

NEW FANALOG ZINE LOG



Sweet

I found the perfect title for this. But this morning I discovered that a certain Irish fan's wife has already appropriated it. Quite a few years back, as a matter of. But "The Kitchen Cynic". I like it. So I'm not going to call this anything. Now...if I don't call this "Anything", what shall I call it? Okay, okay, I'll quit. Eventually.

So instead of a column, I'm going to write an open love letter to Bob Tucker.

Dear Bob,

Since this is an open love letter, you'll understand, I'm sure, that it can't be too personal. I know, how could it be? You don't even recall meeting me. 'Smatter of, you haven't. But that's all right. You have now.

Don't worry about Shelby. Even if he is jealous, he's used to it. Ever since he caught me sleeping with the "Tucker Appreciation Ish" of Quandry under my pillow. I found it in the midst of spider webs, roaches, mold, mildew and old Amazings. I always go through messes like that just on the off chance that I might find a treasure. And this time I hit the jackpot.

And anyway, I'm mad at Shelby. He shaved off his beard. Now I have to look at his chin. Since you've met him, you'll understand.

Incidentally, did you know we're about to make you a grandfather? We've been trying to locate Grandpa Bloch to tell him he'll be a great-grand father, but he's playing hard to get. Maybe I shouldn't be writing a love letter to my husband's father? I'll scandalize all of fandom?

In that case, I'll write you privately next time.

Love and kisses,

Suzy

Yes, the truth must be known, there are fans in the vicinity of Tyndall AFB. Despite any gloomy forebodings to the contrary they do exist.

After meeting rich brown as chronicled in Sonoma #1 we fell to talking one day. "Where's Lynn Haven?" he wanted to know. "What about it?" I wanted to know. "That's the home of Shelby Vick," he answered. Now my inferior knowledge of fandom came to the fore. He was one of those active during Sixth Fandom of whom not much has been heard from lately. There was an announcement of his marriage in Fanac, aside from that practically nothing except for occasional mention.

So one Saturday getting off at 0830 I went over to rich brown's barracks. He wasn't there so I left a note saying where I was going. Hitchhiking into Panama City was easy. Getting out to Lynn Haven wasn't so easy. While figuring ways and means I decided to look up the exact address. Now the awful truth must come out, even the telephone directories are segregated. There was only a Vick Mimeo Service. Then the awful truth burst out. Looking under Lynn Haven I found a Shelby Vick. And then all my engrams disintegrated for a microsecond and Gludnik's Equation came surging to the cerebellum. (Some place anyway.) This reads fan=fmz=mimeo. Since this was only a block from where I was. So I went.

There was a lady in front who nodded wisely when I asked if the Vick was Shelby. He was out to coffee at the moment. When he came back introductions were made. As Archimedes was reputed to have said, "Eureka". So you see, there are fans in Florida after all.

For Vick is one of those dastardly fans who have shhh, gafiated, into the ranks of sf readers and those who merely receive a few fmz for oldtimes sake. But he may return to activity, only Bloch knows. For this sixteen-year old chip off the old Bloch must follow his Ghod.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY



Once upon a time, there was
a puffin...



He made his first appearance
on the covers of the long-lamented
QUANDRY, and then started chasing
a little Chinaman in the long-gone CONFUSION. He
made rare appearances in other fanzines, and even
attended a few conventions. Then, after swimming
across the ocean with Walt Willis in 1952, he became
popped -- a panting, puffing puffin. It was too much
for him. Until one day into Vick Mimeograph Ser-
vice pops one Norm Metcalf. Plasma was pumped
into the li'l puffin, and he wriggled back to -- at
least temporarily -- life. Shelvick's wife pop's up
with, "Let's put out a one-shot!" (And Ron Ellick
called her a non-fanne!) So here on the same after-
noon -- as is the way of all good one-shots --
comes FANalog! A professionally reproduced
fanzine (with true professional typos) actually re-
produced on an ELECTRIC GESTETNER machine
and typed on an IBM proportional spacing. How'm
I doin', Granpa?

Shelvick