

"TRIMBLE IS ALREADY HERE, I SEE"

# Shipside



on through to Second Stage Lensman. Well, so what if it is a bunch of reading, I thought, you're capable of it.

And then came the assignment of the term paper for Freshman English, and I birthed the germ of an idea. Two weeks later, I popped (well, no, I popped) it; when I handed in my definition and limitation of subject, I was taking up "The Works of EE Smith, PhD, as Compared to Modern Adult Science Fiction". The English teacher (with just an MA, he's not a prof) admitted that he had no idea who the hell EESmith was/is, nor does he have any ideas concerning modern, medieval, or ancient stf, but he gave me an A, so no one's kicking. Now, if I can figure out just what the blazes I'm going to say, I might pass the course.

-oOo-

Congratulations are hereby offered to you newly elected officers. About the only thing I can think of commenting upon there is Ellik's "pposition" -- if you don't care enough to even vote, Stark, why run in the first place? (Or are the Youngs somewhat powerful persuaders?)

-oOo-

And while on the subject of officers, I am reminded of a certain unpleasantness which cluttered the back pages of my last FAPA publication. Yep, our old friend George W. And Bill Evans' comments upon same and my position with respect to him.

I was, frankly, curious as to what reaction I'd get from GW if I sent him a copy of that AMIS with the poem in it. And then along came a letter from Bob Lichtman wondering the same thing, and I acted. If I'd thought twice, I'd probably have sent one of the crudsheets with the poem on it with my address on the back, and have made up some story about where it appeared. Or I might not. Anyway, I did what I did.

And laughed like crazy over the letter that came back. That self-same letter which appeared in my post-mailing. Frankly, this was the most pitiful piece of foul-mouthed blathering I'd seen in many a moon, and the charges against everyone mentioned in it were ridiculous on the face of it (them?). And when I saw the name of Harry Warner on the bottom, I really howled. How anyone could even concieve of Harry writing something like that was beyond me.

And then I began to have some second thoughts. Hell, this was a slanderous letter, and something which could rouse the postal people should they see it. And the use of someone's name like that is a punishable offense if you're caught. I took the letter along with me up to LA, and showed it to a few people there. The reactions of Steve Tolliver and Bjo were printed last time. Djinn (then Faine) felt that George was sick, and needed to be sent off to some sanitarium for care. Bjo and I agreed that he was sick (as did Al Lewis), but sorta figured that prisons have hospitals and psychiatrists, too.

And we were worried that someone who'd write a letter like that and use someone's name in so bold a manner just might hop on a train

and go bomb the nearest fan to whom he happened to take a dislike. That type have done it before, you know.

So I resolved to Do Something. I'm not going to say what here, as someone in the organization does appear to be tipping George Off. And then I had a talk with Dean Grinnell after the con, and he convinced me that I had no right to involve the rest of PAPA. In this I agree, and so I won't do anything that'll even ruffle the hair on a single fapan's head.

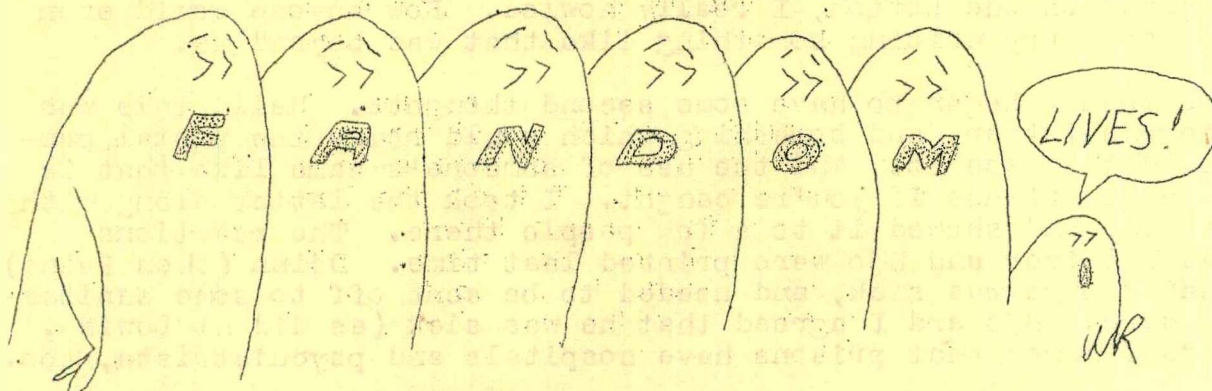
But, Bill, it looks to me as tho things would start happening re GW in a few months anyway (during your presidency), due to the passage of the new ammendment. Any way you look at it, we're going to have some trouble with GW. So I triggered it a little ahead of time.

