

# NOW & THEN

Being further proceedings of the

ROMILEY FAN VETERANS & SCOTTISH DANCING SOCIETY

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If explanation be needed, the RFV&SDS was formed in April of this year to bring to the village of Romiley all the benefits of fanning and Scottish dancing. Local reaction to propaganda has been nil, but we are still trying. We are therefore reduced to enrolling all fans who stray into the Cheshire countryside and visit us. Sad.

The sun shone one Sunday during summer and the membership decided unanimously to adjourn the meeting and go fishing in Marple canal. The junior section - Phil, Bill and Bob - marched off in single file, clutching fishing-nets and jam-jars, led by Uncle Eric and marshalled by Marion and myself. We wandered past the anglers on the canal bank in search of a reputedly tiddler-infested spot. The catch was very small at first and it turned out that several large specimens in Philip's jar had been scrounged from disgusted anglers. Eric confessed, however, that he had not so far realised what a good excuse children were for adults wishing to enjoy the pleasures of childhood over again without embarrassment. And so saying, he snatched Robert's net under the pretence of helping him, and the jars began to fill up at a terrific rate. In view of this success, we offered to lend Eric one or two of the Turner offspring permanently so that he could really enjoy himself. Eric hastily changed the subject.

"Did I tell you about the Magnetic Crayfish?" he asked.

Ignoring our blank looks, he went on:

"I was thumbing through a book on magnetism and electricity and came across a screwy experiment. It seems that Doctor Schoenberg, inventor of the TV Emitron camera, found a way to persuade an unwitting crayfish to swim upside-down. Its aural canals were drained and stuffed with iron filings; when a powerful magnet was held above it, the crayfish, in the belief that gravity was pulling upwards, swam on its back."

Marion and I exchanged looks of frank disbelief.

Eric never even noticed as he diligently pursued another tiddler, but on the way home with jars crammed full of fish and water-snails, he had an abstracted air. I have a feeling that we have not heard the last word on the Magnetic Crayfish.

Please support our one and only advertiser !

New members enrolled since August 28th - Terry Jeeves, Pat Darrell, Pamela Bulmer, and Ken Bulmer. The latter two members were enrolled at an Extraordinary Meeting of the Society held at Tresco Orchards and have yet to make the usual Pilgrimage to Romiley and pay homage to our worthy Founders.

I live in Longsight. Some people there are with imagination limited by the North Circular Road, and who know little outside their own environs. Full well do I know pleasant Camden Town and Soho and Marylebone and many places between Edgware and Epping Forest, yet always I return to my small flat in Longsight, for the simple reason that I live there.

Speak not of houses at £5000, resold at £6000 - this is the action of the semi-mad demi-monde. For me the 4-room flat at 7/9d a week, with living room, bedroom, bathroom and kitchenette.

Of no concern to me are the chi-chi food foundries since I can cook, having a rust-free gas stove to prove it. I prefer the solid, substantial restaurant where I can buy a feed to the 20th Century Barbaric Coffee-Shoppes; still, I suppose that Chelsea is a tourist trap and must look the part, and dress the part, and charge accordingly.

I have seen the self-confessed intellectuals with self-inflicted accents and self-designed clothing: creative souls unable to create a radio or TV set, and who could not paint a bathroom wall - people who enrich Winsor & Newton's, but add little to Art or human achievement. What else came from Chelsea but a bun and a ball?

Mine is not a select desirable residence, but a decaying house in a Red Lamp Area. This may shock the prudish Londoner, but it has its compensations. The traffic on the road is as sedate as can be, perhaps because of the Mobile Police HQ higher up. I have no need of an alarm clock, being awakened early each morning by the Corporation cement works next door.

