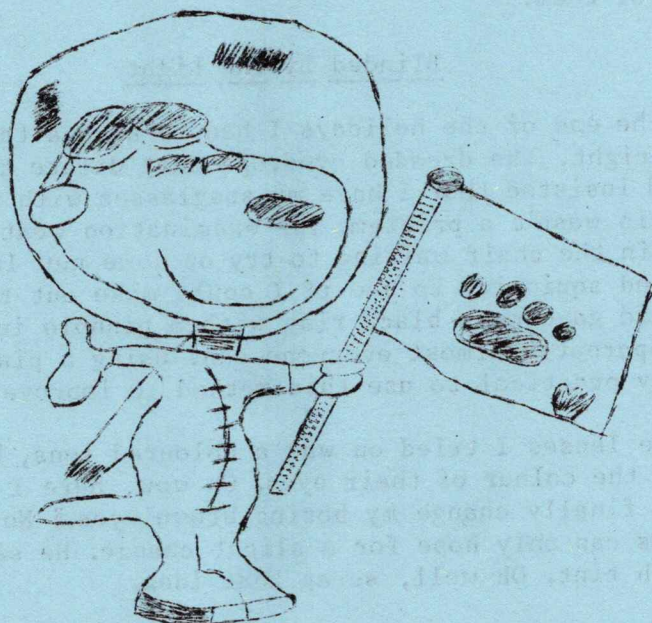


# BEAGLE'S



WORLD

REVISITED

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Produced by Catherine Ortlieb of P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vict 3131 for ANZAPA. Extra typographical errors added by the impudent typist and Eccles the Microbee. The date for this version is 5/4/86. It might get to Gerald in time for the April mailing, but, if it doesn't, you can lay the blame firmly in the Swancon XI court. The Impudent Typist was enjoying that convention instead of typing this to disk.

---oOo---

Oh where, oh where did the holidays go?

WARNING: Don't weed gardens; it only encourages the rotten things to grow more. I was so proud of my efforts, only to find more weeds a week later. AAAARGH!!! They're still lurking out there, waiting for me to make room for more of them.

Blinded By The Light

Towards the end of the holidays I had to have a thorough eye check-up - yep, that's right, the dreaded eyedrops that dilate the pupils. Randy warned me, and insisted that I have my sunglasses with me. As I always carry them, this wasn't a problem. The examination went off okay but, while I was sitting in the chair waiting to try on some new lenses - I need a new pair - I started squinting to see if I could make out the chart. Randy noticed this and gave me a black ring with a pinhole in it. I found I could almost see. Apparently almost everyone can, using a pinhole, but it's really not very practical to use this method to improve one's sight

One of the lenses I tried on was a coloured lens, blue, for those who wish to change the colour of their eyes. Oh wow, here I was with the opportunity to finally change my boring brown eyes.§ No such luck. People with brown eyes can only hope for a slight change. He said it only gave my eyes a greenish tint. Oh well, scrap that idea.

We finally worked out a new lens that suited me, but Randy warned me to put my sun glasses on before I left his rooms. Of course the sun chose that moment to come out in all its splendour. I don't think I've ever experienced such pain and discomfort without actually being hurt. I've got excellent sun glasses that cut out 85% of glare, but they, plus the car's visor, couldn't protect me from the onslaught. It took all my strength and concentration to keep my eyes open and on the road. Next time I need those eye drops I'm going to arrange someone to pick me up, so that I can go home with my head under a blanket!!

Vaguely related to this is a visit to a dentist. You see my sister, brother-in-law (a dentist) and nephew came over from England to visit my parents, to show off their new son, and to attend my brother's wedding. This made me feel guilty, as I hadn't been to a dentist since I'd been living in Broadford. It's not that John goes around peering into people's mouths, but his visit did remind me I really needed to get some teeth checked. I found a dentist not too far from home and, if you'll excuse the pun, gritted my teeth and made an appointment.

The dentist was a Dr Anne Monteith, the first female dentist I'd ever had. The practice was very up-to-date, with computer terminals in every room. When she moved the chair back and brought the light down I started

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§ITA In my humble opinion Cath's eyes are not in the least boring.

blinking involuntarily and she provided me with a pair of sun glasses. I later found out, through talking to John, that all dentists should do this - not to cut the glare, but to protect the eyes from any flying material during drilling and in case the dentist drops or loses control of an instrument. He was horrified that I hadn't encountered this before - he considers it absolutely necessary. I found Dr Monteith, despite the name, to be a very caring and considerate dentist. However, she discovered some root canal work that required surgery beyond her abilities, and so she sent me to a specialist . . . would you believe Dr Nervo?

### Tassie

We decided to take a week off and visit some friends and family in Tasmania before the end of the summer holidays. Neither Marc nor I had visited Tassie for years. Marc's brother Skye and Skye's family live there. My father's cousin Joe and Joe's family have been there for years. Joe's daughter Genni and I have been friends for years. They usually stay with us when in Melbourne and vice versa. Gayle and Paul - the minister who married us - also live there, as do S.F. friends Mike, Robin and Giulia. We stayed in Bellerive with Genni and her year-old son, Joseph, who was a delightful child. He loved having new people to play with.

