

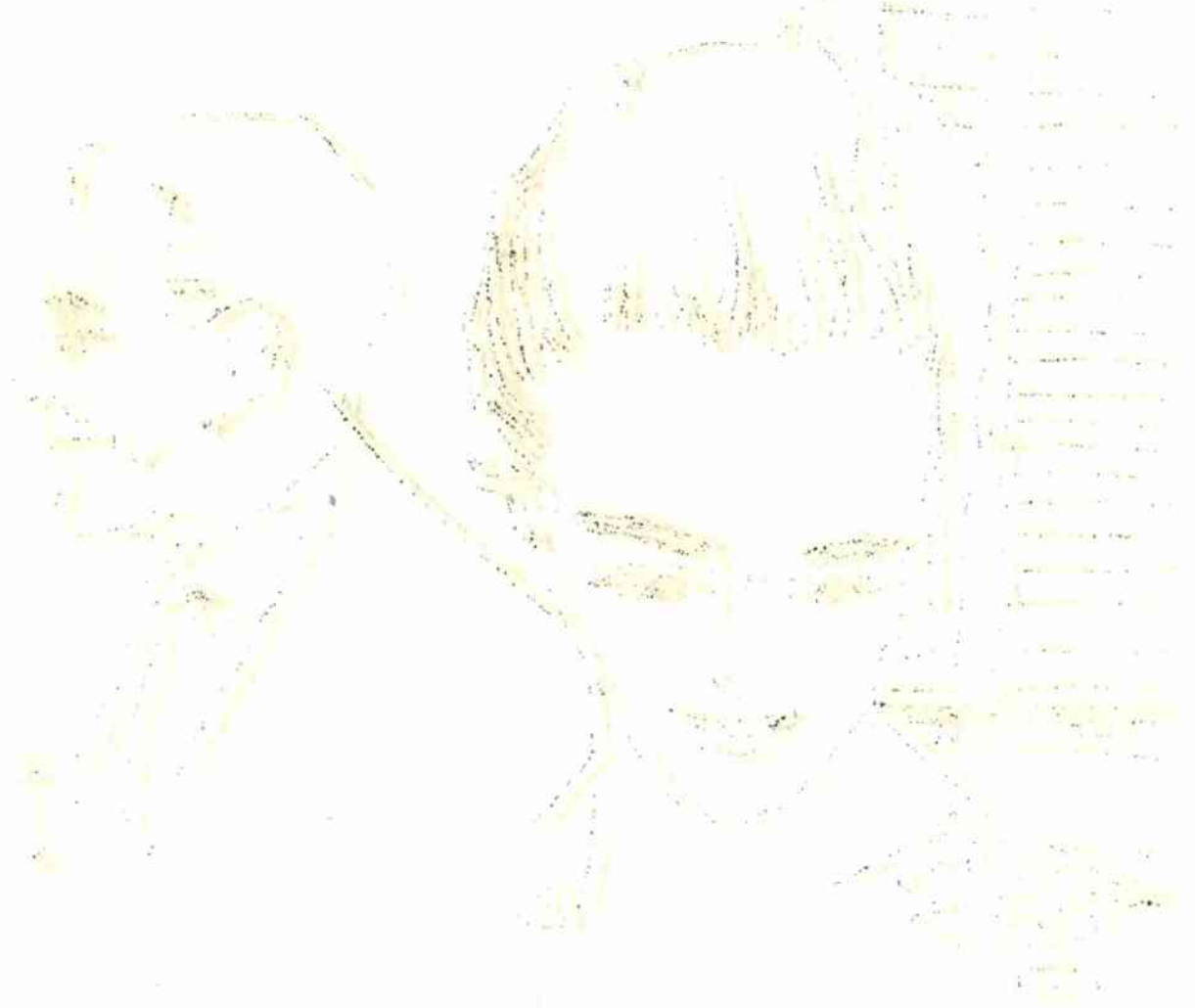
25 Aug 51

ET WAS #41



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An editorial, by the editor...Peggy Rae McKnight
ETWAS #4, Box 306 "SIX ACRES" Lansdale, Penna.

I hope that you all soon get over the shock of getting two ETWAS(es) so closely together. But, that's the way it goes. You see, the last issue was getting to be just "TOO BIG" so I didn't want to include any more material than I already had, and that wouldn't be dated if I waited for a while. Now I have to get this issue out before the convention. Or Len Moffatt will have my head, and I won't blame him.