I don't believe that George could mess up your job too mcuh (hmm), Bill, if the department you're working for has any sort of security section. They're always making checks of people working in security positions in the aircraft and rocket industries out here, and I assume that most government security work is much the same. And if they've been clearing you all along, it wouldn't seem that George could change much. However things might be different in your case, or in most government agencies period. And if so, I hope nothing untoward comes of this whole mess.

Literal minded people bug me, and this guy Wetzel is a literal minded as any religious traditionalist I've ever run across. And since you can run across whole clans of this sort of person in some states (and scattered all over this motly mixture in Calif.), I wonder if it isn't something in our culture. Or can certain psychoses be contagious?

-ooo-

And that's about all for this time which would even faintly resemble mailing comments. I've only skimmed the mailing, and while a few things look rather interesting (and some I've read have been), and others equally comment-able, I think I'll hold off until next time. Do double mcs, or submit two zines, or something.



Something of a new Rotsler style, eh?

GO D plays

BIG  
BROTHER

Background: One of the local newspapers has begun beating the drums for the idea that Los Angeles Needs a Union Bus Terminal, and soon. In a series of articles, the inadequacies of the existing facilities were shown, ending with an artist's conception of a super-terminal with rooftop helicopter landings, grade-separated ramps stretching across the downtown area to the freeways, rooftop parking.... Quite an erection unto the Lord.

*Elmer Perdue*

The articles spoke of the Port of New York Authority Bus Terminal having operated at a pre-bond payment deduction profit, neglecting to mention that it operates at a loss after such deductions, and that Greyhound refuses to use said terminal.

Particularly interesting is that there is now only one bus terminal in downtown LA, owned by Greyhound, whose local management would be equally adverse to abandoning a successful company-owned location for leased quarters elsewhere. So the taxpayers should erect a gorgeous structure at a multimillion cost, to sit empty while politicking management into using it.

It adds up, though. A certain local family owns both the newspaper in question and several square blocks of choice sites which coincidentally might be available.

Background two: Taxicabs, which are a franchised monopoly in Los Angeles, with fares regulated to provide a reasonable rate of return and no more.

Each driver is required to keep a waybill, which shows the fare, times of order, pick-up, and discharge, origin, destination, number of passengers, and stand from which ordered, for each trip. These prove of great value in the settlement of lawsuits and disputes. The twenty-four hours of the day are covered by two shifts, and eighteen hundred waybills comprise a full day's operations.

#### BIG BROTHER WATCHETH

Monday my boss found that he was going to have to preside at a meeting of various city departments to consider the matter, already scheduled for the following Monday. It appeared that an elementary consideration would be the destination of those arriving in Los Angeles by the existing long-haul passenger carriers. The boss got on the phone, arranged for the loan of waybills covering a more-than-heavy day, and then said, "Elmer, how long would it take you to go through a day's waybills, pick out passengers originating at the Union Station, record their destination by square blocks in the area bounded by the Harbor Freeway and Los Angeles St.,

5  
Santa Ana Freeway and Pico Boulevard (-(one big hunk of LA's downtown area. -jt-)); and get a count by quadrants of passengers destined elsewhere?"

"Well, Boss," I said, "and can you tell me offhand the approximate daily throughput of the Union Station (-(LA railroad depot. -jt-))?"

