

MAYHEM ANNEX # 8, put out, more or less, by Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe (MZ 65:14, whatever that means), 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California 94301. Delivered in person by Ed and typed standing up by Felice, with no corflu. Rots of Ruck.

Felice here. Joe has just told me about a new Japanese restaurant in San Francisco, which has an unusual, but practical, rule; if your dinner escapes from you before you can eat it, you don't have to pay.

The Trimbles aren't the only people who have had visiting relatives lately. * * * * * The Trimbles aren't the only people who have had visiting relatives lately. Joe's stepmother Betty (I put in the "step" because she's only about 10 years older than he is) called us from Merced Thursday night. Since we had no idea they had left Florida, we were a mite surprised. She was, of all things, on her way to Alaska and was going to bypass Palo Alto. Joe persuaded her to stay just one day. That day started at 3:00 am Friday morning, ended about noon today (Saturday), and was at least a week long.

Betty had brought along her great aunt Maud, her 17-year-old son Larry and a couple friends. We went up to SF and Aunt Maud (who's only 70) walked the legs off the rest of us. She lives in a teacup valley in North Carolina, beside a river called (so help me) the French Broad -- so I guess she's used to hill climbing. At least I like to think so.

You have never heard such a roomful of southern accents in your life. My own, which didn't exist at home, has re-emerged and it'll take me at least a month to get over it...

The big surprise for me was Larry. Last time I saw him he was 12, noisy, and obnoxious. And there wasn't much family resemblance. But now! Put the three of them in a row -- Joe, Larry, Ben -- and it's downright frightening! But be that as it may -- and it is -- it was great having all of 'em here, but Larry and I really had a ball. (We both had trouble resisting the urge to give the rest of the family the slip in Chinatown...) ...Joe says the reason I enjoy the high-school-and-collegers so much is because I never outgrew them; that is scurrilous, uncalled-for, and probably true.

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You mean that tall young'un with the angelic smile, the one they told me was Tom Gilbert, is really Fred Patten? I'm becoming very distrustful of fan introductions, especially after the pacificon party at which Bob Silverberg introduced me to Hugo Gernsback. I believed him too, until they both broke up...But what amazes (astounds, and analogs) me is the foresight those three New Yorkers have had in the "Van Arnam" hoax. I can't wait until the Westercon until I can find out which one of them was impersonating "Van Arnam" in Florida in 1960...

Ted White, since you seem to be a connoisseur of westerns, I am quite interested in your opinion of SHANE, and of Jack Schafer's other books. Ordinarily I avoid westerns. I read SHANE under extreme duress, namely nothing else in the house and no way to go out, and I was really impressed by it. How does it compare with other westerns? What is there as good or better?

Migawd, I've almost finished the page. And I'll be down there next Friday night! Over to Ed, if he wants to say anything on the back, but in any case out.

