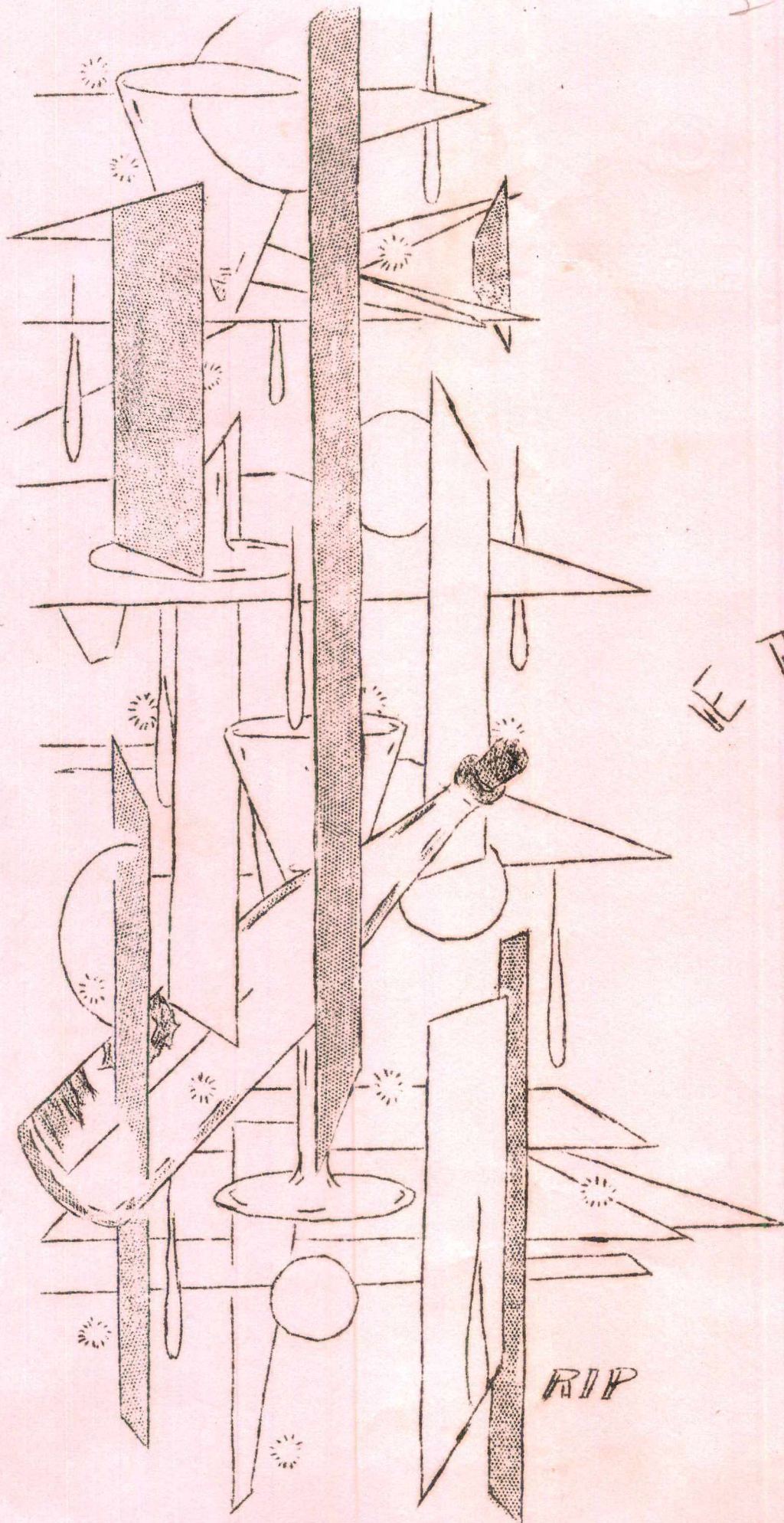


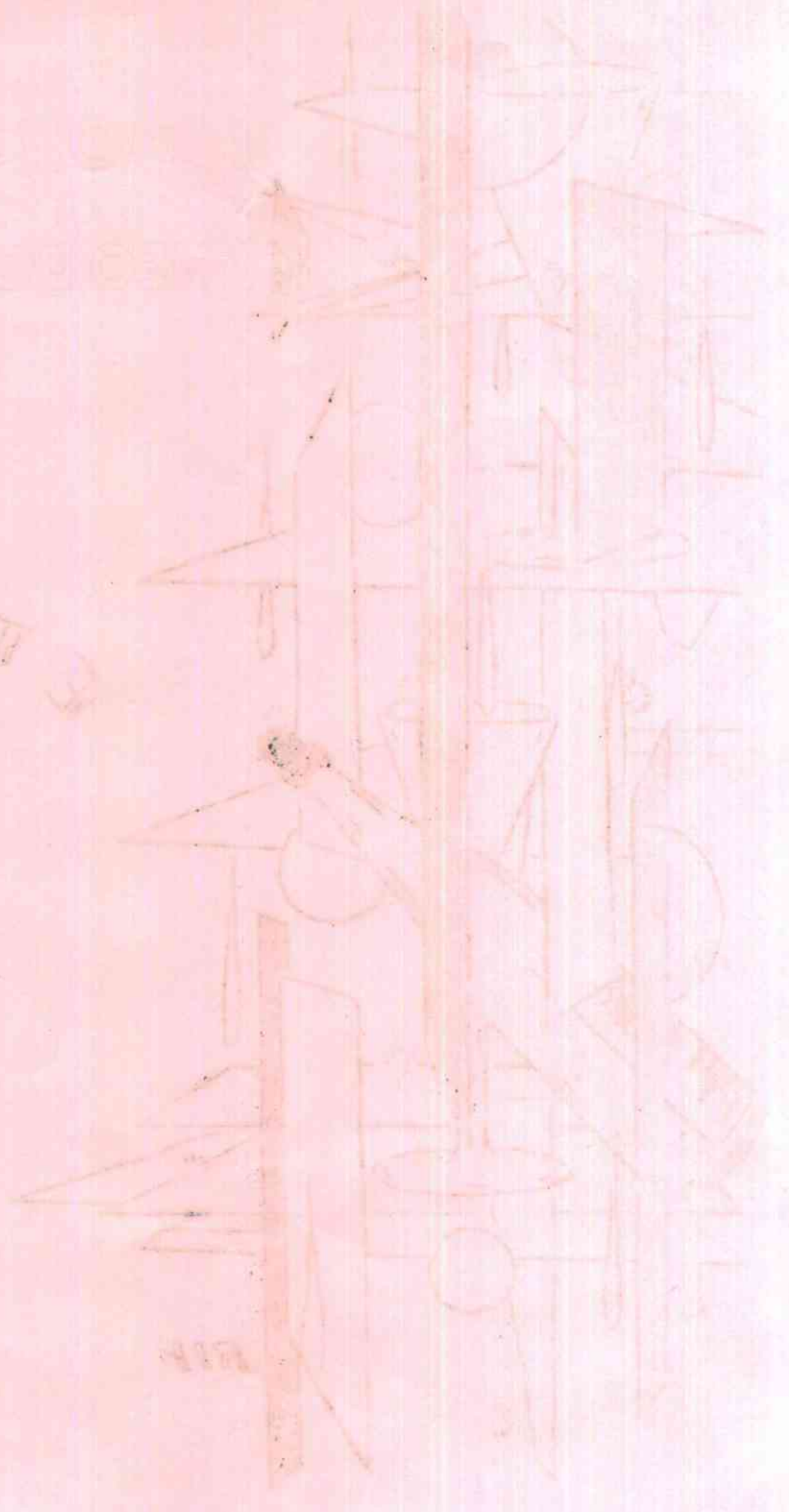
290261

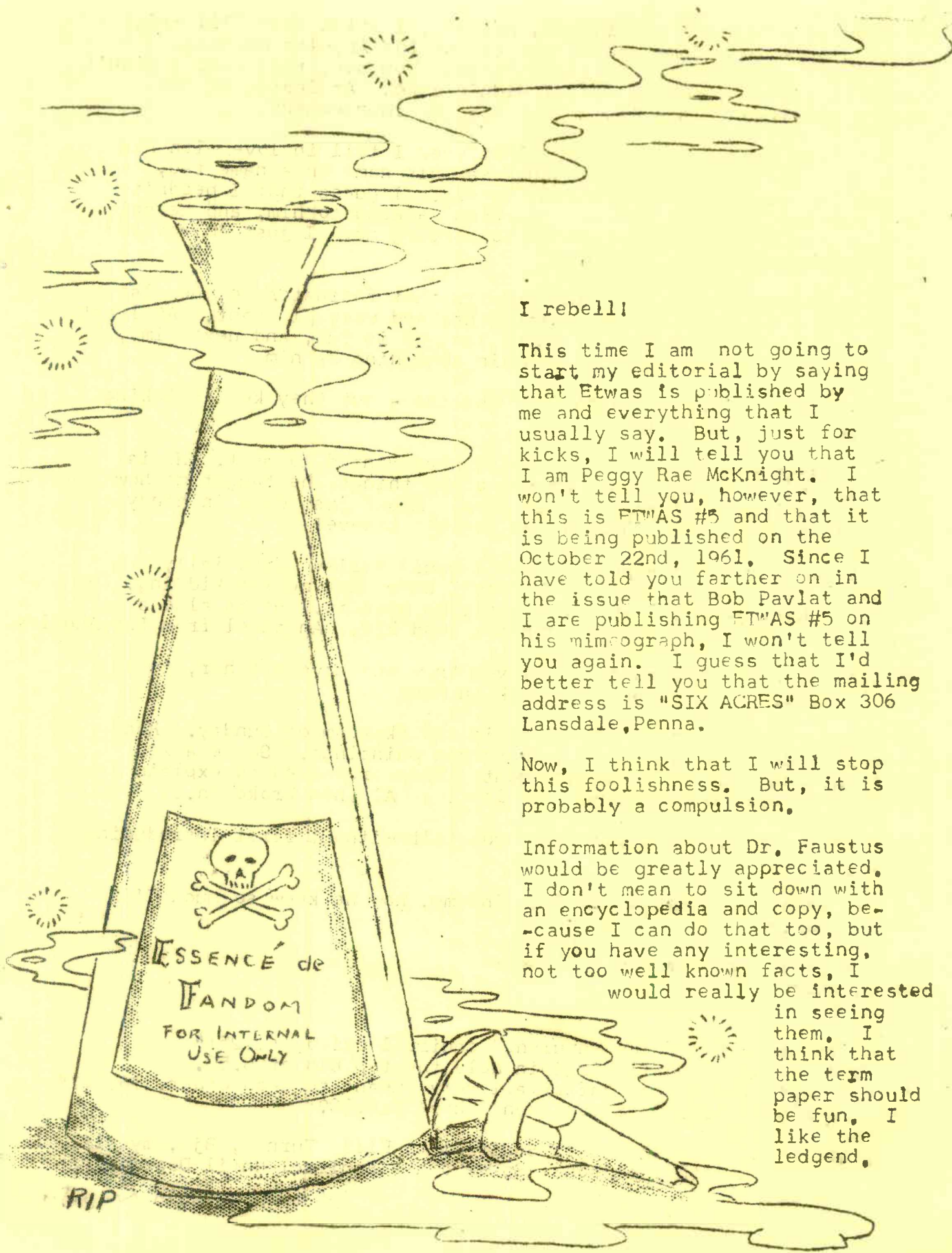


WEST WALS
-5-

RIP

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, in the upper left corner.





I rebell!

This time I am not going to start my editorial by saying that Etwas is published by me and everything that I usually say. But, just for kicks, I will tell you that I am Peggy Rae McKnight. I won't tell you, however, that this is FTWAS #5 and that it is being published on the October 22nd, 1961. Since I have told you farther on in the issue that Bob Pavlat and I are publishing FTWAS #5 on his mimeograph, I won't tell you again. I guess that I'd better tell you that the mailing address is "SIX ACRES" Box 306 Lansdale, Penna.

Now, I think that I will stop this foolishness. But, it is probably a compulsion.