We really didn't want to go sight-seeing, and were more concerned with catching up with people. It was really a very pleasant way to spend a week - no gardening, no school work, no commitments - just taking each day as it came and enjoying people's company. Genni took us on walks around Bellerive Quay, arranged for us to use Joe's car when we needed it and even took us down to Port Arthur one day. It was our only tourist 'act' but it was a very pleasant day and although the prison has a terrible history some of the restored buildings were very interesting. We had a couple of amusing experiences in Hobart too.

The day after we arrived we went into the city for the first time. It's been years since I've been to Tassie and, as the last time was soon after the bridge was wiped out by the side-swiping ship, it had been even longer since I'd been in Hobart itself. We sought and found Mike's pub and arranged to meet him later for lunch. As he mentioned in the most recent ANZAPA, we had gotten Robin's phone number and were just deciding where to eat when who should drop in but Robin. We all had a very pleasant lunch and were told of an interesting book shop in the Red Cross building. We checked it out and found a few interesting books. Marc discovered six in a series of seven books called The International University Reading Course. Each book is a hardback of about five hundred pages, containing essays by such people as Faraday, Deakin and Carlyle. He was interested in some of the articles and decided that, at \$5-00 for the lot, they were a real bargain. We figured that we could leave any unwanted volumes behind, but we ended up taking the lot. With those and some other books, I was glad that we were able to stuff most of my clothes into Marc's back-pack so that we could carry the books in my small suitcase. Marc suffered later when he had to carry them from the airport bus to Museum Station.

We met up with Marc's brother Skye and our sister-in-law Rissah a couple of times as they hadn't seen each other since 1982, nor had we met Skye and Rissah's daughter Rhea. Rhea was born with club feet but is very mobile now. In fact she'd just been to her first shoe store and it took us a while to work out why she would sit on her little stool in front of Marc and put her foot on his knee. Skye thought that she had figured that Marc was a shoe salesman . . . She was a very friendly two-year-old who chattered away in her very own language.

When we went to visit Gayle and Paul we decided to drop in on Giulia de Cesare, as her place was on the way. We spent a short but very pleasant time with her. She helped us through our cat deprivation symptoms as she had two lovely kittens.

We were going to stop along the way for lunch but decided we didn't want to get lost and so we headed straight for Gayle and Paul's, to find out where they lived. Having done that, we found a take-away just down the road. So there we were, sitting in the car, eating fish and chips, when I noticed someone in the rear-vision window. It was Paul, who was picking up some milk. Imagine how surprised we both were to meet in the car park of a Claremont Take-Away shop! We did the right thing - offered Paul some chips.

After we'd finished our lunch, we drove around the corner to their place and spent a pleasant afternoon catching up on all the news. In particular I was interested in reading about the furore Paul caused when he refused to give an ANZAC Day service for the local R.S.L. on the grounds that it was only to honour those soldiers who had died in battle. As Paul is on the Tassie committee organizing the Year of Peace, he takes this sort of thing seriously. He got some pretty abusive mail but also a lot of support from many people.

On the Saturday we'd arranged to meet Skye, Rhissah, Rhea, Giulia and her boyfriend Michael at the Salamanca Market. We wandered around, found a few more books and some silly badges to stir Genni - "Have you hugged your kid today?" and "Have you slugged your kid today?" I was tempted to buy Joseph a toy drum kit but figured that Genni would never forgive me. I found something I'd been looking for for ages, The Maggie Thatcher/Ronnie Ray Gun "Gone With The Wind" poster.

We had planned to visit Robin and Alicia after the markets as they lived nearby, but they weren't answering the phone. Instead we did something I never thought I'd have the guts to do. Genni had commented that it was a lovely walk from her place the the city BUT, and a big BUT as far as I was concerned, it meant we had to cross the bridge over the Derwent River. Marc said we could take the bus back, but it wasn't due for ages, so I thought I'd be brave and try it. You see the bridge is very high and I figured I really wouldn't be able to see the water unless I looked down, besides which, if I fell, the fall would hopefully kill me first. [ITA: Cath has a phobia about deep water.] The path across the bridge really isn't well designed as it's too narrow for two people. The wind was very strong and Marc tried to act as a bit of a windbreak, but there wasn't room for that. I don't know how long the bridge is, but it took us about twenty minutes to walk across. How did I do it? Well, I looked straight ahead and hung on to Marc. What I didn't realize until we'd finished was that I was clutching at my bag so tightly that I almost cut my hand. The marks remained for quite a while. I'm not sure that I could do it again.

#### Back to Work

All too quickly the holidays were over. The first few weeks back at school were absolute murder. I had a meeting almost every night and had so much paperwork to do that I think I used up my Year Seven Co-ordinatorship time allowance in the first few weeks. I even had to put information about my 161 Year Seven students onto computer. As we have Apples at school, I had to bring one home and spent most of one Saturday, plus time at school, getting it all done. Mind you, I haven't so much as touched our computer yet, but will at some stage as I'm getting worksheets and assignments put onto disks as fast as Eccles can typo the stencils for me.

