

NOW & THEN 4

further proceedings of the
ROMILEY FAN VETERANS AND
SCOTTISH DANCING SOCIETY

OUR FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was remarkably well attended; from Belfast, Glasgow and the outer wastes of Stockport, members made the pilgrimage. Ethel Lindsay has promised support for our Scottish Dancing section now that she is a fully-fledged member, Madeleine Willis has aroused interest in Irish Folk Dancing, and Fran Evans plans to introduce Clog Dancing.

Howard Lyons has been elected a member for marrying Pat Patterson, and has since been granted permission to form our first overseas branch in Toronto, Ontario. Jan Jansen is also welcomed to our select circle as a reward for technical advice and service: he is in charge of the Antwerp Branch. Robert Bloch has been awarded membership in return for spiritual advice to one of our revered Founders. (Really, we only formed the Society just for the pleasure of making him a member!) At the suggestion of Ghod,

all members present signed the certificate of membership and pledged their undying support to the "Preservation of Bob Bloch" movement. Nigel Lindsay was nominated but, so far, has not cleared himself of the charge of being under-cover man for the dreaded Romiley Fan Dancers.

Since the meeting, wild and persistent rumours are flying round the village. One of these is that there is a move to merge all the active fan groups into a national amalgamation to be known as the Romiley, Torbay, & London Scottish Dancing, Lampshade Makers, Happy Fan Veterans & Promiscuous Snogging Society, with HQ at Belfast.

We are not yet in a position to confirm or deny this report.

Harry Turner
Eric Needham

"Dump it in the sea," suggested Ethel. "Bury it in disused mines," said Frances; "...or fire it into the sun," chimed in the Bentcliffe. "There are lots of deserts doing nothing," commented Madeleine.

We all looked at Eric to see that farfaraway look in his eye which hinted that his question had been purely rhetorical. In the patient tones of a window-cleaner who has seen many, many things, he complained:

"Obviously, a radio-active coffin would preserve in all its dignity and splendour the corpse of any taxpayer for whom the Government had any regard. And it is well known that Bob Bloch is a fine, upstanding, virtuous citizen and, in addition, the world's only Stakhanovite Taxpayer."

"So Be It," intoned the congregation.

"Ahhh," said he, "Think how this will simplify matters on the Day of Resurrection !"



... and now let us take time off for a story.

THE CASE OF THE COPPER-PLATED KITTEN

which is subtitled "Holmes's Only Failure"

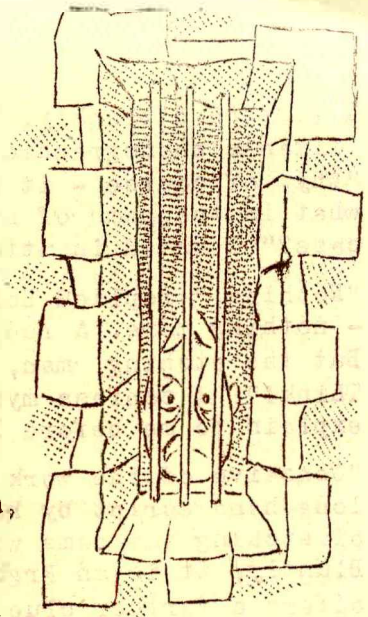
The rays of the early morning sun sparkled on the windows of the great mansion as Holmes dismissed the hansom. Together Holmes and I walked across the lawn, past the uniformed policeman on guard, returning his salute, into the great hall where we ascended by the Waygood Otis Elevator to the third floor. Returning the salute of yet another policeman, we entered the fateful room in which Iago Slatern had met his untimely death.

I cannot express my horror at the spectacle that met my sight. Crumpled on the floor was the body, its head hideously pulverised by the incredible weapon which lay beside him, which appeared to be a contorted copper statuette of a kitten. All over the prostrate body were the plain imprints of cleated soles as though some fiend incarnate had danced in savage exultation on his victim. More improbable still was what appeared to be a great chunk of translucent quartz etched with strange characters lying below the shattered rain-splashed window. "Holmes!" I cried, "What madness is this?"

Glancing at Holmes I saw to my consternation that his aquiline features were twisted into an expression of nightmarish disbelief, terror and panic fear. With awful apprehension he slowly gave instructions for the disposal of the corpse, and placed the metallic kitten and the chunk of quartz into his valise, saying nothing to me. "Holmes!" I said, "Are you unwell? Unquestionably the circumstances are unusual, but your present emotional state leads me to the belief that you are suffering from extreme shock." "SHOCK!" almost shouted Holmes, "OUR VERY EXISTENCE IS AT STAKE !" Dragging my arm, he hurried me back to the elevator, and down to the entrance, where despite my protestations, he hustled me most rudely into the first hansom he could find.

It was not until we entered our Baker Street flat that Holmes's respiration appeared to be normal again, and the colour returned to his cheeks. "Now, Holmes, explain this extraordinary conduct before I lose every last vestige of patience with you. What caused you to behave so?" Holmes sighed, and placing the copper kitten and the lump of quartz on the table, indicated them and said, "Does none of this convey anything to you? Or any of the many clues in the room in which the crime was committed?" "Hang it, man," I cried in exasperation, "How can these senseless things threaten our existence as you so flatly claim?"