Information about Dr. Faustus would be greatly appreciated. I don't mean to sit down with an encyclopédia and copy, because I can do that too, but if you have any interesting, not too well known facts, I would really be interested in seeing them. I think that the term paper should be fun. I like the ledgend.

RIP

Instead of writing a con report, per se, I think that I'll write about people that I met there and at the Los Angeles meeting. This isn't as dangerous as it may seem. You see, this year I didn't meet, to talk to, anyone that I didn't like. At least, no one that I disliked. This is, I must say, an improvement.

Let's start with Bernie Zuber. Last year I fell in love with his artwork. And so, this year when I saw his name on a name tag, I took the chance of introducing myself. I guess that I needn't have worried, because someone had been talking to him, and he said that he had been looking forward to meeting me. I just am worried about what they said to him.

Besides being capable of doing artwork that fascinates me, he also had a sense of humor that is different, and very pleasant. At least it was to me at the time. I think that he is fun, and next time, if my luck holds, ELWAS will contain something by him.

"At five A.M. everyone turns into punkins - but they keep drinking anyway. Bernie Zuber

John Trimble was someone else that I have wanted to meet. He is just as sweet as they come. Among other things, he taught me how to keep squirrels behaving themselves. Might just come in handy some day if I meet a squirrel who doesn't behave!

John is one of the few people that I would believe practically anything which they told me. Unless I knew that he was kidding. He seems to have a brain, and once more, he uses it. He is also a gentleman. Which is nice. John's a good kid. An angel from Los Angeles.

Virginia Schultheis, as those of you know who have met her, is a lovely girl. I think I'll pick on Ron:

Al Lewis was auctioning off goods in the Skyroom on Sunday. Ron wanted to sell the last of the Bergeron paintings. So he asked Al if he could make an announcement. Then proceeded to explain that they would be auctioned off later. Al then broke in...

"Now wait a minute, we can't let you talk without first introducing you."

As Ron says, "He went on to describe me, how he knew so much I'll never know."

Then came a cry from the audience:

"25 cents!"

"50 cents!"

"75 cents!"

"Hey, I'm insulted," the anguished squirrel cried, "1.25!"

The bid was upped until Virginia held the top bid at 6.50.

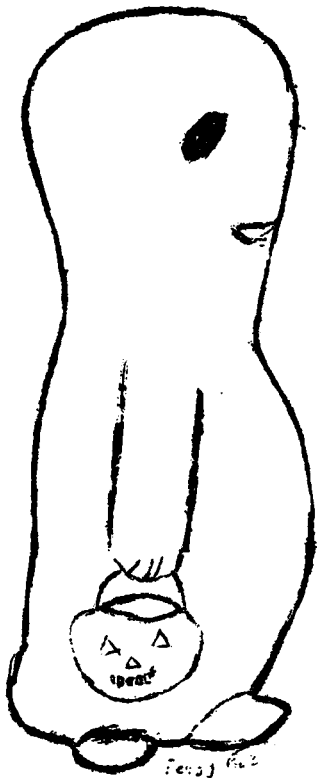
"Virginia," pled Ron, "after all we've meant to each other..\$6.50?"

"You're right! \$10.00! Steve, can I have \$10.00?"

Virginia later sold shares of Squirrel to Ellie Turner, Bjo, myself, and I think one other person. So we own a Squirrel until December-thirty-first, 1961.

The Patter of little Feet

by Mike Deckinger



Between darkness and the dawn of a certain day in a certain month every year, comes the patter of little feet in weird attire with but a single purpose lurking in their calculating little cunning minds.

The scavengers are hard to ignore as they go from house to house. To refuse them candy would be equal to inviting disaster from the supernatural itself. Unfortunately, last year I was forced to do just that. Prior to Halloween Night I bought two large boxes of candy, each containing twenty-five bars, an amount I naively assumed would be sufficient.

As soon as it began to get dark they came. I opened the door first to admit three small girls, none of them over eight years old. They were little Mickey Mouses (Perhaps Mice?) with oversized ears; a colourful monogrammed dress, and a drooping, sad looking tail. They were carrying large shopping bags, looking forward to the expected rewards optimistically.

