

Friday 31st October was a typical night for this time of year... cold, wet and windy...or was it?

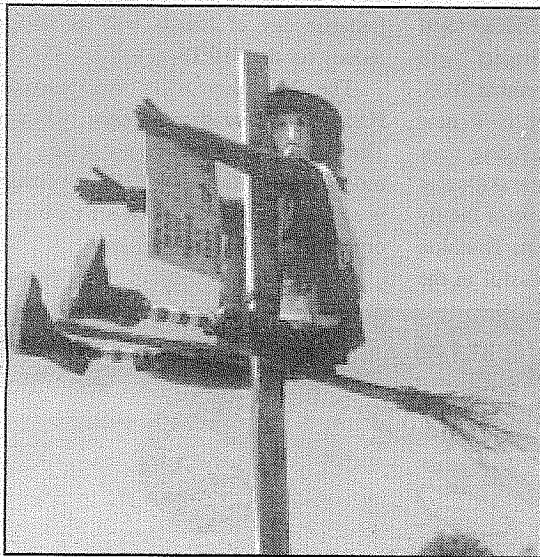
By CHRISTINE HEALEY...Vampire at first gate.

As the wind blew and the rain fell, Monsters of all shapes and sizes started their yearly gathering. Ghosts, Skeletons, Lunatic clowns, Zombies, Witches, Vampires and even a Lizard man, were just some of the gruesome creatures that huddled together as they planned and plotted their scares for the willing...yet totally unsuspecting... visitors that chose to pass through their domain on this...their 3rd Halloween Haunt.

As the rain fell harder a fortuneteller arrived, with an air of mystery about her. She came complete with crystal ball, rune stones, and cards ready to reveal all for those who wished to know what lay in their future, be it good...or not so good.

Gruesome face painting was also being set up on a table just inside the gates,

for anyone that wished to be transformed into a ghastly looking car accident victim, or possibly the survivor of a werewolf mauling, complete with protruding bones and lots of blood.



All moving props were double checked for safety and scare factor, 3 huge bowls of pre-bagged lollies were set out in readiness for the children. The scene was all set, with eerie music and screams coming from the backyard. Just before the victims...I mean visitors...arrived.

As it neared 5pm, the children slowly started walking up the driveway, unsure of what would happen behind the gates of this haunted house, their encounter at the first gate was with a Vampire. Wearing a black velvet dress and green velvet cloak, who looked like she had just been feasting on a tasty victim...with blood running down her chin, a pair of fangs protruding just below her top lip and a look of hunger in her eyes. She greeted them and tried to feed on some of them.

The children poured in through the gates, some of them lined up to have their faces painted, others headed for the fortune teller, which made them walk right under Bob.

Bob was hanging up under the carport, patiently waiting for a victim to stride past. And when they did, he dropped down to greet them. Several children jumped, and a few let out an uncontrollable squeal, laughter came next as they realized it was only a fake monster.

Face painting got started at a frantic pace, with what looked like broken bones poking out of children's faces, oozing wounds were the flavour of the night, along with massive bruises and vampire puncture wounds.

As the first of six children lined up in front of the coffin...complete with skeleton...waiting to venture out into the backyard. "Did that just move?" I heard one child ask. "Nah, it's just a dummy like the one hanging up." Was the reply from another child in the line.

But oh no, this was no dummy, the coffin contained one of my helpers...or should I say scarers. Just as the children relaxed, the skeleton moved again. Setting off a round of gasps, as the children moved away from the coffin unsure of what to do.

The Witch at the back gate shuffled six children through and out into the backyard, this is where the fun began for those brave enough to face the monsters.

Three steps into the yard, and a monster came charging out of a kennel, growling and snarling. I heard a scream, looked down at the children who had just arrived and chuckled "Ahhh...Victim number one!"

The six children continued further into the yard, only to encounter another monster on the first corner, who jumped out and made them all turn to the left.

Turning left lead them to a dead-end and yet another monster, that jumped out from around the corner of the fence, realizing there was nowhere else to go, they turned around and headed back to the split in the track, they then slowly eased around...without breaking eye contact...the monster that had made them take the dead-end track in the first place.

Thinking they could relax a little after encountering three monsters in the first two minutes of entering the backyard, they came across a rather innocent looking cubby house, complete with letterbox.