Just in case you wondered, the cover was done by Revell Taylor, Jr. who has an art studio in the same building as the club office, and he asked me if I had anything for him to do. I did.

This summer I have been a very busy little girl. Perhaps I'm even a "big girl" now. I had a birthday. Now, that isn't too unusual, most people have birthdays, but so far I have only had 17 of them, and it is still a novel thing to be a year older.

I am taking an experimental course at Temple. They are trying to teach us shorthand and typing. I do hope that you will be able to see the difference. So far I have noticed that I type much faster, and of course, with fewer errors. Now, if I can learn to spell.

As far as we know, Mother and I are going to the Seacon. If we have even half as much fun as we did at the PITCON, it will be well worth it. But we are really looking forward to it. Only a month to go. And it won't be that much by the time you get this.

Did anyone ever hear of Goddard College? That is the college which I believe I am going to go to. But I would like all the information that I can possibly get. It is in Plainfield, Vermont. And I don't know a soul who lives in Vermont. Information-please...

Someone...I think it was Bob Tucker in BANE....was talking about beautiful words in our language. One of my own favorite words is "tan". Some other things I think are interesting are: the name David English, someday, benevolent and the name Bjo.

My summer is half over, and still I haven't had the time to answer many letters, eventually, I hope to do so. I hope you'll bear with me...

As most of you know, ETWAS is available for a letter of comment, or a trade. I prefer an all for all. It makes things sooo much easier. Also, if you wish to send money, don't...that is, send it to either TAFF or the WILLIS FUND. And, as always, we back Ron Ellik for TAFF. Who else? There are many other things that we like, or at least wish for, like a decent education, and a chance to read, and to talk with people who know more than I do. Sometimes I feel like I'm a parasite...I sit and listen for hours, just speaking to clarify a statement, and extract knowledge from people who have worked hard to gain it.

Well, my friends, it is another day. Today's especially nice because I didn't go to school this morning. I do love school, at least this summer course, but sometimes it is nice to sleep until 10:00. So I did this morning. You see, it all started when we went to New York City yesterday. I had to get up at 6:00, and then there was the excitement of the trip. We didn't get home till 10:30, and then I had homework to do. Besides that, I felt wonderful, and had to tell Mother all about the trip. Well, 1:00 rolled around. And we finally went to sleep. I just couldn't face getting up at 7:00. So I sleep until 10. The class is over at 10:30, so by the time I would have arrived, the class would have been over. And I bet that I wasn't the only one not to come this morning!

So what did I do...?

After we arrived at the Stock exchange (after the bus driver getting us rather lost (himself too.) we were shown the various rooms of exchange. It was just like it is pictured. Millions of people hurrying from one place to another. It is very much like being on top of City Hall and looking down at rush hour. There is one main difference, there are no women on the floor. It is an old custom. But the place was really fascinating. After eating lunch, we took the famous N.Y. Subway out to the United Nations building. This I had seen many years ago, and was still very much impressed. One of the members of UNESCO spoke to us and told us about the aims of UNESCO. Surprisingly enough, I was quite interested. (Maybe I'm getting smarter as I get older?) While some of the group stayed to take a guided tour of the U.N. I, and three other people decided to go to the Guggenheim Art Museum. The ride over there was worse than the roughest rides which you will find in an amusement park. I was terrified. And the others agreed with me. The manic who was called a cab driver must have been going 50 miles ph in the heart of N.Y. and he kept moving from one lane of traffic to another. I was surprised that I reached the museum in one piece.

