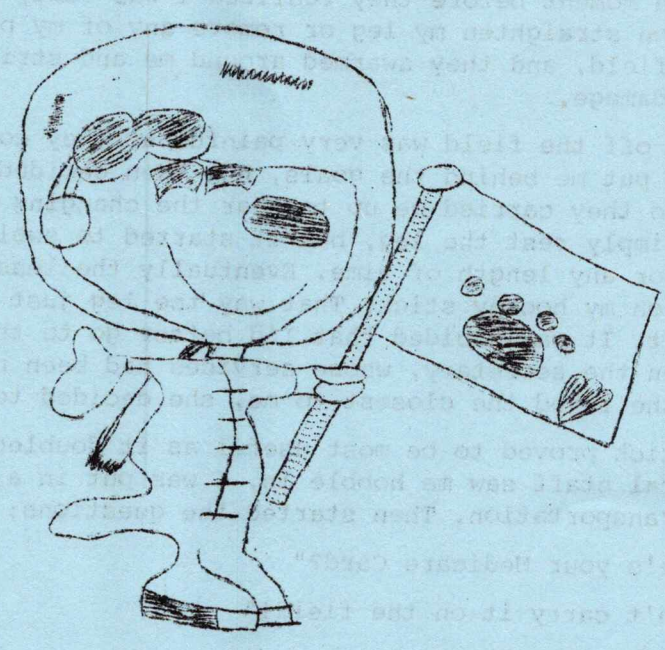


BEAGLE'S



WORLD REVISITED 19

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An ANZAPA contribution from Catherine Ortlieb 453 Kooyong Rd Elsternwick Vict 3185,
AUSTRALIA. 21/5/84.

AND I FELL DOWN...

It all started when our hockey team finally got a hockey coach. She decided that it would be a good idea to have a training match against another team before the hockey season opened, so that she could assess us. The big selection was on.

Initially the game went well. I'd managed to block a few goals in the first few minutes, but then they decided to organise a big push. I blocked one attempt, but they passed the ball to my left to get in behind me. As I turned to attempt another block one of their players tripped and managed to fall on my leg. The immediate sensation was feeling the bottom part of the knee slide across, followed by intense pain as the ligaments tore. I fell in a heap and lay there for a moment before they realized I was badly hurt. I was in so much pain that I couldn't even straighten my leg or remove any of my protective gear. There were a few nurses on the field, and they swarmed around me and stripped the gear off so that they could inspect the damage.

Being carried off the field was very painful as they couldn't avoid jostling the knee. At first they just put me behind the goals, but then decided that was a bit dangerous since I couldn't move, so they carried me up to near the changing rooms. At first we thought it would be okay to simply rest the leg, but it started to swell up and I couldn't bend it or keep it straight for any length of time. Eventually the least painful thing to do was to stand up, leaning on my hockey stick. That way the leg just hung down, and no pressure was being applied to it. It was decided that I'd better go to the hospital. I waited until the game ended and then the secretary, whose services had been needed on the field, took me to the hospital. As she lived the closest to me, she decided to take care of me.

The hockey stick proved to be most useful as it doubled as a walking stick, but as soon as the hospital staff saw me hobble in, I was put in a wheel-chair - a faster and less painful mode of transportation. Then started the questions:

"Where's your Medicare Card?"

"I don't carry it on the field!"

"What happened?"

"Someone fell on me at hockey."

"Ah - our first hockey injury. Winter sports must have started."

I'd arranged for someone to ring Mum to let her know why I'd be late in getting home. While Lynda and I were waiting for the doctor to see me, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to find my brother. Apparently, no matter how much Mum assured Nonna that I was in good hands, she wouldn't stop worrying until John came and checked up. After an examination I was taken to x-ray so that they could get a good look at and possible damage to the knee itself. It was too swollen and sore for the doctor to tell much, except that, fortunately, not all the ligaments were torn. If they had been I would have needed an operation to reconstruct my knee. The x-ray was educational, at least for the x-ray technician who lived near our home ground and who was interested in who "those crazy girls" were. Then the nurse, who fitted me for the crutches, turned out to be a hockey player from S.A. who couldn't find a team that was willing to accept her inability to play regularly. Since we had the secretary there, I got her to sign up there and then. My brother was amazed that she'd want to play hockey after treating someone who'd just been injured in the game. The doctor made an appointment for me to visit the soft tissue clinic on the following Tuesday.

