

*This is, with some surprise to the editor, Ejottings. I don't know which number it is; I can't count, anyway. But there is a lot of news and information and explanation and thanks to be handed out--so, I publish another newszine. If some of the information seems pretty basic to you science fiction fans, remember that Ejottings also goes to friends, relatives, and a few likeable strangers.*

Things happen to me; all sorts of things. I'm an incident-prone. This year (I mean 1960--I'm still a little behind times) was a real ringading year.

Along about July 9, 1960, my life took a definite turn for the better. I became Mrs. John Griffin Trimble with a quiet church ceremony, quiet church reception and big noisy party at the Burbee's. We collected a stack of loot, and I gained all kinds of new relatives, including all the aunts in Long Beach, two little neices and two little nephews--and a really great mother-in-law.

When Mom Trimble went in for a cancer operation earlier in the year, we had all kinds of bad news about it; and we didn't know what the eventual outcome would be. The doctor didn't give us much hope. Then, after a dangerously high fever, all the tests turned out fine. The doctor is puzzled, but hazards the guess that the fever might have burned out the cancer. It isn't much of a scientific explanation, but it's the best one we've got, and we'll take it! Anyway, there is no trace of cancer now.

Summer was spent trying to get settled in married life, trying to get things arranged for our little personalized ceramics business, and trying to recover from the strain of the auto accident of last year. Mercy, bruises sure take a long time to heal!

All along, the fan art show was in planning, to be on display at the PITTCON (the World Science Fiction Convention in Pittsburgh) was getting along fine, for a first time. This took a lot of planning, bulletins, and trying to work with dozens of artists who pride themselves on being individuals. I was disappointed that I wouldn't see the show, after working all year for it, but John could not get a vacation so soon from his new job. So there werewere.

But Bruce Pelz and Jack Harness decided to make a trip to Pittsburgh for one a wedding present...and even if John couldn't go, he wanted me to see the art show. And so, with the help of Al Lewis, Bill Ellern, Ingrid Fritzsche, and Ruth Berman; Bjo got to set up the art show at the PITTCON!

And a wonderful show it was, too; with 132 entries, and some real fine artwork it was, with all the quality I could have wished for. There were so many people helping out with that show that I couldn't even begin to thank all the folks who volunteered their time and services (and pocket money) to the art show. The ones who officially helped with the show have been thanked in the fan art magazine, PAS-tell, but that still leaves the guys who guarded the show at night--for lack of locks on the door--like Al Lewis, Ernie Wheatley (and Nick Falasca, who talked to Ernie and kept him company), Ron Ellik, George Scithers, Bill Sarrill and Bill Ellern. Thanks especially go to the guys who slept in the room all night, even to Bruce Henstell, who let a janitor run a carpet-sweeper all around his sleeping bag without remembering it the next day!

*On our way to and from the convention, we managed to stay overnight with fans more often than we camped out! John and Gregg (Alkins, the Bob Lemans, George Barr, Lynn Hickman (whose family prudently left the day before we arrived), Bill Ellern's hospitable aunt, and Jack Harness' unsuspecting family were all visited by the gang of fans in the little foreign cars. We mooched floor space, chow, artwork, coffee, and fanzines all across the U.S. Many, many thanks to all these nice people!*



On returning from the PITTCON, I was obligated to send out an art show report to all the artists who were anxiously awaiting news. Unfortunately, the trip turned out to be more tiring than I knew, and about the middle of September the nervous energy I had used up during the Labor Day weekend began to tell; I don't think I can ever do all that travelling, and a convention, again. *Ha! famous last words!*

About this time, John and I realized that the merger of two huge book collections and my art materials, and the cats just about filled up the apartment. There was no room for us! So we started the horrid job of house-hunting. Talk about time-consuming; if the house was big enuf, it was too expensive; and if it was in our price range, it was too small or too something....anyway, we looked long and hard for a place that was just right.

I kept seeing this big old ugly house on 8th Street; not much by modern standards, but it sure was big. So finally, I had to call and ask how much it would cost to rent it. I did some figuring, and said we'd like to see it. John allowed himself to be dragged to inspect the place. It had all kinds of room; 220 eletricity, and looked terrible on the inside. It would need all kinds of repainting, and we didn't have near enuf furniture and we would have to share it with someone else to afford it.....but it had room.

We talked things over with the Fan Hill mob. And decided to give the whole idea a try; Ernie Wheatley, Don Simpson, Bruce Pelz and the Trimble started to move into 2790 West 8th; after several weekend session with a paint brush. Real heartfelt gratitude goes to Zeke Leppin, Jack Harness, Al Lewis and John to see that I finally got my lovely pale turquoise and white kitchen. Now that Karu put up all the spice shelves, it looks so useful and bright!