When we reached the museum which was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright (I have no idea how to spell his name, but I hope that I guessed right.) we were first swept up to the very top by an elevator, then we were to walk down, around in circles. While I was still on the top area, I heard someone say softly "Peggy McKnight". I thought I was dreaming, but I looked around, I saw a character who I was sure that I had seen before, but I wasn't quite sure where I had seen him. Then I took a good look. My friends, it was no one but the great Bob Stewart. I almost was too surprised for words. He told me that Ted White and Terry Carr were downstairs. So I told Doctor Misbie and asked if I could go downstairs, like the angel she is, she said "sure". So poor Ted White had to put up with me for a while. I was so surprised that I didn't quite know what was happening. So, at last I have met Terry Carr. (Am I supposed to say "Choo" too? But he is fun, at least, as far as I could tell in a half hour or so. But then, I have no reason to think that he wouldn't be. I did give him a hard time, however, when he asked how ETWAS had been given it's name, I very calmly explained it too him, and then said with my usual devilish gleam, "If you had read the letter column of the last ETWAS, you would have known." The rewards were worth it, he covered his face with his hands,

and said quietly, "Blush" I laughed along with him then. Since I had some postcards from the U.N., I had everyone sign them and write a message to Ron Ellik. That should surprise him.

The whole afternoon was perfect, and when you add that to a perfect morning and evening, well, I think that you come out with a perfect day, which is exactly what I had. The day and the trip were wonderful, and I can't imagine having one as nice until the Season. Perhaps I'll be lucky and have one just for fun between now and then. But, as I say, the whole day was wonderful, and I loved it dearly.

But now, I must catch a train, or I will never get home. Perhaps something else of interest will happen before I have a chance to sit down and write to you.

Last issue I printed some letters which, at best, showed a vague disbelief in Milt Rothman's article (ETWAS #2). In the letter column this time, Dr. Rothman will answer the points which were brought-up.

"YOU WOULD RATHER DIE THAN FACE THE TRUTH"

Several summers ago, in northern New Jersey, I was listening to an argument. I know that one man who was arguing would have called their talking, "a discussion". Perhaps the other one would have agreed. However, because of the senselessness of the one's point of view, and his complete denial to listen to what the other man had to say, I view it as an argument. After about an hour of battling his head against the wall trying to make the other man at least listen to him. My friend reached into his pocket and pulled out a card, silently handed it to the man, stood up, and walked away. The man stared speechly at the card. It read, "You would rather die than face the truth."

This time around, everything which isn't credited to someone else is written by me. So I guess that I will get the criticism this time. Really though, there is a reason for the smallness of this issue. You see, it had gotten to the point where everyone else was writing for my fanzine, and I was writing about 1/10th of it. And that isn't very much at all. One of the reasons that I started publishing ETWAS was that I wanted a chance to write, not always an organized polished story or essay, but sometimes just ramblings and talking about things that interest me. And I found that I didn't get a chance to do this as much as I wanted to. So I thought that I would try this way for a while and see how it works. And, people, it's been fun. However, I would hate to try to do this during the winter at the same time when I had regular school to attend to. Most probably, next time we will go back to the other form, but don't be surprised if you see another issue like this one popping up before eternity is over.

I think that I have about reached the end of my rope this time, it's been fun, and I hope to see you ALL at the convention. Just for the record, the date is August 2, 1961.

As ever, I remain,
Somewhat Fannishly yours,

Peggy Rae McKnight

HI-HO! FANDOM!

(To be sung to the tune of Ted Johnstone or Bruce Pelz)

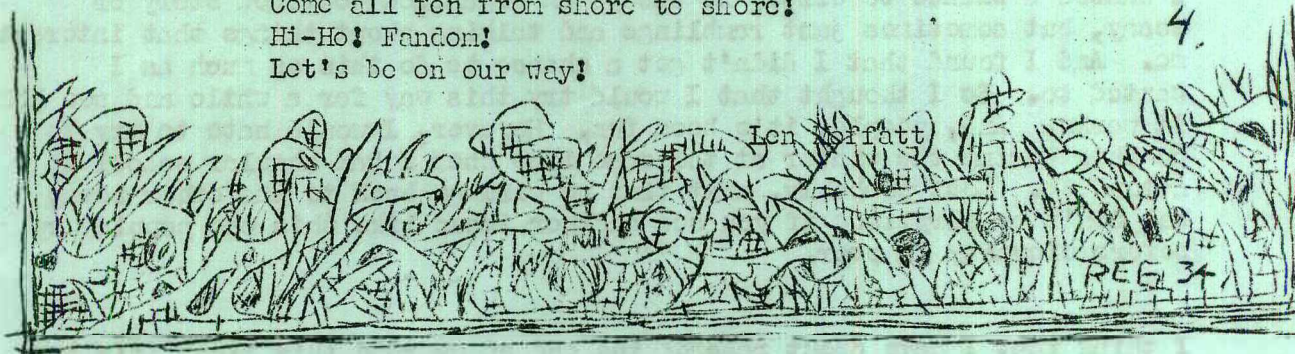
chorus: Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Worldcon time is here a-gain!
Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Let's be on our way!
Hitch-hike, Fandom!
Or catch the nearest bus or train!
Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Let no fan delay!