And so when he estimated it at fifteen hundred, I pushed my mental sliderule around while multiplying eighteen hundred waybills by twenty-five to get the origin magnitude to be chaffed, chopped the 1500 by a bigger factor for mass transit, dropped the hairline on the log<sub>1</sub> scale to allow for improvement factor. Meanwhile, the five-inch rule came out of its auxiliary mental case to multiply eight hours times sixty minutes.... The boss interrupted, saying, "Of course we're going on the assumption that everybody that gets a taxi from Union Station arrived there by long-haul transport."

"Oh," I said, "Then we don't need slide-rule accuracy." I dis-ideated the five-inch rule, multiplied six times eight times ten in my head like any common mentality and shuddered as I visualized the coarsely-begotten four-eighty beneath the hairline. Perhaps the shudder did it.

"And of course," he continued, "I want the result set up for use as an exhibit -- do it any way you want. Bar graphs and pie charts are out, of course -- maybe an isometric with desire heights in proportioned columns rising from block centers?"

Yes, it must have been the shudder that caused me to misestimate the time element. I said eight hours.

-oOo-

When I got to work Tuesday morning, the waybills lay on my desk. Fourteen bundles, one for each shift for the seven garages. The pile stood eight and one-quarter inches high. I set my mental relays to drop at key designations, and started with the first 45,000 pickups made that day.... Chuckled at intervals, of course: God sits on high and watches the ants move.

Boss looks over after about half an hour, and (he knows my capabilities) quietly asked, "Have you spotted any cat-houses yet, Meyer?"

"Well, two 75% probabilities on Hollingsworth Drive, something weird on Outpost Drive that hasn't quite jelled yet, and some of the boys are procuring for a place on 23rd Street near Western -- that would be the big, two-story, white-painted mansion with the wooden shutters. But they're doing their procuring on trips from the burlesque clubs, and I mean, how can they miss?"

"And what do the places look like on Hollingsworth Drive?"

"--I don't know yet, Boss, my walking coverage doesn't extend that far."

And oh, the unanswered questions! Here's a man after my own

heart that flew in, and immediatly jumped into a cab and said "Disneyland". Cost him \$12.70, too. Perhaps he didn't know that the only way to arrive at said place is by helicopter; that the one-way fare is only \$7; or that by a unified through ticket it would h have only cost maybe two dollars more?

And what happened to you at 5487 Flag Place, that you ordered a cab and then decided not to go? Did your fiancee change her mind, so that you paid the half-dollar no-go charge? Or did you, madam, decide not to go home to mother? Eleven-thirty was a little late to go home anyway, wasn't it?

Well, my sliderule slipped. I handed the boss the final tabulations, set up ready for the draftsman, after six hours. I then made similar steps for those arriving by bus, and then for the airport arrivals.

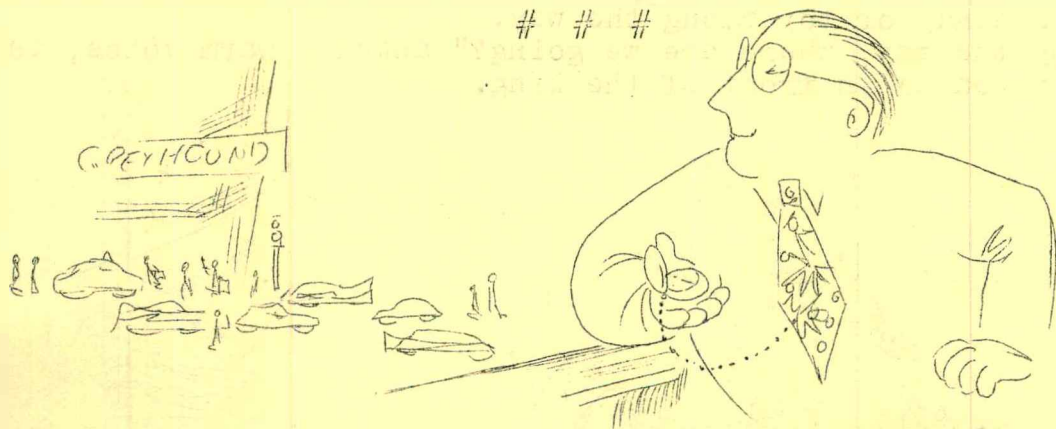
And the ants continued to swarm....

