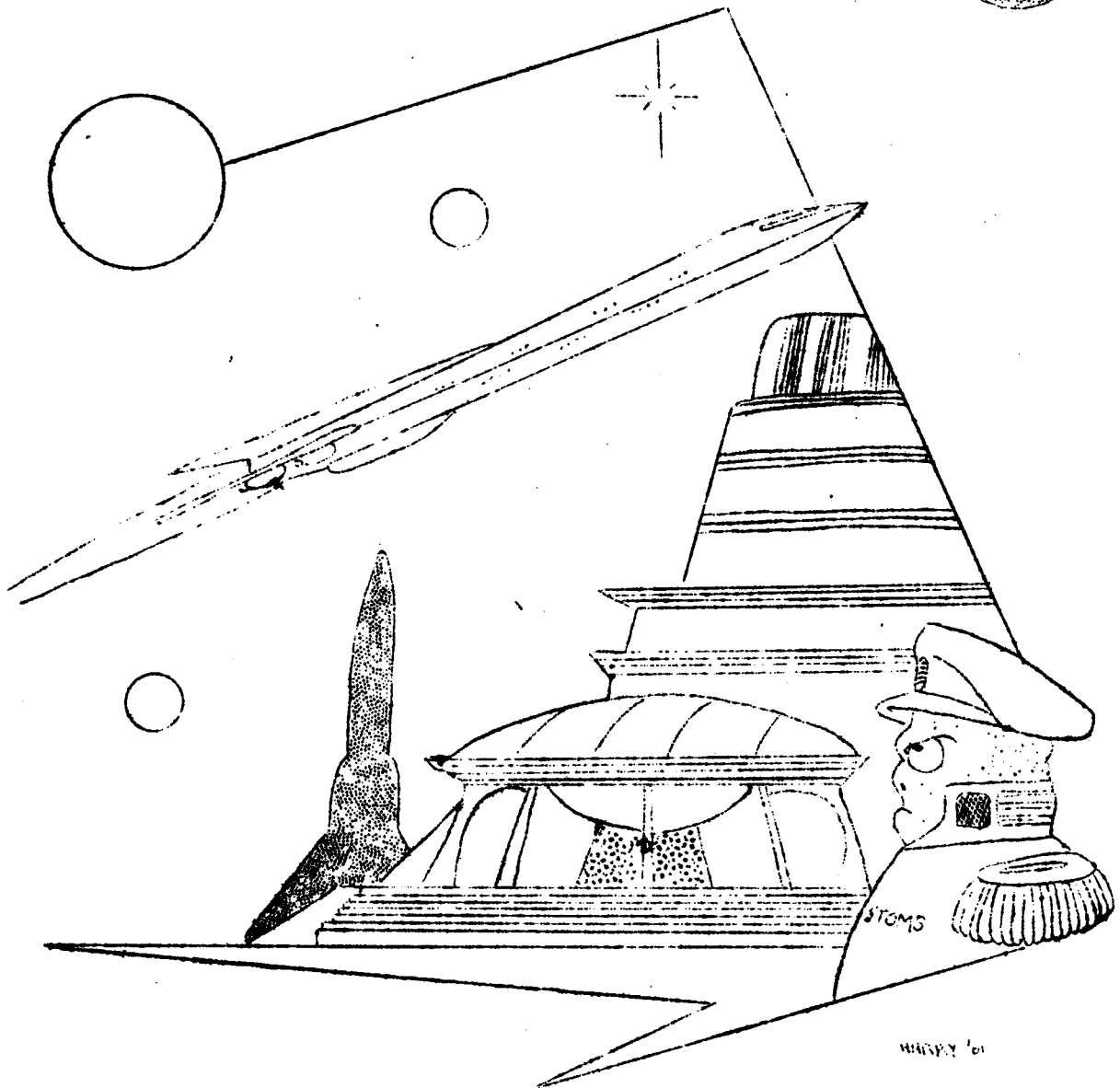


10 Jan 62

ETWAS

6



Dear People,

This is what you will probably call an editorial. It is more the admitted ramblings, on stencil, of the editor, Peggy Rae McKnight. The mailing address is Box 306 "SIX ACRES" Lansdale, Pennsylvania. USA. It is published by Peggy Rae McKnight and Bob Pavlat. Bob does much work on this thing. When I don't know what to do, I turn to him and say... "Hey, Bob, what'll I do now?" He usually has a good answer.

Just for the record, today is January 1, 1962. Happy New Year. This year I am going to tell you about New Year's Eve soon after New Year's Eve. Quite a change from last year. Say?

You say you've heard of small parties? Well, Bob had one. George Scithers, Dick Fney, myself, and Bob. We talked, and argued (surprisingly enough, we didn't argue very much) and ate and listened to music.

Some time like three o'clock in the morning Bob announced that he wanted to call the Mathom House. After half an hour trying to get the number, we were finally connected. A voice said, "Fan Hillton...ops, Mathom House."