"Trick or Treat" they shrilled in unison, on the chance that I was unaware what night it was, and of their mission. Each one opened her shopping bag as wide as she could; favoring me with an expression combining heart-felt pleading and the threat that they'd get even with me if I didn't give them something. Very daintily, I dropped a candy bar into each bag and before I had time to look up, they were gone.

"Oogra oogra" demanded a character completely shrouded in a white sheet with holes cut out for eyes, ears, and mouth, as I opened the door. As I stood there he repeated "Oogra oogra", this time more urgently. "Vekled, blunk, oogra oogra" he stated boldly like a street corner evangelist who had just codemned all the sinners to hell and was declaring what fate would befall still others. He danced fiercely about shouting "oogra oogra" until I feared that he would have a tantrum.

Two hours later the candy supply expired. It was too late to buy more. All the stores were closed. I put out the lights in the front of the house. Then I made a large sign reading "NO MORE" which I taped to the door. I locked the door and went inside to get some work done.

The first ring came only five minutes later. For a moment I froze, then I padded silently over to the window, called out that I had nothing more to give out, and went back to my work. Two minutes later the same thing happened. This continued for half an hour. At last I went to the door and glanced at my sign. Instead of the simple message I had written, it now read: FREE MONEY GIVEN AWAY, RING BELL!

I replaced this with still another sign. I had no more callers that Halloween Night.

My sign read: BEWARE OF VICIOUS DOG. You know, I think I'll use that this year.

Mike Deckinger

It was early on a late-October Sunday morning. A small group of men were clustered beside a large, two-story brick building in southeast Washington D.C. It was cool, they were warmly dressed, most of them in informal outdoor clothing. Almost all had cameras and gadget bags slung over their shoulders. They were waiting for a streetcar.

Fifty years ago this statement would have been accepted as the natural thing in any American city of over 10000 people. Thirty years ago it still would have been unnoteworthy in the larger cities. Today it can be true in less than a dozen cities. Only a resident of many years can remember when the streetcars rumbled through the streets of Manhattan and New Haven and Omaha and Salt Lake City and Seattle and Detroit and hundreds of smaller cities. A few lines which use subways still remain in Philadelphia and Boston. Baltimore and Washington and San Francisco, with its Twin Peaks tunnel, still have remnants of the large systems of the past. But the street car era is gone. The cars are disappearing fast. Today a group of men waiting for a street-car is something rather uncommon.

They are waiting for a very special car, 766. The fifteen-foot double doors open. Slowly 766 noses carefully out of the barn into the street. This is not the sleek, streamlined President's Conference Cars that glides smoothly and quietly along the streets of America today. This is an old-fashioned, double-ended car; it brings back memories of old movies seen on the Late Late Show. It is a relic from the past, with an old-style light hung on the front, three three-quarter length windows forming a bay window up to the roof, which has ventilators opening along the sides of the clerestory. The motorman stands at the controller, one hand on the rheostat, the other on the air-brake. His foot is on the trip for the mechanical bell, the bell that clangs its way through the past.

766 is the last of the conventional street cars operating on city streets in the United States. It was built in 1918 by the Kuhlman Car Company as number 27 of the Capitol Traction Co. In the great merger of 1933, when Capitol Traction Co. and Washington Railroad and Electric Co. combined to form Capital Transit Co. (Later D.C. Transit Co.) it was numbered 766. Originally it was a double-ended car for two-man operation, motorman in front and conductor at the rear entrance. During World War II, it was converted to one-man operation. When the new, streamlined President's Conference Cars drove the last of the conventional cars to the scrap heap, 766 was kept as a museum car. Since then she has run only on special occasions.

This was a special occasion. And a sad one too. Two more of the lines were being converted to bus operation. And the railfans were assembled to take a final ride over the lines, to store up memories and to take pictures that will help to keep alive the character of the system as it was. For such a trip they use 766.

They could have paid a regular fare or two and ridden the lines in regular service. Today, however, they want something more. They have chartered 766 for the day. For almost the last time she will carry them over lines she once served in regular service. This time the fare register will be silent. This time there will be no one ringing the buzzer to alight. Instead, there will be the glare of flash bulbs as scene after scene is recorded in black and white and in color.

Even the operator is special today. One of the fans, who is also a regular motorman, he enjoys such a "busman's holiday" (only don't use that word "bus" around this group today).