Len Moffatt, Rick Sneary, Don Simpson, and Ernie Wheatley painted the other rooms, with Zeke showing them how to paint ceilings. And soon the old house looked like a real fine place, indeed! When I'd painted the floors--during the day while everyone was at work--of the upstairs rooms, the guys helped paint the downstairs floors. Then I pulled a wrist ligament painting the front porch.

Now, for a time, we hoped that Ingrid Fritzsch would move in with us (because she is such a good housekeeper; I'd hoped to learn something from her!) but circumstances would not allow. Ingrid may be going back to Germany this year, for a visit, and did not think it advisable to change jobs right now.

So Jack Harness moved into the other room upstairs, and is now busy as a squirrel (oop; sorry, Ron) trying to fit all his fanzines and materials in his room.

The general plan of the house is a small room for a White Knoll Company office, a large room for art studio, a living room for the gang, a small room for the Gestetner and fanzine publishing, the kitchen, a full bath, large service porch, and a huge room for LASFS meetings on the first floor. Also a small room off the porch where Karu lives. On the second floor, there is a room each for Ernie, Bruce, Jack, Don and us; with a small dressing room off our main room, a full bath, and a small room which will soon be a darkroom for Unicorn Productions. In the basement, we have room for storage, the cats, two crocks of home-brewed beer, and the electric kiln. Now that's room!

Moving in, and unpacking, and getting settled...and about this time, John started getting some fierce headaches. I wasn't feeling any too good, myself. But I could rest during the day, while John had to go to work.

He found his job at Schermerhorn Brothers more interesting as he grew more used to the selling of rope and twine. He actually enjoys travelling around, and finds some fun in selling a good product.. This is a good job, for he leaves it when he comes home in the evening; and right now we are satisfied with this set-up. Later, when we are



more ready to settle down, then we will be ready for the type of job which pays more and brings on more responsibilities. But we manage.

I decided that I simply could not keep up with all the fan-activity with which I had become involved, and so made the difficult decision to drop out of the amateur publishing associations, SAPS, OMPA and NAPA. This was after some discussion with John, who did not think it was fair to ask me to do this; but paying for all this fan publishing was going to run into more money than we could afford. And the time involved would begin to weigh on me, too. I wouldn't let John drop out of FAPA, because he had been on the waiting list for so long, and enjoyed publishing so much.

We compromised by publishing a sort of general-interest magazine called MELANGE, which we will send to anyone who is interested enuf to send a letter of comment for each issue sent to them. MELANGE is officially our FAPazine, but it contains articles by so many other interesting people like Ruth Berman, Ed Cox, Bob Lichtman and Elmer Perdue, plus an occasional bit from Charles Burbee. And good artwork from Bernie Zuber, Johnny Burbee, and others.

Melange, and PAS-tell, the Project Art Show bulletin and art magazine, are the two publications on which I devote my time; with some artwork for Shangri-L'Affaires, the LASFS club official organ. John still edits Shaggy, and we do have fun putting the magazine together every six weeks or so. I have hopes of setting PAS-tell on a regular schedule of quarterly publication, with small bulletins whenever necessary to inform the fan-artists and interested parties of something new about the art show. Melange is already on a quarterly schedule, and will probably remain so.

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society takes up every Thursday, of course, with meetings, and plans for entertainment, and building up a steady membership for the club. The Hallowe'en party approached at the same time we were moving into the house, and somehow, I found myself as hostess of the party. So while John and Ernie worked to move everything from Fan Hill into the Fan-Hillton, I was directing a costume party in Pasadena, in Sid Coleman's house. It was a fine party, with some fine costumes. This time, I did not make any plans to wear a costume, for I was too busy packing. However, an overly helpful husband made sure that I wore a costume by moving the entire contents of our closet while I was taking a shower. Nothing remained to wear but something from the costume wardrobe! I wore my emerald green leotards and tights, with black boots, gold jerkin, and loose-hanging belt and green Trolean hat. It was comfortable, anyway.

After Hallowe'en, things really began to get busy.

And I began to keep track of all the events of the wonderful holidays coming up... we went to the Unicorn Coffee House on November 3rd, to celebrate Jack Harness' birthday. We sang folk songs with Fred Engleberger, and ate some fine baked beans which a friend of Fred's had brought. Likely to find anything at the Unicorn, including that horrid picture, which is still hanging on the wall. I guess beatniks have a right to paint miserable pictures if they wish, but this is too much!

That Saturday, we had an Unbirthday Party for Bill Ellern and John, with lots of guests and talking. This was the night that Kris found Wellington Stout, a beer sold by Thrifty Drug stores for 96¢ a six-pack. Score one for the Nevilles!

