

IGNATZ #32



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....And it'll be a long time before I type that address again, drat it. Yes, we are finally shipping out of Texas. We took a 30 day vacation starting on Aug 8 and visited pennsy and michigan and Canada and in general did a lot of sight - seeing all through texas, new mexico, oklahoma, kansas, west virginia, maryland, virginia, pennsy, ohio, michigan, illinois, iowa and colorado. It was a fine trip (except for one thing, which I'll go into later on) and we had a hunch that when we got back to El Paso, Art might have overseas orders waiting for him. And sure enough...when we drove out to Oro Grande so's Art could sign in after our trip, he was told that he's to report to Brooklyn for overseas shipment on Nov. 3th. Soooo....right now we are really in a stew. We've put in for concurrent travel and if it's approved Stevie and I can go along with Art. Just in case we're lucky enough to get an okay on our request Stevie and I have been getting all our shots plus getting passport photos taken, etcetcetc. Not only that...we are completely up in the air over what to do with all our household and fannish things. If we go with Art, we intend storing most of our things at one of the Fort Bliss warehouses, and having the movers crate the rest for shipment overseas. If we can't go with Art, then everything will have to be crated for moving to Danville. And until the movers get thru in the apartment I can't really give you please the complete overall cleaning necessary prior to moving out and letting someone else take over our first home. So it's with a feeling of great sadness plus utter frustration that I, at least, am writing this zine for Saps.

After nearly 18 months living here I feel rather sad at the thought of leaving. This is one of the most beautiful spots in this country....and oddly enough I like texas. At least this part of it..the panhandle isn't worth a plug penny.

There's also a feeling of expectation....I can't wait to get to Europe! I've always wanted to see Germany and France & I hope those dreams materialize. The idea of not going with Art is a horrible one, for he'll be over there for two whole years. If we go with him, he'll be there three years, but at least we'll all be together. Owell.... we ought to know for sure within 2 or 3 weeks (cheech, we better! We have to leave here about two or three weeks before nov 8th, in order to make the journey back east again!)

As for our new address...who knows?? I suppose Art will know it before it's time to leave here. I dunno what he intends doing about this saps mlg...where to have Bruce send it, I mean. Maybe to Box 31 in danville, so we can pick it up when we get there.

Meanwhile we're both trying to rush thru all our fannish activities so we'll be caught up (haw!) before leaving here. We've just finished 10 pages for CAPA; got some N3F business out of the way, and now we're trying to get at least 6 pages done for dear ole Saps. Tsk, that's something else we'll miss..having our own mimeos while in Germany. We've got to leave both of them behind since it'll be kinda difficult getting mimeos over there and then trying to find supplies for them. Heh, just think! If I don't go over with Art, he'll have to let ME do all the mimeeing in danville and won't Spacewarp look funnyyyyy!???? teehee to yezall!

Let's see...what-all new has happened since the last time I stuck Ignatz into the mlg? Hmmm...what?? Something unique happened, I know..lemme think a minute and perhaps I'll remember just exactly what did occur. thinkthinkthinkthink.... Oh yeah! I remember now!! Y E A H H H H H Hyou know what?

I BECAME A M*O*T*H*E*R! (Ghod, isn't that a horrible thot...can you imagine me as someone's mother? I sure can't.) It happened like this....(er, we'll dis-
pense with the preliminaries, of course..)

