

This is ~~SHIPSIDE~~ SHIPSIDE # 4/last, the date is 3 June, 1960, and this is intended as a post-mailing to the 91st FAPA Mailing. I'm perpetrating this mess on Gestetner #62 Green stencils bought from Walter Radell right here in Ellay (from whence we got our Gestetner 150), using the group's ancient IBM electric ~~monster~~ typer. If you don't believe the FanHillMob's one of the best communist societies in fandom, just notice the "wes", and "uss", and like that sprinkled through out "our" publications. Hummm, at this moment, Bruce is playing his electric pianorgan in the living room; Ernie is taking a bath preliminary to going down with me to the 10th Annual Hobby Show, where Bjo and Don Simpson are with the LASFS exhibit. And I'm typing this in the "dining room". All this is taking place at 980 Figueroa Terrace, in the 12th postal zone of the city of Los Angeles, California. Hi!

-oOo-

I rather like "Golden Vanity", which is what Bruce is playing at the moment. Nice thing to cut stencils by. Or, rather, by which to cut stencils. Dman that dangling participle rule, anyhoo.

-oOo-

Grannie ~~Betty~~ Carr please note, I said "communist societies" with a lower-case cee, not with a capital letter. By this I mean communist in the sense of a co-operative community/society, much as the Christian doctrine is supposed to teach, and like that. I get turned in to the FBI, or any other branch of our bungling government for that statement, and I'll personally kick whomever-the-fink's feet up around his/her ears. Hear?

-oOo-

This is the last issue of SHIPSIDE mainly because Betty Jo McCarthy (nee Wells) and I will be Mr and Mrs John Trimble by the time the August mailing rolls around, and we plan to do a combo-zine. So the title of SHIPSIDE gets laid away for a spell, until some time as it should prove handy once more (like, for conreports, or solo writings, etc). Yes, I know the pages by Bjo included with this zine state that we'll be married in the fall (post-WorldCon), but recent events have changed all that.

Last month, my mother entered the hospital (no, it was the middle of April) for an operation in the female parts. They found a serious cancer, and she was out for a month, taking cobalt treatments and like that. So when they went in to remove the cancer this month (or early May), they found that it had spread beyond repair. My aunt (Mom's only sister) flew in from Texas, and my sister (my only) was poised to hit for Long Beach also.

But the doctor decided that this would be unnecessary. He gives her anywhere from six months to a year to live. On the other hand, she's been "a brick" all her life, so she may fool us. Bjo's grandmother, I believe, has hung on to life (and a lively clang, it is, too) for quite a spell with a similar affliction.

Anyway, since things don't look too rosy, and since Bjo and I are as fond of Mom as we are, we decided to set the wedding up quite a bit. We'd like to make sure she can see it, and enjoy it, and all like that. So, since my sister and family will be visiting from Montana in mid-July (or early, I guess), we've tentavily set July 9th or 10th as our Wedding Date.

Thank y'all for the congratulations and all.

We both feel now that we'll be very happy together, and while we may both get chilly feet now and again, and suffer from nerves, we're looking forward very much to the event.

-oOo-

The 91st Mailing is here, and I'd like to commend the Youngs on those envelopes. They worked wonders. Even the grinders which the post office seemingly employs couldn't phase the thing, and my mailing arrived intact.

I'll save comments

(continued on facover)

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It's leap-year!

"Tell me three times," said Rick, "I make it a habit to request this of fans who say unbelievable things. Lewis Carroll thought it was a good idea, too."

"We are getting married," I said again.

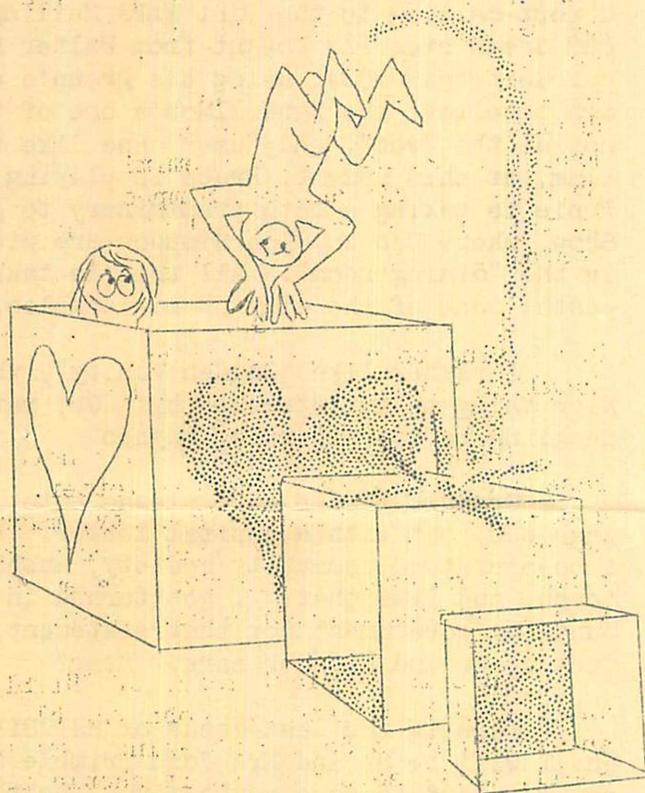
"you and John Trimble?"