The next week, we started to put some art on stencil, which was to go into making up the fine big Christmas Art Issue of Shangri-L'Affaires. And then Steve Tolliver called and wanted to know if I could give some advice on decorating Lloyd House for the CalTech Interhouse Dance. Not to help or anything, but just advise, of course; and we were invited to dinner to discuss decorating possibilities. The upshot of the visit, of course, was that I found myself with a job.

We visited Laurie Riley at Western Costume, and found that by some wonderful



"arrangement", the boys could afford to get a Mad Hatter costume, a March Hare outfit, and a White Rabbit suit. They had already cornered a Freshman called Sparky to be the Rabbit, and had conned one guy and his date into wearing the other costumes. A bit of quick work on someone's part after Sally's photo appeared in the paper and they had an Alice; all that remained was to decorate Lloyd House like Tulgey Wood, the Rabbit Hole and the Croquet Game. That's all. And make a costume for Sally, which Marcia Dickinson was talked into sewing up for us. Sally looked very cute as Alice, and maybe someday, we'll publish the entire story of how Alice lost her bloomers in the dryer at Lloyd House.

The decorations looked good; the boys had a caterpillar on a huge mushroom that smoked a hookah--with smoke, like. And a Jabberwock that wore a yellow vest and really burbled--thanks to a speaker in its head. And a marvelous Cheshire Cat which lit up when you tripped an electric eye, then faded out in sections; first its body, then its head and tail, and then its big smile would disappear. It was great!

John came to get me, the night of the dance, so that I could change clothes, since dirty blue jeans and sweater are hardly the usual thing to wear to a college dance. But we got caught because there were so many last-minute things to finish and put up; and so there we were....and guess who ended up as the Mad Hatter and March Hare? I had great fun leaping out at people in the Tulgey Wood and screaming "Happy Unbirthday, send me a present!" And someone did; a cookie with a note signed by "L.C.".....?

Sid Salomon, boy genius, cornered the Lloyd House at one point and invited John and me to a little party at his place, after the dance. On condition that he wore the costumes. "over my dead body," screamed John, but was won over with promises of dinner, if he would appear in full green frock coat, pink cravat, and monstrous hat (pants, too).

Don Simpson and Al Lewis were also trapped at the dance, without party clothes; and each solved the problem in his own peculiar way. Al retired to Sparky's room and went to sleep, while Don borrowed Steve's copy of "The Complete Lewis Carroll" and read nonsense poems to anyone within hearing. He walked around, declaiming "You are old, Father William" in such an oratorical fashion, everyone thought he was part of the act!

*When we arrived at Sid's house, it was full of the intellectual types; students, teachers and assorted intelligent-looking wives and girlfriends. Our costumes caused some stir, and a handsome man across the room started quoting Lewis Carroll, with me filling in the lines he started. (After hearing Carroll all evening, this was not a difficult trick.) Finally, he started "twinkle, twinkle, little bat..." and I asked him, "where were you when we needed a dormouse?" This seemed to amuse him, and it certainly crottled a few of the bystanders.*

Sid sidled up to me, "you have just been exchanging wisecracks with Richard P. Feynman."

"That's nice," I said, "now maybe I'd better change back into my dirty jeans, because this costume belongs to Western Costume, and I do want a drink of something."

One of Sid's house-mates, whose name is pronounced "Dodger"--however it may be spelled--was making a hot wine drink; "A strong Hungarian drink only for strong Hungarians," warned Sid, who was listing slightly to starboard.

When I'd changed into more comfortable--if hardly more socially correct--clothes, I tried this drink. It's great; and I'll never know how Hungary got invaded! Finally, I couldn't stand it. "Who is Richard P. Feynman?" I asked. Al Lewis stared at me.



"He's the smartiest man in the United States," said Sid. Now, I'll take Sid's word for this; he doesn't go around making statements like that unless he believes it.

"Well, Caltech must think so," said Al, "they pay him about \$50,000 to be smart."

"Oh," I said, feeling like a clot, "well, he sure knows his Lewis Carroll, too."

Later, John told of hearing a conversation at Lloyd House about Feynman; seems he is considered quite a guy, not for his ability to lecture lucidly or for his vast store of knowledge; but because he can play bongo drums with 12 beats to one hand and 13 beats to the other. This is some sort of accomplishment in bongo circles, I guess.

About a week later, Al brought me a copy of Atlantic Monthly, with an article about Dr. Ricard Feynman. Atlantic thinks he's the smartest man in the U.S., too.

Along about here, we got definite word that Mom Trimble was going to be okay; I have never felt so good! We visit her in Long Beach every Tuesday nite, and she fixes dinner. Sometimes we go to a movie, but usually, we just sit and talk and drink coffee, and relax. Mom has taken up hems in skirts for me, done over a couple of dresses for me, and found the most comfortable pair of shoes I've ever worn. I enjoy these visits and look forward to them; they are such a quiet interlude in a busy week.

