

PROGRASSINATOR #1



This is Procrastinator # 1, published by John & Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Avenue, Garden Grove, California, 92641. That last # is zip code, not phone.

~~NATTER~~ ~~NATTER~~ ~~NATTER~~ ~~NATTER~~ ~~NATTER~~

First off, please note new address. The Parapet address in Long Beach belonged to a cousin who returned home from a trip to Washington DC after a year. We reluctantly gave up the house and swimming pool and went in search of a large apartment or small house which could and would hold two adults, three cats, and a multitude of books. We were unsuccessful in locating a rental, and ended up buying a house instead. At first I thought John had gone completely out of his ever-lovin' mind to even consider the idea, but now I bow to his superior judgement on the subject.

Our house is about 30 miles from downtown Los Angeles, out in a rather rural area of Orange County. It is located in Eastgate tract; one of approximately 1500 houses built by the same company. Very wide streets, and planting of trees help to keep this from being too much of a carbon-copy tract. The houses are now 3 to 5 years old, and enough greenery has grown up around most of them to make each home reasonably individual. We probably won't stay here all our lives, but it is a nice place to live and build up some equity toward that house we hope to build, someday.

The tract has its own shopping center, with market, bank, 2 dime stores, drug store, dress shops, bakery, hobby shop, hardware, florist, baby shop (for clothes, not babies), and assorted other little places of interest. We also have a brand-new library (which now contains about 60 books given by the Trimbles, and many more donated by others as thrilled as us to get a library within walking distance), and a park. The park has lots of lawn, some benches, a basketball court, play area and meeting house. There will be a public swimming pool built there soon, so reports go.

The new freeway will pass within one-half mile of the house by this summer, which will take John to work about 15 minutes faster. He still works in Los Angeles, selling rope and twine for Schermerhorn Bros. Co. The trip is not so long, really; we travel about quite a bit anyway, and John enjoys driving. His selling takes him as far as Arizona at least once a year (where he usually visits with John Myers Myers and Philip José Farmer's family, and if there's enough time, drops by to see Mildred Clingerman or Zena Henderson, so the trip has its fannish aspects, too). I have accompanied John on these trips when we could afford it, but as he is on a closed account instead of an unlimited one, we have to pay for me.

Our new house (how I love that!) has three bedrooms, double garage, two baths, living room and kitchen. A large kitchen, with lots of shelf space. The lot is 67 x 107 feet, which gives plenty of room for back patio, lawns, trees and about 40 roses. There is a 6 foot high cinder block fence around the back yard, so it is safe for kittens, kiddies, and privacy. At the moment, the whole house is, unfortunately, "tract" colors; drab and usually ivory or greyeish tones. The outside is pale green, which isn't too bad, but the inside really needs a good painting job. We hope to get much of that done by ourselves. I look forward to having a pale turquoise kitchen with nutmeg colored wood, and all my copper molds on show.

The double garage will eventually become a "studio" for me, if things work out well. In this climate, we seldom need more than a car-port; a structure of posts with only a roof and possibly one wall against wind. So we'll build a carport, and wall in the garage, so I can putter in art, ceramics, jewelry-making and assorted other trivia I enjoy.

4 Just after we moved I started back to school full time. I tried to take on 18 units of work, and foolishly took a course in theater arts. I didn't realize that this included many hours of extra work on plays, programs, rehearsals, etc. It certainly cut into my homework time for other classes, and as a result I didn't do very well in any of my classes; barely passing in one. It was a great strain to keep going, and I'm sorry now that I tried it at all, but it was an experience! We have small "city colleges", which are junior, or two year colleges here, run by the state, and which have no tuition fees. I was attending such a school. I hope to transfer to an upper division college later, but the fees and books may be too much to contemplate for awhile. Meanwhile, I am currently taking one night course -- Art & Civilization -- this semester at City College in Long Beach. That teacher's credential looks mighty far away! But then, John's is even farther away; he's going to school only at night, working by day, and still holds hopes for a teaching degree in history. We'll make it...someday.