Richmond Grove branches off High Street, a notorious way now being pressed into service as a by-pass road. At one end is the Hospital of the Little Sisters of the Poor and Aged, and at the other extreme the St. Mary's Maternity Home: between parade the prostitutes, whores, and harlots known as the Little Sisters of the Rich. One street, with vice and virtue: birth, life, age, and death, a full cycle on a ring road. (There is within a stone's throw of the Catholic Hospital a brothel run by a Catholic procurer bedecked with a crucifix and lapel Sacred Heart, Image of the Virgin and a St. Christopher. I suppose any area must have its human detritus as well as Chelsea.)

There are pubs with characters as odd as anywhere. There are the oddly dressed, the weirdly dressed, and as elsewhere the girls wear the same diaphanous blouses revealing the same mass of shoulder straps and the same synthetic superstructure.

And we have artists, too. One of them I knew, Ivy her name, a glorious girl with a smile like an American car coming round a corner. In what seemed brown hair, her colour vision detected reds, greens, and blues not apparent to me, but the effect transferred to canvas was incredibly real. She could paint portraits with a rare ability. Alas, she spent a month on the Left Bank, met Jean Paul-Sartre, embraced Existentialism, and married in that state.

Since she spurned my love, in my hate I could wish her no worse fate than that she has chosen - to live in Chelsea.

J o t t i n g s      f r o m      N E E D H A M ' S      N O T E B O O K

.....

"I had become used to the spectacle of my crayfish swimming on its back, but when several days passed and the crayfish remained unmoving on the floor of the tank, unresponsive to any magnetic field, the suspicion grew that the flaming thing was dead. and so it was. Conceive of my sorrow.

Acquiring another crayfish from the DOG'S HOME (advt.) I borrowed Kopflocher's Brain Surgery for Beginners and Teach Yourself Lobotomy from the archives of the Party. As both of these books omit to describe how to chloroform a crayfish I adopted the expedient of pouring cyclopropane scopolamine and methylene glycol into the water. As the patient lost all consciousness I risked post-operational engrams by singing merrily as I stuffed its aural canals with iron filings, as laid down in Doc. Schoenberg's book. (Magnetism, 1949, Sigma Books, Bloomsbury. Advert.) On recovery MC2 showed complete indifference to magnetic fields until I changed the water. Also began to introduce dust iron into his food. "Become what thou art!" quoted I from Nietzsche (advt.).

SUCCESS !! MC2 now rotates about his longitudinal axis in the presence of a low frequency alternating field at 50 c.p.s. or 3,000 revs a minute. Possibilities seem immense, but need test gear. Wonder if Harry has frequency modulated square wave oscillator? Called in to see Harry, and he dug the R.F. eddy current projector unit from one of Philip's old heat-rays. Marion is worried about whether agene-bleached flour is fit to eat, since it gives dogs hysteria. I just laughed. Spent the evening reading up polyphase A.C. theory and dosing MC2 with Parrish's Chemical Food.

Tonight Harry called to see me as I was haywiring a small low-frequency transmitter. He pointed out that as 50 cycles corresponds to 6 million metres, radiation is nil. Saw at once that crayfish must be made even more sensitive. Harry mentioned that he had two dogs in the cellar, one being fed on bread bleached with nitrogen trichloride and the other on chlorine dioxide. Seems daft to me when you can feed one dog on both. MC2 can now spin so fast in his tank that centrifugal force empties out all the water. Continued doses of iron and Parrish's are making him so sensitive that he spins if his tank is placed near mains wiring. The radiation from a television line time-base, being saw-tooth D.C. had a very depressing effect on him, necessitating force-feeding with iron-enriched spinach.

Learned today that Vargo Statten fan asked Harry to form Local Chapter. Harry has him in the cellar, feeding him on dog biscuits. MC2 is now so sensitive that he gets no rest, so I fitted him with a de-gaussing band.

Disaster. Switched on an induction heater without removing the late MC2's de-gaussing band. Until new crayfish comes I am studying gyro-magnetostriuctive oscillators and, in particular, very low temperature engineering using adiabatic demagnetisation refrigeration methods. If any substance round about  $-272^{\circ}\text{C}$  becomes a super conductor, maybe something can still be done with Toscanini.