Holmes occupied himself filling his disreputable pipe, then lit it with a lucifer and turned to face me. "My dear Watson," he asked, "Does the piece of quartz convey nothing to you? Examine the markings on it." I did so, turning the massive piece round and round. The markings appeared to be etched into the surface in a few curvilinear squiggles. "Nothing,"



I responded blankly. "Apply your knowledge of Sir Isaac Pitman's phonographic shorthand!" cried Holmes, brusquely. "Why, of course - it reads 'Remember the Alamo' - but what in the name of heaven has the Alamo to do with this case?" I asked in utter mystification.

"Nothing," replied Holmes grimly, "A transparent subterfuge - nothing more. A red herring to throw us off the track. But the etching, man, the etching, and the shorthand! Think!" "I confess myself baffled, Holmes. In heaven's name explain to me before I burst with utter impatience!"

"Conceive of the work required to carve 'Remember the Alamo' in long-hand script by hammer and chisel. Consider the simplicity of etching the same words in shorthand by hydrofluoric acid. Bluntly, it is an Ergonomic Device. And the hydrofluoric acid offers a further clue to the identity of the killer." "I do not question it, but there is the added problem of the curious weapon involved, the copper kitten. How and where is that linked to your fear of immediate extinction?"

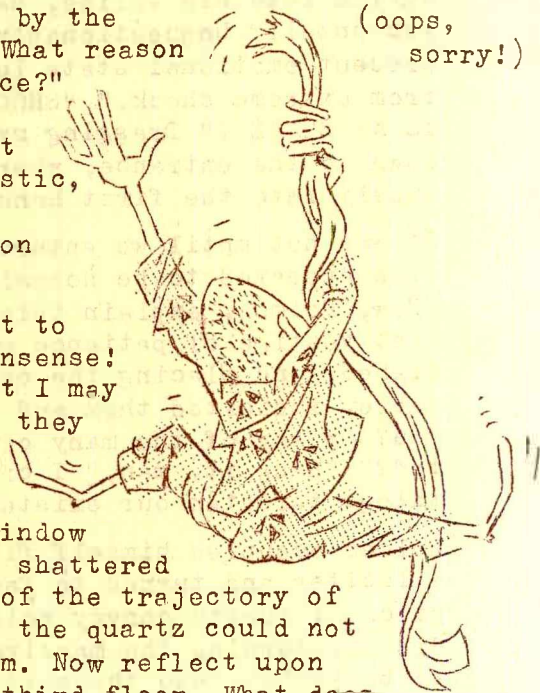
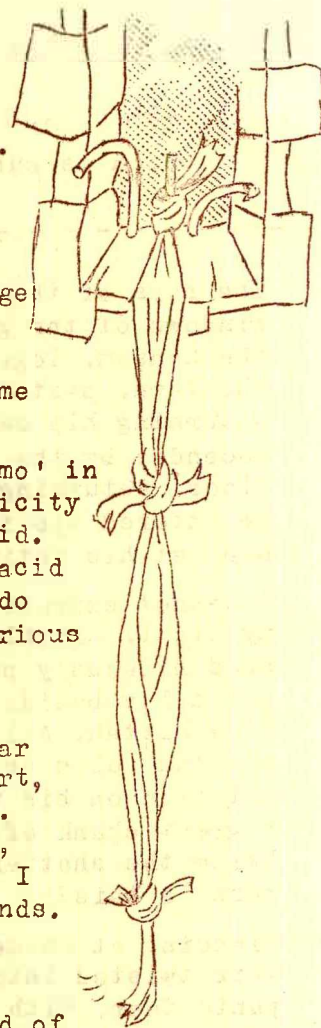
"Merely examine the weight of the kitten, Watson. It is far lighter than if it were solid copper. Were it a work of art, hollow internally, it would not be such a contorted shape. Therefore I believe it to be a dead kitten, copper plated, which identifies the assailant beyond all doubt." At this I sank wearily into my armchair and buried my head in my hands. "Can it be that you know the identity of the assassin?" I asked weakly.

"Beyond any question," snapped Holmes. "I have never heard of a copper plated kitten. The inference is that someone has attempted to discover whether a kitten can be copper plated, and by the Empirical Method." "But why use it as a weapon? What reason is there to employ a kitten as a weapon of offence?"

"Watson - use your reasoning powers. A copper plated kitten is hardly an objet d'art. It is not an adjunct to gracious living. It serves no domestic, business, or military purpose. I can think of no other use for a copper plated kitten than a weapon of offence."

"Holmes," said I, grinding my teeth in an attempt to retain my temper, "End this insane farrago of nonsense! Tell me whom you suspect of being the slayer that I may see the threads of reason in your discourse! For they are by no means apparent to me."

"Consider the mansion, Watson. The windows as we crossed the lawn sparkled, and were clean. The window in the murdered man's room was rain splashed and shattered by the piece of quartz. An elementary knowledge of the trajectory of thrown or catapulted missiles will show you that the quartz could not have been hurled any great distance into the room. Now reflect upon the height of the window from the ground... the third floor. What does this reveal to you?"



"Merely that the shock has deranged you mentally, Holmes," I replied in my most austere professional manner, "And I recommend a sedative and rest."

"Think, Watson, think." Holmes stuffed more tobacco into his pipe. "The cleated footmarks on the clothes of the deceased. What do they convey, unless the man who wore them had a job in which his foothold was all important?"

"Continue," I said, ~~beginning to see~~ a thread of reasoning in Holmes's speech.