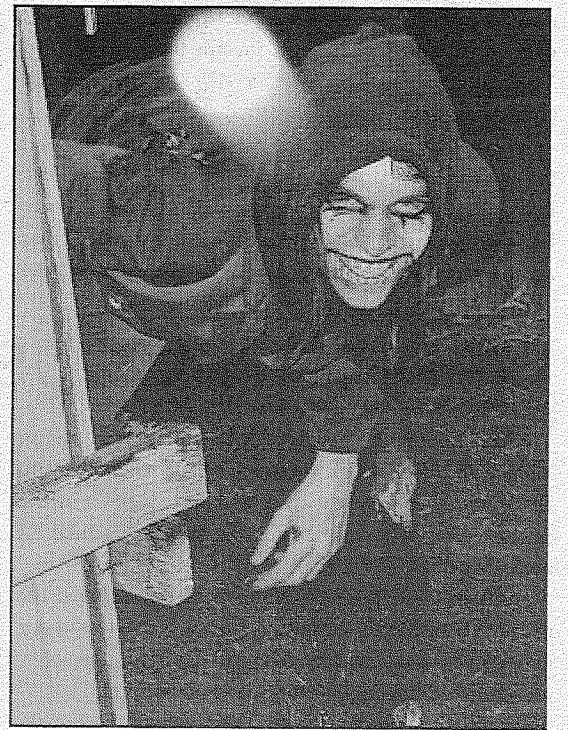
But this was no ordinary cubby house, there was eerie music, horrible screams and howling coming from within, along with a creepy green glow around the doorway. The children stopped in front of the cubby, expecting something to happen, when nothing moved, they continued to walk past it, this is when yet another monster...The Lizard-man...swung open the door, growled at them and quickly closed the door again. This generated lots of screams, gasps, and fast moving legs, as they all tried to get around the cubby as fast as they could.

The track then continued behind the shed, this area was covered with camouflage netting, from which a few bats hung down. As the children looked into this area, unsure if they should enter or not, a very still and quiet monster lurked inside the corner of the shed...out of sight by means of more camouflage netting, just as everyone started moving forward again, the monster made his attack, growling and snarling at them from within a foot of them.

Now having no choice but to enter the camouflage area, where several wounded army men laying about the place, all nice and still...or so everyone thought...as the children manoeuvred amongst the bodies, one of them started moving, this lead to more fast moving legs and lots of squeals.

Just around the side of the shed, hung strips of black plastic in layers making it impossible to see through to the other side, the anticipation of bumping into something gruesome halfway through this, had children emerging out the other side wide eyed and with the flee response bubbling within them.

With nothing scary around them now, they all relaxed and had a giggle amongst themselves, comment-



ing of what had just happened. They then took a moment to look around the next corner, only to find a plastic skeleton and five dummies hanging up, through which they had to walk. This all went very quietly...with the exception of one small child that refused to go through unless his mother carried him...at the end of the hanging dummies, there was a white door on the right hand side. Nothing exciting about that, unless you got to close that is!

This door concealed a masked mad man with a chainsaw...plastic of course...that sounded a lot like a real one, when he came dashing out from behind that door and chased them all past the guillotine and out of the yard.

The children all got their hand marked by the witch on their way out, comments made by those exiting the yard to the next six kids lined up waiting to get in ranged from "Great... really cool...way scary.", to "watch out for the guy in the cubby house"

Some collected their bag of lollies and left to trick or treat at other doors, others stayed around and watched face painting or fortune telling.

Grand total of visitors for the night...91 Primary school children, 20 Teenagers and 50 Adults.

Everyone that entered my gates left dying, dying to know if I will be doing it again next year?

The answer to that is yes! Next year will be my 4th Halloween Haunt, and I'm hoping it will be bigger and better.

And on that note, I would like to thank all those that made all this possible.

My Monsters... (As without them this could not have happened.)

Monster in hammock working Bob...Aaron, Skeleton in coffin...Rob, Lurker behind second gate...Michael, Maniac that lead people to dead-end...Dean, Lunatic clown at dead-end...Brendon, Lizard-man in cubby house...Nathan, Monster in corner of shed...Ray, Mad man with chainsaw...Matt, Monster roaming yard...Jeff.

Helpers under Carport...Face painting...Sue and Fiona, Fortuneteller...Nicole, Witch at gate to backyard...Stacy, Wandering witch...Michelle, My assistant at gate...Sophie.

I would also like to thank those that made donations of lollies this year.

They are...Crazy Clints Warehouse (Morwell), FoodWorks Supermarket (Churchill) and Darren Wells (Mount Evelyn)

I look forward to providing the children of Churchill with another Haunt next year. And I hope you all come back for more scares!

