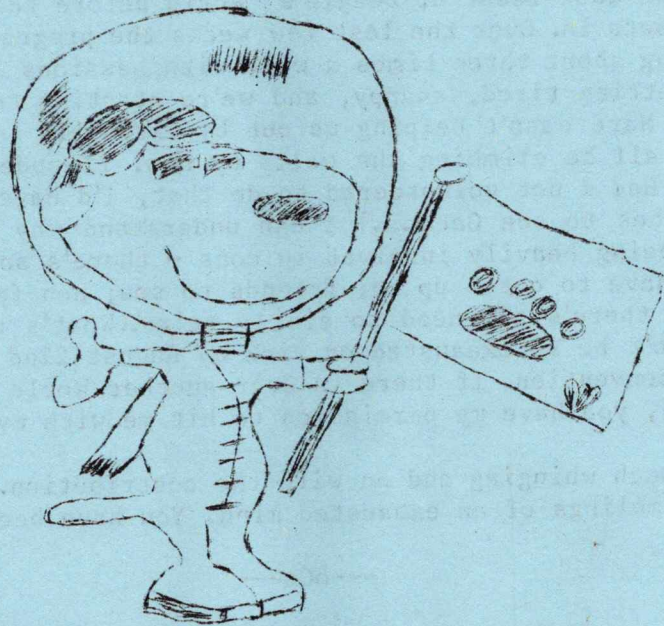


BEAGLE'S



WORLD

RESISTED

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BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED #26

Produced By Catherine Ortlieb, whose new Post Office Box Number is P.O. Box 215 Forest Hill, Vict 3131, for ANZAPA. (Marc Ortlieb can also be contacted via said post office box.) The date for this stencil is 20/7/85, from a rough draft dated 18/7/85. End of historical benchmarking.

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The Last First Word (18/7)

This is the last issue of Beagle's World before the total insanity of AUSSIECON TWO sets in. Over the last few weeks the programming sub-committee has been meeting about three times a week with sessions lasting up to five hours. We're getting tired, snappy, and we're starting to get sick of seeing each other. If Marc wasn't helping us out by virtually acting as our secretary we'd all be climbing the walls by now. [Impudent Typist's Aside. I had no choice. Had I not volunteered to do that, I'd have had to have gone to hockey matches to see Cath.....] I can understand why some people gafiate after being heavily involved in cons - there's so much house and school work I have to catch up on; friends to see; non-fannish letters to write and then there's the need to simply relax.(What's that? I ask.) I just hope that I won't be so exhausted or sick by August 22nd that I won't enjoy myself at the convention. If there is ever another World Con here, and I get myself involved, you have my permission to hit me with my hockey stick.

Anyway enough whinging and on with the contribution. Enter into the disorganised ramblings of an exhausted mind. You have been warned.

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"Life; don't talk to me about life!"

Well here it is, the second of June. I finished my last contribution yesterday and I figure the only way I'll have a chance of getting what I want done for this mailing is to start now! Anyway I'll start with some of the things I've been meaning to mention since the February mailing.

Today is the day of my hockey umpires' test. I'm rather concerned and figure it will be classed as a tutorial, which is what I really want. Apart from the summer competition and some practice matches I haven't really umpired a proper game this year. The umpire's convenor tried to arrange a practice game for me yesterday but one of the teams didn't realize that the time had been changed, and they didn't turn up. I went all the way to the grounds, which were opposite the zoo, for nothing, though I did drop into the zoo for a quick visit. The visit was a necessary one as I was recovering from a virus, the effects of which included diarrhoea. The condition didn't help me during my test. I was able to hold out until half-time but the cramps I was getting didn't help my concentration. I haven't heard the results yet, but I'd be surprised if I passed even though it is only a C Badge. I know the rules on paper but it was the decision whether to penalize the offence or to play on that was the real problem. I was a bit "rusty".

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Oh well. Back to February. Very early in the term the H.S.C. kids had their "study" camp. As it was the week before we moved I only spent the Monday there. I was too busy packing to give away any of my weekend. It had been decided that, being the last day, a lecture on stress - and how to cope with it - would be useful. The staff was organised so that we could observe the students' reactions to a deliberately boring monotonous talk. Ray took fifteen minutes to say what could have been said in three and then stretched that out into a one and a half hour talk!!! Watching the kids was amusing - the looks of despair or resentment ("You made us listen to this!"); the fidgetting, yawning, intense study of socks, shoes etc; the sighs of "Lucky devil" when one kid got a blood nose and had to leave.... Ray succeeded in putting them into a stressful situation to prove that they needed to learn how to defuse such times.