I'd left the hockey stick at reception, because it was a nuisance to carry around, and, when we went to collect it, the response was "Oh damn! We were going to keep it to use on the Saturday night drunks!!!" Luckily the sports' season hadn't really begun or we'd have been there longer than the two hours we were.

Mum and Nonna fussed over me during dinner. It was very uncomfortable; my knee was hurting so much, and I couldn't sit properly. Marc turned up towards the end of the meal. I expected an "I told you it was a dangerous game" lecture, and I wasn't disappointed. The frustrating thing was that the accident really had little to do with the game. It could have happened in any crowded place - especially the corridors at school. At least I could say that I was injured playing sport - less embarrassing than slipping while trying to move a blackboard (my left knee two years ago) or falling down the back stairs (my left ankle three years ago). Let's face it - I'm a clutz,

For the first few days the knee was very painful, and it was difficult to sleep at night. One of the worst things was that, when I was on my own in the house, there were lots of things I couldn't get, because I needed both crutches in order to keep my balance - I couldn't put any pressure on the knee. Once I really wanted a hot drink, but I wouldn't have been able to carry it back to the couch, where I had things set up so that I could sit down without my leg hurting, and so I had to go without. Trying to balance in the shower was also very difficult. I had to hang on to the taps for support. Showering was also frightening because I didn't wear the splint, and the knee had no support. I could really feel it wobbling.

I was worried about my HSC English class, as I had a rough draft that had to be handed back to them, but, fortunately, I had the phone number of one of the few Croydon teachers who lives with a reasonable distance of me, and arranged for her to come around on the Monday and collect work for my classes. I spent most of the first week writing letters to friends and family who live in the States. Justin was going to post them for me when he got there.

The visit to the hospital was an adventure. The bus driver was most considerate. Not only did he take special care as I was getting on and off the bus, but he gave me extra time on my ticket, as he knew that I would be there for quite a while. After hobbling all the way down to reception, at the end of a corridor, I was told to go back to the front to Outpatients. There I had to line up for ages to get a card. I was told that the soft tissues clinic was on the second floor, but I couldn't find it. After asking directions, I was pointed to an area that was signposted as the "Fracture Clinic". I then waited an hour before I was seen. At least I had a book with me.

After repeating my story, I found myself in the middle of a difference of opinion between the physio and the doctor. He claimed that my thigh had already wasted. She said it was too soon. After he drew an outline of my knee joint and ligaments - on my knee - she proceeded to mark off sections from the knee to the top of my leg - on both legs - and then she measured the leg at each point. I kept wondering how I was going to scrub off all the ink, as my leg was very tender where I'd been drawn on.

Both were very friendly, and explained that I'd done a fair bit of damage and that the knee was still very swollen and so I'd be off work for at least another week. The doctor said that I was very lucky that I was the goalie as the leg pads had prevented the knee from tearing any more ligaments. Then the fun began. The ligaments that were still attached couldn't support my knee and so they put on a special splint that was like my hockey pads, except that it went around the whole leg and had metal strips to support it. It was very bulky, as it covered most of my leg. They said that I had been wise to wear a track suit, as it still fitted over the leg - just. (I'd worn the tracksuit because any pressure on the knee hurt, and so ordinary jeans were out.)

It was great fun "walking" as I couldn't bend the knee at all. As soon as I dropped off my card, which had been stamped "Trauma Clinic - boy, talk about confusing - I rang up the school to give them the "good" news. I was worried about the bus trip back, but everyone was fantastic. Actually I could move a bit faster than before because the knee was protected, and I couldn't really hurt it any more. The only thing I was worried about was losing my balance and falling over. It was also very uncomfortable sitting down unless I had a stool and cushions to keep my leg level, because the splint covered so much of my leg and it was heavy.