Of course, something else has come up to slow down the plans a bit; I'm expecting a baby by mid-August. We didn't plan things this way, but we are very happy (if somewhat stunned) about the whole thing. My mother is chortling happily about twins; seems they run on my mother's side of the family and they skipped the last generation, which makes it very possible from a hereditary point of view. Freckles are also hereditary, so the kid/s doesn't have a chance!

Naturally, I'm fascinated by all the things which are happening to me, as the changes occur. But the strangest thing I've found so far is that there has never been a single normal birth in recorded history! The minute any given group of gals finds out your condition, they all helpfully tell you about their own pregnancies, and how gory and fantastic and long and difficult it was! I am amazed to find that each childbirth is more impossible and terrifying than the last. My doctor



calls it "bridge-table obstetrics". In any case, they don't really bother me, because I don't get spooked by gabby women like that. I've stopped one such conversation cold by commenting enthusiastically, "Oh, yes! My cat went through almost the same agonies her last litter. But then, her only problem was she didn't know what was going on!" I got a cold stare and the subject was dropped. I feel I'm lucky to have missed "morning sickness" completely, aside from a slight "hangover" feeling, and feel that this bodes well for the rest of the time.

Actually, I'm disgustingly healthy and energetic. I just run out of steam lots faster now; I need more sleep than usual and lots more fuel. People solicitously inquire, "How are you, my dear" and I'm afraid I rather disappoint some of them by bouncing around happily. Aside from the discovery that Junior can't hold his liquor (one drink!), there is little that I can't eat or drink as usual. People also inquire what we want, of course. Well, naturally, I'd like a girl and John wants a boy! But we'll both be very happy if we simply have a baby that's healthy and human! (With fans, you can never tell....)

Many exciting things have happened to us in this last year. Buying 5 the house rates with me as one of the top things, because it is the first home I've ever had. My family moved around quite a bit, at least once a year or more often, and I never got a chance to put down any roots. This is also why I never learned to keep house; a task which is now almost impossible for me to organize. Luckily, John is not only very understanding, but he helps out wherever he can. Of course, the coming baby is also an exciting event, but right now it's mostly just waiting, sewing, and taking vitamins, so the excitement comes later.

In all this time, some of you have been remarkably patient with us. We'd like to thank all the OMPAns who have been sending their zines, and the people who have written letters, and send things; our intentions were good. But, as Great-Grandma used to point out, the road to hell is paved with good intentions! In any case, THANK YOU!

We discussed with Al Lewis last night the triviality of writing all about yourself, and what you were doing when something big happened to the world. Al says it's not important or interesting what happened to little people, only to the big ones. I agreed then, but I'm not so sure now. Little people have to equate themselves with the event somehow, and the only way they can hold any kind of perspective and memory of something great happening is to remember and recount what they were doing, and how they felt about it. Whether this is of any import or interest to outsiders is another question. Perhaps, too, it is a point of saying, "but I was going my way, being a normal person; why wasn't the rest of the world doing it, too?" A faint cry, when all the candles seem to be going out, except yours. And you suddenly realize how short and feeble your own candle might be.

Several Anglofen have sent condolences and sympathy to us for losing a President. We haven't answered them, because there was little to say. We appreciate the letters, and the matter-of-fact reporting they did about how England took the news. Perhaps it was that, and not a hysteria about some of the fannish writings, that made us realize how difficult it was for everyone to take.

We owe a great deal to Mrs. Kennedy. I'm afraid that I took it for granted, as did almost every other citizen, that the White House was pretty sacred in most respects. It was quite a shock to discover that Presidents and their Ladies could -- and did! -- sell off furniture, artwork and antiques at their own whims without asking permission of anyone. Why, the White House contained many pieces of work which were part of our national heritage! Yet thoughtless people have sold or given away irreplaceable items which rightfully belong not only to the President but to us, the U.S. citizen. Until Mrs. Kennedy raised a fuss about it and had the House made into a monument, I doubt if one out of fifty citizens knew that the White House hadn't been one all along! Her work in searching out lost items, and restoring rooms has been fantastic. And selfless; considering that the House couldn't possibly be her permanent home. Maybe we could strike off a medal for interior decorating above and beyond the call of duty?