He also organised them into groups which would then trade tokens. What they weren't told was that the bags were stacked so that one group was always given a smaller amount of valuable tokens so that they always lost out on the transactions. When it was morning tea time the top group was served by two teachers; had biscuits and got to sit in comfortable chairs; the middle group went to the dining room; while the last group - which I was watching over - had to wait outside until everyone else was finished. When they were allowed in they got a few plastic cups, a pot of water, the sugar jar, coffee jar, one spoon and no biscuits. The reactions ranged from rebellious fury to angry mutterings to sullen acceptance. For the final trade the top group were permitted to make the rules. You can imagine what these rules were like. The response from many of the lowest group was to throw the tokens at them - a few rushed around gathering the scattered tokens. When they discovered the extent to which they had been manipulated they were unamused. Ray certainly got his point across.

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A WINTER SPORT?

Our extended summer has caused a few problems for me. For our first hockey game this year it was 32'C, and we played at 3-40pm. I was hoping that they'd shorten the game, but no such luck - we had the Umpires' Convenor, who is a stickler for the rules, to umpire the match. I don't know who was worse off, me standing still in all my goalies' protective equipment, or the rest of the team running around but at least getting some breze. All I know is that I WAS BOILING. We had people constantly going to the side-lines to get a drink or to have a wet towel wrung out over them. That no one passed-out still amazes me. I went straight to my parents' place to have a shower and had to virtually peel my track-suit off, it was so wet. YUCK!

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[JUST DESSERTS BREAK:How many times have you been the victim of dangerous driving, or have seen dangerous driving, and have wondered why the cops were never around when you wanted them? On our way home from the regular Friday Night Gathering,(14/6) we were cut off by this idiot doing well over the speed limit on the freeway. He continued to weave in and out of the fairly heavy traffic on the ordinary road as well. As we got closer to home we saw some blue lights flashing in the distance. Could it be? Yes that driver had got his just desserts. We were sure that there were others chuckling with glee as they drove past. It's the first time I have seen such a dangerous driver caught. It might sound nasty to wish this on someone, but it's frustrating being on the receiving end of the behaviour of such nerds.]

OH WHERE, OH WHERE ARE THE FINALS?

Aussiecon should have taught me to say "No!", but Jenny - the school P.E. co-ordinator - is such a nice lady. She came into my class one day to ask me a favour. The summer sports' finals were on the same day as the interform athletics. There weren't enough P.E. staff to cover both so she wanted me to take the intermediate softball team to the Zone Finals. She knew that I had coached and umpired softball at Broady and would only leave one extra (My other classes were okay - in one I team taught, and the other was a Year Twelve Class, who are assumed to be sufficiently self-motivated to get along without supervision). One of the student teachers I had went along with me to gain experience in the other activities that teachers often have to participate in.

The students were all supposed to have written permission from their parents before they were allowed to go. A few of the volleyball girls had forgotten their forms and Chris, their coach, had to speak to their parents on the phone. One was an Italian, so I got dobbed in to talk to her. I didn't realize that I had an audience until I had finished and turned around to find the room half-full of applauding kids. It was embarrassing. Then the fun really started.

We were running a bit late and had to pick up another team from a nearby school, so it was quite a rush. The bus driver didn't know exactly where the ground was so we worked out the best route. When we finally got there it was straight from the bus to the diamond. It was only then that we noticed something odd. The kids assured me that the finals had been played there in the past but WHERE WAS EVERYBODY??? Thinking quickly (Yes, I am capable of it sometimes - but don't push it.) I went to the pavilion and asked a worker, who directed me to the secretary of the park trust, who just happened to be there. Yes, the finals had been there in the past, but they hadn't heard anything about it this year. Fortunately I always carry a few twenty cent pieces, as well as about two dollars, when I go on an excursion - Panic Money. (I pointed this out to the student teacher.) I rang the school and, as the P.E. staff were all on the oval, we had to get the Canteen Manager to go and call them. Stan, who should have given me the right sheet at the beginning but who had misplaced it, found the correct sheet and informed me that we were supposed to be at another oval, fifteen minutes by car from where we were. He suggested that we get some taxis. I pointed out that, with fifteen people to move, \$2-50 wasn't going to get us very far. I told him to order, and pay for, taxis, and to hurry up.

We then had to wait for the taxis. When they arrived I had to break regulations, assigning the student teacher to one taxi, two senior coaches to the others, while I travelled in the last one. The first three arrived at about the same time, but I was five minutes behind in the last taxi, and then he went down the wrong street. I had to take off and reach the corner before he disappeared. I felt such a fool leaping around to get his attention.

