

EXPLETIVE #___, Bjo Trimble, 12002 Lorna St., Garden Grove 92641, etc..

Those of you who are hanging on every word, deed, and action of the now-historic Trimble*Harness Feud, will want to know the latest development, which shows all good signs of making this fabulous feud into one of the most completely dull, dry, stupid, and nothing affairs of the age. However, to brighten things up a bit, I'm going to give the customers two (2) versions of the latest "happening" (gee, we're right in style!). The first version is factual, so those of you who find the truth boring may go right on to the second version, which is written in what we call the Jack Harness Idetic Memory or The Truth As The Perfect Person Sees It, also known as the Free Form Interpretation.

At the Xmas party, which went along very well, I thought, with no one being shot at except verbally, I was glancing thru the current Apa L, and saw my name all over one page. Naturally, I stopped to read it, and half-way thru it, glanced at the top to see who had written it (and if that doesn't tell you anything about the veracity of the report, you're not as bright as I thot you were!). Well, surprise!

So later, when Jack came in, I happened to be talking to Blake and Fred Patten, and glanced over to see Jack a few feet away, staring at me. So I said, "I have words for you", at which point he turned away, and I went back to my conversation with Blake. Jack appeared at my side, with something written on a piece of paper, which he handed to me. Without even glancing at the paper, I crumpled it, and threw it away, saying to Jack in a level voice, "You are a lying son-of-a-bitch." He just stood there, with his usual blank look. I added, "You forgot, there were witnesses to the incident last time, and I have witnesses to this one." Then I went back to my conversation with the men. Later I saw Jack showing a paper, presumably the same one, to Owen, and talking. I did not see Owen do anything but read the paper and reply to Jack. That was the end of the incident, and Jack has taken wonderfully obvious and quite amusing pains to avoid speaking to me ever since. The forgoing account is what really happened.

The following account is what happened, if Jack Harness had been reporting it, only, of course, from my point of view:

I was standing there, being scintillating and wonderful, when Jack slunk up to me, looking as if he'd like to apologize for his harsh words, but not knowing quite how. He handed me a fully-written out apology, but I, in my pride, refused to accept it. I crumpled it, and threw it with great force into his face, and watched coldly while he staggered back under the blow. He bent humbly to retrieve the paper (every litter bit hurts) and I remarked, "You, sir - that's spelled c-u-r --are a lying s.o.b" and he cringed, turning more pasty than usual. Reminded that I had backing, he retreated from the scene to enlist aid for his cause with others, and has not crossed my path again. I wondered at the time if I'd perhaps overplayed my hand in being personal, but decided that a good threat now and again would keep him under control. Obviously I'd hit a sore point with him, tho. And my intentions had been purely conciliatory, obviously. Too bad. He will probably issue another manifesto now, to scare me again.

(2)

You may draw your own conclusions from all that. For one, I could care less if Jack decides to carry out his "threat" of publishing anything about/to/for/from me; it will be interesting to see who lasts thru that, him or me. I remember that someone else once published, or at least let herself be named the author, of something and where is Liby Vintus now? Figure you're bigger than Liby, Jack? Well, go, go, go!

I'm very amused to find that I'm referred to around the Lab as "She Who Shall Not Be Named"; it's rather interesting to find that I'm that important! Frankly, if we referred to someone around here as "That Fat-Assed Jerk", or "That Person", or even "The Stupid One With The Big Mouth", I don't think anyone else would know which particular fan we were talking about. So we have to use real names. It is amazing and amusing to this one that a nameless reference can be immediately recognized as me; I really never realized I carried that much weight around the Lab, certainly, or figured so importantly in their discussions.

On the other hand, I may be doing Owen an injustice; for he did make tentative overtures at a meeting or so ago, and I was too wary to do more than express surprise. On the other hand, I'm being told again that Klassen would like to make friends and is sorry and all, and the last time I fell for that one, it only gave Klassen another excuse to call me a bitch in print. So....forgive me if I'm cynical about it all.

Then again, the Ellerns talk to the Trimbles almost as if we were real people, so what's the world coming to? That started at the Xmas party, and continued at the Pelzes' open house, and seemed very friendly, but John says it isn't so (he's pretty tired and cynical, too) and we are being one-upped or something. I hope he's wrong, but he certainly wasn't wrong about Owen, when he first told me that Owen would do me dirt the first chance he got (and he did), so I'm feeling very cautious. Still, it's a start, which augments well, I hope. We'll see; time will show very clearly whether they are laughing up their sleeves or not.