"We are getting married. We are getting married."

"Well, gee whiz. It must be true."

Other reactions have ranged from "well, it's about time!" to "are you two out of your respective minds?"

So, here before your eager eyes, is the hitherto unpublished story of the romance that rocked LASFS! (Leaving out a few details, of course...) Here, for the first time on the printed page, is the true story of two fans who blazed across the skies of fandom with unforgettable....(I'm reading off a movie ad.....)



What really happened was this; having been quite set back by the auto accident last July, I needed hospitalization much longer than I would stand for it. I left St. John's in Washington long before I should have even tried to walk around, and then came back home to move, unpack, go to work, and try to keep up with my art contacts. Fannish business was/is a nice hobby to take my mind off other worries, and has seldom (the fashion show being an outstanding exception) interfered with my nerves or health.

But where I should have had a nurse and medical care; I had Mountain Movers. Since three of them lived only a few blocks away, it was handy to have them coming over to help out with heavier housework, make sure I hadn't killed myself before I got to bed, and chauffeur me around to places like physical therapy and chemical plants. They did many more things than would a nurse, and yet made sure I didn't get carried away with the program and get tired too quickly. Handy to have around, these Mountain Movers!

John, having the odd working hours of 4:30 pm to 1:30 am, was around quite a bit, during the day. I got to know him, and became sort of attached to the idea of his being around. The every time he'd jokingly suggest marriage, I'd say, "ha" and we'd let it go at that. This went on for a time.

Still, we like the same things (including jazz, fantasy books--even childrens' fantasy books--cats, travelling, the same type of humor, and fandom), we share the same viewpoints politically, and on such ideas as ethnics and religion. This helps. We expect some problems arising from the fact that we are both impulsive, likely to say the first things that come to our respective little minds, and hurt easily over small, but to us important, matters like a cat dying or something getting broken.

John and I told Mrs. Trimble first, and she told all of John's Long Beach relatives, who showed no surprise at all but commented that we'd certainly taken a long time to decide to do it. We told Bruce Pelz, who said, "Well!" and Ernie Wheatley, who said

"Hey, great; now adopt me, and we'll be one big happy family!" (this will come as a shock to my mother; she will become the grandmother of a bouncing 28-year-old boy!) Mrs. Trimble has already adopted Ernie, I think, for she keeps our favorite Gestetner operator well supplied with mocha-frosted spice cakes, fudge, chocolate chip cookies, and assorted goodies. Still...

When we told the Burbees, Isabel was ready to throw a beer and Mexican pizza party right then. "But we're not setting a date right now," we told her. "it will be sometime this fall." I suggested that she start making the pizzas now, and store them in the closet until the wedding, but she didn't think much of this idea. So, instead, we went over to the Burbee manse the next day for beer, chop suey, a quick recipe copying-down, and champagne.

Linda Burbee became engaged the same night we did; and the boy's folks came over to meet the Burbees. Isabel, taken off guard (they didn't warn her) was in a tizzy, until Don's father accepted a glass of beer and indicated that he liked poker. Then things looked as if the two families would get along fine.

Deciding that maybe my family should know of this latest development, we went to Sacramento with the news. I told Leah and Bill first, mainly because that's the first house I could find. They reacted in typical, loving, family fashion. Leah turned to John, saying, "You look sane, so why are you marrying her?" Sisterly affection!