And, along about here, I got my annual Christmas present inspiration; to make all the presents, and make something wonderful yet inexpensive. I looked at my Gourmet Magazine, and the rest of the inspiration hit. We would make some curry!

This decision came about partly because Karu Beltran, a jobless magician and chef of great ability, moved into the little back room at the Fan-Hilton. He cooked to pay his way, and the huge food bill for this family of hungry men actually dropped! Karu knows how to utilize every left-over in the most tasty dishes, and makes the most fabulous Oriental recipes out of practically nothing. With his background, he was a natural to help me make up some curry for Xmas presents. We started making a list of the spices we'd need, and wondered where to get them all.

The big issue of Shaggy was still going on stencil, with more and more artwork coming in each day. We planned to make November 19 a big publishing day, but Julie Jardine pulled a surprise housewarming on us, and so all work stopped to warm the old house. We had scrounged enuf furniture to fill up the place a bit, and it was looking just fine. The party lasted until about 5 a.m., with filk-singing until 4:30.

On Boris Karloff's 73rd birthday (November 23) we saw "The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T" which was a delightful fantasy. Then we left that evening for Santa Barbara, where we were to spend the night with the Schultheis' and on from there to my folk's in Santa Cruz. The trip was uneventful, and we stayed up late talking to Steve and Virginia, and playing with Esmé, their kitten.

All good plans start off late in the morning after blueberry pancakes, no matter how early we plan to start on our way! Traffic was light, and we made it to momma's in time for Thanksgiving dinner. The whole family was there; Leah and Little Bill with Robbie and Baby John. It's always hard to think of my kid sister as the mother of two children...I keep remembering her as the stubborn little girl with long curls. Uncle Blondie was there, and Randy; looking so tall and happy. He's got a new car, but then my brother changes cars like my sister used to change clothes. It was a happy day, ending with slides of mom and Big Bill's trip to Hawaii. Momma is getting quite good



with her camera, thanks to the instructions Bill Ellern gave her when he visited.

Mom's new house is great; but the greenhouses are, of course, the real thing! She wouldn't let Jim Beam help Big Bill put this greenhouse together, and it is a perfect building for orchids. Mom now has her business license, and will make bouquets for weddings and corsages; she enjoys this sort of thing so much, as the lovely flowers at my wedding will prove. All of John's aunts had a beautiful orchid corsage; some of them rare blossoms that are never found in ordinary florist shops.

While we were in the bay area, we drove up to see Joe and Robbie Gibson, and the visit turned into a party, as usual. The Gibson's menage of Siamese kittens certainly are wonderful, beautiful animals. The party was a typical fabulous Berkeley party.

We went back to Santa Cruz, stopping to pick up a \$50.00 orchid that momma had bought earlier from a dealer. As we drove down the highway, I looked at this fabulous plant with all the exotic blooms, and said, "John, do you realize that what momma paid for this cotton-pickin' plant would feed you and me and the cats for almost a month?" "Gee," said John, and we drove on in silence, considering this. "Let's throw it out the window!" I suggested, but the mood passed quickly when I thot of what mom would do to me if I did this.

We left for Los Angeles early Sunday morning of the 27th, arriving in town in time to attend the last night of Forry's annual three-day birthday party. At this party, I was presented with Cynthia Goldstone's painting of "Fred", a sort of pink and apricot critter. I was overjoyed, but John threatened immediate divorce if I hung that painting in our room, so he dwells in the art studio instead. Sometimes, I don't think John has any artistic feelings at all.....

About two days after that, I missed the coffeepot. Actually, I missed it earlier, but we just didn't have time to go to Forry's and get it. They had borrowed it for the party, of course. Finally, when I threatened to throw a caffen fit, John and some Fan-Hillton crew took me to Forry's to retrieve the coffeepot. While there, we got a little surprise that Forry had arranged for us.

There is a wonderful fantasy book called "The Ship That Sailed To Mars" by Timlin, with tipped-in color illos for every other page, and it is a very rare and lovely book. Forry has a copy, of course, which I have lovingly read many times, and admired the illos and wished I had access to such a book; or even access to the price of it!

Forry gave us a copy of "The Ship That Sailed To Mars". It is bound in green Morrocco leather, with fancy gold embossing even on the inside edges of the cover. The book is in perfect condition, and absolutely beautiful. And for this, all silly old Forry wants is a collection of ceramic tiles and other goodies. "And about ten minutes alone with your wife each day," he suggested to John, with a happy leer. "Sure," said John, caressing the cover of the book. "What?" I screamed indignantly. "Well, wouldn't a book like this be worth it?" said John reasonably, as if it really might be!

We wer still working on Shaggy, with Jack Harness, Don Simpson and me busy putting artwork on stencil, and the rest of the crew setting up the regular issue.