Met Harry at work. Claims both dogs and neofan exhibiting hysteria.

New crayfish arrived and ferrolobotomised. Drafted out 3-phase system, with one phase nullified, since gravity will take the place of this. By a reactive phase-shift network and pulse amplitude control on the two live phases I should be able to govern the crayfish in three planes. I think that if fitted with fins or prop MC3 has interesting possibilities as a war weapon, given a suitable war-head. Dug out my last land-

mine detonator.

Letter from Harry says that he is curing dogs of hysteria by feeding them on neofan flesh. The neofan's inedible osseous structure was packed into a box and despatched to 10 Downing Street.

Demonstration of MC3 toady on Marple Canal. Regrettably, MC3 got out of range, out of control, dived steeply and blew a hole in the canal bed. On the way back Harry gave an opinion.

"Obviously," said he, "any dog fed on bleached flour is entitled to go hysterical, as is any man fed exclusively on dog biscuits. But, it seems it is not canine hysteria."

Judas hanged himself from a tree.  
A curious use for trees...  
What use to perish, no more to cherish  
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL PEAS ?

"Speaking of crayfish reminds me of the time I was torpedoed in the Pacific and was washed ashore on an island literally covered with bright red lobsters. Lived on 'em till I was rescued."

"But lobsters are only red after they're boiled!"

"Volcanic island, old man."

The following weekend saw a disciplinary visit from Derek Pickles. Under the excuse of preoccupation with Super Mancon work I had been dodging the task of collaborating in the production of another Zerith. Anyway, Derek arrived and we got down to business, only to be interrupted by the arrival of Eric's bike, with Himself at the controls and Frances Evans on the pillion. We didn't get much work done after that. Bill and Robert persuaded Aunty Fran and Uncle Eric to make some paper elephants from instructions given in a Rupert Annual. Those fans who have ever attempted to make any of the folded paper novelties that the fiendish editor of the Rupert Annual invents each issue will sympathise with them. The first time I tried it, it was a paper bird that was supposed to fly up the chimney carrying messages to Santa Claus. The result resembled the illustration in the book in a scrumpled sort of way but did not pass the scrutiny of a contemptuous five-year-old. My second attempt was a little nearer the ideal, but did not wing its way up the chimney in quite the effortless fashion of the bird in the book. Ever since then, I have avoided the Rupert Annual like the plague.

Socrates died by his own hand.  
Imagine what this means...  
A whole life wasted -- he never tasted  
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL BEANS !

Fran and Eric were soon in difficulties and no two elephants produced were alike. At this point, Uncle Derek took over. It seems that there is a basic technique to all these folded paper novelties, and once this is mastered all else follows. Never have I seen elephants, boats, birds, hats and what-have-yous produced with such elan and perfection. Uncle Derek was an immediate success with the junior members of the RFV&SDS. It was easy... nothing to it. (Fortified with this knowledge I surreptitiously tried out a flying bird after the meeting had adjourned. This Pickles fellow must

use hypnotism. I'm damned if I can make the system work!) To add to his success with the junior element, Uncle Derek had brought along a book crammed with cardboard cut-outs of jets and spaceships. This kept everybody quiet for some time, and gave Derek and I chance to sneak out and settle down to Zenith again.

After a while, I realised that it had been quiet for a suspiciously long time. Any parent fears the worst in such circumstances; I rose to investigate. I opened the door to see the kids lying full-length on the floor watching the rhythmic swaying of Auntie Fran's torso as she enthusiastically whirled a large spaceship at the end of a long piece of string. So much I realised before the spaceship swung round and hit me behind the ear. I immediately lost interest in the proceedings...~

When I recovered consciousness, the kids were clamouring for a bedtime story from Uncle Eric. "QUIET!!" bellowed Eric, as Fran settled comfortably on his knee, "Now listen while I tell you all about a dragon."