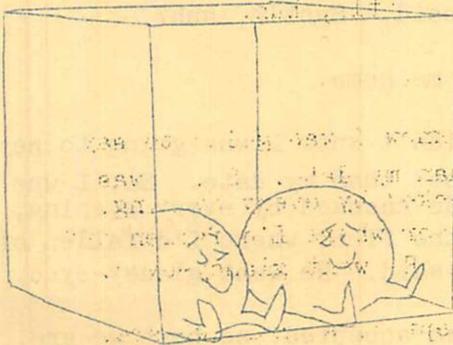
Mom greeted us at the trailer door, and I told her. "Oh, fine," says she, "so this is the latest boyfriend, huh?"

"I'm going to marry this one."

"Fine, fine," she says in that tone of voice.

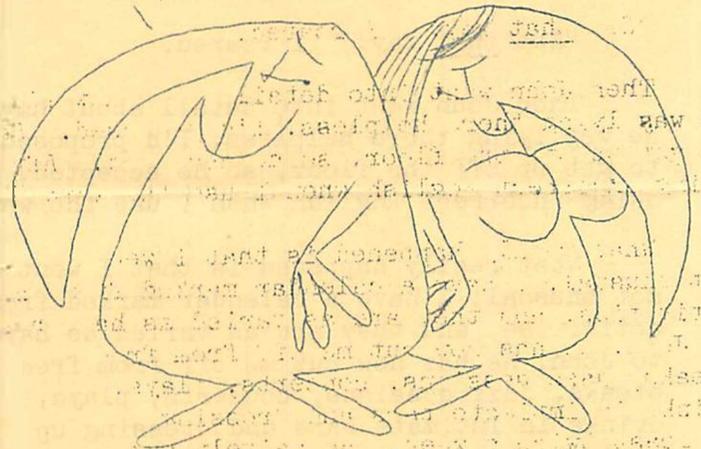
"I'm not kidding, Mom, I'm really going to marry John!" And suddenly, she realized that I wasn't kidding. Mom surveyed John judiciously for a few moments.

"Well, at least he hasn't got two heads," was her only comment. Then she fixed us some hot chocolate and we talked. Looks as if we won't have to worry about flowers, at any rate; Mom's orchids won first prize in a local show, with over 100 blooms on a single plant. With a choice of pale green, gold, pink and white orchids, we should have a nice color scheme, anyway.



Big Bill (my stepfather) heard all the noise and got out of bed to find out what was going on. He recently had a TV antenna fall on him, breaking his glasses and

STICK WITH ME, KID,  
AND I'LL KEEP YOU  
IN APAS



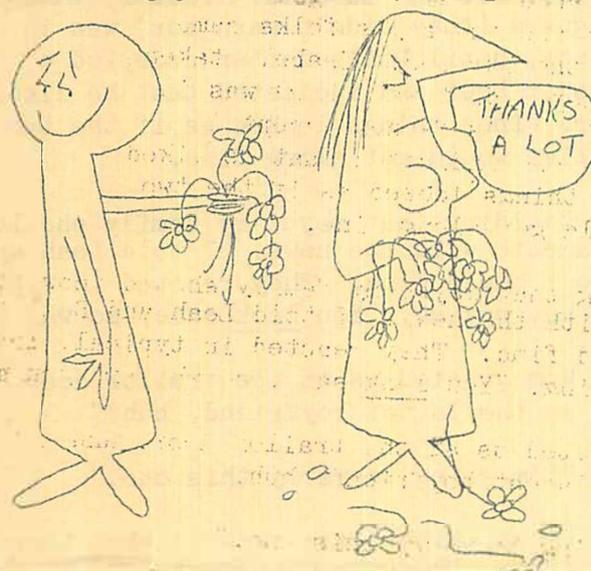
making a gash in his cheek that required 30 stitches. Later, forced off the road by a road-hogging lumber truck, he took the power-wagon down an embankment, loosing the camper on back, and breaking two ribs against the wheel before stopping the thing. It took the doctors two weeks to discover that some vertebrae had also been damaged. Since Big Bill bellows like a wounded bull whenever he gets a teensy cold or a cut finger, I expected him to be a really bearish person after all this. But he was as sweet as anyone; which for Big Bill is doubly sweet for him! We told him the news. I said, "Bill, would you give me away?"

"Sure," said Big Bill, genially, turning to John, "what do you want to know?"

"Not that way!" I roared.

Then John went into detail about how I'd clobbered him with a typer, and while he was lying there helpless, I'd proposed. Seems he thought I was offering him a hand to get up off the floor, so he accepted. After that, it was too late. (I'm not using incorrect English when I use the word "lying", wither!) Well, that's his story.

