

MONTHLY

" THE DUFFLE COAT BREEDERS GAZETTE "

TERRY JEEVES TO WED

mi

No 5

PLANS HONEYMOON IN IBIZA

It gives me great pleasure to announce the engagement between TERRY JEEVES, fan and schoolteacher, and Miss. Valerie Williams. Terry, has been my friend and co-publisher for quite some years now, and I'm extremely pleased that he is at last finding happiness in his 'mundane' life. He's one of the most genuine persons I've ever met, and I wish the happy pair All The Very Best, most sincerely.

WATCH THESE PAGES FOR FURTHER NEWS

On the Wedding Of The Year...which may be covered by Mersey and Deeside Productions camera-men specially imported from Liverpool! Naturally, as a result of this new interest entering the life of the inimitable Jeeves, Terry will be dropping a great deal of his fanac. At the moment he's not sure just how much, but never fear (!) TRIODE will continue - even if I have to turn the handle meself! Terry and Val hope to marry during the Summer, and honeymoon on the isle of Minorca a place which has received the LaSFaS Seal Of Approval.

...'course you've read about it, Eric, it was in OMPA...or was it the Daily Mail.. Norman Shorrocks.

A MOST SIGNIFICANT ISSUE

In case you haven't realised it, this is issue number five of this sterling publication - M.I.5, in fact. A number of such portent, we feel, shouldn't be passed over lightly without some attempt to make capital thereof. This issue then is dedicated to all those who have bled their blood in evil-smelling foreign gutters on behalf of the Secret Service, and the great British Reading Public. Men like James Bond, and William Harrison. Particularly William Harrison. I'd like at this point to give an excerpt from an as yet unwritten story of the Great Man.

AGENT OOOOOO.5 AND THE SECRET OF THE ASPIDESTRA

....but at that very moment, there was a silent swishing noise followed by a series of dull pings and von Neumann's trousers sagged to the ground, revealing tartan trews trimmed with lace edelweiss. And also revealing that the arch-villains knees were as hideously piranha nibbled as his face.

Harrison, hidden behind a convenient fondant replica of the Taj Mahal, had once again displayed His phenomenal marksmanship by potting the Foul One's bracer-buttons with the nine-foot blowpipe He always carried in the waist-band of His trousers.

There was a look of stark astonishment on von Neumann's horrible face as he cursed..." That Damned Embarrasin' Harrison!!"

....I met Humph in Liverpool yesterday and he's got German Measles - there's little black swastika's all over his face...Eddie Jones.

ENIGMAS SOLVED TO ORDER

Just last week, a bloodhound in the employ of the Stockport and Intake Dog & Cake Walking society ferreted out one of the greatest secrets of our time! Namely, the identity of PENELOPE FANDERGASTE. It seems that this bloodhound was passing by the window of a house in Levenshulme, Manchester, and just happened to look in. He informs us that we may state quite categorically that SID BIRCHBY is the author in question!

THE'VE KILLED THE MONSTER!

As you may have already gathered from the interlineations I've recently been over to visit the Shorrocks Residence once again. I just got back yesterday, and can report that LaSFaS is it's usual sparking self. Ina has discovered how to make HOT curry. Norman Weedall has been ill, but is now recovering, I'm pleased to say. Norman is working on the next issue of SD - several pages of which have been run off. Norman Shorrocks, that is. Geoffrey Collins has a new girl friend, and has exhibited his staunch courage in introducing her to the other members of the club. John Owen is thinking about getting a job. Norman Shorrocks had two consecutive piles of Kings yesterday. And, as I mentioned up above, they've killed off the Monster - the one which has been languishing in the Shorrocks garage for lo these many years. I'm not at liberty to tell you how it met it's end, but if you happen to read in your paper of scientists from all over the world enplaing for a mudbank off Wallasey, well...

TRIODE 18 DUE ANY WEEK NOW...

Or, If I Can Just Get Those Two Apart, for a few minutes. At the time of writing it only remains to cut my own piece onto stencil, do the page numbering, put one or two final touches to things here and there, stencil the contents page....and send the stencils to Terry for duping. After that we start work. The only part of magazine pubbing I never particularly enjoy is the collating, even if it does help to keep my waistline trim! Look in your letterbox just before the con, or a couple of weeks afterwards, if it's a good con.

See you there

.....Eric Bentcliffe