We left our mailing at Al Lewis' and Ron Ellick's apartment last night when we went over to run off some of this zine. So from here on, any comments I make will be as general as the preceding pages, but mostly concerning the mailing and OMPAns, if I can keep on the subject.

6 Betty Kujawa's tender memories of her library firsts reminds me of two frustrating years of fighting a library. I looked so young that they wouldn't let me out of the children's section, but I wasn't old enough to know what to do about it! Other high school children at least got as far as Albert Payson Terhune (dog stories) or even mild romances in the adult section, but I simply couldn't prove that I was 14 years old. In those distant days, we either did not have "student body cards" or I couldn't afford to buy one, I don't recall which. And we lived 18 miles from the school, so mother was not likely to come in with me to tell them it was fine with her if they did let me read adult books. The library was only a few blocks from school. Ah well.

At the time, I was scrawny, freckled, stringy-haired and all feet. Things haven't changed much, to be honest, except that I really do look like a girl now. I didn't then, except that I wore dresses and had long hair. And a bit of lipstick, if I remembered to apply it.

So I gained a rather good reading of fairy tales, animal stories, and boy's adventure stories before we moved away from that area. I heartily disliked the girl's adventure tales, either "romance" or (ha!) "mystery" stories. The girls were always such stupid people, I was quite sure I didn't really want to ever know any of them, so why read about them? Besides, after Conan Doyle, their mysteries weren't so hot.

Which brings us to fairy tales, and why the stories have maintained their old-fashioned format for so long. They haven't. That is, there are many modern interpretations of old fairy tales. The most charming stories remain in the old tales, but if you take a fairy story down to its most essential elements, and apply it to modern children's tales, you'll find that we have up-dated many favorites. One of the most interesting interpretations of Cinderella was a movie called "The Glass Slipper", with Leslie Caron. The story is told in color and in costume by a background narrator, with full dialogue and acting too. The explanation unfolds; the so-called "fairy godmother" is really a sweet little old nut who sort of "borrows" things. She arranges a fancy coach by talking friend coachman into coming back for Cindy after he has delivered his real employers to the ball, and ditto going home. The dress has been "borrowed" from the local seamstress, and so on. The whole story is quite logically explained away. Then at the end, when all meet and Happily Ever After is looming up, the narrator says something like, "...and all the townspeople went back to town (townspeople drift off), and the Prince and Cinderella went back to the castle (they leave)....and the 'fairy godmother' went back...well, to where fairy godmothers go...(little old lady disappears)".



Ustinov's "Rominoff and Juliet", and for that matter, most of Bill Shakespeare's works were taken from fairy tales and "up-dated" for their particular periods. "West Side Story", "My Fair Lady" and "Camelot" are all up-dated fairy tales. They have the one thing which a fairy tale must have; magic. And let's keep that old-fashioned!

Our child had better like to read, for I have such a nice children's book collection for him/her as soon as proper attitude toward books and handling can be taught. Fred Patten is responsible for most of the charming English editions, Steve Tolliver for the cat stories, and Ron Ellick for the Oz Stories. John Baxter has added more to my Arthur Rackham book collection than anyone, and Don Simpson has sent a set of fairy tales in comic book form from Korea. Others have given some fine bits to the collection, but these people have done the most to build up a very nice children's fantasy library. John just added the life story of Rackham, a big lovely book with many illus and color plates by Rackham all through the book. 7

Other books I like to collect have nothing to do with fairy tales, although they may verge on magic of one kind or other. John Dickson Carr (or Carter Dickson) is a favorite writer, for his mystery tales, and his strange time-travel history-mystery stories. Here is fantasy and magic at its best. I've never been able to really pick between H.M. and Dr. Fell, but I think Merrivale has a slight edge. Can anyone tell me if there really is a Green Man Tavern behind St. Bride's Church near Fleet Street? It is supposed to be Sir Henry Merrivale's favorite spot.