"The motive is obscure, and to discover it would imperil our very existence. But only a window cleaner could have committed that crime. Hydrofluoric acid is sometimes used for cleaning very grimy skylights in industrial areas. A window cleaner on his own could not handle the fifty-foot ladder required to reach the third floor windows, and consequently he probably traversed along the outsides of the windows from one to the other. Note that one window was uncleaned, for what window cleaner would clean a window through which he is about to hurl a slab of quartz, doubtless concealed in his large pockets? And having distracted the attention of Mr. Slatern by this ruse, he re-entered the window next door, gained access to Mr. Slatern's room and slew him with the copper plated kitten, which he probably transported there in his bucket. Now what window cleaner do we know with a knowledge of Ergonomics, Enlightened Empiricism, Electricity, and a mind capable of devising such a plot?"

"I have it," I cried joyfully, "Doubtless you refer to the amiable, docile clot who wrote this story!"

"Correct, Watson. And do you realise that if we reveal him and bring him to justice, he need only use a dab of correcting fluid on the stencil, and we should cease to exist... ?"

Dear Eric: No, it wasn't my father who was associated with Weird Tales in the days of the Brundage covers. It was my grandfather. I am only 37, and never touch liquor except with my lips.

By the way, I met Brundage in Chicago last November for the first time. So did Tucker. She wears falsies, I think. Tucker doesn't.

Glad to get Now & Then and I feel Dylan Thomas died too soon. He should have stuck around and seen the WIDOWER poems and then killed himself -- with good reason.

I know nothing of the habits of LURKERS on THRESHOLDS. My acquaintance is limited to the wolf on the doorstep. And my wife knows a couple of Fuller Brush Salesmen.

But I forgot. You do not have Fuller Brush Salesmen in England. Just Bert Campbell. Of course he has a brush.

We had a Lurker on the Threshold last year in Ohio -- one young man who battered down the door of a room in a hotel. But he wasn't really a lurker; he didn't stop to lurk, just went to work.

Then we have, of course, the phenomenon known as Seventh Fandom -- which is lurking on the threshold to oblivion. Shed no tears; it ought to feel right at home there.