Here's a trip from the Airport to Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills. Hmm, the idle rich sees that Saks if running a spring sale on mink perhaps, and tells the made to make a reservation. Hardly likely; two other such trips during the day.

Fine, swank motel at 70¢ distance from the airport. Two-story cabanas, with a sitting-room downstairs and the sleeping room top-side, one wall of which is plate glass floor-to-ceiling. Those of us in crossing protection callit the Governor's Whore House, because one night a tenant's pleasure was disturbed by a crossing bell nearby, and the next day telegrams signed by the governor were flying about to get that damn bell silenced. Our favorite luncheon spot while in the field, on account of the good food and the magnificent female scenery. Many trips here, mostly in couples.

Well, here's a typical entry for raised eyebrows. 11:15 p.m., from Villá Capri (Phyllis). One passenger; destination, Alexandria Hotel. Discharged passenger at 11:35, thence to next waybill entry, two passengers picked up at the Biltmore.

So what happened? Was a discreet inquiry placed with a certain house employee of Oriental aspect, who nodded his head sagely and filled the bill? Or could this be a legitimate trip misinterpreted by a dirty mind?



# SEARCH for a HERO

by Bjo

"All stories need a hero," stated Robin positively.

"Let's be different," suggested the king nervously, for he didn't want to move from his comfortable spot on the castle's front lawn.

"I think a hero would be fun!" said the princess.

The vermilion cow ambled through the gates and addressed the dazzled king, "Well, here I am."

"Heavens to Clyde!" exclaimed the king, "What are you got up for now?"

"You look awful," said the boy.

"Well, if that's your attitude," said the cow, in an injured tone, while preparing to leave. "It's a sad day when a girl can't have a few fads and fancies, it is!" She turned sad brown eyes toward them, "See if I ever try to brighten your lives again."

"Oh, come now, my dear," said the king, reluctantly leaving his shady spot to talk to her, "you have considerably...um... brightened...our lives. That is a most...ah...interesting...um... color." And here he ran out of compliments without resorting to complete dishonesty.

"I think she looks terrible," said Robin, tactlessly.

"Well, I like it and I wish I could be orange all over, too!" said the princess, taking the cow's part mainly because Robin had not.

"Vermillion," corrected the cow, "There's a difference."

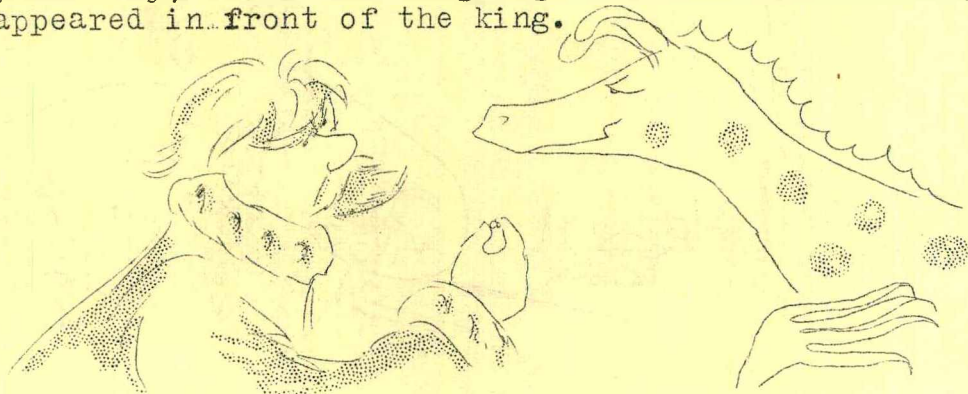
"What brings you here?" inquired the king, remembering the original statement that the cow had made to him.

She looked reflectively at the people for a moment. "Aren't you going on an adventure?"