Bob talked to Bjo, John, Bruce Palz, Bruce Henstell, Lee Jacobs, and Ron Ellik. George and Dick talked to various people. Don't know exactly who, except that Dick was talking to Ron and I'd love to know what Ron was saying at the other end, I heard brief protests when Dick and Bob were talking. And, of course, I talked to people too. Bjo and John Trimble. (The wonderful people.) Lee Jacobs. Lee told me that he had been talking to Ron a lot and that I had better watch out. Wish I could remember the rest of the conversation, but I was excited. There was some kind of animal that I talked to...a puppy dog? No, come to think of it, it was a Squirrel. The Squirrel in this case is Ron Ellik. If we're being truthful, I can't say that I remember too awfully much of our conversation. Dick Fney was towering over me... he is one person who certainly does have the power to tower!

And, after much talk, and Bjo getting instructions from everyone that she should kiss someone Happy New Year's for them, we said good-by. Didn't really want to. But, such is life.

I have just a few things to say, let's start out with a bad one first. Would people who are going to review FTWAS please read it first...? And, I might as well add here that this thing is published highly irregularly. Even in the fact that recently it has been published every couple months, that is irregular too. You can never tell. Sometimes FTWAS is short, (sometimes because I want it short, and other times just because there isn't too very much that I can do about it. This is one of those times.) othertimes it is long and thick. That's what I want next time.

I am going to have to convince Bob Lichtman and Harry Warner that ETWAS really isn't ETWAS without them. I feel that it isn't, anyway. We need you, Harry, Bob...please?

Another thing which I wanted to mention was to thank Jack Speer and Harry Warner for the information they passed on to me concerning the Legend of Dr. Faust.

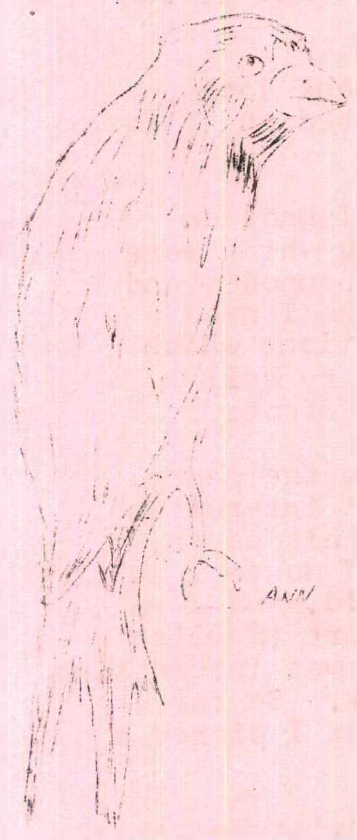
I have narrowed the field down to Dr. Faust's influence on music. If you know any unusual incidents, programs which were based on the legend. I can find information about Gounod's and Wagner's and the other better known adaptations. Where I need a bit of help is the more obscure pieces. The adaptations which were not highly publicised.....things to show how very well known this legend is, and that it has far reaching effects.

Right now, I am toying with the idea of publishing the paper, at least the parts of it which I think would be most interesting. I am not too sure how I will handle the writing of this paper, and it is due on the 20th of January. Jolly fun. I do feel as though it is teaching me a great deal about the field, and I am having a marvelous time doing the paper. Mrs. Gilhart (English teacher) told us that if we selected a subject that was interesting to us, there would be less drudgery in doing the work. So far I have just loved doing the work. Guess that means that I picked a good subject for me.

I also want to thank all you people who sent me Christmas cards, and ask the forgiveness of those of you to whom I owe letters... Hi, Bob Lichtman...I'll try to do better. I must learn to be more efficient than I am now. Between School, PSFS, Junior Achievement, publishing ETWAS and running a house, I have less and less time for writing letters. I think that I will be very quiet for the next few months and get some letters written. I would also like to see a larger ETWAS when it comes out. And better. I'm going to put in the letter column again as soon as possible. It is hard to print interesting letters when the issue is not very large and there isn't much to comment on. (Rule number 347: Never end a sentence with a preposition)

Friday night I went to WSFA meeting. No one knew that I was going to be there. Except Bob, of course. That group must be used to my popping up when they are not expecting me. No one looked surprised. Not a soul! But we did have fun. It was a "Pre-New Year's Eve party". Midnight and all.

Oh, I ought to warn you, (this is to people who are reading this but this time didn't get the issue...people who are usually on the mailing list) I lost my mailing list. Made up another one from the letters that I have filed, and the fanzines that are filed. This doesn't mean too very, very much, it is quite possible that you did send me a letter and that I didn't yet do anything with it (besides reading it) and I didn't have it handy. Will try to go over all incoming mail and go over that which isn't filed. Write me a letter and tell me if you should be getting ETWAS. It goes without saying that ETWAS can be got for trades or letters of comment, trade, or a request for it. Contributions too.



