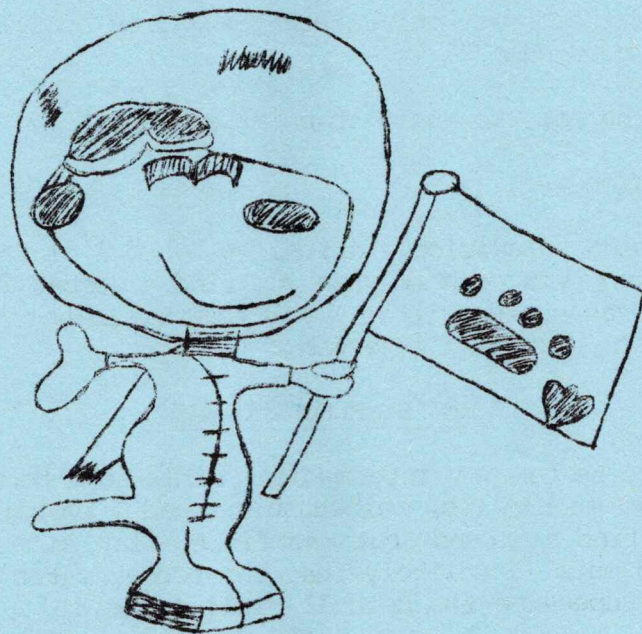


BEAGLE'S



WORLD

REVISITED

32

BEAGLES' WORLD REVISITED # 32

Produced for ANZAPA by Cath Ortlieb of P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vict 3131, AUSTRALIA. Typos by Eccles the Microbee, duplication courtesy John Gardiner High School.

---oOo---

Well it's contribution time again and I haven't, as usual, got everything finished. I'll have to continue my Swancon Report and give a Kinkon II report next time (I hope!) I'll just include a few snippets of other events. They're not in any particular order.

- While ringing SPELD (the Specific Learning Difficulties Association of Victoria) to order some books for school.

"Can you send them to school rather than to my postal address?"

"Yes. What's your name?"

"Ortlieb."

"Oh, you're the one who keeps changing address."

Boy, I'm infamous.

- While changing television stations we heard a classic line:

"You really know you're home when you find a wombat in your bed."

I thought it was so funny that I was tempted to use it as the name for my contribution, but Marc objected.

PURE AS MELBOURNE SNOW?

I was supposed to take my intermediate girls to a hockey match, but it had been raining so much - Yes, Melbourne has had a typically wet winter - that we could not find a ground that was fit to play on. Since the downpour the day before had made it unlikely that the hockey match would go ahead, I'd been asked to supervise the netball girls instead.

That morning was COLD (but not by Minnesota standards) and outside was covered with a layer of hailstones. "Brr," I thought. "I hope they cancel the netball." I didn't really want to stand out in the cold all day watching a sport that didn't really interest me. On the way to school, Anna and I passed a number of cars, coming down from the hills, that were still covered with ice or snow. We could see parts of the Dandenongs that were definitely snow-covered.

The usual early morning crowd was discussing how difficult it had been to get up that morning and that an open fire would be wonderful, if we could con the Department (excuse me - The Ministry of Education) into providing one. Suddenly one of the teachers noticed that it was snowing outside. It was only light and quickly melted, but it was the first time anything like that had happened in Croydon in twenty years. The kids usually have to stay outside until 8-25, but the Deputy Principal told them they could come in. Not one kid accepted the offer. You should have seen them. The excitement was infectious; regardless of whether they were Year Seven or Year Twelve the response was the same. It was the coldest day Melbourne had had in forty years so we had something to "brighten" our winter's day. Those who live in colder climes would find this tame but it's rare for snow to fall in the city of Melbourne.

---oOo---

- Big Brother is watching us. There I was, at about 7-25 a.m., brushing my teeth before leaving for school, when the ABC announcer mentioned that it was 3°C.

"Boy that's cold," I said aloud, knowing I had to stand in it as I had morning yard duty.

"It's not really that cold," replied the announcer.

The comment stopped me in mid-brush. I thought that at least there was some privacy in the bathroom.

