

MAYHEM HOSE  
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MAYHEM ANNEX #33 (NP66:1), from Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto 94301; Jan 6, 1966. Hey Fred, did you forget to mail my APA L 63? \* ##This Annex would be more appropriately called First Draft, but it's been done.

*\*It came. Only took 9 days.*

#### ED'S GONE

It took seven people to put Ed Meskys on the plane to New York.

We had dinner at the Oakland Airport restaurant. With Ed's usual luck, his plane was not announced; we sat around over dinner until Joe got concerned enough to check. We had about minus one minute to make it. So: Ed took off down the concourse, coattails flying and hands full. (He had already checked 8 suitcases over his baggage allowance.) The rest of us trailed after him -- and four of us were carrying stuff he planned to take with him. Picture us at the gate, frantically trying to cram things into his pockets and hands...things like several boxes of stencils, an amplifier, a framed painting...not to mention briefcases. At last in desperation he shoved the stencils into my hands to be mailed later. No matter what, every time I see Ed I wind up with an armful of stencils.

We hung around to make sure the plane could lift; it did, but was obviously straining. Len Fisher got a call the next day (about something that was left behind, of course), so I presume there were no impromptu landings between here and there.

It was a typical Meskys Leavetaking. Now we must survive the seismic shock caused by the West Coast's return to a pre-Meskys state -- which involves about a 1' rise -- and the concurrent settling of the East Coast when Ed & gear arrive. Any day now, friends...

#### AND I'M WORKING

Yup. Been working at Sylvania for a week now. Going to get a secret clearance. Getting a job really isn't worth filling out all those papers, you know? I got to call my parents in Florida, though, at company expense; Uncle wants to know their birthdates and places, and my boss is in a hurry for my clearance. Ah, security. I thought I'd left all that behind when I quit Lockheed. (Not UNCLE, Barry; Uncle.)

Seems like a nice place to work, though. Everyone seems to be too busy to politick -- though I'm not betting on it yet. I'm to be a combination data analyst, jr. programmer, and editor. (I've already been asked for 3 copies of the latest issue of NIEKAS -- showed #13 to the guy who interviewed me -- and have run across a young fan whose father used to write sf in the 1950's. Name of Marshall Peace, tho I'm not sure of the spelling. Anybody recognize?)

#### BENJAMIN BOY MEETS SANTA CLAUS (OR MAYBE VICE VERSA)

The Macy's Santa Claus, as a matter of fact. He put Ben on his knee. Ben was wearing his cute-shy look, the one he puts on like other people put on shirts.

"How old are you, Ben?" says Santa.

"Six," says Ben shyly (you who know Ben will recognize the fakery).

"Is six a good age to be?" says Santa, all unwary.

"Well," says Ben, "There are reasons why it is, and there are reasons why it isn't."

Stay wicked.

*Felice*