chant: Or you may prefer to travel by car caravan,
Where there's very little rest for the traveling fan;
You arrive at the con with your spirits soaring,
But never close your eyes--or you'll soon be snoring!

chorus: Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Worldcon time is here a-gain!
Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Let no fan delay!
Hitch-hike, Fandom!
Or if you're rich, then take a plane!
Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Let's be on our way!

Chant: Motorcycling is for those who can stand the strain.
Bike-hiking is for young fans, such as Andy Main.
And, of course, hitch-hiking is strictly for Squirrels,
And never recommended for the nice young girls!

chorus: Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Worldcon time is here once more!
Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Let no fan delay!
Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Come all fan from shore to shore!
Hi-Ho! Fandom!
Let's be on our way!



A TRIP AT NIGHT

By Gloria Dornin

One night I went outside and climbed our walnut tree. When I reached the top I took hold of the Milky Way and slowly crawled up on it. There I sat down to rest near a star and the moon.

Suddenly a voice boomed, "Hi there." I nearly toppled off and down into the cemetery below me. Recovering from the surprise, I looked around me. Seeing no one, I yelled, "Who said that?"

"I'm the star beside you. By the way, why don't you go play with Princess Angela?"

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She's the daughter of the Queen of the moon," the star replied.

So I went there and Angela said, "My favorite plaything is the Milky Way. It makes a good sliding board." When we got there, Angela went down the Milky Way first, and then I did.

Later she said, "I have to leave now. Why don't you take one more ride down? I'll watch you."

"Okay," I replied and sailed down. Then I saw the end of the Milky Way in front of me. I closed my eyes and waited for the end of me. When I opened my eyes, I saw that I was in our Walnut tree, so I scrambled down and went inside to bed.

Gloria Dornin (11 yrs. old)

YOU GENTLE FANS

Friends, Fans, Mutants, lend me your minds. I come to deport Ellik not to praise him.

The evil that fen do lives after them, the good is oft deported with their brains; so let it be with Ellik.

The noble Redd Boggs has told you Ellik is ambitious; if it is so, it is a grievous fault, and grievous will Ellik pay for it.

Here without the leave of Redd Boggs and the rest - For Redd Boggs is an honorable fan, so are they all, all honorable fen - come I to write of TAFF's campaign.

Ellik is my friend, faithful and just to me; but Bedd Boggs says he is ambitious, and Boggs is an honorable fan. He hath brought many neofans home to fandom, whose talents did the APA mailings fill. Did this in Ellik seem ambitious?

When that the fans have drunk bheer, thrice he was offered a bheer, which he thrice refused, and had Root bheer instead; ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet, Boggs says he is ambitious, and Boggs is an honorable fan. I speak not to disprove what Boggs spoke, but here I am to speak what I do know. You all do love him, not without cause. What cause withholds you then from deporting him?

O Judgement! thou art fled to brutish hearts, and fen have left their reason. Bear with me, my heart is in the ballot box and with Ellik. And I must pause till it comes back to me.

Good Fan-Hiltons, sweet fen, let me not stir you up to such a sudden flood of mutiny. They that try to do this deed are honorable. What private griefs they have, alas, I know not, that made them decry Ellik; they are wise and honorable, and will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, fans, to steal your hearts, I am no writer, as Redd Boggs is; but, as you know me all, a plain blunt fennefan, that loves my friends, and that they know full well, that did not give me leave to speak of him. For I have neither writ, nor words, worth, action, nor power of speech to stir fen's blood. I only speak right on; I tell you that which you yourselves do know, the pillars of fandom do rise and mutiny.

Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot. Take thou what cause thou wilt.

For those of you who complained last time:

LETTERS

Harry Warner Jr. It's good to get another issue of ETWAS particularly since this one is more carefully typed. Here and there you got careless but for page after page, it's almost as good as if Bruce Henstell's father had proof read for you, too.