I thought Bill Ellern was going to blow the whole cool, tho, when he asked me about my good-natured baby. It was the way he said it; I don't recall the exact wording, but it was something like this: "Howcum your kid is so good and ours are such monsters?" or words in that tactful vein. I about fell out of my freckled hide. I mean, you just don't call your kids monsters (not in front of the mother of them, I mean) and in the same breath point out how neat someone else's kid is (especially the kid of someone your wife doesn't exactly like, already!). For once, I was at a loss for words, wondering just what was going on, but I realized that Bill was just being his usual self...*sigh*.

Well, actually, I have to admit that I don't know why I've got a good-tempered baby, who happens to compare to just about everyone's kids very well indeed. It is pure, unadulterated luck to have Katwen be born with that kind of temperament! I refer those really interested in this study to an article in the July, 1965 McCall's Magazine, which had an article on the differences in children, and how studies have now revealed that children seem to actually be born with these differences. Certainly Katwen is too young to have been trained not to be destructive,

(3)

yet she does not tear things up. In fact, when she picks up a magazine by one page, and it tears, she is quite distressed. But this is not being destructive as much as a lack of knowledge about paper stress. She is now handling and talking to a Christmas card, which she's been carrying around for about 20 minutes, and the card isn't even rumpled. I don't know what it is. She enjoys unfolding and rumpling newspapers, but doesn't tear them on purpose. And it was easy to teach her to leave books alone; so easy it still amazes me.

However (hmm, I seem to have gotten off, somehow, on my favorite subject: Katwen, wonder how that happened?) the whole thing is the personality of the baby, I think. At 15 months, Katwen has shown herself to be remarkably receptive to certain kinds of training, that's all.

On the other hand, we have applesauce. Feeding is something else again. Yecchhhhh! They've got a special aspirin type stuff out for women now, called "Cope", which I think was designed for this kind of thing. Jane Ellern assures me that all children go thru this, wanting to take things out of their mouths to investigate it, or putting their fists in their mouths after each bite of food. It is messy, horrid, and very hard on the nerves of the mother, but all children seem to think it a necessary part of eating, at this point. Gaahhh! The only thing I can do is give her "finger food" that she can pick up with a minimum of mess. All mothers assure me that eventually a child learns to eat like a human being, rather than a small pig, but at the moment, I'm in doubt of that! Russ & Marjy Martin gave Katwen a very tiny silver cup for Xmas, which holds only about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of liquid, and surprisingly it seems she's taken to cup drinking much faster with the tiny cup than she ever did with the larger "kiddy" cups, so there is hope! --maybe.

I guess I should complain! Katwen is so easy-going on all other accounts I can scarce believe my good fortune, so actually life is more likely easier on me than on many other mothers, come to think of it. She's been to the Bay area 5 times, travels like a veteran, and is the simplest critter in the world to bed down anywhere we wish. I think she is welcome almost anywhere on her own merit (at the Pelz', she did not touch the books but managed to cop a box of staples on a bookshelf, and helped herself to a handful of Fred Hollander's poker chips -- which he got back -- and buzzed around on the floor, squealing with delight, but being rather noisy about it). She leaves Xmas trees alone except for the tinsel, which she takes off, strand by strand to watch it fall, silvery and pretty, to the floor. Otherwise, she's not so impressed with a tree, because with all her travels, she sees city and traffic lights that are brighter and larger.

We travel with Katwen in a folding net playpen-bed (the narrow one) up in the back part of the VW bus, over the motor. Auto accidents involving busses miss the motor area, hitting just below it, usually, so it's as safe as anywhere else in a moving car. She can't get out of the bed, as it clears the roof by about 4 inches, and the net keeps her from being hurt by a fall. By lowering a side, I can get to her even while the car is moving. It's a perfect way to travel with a baby.

(4)

For those of you who expressed concern lest there be a serious flare-up between Jack Harness and me; don't worry. Jack should be by now well aware of his own loss of dignity (which is important to him) and ready to just abide by his own silly manifesto and not exchange words at all. I am, on the other hand, quite roady to call him or anyone else on a lie; I refuse to allow anything else to stand alone in print without adding My Side. That is not a threat, just a statement.

