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I'VE BEEN SICK

Two weeks before school ended last year I started to feel rather unwell and my doctor sent me to bed (this was early December). After a week and a half he worked out that I had glandular fever. He said that I might be hobbling around by Christmas and as you will read later, I was. However, as I write now the situation is that I cannot take any exercise until the end of January at the earliest: for me that isn't funny as I was set for quite a good season on the running track. And it wasn't funny for another reason as well: just before I became ill I had asked a young lady whether I might have the privilege of looking after her for the next few years and she had said yes. By December 23 I was almost

able to walk, so I took a journey across town which resulted in my buying a relatively expensive Christmas present the next day. Since then I've been rather busy (though ill). We've managed to get a house half a mile or so from Drouin which will have almost enough room for ~~my~~ our books. One of the nasty things is that I have to keep my SF collection (which I had planned to unload). My current estimate is that I'll have to move 67 cartons of books, but I think that may be a little conservative. The house has four bedrooms, which means there might be enough room for this immense pile of junk. I think that buying shelves will keep me rather poorer than I'd wish to be. And I'm allowed to keep publishing fanzines (well, that's the story now) though when I'll have time for this is not stated. I'm told that our future plans include two years in England (I was told that two days ago - as a surprise). Neither of us really wants to live in England but circumstances beyond our control.... Anyway, we only have a year more (almost to the day) in Australia. Elisabeth has hinted that she might do some drawing for me, so maybe I won't have to chase McLelland and Bangsund any more. This reminds me that all

ART IS BY KEITH McLELLAND.

BRIEF, BRIEF, MAILING COMENTS

I'll leave out any weapons discussion until the next mailing, for which I hope to prepare a larger issue than usual (seven pages). Since I'll only be getting married and moving into a new house (though not in that order) in the interim, that should be managed with ease.

TOSKEY: The remark about Marie Corelli's sex life was, as I should have guessed, from Oscar Wilde. Answering a question from Warder Martin, Wilde said: "Now don't think for a moment that I have a word to say against the moral character of Miss Corelli. But from the way she writes, she ought to be here instead of me." (Quoted from Micheal MacLiammoir's THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR)

JACOBS: I've seen something of "programmed instruction", but it has not taken hold here at all. I'd say that there is a problem with motivation in the method, even with reinforcement.

MESKYS: Miller's figure was something like 60,000 books.

COX: I'm sending those magazines RSN.

DEVORE: I'm sending a nevel for you RSN.

DOREEN: I'm sending those stamps RSN.

DIAN PELZ: And I'll look after you when I can find YEZIDEE and have more space.