I'm sorry that I didn't get to the Disclave, since your report makes it sound quite pleasant. It is beginning to look very much as tho I shall be on hand for this year's Philcon, however. By some unlikely circumstance, the weekend chosen for it coincides for the second straight year with my long weekend. I had so much fun getting caught in Greyhound buses during the Independence Day rush and failing to get any sleep for 42 hours that I almost feel like buying a bus ticket to Seattle. But my legs aren't strong enough yet.

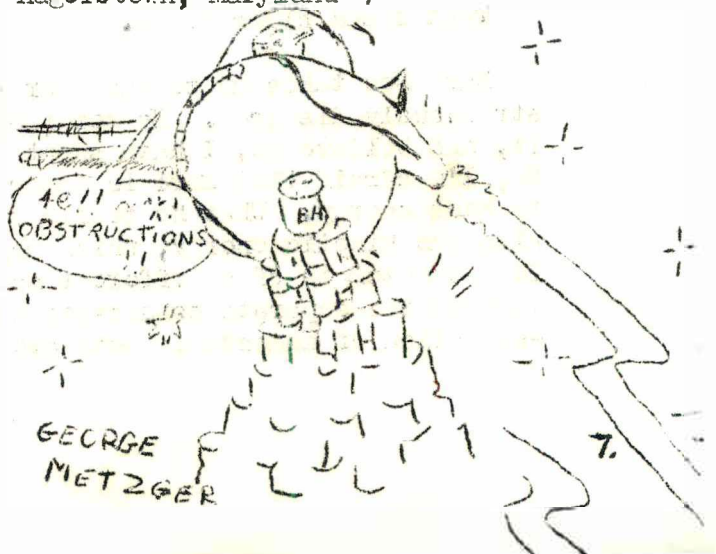
Les Gerber's article might very possibly be the best that he has had published to date. It sounds very much like his letters, which are more fun to read than most of his articles, because the letters are frequently about a topic in which he seems to be very interested, people.

There will probably be three or four items in fanzines in the next few months by people who like to spot trends, announcing that fandom is going back to collecting, as a result of this article by Ossie Train. Unfortunately, I have had the urge for some time, and this article reminded me of so many half-forgotten delights that it may be hard to resist much longer. The only thing that I can add to his information is that there are firms that offer a substantial discount, usually about 30%, on all new books except technical works. This can be useful for the person who is afraid he won't pick up certain works on the remaindered lists. I noticed that Ossie delicately avoided the really knotty question for the collector today: Do you collect the hard cover or the soft cover edition, or both?

Translations gave me a few bad minutes, as I tried to decide whether this was Lex on a bad day, or a parody on something that I hadn't read. The fact that it was all a build up for a final page caused much surprise, plus just the vaguest possible sense of familiarity.

I forgot to mention that the cover is extremely good, with an Amra atmosphere to it. 423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, Maryland -/-

Pete Graham didn't seem to like anything in the last issue, but in his last sentence he said, "At any rate, I sort of enjoyed ETWAS--and the German-fan letters--and thought it was sort of fun." 635 East 5th Street. NYC 19, NY



Bob Coulson: Bob Pavlat never looks tired. After observing him at several cons, I've come to the conclusion that it's all a trick. That isn't his face at all, it's a cleverly constructed disguise. Very well done, and mobile and all, but of course it doesn't show fatigue, because it's plastic. (If it were metal it might show fatigue, but not plastic.)

I guess it's just as well that Mayor Robert Couson of Aurora, Ill. never became a fan. He does professional articles on politics and sports, though; I've been congratulated for some of them.

I'm glad Phillips had his story published in a fanzine. Just think; if he'd sent it to Palmer he could have started a new cult with it.

You mean Bill Evans isn't a ghod? I've been genuflecting toward Mt. Rainer for nothing? Route 3 Wabash, Ind.