"While in my monastic cell one night illuminating a manuscript," said Eric, "there was a knock at the great gate, followed by a rushing noise as of a thing rapidly receding into the distance. At the gate in a wicker basket I found an unwanted baby dragon, deserted by his mother, and I took it in, cared for it and named it Tarquin."

"The following years saw Tarquin grow great and strong, from lighting cigarettes to burning paintwork off doors. In the end he became a comprehensive cutting and welding plant. Sometimes his undoubted affection for me became too warm."

"To correct a common misconception, let me say that dragons do not breathe flame, but merely exhale it. The flame is an incidental by-product and can be likened to the CO<sub>2</sub> breathed out by humans. People who have been bitten by a dragon know that the

Darwin sought the source of man  
In terms of links and crossages...  
Achieved it, no doubt, but he lived without  
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL SAUSAGES !

teeth of a dragon are of different metals, the incisors and canines being of nickel and the molars and bicuspid of iron. Since Tarquin's saliva was practically pure sodium hydroxide, the effect of his mouth watering on sighting a virgin may be easily seen. A powerful chemical

reaction took place when his teeth were immersed in this natural electrolyte, causing several hundred amperes to flow through his mouth in addition to the inevitable difference in electrostatic potential existing between dissimilar metals. Two sets of test equipment were destroyed by fire before I gave up the attempt to find the intensity of the current.

"Let it be sufficient to say that this current could electrolyse his saliva into an oxy-hydro-sodium gas of such pressure as to compel him to open his mouth, and as his teeth parted, an electrical discharge occurred, not unlike a spark-gap, which ignited the gas on exhalation. This is true only of the simple dragon. For scaled dragons, winged dragons and horned dragons I must refer you to Pliny the Elder, but his works are of questionable veracity."

"The one time Tarquin had toothache the dentist, reasoning that dental amalgam and gold were too soft, filled the cavity with platinum, which served as a catalyst and kept Tarquin in a flame-blowing ecstasy for days."

"Modern girls being what they are," continued Uncle Eric, looking sternly at Auntie Fran, "it became difficult to find plump young virgins rich in protein and fats. For a time, novices and peasant girls entering Retreat supplied Tarquin's diet, but

When these failed I ruined Tarquin's health by feeding him the Mother Superior. She was an elderly virgin of low calorific value and lowered Tarquin's thermal output by 62.8%. Rather than have an ailing dragon on my hands I regretfully dynamited him.

"Still, the new Mother Superior is a great compensation, since she truly loves her fellow men."

To shoot an apple from his small son's head  
Tell used an accurate, true barb...  
Descendants flourishing, reared on nourishing  
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL RHUBARB !

.....  
The proposition "I love you"  
Postulates that "P" loves "Q".  
The inverse form, that "Q"  
loves "P"  
Is not implied. Do you love me?  
.....

A letter from the Isolation Ward, Hospital for Infectious Diseases, St. Sepulchre St.  
Kind Master: The present writer is overwhelmed with joy to be Honorably Associated with your goodself in Solemnly Fan-Dancing Society.

I have myself pleasure to be student of dance for many year at Bengal School of Domestic Science, Degree of D.Sc. (Failed), and have pursued Terpsichorean career with resounding success in lands far and near.

May it please you, last engagement on the boards at Seamens' Mission Hall, Pomona Dock, under soubriquet: "Manchester's Own Nautch Boy". Wonderful success! Tumultuous applause!! - until premature termination of act by seamen with mistaken idea of function of nautch boy.

Master, I am offering benefit of unrivalled experience, all sizes of fan, to discriminating fellow associates. Send now for my six easy lessons, only 10/- post free, or delivered by hand of my sister, 35/-.

As great poet Shakespeare said, "There's no business like show business". Many satisfied customers. Free horoscope included.

I have the effrontery to be,

So long, dear Sir,

Sayyid Birchbhai.

.....  
The kids were all in bed and Marion had dashed off for a bout of Scottish Dancing at the near-by village of Mellor. It was very peaceful, lounging in front of a roaring fire while the rain beat down outside. It was much too comfortable to be bothered making a dash across to the Stock Dove, and anyway Eric had decided to swear off drink. The Guardian was on my lap and my eyes wandered over an Alistair Cooke article.