"No, no, of course not! Much too hot a day for an adventure, don't you think?" said the king, looking at the eager children with a sinking heart.

"Let's go, let's go!" shouted the boy and girl, and they started for the castle to fix a lunch. The king decided that maybe it would be alright as long as they were going to bring a picnic, and went to the treasury to count out some money in case they wanted a candy or toy along the way.

"By the way, where are we going?" asked a warm voice, and the dragon appeared in front of the king.





"Drat! You made me lose count!" exclaimed the king, sweeping some gems back into his lap, "Now I'll have to start over." And he began counting the green stones onto the table, the red ones in one hand, the blue ones in the other hand, and the yellow ones into his crown, which was resting on the table. The dragon watched with mild interest for a moment and then wandered out to see what everyone else was doing.

"Mercy sakes alive to goodness!" screamed the dragon.

"I'll bet he's seen the cow," said the boy, coming in the treasury to tell the king that they were almost ready to go. He helped the king put the red, green and blue stones in little leather bags. The king was trying to figure out what the extra bag was for when he put on his crown.

Robin watched in quiet amazement as golden jewels cascaded down the king, catching in the pockets and trim of his robe.

"Sort of fancy for an adventure, sir," suggested Robin.

The king snorted and went out with the bags of gems and what dignity he had left. He left a thin trail of gems behind him. Robin decided to leave the stones to be picked up after the adventure.

"We're ready," said the princess, who was putting the finishing touches to a wreath of black-eyed susans for the cow. Robin winched, but said nothing at all.

"I'll carry the lunch," said the dragon eagerly, but the princess snatched it out of his claws.

"The last time we let you carry lunch, there was nothing left but the tuna sandwiches," she said severely.

"Did you put in any peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches?" asked the king hopefully.

"Of course," said the princess, "and some peanut-butter-and-pickle sandwiches, and some peanut-butter-and-tomato sandwiches."

Robin considered this for a moment, "Sounds skooshy," he said.

"Well, onward!" said the dragon, "Or we'll not get back in time for supper."

The cow looked at the king, who was bringing up the rear.

"Are you coming, too?" she asked him.

"Why, yes," said the king, "Mrs. king would never forgive me if I let the children go off by themselves."

"There's the dragon and me," observed the cow.

"But could you protect them from all dangers?" countered the king, dribbling yellow stones along the road.

"Like what?" asked the cow placidly, plodding along the wooded path. The king lapsed into a silence, looking solemn because he couldn't think of an answer.



Very soon the idea of lunching became an overpowering suggestion, and they began to look for a place to stop and eat. A big, green tree invited them, and they approached to find a tall, thin man resting in the cool shade of it.

"Hello," said the dragon, who happened to be carrying the princess at the moment.

"Zounds!" shouted the man, leaping to his feet in a clatter of armor and pulling a huge sword from its scabbard. "A damsel in distress!"

"Where?" screamed the dragon, spinning around quickly.

"En garde, varlet!" roared the man, dashing at the dragon in an alarming manner with the sword. The dragon disappeared, leaving the princess to waft gently to the ground.

"What?" said the man, stopping short in surprise.

"Whatever are you trying to do?" said the invisible dragon indignantly, "Kill someone?"

The man looked very bewildered. "Sorcery!" he said.

"No, dragonry," said Robin, "Are you a knight?"

"Yes," answered the man in armor with a smile. He looked around again for the dragon, sighed, then sheathed his sword. "My name is Sir Gyronny, Knight of the Lady of the Wood."

"Lady of this wood?" asked the king in some surprise.

Sir Gyronny shrugged, "Any wood, I suppose," he said.

"I am a princess," said the princess, "and this is my father, the king. That is Robin, and the cow, and the dragon...somewhere."

"Here," said the dragon, reappearing. The knight drew his sword, and the dragon disappeared again.

"Bother!" said Sir Gyronny, "do come back and be killed!"

"What! That's very impolite of you!" exclaimed the dragon, "We've only just met!"