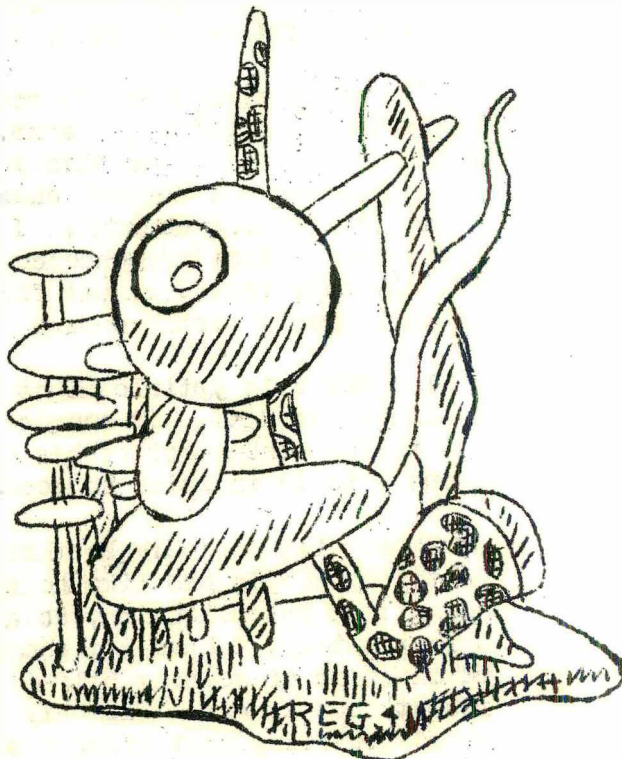
Milt Rothman: It was fun seeing you at Reuben's place. Hope to see you again before too long.

In the meantime, allow me to contribute to the gayety of ETWAS #4 by making a few remarks about the comments concerning my article about the Dean Drive. With rebuttals and counter rebuttals and counter-counter-rebuttals, we could keep this going for quite a while.

Roy Tackett claims that Campbell never stated in print that the Dean Drive actually works. Let me quote from Campbell's article in Astounding of June 1960. On page 91 he says, speaking of Dean, "At this time, he has no operable models that do lift themselves; he has photographs of models that did." On page 99, he says, "I think Dean's device is a true space drive; that it does work."

That seems clear to me.

Earl Noc takes me to task for incorrect terminology. On this I must strenuously disagree. My terminology was just as correct as I could make it, and believe me, I have spent many hours thinking about this matter. No, I'm afraid that Earl is incorrect in speaking of converting momentum to heat energy. What he really means is that a body which has momentum also has kinetic energy, which may be converted into "heat energy." But momentum is of a different nature than energy, and for this reason we have two separate conservation laws: conservation of energy and conservation of momentum. Both are strictly as true as anything we know.



This controversy has revealed to me how confused many people are over these matters, and it has inspired me to start writing a book trying to throw some clarity into the situation. I can see how such confusion may arise. Just yesterday I was looking through a textbook which is used in Junior High School science classes. Just leafing through a few pages at random I found three statements which were completely incorrect. However, a person reading that book would take it as a gospel truth, and would assume that I am in the wrong, simply because a textbook carries more psychological weight than an article by me in a fanzine. So in self-defence I'm writing my own book. It'll be fun to see how it comes out.

9 Allwood Drive Trenton 8, New Jersey

Bob Lichtman: You know, I the answer to all this business about And I found it right in your editorial notable for presenting the only report, it is, from all indications, of the This is not ninth, seventh, fandom. It is second fandom. you, Johnny Durbee, Robert other ~~second-generation~~ fans are

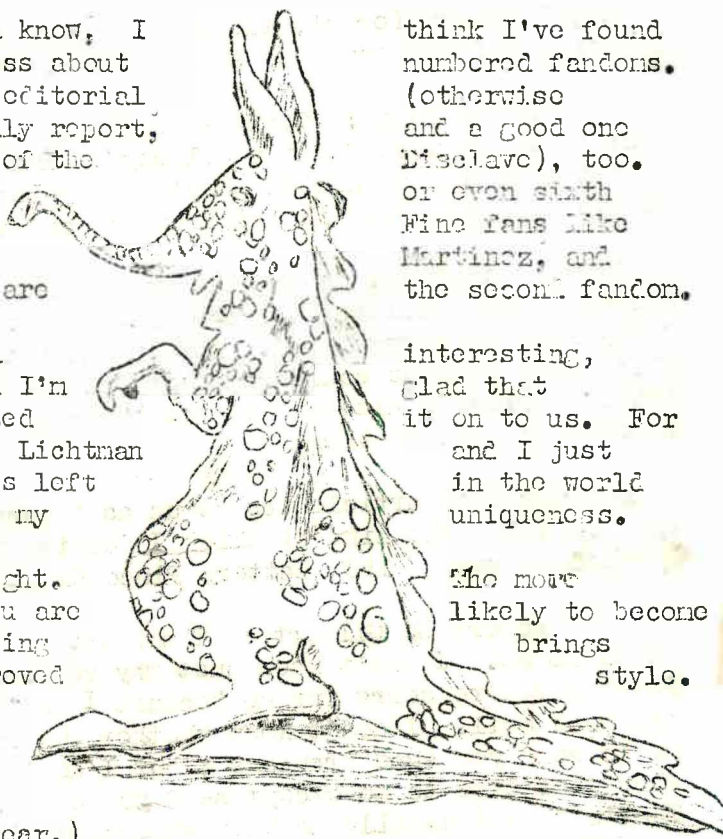
Fannameshun sounds like an revolutionary new theory, and I'm Harry (L) Warner Jr. has passed my own part, I am now Bob (L) Lichtman dare one of the few Lichtman's left to come into fandom and usurp my