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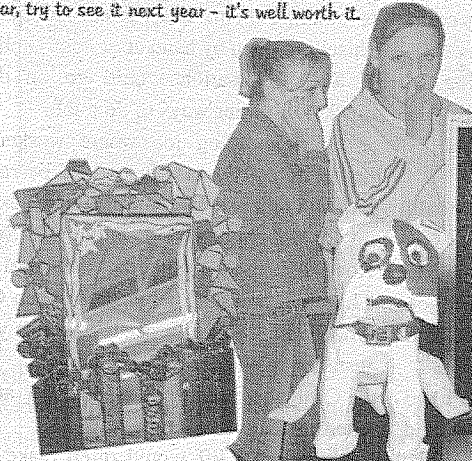
----- Youth Yard -----

KURNAI CHURCHILL ART EXHIBITION A GREAT SUCCESS

This month the annual Kurnai College Churchill Campus Art Show was opened by the Campus Principal, Mrs Sue Murphy. Mrs Murphy welcomed all who attended the opening and commented how impressive the range and quality of the exhibits were again this year. She thanked the teachers for their efforts both with the students and in setting up the exhibition. "This has to be the best Art Show we have had so far," said Mrs Murphy. She also thanked the students for their excellent contributions since without them there would be no Art Show.

It seems the parents and members of the public also thought it was the best show so far because the Churchill Community Library was crowded on the opening night and there has been a steady flow of people since. The show itself featured a wide range of different exhibits from the various Art classes offered at the campus by the Art teachers Jo Drury, Carol Dickinson, Trish Leddin, Terry Key and Ross Fitzpatrick.

The exhibits included sculptures of various kinds, etchings, drawings, paintings, ceramics and air brush creations. It seems there is not limit to the imagination and creativity of the students with some of the more memorable pieces including a life like airbrush of Ozzie Osbourne, a sculpture of vegetables sitting around a table about to devour a human, and teapot in the shape of a horse. There were collections of different kinds - self portraits, wire sculpture, decorated mirrors and teapots for example, as well as the work of several very talented individuals. There were also many exceptional single items. Overall it was a wonderful Art Show and if you missed it this year, try to see it next year - it's well worth it.



Runescape hints/cheats

By COMPUTER RULER

Free Gold Certs - Go to Varrock. In Varrock, if u ever see a man wearing all black priest robes and above his head it says "bloodycrow", go up to him and trade. He will only say hello and gooday. He is level 33. He will appear to be a regular player. When u give him any adamite weapons, or amour, he will tell u thankyou. He then will hit accept. DO NOT decline! After u hit accept, he will want to trade with u again. Trade with him and he will give u 5 Gold Certs. He will say, "For your kindness you are awarded".

The trick was, since no one would give him anything like that, he would never be used. But he is rare to see.

You must find him first.

To Change Text Colour

Type @ ran @,	then type "Writing" = flashing text
" @ ora @,	" " " = bronze text
" @ gre @,	" " " = green text
" @ blu @,	" " " = blue text
" @ cya @,	" " " = light blue text
" @ bla @,	" " " = black text
" @ whi @,	" " " = white text
" @ red @,	" " " = red text

State Schools Chess

Championship

By DON WALTERS

THE State schools championship was run on September 18.

The event was an allegro chess competition, where players have to complete their moves in ten minutes, or lose the game on time.

Mirboo North and Drouin secondary colleges qualified for the final.

Mirboo North finished a creditable 20th, with 24 teams competing, which was a good effort, considering it was the first time the school had ever qualified for the final and had to play against top teams from all over the State.

In the primary school division, Boolarra Primary School, by winning the country east section (Gippsland) was pushed into the State A grade finals (they were in the B grade last year) and finished in 15th position.

This was another outstanding effort by the Boolarra School, considering their pupil numbers. It follows their team's good performance last year.

The team of four consisted of Angus Craddock, Mollie Emond, Matthew Walker and Bryce Jegzendorfer. All played magnificently, according to their chess coordinator, Gary Davis. He said he was proud of them.

Gary also said he wanted to thank the Principal, Leanne Emond, and all the teachers at Boolarra who had encouraged and assisted the team.

The game of chess is alive and well in the Latrobe Valley. Mirboo North is strongly represented by a chess playing family. Chris Potter, with sons, Matthew aged 15, Michael aged 14 and Daniel aged 12, all play regularly in competition.

Matthew is the Latrobe Valley Club junior club champion, and is rated only a few points behind his father. Both are currently competing in the Dandenong Club Championship where they are doing well. They are playing against tough opposition because Dandenong is one of the strongest clubs in the metropolitan area.