I wonder ---

We hear much speculation and many predictions on the effects of radiation from nuclear testing. Most of this seems to be that radiation will get you. And maybe get everybody. There is this possibility, of course. But there is also the possibility that if you put a pan of water on the fire to boil you may come back and find it has frozen instead. It isn't likely, but it is possible.

Maybe we'll never find out the full effects of radiation from nuclear testing -- or bombing. I hope we won't, and I hope people will have more power over the situation. Optimistic - sure, but at the same time I'm terribly aware of the possibility that I'm too optimistic. People said that World War II could never happen. They also say that World War III will never happen. That isn't my question, however.

I've been thinking about the possibility that man will develop a certain amount of immunity to the effects of radiation. It seems logical to me, because radiation is a natural phenomenon; and therefore it is possible for man to build up immunity with prolonged exposure. The tolerance level would gradually increase, and it should be a characteristic which will be inherited.

Unfortunately, I don't know as much chemistry and physics as I need to know to come up with a reasonable answer. That's why I'm writing this. I've talked to a number of people, and asked their opinion about this. Some have said it is completely impossible, but when I asked them why, they stammered, "Because, ug, - well, well, it's just impossible." Others have endorsed its possibility.

Anyone have any ideas? Some of you will have ideas, as I have. Others will, I hope, have a concrete knowledge of the subject. I'd like to hear from all of you.

Credit for art work this time goes to Ann Chamberlain, Gary Deindorfer, Harry Douthwaite, Bernie Zuber. Bernie was sweet enough to illustrate his own article. The cover is the work of Harry Douthwaite. The raven is by Ann Chamberlain, and, of course, Gary Deindorfer did the protozoa cartoon.

The telegram is by Marty Moore. Maybe you will remember some of what he said when you go to the convention in Chicago. Bernie Zuber's first installment of a column is here. And bits and pieces of me. There is also one short thing that was my Father's brainstorm. Peggy Rae McKnight

Zuber's Zoo

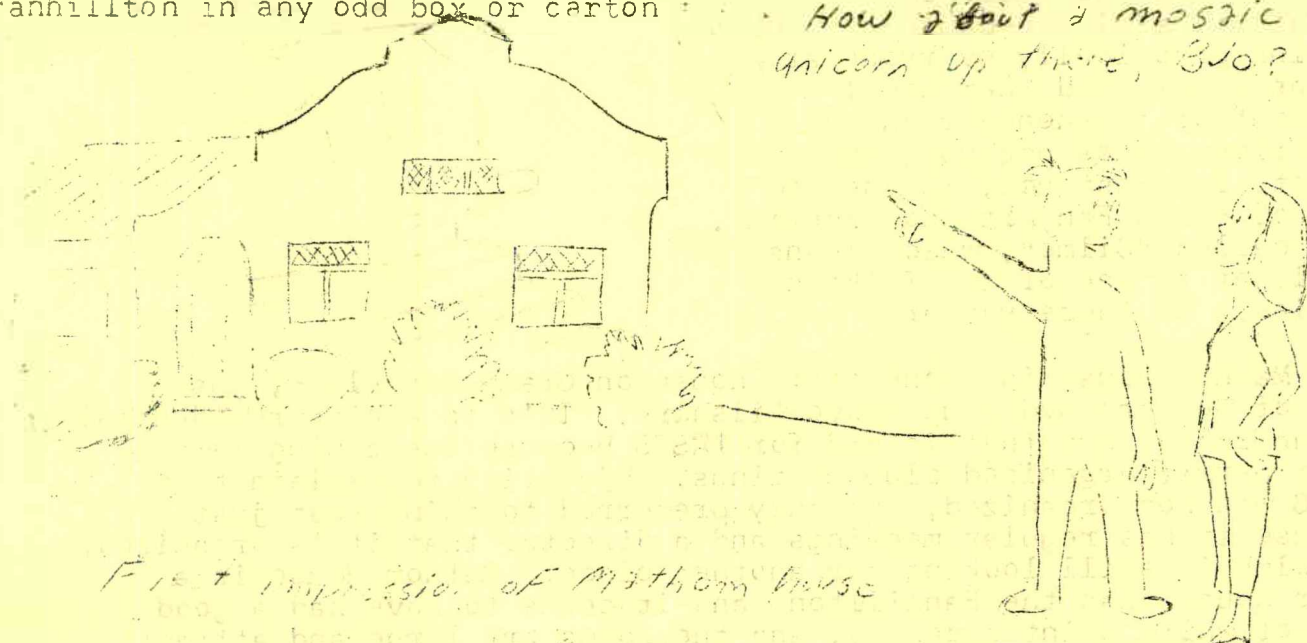
I'm trying to meet your deadline but with my lettering job and the yearly Christmas mail hassle it's getting pretty hectic. Since I haven't had a chance to construct a good solid article I'll make this just another letter to you, parts of which you can use as a sort of rambling newsletter. O.K.?