SAYS

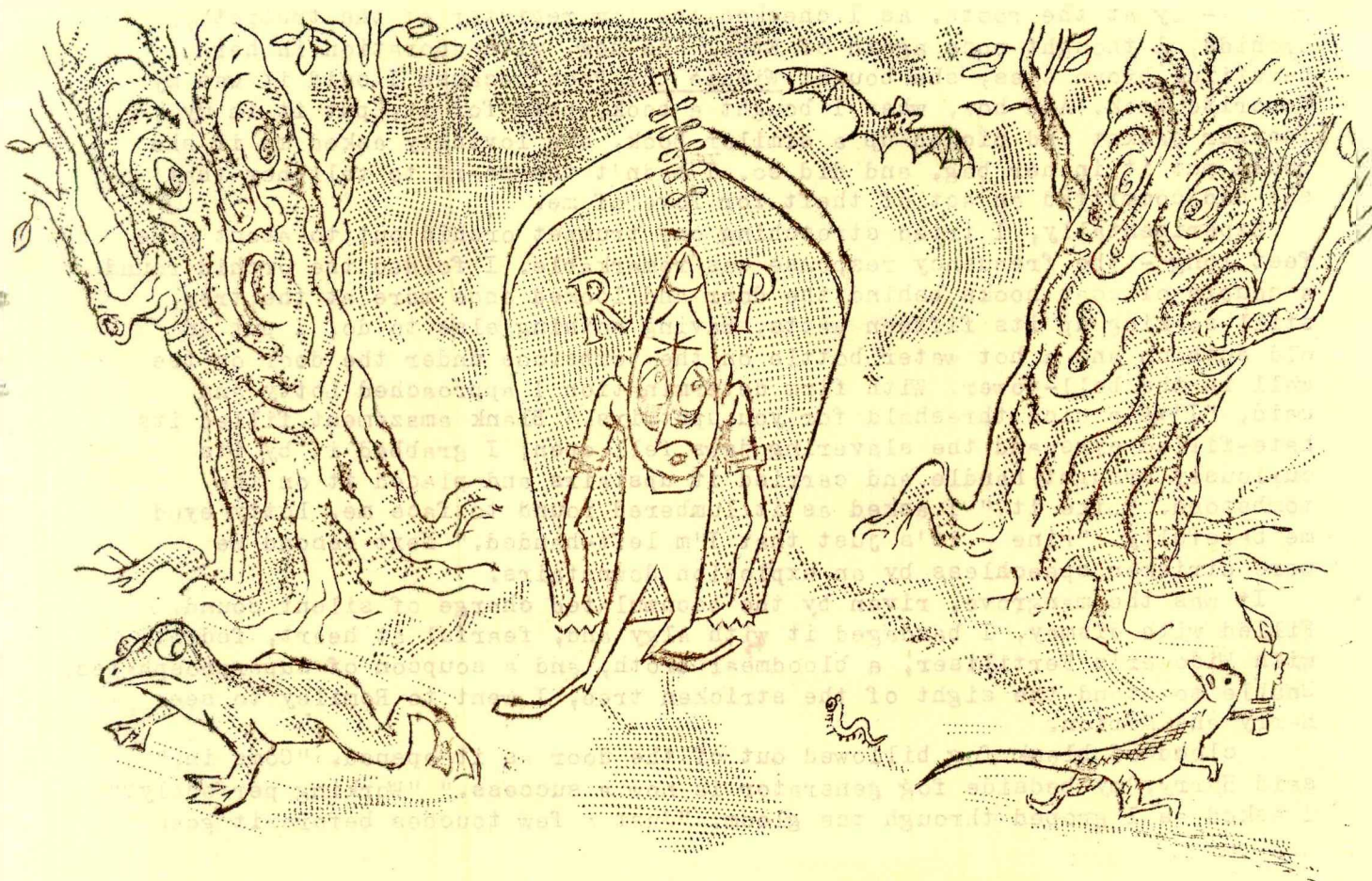
Robert Bloch

IN THE DUSK OF EACH SUMMER EVENING when the sinking sun in golden glory throws its farewell beams on the clouds, an expectant hush falls over Romiley as, faintly at first and growing in pure strength, comes a sound... a magic melody. Weary workers smile gently, lovers huddle closer and nestle into each other's arms, old people forget their cares and remember tender things from the past, and fretful children sink into blissful sleep as that wondrous sound dispels all fears. Nightly, crowds gather in silent awe at the gate of No. 10 Carlton Avenue, where deep in its mangrove swamp the world's only Trombone Orchid pours forth its auto-lullaby. And here we go again...

It was love of Ethel Lindsay which caused this marvel, and in this way... Returning from Romiley with a hollow mangrove log on the carrier, I relived that night-ride to Glasgow to see my love. In memory I felt again the full power of both cylinders as I roared northward behind the fiercely driven, ravening stiletto of hellish incandescence which is my night-driving headlamp. Happily twisting the throttle wider and wider, I only became aware as the police car drew level that I was infringing the speed limit. But the twin basilisk stares from beneath peaked police caps softened into tender wistfulness at the sight of a motorcyclist in love. Pensively I watched the police car snarl off in search of more motorcyclists and reflected that only the noise of a motorbike disturbs the police. Thieves rob mailtrains and banks in silence, but a motorcyclist ruins their sleep, and causes cops to look with disfavour on speedirons. How, thought I in lovelorn meloncholy, to silence the twin cylinders of the Douglas? The problem was still with me when I parked the bike. As I opened the front door, I realised too that something must be done about the Lurker on the Threshold.

Opening the living room door, I knew from the steam-filled room that Algy was in heat, so snaring him in a bucket as he came walloping round the walls, I carried him into the kitchenette. As I pressure-cooked him for ten minutes in a 5% solution of potassium bromide to cool his ardour, I thought with fondness of Ethel, and how she gave me Brian Miller's telephone number... and her maidenly blushes when, after searching for two hours through the telephone directory, she was rewarded by my telling her that Brian had no telephone. With affection I poured Algy into his sarcophagus and tucked him in, then cooked myself some supper. Before retiring to bed I went downstairs to put the milk bottles out, and gazed in sorrow at the Lurker on the Threshold. Nine weeks it had been there, hail, rain, snow or blow, until the label round its scaly neck was tattered, and the words "A present from Robert Bloch" faded and bleached. Always the same one, easily distinguishable by its hate-filled baleful eyes, slavering jaws, and its curiously wrought handle. So I swore on oath that something must be done... Some people get Pocketsarcs from Ghod. Others get letters from Tucker. But when I get the most beautiful present I have ever received, I cannot leave it out in the rain indefinitely.

With the lightning-like decision which made me what I am, I put on my coat, picked up a pick-axe and headed for the cemetery. As I stole the finest looking tombstone in the place I became aware of the horrified hush of the trees around me. The deathly silence preyed on my mind as I carried the tomb-



stone home. I remembered that strange story which says that if a tree falls in the middle of a forest with no one to hear it, there is no sound. As I lugged the tombstone up into the bell-tower, I decided that this silent sound was the answer to the noise of the motorbike. All I needed was to find out what happened to the sound made by the falling tree. Was it absorbed or dissipated in some way? Perhaps I could find out with the hollow mangrove log.

As I brought the log in and stood it upright in the bucket full of soil, I recalled how Ethel, with love in her eyes, gave me a cup of tea with a mustard spoon in the saucer in that lowdown cafe we visited to be alone... and how I pocketed the spoon to save her embarrassment. With the memory of her haunting me, I cooked up a fifteen-watt amplifier, installed a microphone inside the Nuremberg Maiden, plugged it in, and then attached the speaker to the tree. Switching on, I listened with joy to fifteen watts of amplified silence, and waited for the hollow tree to respond in some way to the silent sound. Nothing happened. While I waited I entertained myself by metering the audio-frequency response of a daffodil. There was no bass response at all.