With her passengers aboard, 766 starts up the slight grade on 8th street towards Penn Avenue, following a PCC in regular service. After a block she stops to pick up the camera fans who filmed the start. Swinging on to Penn Avenue she runs quickly, and noisily, up to the Library of Congress, where the route turns towards Union Station. Curving around the Union Station Plaza, they follow a regular 42 car out to 13th and D, NE, stopping for pictures at numerous spots. Returning, they wander down F Street, through the heart of the downtown shopping area, and jog up to H Street. On down, past the Veterans' Administration Building and Lafayette Park, just a block from the White House. This area, too, has changed since 766 first ran on these tracks. Stately homes have been converted into offices, and have in turn been replaced by monolithic concrete offices, ten stories high.

The next turn is onto Conn Avenue, the exclusive shopping area. Approaching Dupont Circle, the track dips into a tunnel. In the confined space, 766's motors sound even louder; the grind of her worn gears bounces back from the walls. Suddenly, with a protesting screech of her worn flanges, she turns sharply into an underground, subway-like station. Built only about twelve years ago, this Dupont Circle underpass is modern and light. When the line is abandoned, it will be totally useless. The tunnel and turns are too small and too sharp for the buses in use. So, the millions of dollars that went into alleviating the congestion from the street above will be wasted. And the congestion will be worse.

But this doesn't bother the fans, now. They have known this for years; they are more interested today in recording the scene in film and tape. After backing around the curve and reentering the station to give the camera and recorder fans a shot, 766 screeches into the exit tunnel, trying to keep ahead of the PCC following, which can be heard entering the tunnel. Climbing slowly out of the tunnel--after all, 766 is older than most of her riders--766 enters an older residential area, with small shops, row houses and older apartment houses lining the streets all the way to Mt. Pleasant. Here everyone relaxes until the scheduled PCC hurries past them.

Leaving Mt. Pleasant, they retrace their path, down Conn Avenue and through the tunnel, along H and F Streets, to 5th, where the 40 line branches off to Lincoln Park. They go past the Municipal Building and through a short but steeply-graded tunnel, past the old Senate Office Building to the East Capitol turnoff in front of the Capitol Building. Out the tree-lined East Capitol Street to the Lincoln Park car barn, soon to be converted into a bus garage. After a short stop here for pictures and to let the regular buses pass them, 766 slowly trundled back to her shelter at the Navy Yard with the exhausted passenger's cameras clicking for one last shot.

One more streetcar line has been abandoned. The day when there will be no more lines in Washington and all the rail will have been taken up is fast approaching. When this happens, 766 will move on to one of the museums, but until then, she can still run on special trips, serving the few who still enjoy a ride on a non-streamlined streetcar, who still appreciate odorless, smokeless transportation.

Bill Evans

Philcon Preview

This year's Philcon will be two day affair. If you couldn't make it to the Seacon, the Philcon should be a good consolation.

The Conference will be held Saturday and Sunday, November 18th and 19th, in the Hall of Flags at the Sheraton Hotel. Registration fee will be \$1.00. The doors will open at one P.M. and the conference will be called to order at one thirty. A big chunk of the program is now definite. The Saturday program looks like this:

"Author Meets Audience" James Blish interviewed by a three man panel. On the panel we have one professional writer or editor, one member of organized fanzine or club fandom, and one person who doesn't publish a fanzine or belong to a club but simply reads science fiction. With a panel like that we should get a nice variety of questions.

"The Future of Freedom" A panel discussion of the future of civil liberties, with special emphasis on the effects of science and technology. Algis Budrys will definitely be on the panel. So will a representative of the American Civil Liberties Union. Add one scientific person and we'll have a nicely balanced trio of minds to deal with a meaty subject.

Then there will be a forty minute intermission, followed by a speech by Theodore Sturgeon. Mr. Sturgeon informs me his subject will be "YOU."

Saturday night there will be a party, open to all members of the con.

Sunday afternoon, James Tarusai will devote half an hour to fanish activities. Then we've asked Avram Davidson and L. Sprague de Camp to engage in an open ended, public conversation on anything that interests them.