I'm not too sure exactly what you meant by Art (or what I meant when I brought it up). What would you like? The "fine art" scene around L.A.? Fan art? My own art work? There isn't actually too much to mention this time. Since Seacon I was fortunate in having the opportunity to try my hand at both magazine illustration and sketches for a movie script. However both deals fell through. The illos I sent to Cele Goldsmith for a Fritz Leiber story were too late to meet her deadline and would have run into some technical problems had they been used. This was my first try at scratchboard ink technique (which Leiber's dark mysterious scenes seemed to call for) and I had a ball doing it, but Cele said there might have been reproduction problems. I presume they probably used Summers for the illos instead. Watch for the story when it comes out in Fantastic. It's called "The Dark it". As for the movie script, that was something Forry told me about. It seems that Ib Melchior, a screen writer and director, wanted some sketches (in color) for a project of his called "Robinson Crusoe on Mars". He asked me to do a sample sketch of the hero fighting off a large Martian insect in a sand trap. He liked what I did, but unfortunately at about that time he and his producer decided not to use sketches after all. I guess I should've known better. Very few movie scripts are ever illustrated to begin with.

LASFS moves from the Fanhillton to Mathom House!

It was on the weekend of September 30th-october 1st. I was just there on Saturday afternoon to help out a bit and to take photos. A good turnout of Lasfsians was there carting things out of the Fanhillton in any odd box or carton:

How about a mosaic unicorn up there, Bro?

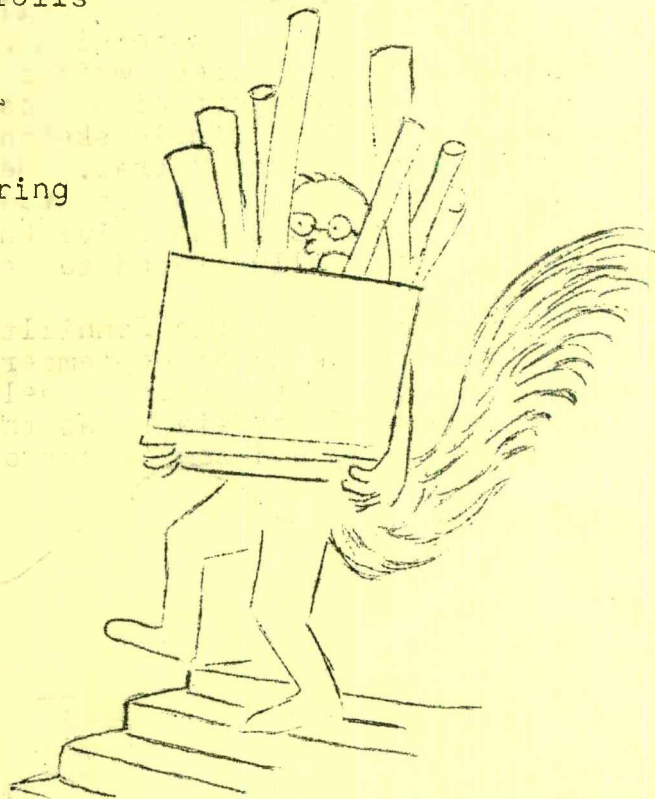


First Impressio. of Mathom House

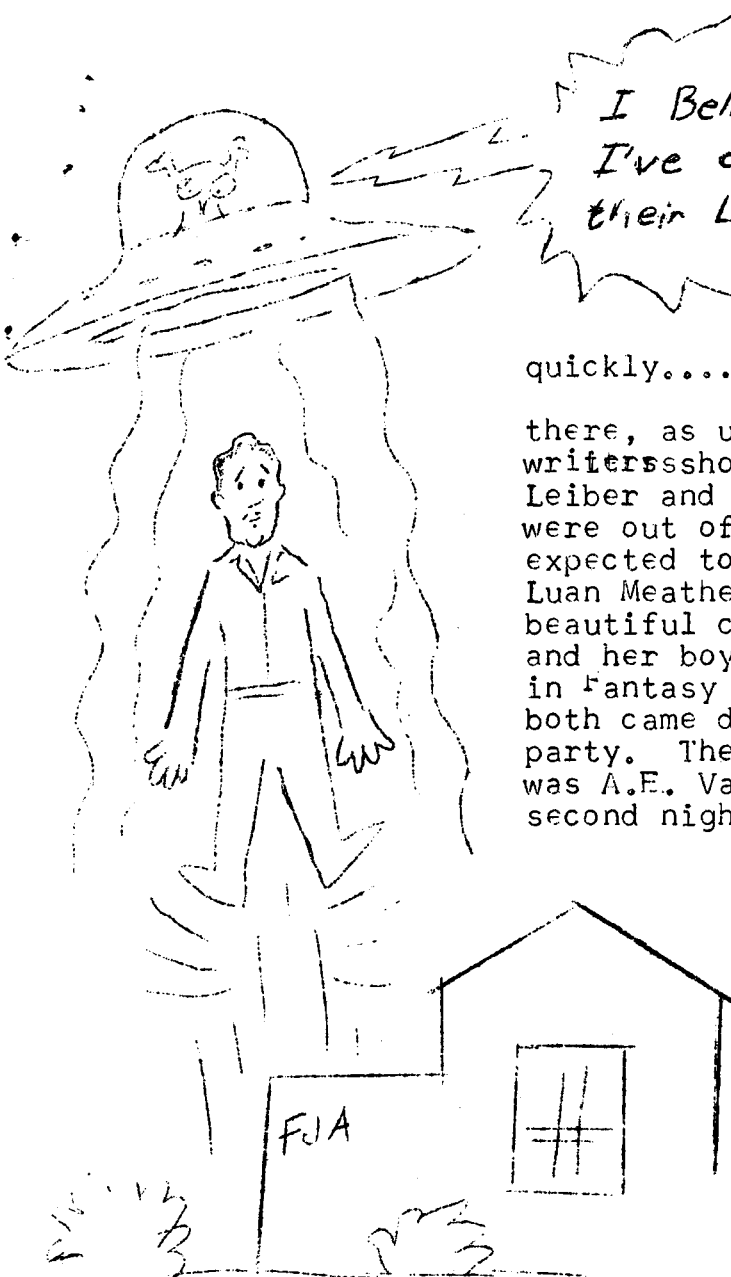
(Yours truly, because the cartoon didn't remind you of me)
((Bernie Zuber, that is))