Gone now the Great Sheik of Araby,  
His white steed with some fair charmer laden.  
Too old for snogging, he's now busy flogging  
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL MARMALADE !

"Rum types, these Americans," I ventured.

"Um", said Eric.

I dozed.

"During the war," said Eric, "in Cheltenham it was, I met a lonesome American, gazing soulfully at a copy of Astounding in a shop window, oblivious to the spring

and the lilacs. He was Roger Bellamy, of Erie, Pennsylvania. We met several times, until he went away somewhere with his unit, but in that time I took his education in hand."

"I pointed out to Roger that his use of East Coast and West Coast were wrong. New York, for instance, is nearer to Manchester and civilisation than most of the States and enjoys a form of life which approximates to Western standards. Now any damned fool knows that Los Angeles and San Francisco are on the Pacific, which is east. So it came about that Roger dropped his delusion and came to speak of Atlantic and Pacific seaboards respectively, and conversation became intelligible until my bel ami went away."

I refused to acknowledge the pun by even so much as a twitch of the lips.

"Years later," went on Eric, "I heard a Texas lad refer to the Californians, albeit scathingly, as Easterners, and I rejoiced."

"Some months ago I was delighted to hear a USAAF T3 from Fresno, Cal., place Chicago, Ill., in the Middle East, and I formed a suspicion, then consulted a map. Sure enough, Texas, home of the Western movie, is in the South. Further enquiries elicited the amazing fact that mint julep, corn pone, fried chicken and Kentucky colonels are available in Alaska, thus establishing the locality of the Deep South."

"Now I can state, with no authority whatever, that one of two things is wrong with the United States. Either the dwellers in that country do not believe that they live in an inverted-mirror-image land, or the map is upside-down."

"Rum types, these Americans," I said.

"Um" said Eric.

We both dozed.

Children have eyes which are quite large in size  
And Scots bairns may hae somewhat larger een  
And in pure delight grow wide at the sight  
of WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL MARGARINE !

One of the shortcomings of the Space-Times Research Bureau's Survey of British Pandom is that it casts little light on the amount of time that Famous Fans devote to home-decorating. Even that full-time fan Vin/ Clarke wields a paintbrush when the occasion (and fellowfen) demands. Ted Tubb is an expert... so is Stu Mackenzie, whom I caught in the act on a surprise visit... and I've spent a whole weekend with the Bulmers airily discussing contemporary schemes for their recently acquired home. And now the SuperMancon is (mercifully) out of the way I have joined the Ranks. The heavy responsibilities of home-decorating are a wonderful justification for avoiding fannish responsibilities.

But let's get back to the Bulmers...

Whenever we go into the Stock Dove, Eric insists on treating me to a cider. And I always insist on

Bulmer's Cider (advt.), naturally. So it was a big thrill for me to visit the Tresco Orchards and meet the proprietor, H. Ken Bulmer, and his wife Pamela, the beautiful editor of Ugh ! (advt). We struggled past ceiling-high stacks of cartons packed with apples, and wandered thru the orchard. The trees were absolutely groaning under the

The most intimate article of lingerie  
Won't cause a moment's unease if  
You secure your scanties, your briefs or your panties  
With WIDOWER'S PATENT ADHESIVE !

weight of fruit, apples dropping right and left. Ken eluded them with the ease of long habit: I was not so fortunate. Local legend has it that Newton discovered gravity in the Tresco Orchards. Owing to the distractions, I couldn't concentrate on Ken's conversation but gathered that some Wiltshire tycoon, whose name I didn't catch, had made a take-over bid for this famous cider concern. I nearly tumbled into the huge iron tank where, Ken informed me, the fresh fruit is trampled into sweet juice by the feet of local fans.

