

Sing, sing, sing

IT takes a large degree of commitment and composure to run the festival. The admirable John Crichton told me he had resigned as choir marshal after 27 years in the job.

Dandenong town hall seats about 400 people and last Wednesday week, during the school choirs competition, he had to try and settle in 17 choirs, some with 50 members, during the day.

There were big buses parked along Walker St, children were rehearsing on the mound outside the post office in Langhorne St, and in the shell in Dandenong park, and one band of minstrels was walking around the block singing.

Later that afternoon I saw a group of young choristers munching hamburgers and chips outside McDonalds in Lonsdale St, loudly and enthusiastically singing "Dar dar dar, dum, de dum de dum", totally bewildering and disorientating the less savory habitués of that area, who shuffled off, defeated.

That's one way of clearing up the place, like Joshua and his trumpets outside Jericho.