Friday night, for those who arrive early, Hal Lynch will be showing films at the YMCA at Broad and Arch Streets. The room is 203.

So it looks like a well balanced, interesting conference, with enough serious content to stimulate the mind and still plenty of fun, jollity, and conviviality. Tom Purdom - Chairman

A GOOD WOMAN

She is small, redheaded, and has laughing blue eyes. Perhaps the colour of her hair gives us some notion of her character. It depends upon what your ideas of redheads are. Sweet tempered, good natured, and ready to help others is the nature of this woman. Time and time again, I will be in an unusual mood-whether it be gay, melancholy, or miserable-and she will meet this mood. Meet my desire for silence - with silence. Chatter merrily when I need cheer, be enthusiastic about my latest project, and be utterly delightful when she greets me with a cheery, "Hello, Peggy, How are things?"

Every morning she has the same cheerful smile, asking nothing, giving friendship which I really don't deserve, telling of her small sister, Mary, and of life in general. This woman has more wisdom than most older than she. And yes, she is a woman, even though she's only 14.

HOLIDAY

BARRY SPERLING

The door of the Head Supervisor's office opened and Arlin stepped in. Jonas was standing in the far corner, facing the wall. With one hand he held a stack of papers; with the other he was gesturing dramatically.

"...And so, friends across the Galaxy, I would like to finish with a quote from the great Merkle: 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we feast.' I thank you." He bowed to the wall.

Arlin clapped appreciatively. "Very good, Bill, that should win a few billion more votes."

Jonas turned. "Oh, I'm not doing this to drum up votes," he corrected, "I'm doing this as a part of my civic duty."

"That'll be the day," murmured Arlin as he stepped over to the liquor cabinet.

"Some fool out on the rim is protesting our taking away his day of work."

"Well, there always is that type." Arlin downed some rye. "You'd think that people would be happy not having to work at all."

Bill Jonas walked to the door. "There's no accounting for peoples' tastes. We give them a holiday every day of the year and they protest. Well, they'll get used to it."

"They'd better. Your election's coming up in three months." Arlin poured himself another shot.

"There'll be more speeches. I'll give reasons for the holidays " I'll tell them that holidays always commemorate something great. A battle, a birthday, the year's beginning, and so on. With so much happening in the Galaxy over so many years, we've just run out of dates. It's our manifest destiny. We've reached civilizations goal: the end of work. Now we just lean back and let the machines work for us. Then I'll end by saying that we're entering the Golden Age and we must rejoice."

"What about those people who insist on working?"

"We'll make them think that everyone's against them," smiled Jonas. "Two hundred Billion people can't be wrong and all that stuff."

Howie Bulwark hung his aqua blue cloak up in the locker. "I'm getting old," he thought. The Councilman stared at himself in the mirror. His wrinkled brow furrowed more deeply as he contemplated the graying madd on his head. The recent harsh debates had been taking their toll.

Mr. Bulwark?" A tall, slender reptile stood in the doorway. His aqua blue council cloak covered all but his scaly, brown head.

"Yes?"

"I've come to ask you once more, off the record, please don't make August thirteenth a holiday. Our people have treasured this day ever since the twenty-seventh of January was taken away from us. We love to work with our hands; especially on that day since it is the day each Morvon comes out of his emotional shell through his work. PLEASE don't take away our day!"

"Councilman Humber," began Bulwark, "We must not think only of ourselves. As I said back in the council chambers, think of all the other creatures throughout the Galaxy who would profit immensely by this. Think of it. No more work for billions of galactic citizens-

-only the knowledge that their every wish will be granted. Their work done by machines. This is what we have been striving for all our lives. As the Head Supervisor said a few days ago: "This is our manifest destiny. This is our Nirvana!" He turned away. "It's hard to realize that the age of toil is over. Now we just lie back and let our minds absorb what they will. Learn what they want. Enjoy what they feel like enjoying. This is it!"

"Then this means the end of civilization. Every nation in the galaxy has lived by moving forward. A backward step would kill us all."