What really happened is that I went out on a date with another guy. This is not unusual; I have a calendar marked from the first of the year with my social activities, and they are as varied as have been the guys I dated. (As I pointed out to John, he has now cut me off from free steaks, jazz sessions, concerts, plays, drinks in intimate bars and dressing up at least twice a week. He naively asked why all that had to stop; he could take me out....there are a few things this boy has to learn about getting married, household budgets, and buying things like refrigerators with freezers on top that sort of interfere with going out all the time!) Actually, I think the \*ahem\*\* sacrifice is worth it.



Anyway, coming home from a very nice evening (which somehow seemed to lack a something...), the date asked me what I was thinking about. Now this is a very dangerous thing to ask, for I seldom answer as you expect, and never answer coyly about "thinking of you". And, in this case, I was thinking very deeply about something that had been creeping up on me, so to speak, for quite a while. So this question, coming just while I was delving around in my (ha!) mind for--not the answer, because I didn't even know what the question was--what was bothering me, I answered absently, and right off the top of my head. "I'm thinking of marrying John Trimble," I said. Subtle, huh?

"Oh," he said (not being John Trimble), and took me home.

I went to bed, and that over what I'd said. I didn't know I was going to say that; as a matter of fact, I was probably more surprised than my date. So, I was awake when John came by on his way home from work. (He checked by every evening, often finding me in a chair asleep, or flaked out on the floor where I'd fallen off the couch.) Being the type I am, I told him what I'd said. He went glassy-eyed.

Considering that it is leap-year, the proposal was accepted; so here we are.

We also saw my new little nephew while in Fair Oaks; born Jan. 27, weighing in

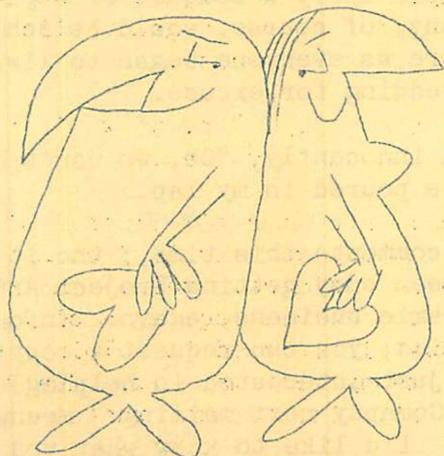
9 lbs. 7 oz. and named John Clark Richards. He was born four years and two days after his sister. This is interesting only in that Leah and I were born 4 years and 2 days apart. My goofy family went out of their way not to be on their best behavior, or to "make a good impression". They acted as outrageously my family as they could. When we started to leave, my brother Randy said to John, "If you go ahead and marry her after meeting the whole fam damily, then we have no sympathy for you!"

We went over to Berkeley to tell that crowd what was going on. Seems there was a party for George Scithers (he's being transferred to back east) but most of the Berkeley crew thot the long, wet drive to Palo Alto was too much, and so Robbie Gibson gathered them at her house. We told Robbie before the party, to see how long it would take her to just pop from holding in the secret.

Finally, when the Ellingtons, Danny Curran, Big Bill Donaho, Honey & Rog Phillips, the Carrs, Jim Caughran, Karen Anderson and Joe Gibson were quieted down for the big announcement, and John and I had been posed prettily on Robbie's new settee (love seat?), I looked at this sea of expectant faces thru a rum-and-orange-juice fog. I rehearsed the clever, brilliantly witty little speech I'd made up for this fannish occasion. I went over each hilarious line of it carefully, until I realized that the expectant faces were turned toward me, and they expected me to make my clever, witty speech NOW! (John had been struck dumb by coming face-to-face with the facts and fandom at the same time; it was obviously up to me...) So, launching into my clever, witty speech, which was supposed to conclude with the surprkse ending; the announcement, I stood up. (I may have sat down again right away; details are hazy here) In clear, strong tones, with only the slightest trace of emotion, I began, "John and I are getting married," I said. Sensing that I'd come, somehow, to the end of the message, I stopped. The clever, witty speech had lost something in the translation, I thought. And that sea of expectant faces was still staring at us. Then the cleverness of the speech began to reach them. They reacted.