PET TAILS

WE have a goat - Nanny - that doesn't like cats. I went to feed it and the cat, Madison, followed me. It hid behind my legs so, when the goat tried to head butt the cat, the goat got me. Then I fell onto the electric fence. (Leigh)

We have a pure bred Manx cat called Tigger. It uses our toilet in the house. It holds on to the seat with its claws. (James)

Our 2 cats, Purry & Furry, sleep together. But when they're awake, they

fight; box each other's ears, bite necks & faces, scratch & claw. (Owen)

We had a cat - Jonesy. It died of lung cancer. We'd never caught it smoking even once. (Morgan)

We have cows, cows and more cows. We took a bull to the Traf abattoir and it nearly gored my Dad. (Matt)

When I was very young I had a dog that died. It was tied up on the verandah, jumped off and hung itself. That's all I know about it. (Luke).

Tribute to 2pac

By VIVIEN BEDFORD

Real Name: Tupac Amaru Shakur

Date of Birth: June 16, 1971 - Brooklyn, NY

Date of Death: September 13, 1996 - Las Vegas, NV

Occupation: rapper, actor, poet

Favourite food: Fried chicken wings with hot sauce

Favourite drink: Orange pop

Favourite colours: Black and gold

Mother: Alice Fay Williams

Father: William Garland

He is sadly missed by many.

We miss you.



y DVDs r better than Videos

By OWEN GUTHRIE

DVDs are longer and there's more on them.

You can choose what scene you want to watch, at the touch of a button.

They don't stuff up as easily as video tapes.

Better picture and sound quality on DVD.

DVDs take up less storage space than video cassettes.

There's a better range available on DVD - films, music, games.

You can play games on some DVDs.

Theoretical Opening

In the dark aroused by the temptation of thought I see a door	from choices made another door
In my mind I make the path I tread I see a door	In the light all choices made you open up forever doors
In the night with no light to lead except that from my eye I see a door	Through the hollow you find the truth belief disallows your door
In this vision this that all surrounds I see arise another door	Trapped in thought of all you've known desires recognised this path you chose
An open mind will open up	All doors now closed

By BEN FOWLER



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Looking Back...

...through the eyes of local residents



Building Churchill

By Graham Ayres

Winner 2003 Churchill & District News Short Story Competition, Local History Section.

In June 1965 I was living in Heyfield. My wife, Gwen, and I had five children; John, Sue, Jenni, Vicki and Russ. I had been a building contractor in Heyfield for a number of years. I built houses and dairies for the Soldier Settlement Scheme. I also built houses for the timber mills and constructed some mill sheds. I built the Heyfield town hall and private houses, and did building work on the surrounding farms.

Ron, my cricketing mate, went to Melbourne to live. He looked after building contracts for Joe Clift. Joe got the contract to build the first houses in Churchill. Joe asked Ron if he knew anyone who would be capable of looking after the job.

Ron gave Joe my name and phone number.

Joe rang. "Yes, I am interested."

A time was arranged. I met Joe at the Traralgon Brick Works. I had put a fair bit of thought into what I would say to Joe to convince him I was the man for the job.

I walked into his office. With introduction over, Joe proceeded to give quite a number of reasons why I should work for him. Not one word of self-recommendation did I have to say.

"Yes Joe, I'll take the job."

30 pounds a week and 5pounds for each house completed and handed over to the Housing Commission.

We were to live in the first completed house.

Time came to start the job.

Joe's orders: "Contact Carl Walker (Clerk of Works), make a road and footpath inspection, pick out the house you want to live in, and start at that point."

"Yes Joe."

"By the way, by 12 months I want 3 houses constructed each week."

These turned out to be the only orders or directions Joe gave me during the 3 1/2 years I worked for him.

When I took this job on I had taken for granted that Joe would have a standard organisational method of building this number of houses each week. He did have a chap lined up to set out the houses. He did have a concrete subcontractor to do footings and stumps. He did have a brick gang to start the bases, although he had arranged for the boss of this gang to be responsible for employing bricklayers.

"Joe, I would rather we employed individual gangs of brickies." I convinced Joe it was better to go this way.

The boss of the gang was not happy I had been the cause of him loosing total control of all the brickwork.

The first brick base completed was the house we were going to live in. the gang boss counted the number of bricks in the base for his pay claim. I counted the number of bricks in the base to verify his count. My count was 500 less than his. He was unsuccessful in trying to convince me he was right. In his anger he swung a shovel above my head. I kept eye contact and I hoped I would be quick enough to at least move my head out of line if the shovel descended.

Thank goodness he pulled the shovel to the side on the down swing.

For a couple of months the gang boss disput-

ed my count on each base he completed. He finally gave up.

The gang leader was Irish. Some bright spark on the job said that when he came to Australia the Troubles in Ireland stopped.