I made up some Christmas cards for momma, and some for us, and forgot to mail ours out. We started making up the curry, and I bought a whole lot of small apothecary jars to put it in. The usual visiting, publishing, and general fooferaw went on.

The Wood's crystal show at LASFS was a wonderful success, with about 70 people here, including Bob Madle from Maryland. That's how successful the show was!

On the 17th of Deeember, we took Ingrid Fritzsche, Ted Johnstone, Al Lewis, Rick Sneary, Karu, and us to Tijuana for some sight-seeing and bean-pot buying. We lost



\$2.00 on the 5-10 betting at Caliente, and went into TJ to shop. We stopped for a dark beer at a German restaurant in downtown Tijuana, Mexico; which we considered novel, and found a magnificent bean-pot for 75¢ which I bought without haggling, I was so pleased with the size of it. We found some other goodies, jewelry, perfume, and toys, ate dinner, looked for a chess set for Fritz Leiber, fixed a flat tire on Al's car, and left for home.

The next week was taken up with resting, making up curry, and mailing out Shaggy Xmas issues. John was still having headaches, and we kept making promises to each other to get more rest and take it easy, and cut down on all this running around.

In all this time, I had not been doing very much on PAS-tell, and only the artists who won anything knew what was going on...the artists were wanting to know what the devil was going on, and everyone was sending frantic letters wanting to know if maybe I was sick or something. I wasn't feeling any too good, but it was just that getting all that material on stencil was getting pretty much of an uphill grind.

The LASFS Christmas party was a rouser, with plain egg-nog, and the police, and gift-trading and all the rest of the wonderful things that has come to mean Christmas. The police arrived to tell us that we were being too noisy, and were invited back for the New Year's party, mainly because we figured they'd be here, anyway. They were fascinated by the collection of pulp magazines in the LASFS library, and were very nice.

"Howcum," I wanted to know, "You weren't called in at about 10:30, which was when we were making so much noise?" It was about 1:30 then, and everything had quieted into small discussion groups.

"We were called about 10:30," said the cop with the 714 badge number, "and we drove by to make sure the party was not out in the street, yelling, or climbing the telephone poles. Since it seemed to be confined to the house, and there was no real disorderly action going on, we decided to let the party go as long as possible, and check by later." This was not only entirely reasonable, but very friendly. The police have to fill out a paper, in this city, to the effect that they actually did make a full check of any complaints. But there's nothing that requires them to make that check at the precise time the complaint comes in. They left, with promises to drop by on New Year's, too. "Only, put some real nog in that egg-nog, next time," said Badge 714, as they left.

Friday, December 23, was a bright, clear, sunny day--as per Chamber of Commerce requirements--and Spindrift was meowing at the back door for breakfast. I went to let him in, and he didn't get up to dash madly to the cat's feeding station. He just looked at me, and suggested that I carry him in for breakfast.

"What have you been up to, now, nut cat?" I fondled his ears, and stroked his side, and found a large bloody spot on his hip. He seemed uncomfortable, but offered no resistance when I felt around the spot, trying to find the source of the wound. I called inside, and someone came. I took a towel, and wrapped Spin carefully, and we went to the pet hospital, where X-rays showed a shattered hind leg. Probably side-swiped by a car. At this moment, it was difficult to tell whether the nerves had been damaged or not. Spin was much more interested in breakfast than in the broken leg, but he was not going to be fed for hours yet; until after the vet operated.

I think it was Steve Tolliver, who took me to the vet's, or Ron Ellik. I'm not too clear, for it was a very upsetting thing to have happen. We waited for Spin to recover from the gas, so we would know if he could walk, or if the nerves were hopelessly damaged. It would have been very difficult to do, but if the cat would be a cripple, then I could certainly be friend enuf to Spindrift to have him put to sleep.

That evening, we went to Kris and Lil Neville's for a real New Orleans creole



dinner. Kris made such strong drinks that poor John ended up on the couch, and the talk eddied around him. The rest of the party took a conversational turn toward integration and such. With both sides represented, we had a lively debate going.

One of the other guests was an Indian newspaperman, who had travelled all over the U.S., and had been very observant. He told us quite a bit about India, and some interesting things about us, too. His name was completely unpronounceable, but we were told to call him "Sri", which is "sir" or "mister" in Hindustani, and also part of his proper name. We were charmed by his descriptions of India, and invited him to our house for dinner the day after Christmas.

Later in the evening, a very handsome couple came in, and Lil put a record on of a very good male vocalist. Everyone was introduced, but the names didn't make any connection until after they left. Which was too bad, for all we'd done was discuss poodles, and I do think we could have talked about music or something dearer to the fannish heart, if I had only realized I was talking to Jimmy Witherspoon. It's always like that. He has an excellent delivery for blues; and a fine sense of humor in person. And he sure does like that poodle of his! Rachael, the girl with him, is one of the most beautiful--not to mention fashionable--women I have ever seen.