Typeface change, because I'm now at Al & Ron's, in preparation to run off this zine and get it in the mails. This is Al's typer. We're in town tonight for a LASFS meeting, because Ray Bradbury will be there.

John is a genuine wine snob, and has a paper to prove it. Actually, it proves that he has shown enough interest in the history, making and tasting of wines to pass a test put out by the California Wine Institute. We spent a week last summer browsing through wine country in Northern California, and it really was fun. We borrowed Al's little camping ice box, took the back seat out of the VW, threw some clothes and art materials in the trunk and took off. (We couldn't afford the trip to DC, so this was our consolation prize).

There are about 3 dozen wineries of various sizes above San Francisco, and as many (usually of lesser wines) in Southern California. We still have all those to visit; for that week we concentrated on the North. We figured on hitting as many good wineries (and tasting rooms) as possible, but as usual we stopped to talk so long that we averaged only two wineries a day. In that, we did find out a great deal about wines, and the varietals which intrigued our tastes. Our interest made up for our ignorance, and we found wineries were eager to indoctrinate us in the lore of wines and appreciation of same.

Home-made wines have always interested me, since a distant relative sent along some rather potent berry wine for my "blood". At the time, I was quite an anemic child, so everything was tried. I was allowed about three glasses of the stuff before the adults discovered it wasn't quite as innocent as they'd thought; I fell out of bed. So my uncle finished the bottle. Purely in the interests of getting it out of the house, mind.



8 Would some kind soul out there tell me about rose-hips? Since they seem to be an English delicacy (I keep reading about rose-hip tea, jam, wine, etc) I hope someone Over There will know how to use them in these goodies. One little wine-making book I have (printed in Great Britain) says to use rose-hips "when they are ready", and later suggests using them "in the usual manner". With all those roses around the house, we do have hips, and it is a shame to have all that vitamin C go to waste. But, aside from knowing what a hip looks like, I don't know another thing about them. Are they used green or when they are bright reddish-orange? Do you peel them, or chop them up whole, or use just one or two items inside -- if so, what do you save and what do you throw away? Help? I probably won't be making wines, but perhaps jam or tea wouldn't be too difficult. I'll leave wine-making to more intrepid souls!

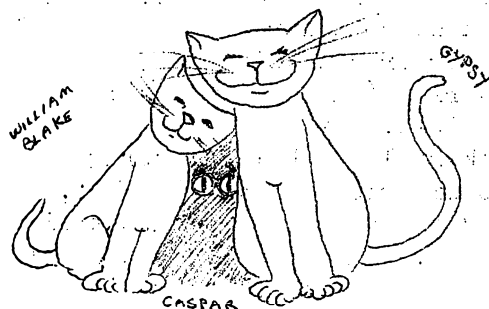
In Elizabeth Goudge's charming children's fantasy The Little White Horse, she says that there are no humming birds in England. Is this true?

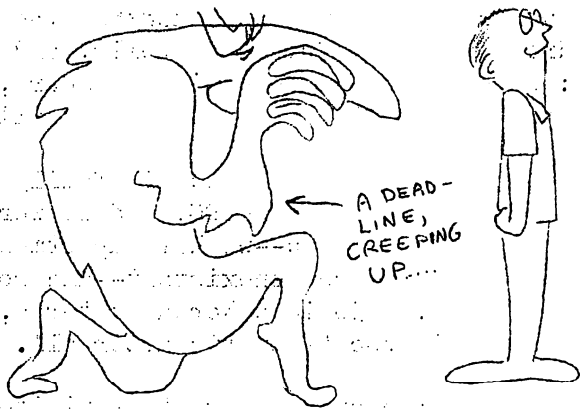
Turning to something serious for a moment; by the time you read this zine, most of you will have heard at least some of the fuss about the Pacificon II excluding Walter Breen. I'd like to say here, as I intend to say everywhere else that this is an unnecessary action, and as far as I know, unwarranted. If his presence at a public gathering was unwanted, a private word to Walter would have been as effective as all this bruhaha and rationalizing.