available. I can't begin to describe the accumulation of odds and ends that had to be carried out of there. A truck of moderate size and cars belonging to various people were available, so I don't think things ever got out of hand, although they might have when I wasn't there. Among those present, when I was there, besides Bjo, were Harness, Pelz, Ernie, Al Lewis, Fred Patten, and, of course, the one and only Squirrel! I got a good photo of Ron as he came down the steps with his head peeking from behind some scrolls he was carrying in a box. I thought it was a funny shot but he didn't want a copy. Between coming in and out of the house we would stand around on the porch or inside the almost empty rooms to chat and kid around. I recall a conversation between Ron, Bjo, and a non-fan type girl. Bjo to non-fan: "Ron is known as the Squirrel. Show her how much you look like a squirrel, Ron!"... Ron proceeds to look like a Squirrel. ... the non-fan: "He looks more like a cute lil' puppy dog to me." ... Shocked look on Ron's face. ... Bjo to Ron: "Wouldn't you rather be a Squirrel?"

Before I give a brief description of Mathom House, let me first explain what Mathom means. Hohn told me that a Mathom was something that the trolls in Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" books kept giving to each other, even though there wasn't much practical use for it. Pretty soon the trolls' houses were overloaded with mathoms so they had to design special mathom houses. Considering all the odds and ends accumulated from the Fanhillton I guess a Mathom House was the only place they could use. You know, I hope I've got that story about the trolls straight. One of these days I'm going to have to take time to read the "Lord of the Rings" series because I think practically everyone at LASFS has read them and I feel out of it whenever these mysterious names pop up. The latest, for instance, is the new name of Bjo's Fan Art Show Fanzine. It's called "Silme", which means starlight in one of the Tolkien stories. So there you are.



Mathom House is a one-story house on Grammercy Place, just west of Western Blvd., up above Wilshire. It's in a nice residential neighborhood, but that is bad for LASFS because the zoning laws don't permit organized club meetings. Bjo tried to explain that LASFS was not organized, but they preferred to think that just because it has regular meetings and a director that it is organized. The club is still looking for another place. Mathom House is a newer house than the Fanhillton, and it seems to have had a good coat of white paint recently, and the rooms are large and attractive. There is a large garden and patio in the back which should be great for outdoor parties. Bjo, Ernie, and Jack Harness intend to stay there permanently and I don't blame them.



I Believe
I've captured
their Leader!

I'd like to write about Forry's 3-day birthday party in detail but I really have to get some sleep. But, just

quickly.....

There were a good number of people there, as usual, but none of the expected writers showed up...at least two of my favorites, Leiber and Bradbury, never came because they were out of town. Two other people who expected to see more writers there were Luan Meatheringham, the girl who did those beautiful colored ink sketches at the Seacon, and her boyfriend, Ron Goulart, who writes in Fantasy and Science Fiction magazines. They both came down from San Francisco for Forry's party. The only other writer I noticed there was A.E. Van Vogt... Forry got ill on the second night of the party, which sort of ruined it for him, although the guests continued chatting downstairs and those who brought him presents came up to his room where he received them in his royal chamber in the manner of Louis XIV.