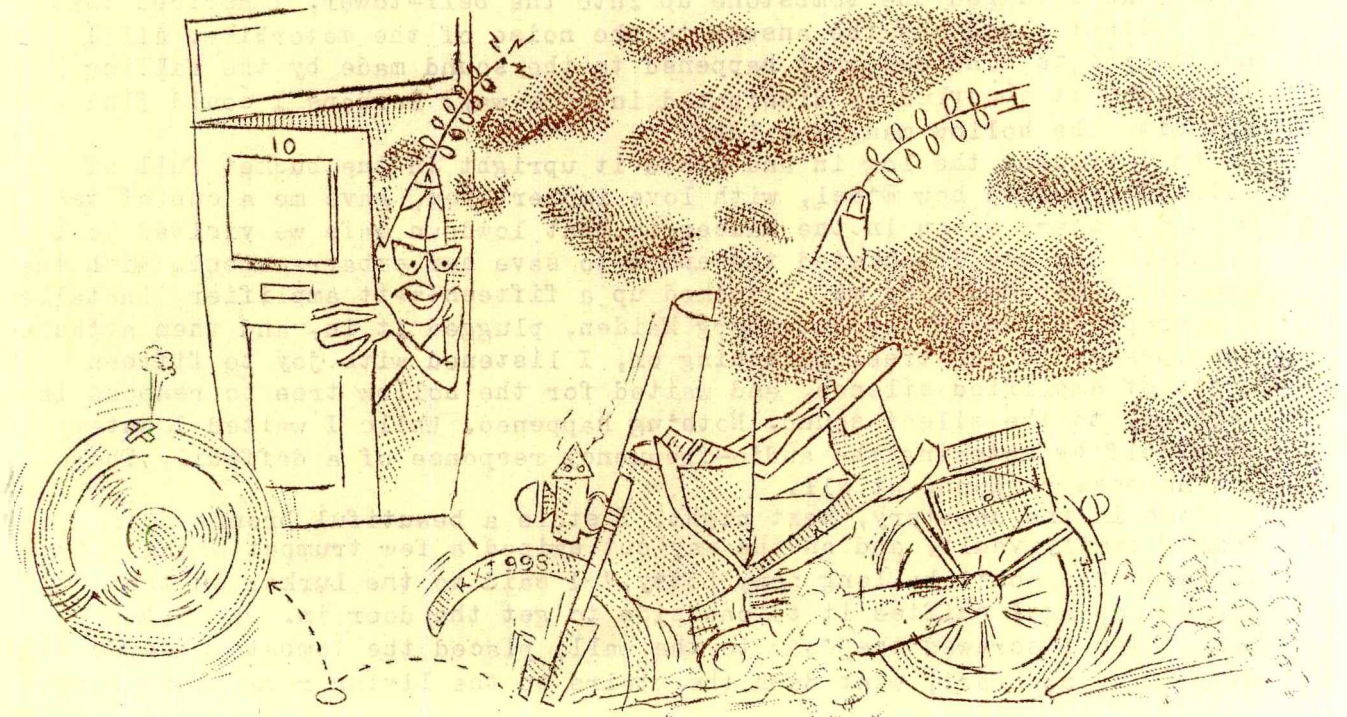
Down in the cemetery, next night, I stole a beautiful bronze door from a family vault, and on the way out swiped a few trumpet orchids from a grave. "It won't be long now, Lotty," I said to the Lurker on the Threshold, as I shifted it to one side to get the door in. Up in the bell-tower I screwed the door to the wall, placed the tombstone under it and, light of heart, went down the stairs to the living room where the

mangrove tree, still soaking up its fifteen watt charge, was beginning to gas freely at the roots. As I checked the low register of the trumpet orchids, I thought once again of Ethel and how, with adoration in her beautiful brown eyes, she bought Winnie the Pooh because I said it was my favorite book. And how, when I bought a book, paid for it, put it in my leather jacket and picked up a similar book, she lovingly asked me if she could put it in her bag, and did so. I hadn't the heart to tell her that she had committed an act of theft for love of me.

Experimentally, I tried stretching one trumpet orchid out to about nine feet long - the frequency response was remarkable. I folded the orchid round a couple of coat hooks behind the door and looked once more at the tree, still soaking up its fifteen watts. Having nothing else to do, I put an old cushion and a hot water bottle on the tombstone under the door on the wall in the bell-tower. With firm determination I approached Lotty and said, "I've a nice threshold for you upstairs." Blank amazement filled its hate-filled eyes and the slavering jaws fell open; I grabbed it by its curiously wrought handle and carried it upstairs and placed it on the tombstone. "Like it?" I asked as it lumbered round to face me. Lotty eyed me balefully. "Fine - it's just that I'm left-handed." Next second we were stricken speechless by an explosion downstairs.

It was the mangrove, riven by the accumulated charge of silent sound. Filled with dismay, I bandaged it with Algy and, fearful at heart, fed it with Widower's Fertiliser, a bloodmeal broth, and a soupcon of superphosphates. Unable to stand the sight of the stricken tree, I went to Romiley to see Harry and Marion.

A cloud of black fog billowed out of the door as it opened. "Come in," said Harry, "my bedside fog generator is now a success." "Working perfectly?" I asked as I groped through the gloom. "Just a few touches before it goes



into quantity production," said Harry. In the living room I heard the sound of Marion's knitting needles through the swirling blackness, and thought of the love Marion must bear for Harry to stand even this. "I have discovered the secret of why there is no sound when a tree falls in a forest with no-one around," said I, "Trees have a one-way sonic porosity."

"You mean" said Marion, "Silence is not golden, but sylvan."

"Correct," said I, "And it explains why trees grow skyward. They simply cannot give out."

"If Darwin had only known," said Harry, "because giraffes are also mute."

Feeling that the conversation was getting above my head, I sneaked out, and left Harry and Marion talking to each other in the fog.