Your Squirrel friend is right. writing you do, the better you are at it. Familiarity with writing an case that leads to an improved

think I've found numbered fandoms. (otherwise and a good one Diselave), too. or even sixth Fine fans like Martinez, and the second. fandom.

interesting, glad that it on to us. For and I just in the world uniqueness.

The more likely to become brings style.



See Europe now.....
(It may not be there next year.)

HARRY

Bob Tucker: It was pleasing to find Lex Phillips in print again. I still think his novel "The Mislead Charm" in UNKNOWN WORLDS (And later printed as a book by Prince Press ed.) was one of the most amusing and entertaining stories ever published. The locale of this story reminded me of years gone by when he was in North Africa, trying to carry on with the Poor Fan's Burden the meanwhile fighting off the Riff or the Boche or whatever.

I would suggest that you ignore the hecklers and continue publishing ETUAS in your own merry way. If you try to please them all you would soon be printing their fanzine instead of your own, and that wouldn't be any fun. You will make a more memorable mark in the world by insisting upon your own individuality and characterization, rather than

conforming to the mould which these hecklers claim to want. Simply point out to the critical squirrels that the colorful individuals are remembered while the clods sink into anonymity. Box 703 Bloomington, Ill.

Les Sample: I guess Gerber's article takes first place for the issue. He has a sort of humor that I like.

I don't know what kind of schools you and Ron Ellik have a habit of attending. When I went to high school in South Carolina if a term paper or any other composition had more than four errors we got an automatic "F". So you can see how we learnt to spell.

Oh, I almost forgot, the cover was quite good. It's the first Duplantier I can remember seeing for several months. (look in Fanac!)

Jerry Page : Gosh -- do you really pronounce the name "Rae" just as if it were "Lester del Rey"? Imagine being hailed by someone on the street who shouts "Hey! Peggy-Lester-del-Rey!" I can see people stopping dead in their tracks and staring around them for the crowd.

Harry Warner Jr. 's article was entertaining. Bob Farnham who is corresponding secretary of SFG gets confused as to which of us is Jerry Page or Jerry Burge. But in one week he sent us four letters to which ever name he could remember and the hybrid address. All of the letters arrived, although it was heads up about which of us would receive any one of them.

Les Gerber's article was begun as a sort of non-important dull type of thing the kind of which I despise but the phone conversation sparked it up. 193 Battery Place NE Atlanta 7 Georgia.

Robert E. Gilbert : Thank you for sending me EWAS #3. I don't know just why you sent it; Perhaps you're sorry for me because I don't get much mail. I don't know whether you want me to send you some drawings; but I don't know what else to do except send you a few. That's what I usually do when someone sends me a fanzine. I don't know if this satisfies the publishers. Often they don't say, and I sometimes wonder just what it is they do with the drawings. (Do you hear that people. And he does good work too. Let's see to it that his mail box is full to the brim from now on. And that he is kept busy drawing. ed)

Would I be correct in assuming that since your name is Peggy Rae you are a girl? Of course, I realize that it's often impossible to determine the sex of fans by their names. You even claim that you're Mother's name is Buddie, so what am I to think? Girls should preface their names with Miss or Mrs. 509 W. Main St. Jonesboro, Tenn.