That Friday I was determined to go to Justin's farewell party, splint or no splint. It finally worked out that, after getting to Christine and Derrick's place, I shared a taxi with them. It was amusing as we lined up for the taxi - Christine and I on crutches being

helped by Derrick. He felt that he should limp a little to keep in with the group! When we got to the party, I found myself a corner, spread out my cushions, set my leg up and "held court". I couldn't get up easily so I had to wait until people came to me before I could talk to them. Marc was pretty busy being a host, but he did make sure that I got some garlic bread. It was a different kind of party to the usual fannish type because there were quite distinct groups present - people connected with fandom; Justin's hockey mates; and some of his special customers. The hockey group's attitude to my injury was that it was an honourable discomfort - they took it in their stride and didn't think that it was so disastrous. I didn't see much of Justin, but he came to say goodbye. Sigh - I was going to miss the big teddy bear. He's a great friend and I wish he could have been at the wedding, but I wouldn't have denied him his trip - in fact I'm green with envy.

The rest of the three weeks I had off of school was spent correcting work that my friend Judy would bring round for me. My brother John went past her flat on his way to and from work, and so he was able to help in picking up and dropping off work. Apparently I was mentioned in a staff meeting because of the amount of work that was being exchanged. Believe me, it was necessary. I didn't want piles of corrections to do when I eventually got back. Besides, it was quite boring sitting there all day.

After a week they removed the splint and took me off the crutches because the ligaments were getting a little stronger, but the other muscles were stiffening due to the leg being held straight. The doctor wanted me to sleep in the splint, but I convinced him that I wouldn't hurt the leg, so was able to at least bend the leg a little at night. The long splint was replaced by an elastic guard that had to be laced up, as it had metal hinges on either side of the knee for added support. My knee hurt more because it was moving but I had to start exercising it. I still had to walk with a cane, and I had to be more careful because there was less support than I had become used to. By this time I was getting very frustrated by the knee and was sick of being at home. I managed to get John to drop me off at the hockey field for an hour so I got to see my team, and got outside for a while. Later that afternoon Marc moved in - I just stood there and supervised. There wasn't much else I could do.

Finally it was decided that I could go back to work. The knee needed more exercise. Milton, the teacher in charge of extras, was so relieved to have me back. My classes were all moved to rooms near the staffroom, and I was excused from yard duty. One of the teachers even brought out a red carpet for me. I still had to walk with a cane, which proved useful in protecting me in the corridors. Some of the Year Sevens were amused by having a "lame" teacher. It was good to be back with the staff. I had really missed them.

Driving didn't hurt my knee; in fact it even helped exercise it, but the knee did ache a lot. After only two days I was exhausted and my leg was so sore I could hardly move. It's gradually getting better, but it's a much slower process than I imagined. I stopped using the cane after Easter and it was quite scary walking without it. I'd been relying on help in walking for over a month; it was hard to walk without limping or favouring my injured knee.

The really 'sad' thing was that, when I went to see the doctor on the eighth of May I was told that the swelling was still bad, and the knee was still opening too much and so there could be no question of me doing the bridal waltz at our wedding. I was relieved. Marc had threatened to trip me up if my leg had healed enough for us to do the waltz. At that rate I would have attended my wedding on crutches.

I've been told that I can go back to hockey training soon, to gradually build up the knee, but I'll have to wait before I can actually play again. I need to go back for another check-up in late June. It's annoying because, after my overseas trip, I was really looking forward to playing again. I even umpired a few games in the summer competition when I got back, just to keep in touch. That was a bit unnerving, because the idea was that I should run alongside one of the regular umpires and pick up some umpiring skills, but she didn't turn up, and I had to take her place. For another game the other umpire didn't turn up either and, since both teams really wanted to play, I ended up umpiring on my own for about half an hour until one of our extra players turned up, and was able to help.

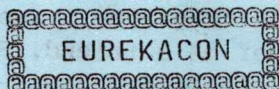
A week and a half after I hurt my knee I finally got the results of the umpires' exam. I sat for last June. Once I'm fit enough they will arrange for someone to either tutor or test me, as I got a B on my exam. It will depend on how well I umpire during my practical

exam. When I pass the practical exam I'll become a badged umpire.

My teams at school wondered whether I'd be able to coach them, due to my injury. No matter how long it takes me to become playing fit, I'll be able to coach whenever I like. I mean, I can still yell - even with a bad knee!!

LIGAMENT:- The bits of string that tie the bones of a footballer together. Often come untied.

