

WAPACON

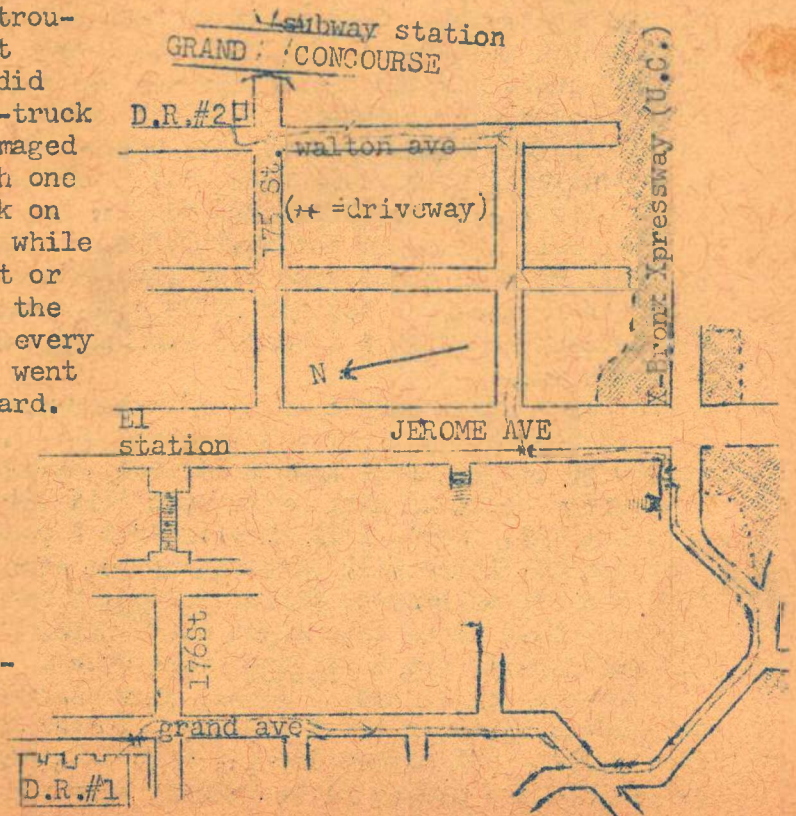
I arrived at the Dietz's about 11:10 AM, Saturday, 18 June, to find Belle working on a first draft of the O-O & Frank putting the finishing touches on his treasurer's report. While I read & criticised the draft, they figured out just who is & who is not a member, & entered corrections supplied by TWIG onto the "Official Communication" chart. Just as they were discussing the fact that Geo. Nims Raybin hadn't renewed his membership, he phoned to say that he was on his way up with his contribution to the mailing. As Frank went down to the lumber yard to pick up some stuff for the new place, Belle & I counted & listed contributions in order to make up the Yap cover, & then George & I scanned the contributions for illegal matter while Belle continued to draft the O-O. Ghreat Ghu, but some of the stuff was illegible! (And thank heavens George was able to scan so much faster than I could, or we never would have been finished.)

After a light snack (during which I dropped some sardine onto a copy of Tulgey Wood I was scanning--I wonder if this has any significance) Frank was ready to leave for the new apartment (to get back to the painting & general construction) & wanted help to get some stuff over there. Like an idiot, I said I'd do it, & we were off--Frank pulling a dolly loaded with a very large box of prozines, 2 medium sized boxes of stf books, a medium sized box of fanzines, & a small bookcase with some shelves containing a tuner & amplifier, while I pulled a hand-truck holding a pad for use under rugs.

Now, from the old place to the new is a distance of just about 5 blocks, but unfortunately the first block has a 20% downgrade & even worse for our vehicles the second block consists of a flight of 52 steps! So, we took the loooong way. Frank had a good route mapped out, but there were still 3 doorcils & 3 driveways we had to maneuver across--that's where I came into the picture. I'd drop the hand-truck & lift the dolly's wheels across one at a time while Frank pulled on the rope.

However, Frank had overloaded the dolly this time, & whenever he'd hit a bump or hole in the street, a box of books or fanzines would fall off. (Weeelll, it really only happened twice.) But then D*B*S*A*S*T*E*R struck! We were about a 1/2 block from the bottom of the hill (about 1/3 of the way there) when the left-front wheel of the dolly was damaged by a hole in New York City's magnificently maintained streets. By re-tying the pull-rope, this became the back-left wheel, & we got to the bottom of the hill (at Jerome Ave). Then, while maneuvering the monster up a driveway onto the sidewalk, the wheel just gave up & completely collapsed. Now we were really in trouble! It dragged so badly that it just couldn't be budged. What we finally did was to remove the "rug" from the hand-truck & I used the latter to support the damaged corner. So, I'd step on the h.t. with one foot to get better leverage, pull back on it, & be off riding it like a scooter while Frank pulled on the rope. Every 20 ft or so the h.t. would slip out from under the corner & we'd start all over again, & every 60 ft Frank would stop & wait while I went back to get the "rug" & carry it forward.