On the 18th of May I went for my usual weekly checkup at the clinic & was told to hie myself right to the hospital because I was again developing toxemia and my blood pressure had shot up to 175/125 and the doctors all seemed to think that was a bit too high. So feeling utterly miserable and discouraged and maaad (so mad I actually bawled) I went to the hospital at 1 pm...and began drowning myself in water (they make you drink at LEAST 8-10 pitcher a day, for petesake); starving myself and getting shots and pills to lower my bloodpressure. I felt so miserable at being back in that place again that I scowlingly told the doctor that I was sick and tired of all this and I was gonna make this trip worthwhile by having my baby on wednesday may 23rd and it'd be a boy and I wasn't ever gonna come back here again. He laffed. But boy, did I ever fodl him! At 1:25 am on wednesday, May 23rd I got sick as a dog and pretty soon my water broke and I began having labor pains 5 minutes apart. This kept up for a half hour and then the night duty nurses decided to take me down to the labor room to be checked. So into my wheelchair and down a loooong ramp into a heretofore unknown and very awesome and mysterious dept of the hospital. I felt so miserable I didn't pay too much attention to these quarters except to notice all the walls were painted a very soothing light green and from all the little labor rooms lining the hall-way came real frightening sounds of women screaming and asking the doctor to please help them because they couldn't stand it any more etcetc. This wasn't exactly the most calming thing a first-time mother can hear. Anyway, they put me on a nice clean bed and soon a doctor came to examine me and he told the nurse to get me ready because it looked as tho I'd have the baby that day. And then began a rather frightening time...after being prepared for delivery I was left alone (altho the doctor's kept coming in to check on my progress every hour or so) and all kinds of fearful things ran thru my mind. I don't recall too much of what happened but I do remember vaguely how fearsome the pain got at times and how I laid on my left side all during those 7 hours of labor and kept twisting my right arm about the metal bed posts (for awhile, after all this was over I couldn't imagine how come my arm was full of someany black and blue marks) just to have a hurt someplace else instead of that strange-never-felt-before pain that kept creeping all thru my body from the waist down to my knees. I remember how painful my legs felt (odd) and how ashamed I felt because I couldn't help moaning and making strange animal-like grunts and growls. No kidding...you can not help growling like an animal...it comes unbidden and is unstoppable. This is NOT any sort of wild scream...but a low-in-the-throat growling & strangdây enuff, while you're doing this it seems to ease the pain that rips thru you.

Anyway, around 7 am they took me into the delivery room. Oh yeah, all this time I was awake ..and would be thru delivery..because the doctors had a con-
sultation and decided they wouldn't risk numbing me because of my back and legs. They did give me one of those gas-guns to breathe, tho, during the time I was on the delivery table and the doctor began cutting the nerve in order to keep me from tearing & also again while he was sewing me up. After another 10 minutes of being prepared (you have to be scrubbed and so does the doctor, for at least 10 minutes...and this isn't easy while you're getting hard labor pains almost continuously). The baby had gotten half way into the world and I was unable to get him any further, and the doctor decided he'd better use forecepts because the baby had lain in the canal long enough. All thru this time, I could feel the baby struggling to be born..a most unique experience!

One thing I discovered...I thought when forecepts were used, it was all a matter of one swift yank and the baby was born. It isn't...it took awhile and was in gradual stages except for the last pull when I could feel the baby suddenly

erupting into the world and being placed (a wet, warm weight) upon my stomach while the doctor cut the cord. Then, the doctor held Stevie up over the cloth-draped form and I saw our son for the first time! I'll never forget that moment as long as I live! It seemed as though there were only two beings in existence...the baby and me & I felt as tho I was some kind of wonderful creature..a god!

