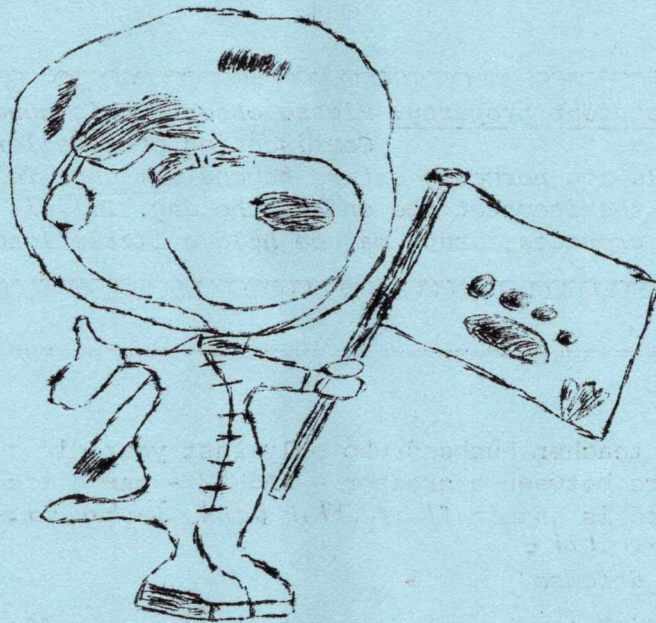


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BEAGLE'S



WORLD
REVISITED

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BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 24

Produced by Catherine Ortlieb of 29 Chrusta Ave, Burwood East, Vict 3151. for ANZAPA. The typos in this one can be blamed on Marc, who is typing this, and who is playing Kate Bush at high volume.

---oOo---

Well, here we are in "our" home. I'm afraid this contribution is only going to contain a short bit of the trip report. Between trying to make the house livable, attending Aussiecon meetings and school work, I haven't had much free time. As we're not going to Adelaide over Easter I should have some time to write up all the things I'd meant to do for this mailing.

Before I begin the trip report I'd like to quote a notice that appeared on our daily bulletin at school. Milton, our acting deputy principal, has quite a sense of humour:-

Confiscation of student property: Please observe this general rule -
Confiscation of jewellery, clothing, rulers etc. should not normally extend beyond one day. Tell students they may collect the items at the end of the day. Illicit items such as guns, knives, grenades, drugs may be held a little longer.

ERRATUM: (For G'Nel 45)

Marc, my biology teacher husband who only last year did a unit in botany, can't tell the difference between a creeper - JASMIN - and a tree - JACKARANDA. The plant in the backyard is jasmin. *Mandy, Phil, David, Justin, Loney suggested it was just a spelling mistake.*

TYPIST'S NOTE: (In self defense)

My wife, the English teacher, had to ask me how to spell "erratum" so that she could make the above note.

I HATE BOAT TRIPS!

I knew I was going to have to overcome my phobia concerning large bodies of water and so, during the trip, I had forced myself to go on the boat rides that the tour offered. Now I was faced with the crucial test - a long boat trip. This was to convince me that my phobia had some justification.

I thought that, if I couldn't see the water, I would be all right, and the others co-operated by teaching my how to play Hearts and so kept me busy. I felt a touch of panic, but basically kept my fear under control. The cabin was noisy - I think we were near the anchor chain was stored. That plus the movement made sure that I didn't sleep well. The stomach wasn't too bad, but I definitely didn't feel very well. I stayed up on the top deck once I decided that I wasn't going to be able to sleep any more. The company tended to take my mind off of my stomach. Colleene wandered around, checking up on us, and telling us how wonderful boat trips were!

We had to remove our belongings from the cabins at 10-00 a.m. so off I went. Believe me, that phrase was prophetic. I entered the cabin to find two of my cabin mates back in their bunks feeling very unwell. The sight of their white faces and the sound of their groaning were too much for me. I had to rush straight to the

bathroom. I'd been told that, once you were sick, your stomach settled down and you had no further problem - THEY LIE!!! I spent the rest of the day throwing up. If Colleene had come around, I'd have thrown her overboard. Boat trips - bah, you can keep them. The only 'good' thing about it was that, while hanging over the side, I saw some dolphins racing the ship, and then cutting across the bow. It was the highlight of the trip. Dry retching is no fun at all.

Land was such a welcome sight. It took ages to get off, and the officials weren't too happy that we were already on the bus when we went through customs. Colleene insisted that we had sick people on board and so they begrudgingly let us go. It was late afternoon, I was exhausted and my abdomen ached a lot. I found I couldn't sit comfortably so Marge, the American widow I mentioned last time, got me to stretch out across the back seat. She really fussed over me. People were kept away and quiet and, when it got cooler, she covered me with coats. I slept most of the way and had an early night once they let me out of the dining room. I was used a great deal as a translator, even though I didn't say anything to begin with. Naturally I had very little to eat, and, when I was finishing my drink, someone asked for some dessert.

Up to this point all I'd said was "Thankyou" when the waiter brought me my meal. He couldn't understand English, so turned to me and said

"You're Italian. What does he want?"

In Australia I've been mistaken for an Asian several times and few have picked me out as an Italian, so I was taken by surprize. Anyway they got their dessert and I went to bed as I still didn't feel well.

I felt a little better the next morning but still couldn't eat very much. About half an hour after we had set off on our trip across Italy to Naples one of the women who'd been a real pain remembered that she'd left her money-belt under her pillow. We had to turn back to get it. This put us well behind schedule so the trip was a rush. I suppose I was still feeling sick, but the thought of finally reaching Southern Italy, the great dream that my nonno had had for me, but after he had died, was too much. I became very depressed and actually started crying. My friends were very understanding and helped a lot.

Finally Mt Vesuvius came into view and the countryside "turned into" slums. By this stage we were running very late - we had to catch a ferry. What a time to get caught in traffic in the bustling streets of Naples! This was an experience in itself. There was a market on and the roads were so crowded that we could only move a few feet at a time. Cars were parked everywhere and the few police we saw seemed to ignore this. It was reasonably warm so most cars had their windows open. One poor man regretted this as there was a young bloke "selling" chammies. His method was to throw the chammy in the open car window and then demand payment. The driver kept throwing it out and refusing, but the seller merely repeated the procedure. Eventually the driver gave up and bought one. Talk about a captive market.

When we eventually made it to the wharf the ferry was beginning to depart. Colleene got off and held them up as long as she could but it was beginning to move as we got on. As I'd been at the back of the bus I had the thrilling experience of actually getting on as the ferry was moving and having the ramp pulled up just as my feet hit the deck. It all happened so fast that I didn't have time to be scared. I'd taken a tablet this time and was assured that the trip wasn't very long. We left Werner on the wharf to "guard" our luggage and the bus. He would spend the time in Serronto where there was less chance of the bus being stripped. The tablets made me very drowsy again but, as there were no proper seats, I was very uncomfortable balancing on the side of a box when all I wanted to do was go to sleep. At least I survived the trip, and finally arrived on the Isle of Capri.

---oOo---

ERRATUM Our address should read 29 Christa Ave - typist accepts fault.

Beware this is the dreaded, I have a blank page and not enough time to do a proper type written one. I also have not unpacked my stencil cutting set so I'm finding using Marc's a little hard (difficult actually).

CATS: Trouble still hasn't learnt. On Friday she ended up on our neighbours' roof. After her last effort, we just left her up there until we were convinced she couldn't get down herself. When she realized we weren't falling for it again, she got herself down. I wonder what she'll get "up" to next!

Anyway, until next time,
Take care, Cath.