We returned to the house. We ascended to view the boxroom-cum-storeroom filled with empty cartons for storing fruit; we descended to the cellars to sample some real vintage stuff. While Ken rhapsodised my roving eye caught sight of a jumble of apparatus at the rear of the room. I was intrigued. Ken saw my interest, and hastily grabbed a sheaf of notes from under my nose before I had chance to read more than "...inhaling... breath-taking product... ALCOHOLIC STEAM..." To judge from the speed with which I was hauled up to Ken's Den and had my eyes filled with fanmags, I had stumbled on some revolutionary development that will one day startle fandom and the world at large.

A word of warning to any fan who decides to visit the Tresco Orchards. The nearest station is HITHER GREEN which has a greater platform footage per head of population than any other suburban station. Even the Bulmers have not explored its furthest reaches: I lost myself with the greatest of ease and the help of a porter immediately on my arrival.

Ving Clarke and Joy Goodwin called in the evening, contrived to miss the last bus, and decided to take the train. Once at the station, the Bulmers disagreed about getting to the right platform. Since Pam had earlier confessed to an easily confused sense of direction, we put our trust in Ken, followed him past an invitingly-convenient stairway up to the platforms, only to finish up at the blank end of an unlit, deserted platform. A distant porter hailed us and suggested we retraced our steps.

Capone ended up in Alcatraz  
The worst Chicago Mobster.  
His life of crime left him no time  
for WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL LOBSTER !

We did and eventually arrived at the top of the i-c stairway we had previously ignored. Our faith in Ken was shaken. We tramped over a bridge and Ken disappeared down to one platform, Pam to another. Pam's choice was lit; after a moments hesitation we trailed after her, and left Ken to his fate. In the event, it almost proved a Fate Worse Than Death. More hailing from distant porters saved Ken from falling into a sewer that had been excavated at the end of the gloomy platform. We found Pam flirting with one of the porters, reminded them both about the train we were seeking, were guided thru a tunnel, over more bridges, and just as Ken came panting up behind us, a train rolled in. Ving and Joy piled in, obviously relieved to get away from HITHER GREEN. I hope it was the right train...

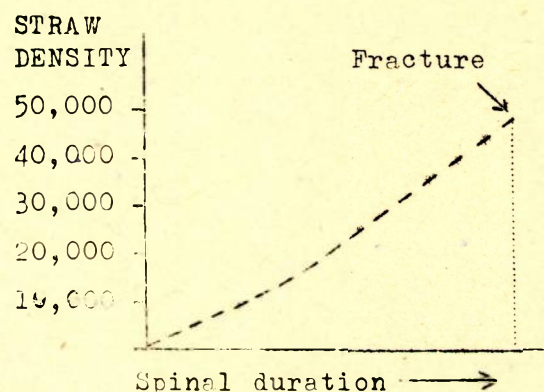
Extract from a letter:

"At the present moment we have decorators hammering frantically at the outside of the house, mingled with the searing hiss of the blowlamps and the ominous scrape of paint peeling off. Pamela hasn't yet arrived home as I type this and one of the guys burning off the paint just asked to speak to me all serious like. He gave me to understand that he had done something of which he was ashamed and would I please comment.

Thinking that at the very least he had smashed a pane of glass, without thinking of burnt-out windows and front rooms, I obligingly followed where his trembling finger indicated. He had burnt a pretty charred pattern out of Pamela's lace curtains. I breathed a sigh of relief and when he said "you'd better bill me" I said: "Well, you'd better wait until my wife sees this - those curtains were from her mother..." I didn't need to finish. His face blanched. His hand on the blowlamp was even more shaky after that. I shuddered every time I heard a louder hiss and went out shortly afterwards - coming back with a sigh of relief that the house is still here. We had our sink delivered next door, collected it and now my study has a sink - on the floor." - Ken Bulmer.

And from another correspondent:

"We had our new sink delivered in the other day, it now lies in HIS study. HE is always making the obvious and feeble crack to visitors - 'Oh, we keep evrything in here, including the kitchen sink'. Then HE laughs! UGH!!" - Pamela Bulmer.