I feel that if the advances made by thayw(pardon, there was one hell of a horrid screech out on the street, and my typing hands went awry) the Ellerns and Owon are sincere, then whatever Jack decided to do will not have any bearing on the really important matter of getting the old arguments settled. As I say, I'm doing my cautious best not to let my cynicism stand in the way of a watchful reaching out on my own. I have always considered Jack Harness to be the one single most useless person I've ever known in my entire life, and having him out of it wop't sadden me much. I don't wish him ill; I just wish him out of my life. Until now, it was simpler to do as others do; treat Jack with a humorous contempt, take his silliness with a grain of salt, and put up with him because he was a F*A*N. However, I've become more beady-eyed and hard-nosed about accepting just any old body just because they are a fan, for crying-out-loud (Greg Shaw and I talked of this at our open house; he is still in the Fans-Are-Wonderful-Because-They-Are-Fans stage -- I do remember going thru that myself, come to think of it, don't you?). At least Jack now knows exactly where he stands with me; others who let him in the house and treat him to his face as a friend aren't so kind to him behind his back. And that should once and for all settle that!

Greg expressed surprise and hurt that some Fans hadn't turned out to be quite as Slannish as he'd expected. I think we all go thru this stage, when we discover with a shock that fandom has its own share of clods, jerks, downright nuts, vicious characters, and schnooks. Often at this stage, we forget that fandom is also chockful of other fans who are clever, creativew, interesting, lovable, damned nice people, and well worth knowing. As I mentioned before, I keep a sort of mental list of Good People, just to remind myself that fandom is worthwhile.

Our local newspaper lists a Gestetner 120 for \$100, A Speed-O-Print for \$65, A Davidson offset for \$400, and a Multi 80 for \$175, in case any of you are interested in going into the publishing business.

Here is local fandom's chance: an ad in the LA Times asks: "Are you withh or warlock? Or feel strongly about something enough to appear on radio or TV? Call NO 2-1125 ask for H.J.P." I've just called, and talked to Matt Helrich, who explained it was the Joe Pyne show, and I told him I'm particularly "hot up" about requirements for teachers' credentials right now. I'm to write a note, explaining myself (I think this is a clever way of finding if you can express yourself well) and have just done so. We'll see. Anyone else really involved in something outside of fandom enough to try this, too? I'd be interested to see if any of us made it on the program, and what happened afterward.

My typer seems to be going on the blink again; sheeuh! Slipping...is that offer of a Beatle movie still open? John is being stubborn about it!

(5)

The main party of LASFSians who go to a restaurant after meetings (some of them go to the Lab or elsewhere for cards) seems to have decided that a change was in order. Kal's hasn't been the same, admittedly, since Phyllis left (she was driven by her own marital and psychological problems). The food has always been the same; mediocre, and the coffee middling fair, but recently even we (who are not that often at meetings or after-meetings) have noticed that the service is getting worse and worse. The tall brunette who usually gets our tables seems to care less whether we are ever served or not, and often we wait over 30 minutes before she bothers to take over the coffee orders (which, as an ex-waitress, I can tell you is simple; she could have the pot and a stack of cups ready for us without much effort on her part if she was really interested in her business of being a waitress). I will say of the food that except for the earlier congenial atmosphere of Kal's, we certainly wouldn't go there; in fact when we are eating dinner in town, we never consider having a full meal at Kal's, since their short orders indicate that they aren't all that good.

On the other hand, the gal who runs the place is very nice (she's the short lil' redhead who usually mans the cash register), and they have given us very good service. It is too easy for us to be arrogant about all this and forget that we aren't what you'd call prize customers by any stretch of the imagination. While we have managed to cut down on the freeloaders who either toss too little on the table, purposely, or don't pay at all, we still have the no-tippers among us; and you just don't get continuous service without that. We ask a lot of any waitress; she has to stand there while Ed Baker makes up his mind, and then put up with silliness and puns from others instead of an order, then make the changes when Barney Bernard decides he wants pancakes instead of a sandwich, and keep the coffee coming, and make more cups of tea out of the same bag, and then clean up the mess afterward; which often includes some mess of mustard, blackberry syrup and coffee that was mixed up in plate or glass for the hell of it. Then, to clear a table which has been held up for over an hour, cost her 200 extra ~~steps~~ steps, and is harder to clean up...and find 35¢ tip, is hard to take. So it is no wonder that after awhile, unless we are fortunate enough to find another Phyllis (who enjoyed us as much as we did her), we will start draining the interest and enthusiasm of any waitress.

