

# MELBOURNE

Bulletin  
30-12-41

Well, well, well! I bet you didn't expect to hear from this end of the magazine world again for a long time! Nevertheless, here we are. Just two pages, but well...that's better than nothing. You can count yourselves lucky that you're even seeing this.

As you know, A-F & M-B are being suspended for some time - probably six months or so. I am keeping the best of the material I have in hand and am distributing the rest round the rest of the fan mags. Actually I intend to keep enough stuff for one issue of M-B and one of A-F, so that if I suddenly decide I've got the time to put an ish of one or the other out I won't have to scabble around after material. With no mags for exchange, naturally enough I'll have to start subscribing to you other funds. I ask you to keep sending your mags, keeping track of how much I owe you. (Including what I already owe.) Keep me well informed how much I owe -- I don't want to let my debts go as far as the amount I owe Rodex for Reporters at the moment. And to Fong and Michael Rosenblum... thank a million! Your mags continue to arrive regularly in this God-forsaken dump.

Keithy Taylor is in hospital, and has been for the last fortnight. While we (MIF & self) sweltered in a temp. of 103° on Xmas day, he ate turkey in an air-conditioned room on the third floor of one of the best hospitals I've seen. He lies on his back and reads my World's Best & Big, while I sit on the floor and eat his Minties. Don't feel sorry for him, mugs...he's in the best place.

Cook, I forgot. A belated Merry Xmas to all of you, and a little New Year, the I'm typing this on the 30th. Whither fankind in the New Year? God only knows.

Most notable event in this last month of weary old '41 (as far as Amey fancom's concerns) was the arrival of Mickey Hou--garden Donald Duck in Melbourne's fair city. Since he's written up his version of our -er..meeting, I might as well do the same. Biggest and most forbidding shock I got was his elderly and serious look! He apparently formed the latter opinion of me, also, but I think we've both been disillusioned. Keithy & I usually get quite hilarious when we visit Lark Park, and Don didn't seem to be terribly shocked. Ah, no. Don, by the way & before I forget, has shifted. You can now get in touch with him at 68 Market St., Nth. Essendon. This new address is nearer to his work at Weribyrnong.

The very first night he was in Melbourne he expressed my ire by buying everything in sight. As you know from Reporter, he promptly purchased 41 worth. Since then, by the number of mags that have arrived at our flat, he must have bought about 3 times that many. Probably it's just as well Bob Seappon may not be able to come up here; if you get what I mean. I'd like them to leave some for me. I don't blame Doc for going mad, however. We are getting Air Wanderer's & 1949 Amazing's for a bob each. Hot at McGill's.

Had another from Harold Gottliffe recently. He is still in hospital in Egypt. Excerpt from his letter follows.

"Your parcel of fan mags arrived today (12th October) and I really can't thank you enough; the separation from fan activities is probably the worst part of the war (at least to me). "I can't help comparing Australian fandom with Anglo-American conditions from 1935-1938: the same multitude of minor publications (I don't mean that as an insult), the same juvenile squabbles and the same seeming co-operation. I only hope it doesn't end the same way.

"As you may know, before the war I was the "other half" of the L.S.F.L. & SFA publications - in fact I still carry a spare title block of the "Futarian" in my kit with the hope that one of those days I'll be able to start the "Foster in Exile". "By the way, if any of your lads are interested in Astronautics, ask them to write to me - I've been interested in it for over 7 years."  
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This happens to be Melbourne Bulletin, an Australian Pub which comes to you from 183 Domain Road, Stn. Yarra, 381, Victoria. This ish is No. 9; and we want charging for it. Generous, huh?  
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A while ago Marsh Mack. told us of another fan whose whereabouts we haven't seen M.L. for ages, for he's been terrifically busy, so we don't know whether he got in touch with the gentleman or not. However, I was not worrying. At the present stage of Melbourne fandom (see Reporter, no 20) another fan would be rather more of a hindrance than a help.

And this will be the last M-B you'll see for some time, I'm afraid. Maybe I'll get another ish out someday, but it won't be soon. So....Partridgewell! Hasta la Vista!