"We're not going backwards," corrected Bulwark, "we're going forward. If a man is interested in chemistry, he would go out and learn all he could about it and maybe even do some research in it. He just won't be forced to keep regular hours. He will come when he likes, and work when he likes. After a while, as his interest grows, he may find himself working more than he would have normally, and enjoying it. People naturally do better work when they aren't forced to labor on something, but do it willingly."

"We may be slow at first, but soon we will be outproducing even what we are doing now, scientifically and technologically."

The Morvonian was thoughtful. "I will have to think." He turned and slithered out.

Howie relaxed. He was glad the reptile hadn't asked how a man could work on chemistry if it was illegal to work.

"Grandpa's out in the back yard. He's building again," cried Martha.

Joe stomped through the impeccably clean house past rows of robo-servants. He strode through a manicured backyard to a corner where an old man, surrounded by 2x4's was busily nailing two boards together.

"Grandpa!"

"Can't hear yuh, son."

"Grandpa, you put that hammer down and come here!"

"Comin', son." The old man ambled over from the piles of wood.

"Grandpa, what're you doing?"

"Building a tree house."

"You know that's illegal."

"I want a tree house."

"Then get the robots to build you one. That's what I got 'em for."

"Do me no good to let the robots do it."

"But you'll get it done faster."

Grandpa shrugged. "Don't want a tree house."

"Then why are you buildin' it?"

Just to do some work."

The judge rapped his gavel. "Horace Cartwright, you are sentenced to ten days in jail and one hundred solars for building a partition in your bedroom without the use of robots. This is your second offense. One more and I'll send you to Aber IV for a year! Next case."

Officer Hardway flew over the development in his 'copter. The

backyards were full of people. Swimming people, sleeping people, game-playing people, relaxing people. Little robots scurried here and there, feeding, doing, helping. No one disobeyed the Holiday Laws any more. He smiled; it was good.

Councilman Howie Bulwark stood at his apartment window, smiling at the stars. The bill which he had introduced in the Galactic Council two years before had passed over-whelmingly. Now the whole galaxy was relaxing in a lifelong holiday. The people were at peace.

His keen eyes picked out the Andromeda Galaxy. So far away-- yet so near by intergalactic travel. The mission was successful. Soon his people would come and take over the sleeping galaxy. He winked at his home. It winked back at him.

by Barry Sperling

#

Good morning, people, this is me, again, I guess that you just can't get rid of me. You see, this wasn't my idea. What I mean is that it wasn't my idea to have to fill up this page by talking. It just happened that Barry's story took twelve more lines than I realized it would.

This is being published by Bob Pavlat and me. It is a long and a short story all at once. You see, I can't get to the club office very often, it is extremely difficult. And, the mimeograph is more than slightly irritating. So I had a bright idea. And here I am. As usual, filling up space with chatter. Since I haven't yet written my editorial, I guess that there would be no harm to say now, some of the things that I was going to say then.

Bob Pavlat is a good man. (He didn't bribe me to say that either, in fact, he didn't even hold a gun to my head. To be truthful, he doesn't even know that I said it. I can hear the howl that he'll send up. If you were wondering what that loud pitiful moan was on October the twenty-first. It was probably him.)

As usual, anything in the issue that isn't signed as being by someone else is by me. And there are some of those. This one too, by the way. In case you hadn't guessed.

The North Penn Area has a program of Junior Achievement. This year the company which I am in is TROYCO. We are making woodcrafts. It promises to be fun. The last two years I was in approximately the best companies. Our product was custom made jewelry. Which was fun. One year, having thirteen people, we sold two thousand dollars worth of jewelry. Last year six of us sold slightly more than nine hundred dollars worth during the J.A. year. (This is from October to May) Last year I was the Secretary of Pennteen Products, the name of our business. I was extremely pleased when I was awarded the prize for being the Best Secretary in the North Penn Area. I am still not sure how I managed that since there were about twenty secretaries in all. I was thrilled though, of that you can be sure.

Last Monday night we had our second meeting. We chose the Board of Directors and the officers. I am on the board, and I don't quite understand it, but I got what I wanted. I am the treasurer. ME

Deary Doc Mc Knight
"The News," Box 306
Annetale, Pa.

PRINTED MATTER

Ed McKeever
7234, 45th Street
Brooklyn 20,
New York