However, with the change from Kal's to Carolina Pines, LASFS has lost the Trimbles for after-meeting talks. John won't go in the place. Bruce asked why we didn't raise a fuss about the change, and we both answered that we just don't come in often enough to feel right about even trying to impose our feelings on the club. Finding another cafe may be a reasonable idea, but why this one? Part of my own interest in coming in so far to a meeting is the after-meeting yak; and with that gone beyond where we will go, there doesn't seem to be much worth coming in for. Yet since we can offer no constructive ideas of where else to go, we feel badly about fighting the change.

Why do we dislike Carolina Pines? We've eaten there several times and had coffee there about 6 times, so we aren't judging blindly. The noise level alone gives both us a a terrible headache within a few

(6)

minutes (I can hear, it develops from recent tests, in both high and low ranges from about 17 to 15,000 cycles). The service has always been slow and snotty at Carolina Pines, with an attitude of doing you a favor to give you seconds on coffee and take your money for it. The prices are terrible for what you get; the coffee tastes like the field boots were left in over the weekend, and the pie is dry cardboard.

Those of you who have never seen Carolina Pines might understand if I said the decor would please Jack Harnoss. The naugahyde seats are Poster-paint Blue and Plum Purple, with a few tasteful touches here and there of Olive Green and Plain Old Brown. The walls are a sparkly white, where they aren't a Strained Apricot tone, and the lighting fixtures are Shocking Cerise and True Blue, some of which have amber or rosey lights in them. It all goes very well with the plastic plants and the chrome and Olde English glass here and there. Unfortunately, people with a gram of taste are given the col'robberies just walking into the place, and the added feature of an ice-cold air conditioner gives that special little tingle needed to cap it all.

At any rate, John simply will not enter CP again, so there we are; it's along walk back to Garden Grove if I want to stay and talk!

On the other hand, it takes care of one other argument about the change to Friday; I recall the Traditional Thursdays were worried about inconveniencing Kal's by the change. Someone else can bring up that vote again; I'm tired of crusading for LASFS, against LASFS apathy.

I will suggest again, however, that the treasurer's report stop including the building fund (report the whole thing in both the Menace and the Newsletter), and when the treasury reaches over \$50.00, stop reporting it, too. Here's why: We are meeting at a public playground, which is not charging us rent because we are not supposed to be paying dues! Now, we were "held up" effectively by one blackmailing playground director, who "suggested" we kick in \$25.00 for a kiddie party, remember? One of these nights a city person who is more gung-ho than even this guy will drop in, and hear our treasurer announce we've got \$100+ in our treasury, and \$2000+ in our bank fund....and we're going to be out of a free clubhouse! How would you birds like to see \$25 or \$40 going out each month for rent on a musty hotel meeting room, again? And we will never find anything for less (we'll be very lucky if we find a meeting room for less than \$65, in fact)! I've suggested this to the last several executive committees, and gotten no action. It is up to the club; they can keep on taking this chance or not, I don't care. But for every dime going out on rent, that's one less nail or board in our own clubhouse! Oh yes, and the city (you may check me on this) has the right to charge us back rent for every meeting in which we collected dues! Now, they won't bother, when we read off a minor li'l treasury, because anybody can have operating expenses, but when it looks (as it now does) as if we are Big Money, they'll say we're taking up space which a really needy non-profit club could use. How about it?

Fred gave me a Japanese cookbook for Xmas, reviving a desire to have a supply of kitchen and eating utensils, too; guess I'll start a collection, piece by piece every time we visit Little Tokyo.

(7)

A rather strange thing happened yesterday; a man knocked on the door and asked if he could have our two large palm trees out front! Well, since we've been thinking of getting rid of them, except that the cost of removing them was about \$35.00, this seemed a wonderful idea. Seems the guy, Sonny Cotter, is a "tree man", and actually had a paying customer for the trees. He could get about \$50.00 each for them, and that was just fine with me; he'd take them out for us, and haul them away with him. No money exchanged hands; he took out our 35' tall century plant as part of the trade, and all parties were happy. One could wait for years for something like this; ordinarily, we'd have to just saw, tear, and haul those trees ourselves, so anyone who wonders why I didn't try to also get some money for them also, consider that.

So while the men were taking out the trees (with a large hoist and wench arrangement, since the palms are about 17 or 20' tall), Sonny was sawing down the century plant (which, it turns out, has a fibrous sap which gives people a horrid rash, among its other charms), and another tree man shows up. He'd seen the truck, and came in back to talk to Sonny. He looked over the yard, and saw a small decorative palm at the rear of the pool, and asked what I'd take for that skinny lil' palm. He wanted it for his own yard, he said, so I told him if he'd take out a really huge clump of pampas grass, he could have the palm. Sonny told me the palm was worth about \$35.00, but it took 3 experienced men nearly 4 hours to take out the pampas grass, so I feel it was a fair trade!