Meanwhile, when the student teacher arrived at the correct venue, she rushed up to the first adults she saw.

"I'm from C.H.S.. Sorry we're late. Where do we play?"

"What?"

"I'm from C.H.S.. Where do we play?"

"Look lady, we're the surveyors. Maybe those people over there know what's going on."

She was so embarrassed - Oh well, it was a learning experience for her. Needless to say we had to forfeit the first game - we were over half an hour late - and I think this put the kids off a bit. They played their next two games quite well but didn't win. They took it all with great spirit, and didn't blame anyone for the mishap. Jenny, the P.E. co-ordinator, had to leave the athletics to bring the money for the taxis, and was in tears over it all. But it really wasn't her fault, as Stan was in charge of inter-school sport. She was trying to sort out the students to compete in the interschool aths competition.

A STATISTIC!

It finally happened. I've heard about the mythical "We surveyed..." and now I am one of them! There I was, driving to school one drizzly morning, when I was stopped at the lights (cr of Canterbury and Wantirna Rds, for those familiar with Melbourne) to see this man in white rushing towards me. I must admit I got a bit of a fright. It turned out though that he hadn't come to take me away, but wanted to ask questions. How long had I been travelling? Was I travelling to work? (Where else would I be going at 7-30am on a weekday?) Did I own the car?...Not particularly thrilling, but I did feel sorry for those guys having to stand out in such weather.

Hockey IS a safe sport

As Eric mentioned last ANZAPA, he and Jean stayed with us for a few days around Anzac Day. It was great having them here. We went through the local obstacle course - designed to give the local teenagers practice at avoiding traffic obstructions at high speed - to get to the Mexican Take-Away. On the Friday we left them to their own devices - trains as it turned out - while we went out to earn the daily bread. On Saturday I left early as I had to do some shopping for curtains with mum, followed by a hockey match.

I should have known something was amiss when I could smell something strange as soon as I got out of the car. It was a warmish day (26'C) and the dry weather meant that there was a fair bit of dust in the air. Hockey is meant to be a winter sport, to be played in cool weather, not hot. In the first game (mentioned earlier) I didn't have much to do, but this was very different. We were playing a very strong team - the forwards were all much bigger than I am, and they were more determined to win than my team. This meant that I had a tough job trying to defend the goal. By the end of the first half they'd scored two goals but we'd stopped quite a few more. The heat was starting to get to me and, in the second half, not only did I have the sun in my eyes, but I was at the end where the smell was strongest. I should have known that trouble was ahead.

In the first half I'd received a number of rather hard hits while blocking their shots at goal, but in the second half it got rough. They hadn't scored for a while and so were determined to get past me - and that they did. I was completely bowled over. As I said earlier, I don't like hot weather when playing hockey. The ground was as hard as rock. Not only did I have the wind knocked out of me - I collided with two of them - but I was also stunned and sore. It all got to me, and I started gasping for breath. I got one of the backs to get me the ventolin, but I still had to come off. What really got to me was that, while I was lying behind goals trying to breathe properly, they scored again! That evening, at the gathering for Jean

and Eric, I started off sore, tired, and a little depressed. Fortunately the company did wonders.

(Both Jean and Eric were busy on the Sunday, but Eric and I had an interesting chat about all sorts of things - Even computers! - that night. I really enjoyed having them stay.)

The main reason I mentioned the disasterous day on the hockey field was as a contrast to a school day - I'm safer on the field!!! Despite being hit, knocked over and having a mild asthma attack I survived and was "fit" to play BUT Monday was another story.

I should have gone back home before I got a mile away from it. At Springvale Road a combi-van decided to change into my lane without warning. It took some quick manoeuvring to avoid hitting either him or the other cars around me in what was quite heavy traffic. That fright was enough to last me quite a while but there was more. As I got closer to school, with only two cars, in the next lane, anywhere near me, one of them decided to suddenly pull out in front of me. I only missed him by inches as I slammed my foot on the brakes. I couldn't believe it...no other cars for miles and he waits until I approach before trying to pass. By the time I got to school I needed a stiff drink. I told Trevor - who is in charge of handing out extra lessons - thsat maybe I should go home as someone obviously didn't want me there.

During Period Two I took one of my student teachers to the library to show her around. As we were coming out I tripped on the uneven mat and sprained my ankle! I couldn't win. I spent the next hour or so with an ice pack on as I could hardly walk. (It did get me out of yard duty.) When I went to the doctor that night he told me to keep off the ankle for a few weeks so I couldn't play hockey. This only goes to show that hockey isn't that dangerous - in fact I'm safer on the field.

