with the funny hat?

Who is this man with the big nose?

Who is this man with the bowtie?

Who is this man with the funny clothes?

Patricia Silverberg

This man is Floyd Vivino, The star of "The Uncle Floyd Show"

He is not known world-wide, But people in New Jersey and New York know.

Floyd does many characters, Such as "Flojo, the TV Clown",

"Eddie Slobbo", "Julia Stepchild", "The Storyman" and his friend James Down.

The show is a real riot, With help from a cast of seven

The skits are so funny, You'll die laughing and think you went to heaven After it's over,
See Uncle Floyd at a night club, or see him at a live stage show you'll be glad you did go.

PICTURES off-the-wall

(Pictures Off-the-Wall and Ads are both printed for free and should be done in BLACK or RED pen or marker only. PLEASE do not use blue pen, as it reproduces shitty, if at all.)

M.K. - THANKS FOR THE STAMPS
AND EVERYTHING ELSE - IT

*Happy Easter
to All!*



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PAUL REARDON: THANKS
FOR THE \$! - IT

LISA VITALE - CHOOSE ONE:

- A) BEST WISHES ON YOUR ENGAGEMENT
- B) CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR GRADUATION
- C) GOOD LUCK TO THE TEAM THIS YEAR
- D) HAPPY 23RD BIRTHDAY
- E) ALL OF THE ABOVE!!!

(HINT: CHOOSE "E"!)

LOVE, ELAYNE & IJ



HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED!

Humpty Dumpty sat on a ledge,
Humpty Dumpty was stuck in a wedge.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't get Humpty out again.

The King's men heaved and hoed,
The watched Humpty rock to and fro.
HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED

No one knows by whom or why
He was pushed and all the men could
do was watch him die.

M. KUCZYNSKI

LOIS GIBSON & MAGGIE MCMANUS

PRESENT

THE THIRD ANNUAL MONKEE CONVENTION!

WHEN?: August 15th & 16th, 1981 Doors open 10 AM - 7 PM

COST?: \$10.50 if postmarked before June 1, 1981. \$12.00 after June 1st. Price includes admission for both days - no separate tickets sold. Tickets are non-refundable. NO TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT THE DOOR.

WHERE?: War Memorial Building Trenton, New Jersey

FEATURING: THE FULL LENGTH SCREENING OF THE MONKEES' MOVIE "HEAD" EACH DAY.

SIX MONKEE EPISODES: "The Monkees", "Son Of A Gypsy", "One Man Shy", "Monkees Marooned", "Monstrous Monkee Mash", & "99 Pound Weakling" - all courtesy of Jerry Beck.

CONCERT FILMS of Dolenz, Jones, Boyce & Hart...Dolenz & Jones...Peter...David. Courtesy of Fred Velez and Dorene Salazar.

VIDEO SHOW featuring many programs they've appeared on in more recent years. Courtesy of Joanne Caravello.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT by John Sheridan.

GUEST SPEAKER Fred Velez.

SIX BOOKS will be available to write messages to the Monkees/Boyce & Hart. After the convention they'll be sent to each of them.

OFFICIAL CONVENTION T-SHIRTS & BUTTONS will be provided by Charles F. Rosenay!!!

There will be a TRIVIA QUIZ to test your knowledge, along with a TALENT SHOW where anyone will have an opportunity to sing or do a skit (3-5 minute limit) relating to the guys. If you'd like to perform, we must know by June 1st, 1981.

More features are being added to the schedule as they're confirmed.

TO ORDER: Please send a check or money order, cash at your own risk, to:
Lois E. Gibson, 500 Garfield Avenue, Linwood, New Jersey 08221.

FOR DEALER INFORMATION: Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:
Maggie McManus, 2770 S. Broad St., Trenton, NJ 08610.
There is a separate room for dealers.

If you're coming from a distance, there are many motels along Highway 206 in Bordentown, just south of Trenton. One favorite is the Quality Inn, US Highway 206 & Dunn's Mill Road, Bordentown, NJ 08505. It's conveniently located off NJ Turnpike Exit Seven.

The Philadelphia Airport isn't far & there's a limo service available to the Sheraton Inn called Salem Transport. It's cheaper to come this way than taking a commuter plane to the Trenton Airpost & then a cab.

Tickets will be sent along with a map showing the exact location of the War Memorial Building. Parking will be available in the nearby state parking lots. Some food & soda should be available, but feel free to bring your own. You will receive a program at the convention with the time schedule so you won't miss anything.

Different events are scheduled each day. At present, no appearances have been confirmed regarding the guys & we probably won't know until May or June.

Meanwhile, our 1980 Souvenir Convention Program is still on sale for \$3.50. It's 15 pages long, containing photos and newspaper coverage. Limited quantity- order now so you don't miss out! (Order via Lois) Hope to see YOU in August!!!!!!