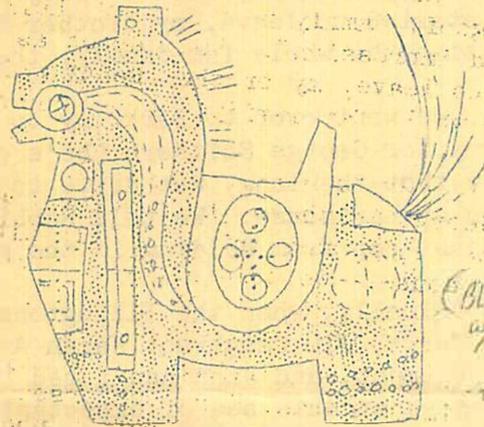
"You and John are getting married?" said Rog, shaking John's hand enthusiastically, "To whom?"

All this time, Terry sat on the floor, looking thotful. Turning to us with solemn eyes (while I braced myself for dire predictions of what happens to fans who marry fem-fans), he said, "This calls for a special edition of FANAC." And, sure enuff, they put out #55 the next day, with the first Bjo cartoon in almost a year. Actually, Terry threatened to use a Ray Nelson cartoon if I didn't do one, and showed me the Nelson he had in mind. So I drew a cartoon.



Ron was at the Rolfes' in Palo Alto, so we went there that night to tell him in person. I sat on his lap and told him. Ron went glassy-eyed. Other fans heard the news and soon we were being congratulated by most of the party. Brian Donahue shook Hohns hand and seemed quite happy about it, while Liz Wilson expressed her approval by opening a ginger beer for me. George Scithers seemed miffed, after all, he was guest of honor, and I was sitting on someone else's lap, so I sat on his lap while he explained technical details of putting artwork on multilith. Ron was still glassy-eyed, and kept asking if we really were going thru with it. He kept saying, "With TRIMBLE? John Trimble?" All of a sudden, the rum-and hit bottom; and I don't recall a single detail from that time on, because rum and over-excitement don't mix.

The next day, after FANAC had been run off, and we had gone out to see the Gibson's new house which is a doll with real rock and blue roof, we had lunch at the Carr's new apartment. We admired the big kitchen, and all the shelf space and the lovely old carved chests that Miriam's grandmother had been saving for her until she got a home of her own. I admired a funny little matchbox, so Miriam emptied it (since I don't smoke, I had little use for the matches) and presented me with it. The design is shown here; it's a horse, which you can also find in Japanese stores in lacquered wood, with hair tail, and cloth or leather trappings. They come from 2 to 10 inches high that I've seen. This is a typical action of Miriam's; she is an impulsively generous person, and I thank her for the box, which sits on my desk, full of X-acto blades.



(BLACK HORSE  
w/ ORANGE  
GREEN &  
PINK  
TRAPPINGS)

BLACK-PRINTED DESIGN ON MATCHBOX

Well, that's the story. I got a funny feeling, reading about it in FANAC. It seemed to make it so...well, OFFICIAL. What if I wanted to chicken out? Rotsler pointed out that if it's in FANAC, it must be true, so we couldn't back out now.

Mr. Rotsler had a lot more to say about the whole thing, and I quote from Kteic 96: "What some people won't do to get into FAPA! Bjo pointed out that (John) is getting into SAPS & OMPA, so he's really gaining an apa or two. Well, congratulations, my children. Anything two fans do together is fanac. I think you should put out a one-shot on your wedding night, is all, to signify the merging of two great fannish houses (FAPA and LASFS). (Well, Bjo, I guess shaktivity counted after all!)"

Rotsler goes on to announce a great new idea: "Bachelor's Anonymous...when you feel marriage coming on you call a friend and he comes by, gives you a drink, and sits with until the feeling goes away. Husbands Anonymous...since hitting your wife or ex-wife is a felony, you call another member and he goes by and slugs your ex-, which is only a misdemeanor if he is caught. Constructed along the lines of Murder, Inc."

Bringing his creative powers into full focus, Rotsler then proceeds to outline the perfect fannish wedding: "Bjo-USS hitching with one-shots, exchanging of snow-white prop beanies, Kris Neville presiding, WR as technical director, Djinn Faine as Matron of Honor carrying the best man in her cleavage..." Ernie, who is going to be best man, seems bemused by the idea. And someone pointed out that because of my previous marriage, we had better use pastel-colored beanies... It was suggested that shredded copies of fanzines be used instead of rice, and that the groom wear a tasteful selection of the most-used Gestetner colors. I could carry a bouquet of stylis, tied up with a used multilith typer ribbon. The ceremony, of course, would be scheduled for the next convention. The speculations stopped there as everyone began to list the fanzines they'd like to shred; with or without a wedding for excuse.