"But it's a knight's bounden duty to kill dragons and rescue beautiful damsels."

"Then go rescue a damsel," said the dragon stubbornly.

"Sir Gyronny just rescued me!" said the princess, looking at the knight with glowing eyes. He bowed low, sweeping his plumed helm to the ground.



"Now go rescue a beautiful damsel," said Robin, who was a stickler for detail.

"Just for that, smarty, no lunch!" said the princess hotly.

"Well! I like that!" The dragon appeared out of a cloud of lavender smoke, "I carry you for the last miles over hill and dale, and someone else gets thanks for rescuing you from me!" and the dragon disappeared again.

"There's no reason to go off in a snit before lunch is served," the vermillion cow pointed out reasonably. The dragon thought this over for a moment, reappearing when the practicality of it came to light; and to his empty stomach.

The princess started setting out the food, while the king invited Sir Gyronny to stay to lunch, and they all began unwrapping sandwiches with hungry relish.

"Peanut-butter....and pickles?" said the knight in a rather stricken voice.

"Would you rather have peanut-butter-and-tomatoes?" asked the dragon, gingerly handing him another sandwich. The knight looked unhappy, but accepted his fate with stoic calm. He took a bite.

"What are you all doing out here in the world?" asked Sir Gyronny when he'd gotten the peanut-butter off the roof of his mouth. He tucked the rest of the sandwich surreptitiously in the hip-pocket of his armor.

"We are looking for a hero," explained Robin with his mouth full.

"I think we've found one," said the princess firmly. The knight colored in a modest and knightly way, but said nothing. Robin looked slightly doubtful, and the dragon snorted audibly.

"Well, actually, my dear, I simply haven't time to be a hero," said the knight. "You see, I'm kept so busy, what with killing... um... Troublesome Creatures, and rescuing beautiful damsels and what not that I haven't really much time for anything else." But the princess looked so disappointed that he hastened to add a more mysterious and romantic explanation. "Also, the Knight of the Lady of the Wood is supposed to be dark and unknown and do all his good deeds without thanks or reward. If I were to take on this hero job, there would be all sorts of to-do, and my name would get to be a sort of household word; and we can't have that, now, can we?"

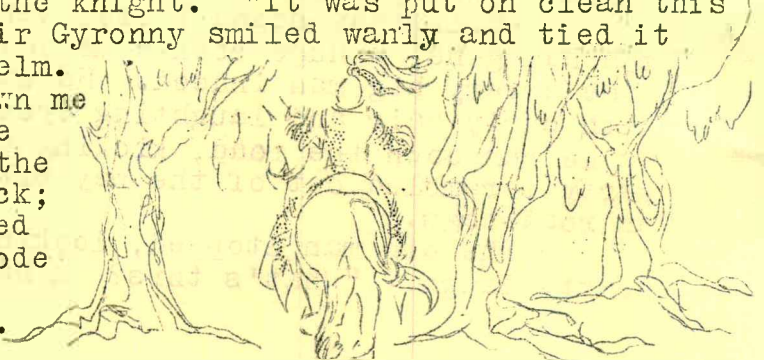
When it was explained this way, everyone could see how right Sir Gyronny was and how noble he was being about the whole thing. The princess sighed, for she thought it would be delightful to have her very own knight to feed peanut-butter sandwiches to and rescue her from Troublesome Creatures.

"Would you wear my colors, Sir Knight?" she asked.

Sir Gyronny rose to the occasion beautifully. "'Twould be the greatest honor of my knightly career."

So, having nothing else to give, the princess took off one of her stockings and gave it to the knight. "It was put on clean this morning," she assured him. Sir Gyronny smiled wanly and tied it to the largest plume of his helm.

"Mrs. king will just crown me if you come home with only one sock," fussed the king. But the princess would not take it back; and finally the knight whistled for his steed, mounted, and rode off into the woods with armor aclank, and stocking flapping.



Soon the party was on the road again, chattering gaily about interesting things. It was the boy this time who noticed the man by the roadside.