AUSSIE RULES DICTIONARY Jim Harris & Brian Bergin.



Despite all my good intentions, it took me a while to sort out all my classes, and so I had a fair bit of marking to do over Easter. As I knew I'd be helping out on the registration desk I figured I could do some while sitting there. (It was simply some grammatical work that my Year Sevens had done, and it required little concentration.)

Frank McEwen and Eileen Millington, from S.A., had come to stay with Marc a few days before Eurekacon. I'd met Frank before, but hadn't met Eileen. We spent some pleasant evenings getting to know each other. One night, Christine, Derrick, Frank, Eileen, Mandy Herriot, Rick (from the U.S.), Marc and I had dinner at the Cafe Neon, and last minute preparations for the con were made. It was a nice dinner. Irwin Hirsh turned up briefly, and, among other things, showed us the new \$100 note. Christine and Derrick gave us a unique wedding present - a large frog, sitting on a garden bench, nursing three small wombats. It was fantastic. It formed the centrepiece on the table with the other wedding presents, and just about everybody commented on it. My aunt and I kept arguing over whether the little ones were pigs or wombats, and so every visitor was collared and asked to state an opinion. The comments were about even. Either way, people's eyes were immediately drawn to it.

Jack Herman, Catherine McDonnell and Peter Toluzzi arrived early on the Friday morning. It was great to see them all again. The convention was a good one for seeing people. One of the things that stands out in my mind was meeting Leanne's family. (Hi!) Jenny looked more grown-up than I'd thought she'd be, and Kerry Sr and Kerry Jr were also very nice. I wished I'd been able to spend more time getting to know them all. You're very lucky Leanne, to have such a lovely family. I hope you're going to tell us what they really thought of us all.

In terms of programming, one of the highlights was the HATE session that Marc ran. There he was stirring up those quiet, loving people into a raging howling mob, and who was much of this hate directed towards??? None other than our travelling teddy bear - Justin. I only wish the session had been taped so that Justin could hear his "friend". The reactions of the audience were quite amusing.

Another fun event was the masquerade, although masquerades in themselves don't particularly interest me anymore. What I loved was the Vogon Poetry contest. I had never realized that Sue Grigg, Valma Brown and Jack Herman were capable of writing such terrible poetry - especially Sue. She deserved to be lumbered with another FANAC Game for her efforts. I hope David was able to collate all the contributions for this mailing.

The Golden Caterpillars were also amusing. I was sitting next to Cath McDonnell when she got hers. Justin is lucky he's overseas because her embarrassment soon turned into 'genuine hate'. I was tempted to get out my "Maintain Your Rage" button and lend it to her until Justin gets back.

My attack of silliness for the con involved getting my contact lens routine mixed up on Easter Sunday. I was pretty tired and somehow got it into my head that I was removing the lenses. I emptied out the case, washed my face, and then went to remove the lenses. Imagine the confusion and then the horror when I couldn't find the lenses in my eyes. I desperately searched the basin, and even got Dad to pull the sink apart, but there was no sign of them. Dad went as far as to check the pipes outside, but the lenses

had been washed clean away. Boy did I feel a fool. Wearing glasses again was a real nuisance. Losing some of my side vision; the weight of the glasses on my ears; and not being able to wear sun glasses were a few of the inconveniences I experienced. (Thank God that Randy was able to get me another pair made by the following Saturday.)

On a more pleasant note, the tour guide I had had in Britain, Jane, contacted me and we made plans to meet at the hotel on the Sunday afternoon. I took along the photos I had taken while on tour, and we had a great time chatting about the trip and about her impressions of Australia. She really likes it here and wants to stay for a while. It was really good to see her again. We had gotten on quite well while on tour, but I wasn't sure whether she had just been polite, or whether she really considered me a friend. Her keenness for us to meet - she wrote twice, and even rang from Sydney - and her genuine warmth that afternoon assured me that she does consider me a friend. She's hoping to come down again soon, and will be able to stay a little longer. I managed to introduce her to Marc, but he was so busy and rushing around everywhere that it was only for a few minutes.