PLAYING HOCKEY

On the 30th and 31st of July, I spent two days, from 8-30 to 3-30 (without a break) with my senior Hockey teams in the Eastern Zone finals. Unlike last year, when we either played in mud or on "cinders", we had the synthetic "supergrass". Unfortunately the facilities were lacking. I got very tired as I was either running up and down the side line or just standing. There weren't any seats. I didn't really expect my girls to win, but they surprised me by being unbeaten by the end of the day. In fact they didn't have one goal scored against them during the competition. Unfortunately they didn't score enough goals to go through into the Grand Final. The last game they played showed the best sportsmanship I've seen in years. They were a delight to be with.

The Senior Boys (mainly made up of last year's Intermediate All High Champions) had a better chance but I knew the older competition would be difficult. Three of my boys looked like Year Sevens; six were reasonably tall but slender and only three were really solid. They certainly had the skills but the power of the opposition, most of whom were Years Eleven and Twelve, wore them down in the Grand Final. The fact that we'd just played a game while our opponents had just rested didn't help. Anyway the boys won all of their games, except the Grand Final. Next year, who knows? The funny thing was that out of the seven teams and their coaches and umpires, I was the only woman. Talk about feeling outnumbered.

Saturday August 2nd

- 7-30 a.m. - Got up, got ready for the day and had breakfast.
- 8-30 a.m. - Left to do necessary shopping.
- 8-50 a.m. - Voted in local Council election.
- 9-00 a.m. - Began to hand out "How to Vote" cards.
- 10-00 a.m. - Relieved of duty. Went home. Told Marc about a mix-up with his name. Went to K-Mart trying to find a small Eski for Monday.
- 10-30 a.m. - Began handing out "How to Vote" cards in another ward for another friend.
- 12-00 - Relieved of duty. Once again tried to find a small Eski, this time successfully. Picked up chicken and chips for lunch. Went home.
- 12-35 p.m. - Member of hockey club, with whom I was umpiring that afternoon, turned up. We went over the rules together and sorted out umpiring strategies. It was her first umpiring stint.
- 1-15 p.m. - Left for hockey game.
- 2-15 p.m. - Began umpiring. Opposing teams had uniforms so close in colour - red tops, dark skirts and red socks - that it was almost impossible to tell the difference between them. The home team were supposed to change into white socks, but not all of them did.

- 3-35 p.m. - Finished umpiring. Stayed to watch some of our top team's game. (Our team had a bye.)
- 4-35 p.m. - Left game with our team leading 3 - 1.
- 5-10 p.m. - Back home. Prepared to go out. Showered, popped corn etc.
- 5-45 p.m. - Left for city to attend Star Trek Marathon. Rather amusing episodes on tonight.
- 11-45 p.m. - Got back home after falling asleep during the last episode. No, it wasn't boring. I was just s-o-o-o-o-o-o-o tired.
- 12-25 a.m. - Collapsed into bed after cleaning contact lenses and winding down. I can never go to bed as soon as I get home, no matter how tired I am.

The only "restful" periods I have at school are when I take my classes. I normally spend the rest of the time on the phone to parents or department officers, chasing up students (and sometimes teachers), writing up special reports, photocopying for the curriculum committee and so it goes. Last week, I only managed to have lunch once - on Monday. I usually come home hungry and tired. In fact I'm going to see if I can go without a "proper" lunch most days, and eat fruit instead.

I am really looking forward to the holidays, at least the first week. I desperately need a rest. In the second week I have to attend a residential school for the correspondence course I'm doing - Computers in Education. Yes, I finally figured if you can't beat them, join them.

---oOo---

[IMPUDENT TYPIST'S ASIDE. And to think I used to believe that workaholia was a disease restricted to W.A.S.P.s. Having married Cath, and knowing her father, I don't believe it anymore.]

---oOo---

MAILING COMMENTS - ANZAPA 110

Blackstrap Mollasses etc Your comments to Eunice were very interesting. I'm in a bit of a bind regarding my faith at the moment. I definitely regard myself as a Christian, but am unsure when it comes to attending church. After being raised a Catholic and going through an anti-organised religion period, I found myself needing some fellowship. Since becoming an adult I have never considered myself as belonging to a particular denomination - I often can't accept/understand the dogma that is preached. I also find it hard to make definite statements about faith that should apply to other people; I only know what's right and wrong for me, at least most of the time. I don't always live up to my own "morals" (I can't really think of a better word) but I try. I have enough problems understanding myself and my place in life. I don't have the knowledge to tell others that if they believe (A) then they're saved, but if they believe (B) then they're wrong/damned.