Christmas eve, we went to a birthday party for Fritz Leiber, after finding a Shogi (Japanese chess) game and book of instructions for him. The party was held in the home of Mrs. Fritz Leiber, Sr., and was full of wonderful works of art executed by her husband. One striking bas relief head of Fritz Leiber himself as King Lear was the most outstanding work of art in the house. Fritz Leiber, Jr., looks almost exactly like his father, with the same noble profile and mane of hair.

We tore ourselves away from that party, and the fun of seeing Fritz enjoy his new telescope--a gift from his wife--and started for Long Beach, where we were expected for a family-type Christmas Eve.

We barely got out of Santa Monica Canyon, when the car started acting up. At the service station, they found that there was no oil in the transmission, or something, and we had narrowly averted real trouble by having it looked at right away. We made it to Long Beach, spent a fine evening there, and left with me feeling that I had been accepted by the rest of the family. Up to now, I hadn't been too sure, of course; I think every new bride feels this way about her husband's family.

Christmas day, I fixed two turkeys, and took one to Ed Cox's apartment to put in his oven. Then we prepared for the crowd of people I had invited to Christmas dinner. About this time, the family phoned from Santa Cruz, and Randy told us that he was going back to night school, which was wonderful news. We opened gifts when Mom Trimble arrived, and found that we had a wonderful bunch of goodies. Al Lewis had carefully wrapped a fantastic package to look like a green and gold bird-critter of some sort, which turned out to be a fabulous book of Leonardo da Vinci; all of his sketches, inventions, and details of his most famous works. 513 pages of glorious artwork and just loads of wonderful information about the artist; unfortunately, it is all in German. But the book is so graphic and interesting, the language is a small setback. Besides, we have Ingrid to translate.

About noon, the people started to arrive for Christmas dinner. They milled around and talked and nibbled the canapes that Jon Lackey prepared and talked and seemed to enjoy themselves. John didn't get upset at all that there coming to our first Christmas....he took everything in stride; even after he counted the people. Mom Trimble, Bill Ellern, his father and grandmother, Marrienne Hall and little Diana, Jon Lackey, Fritz and Joni Leiber, Al Lewis, Zeke Leppin, "Angel" Mazur, Lee and Jane Jacobs, Ed Cox, Ted Johnstone and Rusty McDaniel, and possibly one or two others whose names have slipped my mind, had Christmas dinner at our house. We had lots of fun.



Ed Cox gave John a package of moldy old dried fruit for Christmas, but before John could murder him, the other package turned out to be a bottle of Chavez Regal. Ed gave me the wonderful album of "Alice in Wonderland" read by Cyril Ritchard, and with a perfect little facsimile of the first edition of the book. It is a really great gift.

The next day, since we needed some air and exercise, we piled into the Morris Minor and went to see "The Three Worlds Of Gulliver". It was pretty good, but hardly anything to sit thru twice. The western with it was fair, with Richard Boone as a bad guy, for a change.

On our way home from the movie, we picked Sri up from the YMCA, and proceeded to a lovely curry dinner that Karu had fixed. Sri entertained everyone by telling anecdotes of his travels and observations, and telling about Indian customs. Finally, we simply had to call a halt to it all, for none of us had had much rest in the last few days.

This day, too, we found out for sure that Spindrift's leg was going to be okay, and the nerves were not damaged. The most he'd have would be a slight limp. We were given visiting permission, but he would have to stay in the hospital for awhile.

Nothing much happened for a few days. We mailed off some errant Shaggys, and finished mixing the curry. Even tho it was late; I was still going to send it out!

December 30, we went with Lee and Jane Jacobs to a party held by the Wild Animal Club. It was a rouser, with hot toddy, a full grown cheetah, and lots of people talking about their ocelots, cheetahs, lions, kinkajous, snakes, cats, and assorted other pets. One fine old man said he didn't have any pets at home, but he'd made special pets of the polar bears at Griffith Park Zoo; they came at his call, and ate tidbits from his hand. The party was fun, and Jate the cheetah was very well-behaved. As a matter of fact, few well-trained large dogs would have put up with the mauling that cat did, without snapping once or twice. I did a sketch of Jate, which was fun.

The LASFS New Year's party dawned, and later, so did the members of Fan-Hillton. Everyone seemed to arrive at once, and the food disappeared at a regular rate all evening. So did the liquor. It was a good party, with only one problem, and he did make it all up later. Kris gave a sermon, which we taped, and the party broke up about 6 or 7 a.m....well, it had quieted down a bit by the time I came downstairs the next morning.