He was dressed in rough-woven clothes, sturdy and simple, with a great plaid cape flung over his shoulder. The walked toward him slowly, for he was a big man with a dark, thoughtful look.

"Hello," said Robin, and the man looked up with a smile to brighten the world.

"Hallo, young fellow!" boomed the man in a voice that rocked the cow back a step. The man looked the company over carefully, barely able to keep the ready smile away when he noticed the cow. "And for why might ye be travellin' this long and lonely road?"

"We're looking for a hero," said Robin bravely.

"Are ye, now?" laughed the man, "an ye go down a bit yonder on this road, mayhap ye'll find someone for the likes o' ye!" With that, he stood up and marched off.

"Oh, sir," called the king and the man turned around, "Would you be so kind as to stop in at our castle and tell the lady there that we'll be a bit late for supper? You can't miss it; it's the first castle to your left as you leave the wood." The man nodded, spun on his heel, and was soon gone from sight.

The group wandered on, feeling slightly discouraged. Soon they saw a glorious young man striding along, singing at the top of his golden voice. The king thought to himself that there was a hero.

The young man saw them, and approached, "What do you do here, gentle folk?" he asked.

"We are looking for a hero," said the cow. The man was well-bred, so he registered no shock or surprise when he saw her. He merely raised his eyebrows in silent question.

"Are you a hero?" asked Robin, looking in awe at the silver-trimmed tunic of the young man.

"Where I am from, they call me that," answered the man in an unaffected, honest voice.

"And where is that?" asked the king, though he'd guessed.

"From an ancient land and an ancient people," said the young man, soberly, "From a far sea and far sorrow."

"Sounds far away," commented the dragon.

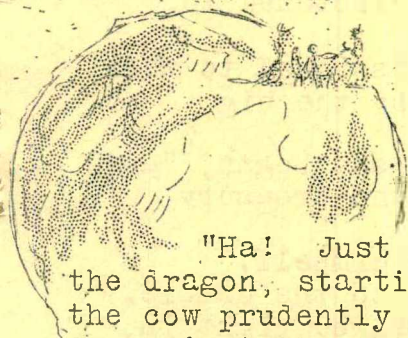
"Aye, and a far walk from here I've got to go, too," said the man. He looked so sad that the princess felt moved to comfort him in some way. She looked in the lunch basket.

"Would you like something nice?" she asked, handing him a peanut-butter sandwich. He looked at it for a long time, and then suddenly looked up, smiling.

"Thank you," he said sincerely, turning once more to the road, where he disappeared over a hill a few seconds later.

While they stood there, watching the horizon where the young man had gone, a huge rock came bounding down the road. Behind it came a very big man indeed. He was dressed in leather and wool, with curly hair and laughing eyes, and a shout that shook the sky as he ran down the road, kicking the boulder in front of him. The party scrambled out of the way with the dragon shrilly commenting on road-hogs.

The big man stopped, looking at the huddled folk with a hearty laugh. "What's this? A handful of mice for me to scatter?"



"Ha! Just try it!" snorted the dragon, starting forward; but the cow prudently trod on the dragon's tail, which diverted him for a moment.

"Are you a hero?" asked the princess doubtfully, for she had met two heroes today, and this one did not look as much like her ideal as had the others.

"Of course!" boomed the man, "Do you doubt? Wait here, and I'll show you what a hero can do." With that, he leaped down the road in huge bounds. Presently, he came back, from the other direction, laughing at their surprise. "All the way around the world," he exclaimed, "Only a hero could do that!"

"Boy!" said Robin.

"Look," roared the big man, picking them up in one hand and setting them down on the moon. They watched as he picked up the world in both hands, braced himself against the wind, and raised it above his head. When they were all back in place, he looked at them with bright eyes, "well?" he said inquiringly.

"Well," said the king faintly.

"Well, well," said the cow reflectively. The dragon just sniffed and disappeared, for he didn't believe in magic.

"Well," said the man impatiently, "What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, we don't want you to do anything," the princess said.

"What?" roared the man.