As a result of this illness (Just something he ate) Forry decided to have a Re-Birthday party which took place this month, Dec. 8. Bradbury and Leiber were still missing. Bjo and I revived a custom started

two years ago at one of Forry's parties. That is, a long scroll of paper covered from one to the other with cartoons done on the spur of the moment and inspired by whatever is going on at the time. A sort of spontaneous birthday card which when completed, is tacked up along Forry's rows of bookshelves. Examples of some of the cartoons: Bjo's cartoon of me with a glass in my hand saying: "All I did was ask for a drink and now I'm a root beer brother to Ron Ellick!" My cartoon of a little man in a flying saucer levitating Forry away from his house with a strange ray and radioing: "I think I've captured their leader!" A toothy little kid screaming: "Look Ma, no black plague!" ...etc. ...various little Martian characters by yours truly...some Venusians by Bjo...and, also by Bjo, "the Living End", a Bardot type girl, rear view, at the end of the scroll.

That's it. I'm pooped! I'm a sort of one finger typist you know, and I'm ashamed to say that it has taken me almost two hours to type this much. And it's not even enough for a real article. Well, at least I think it'll make your deadline. Maybe next time I can do better.

Bernie Zuber

It Happened

A five year old with golden locks scampered along a long lane. She and her mother were going to feed the chicks on the farm.

After the chicks were fed she knew they would carry water from the old well for the chicks. This was fine with her. She knew they would sit on the edge of the well and be very quiet while they were resting. They couldn't make a sound; they couldn't move an inch. If they could sit still long enough they could see the fairies as they peeked from their hiding places.

They had been doing this for months. They had seen the good fairies seven or eight times. Three times the fairies had come out and really danced on the stone edge of the well. Once a lovely princess had lighted on her shoulder. She only caught a glimpse of her. She knew if she had turned her head to see more clearly, the fairy would have promptly made herself invisible. A moment later she fluttered away behind the child's back and was lost from view.

The child's mother fed the chicks, with her daughter trying to help, but mostly just getting in the way, neither minded.

Her mother gave her a small pail to carry down to the well. Later it would be filled with water. She, herself, took a bucket in one hand and slid her daughter's hand into her own.

So it was that another time of waiting was to begin.

The child skipped with the delight of anticipation as they went down the lane together.

A five year old whose golden hair was tucked atop her head started out the door, slamming it with childish abandon. It had snowed during the night.

She opened her brown eyes wide, then half closed them, seeing a different world. A wonderful cob-webbed world. She looked for her elfin friend. He dropped lightly from the tree, onto the snow. He didn't even break the slight crust of the snow.

As he lightly sprung along, she followed, half stumbling. The snow was miles high. (Well, at least a foot.)

She decided to do summersaults in the snow. Her friend was happy to simply do them on top of the snow.

The third one they did ended in giggles.

Next she borrowed into the snow. She dug a tunnel and disappeared. Muffled giggles rang through the air. The snow crinkled under the elf...and broke. A golden mass of curls poked above the snow with the elf on top. Up came a forehead, closed eyes blinked open, an upturned red nose and a still redder mouth appeared.

The elf grabbed a low branch and climbed to the sky.

She made a dive for the house, burst through the door, and between gasps of giggles hugged her mother and demanded, "Guess what I just did!"

This is my favorite type of writing. I hope that you can catch a glimpse of your own childhood in these short pieces of my own memories. I remember these as clearly as yesterday. And, as they are dear to me, I offer them to you, with hopes that you will also enjoy them. Peggy Rae

To Avery, with love from "his little girl".

1962 AUG 28 PM 3

1101 COLUMBIA AVE-CHICAGO ILL 26

ETWOS*-

SAGWAL *1 RATES CHICAGO A THREE STAR ---*** TOWN. I INSIST ON THE RIGHT TO RATE SEPARATE AREAS AT SPECIFIC TIMES BECAUSE IT IS SO LARGE. FOR INSTANCE NORTH MICHIGAN AVE FROM 4:30 TO 6:00 ON ANY FRIDAY NIGHT RATES AT LEAST 4½ *'S. AT THE SAME HOURS STATE & MADISON OR MADISON & WACKER DRIVE RATE 4*'S. I DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM ALL SAGWALERS THAT CALUMET CITY IS CLOSED. BUT CHEER UP, THEY MOVED TO CICERO AND THAT'S EASY TO GET TO BY PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION.

IT IS SAID THAT ONLY A NUT WOULD DRIVE A CAR INTO THE LOOP IF HE DIDN'T HAVE TO! BUT IF YOU ARE A NUT, THEN I SUGGEST PARKING AT THE SOLDIERS FIELD PARKING LOT AND TAKING THE SHUTTLE BUS FROM THE LOT TO THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOTEL. THE BUS COSTS 15 CENTS EACH WAY. THE LOT CHARGES 35 CENTS PER 24 HOURS. THAT'S THE CHEAPEST WHAT AM! NEXT IS THE GRANT PARK UNDERGROUND LOT OFF MICHIGAN AVE AT ABOUT \$2.50 A DAY. IT IS ABOUT THREE BLOCKS NORTH OF THE PICK-CONGRESS. THE CITY LOT AT WABASH AND CONGRESS IS A BLOCK AWAY AND COSTS \$3 A DAY. IF YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT MONEY THERE IS A PRIVATE LOT NEXT DOOR TO THE PICK-CONGRESS ON CONGRESS PKW, DON'T KNOW THEIR RATES.