The people left, after everyone drifted to their respective hang-over cures, decided to sit around. Then we decided to DO Something. Then we sat around and talked about what to do. Finally, we went to see "The Three Treasures", a Japanese fantasy of epic scope. That eight-headed dragon was a ringading goodie, I tell you! That one is worth seeing again. Even if it has been cut drastically, for us Americans.

The next day, after the party was swept up, the only people left were the Schultheis', and us. The FanHill Mob. We sat around trying to get up energy for some fanac, but after Virginia and Ernie hung the new drapes, we simply couldn't think of anything to do except go to another movie. We saw two Alec Guinness features, "To Paris With Love" which was not too outstanding, and "The Lady Killers" which was so funny, and so startling an ending that we felt like seeing it again. But we didn't want to sit thru "Paris" again.

The partying and running around and late hours and fanac were beginning to tell on us, and John's headaches were getting worse and worse. Since I was not feeling too good, I didn't notice how quiet John was getting. This is something we are only coming to recognize, when one of us hurts too much to tell the other one about it. John is much quicker about this than I am, and has been very thoughtful and kind to me when I hurt.



January 5 was a bright, sunny day, and I went to Marcia Dickinson's house for some coffee-klatching and yakking. John was to pick me up that afternoon, on his lunch hour, and take me home. About 1:20, a painter was at the door, asking if there was a Mrs. Trimble there. He said there'd been an accident....and he'd take me to John.

A block away from Marcia's, there was a crowd of people, two cars, lots of cops, and a police ambulance. The painter kept saying, "Dont jump out of the car, I'm coming to a stop, now don't jump out, please..." And I saw that crumpled little car, and held myself down.

John was sitting in the ambulance, covered with blood, while one policeman was trying to mop up the worst of it. An elderly man was talking calmly to another policeman, and I found later that he was the driver of the '59 Chevrolet with the bashed-in front bumper, grille, and radiator.

The police took John and me to emergency recieving hospital, where they took a stitch in his gashed knee, clean up all the blood, and bandaged the worst wounds. I phoned the Auto Club from the lobby, and then John's boss, and asked Ed Cox to come get us, and then Marcia to tell her that at least we didn't have to worry about having a ring-and-valve job done on the Morris, now.

I almost slipped a cog then, but a policeman jollied me out of it, and by the time I'd gotten rid of him and could cry, Ed and Karu showed up. John walked out of surgery, with scratches all over his forehead and a gash in his left eyebrow, two hurt knees, and a broken little finger. The horrid bruises showed up later, and caused trouble in getting rest, but for the moment, that was all the damage.

Another policeman showed up to get John's statement. John said that he'd blacked out a few seconds before the accident. This seemed to carry out the other guy's story that John had suddenly swerved and crashed head-on into him. Luckily, he'd slowed for a corner, and John wasn't going more than 20 at the most. I thot of what could have happened if he'd blacked out on the freeway, and almost slipped another cog!

After a week of visiting doctors, and taking all sorts of tests, and X-rays and such, they had found nothing wrong with him except that he was under strain. We had an appointment with an eye doctor, too; and had hopes that he would find the answer to this headaching and possibly assure us that John would not black out again.

In the meantime, I went on with my appointment with my doctor, and he decided to take some X-rays of me. I thot he was being silly, but decided that nothing else could possibly go wrong, so why not? The X-rays showed a duodinal ulcer. "All you have to do," said Dr. Westwater, "is find a calm philosophy of life; learn to relax!"

In all the excitement, we almost forgot that there was tobe a 50th wedding party held at the Fan-Hilllton. Julie Jardine's folks had been married 50 years, and they needed a large place to hold the party. It was by now too late to withdraw the invitations, and besides, I wanted to see a Golden Wedding in this old house. The party was lots of fun, with wonderful food and champagne punch. John was an object of concern, and had visitors coming in with plates of goodies for him.

The eye doctor found that John's glasses were all wrong, and gave him a new prescription. He is feeling much better, and the headaches are almost completely gone. Dr. Hertzog found that my eyes were too strained to examine, even with dilation, and sent me home with eye-drops. I was to come back later.

Somewhere along here, we went to see Danny Kaye in "The Court Jester"; I just love that mix-up with the "pellet of poison is in the chalice with the palace...mo, it's in the flagon with the dragon...or is it in the vessel with the pestle?" Funny movie.



Finally, with everything else, I got the little paper of recipes and notes that were to be enclosed with the jars of curry all typed up. Ernie ran it off for me, and we got all the curry jars packed up. And bit by bit, they are being delivered to the people who were supposed to get Christmas gifts from us. Happy Easter, friends!

Bill Ellern helped me organize and put a little mailer together for White Knoll Company, aimed at the coffee-break folks in big industrial and engineering areas. We just mailed those out, and are waiting for some sort of response. But working out the layout on this thing took me almost a week; what will a full catalog do to me?