Back at the flat I rejoiced to see Algy and Lotty playing hide and seek in the snake venom distillery, and felt glad to see the tree showing signs of convalescence. Determined to cure it of one-way porosity, I gave it a coat of anti-corrosive, one coat of primer, two layers of undercoat and a spray finish until it was possibly the smartest mangrove tree of the Twentieth Century. Aware of the danger to a convalescent mangrove tree on high-altitude flight, I drilled a small hole in it to equalise internal and external pressure. Blissfully, I leaned on the window sill and gazed out to sea, thinking of Ethel at our parting, and how she pressed in my hand a shoe brush as a token of our love. I sighed deeply at the setting sun, as the cool breeze of evening blew through the open window and, to my amazement, heard an answering sigh from the mangrove tree. In loving wonder I realised that with the chill of the breeze, the tree had contracted, and the compressed air in the hollow interior had been expelled through the equalising orifice. With a burst of insouciant insanity, I grafted the nine-foot folded trumpet orchid over the hole...

And now start at the beginning...

LIFE WITH THE LYONS
DEPARTMENT

Dear Eric & Harry: As I was basting the apple billikens with sherry, for the 7th time, everything suddenly went black - black toast, black eggs and black billikens. Won't you come up to breakfast sometime? No excuses now - my coffee is wonderful. Isn't it amazing how there is such a similarity

between chicken fat and linseed oil and did you know that french fried onion rings are the latest fad? I'm finding it very difficult to become a competent housewife. Some people have it - some don't. It worries me when I can't stop thinking of what beautiful still lifes I could paint from my many ruined meals, what a wonderful brush holder a coffee pot is and how many numerous paint pots of various shapes and sizes we have in our kitchen cupboard. Oh well, Howard is very patient with me and the only thing he insists on is that I don't smoke in bed. So much for my domestic life.

Is the RFV&SDS anything like the Masons? Even if it is I am very honoured to be elected a member.

Pat Lyons.

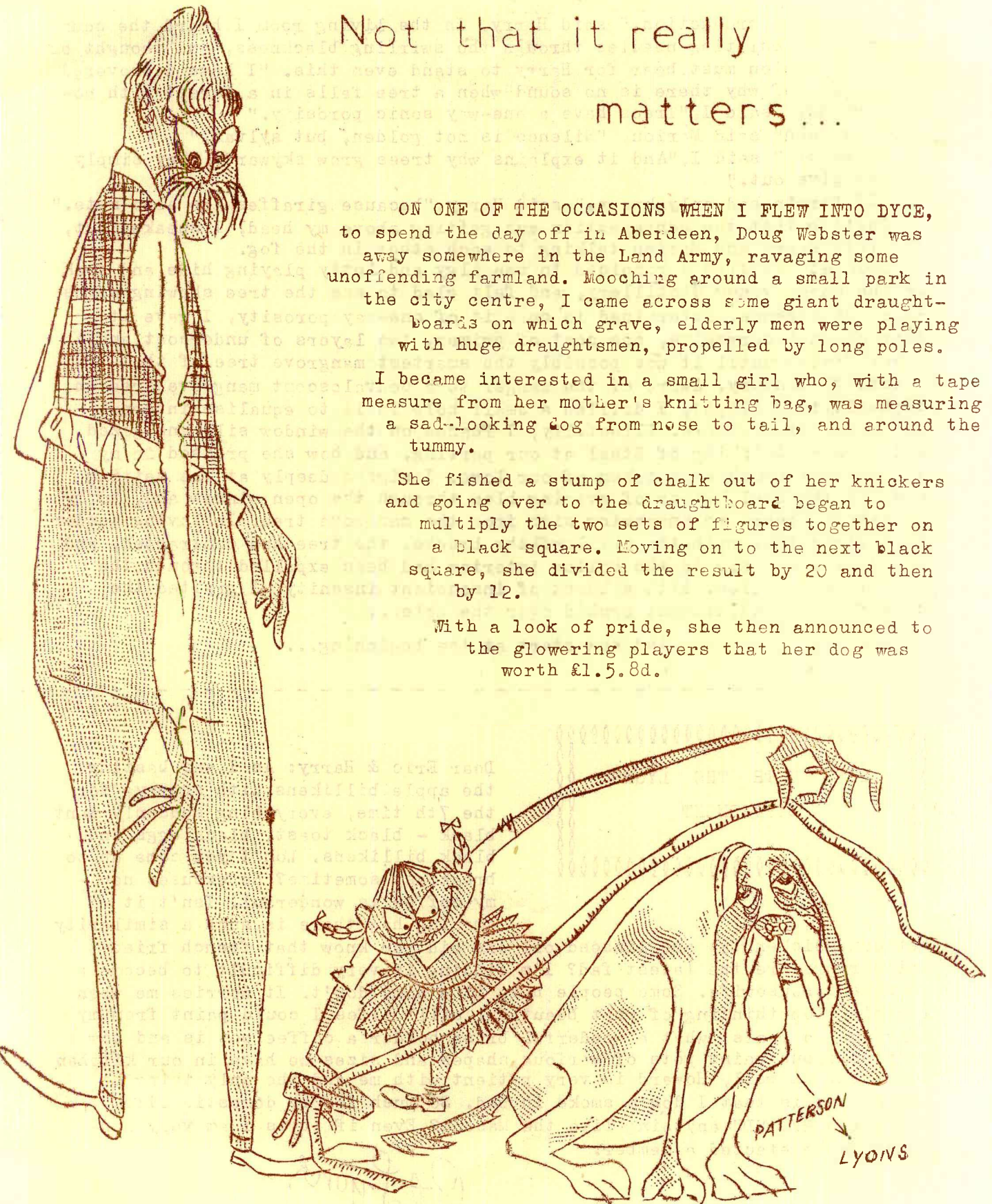
Not that it really matters...