John and I have had Walter in our home as a guest, and he is welcome back; something I cannot say for many more fannish types. He has always been a considerate guest, causing no extra trouble on my part as a hostess. As a fan, Walter often infuriates me by his obtuseness on fannish subjects, but as a person I like him. He's very naive, and likely to say anything to be admired by the group he's with, or to say something shocking to see how people react. I suppose he'd be the first to quibble about that "naive" part, but this is true, or he wouldn't be in the trouble he's in now.

In any case, I hope the convention committee will reconsider. I don't think that it will do the Pacificon any good to have this thing hanging until con time. Every party will be ruined by discussion, groups split, and a general overall feeling of ill-will can permeate and ruin a good gathering.

For those of you who dig cats, we've got three of them. We still have our faithful "kitten factory", Gypsy Rose Femme Fanne. She is the only cat we know who sits on fences crying "To whom it may concern...I love you!" Ah well. She keeps having the most lovable kittens, so we haven't the heart to do anything about it. Then we have two sons of hers, from separate litters. Oldest is a solid grey of the "Russian Blue" type (which is now called "English Blue" over here, anyway). He's such a complete coward and nonentity, he doesn't even have a name, really. We called him Gremlin Grimmore at first, then John started calling him Caspar Milquetoast, and now The Grey Ghost. We just haven't had the heart to give him away. He's not the type to trust to anyone else, for it he acts like this around people who have never raised a hand toward him, he'd fall apart if anyone sneezed in his direction! The kitten is six-toed, like his mother, but on the back feet instead of the front. His name is William Blake (as in Ogden Nash's poem, "Tiger, tiger, my mistake...I thought you were William Blake.") and he's a genuine nut. William has no sense of direction, so going up or coming down a tree head first is all the same. End of Bjo natterings.





THE LEATHERN OMNIBUS STRIKES AGAIN!

John Trimble, here: Looks as tho we just aren't going to get this to Ethel in time. So we're going to have to take drastic measures in order to save our membership; we're going to mail it out ourselves, as a postmailing to the January 1964 mlg. After Ethel's been bent double by being so very lenient with us, it seemed that even if we had to shave the corners like that, it would be better than letting her be stuck in that awful

posture. Sorry, people, here's hoping that we're able to get back on the beam and start contributing to OMPA in the near future.

TITLE The title of my meanderings here refers to two items: 1) my favouritest **DEPT.** Goon Show adventure, which Mervyn Barrett (bless his neglected li'l heart) recorded off the NZBC (or whatever they call it Down Under) and sent out of the blue one year [along with the Adventure of the Sleeping Prince--the Yukka-bar-coo one]. And 2) the fact that I once used the title for my ill-gotten remarks in Mélange, our sparsely published FAPAazine. "A Bucket of Plaid" has sufficed there for several issues now.

HECTIC That's us. For a darned long time now that's been us. In fact, for a longer period of time than I'd care to contemplate, our lives have been one pink and purple blaze of hectic. So much so, in fact, that the contemplation of raising the family which seems in the offing, while rebuilding the house (we're contemplating a few changes), and going to night school in the bargain seems downright restful.

Lessee, right after Bjo & I got married, we got ourselves involved in the Fan Hillton, along with Bruce Pelz, Ernie Wheatly, Don Simpson, Jack Harness, the LASFS, and what seemed like half of fandom as constant house guests. We were pubbing furiously all the time, whilst traveling about half of California (a darned looong state!) making Unicorn Productions films, etc. Most of the work that got done around LASFS, Shaggy, etc. had our hand (if not our whole arm) in it somewhere.