Then came what was really the last straw--the driveway we were supposed to take down in order to cross Jerome Ave was blocked! So we wearily took about half of the packages across one at a time, jumped the curb with the dolly, & got that across. At this point we reorganized & put the 2 heaviest packages onto the hand-truck (the proz & fmz) with everything else on the dolly, & started the up-hill trudge. This time, I'd



move the hand-truck a $\frac{1}{2}$ block at a time, come back, & help Frank pull (or more appropriately, drag) the dolly. After turning left onto Walton Ave it wasn't so bad for the street was at least level & Frank pulled it most of the way by himself. We finally staggered up to the place & Walt Cole helped us get everything upstairs. Walt, who had been painting, insulted Frank (as he usually does) with all sorts of remarks about Frank being helpless.

When everything was upstairs I headed back: total time expended was, hauling--70 min, carrying upstairs--10 min, walking back--8 min. I hadn't worked that hard in at least a year & must have lost at least 5 of my excess 25 pounds.

When I got back I found Belle still working on a draft of the O-O & George finishing to go over the mail from members & marking off those portions which need answering or comments. While I had been gone, Ted White had called & offered to come up with Walter Breen & help with the mailing. However, there was really nothing much that more than one person at a time could do & the main thing that was holding us back was the O-O. Anyhow, in a state of exhaustion I flopped down & read some egoboo in Belle's advance copy of SFTimes. Also, I noted that both she & Frank had received copies of Postwarj & asked if I could have one. (When I got home last night I found that my copy had finally come.) After I had consumed about $\frac{1}{2}$ of the contents of their 20 gallon coffee maker I got back to work. George & I collated the mailing, which took about 30 minutes, & George left, presumably for home. (Or did we collate the mailing before my little walk? I'm not sure now, which shows how great my memory is!)

I showed Belle a story by John Berry that I had for use as part of my contribution to the Pittcon Memory Book & asked her if she thot it was suitable for the mailing (I had some doubts myself). We decided that altho there was really nothing wrong with it, if some unsympatetic parent got ahold of it it might cause some repercussions & result in a dropout. Belle said that if I insisted it could go into the mailing, but we both agreed that it would be more prudent not to include it. It was no worse, & possibly even less so, than some things already in the mailing. So, altho it won't be in N'APA, it will be in Saps & the Pittcon Memory Book, & any N'aper can have a copy by writing me for it.

I used their mimeoscope to put a title onto the first page which I had already typed & Belle agreed to type the other after she'd finished the O-O.

For the next hour or 2 I just made myself useful doing little things between sessions of gab (the latter predominated) until Belle was almost finished with the draft; then I went to run off a second printing of Polhode-2 while Belle finished up & cut the O-O's stencils. (Ted White had run off 94 copies for me so that I could definitely make the mailing on time, but now I only have about 3 non-file copies left.)

Round about 9 Belle phoned the new place to see about getting Frank & Walt back for dinner & she got an answer of "Dietz Residence #2" in a funny voice. "Tseems that Joe Casey had come over. Anyhow, they agreed to come back in an hour, so Belle got to work getting dinner ready with only 2 of the 12 O-O stencils cut.

Now this really surprised me--despite all the confusion of moving & getting the mailing out, she spent the next 70 or so minutes fixing a complete meal & a good one at that. By when the 3 came over from "Dietz Residence #2" & Belle had finished getting dinner ready, I had all of Polhode-2 run off except for 2 pages & it was 10:30. We finished at 11:15 & I headed for home after agreeing to return to finish the job this evening.

Joe Casey still hadn't decided whether to join with this mailing or the next. He had intended to join about 3 mailings back & even did up a zine, but just never got around to it. He still hadn't decided, as of 11:15 P.M., whether to join now & put in the partly obsolete zine or to wait 'til the 6th mailing & do a new zine, throwing this one out. Well, I'll know tonight & you'll know when you get this mailing.

Supposedly Belle will have all of the stencils cut & I will just have to run them off, run off this/sheet, finish Polhode & run off the Berry story for the Memory Book. Oh, one other thing that might still have to be done is for us to check the zines for the publishers' own & original page count.

The timing of things, I guess, just couldn't be worse for Belle, what with moving coinciding with her first mailing. I hear that she has a contribution of her own all written but just hasn't had the time to stencil it so that she will have to postmail.
INFLECTED ON N'APA #5 BY E. MESKYS, 723A -45 ST., BROOKLYN 20, N.Y.