WHEN WILL IT END?

This contribution is becoming rather hockey dominated but, to be truthful, with the pressures of AUSSIECON - It's bad when the only thing I'm looking forward to about Aussiecon, apart from the people, is it being over - and school - Some of my Year Twelves are real nerds and I've got the biggest class - it's the only relaxing thing I've got at the moment. Without it I'd hate to think what state I'd be in. It's even given me some relief from the "horrors" of second term. Apart from the training sessions for the four teams - two girls' and two boys' - I even got to go to a hockey in-service conference, with the school's blessing! The Dutch National Junior Coach was in Australia talking to coaches and teachers. I suggested that one of our P.E. staff go, but they insisted that I go. I was taken aback. At Broadie you were lucky if you went on any in-services and you certainly only went in your own subject areas. I'd been on one Asian Studies in-service while sat Croydon and was positive that they wouldn't let an English/History teacher go on what was essentially a P.E. activity. Jenny, The P.E. Co-ordinator, said I was logically the ideal person to go since the school got all of its current hockey information from me. Much to my surprise and delight there were no problems. The funny thing was that, as I had suspected, I was the only non-P.E. teacher there, but I was one of only three who actually played.

As there weren't many there, which surprised me also, we were each given personal instruction in a variety of activities, and I should be able to pass some of this on to my students. (I also learnt a lot for my club.)

It was strange as I had to play in a forward position all morning, something I'm not used to doing. We practised on the astro-turf for two solid hours and believe me we were worked hard. It was an overcast and cool day, but we regretted not wearing shorts. Luckily I had a t-shirt under my track-suit so could cool down a little. We were exhausted.

Anyway, enough of this. Again there's no time for the trip report, but I'll start that in my "copious" (!!) free time.

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ANZAPA MAILING COMMENTS

Is ANZAPA on a diet?

One Size Fits All RYCTo Stuart: I agree that those who force their opinions on you are worthy of the dislike you state. I was impressed by "quiet" Christians who lived their beliefs and let them "speak volumes", thus giving me the choice to reject or accept them. This is the sort of Christian I try to be, but we're only human. One point though. People are often ready to criticise religious groups for trying to change things to suit their beliefs, but accept the practice from non-religious groups. I think it's only fair to treat anyone with "an axe to grind" in the same way. All fanatics are dangerous.

Footrot Tracks: Ah memories - I turn green with envy.

The Littlest Slaydomania What a busy life. Just make sure that you make it down here in August!

Gnomic Rhubarbings They're showing "Threads" this week. It's got good reviews and, for the first time here, it will be shown on a commercial station without adverts! I'm not sure when I'll get a chance to watch it, as it's on when we have a programming meeting, but I'll let you know what I think. It'll be quite interesting to compare it to "War Game" which I've seen again recently.

Sweetness & Light Boy what strange dreams. I haven't a clue what they might mean. I don't understand many of my dreams either.

Kingdom Of The Bland Drop in anytime [Except in early August - Impudent Typist's Aside] We really enjoyed having you here. The party also gave us the excuse we needed for the obligatory "house warming" party, and it gave us the chance to present Terry Stroud with that terrible Miss Piggy lamp. (A group of us saw it in a shop window and figured that, if we all pitched in, we could afford it. It was terribly kitch.)

Jean. RYCTo Terry F. I too would like to see "Rendezvous With Rama" if whoever made it could resist the temptation to "tell all" at the end.

Land Of 10,000 Loons RYCTo me. We forgot to tell you that Trouble was checking out the tree for you. It should be "broken in" by the time you arrive.

RYCTo John B: I hate mosquitoes. I hope to visit again but will definitely try for your non-mossie season. I'd rather have snow. Melbourne's weather is also described as changeable and it certainly does live up to it.

The Hitch Hikers Guide To Theology 3 RYCTo Jack. Just you wait until you visit again. I haven't fired a water pistol for weeks! Two page threes???

G'Nel RYCTo me. Really! I have more decorum than to chunder in any sea, especially when there are dolphins around. I might offend them. I was taking in some fresh air when I spotted them, and only chundered in the loo or nearest bucket. [Impudent Typist's Aside. If you didn't chunder on the dolphins then with what did you spot them?] Besides, the Aegean Sea is between Greece and Turkey, not between Greece and Italy. So there!

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Sorry - no more specific comments to make, although I really enjoyed the slim mailing.

Hoping to see as many of you as possible at AUSSIECON - I may even get to enjoy myself at some stage....

Until next time,
Take care,

lath

P.S. I've finally found my own stylus set!

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