"No," assured the king, "we were just looking for a hero; we don't have anything offhand for him to do."

"I never heard of such a thing!" shouted the man indignantly. "To look for a hero and have no task for him. What do you want?"

"We can't have a story without one," explained Robin, knowing suddenly that this was the wrong kind of hero, anyway.

"Thank you," said the cow, but by this time the big man had marched off, muttering to himself and kicking the rock a bit harder than necessary. Everyone felt vaguely relieved.

The dragon looked wistful, "I'll bet it's nearly suppertime."

"Why don't we go home, now, and look again another day?" asked the king of Robin. The boy supposed they might as well do that, and they all started back down the road, again.

They arrived home to find the second man they'd met, sitting on the castle doorsteps husking corn. "Hallo, the lady invited me to sup," said the man, "Thought ye'd never get here, for I'm that hungry and there's hot biscuits awaiting us!"

Everyone hurried to wash for dinner, and sat down to a full table with news of their adventure. Mrs. king interrupted only once to ask the princess where her other stocking was, and listened to that story with a little smile.

When dinner was over, and the dragon had been assigned to wash dishes because he'd spilled the cream, Mrs. king sat by the big window and told of her day at home.

"Keven came by here about lunchtime or after," she began, "and it was lucky for me that he did. Seems someone left the treasury door open, and all sorts of gems trailed out."

"Only the yellow stones," murmured the king to himself.

"And some bad men followed the trail back here to the castle." said Mrs. king, looking sternly at the king. "They walked right in, for the guard was helping me in the kitchen (I can never reach things on top shelves, I'm very glad you have tall guards) and these bad men went straight to the treasury."

"What happened?" asked the princess, while Robin fumed because an adventure had happened when he wasn't home.

"Well, then," said Mrs. king, "Keven here came in silent as a cat, and stood there looking at them. He told them very politely to leave, and they did!"

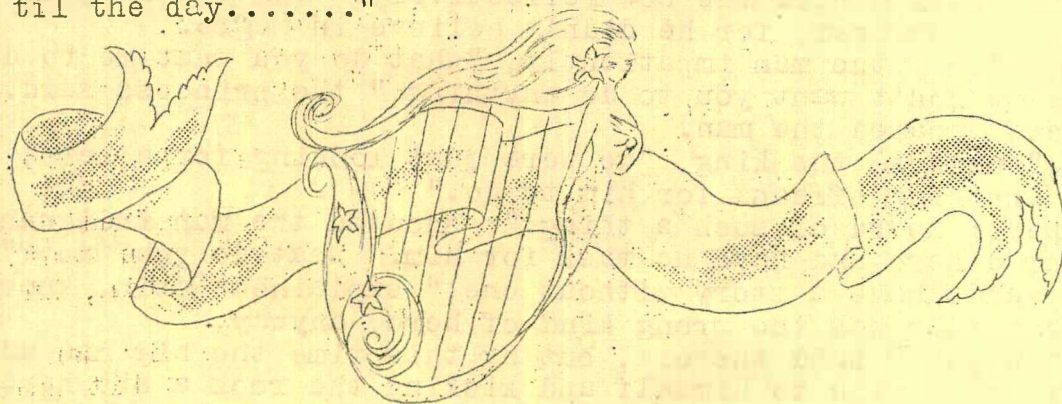
Everyone turned to look at the big man, and Keven smiled at them. Robin saw suddenly that he need look no further.

"Tell me a story," asked the boy of Keven.

The big man looked at the boy for a long time, and then began, "It's a strange tale I've for ye, then." His deep voice started to spin a story, "There was once a harp of ivory and gold, with strings made from strands of a mermaid's hair,"

"Was the harp yours?" asked the princess, but the man only put his finger to his lips and smiled.

"Only two could play this harp and make the music be in your heart til the day....."



Well, so what do you think of this series so far. Like I/We said last time, that was just an introduction, and there'll be more. That is, if you people like 'em. If not, I s'pose the Fantasy can find a more than willing home elsewhere. I hope it won't have to. -jt.