Then came the move to Mathom House when they decided to tear down the Fan Hillton (to make room for a two-storey office building without one iota of the character the 70 year old + Fan Hillton place had). We found out about the restrictive zoning only after we'd leased the place, and so shortly thereafter the LASFS was forced to find new quarters. We did fox the old biddies who turned us in to the Zoning Commission, however; we had the LASFS in for coffee after the meetings, and they couldn't touch us!

My mother turned up with a recurrence of her serious cancer condition along about spring of that year, only this time it was diagnosed as terminal. We were involved up to here with the Westercon that year, but had to make the decision to move to Long Beach to take care of her for the time she had left. The move took place on the two weekends prior to the Con, and I'm sure that no one on that committee will forget that experience!

Mom died during the last part of July, in '62, which added a great sadness to the further complications which gripped us. Bjo spent the latter part of August in the hospital with an enflamed esophagus, and it looked like it was curtains for getting to the Chicon III. But when the doctor decided that it would be better for her to travel to the con than to stay at home fretting about it (mostly about the Art Show), we took a part of what Mom had left us, and flew her there.

10 The pool which the house had in place of a back lawn (my cousin had/has the same reagrd for back lawns that I have) drew fans like free Bonestells, and we had constant guests. I will say this; we didn't have much time to mourn, or feel sorry for ourselves. We had blasted little time to ourselves at all, in fact.

In the spring of early '63, my cousin found that he and his family were being transferred back to the local area from Washington DC, and we were house/home hunting again. Rentals were impossible to find--we hate apartments, and houses for rent for what we were willing to pay were nonexistent--and so we started considering the idea of buying a place. Bjo is a Korean veteran, and with her G.I.Bill, we found that buying wasn't too traumatic after all.

At last we're beginning to settle down. We're far enough out so that visitors generally call to find out if we're home before making the trip, and we have to really consider the matter before we drive in to attend LASFS meetings, etc. We might have been involved in putting on the Worldcon this year (morethan we are already--we're pubbing the PRs and Program Booklet for the Pacificon committee), except that the committee that was going to run the Los Angeles bid got together and realized that all of us had too darned many other things on the fire to seriously contemplate running a World Convention on top of it all. Hence the withdrawal of the Mordor in '64 bid!

After all that, you can maybe just see why the idea of raising a family, rebuilding a house, and obtaining a degree through night classes isn't the least bit frightening. Why, it'll be downright restful!

RASTY OL' We were going to run thish off on our Roneo Model 250, but the RONEO DEPT. blasted thing refuses to feed properly, and now we're having inking troubles. Phooie! I should'a known better than to get a closed-drum mimeo of any kind. Even the darned Roneo's portability doesn't make up for its faults.

I've been a dual-drum silk-screen mimeo man ever since the LASFS bought its Gestetner 150 in 1958. The Rex-Rotary we bought when the ol' "Big G" showed signs of being in adequate for the load the club put on it, has simple increased my respect for dual-drum silk-screen machines. Both the Gestetner and Rex-Rotary have/had their bugs; the Big G couldn't print higher than within about half an inch of the top of a page, and its registration on multi-color work left much to be desired. The Rex does both of these things beautifully, but it has its faults; most of them inherent in it being automated, and a more complex machine. The multiple operators who used each machine--each with his/her paculiar methods of doing the same operations--didn't help the performance of either.

But that still left them head and shoulders above any other mimeograph I've ever run across.

THANKS To all of you for bearing with us--most especially you, Ethel; you've AGAIN! been grand. I'm muchly afraid that this poor slim zine isn't much in the way of showing our appréciation. We hope that it will show you that at least our hearts' in the right place.

These will go out surface mail (except the OE's copies, which we'll air post over), which means that even tho it's a postmailing to the January mailing, some of you won't be getting it until after the March mailing has hit your postal boxes. Our further apologies are tentered for this, but it seems the only way out of our dilemma. Next time, now....

----john trimble----

14 FEB 64 - POST M'LD TO OMPA 38