Illegitimi Non Carborundum Welcome. I enjoy bushwalking but don't seem to have the time to do it. When I lived in Broadford I did a bit. My brother is a director of a survival bushwalking club. His walks are definitely for the experienced walker. His idea of a good weekend is being up in the snow when the tent temperature is sub-zero.

For one walk, when he was training, they told the group to bring the bare necessities but no food because that would be provided. They put

everyone on a bus and took them out bush. Then they were put into pairs - not of their own choice - and dropped off at various points. When they got to the back of the bus they were given their food - a live chicken! As John and the girl he was with were vegetarians, they had real fun. Actually they still killed and gutted the chicken but left it for the local animals. They had to use their knowledge of bush flora to survive for the two days. As I said, this was for experienced bushwalkers.

Perilous Orbitz 0.2 Loved Television Earth. When does it start over here?

G'Nel 52 Would I gloat over the fact that you, the rock and loud music advocate, rang the police, while I, the quieter music advocate didn't? Would I gloat over the fact that I complained earlier that it was too loud but you defended the party saying it was quite acceptable? Would I think to tell everyone if you hadn't? YOU BLOODY BET I WOULD!

-----oOo-----

Sorry to everyone else - no specific comments though I found the contributions interesting.

-----oOo-----

THE LAST LEG

No, this is not a description of the state I was in, but rather a statement indicating that my tour of Europe was nearly over.

Our first stop in France was Nice. Unfortunately we arrived during peak hour and it took us ages to reach the hotel, which was on the main road. It was a pretty small place and the staff weren't very helpful; just how unhelpful I discovered when I got back to England - my sister Vilma needed to contact me but the hotel refused to try to find me, and wouldn't even give my name to Colleene, the tour guide, so that I could at least ring back. They were a pretty pathetic bunch.

Anyway we dumped our bags and decided to do some shopping. Irene wanted a pair of sunglasses like mine. We also wanted some food. Colleene had told us that, as Nice had been an Italian province in the 1800s, Italian was understood by many people. I was dragged into most shops as an interpreter. Not everyone could or admitted to speaking Italian but enough did. This was a relief as my French is almost non-existent. (I only ever did Year 7 and 8 French and I used to get told off for launching into Italian at times.)

The night we went to Monte Carlo turned out to be a disaster. Monte Carlo itself was okay but, since I'm not a gambler, the casino wasn't that interesting. The Principality was quite pretty and I enjoyed walking around the streets in the other part but it wasn't a place I'd rush back to see.

Why did I say the night was a disaster? Well we didn't know about it until the next morning when we discovered that our bus had been broken into and much had been taken. I was lucky. They didn't get my jumper or my bag that was filled with brand new books about Ancient Greece, Rome, and about the places I'd visited. I think the thieves must have been disturbed before they got that far - my stuff was under the back seat. One lady lost \$300 worth of souvenirs. The rest lost coats, bags and cigarettes. Our driver, Werner, lost his sheepskin seat cover. Colleene lost her cassettes, and they even took the bus microphone and some fruit. They preferred bananas to grapes.

But we continued, trying to make the best of the situation. As my group was sitting near the front, we took delight in stirring Colleene, making her repeat everything. Our main visit, to a perfume factory, was one that my sister really wanted me to make so that I could pick up some good perfume reasonably cheaply. It didn't occur to me - idiot that I was - that I would be placing myself into a very difficult situation.

The first part of the tour was fine. They explained how rose petals were the basis of almost all perfumes. This factory made their own perfume as well as the base that was used by famous companies, such as Chanel. They weren't allowed to use the famous brand names, but got around it by, for instance, calling their version of "Joy", "J". When they started us on the tour of the processing plants I began to feel light-headed. I asked what other flowers and chemicals they used and, to my horror, the reply was jasmine and honeysuckle. I was done for. I couldn't go back and I was trapped in an area that reeked of the perfume of flowers to which I was allergic. "What a revolting predicament!"

By the time we made it to the sales room I was in need of an anti-histamine and plenty of fresh air. I took the word of the others that the perfume was good quality and bought six small bottles of the concentrated stuff for Vilma. (She said later that they were as good as the originals and that she liked all except one, which I gave to a cousin.) Anyway, I survived.

---oOo---

Until next time, take care,

ba H.