Meanwhile, when pressed to set a date, I said innocently, "Oh, we won't bother about that, until we have to!" I almost got coffee poured in my lap.

So, where you have the reason for no mailing comments (this time,; tho it's unfair to blame the engagement for all that. I've also been busy getting Project Art Show in order, and trying to start the personalized ceramic business, again. Information about either of these things will be happily supplied; you can request a copy of PAS-tell, the art bulletin (you don't have to be an artist; just interested in helping) and I will probably tell you more about the White Knoll Comapny next mailing. Meanwhile, here is the next part of the fantasy i've been writing. I'd like to know what you think of it.

and letters

If you'd like to see the fantasy, let me know, it goes thru the APAS, so one of you won't get it without all the other you write. Bjo

## T H E M U M B L E R S

by Wartnoy P Craverhorn

George Weeble thought he heard voices. Not the kind of voices other people thought they heard. Because George couldn't quite hear what they said. It was something like hearing somebody talking on a radio station that is just barely coming in under another one which is playing music.

He heard these voices, mumbling, for many years. And a great curiosity grew. What were they saying? Who were they? He'd sit for hours straining for all he was worth, but still couldn't quite hear what was being said.

It became an obsession. George Weeble became known as a man who liked quiet and solitude. He'd go into the quietness of early morning, in deserted parks or in a moonlight drenched street during the hush of midnight. The mumble of conversation would go on and he'd strain to hear until he could hear the blood coursing through his temples. But listen as he might, he just could not quite distinguish words or sentences.

Naturally, at first, this listening caused him some trouble. When he was young, his parents were worried about the moodiness, they thought, and solitude their son sought. When he tried to explain, they thought his almost-voices were childish imagination. He quickly learned to keep the whole business to himself.

Never in his slumber did he hear them, but during all his conscious hours the muted mutter and quiet babble went on and on. He grew to accept it but his curiosity never slackened. But he never could understand them.

Until one night when he was very old. He heard them. He'd fallen asleep in his chair---just dozed off---when suddenly he understood them.

"Here he is now!" exclaimed one voice quite clearly.

"Get him!" And another. "Quickly!"

He saw the loathesome shapes squirm toward him through the blackness but he couldn't scream because he was dead.

###

on the mailing until next time. Like, for Bjo and I to do together.

-oOo-

Hmmm, Ernie's through with his bath, so I guess I'd better stop this for now, and get us enroute to the Hobby Show.

-oOo-

'Tis now the noonday of the tomorrow, and we have all ssallied back from the vast and middle of the hobby show.

Don't mind me; the other night, Bjo, Don Simpson, Bruce Pelz and I all went to see "The Black Pirate", starring Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. It was playing at the Old Time Movie theatre not too far from Wm Rotsler's and the Dickensheets", along with a Charlie Chaplin comedy, which was hilarious. And Chapter Seven, Part 1, of "Son of Tarzan". We don't know who was starring, but that was one of the funniest and most rediculous films I have ever viewed. The "Black Pirate" was pretty hokey, like, but this Tarzan thing was soooo far out as to be positively, side-splittingly idiotic.

I do believe that we'll be going back to the silent movies. I mean, like, the Burbees have been telling us about them for years, or possibly months, and we finally broke down. Anytime we can get that much entertainment for only 60¢, they've got steady customers.

-oOo-

I'm already in this ammendment business with both feet, I might as well add another six cents worth (inflation)....

I think there ouht (hmmm, ought, like the numeral) to be some provision in Sec. 2.2 somewhere that the amount of material a person has had published, or has published himself would have to equal, at least, the renewal requirements of FAPA. Like, we could say: "2.23 And that these contributions to fantasy amateur publications, or the issue of a fantasy amateur publication he has edited must have totalled eight pages of his own material." The wording of that is a little akward (hmmm), but if it were whipped into shape, I think it could provide a good bulwark against people like Rickhardt, who publish some two or so pager like FLIP, and gain entrance requirements.

While on the subject of ammendments, and like that, one comment to the youngs. In your comments on Rick Sneary's suggestions, you state that non-credit material circulated with the mailing makes extra work for the OE and costs FAPA money. I see non-credit material causing the SecTreas trouble, figuring out what gets credit, and what doesn't; all the OE has to do is list the crap. And we can afford the money it costs.

-30-

SHIPSIDE # 4, from  
John Trimble  
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Los Angeles 12, Calif.



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