Then came the only time I can't recall of this entire period...the doctor began getting the afterbirth and I took one deep gulp of the gas and konked out! The next thing I recall is the nurse yanking the gas gun away from my face and warning me not to pass out. The baby was born at 10 minutes after 8 am, and by the time the doctor had finished sewing me back up it was after 9 o'clock & then I was on the wheeled table being wheeled back thru the corridors up to the post partum ward...we stopped at a desk and the delivery nurse tried calling Art out at OroGrande to inform him he was a papa, but she couldn't get thru to OroGrande & said she'd try again on her way back to the delivery ward after putting me into bed. The doctor who'd delivered Stevie was also helping to push the table..that poor guy! He'd be on twentyfour hour duty before I'd gone into the delivery room and he'd been with me during most of the 7 hours of labor and here he was..after delivering the baby, helping to push me up to the maternity ward and getting me settled in bed. He was an intern, by the way...so I guess it was to be expected that he'd be worked half to death. Anyway, he and the nurse were two very wonderful people. In fact, all during the time I was down in the labor and delivery ward all the people working there were as nice as could be. And best of all, they made me feel as tho I was safe with them and that they'd do their utter most to make sure everything went alright. It did, too...because when I got up to the post partum ward I felt wonderful after the first 15 minutes (when I had recovered from too much gas that one time...couldn't keep water down and I was dry and thirsty as anything). I felt so relaxed and so blasted relieved to have all those $8\frac{1}{2}$ months misery finally over with. And I was just about ready to fall asleep when I heard a familiar voice in the ward...it was ole Art! Gosh I was happy to see him! When I'd gone into labor early that am I'd debated with myself whether to have the hospital notify Art and then decided against the idea since they wouldn't let him in to see me and there was no use having him worry and be awake all night. Soppo, Art had unknowingly gone to sleep; gotten up at 5 am and gone to work and all that time he was so close to being a papa and had actually become a father about 10 minutes after he started working that morning! It was around 10 am when Art finally got to the hospital and I had to laugh when I saw him...the first thing I noticed as he came around the corner of the ward to the bed where I lay, was that huge grin spread clear across his face, and the rather dazed look on his face. It was so good to see him and be able to tell him (the phone message from the hospital just said that his wife had had a baby that morning and he could see her anytime..so he didn't know whether it was a boy or girl or if it was alive or what) he now had a son, Steven Arthur, weighing 6lb. 7 oz. and 18 inches long. A small baby..but yeghods has little Stinker ever made up for such a little beginning. He weighed in at 15 lb 6 oz at his three months checkup a week and half ago and is $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall now. Of course he eats like a hog, so its no wonder. And naturally he's about the smartest baby in the world..he can sit up all by himself (wal, for about 3 seconds) now and loves to talk and laugh to at his toys and his parents and the neighbors. He had a mop of black hair when he was born but right now he looks almost completely bald. He has hair, but its so fine and short it looks like there isn't any on his head at all.

I started feeding him solids (babanas) when he was a week old...and started him on baby meats when he was 9 days old. And as a result he has nicely developed muscles. He has baby fat, sure..but he doesn't look as heavy as his actual weight.. because he's so well developed. Naturally this horrified all the other women around these apartments....they buzzed like bees about it (they thot I was doing my baby a terrible wrong) and worse yet..Nancy Rapp doesn't even sterilize all the

baby's formula; I didn't, either. I started him on bottled water (a necessity due to the condition of el paso water..its high in salt content and all kinds of chemicals) and canned milk and kayro corn syrup..the water was sterile, the milk was already sterile and we'd sterilized the bottles, nipples etc when we got them...so I figured it would be ridiculous to sterilize the whole thing all over again every time I mixed Stevie a bottle. Besides, its a waste of money to buy a sterilizing outfit that you use for only 5 or 6 montha (the doctor says we re to put him on regular table meals and bottled milk when he's 6 months old) and besides which I do not believe in having a kid so sterile he or she gets clobbered by every little bug that happens along. If there was an epidemic or if there was some other unsafe factor operating, then I would. But to treat a baby as tho it was some delicate, fragile, unearthly thing is ridiculous, to me. Stevie has been a healthy happy baby since he was born (I know..I got to take complete care of him in the hospital when he was 7² hrs old..they usually give the babies to the mothers when they're 24 hrs old..but they made me wait 3 days due to my sitting in a chair & the effect it had on my stitches, plus the fact they had to take a blood test of stevie since there was the RH factor present. As it turned out, Stevie was RH negative, like me, thank goodness..so no complete tranfusion was needed). This was also a boon during our trip East last month. Instead of changing water on the baby every day (one sure way to make a tiny baby ill) we got his regular 5 gallon jug of distilled water, plus lots of the 6 oz cans of carnation milk...and it was easy to mix his formula and be sure of its safety all during the trip. I'd mix his water and kayro every morning and when he got hungry all I'd have to do was open one of the cans of milk, fill the bottle of water and syrup with the 4 oz of milk..and throw the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " oz left over in the can, into a litter barrel. No stopping along the road to warm the milk either because we got one of those 1.89 car bottle warmers to plug into the cigarette lighter and it worked fine. Since we also took his car bed along, we had no trouble at all about where to put him in the car during the long days ride..nor at night when we'd stop at a motel. His carbed went into the motel too. This is something else I d learned about babies years ago...they miss their own beds and if you stick them into a strange bed they'll fuss and fret and drive you frantic before they finally fall asleep. So, since Stevie had already been sleeping in his car bed at home here, and during the day in the car...he had no trouble at all sleeping at night in a strange room. He did notice..and twice even fussed...the strange motel rooms...but only for a few minutes.