There have been some lighter moments to my new position of authority. Firstly I inherited a nice looking desk chair that has the unfortunate habit of tipping back quite a way when you lean back on it. This happened once while I was talking to a student who had stepped out of line. You can imagine how dignified I felt after nearly falling over backwards. The second incident occurred because I have a Year 12 class next to one of the Year 7 classes. Sarah was a little late and the students were just mucking around outside, making a terrible racket. As I couldn't talk to my class over the noise, I went outside and blasted the Year Sevens, making them line up quietly and threatening to put them on detention - only coordinators can do that! A week or so later they were waiting outside as I approached. As soon as they saw me coming they started to get into lines and stopped talking. And I hadn't said a word! There appear to be a few live wires among the kids, but things are going well so far.

The real headache has been the Curriculum Committee. Firstly we have to see what affect, if any, the four term year - due to be introduced in 1987 - will have on the school. Also the newly named Ministry of Education wants all sorts of changes to the education system over the next few years that will result in a very different situation. While most of us agree that change is needed, we're very worried about the lack of practical ideas being presented. There seems to be a great rush, mainly in the interests of political expediency, with very little thought being given to how the changes will be implimented. They're still arguing over definitions!

#### Family Front

As I mentioned earlier, my sister Vilma and her family arrived in mid-February to show off her new son Edward to the rest of the family and to attend my brother John's wedding. Vilma's husband is also called John and so family gatherings were even more confusing. (We have close cousins called John.) With all this, we've had a lot of our weekends taken up by family gatherings.

John and Sue, my new sister-in-law, wanted to get married in the Reception Centre at the Zoo, which caused an almighty uproar. We thought that we might have smoothed the way with our park wedding, but this was too much for my parents. The problem was that they didn't realize what the place was like - they had visions of John and Sue getting married surrounded by animal cages and the strangers wandering through the Zoo. It was a slightly smaller wedding than ours - with a closer balance of relatives from both sides. Sue's family is Jewish and so it was a rather unusual mixture of people and languages. In fact John (in-law) had a lot of trouble working out which of the guests were Italian and which were Jewish. The immediate family actually liked the place and the ceremony, although I'm not sure what the others felt.

On the Sunday we got the immediate family together to take some photos. We're aware that nonna won't be with us for much longer and we thought we'd get everyone together. It was a crazy day. Whenever we got everyone ready for the group shot it started to rain.

Vilma is still here, but John had to go back to England last Wednesday. I wish they lived closer. John's a lovely bloke and I really enjoy his company. Edward is a beautifully natured baby. On the day they arrived he woke up before Vilma and John and demanded attention. Vilma got up, but was still feeling the effects of jet lag so wanted a little more rest. She got up and brought him out. I hadn't seen him before but he stayed with us quite happily for about an hour until Vilma felt more rested. He's going to be spoiled rotten by my parents; Vilma and John not only had little trouble

getting my parents to baby-sit but are worried about getting him back! I went around there the other day when Dad was taking Edward for a "stroll" around the garden. When I mentioned I wasn't feeling well (I ended up taking a week off school with the flu) Dad took off as if I had the plague. Wilma and John reckon I probably got the flu from Edward in the first place, especially since Dad, who isn't sick often, also came down with it.

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Enough of this. Here is a snippet from last year's Daily Bulletin that I meant to include in the previous mailing:-

"Request from H.S.C. Exam Invigilator that female Year 11 invigilators wear flat, soft-soled shoes while invigilating. No reference was made to male invigilators. They may continue to wear high heeled shoes"

Our Bulletin is worth reading at times.

#### MAILING COMMENTS

##### Murgatroyd 28

RYCTo me. My trouble is that the Principal has heard the old adage "When in doubt delegate." He does - too often to me!!

##### Halfaworldaway 2

I'm glad you've gotten over your depression and are pregnant again. Congratulations. We don't want kids yet, but I'm finding pushy relatives who insist I should be pregnant not only annoying but very off-putting. That decision certainly concerns Marc and me, not them. (Note please:- it's not my parents who are doing this although, after three grandsons, they'd like a grand-daughter.)

##### Necessity

What happened to our page 6?

##### Module 58

I'm glad we were able to catch up with you and Robin that day for lunch. I think I know a little of what you're experiencing with the hotel. My family owned a licensed grocery store for about twenty years. I remember what a thrill it was to be able to visit the shop when I was young. Once I was about sixteen I used to work there nearly every Saturday and on holidays. I naturally got to know many of the locals, especially the elderly customers who often came in for a chat. It was sad when they finally sold it and it's strange to go past it now, even though the shop itself has changed a lot.

---oOo---

I did warn you there would only be a few mailing comments. Sorry to all the others. I did read your contributions, but I can't think of much to say. Doing most of my reading while I was off work with the flu probably didn't help.

Next issue I'll return to something completely different, something that's been left out for ages, yes, the dreaded Trip Report!