ON ONE OF THE OCCASIONS WHEN I FLEW INTO DYCE, to spend the day off in Aberdeen, Doug Webster was away somewhere in the Land Army, ravaging some unoffending farmland. Mooching around a small park in the city centre, I came across some giant draught-boards on which grave, elderly men were playing with huge draughtsmen, propelled by long poles.

I became interested in a small girl who, with a tape measure from her mother's knitting bag, was measuring a sad-looking dog from nose to tail, and around the tummy.

She fished a stump of chalk out of her knickers and going over to the draughtboard began to multiply the two sets of figures together on a black square. Moving on to the next black square, she divided the result by 20 and then by 12.

With a look of pride, she then announced to the glowering players that her dog was worth £1.5.8d.



"I'll polish you off!" laughed Sweeney Todd,
Correct in his surmise
That human flesh can taste quite fresh
In WIDOWER'S MEAT PIES

"Once aboard, and the girl is mine,"
Quoth the villain on his lugger.
"This lass demure is nearly as pure
As WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL SUGAR

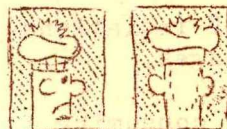
Firewalking is hazardous.
To avoid all disappointments
Ere you begin obtain a tin
Of WIDOWER'S BLISTER OINTMENT

New advances now have put
All witches on their mettle;
Their hellish brews they now infuse
In a WIDOWER'S ELECTRIC KETTLE

Solomon had a thousand wives,
And eunuchs gazed in wonder where
This horde of dames played frisky games
In WIDOWER'S NYLON UNDERWEAR

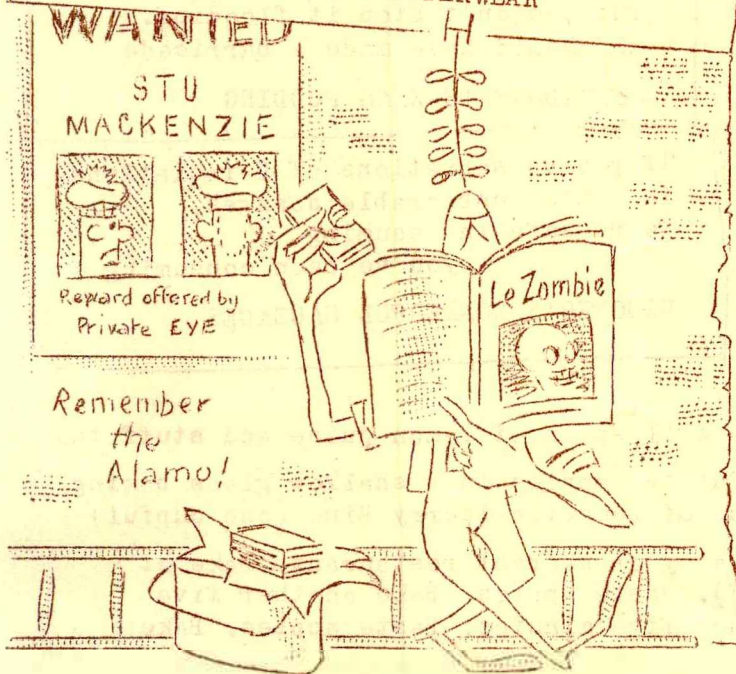
WANTED

STU
MACKENZIE



Reward offered by
Private EYE

Remember
the
Alamo!



Dear Harry & Eric: I am not as
yet convinced that one of you
is not pseudo. But as Pat says:

Fans think everybody
is the same people

so I'll assume you're two dif-
ferent mis-fits and address
this missive to both...

Widower's as usual have the
best commercials in the busi-
ness. I have just wasted several
moments working on one for
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL JOCKS but
gave it up as below me.

I have never experienced a
Chestertonian episode, but I
heard once: A man went to bed,
took out his teeth, put them
in a glass of water and went
to sleep. He awoke in the
morning and was unable to
replace them. The explanation
was not given. I asked if the
water froze, if they were
stolen, if he was dead, if he
was tied up, and so on... The
only clue was a remark by the
narrator: "Who said they were
false teeth?"

Just finished a bottle of
Burgundy. Just started a
bottle of Sherry. Just had a
bottle of beer and some Red
Table Wine (Dry). Going to
get sloshed I think. We are
enclosing receipt you re-
quested. Pat has never
worked up the energy again,
but they sure were good that
first time.

Bye,
Howard

A Derelict as distinct from
a Derelict Insurgent.

And the receipt follows,
overleaf...

STUFFED APPLE BILLIKENS

ex Cookbook for Brides

Pare two big Rome Beauty apples (Lollas that is), then scoop out the hard centres with your apple corer (clean it up, clean it up). Be careful to leave 17/32 of an inch floor at the bottom of the apple, so that the stuffing won't work its way out. Be careful to get all the seeds and the tough white core. There are few things in life more discouraging than lumps in the mashed potatoes, grounds in the coffee cup and seedy cooked apples (not to mention fans in the double bed). Now

with a small silver spoon (removed from the mouth as needed) - always use a silver spoon or knife on fruit (whoops) - scoop out the apple pulp (Planet) leaving 17/32 wall (inch) to match the 17/32 of an inch floor. Chop this pulp fine (cool)

and combine it with $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon of brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon of honey and $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon of water. You will very likely find that the pulp from the apples is insufficient (not enough) so add some unsweetened apple sauce or stuff.