Wal...enuff of this chapter. I imagine 98% of Saps is yawning already...so on to other topics.

Like..the cold, rainy day it is? Yeah! I thot I'd better enjoy all the hot sunny weather I could, while I could ...before heading into real snowy weather next month. So wot happens? El Paso gets two days of cold rain and clouds and it doesn't feel like El Paso weather at all. Heh, maybe its a good thing we're leaving since JWGHod says texas is to expect an ea rly and severe snow storm soon. Foo, tho...el paso got snow before penna did, last year. On nov 14th we got three inches of snow.

Oct. 8th....Cheechhhh, this is really being written in snatches (down wraii). Owell, at least NOW I have something else to write about. Like the visit from Redd Boggs. Redd had stoppe~~d~~ for a four day visit on his other trip out to LA and last thursday morning I was sitting on our couch holding stevie and changing his diaper a nd putting his warm pjs on him when the phone began ringing. By the time I'd laid Stevie down and pulled his crib next to the couch as a safety precaution; gotten my chair, gotten into it and out to the kitchen where the phone is located and picked up the receiver I heard someone on the other end of the line hang up! Grrrrr, I thot....its one of those miserable salesmen/women and if they DARE call back I'll give 'em a piece of my mind. For sure. Wal, to make a long story

longer, I returned to the couch and picked up Stevie and continued changing him. In a short while someone knocked on the front door and I yelled "It's open! Come in". But nobody came in. Another knock. So I put Stevie back down, went to the door, opened it wider and nearly fell thru the floor. There stood Redd! We'd had a card from him about a week before, saying he was returning to LA and might stop by to see us again, but we didn't expect him so soon after the card. Anyway, it was nice having him visit us again. I don't recall if I ever mentioned it before but Redd was a complete surprise to me. He isn't at all like his writing personality. Wellll...in a way, yes...but Redd's writings have always given me the impression that he was a rather cold type person. All intellect and very little real warm human-ness. So I was astounded at the in-person Redd Boggs. He is a real nice guy...and not like the mental image I'd had of him.

Guess this is the last page, so I'd better correct a minor goof in SWARP. When stenciling, Art goofed and said that Stevie had outgrown all his size "18 mos" clothes. Tsk, I don't want people thinking my kid is an overgrown monster, so I'd better say right here that he has outgrown his size "twelve months" and I've had to buy him size 18 months clothes and size TWO (1 1/2) undershirts. Stevie IS huge for his age (he's only 4 1/2 months now)..and intelligent too. Like already he sits in his highchair and feeds himself peanutbutter sandwiches! Really..and is THAT a sight!

On our vacation trip we stopped (on the way back here) at Roseville and visited Nangee. It was real nice...and Nangee seemed a lot happier and younger and healthier than when we'd visited her over a year ago. Ole Stevie seemed to have fallen in love with Nangee at first sight..at least he laughed and talked to Nangee. Something he didn't do with our relatives until he'd been around them for several days. I think he still remembers Nangee because while Redd was here I said to Stevie "you liked Nangee, didn't you" and he gave out with a big grin, laughed and started chattering away in his peculiar language. Cheech..can you imagine...only 4 months old and he's already met a lot of BNFs...Nangee, Redd Boggs & Norm Metcalf. Ops...nooo...he wasn't quite here yet when Norm was here in February.

I hope we get concurrent travel. I'd like to see Italy. Gee... and we'd be able to get to the London con!

You all realize, I trust, that I'm merely trying to fill up all this blank space here? And it's impossible to do so because every other sentence I've got to stop and fiddle with mundane things like dirty dishes and wet diapers.

Bruce?? Can I please stop here? It's almost six pages except for a few measly lines.

Why am I asking??? Who's afraid of a saps OE anyways? Especially a skinny elephant one. So I'm quitting. Hmmm...I just thought...what happens if Art goes overseas and I DON'T??? Who gets the saps mlg's? Or can I buy an extra mlg every mlg for two whole years? Bruce...?

If I had the strength
I'd draw a fillerillo
for this empty
space. But I'm
too pooped....

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