This graph relates to tests on  
one camel only

Lewis Mumford's most excellent thesis  
Of buildings baroque and rococo  
Was initiated, and then stimulated  
by WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL COCOA !

#### THOUGHTS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT ...

It was Harry Turner who, after a question about Rembrandt, explained the meaning of chiaroscuro. And the dictionary gives it as "clear-obscure", a half-shown, half-concealed method of painting, part light and part shade, bringing to me a mental vision of the symbol of Yang and Yin. The same symbol is used by Jung in some of his more easily understood psychological diagrams, only to show once again

the opposites, consciousness and the subconscious. Light and dark, male and female, rise and fall, positive and negative.

Or you can look at it as a sine wave in a circle, a captive oscillation, and matter, I am told, is oscillating at some incredible sub-nuclear frequency. And if matter oscillates, can it not be heterodyned with other matter? What might be the result, if not the cancellation of matter at some nodes of interaction? Perhaps a new 100% efficient energy source instead of the clumsy method of steam-generated electricity from fissionable radio-actives? Might not research into non-fissionable power sources provide an energy field shield to prevent radiation? If such a shield could hold high-speed neutrons, surely it could hold low-pressure air. So if we accept that, our power source could provide a drive, a screen, and a hull, we are well on the way to an ultra-light spaceship.

The power source may be light in weight, the shield and hull weightless, and all the ancillary equipment equally light in design. The spaceship would be capable of fantastic speeds, acceleration and manoeuvrability - like a flying saucer. And what

a thrill to leave the Earth's surface and see the glory of the sun revealed, and the Earth, half in light, half in night, in chiaroscuro. And back to Earth, to Rembrandt, and Harry Turner...

...esn

.....  
All of which conspires to remind me of a grim little thought I once saw expressed in a book allegedly humorous. To the effect that maybe our nuclear experts are not quite such cleverkins as they would like us to think. Gaze up anxiously into the night sky. Maybe plenty of other experts have incautiously split things before... maybe that is why there is such a multitude of twinkling balls of incandescence spinning around in space.

Perhaps your child has his mother's eyes  
But appearances can be deceptive.  
Undoubted maternity, but as for paternity

WIDOWER'S ... are unable to offer any assistance.

In which cheerful mood, we will wind N&T up. To those who confess to complete bafflement, to those who ask what it all has to do with science fiction, to those who think I should be devoting my energies to Zenith instead of indulging in these frivolities, all I can say is that it was sent to them in error. Let me know, and I will see it doesn't happen again. If there be any who like the set-up and wish to contribute suitably zanyish items, I'd like to hear from you too. All good clean stuff tho. We don't want to be banned as a horror comic.

Most of the material in this issue was supplied by Eric Needham, some material by Sid Birchby and the Bulmers, and continuity provided by yours truly. The copywriter for WIDOWERS is Richmond Grove. This second issue of the PROCEEDINGS OF THE RFVASDS is dated November 16th 1954. It is being contributed to the second mailing of the Off-Trail Magazine Publishers Association, to all members who do not receive OMPA mailings, and a select few whom, in our quaint way, we thought might find it of slight amusement.

Harry Turner

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Produced by Harry Turner and Eric Needham, Founder Members of the Romiley Fan Veterans & Scottish Dancing Society, on the Original Zenith Duplicator at 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire, England.  
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ERRATUM: Page 6, line 23 - for "Lead Sulphide" read "Les Sylphides".  
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FOR SALE: Three bundles of old fanmags -  
very curious - sacrifice £ 15.  
Box NTURAL.

ANTIQUÉ CASH BOX : Lock damaged, otherwise  
perfect condition. A real bargain  
for club treasurers.  
Box NTBHV

OBJETS D'ART: Retiring fan offers the  
following - Futuristic ashtray,  
with rocketship attachment, made  
in genuine neutronium (fire-  
proofed): Hand-made bookcase,  
stained orange-boxwood: offers?  
Box NTYOY.