SUGGEST FOLLOWING ROUTES FOR DRIVING IN:

EAST FROM INDIANA TURNPIKE USE THE CHICAGO SKYWAY. AT THE SECOND EXIT PAST TOLL BOOTH TAKE STONY ISLAND AVE (ALT US 30) FOLLOW IT THROUGH JACKSON PARK ON CORNELL DRIVE. AT 57TH DRIVE (IN FRONT OF THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY) LEAVE US 30 AND GO STRAIGHT AHEAD ONE BLOCK TO LAKE SHORE DRIVE (US 41). TURN LEFT AND GO NORTH TO BALBO DRIVE. IT IS THE FIRST EXIT NORTH OF SOLDIERS FIELD. TURN LEFT ON BALBO TWO BLOCKS TO MICHIGAN THEN RIGHT TWO BLOCKS TO CONGRESS PKW AND THERE YOU ARE.

WEST OR NORTH USE THE TOLLWAYS TO CONNECTIONS WITH CONGRESS EXPRESSWAY. COME TO MICHIGAN AVE AND STOP--WELCOME.

SOUTH, THE SOUTH EXPRESSWAY SHOULD BE FINISHED IN TIME; IF IT IS USE THE CALUMET EXPRESSWAY (INTERSTATE 90) TO CONGRESS PKW, TURN RIGHT TO MICHIGAN AVE.

FOOD: THE CHICAGO RED BOOK (YELLOW PAGES TO YOU) LISTS RESTAURANTS FROM PAGE 1693 TO PAGE 1720. YOU MIGHT FIND ONE YOU LIKE. WITHIN ONE BLOCK THERE ARE TWO FIRST CLASS EATERIES: JIMMY WONGS FOR CANTONESE CHINESE AND GEORGE DIAMONDS FOR STEAKS. BOTH ARE ON WABASH AVENUE. FOR THE ECONOMY MINDED THERE IS A \$1.19 STEAK HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF WABASH AND VANBUREN (2 BLOCKS). THE BEST FOOD IN TOWN IS AT THE COLLEGE INN PORTERHOUSE IN THE HOTEL SHERMAN, EXPENSIVE BUT WORTH IT. PICK-CONGRESS HAS FOUR RESTAURANTS. ONE IS SEMI-CUT RATE WHICH MEANS CHEAP FOR HOTELS BUT NOT FOR OUTSIDE.

DEPT STORES OR FUN FOR THE GIRLS: THEY ARE ALL ON STATE ST. FIRST AND FOREMOST IS MARSHALL FIELD WELL KNOWN FOR CLOTHING, CHINA, AND GLASSWARE. YOU CAN SEE A LOT IN ONE HOUR IF YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO NEVER NEVER STOP WALKING. BIG NAME, BIG STORE, BIG PRICES, AND CERTAINLY THE BEST WINDOWS IN TOWN. SECOND IS CARSON-PIRIE-SCOTT; A CLOSE SECOND IN EVERY WAY. VERY GOOD IMPORTED GOODS. THIRD, WEIBOLDT'S FEATURES NATIONAL BRANDS PLUS S&H GREEN STAMPS AND SOMETIMES

PRICES. IT'S LIKE "THE BIG DEPT STORE BACK HOME" WHEREVER HOME MAY BE. FORIH IS GOLDBLATT'S, A BARGAIN HUNTER'S PARADISE. YOU CAN PRACTICE KICKING, KNEEING, AND YOUR FOREARM SMASH ALONG WITH THE USUAL PUSHING AND SHOVING. BITING, SCRATCHING AND HAIR PULLING ARE LIMITED TO SALE DAYS. LADY SEARS IS JUST LIKE ANYWHERE ELSE. IT'S CLOSEST TO THE HOTEL AND WILL PROBABLY GIVE YOU THE MOST FOR YOUR MONEY. AND DON'T FORGET THE MICHIGAN AVE SPECIALTY SHOPS FOR ABOUT 19 BLOCKS ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE STREET FROM MONROE NORTH TO CHICAGO AVE. THE FURTHER YOU GO THE HIGHER THE PRICES. HAPPY WANDERING. A WORD OF WARNING. ADD THE 4% SALES TAX AND YOU MIGHT BUY IT CHEAPER AT HOME. ALSO AT 5:30 PM SATURDAY YOUR SHOPPING IS OVER.