Cook it over a low flame for five minutes until sugar has dissolved and the blend (7 Crown) is smooth (Guzzler's Gin). Take it from Here (the fire) add one tablespoon of peanut butter (honest) and half a tablespoon of lemon juice and stuff the apple centres with the mixture. Put the apples in a shallow glass baking dish and pour in three tablespoons of Domestic Sherry Wine (one cupful) - down Tucker!

Make reservations at your nearest restaurant. Bake at 350° degrees F for five minutes (F). Baste apples. Bake another five minutes. Baste apples. Bake another five minutes. Baste apples. Bake

Godiva ran not the slightest risk
In cantering out in her pelt...
She was in fact a virgo intacta
With a WIDOWER'S CHASTITY BELT

Salome's dancing and demands
Caused John's decapitation.
Was Herod entranced because she danced
Without WIDOWER'S COMBINATIONS ?

In Xanadu built Kublai Khan
A pleasure dome for his workers...
An illuminated, prefabricated
WIDOWER'S TRAVELLING CIRCUS

The peak of Everest was reached
By Hillary and Tensing,
Who staked a claim and surrounded same
With WIDOWER'S PORTABLE FENCING

Leda cuddled the Jovian Swan,
An unprecedented thing.
But she got a bit more
than she'd bargained for -
A WIDOWER'S CYGNET RING

King Canute defied the sea,
But couldn't stop it flooding.
He should have made a barricade
Of WIDOWER'S XMAS PUDDING

If you've sensations of U-radiations
In almost unbearable dosages,
We're safe in assuming
you've been consuming
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL SAUSAGES

Lenin's October Revolution grew
To a torrent from a trickle.
In collective farms he praised the charms
Of a WIDOWER'S HAMMER AND SICKLE

P A M

for

PREXY!

The Scarlet Woman of Babylon
Became rather bulky and massy ere
She found her form restored to norm
By a WIDOWER'S BELT & BRASSIERE

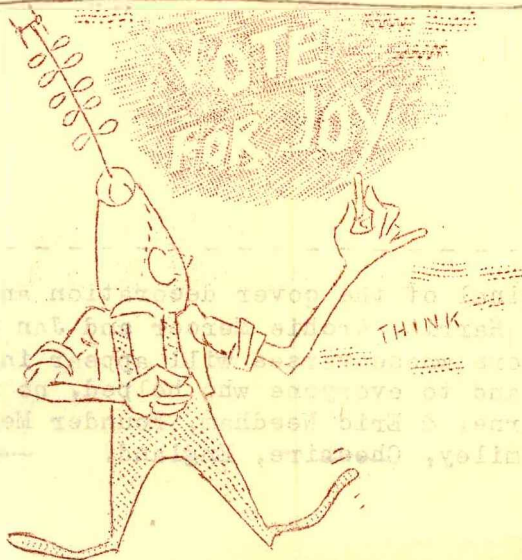
Agamemnon slew Iphigenia
In sight of old Aulis's shores.
It seems that this slaughter
was because his daughter
Lost her WIDOWER'S CALICO DRAWERS

Send the dough to DAPHNE !

Picasso's weird and outre shapes
Appeal to those neurotics
Who genuflect and then inject
WIDOWER'S NARCOTICS

The haunting song the sirens sang
Left Ulysses agast as
He calmed his tears and plugged
his ears

With WIDOWER'S MUSTARD PLASTERS



another five minutes. Baste apples. Bake another five minutes. Baste apples. Bake another five minutes. Baste apples. Bake another five minutes. If they require a little more liquid in the baking, add a little more sherry (one cupful) - down Tucker - or just (ugh!) plain water, depending on how rich you feel. Let the apples cool after baking (confirm your reservations), put them in the refrigerator (American ice-box) to chill. At

serving time, make a meringue by beating one egg white stiff (down Tucker) combined with $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon of salt and two tablespoons of sugar. Top the apples with this meringue and put them under the broiler or in a very slow 250 degree F oven to brown a delicate gold (American sterling). The white-hatted apples look for all the world like little fat billikens and they're very easy on the palate, too.

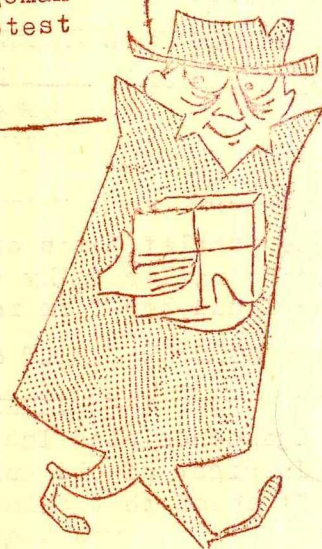
Serves two.

- Dorothy Malone,
Pat & Howard.

As you see, we are obviously modelling ourselves on the highly successful BIAS BINDING KITCHEN DEPT. Anyone got a good recipe for Freeted Fligdillies with Belchberry Sauce?

We are happy to announce that Nigel Lindsay has renounced all affinities with the Fan Dancers, and has been welcomed to the Hallowed Ranks of the RFV&SDS. (But he'll have to watch his step!)

Romiley raad: Ontegensprekelijk
Volksdansen begeleiden met gemak
Doet men best, en zonder protest
Met een WIDOWER'S DOEDELZAK.



Have you
tried
WIDOWER'S
lately?

THINK

Throughout the ages, clots like me
Scrawl endless verse and prose lines
Which were not sung...
the singer was hung
With a WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL CLOTHESLINE

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