We went bookhunting one day, and found some interesting things like "Trilby", "Beverly of Graustark" and "Undine" which cost us 25¢ for the lot. So, I'm an incurable romanticist; I do love "Prisoner of Zenda", and enjoyed "Beverly", tho it was not as exciting or well-written. I haven't started on "Trilby" yet. "Undine" was for my fantasy collection, tho I already have one beautiful copy of this book, with Arthur Rackham illustrations in it; and I really think Rackham was the greatest of his time. I wish I had the money to collect all the Rackham around town, but they want \$40.00 for a ratty copy of Siegfried; and lots more for the Picture Book, so I guess I'll have to wait for them! Someday, maybe I'll even have an original sketch or painting!

John took me back to the eye doctor, and he could find nothing but strain. This was a relief to me, for getting used to glasses would just be too much right now. The doctor said that I must give my eyes more rest. I could read for only ten minutes at a time, and then rest for an hour. "What?" I screamed in a ladylike manner, "and what about artwork?" Only ten minutes at a time, to keep from overworking the eyes. The doctor was pretty firm about it, and John has been even firmer. That ogre will take a book away from me at the most interesting point, and hide it!

I'm glad I finished reading all 800 or so pages of "The Worm Oroboros" before this edict was handed down. As it was, it became quite a problem putting PAS-tell on stencil.

I finally made it, tho; PAS-tell is on stencil, and should be in the hands of all the waiting artists by the time you read this. With luck. Last week, it was a busy time, with our FAPazine (with nothing by me in it this time), Ernie's fanzine, the LASFS directory (available for 25¢), getting PAS-tell typed, and finishing Bjottings to explain why everything is so FUBB'd. (That's Navy-talk for "Fouled Up Beyond Belief") And then there was this crazy party at the Jacob's, with bongo, congo, bamboo, and assorted other drums in a session of noise and fun. And dinner at the Burbee's. And lots of mundane things like sweating out whether the vehicle bureau was going to revoke John's license and he'd lose his job, which is travelling around (they didn't and he didn't and he's driving the old '46 Ford of mine, now and we're praying....) and keeping the house clean (ha!) and washing and like that. I'm on a bland diet and can't even taste me own curry; nor drink coffee (what torture; have you ever tasted Postum? it's like burnt post toasties!) nor drink beer (and the brew in the basement is just ready....) or any spices. I have to drink a quart of milk a day, and contemplate a quiet life. moo.....

And there's still a stack of Shaggys in the hall; I don't know why they weren't mailed before Christmas. Thanks to all you patient people who have waited for them. They get mailed off with this letter.

Ron Ellik gets my vote of thanks for all the work he did on the LASFS directory, for it would have been months til it was done, if I'd worked on it alone. Ron put the whole file in order, and set everything up, and put it on stencil.

So, with some talking it over, John and I decided to slow down a bit. It is pretty obvious that John was simply overtired and the glasses were contributing to make up those headaches. I don't want something like this to happen again. For one thing, we can't afford to total another car, and for another thing; the odds are against John



walking away from another accident. (The odds are against me, too--I've been in three auto accidents--and that's why I'm slightly nervous about cars).

We looked over our activities, and evaluated them with these thots in mind; does this activity give me anything in the way of health, or money, or full interest, or complete personal satisfaction? If it doesn't, why doesn't it? Hobbies are fine, until they become duty, or useless, or monetary weights, or until they simply become more of a job than the job you are getting paid for! So we decided to slow down. The only other alternative was to leave fandom completely (to gafia; "get away from it all") and we really don't want to do that.

So, we slow down on fan-publishing, consolidate all personal zines with Melange, all art ideas with PAS-tell, and pay some real attention to Shangri-L'Affaires. I am doing no more outside artwork, for home fanzines, and my own business will keep me busy at artwork for as long as my eyes hold out. I hate to turn people down, and if I can find a sketch or two in my files that will fill the bill, I will send it along. But I cannot do any more work for anyone; my time has suddenly become White Knoll Company property; which should have happened a year ago, and that time is worth money.

*Sorry about unanswered letters, fanzines uncommented on, and artwork unsent; but things have been a bit busy....life is seldom dull around here. Djottings is published whenever this load gets too much, whenever relatives send inquiries as to my possible broken uniting hand; or whenever someone starts a rumor that the art show will be called off for lack of direction; or just whenever I have some news to relate. Like now.*

*Djottings, this time, is also a post-mailing to FAPA 94, because I didn't have time to add something to Melange. We would like to hear from you; it assures you of getting the next issue of Djottings, Melange or whatever you're interested in. If we do not hear from you, we'll assume that you are not intereested; fair enuf?*

*Aside from the accident, an ulcer, and a stupid cat, things here are jest fine.*

*And how are things in your town?*

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