ALCOHOL (AT LAST). ILLINOIS IS THE LAND OF LIBERAL LAWS AND MORE LIBERAL ENFORCEMENT. THE ONLY THING IS, THEY WILL PROBABLY ASK YOU (ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A GIRL) TO PROVE YOU'RE 21. BRING AN I.D., OR AT LEAST REMEMBER YOU WERE BORN IN 1940 OR EARLIER. THE BEST LOCAL PLACE IS THE GOLD EAGLE AT VANBURN AND CLARK STREETS. THERE ARE SEVERAL SMALL STORES ON SOUTH STATE STREET BUT DON'T GO AT NIGHT. THE SOUTH SIDE OF CHICAGO ISN'T THE BEST NEIGHBORHOOD IN TOWN. THE COPS WON'T WALK ALONE THERE AT NIGHT. ARE YOU BIGGER, STRONGER, OR BETTER ARMED? EVERYTHING IS CLOSED FROM 4AM TIL NOON SUNDAY, OTHERWISE YOU CAN DRINK ANYWHERE, ANYWAY, ANYAMOUNT.

THE PICK-CONGRESS. THIS PLACE HAS EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR ONE AITCH OF A CONVENTION: CONVENTION FANS IF YOU CAN IGNORE FANNISH FANS AND KEMP'S MARVELOUS PROGRAM; MORE BNF'S THAN YOU EVER SAW BEFORE; BNF'S YOU NEVER DID SEE BEFORE; AN AUCTION FULL OF ONE-OF-A-KIND COLLECTOR'S ITEMS; PAINTINGS YOU SIMPLY CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT; AND A REAL HONEST TO GOD TO GOODNESS COSTUME BALL. THEN MAYBE YOU CAN GET DOWN TO SOME REAL SERIOUS DRINKING, PROVIDED THAT YOU'RE NOT INTERRUPTED BY MEETINGS OF EVERY SUB SPECIES OF INGROUP IN FANDOM OR YOU'RE NOT READING YOUR PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF A NEW NOVEL BY A BIG NAME PRO. IF YOU CAN GIVE UP ALL THESE THINGS THEN CHICON III WILL OFFER YOU MORE PARTY AFTER PARTY ON TOP OF PARTY THAN ANY CON IN HISTORY. HERE ARE THE REASONS. AS OF THE FIRST OF THE YEAR THE CON HAD OVER 200 MEMBERS. 600 OR 700 WILL ATTEND. LOTS OF PEOPLE. LOTS OF PARTIES. THE HOTEL ROOMS GET CROWDED WITH MORE THAN 50 PEOPLE IN THEM. SO SPREAD OUT AND MAKE MORE PARTIES. SO, CONVENTION FANS, MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS AND PLANS EARLY--YOU HAVE MANY A SCENE TO MAKE AND A CONVENTION TO ATTEND BESIDES.

A LAST WORD OF ADVICE TO THE WICKED. SOME (NOT MANY BUT SOME) THINGS ARE ILLEGAL EVEN IN CHICAGO. THE CHICON BAIL FUND IS LIMITED, SO DON'T GET CAUGHT.=-

MARTY MOORE--.

*ETWOS - people of and pertaining to ETWAS!

*-1 SAGWAL - Society of American Girl Watchers and Lechers. A supra-fannish institution.

SHADES OF MY FATHER

At approximately 12:20, A.M. second November, I happened to see a star (I think it's a star) changing colors from a purpleish-red to a bluish-white and very brilliant, at least four times as bright as any other star in sight. It seemed to be pulsating in a rapid irregular cycle. I immediately called my daughter to see this. Her impression is as follows: It was like one of the "white lights" that are shown in school to illustrate the colors in the spectrum. It appeared to send off flashes of these colors, while still retaining its whiteness. This object is in a position whose normal space contains nothing unusual. It seemed to be something added to the sky. It was brighter than any other star (assuming that it is indeed a star) that I have seen by several times.

A compass bearing was approximately south east and by guess, about 15 degrees from the horizon. It decreased in brightness after about five minutes observation, at that time I called the Franklin Institute (No one was available) and then called the City Desk of the Philadelphia Inquirer. It is now approximately 12:50.

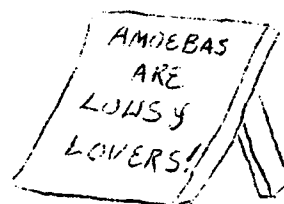
"Damn! and Blast! Star & Satellite Pathfinder shows RIGEL in this approx position. Damn! and Blast! Thought I'd discovered a Nova!"

..Jack McKnight

I DON'T GET VERY MAD VERY OFTEN...
BUT WHEN I DO.....

Damn
Hunger and
Suffering

Suffering and
Hunger
Damn them



Darf

For people who know German, this really was part of a discussion in German class:

"Du kannst nicht treu sein" ist mein Lieblingslied.
Dazu habe ich mich öfters verliebt.

This is just a crazy mixed up type page with scatterings of things I have had for a while and wanted to put in ETWAS. The Raven is by Ann Chamberlain.

It is New Year's Eve, well, right now it is going on 9:00, and that is why I am stopping. Hope your past year, and the future year are, were?, both delightful. Peggy Rae

Peggy Rae McKnight
"Six Acres," Box 306
Lansdale, Pennsylvania

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