As per usual, the main meals were eaten out. It's amazing how walking with a cane makes you aware of just how many places are located up stairs. The banquet at the King Wah was fairly ordinary, but the company was great. It was a silly evening, especially with all the comments about "Woger" - in response to Roger Weddall's broadside to the Aussiecon II Committee in THYME; and the huge painting coming down off the wall and attacking the people below. There was no real damage done, but it was an unusual evening.

The Japanese restaurant that Jack, Catherine, Paul Stevens, Kit, Sally Beasley, Marc and I tried on the Saturday night was very nice, though I didn't try any of the fish, raw or cooked. The beef with ginger was particularly tasty. What was amusing was that all present were either recently wed or planning to marry - it was very middle-class and mundane, but most enjoyable. Sunday night we had hoped to go to a Mexican restaurant, but it was closed and so Leigh, Valma, Jack, Catherine, Sally, John McPharlin, Perry Middlemiss, Marc and I - and Bruce Barnes - wandered around until Leigh found a great Lebanese place that he'd passed in the taxi on the way in. The food didn't seem to stop coming and it was delicious. I do enjoy food, but that's not the reason that the meal stood out for me. It was the great company that we had. To those who are in ANZAPA - thank you very much.

MAILING COMMENTS
ANZAPA 97

Vacilandero #2 Your reaction to the healing rally reminds me of one of the things that worried me about the Pentecostal Church I was attending in Broadford. That sort of 'performance' was becoming more and more a feature of the service. When I went to Brisbane we were persuaded to attend one of those rallies by the members of the church. Not only was I not impressed, but, like you, I was disgusted by the deliberate manipulation of people's emotions. They have very little to offer apart from the emotionalism. I'm presently attending an Anglican Church which includes healing prayer, but no emotional pressure is present and no "song and dance" performed. I'm afraid that some just get carried away by their enthusiasm. Many are genuine, but some I consider to be very dangerous as they deliberately prey on people's insecurities.

Report From The Front Very interesting and enlightening reading. I was even able to use some of it with my H.S.C. when discussing an issue that involved ethics.

Slaydomania 19 Enjoyable as usual.

Shards An interesting contribution, especially as it involves many people who I now know but well before I met them.

Murgatroyd 22 and Housemate Auxiliary 1 Hi again. I must send the photos I have of you both and the one of Dudley "wearing" a watch.

To everyone else, great reading, but I can't think of anything specific to say. Besides, Cath was rushed by the nasty typist, who wanted to get this finished and run off.

OVER THE BOUNDING WAVES - YUCK!

I got up early, and left for Victoria Station at 7-00a.m.. It was very crowded on the Tube, but I managed to get myself there by 7-30, even lugging my suitcase. We were meant to meet at 8-00a.m. and so I started to write a few postcards to kill time. Things became more and more chaotic as 8-00a.m. came and went. As well as the usual crush, there were over a hundred people waiting to go on tour. To add to the mass confusion, only a few representatives turned up, and everything was running late. We later discovered that the port of Ostend had only just re-opened after a strike so shipping there was really hectic. Finally they got us into groups, but the woman "in charge" really didn't know much except what train we had to get on. This happened to be at the opposite end of the station to where we were originally told to meet. Many were not amused.

While waiting, I got to know two American women, Anne and Irene - I ended up sharing a room with Irene - and we sat together on the train to Dover. I psyched myself up for the trauma of crossing the Channel and had taken a sea-sickness tablet. Dover looked more dingy than white, but I don't remember much of the trip itself - the tablet kept putting me to sleep. I felt awful, but wasn't really conscious enough to feel scared. Again the worst part was getting on and off of the boat. I just kept away from the edges. Will I ever overcome my fear/dislike of being on water?

The escort, Colleene, met us on the dock. Like Jane, she had an unusual background. She was born in America, of Irish and French parents, but grew up in Germany. She spoke German, Italian and English, but with an American accent. The driver, Werner, was less complicated. He was Dutch and spoke English reasonably well, though he wasn't fluent enough to understand some of the idioms. Werner was very friendly right from the start, but Colleene took a while to warm up to the group. She managed to get on the wrong side of my friends early on and so things were a little strained. After a while, especially after our first visit to Italy, she chatted to me more as she could identify with my more European attitude rather than that of the others.