Funny things happen out here in far-oof Garden Grove! Oh, that "far-oof" business started with Jim Caughran, who typoed "far-off" once, and it has been used ever since for places that aren't as far-off as much as they are far-oof. Places like Garden Grove, Inglewood, and Burbank.

We now need our trees topped. More rains coming, and we'll prolly get more branches dropped on the roof. Home-ownigg is expensive! It begins to look like One Of Those Years; the VW just cost quite a bit to get it in working order, and the Ford is going out, and about all we really need is a branch thru a roof or something else like that! I did not get my new stove because of added expenses all of a sudden, so we start out the new year in debt, as usual. Oh well; we're still rich!

Everyone who digs both fantasy and cartoons should look up a good friend with a color TV next Sunday at 7:30 pm, when on Channel 9 they will show "Baron Munchausen", a color fantasnagoria of real people, animation, and camera effects that looked pretty good in the reviews, even in B&W. John's aunt Marg has a color TV, but she's the "Peyton Place" type of viewer, and I wonder what the effects of this show will be on her and her teen-agers. Still a color TV on hand is better than on in the store, to coin a phrase or two, as we always say.

Dian Polz makes a fine plum pudding. Their open house included cards in the fen den, necking in the bedroom (after puzzle-putting-together earlier in the evening), and conversation along with the pudding in the living room and kitchen. We were too tired to be more than rather slow-moving party poopors, and we went home early, but it

(8)

due to our own fatigue in earlier party-preparations, shopping, partying, and general running around, not at all to the party at the Pelzes, or the company, all of which was fine and difficult to leave (even the I blanked out on the way home, and don't recall travelling at all between the LA Airport and Long Beach; luckily, John was driving, not me!).

Dian was wearing a lovely white lacy dress with green front tie bow and looked very holiday-ish. Bruce was the picture of the affable host, and the house looked just lovely (apartment, I guess I should say) with a fine tree and beautiful decorations. We were glad we'd attended.

Our own house was done up rather more fancy than I've ever done it alone. Katya and her decorating ideas were a strong influence on me this year, so I more or less put myself out more. My mother gave me some large (about 10" across) tissue-paper roses, which were sprayed gold, green-gold, and pinkish-gold. I backed them with green-gold sprayed magnolia leaves, loden-green 3" ribbon, and streamers of green-gold & olive green colored satin finished ribbons, and hung the ~~whole~~ set of them across the oak-stained wall, with stain ribbon swags between. I used 4 roses for that, and used the rest in a large wreath, along with some roses I'd made of the loden green ribbon, and stapled onto a hanger. The wreath I hung on one blank wall, near the tree.

Katya brought tall, tall white candles and her elegant silver to hold them, and arranged other silver serving dishes and what-not to make the tables (3 of them) look really great. She arranged about 20 of the candles I'd picked up at Goodwill in various heights in the planter-box, covered with pyracanthus around the bottom, and when we lit the whole bunch of them, they were really quite lovely. She used only the red, white, and green candles (there were forest, chartreuse, and kelly greens, tho), and I'd washed off the dirty ones in hot water. Try that: run very hot water, and hold the candle under it for only a second or two, as you use a cloth or plastic scrubber to release the outer coating of dust; then hold the candle under for a second or two longer, and it will wash away clean, looking rather hand-dipped. (Keep the hot water running for several minutes longer, to wash any wax down into the sewer, instead of clogging up your drain). The effect was a rich one, and warm and glowing; we were very satisfied with it.

In fact, tho Katya and I were peeped the next day, we tho't the day before had been worth all the trouble, and that's most important. We may try it again....but not anytime soon! Oh, well, I'm some kind of a nut, and I'll probably do something partyish soon (watch out!). Katya, of course, has a perfectly good reason for begging off.

It is time to quit. I've goofed off here, and had a nice visit with Alan & Sandy Lewis today, with nothing else done around the house. I've a pinched nerve or something interfering with my right side and so feel extra tired; it seems to affect my co-ordination and eyesight. I'd have made mailing comments, but we lost the last dwp in the rush to get the house cleaned up (thon, with a whole room for it, nobody played cards all day!). Hope everyone has a happy new year. --Bjo--