I didn't find the first part of the tour as exciting as I had found Britain as I had no particular interest in those countries. They were nice, but I really didn't know a great deal about them. We spent very little time in Belgium as it was basically just where we were picked up. The hotel was quite good, but the staff were pretty rude. I began to wonder whether Douglas Adams might not have been right about Belgium after all! The old buildings etc were very nice, but travelling up back streets just to see the Manquin Piss didn't impress me at all. I really don't think that that was much of a "national attraction".

Holland was much better, though again we spent only a little time there. (What did disappoint me was how foggy/misty the area was. In fact most of the northern parts of Europe that we visited were like this. It was in sharp contrast to the mainly clear and sunny weather we'd had in Britain.) I must admit to being a little surprised when I walked out of a restaurant near the centre of Amsterdam and was offered some dope. It was later explained to me that drugs were legalised there, but I didn't expect to get a free sample. The highlights of my visit were seeing the Rembrandt paintings, and visiting Anna Frank's house. To actually be in the rooms where she hid and wrote her diary was quite eerie. I had to walk up the narrow staircase - you entered via one set of stairs and exited via another - and went through the bookcase to get into the rooms, which were bare. The most sickening part of the visit was the room in the adjoining house, through which we exited. It contained newspaper clippings about neo-Nazis and their activities, including the allegation that the Holocaust was a hoax.

On the way back - we'd left the tour group to visit the house - we got a little lost, and ended up in one of Amsterdam's most famous streets. I don't know exactly what they sold inside, but what you could see from the street was "AMAZING". We didn't bother shopping there.

The hotel where we stayed had the longest straightest corridor I've ever seen - no bends. There were nearly a hundred rooms coming off of it so we had a L-O-O-N-G walk to our room (#77). That night, Vilma rang up to ensure that I knew about Australia's win in the America's Cup. We had been trying to find out since we had arrived in Belgium, but no one knew. We managed to work out, from one of the Dutch papers, that Australia had

probably won, but we couldn't find an English language paper to confirm this. After I told the rest - there was quite a large group of us on the bus - we went to the bar to celebrate. The Canadians and a number of Americans also joined in. The staff were very friendly and I have fond memories of this hotel.

Germany was very pretty and I found that my two years of high school German came in handy. I couldn't say much, but at least I could be polite and hold basic conversations with people, although I did notice that many understood English. Colleene made a point of teaching the group a little of the language of each country we visited. Some people didn't bother to use it, but I found that most locals appreciated the effort to speak their language. Although it was nice if they could speak English, I thought it was a bit much the way that some tourists expected the locals to speak English, and got annoyed when they didn't. Confronted by such arrogance, I began to understand why tourists are often disliked. But I digress.

Our first major city stop was in Cologne - an attractive city with a most impressive cathedral. Like Coventry, quite a lot of Cologne was fairly new - apparently though the Allied bombers had been told to avoid hitting the cathedral. It was strange to view the war from the other side. After lunch we saw a number of artists doing beautiful chalk drawings on the footpath. We then headed off for a brief tour of the Rhineland. I got talked into going on the short boat trip down the Rhine as they explained that I had quite a long boat trip from Greece to Italy and so I'd better get used to it. As it turned out, I quite enjoyed myself. A young American girl, Rian, and I shared a bottle of wine and sat on the deck looking at hillside vineyards, pretty villages and some castles. Those weren't as impressive as I'd thought they'd be, but they were very picturesque.

Our visit to Worms, the birthplace of Martin Luthor, really brought home the amount of propaganda I'd been subjected to over the years. The sight of a war monument honouring German soldiers took me by surprise. It was the first non-Allied war monument I'd ever seen. Of course I realize that everyone mourns their fallen soldiers, but I'd never been confronted by the reality of this before. I found the experience broadening, and I was glad that I was able to see that.

WE then headed off to Switzerland via the Black Forest. It wasn't as dark and forboding as I'd always imagined it to be. With a name like that, what should I have expected? It was merely thick and green. And so we travelled on across the Swiss border.

I'll finish off here, as I'm rapidly running out of time. Take care until next time.

Cath Circosta

OOPS!!

Cath Ortlieb (Couldn't resist it.)

The typist hereby lays down his weary typing finger, and takes a break to indulge in a quick round of the gentlemanly art of wife beating.