Four or five weeks into the job Joe still had not indicated the desired form of job organisation or what staff were to be employed. The job was expanding quickly. I would need help very shortly.

I had asked Carl Walker (the Clerk of Works) how builders worked on other jobs he had been over. He gave me an outline. From this and ideas of my own, I formed in my mind how I would like to proceed.

I spent a weekend writing this down and sought Joe's approval.

Joe came down from Essendon once a week. I gave Joe my proposed Job Control Design. He put it in his briefcase.

On his next visit I asked him what he thought of it.

"Interesting."

I decided I would proceed and run the job by my plan.

Joe sometimes drove his car, but generally came by train to the Morwell station. I would meet the train and take him back to catch the train home.

At the end of the job - 3 1/2 years after I had given him my paper on job control - I was driving him into Morwell for him to catch the train home. He said "Remember that paper on Control of Job you gave me?"

"Yes Joe."

"I thought your ideas were wrong, but you proved you were right."

I suppose I would have been asked to leave if it had not worked out.

Instead of having, say, three foremen, each with a number of houses under his control from the start of the job to the finish, I had a foreman looking after the bricklayers and placing material delivered to the site. I looked after the carpenter subcontractors. A second foreman looked after the painters and the house handover gang. Also, instead of carpenter gangs finishing a house frame, eaves, lockup and fix, I broke these up.

Say a gang could put up a frame, then be half through another frame, by the time the first job was ready for eaves and lockup, I was able to put another gang on this job. So no time was wasted waiting for the gang to finish the second frame.

Also, I was able to use single man gangs on the eaves, lockup and fixing. Older carpenters were available as a one man gang for fixing. Mostly these fellows were good, careful tradesmen who took pride in doing a good job.

I checked the frames for plumb. I got up and checked the walls at the top for straight. The subbies knew I did this, so they made sure the frames were straight and plumb.

I wrote a list of any rectifications needed in a book with a carbon copy; I gave the list to the subbie with the direction that the sheet was to be returned when the job was fixed. I then wrote on the copy that the job was complete. This method allowed me to spot check only, although most rectifications were checked, especially on lax

subbies.

Although the standard was good.

I drew a base plan of each type of house and a copy went to the fellows doing the concrete footings. A copy went to the bricklayer. A copy went to the fellows putting in the stumps. I had the relevant measurements and details on these plans for each of these fellows. This saved the foreman's time decoding plans from architects. I also drew a frame plan for the carpenters for the same reason. I drew plans on the weekends.

Came the time our house was nearing completion. I had been travelling 60 kilometres each day from Heyfield. The chap who was setting out the houses had been a foreman for Joe. I had an idea that Joe had given him this job so that if I faltered he had a handy replacement.

So I thought before we shifted in I would check with Joe that my job was secure.

I said to Joe that it seemed to me that he had Mick as insurance in case I faltered. If my job was not secure I would rather finish. He assured me he had no intention of replacing me.

So we shifted using a four-wheel trailer I had made out of the chassis and wheels of an old Ford I had used for my work. My brother-in-law Keith borrowed a timber mill ute from Dave, my father-in-law.

We were the first family to live in Churchill. The Reverend Arch moved in next.

We had our photo and a write-up in the local paper as being the first in the town.

The Council at the time had the idea of a garbage supported on a stand for household garbage. On garbage day the bag was tied and taken out for collection. A reporter for the Morwell paper came out and interviewed Gwen on her approval or otherwise of this method. Her photo was taken alongside the garbage set-up. The article and photo appeared in the paper.

This method of garbage collection did not last long, as it was too easy for the dogs to rip open and strew rubbish everywhere.

A reporter from the 'Argus' called Gwen for her opinion of the 'Argus' as a newspaper. Gwen's reply: "It is very handy to wrap the rubbish in." She did not get her photo in the 'Argus'.

Gwen and Russ had their photo in the 'Morwell Advertiser' to mark twelve months in Churchill. There was a write up with the photo.

Mick, the carpenter setting houses out, had one of our labourers helping him. If I said I could do with a labourer for a quick job he would say he could not do any setting out without him.

I suggested to Joe that we offer Mick the setting out of houses on contract. Joe was agreeable and said he would work out a price.

I told Mick he could still use the labourer and we would charge him the cost. He told me he would not need a labourer. Mick cut short steel rods, one of which he drove into the ground. He dropped a ring at the end of the tape over this. No need for labourer to hold the end of the tape.

Walking around the job, now and again I would stop at a group of carpenters at

smoko or lunch. The talk would go something like this.

"Did you see Tom has made a bench and bolted a black and decker under the top with the blade protruding, he has a trench in the top of the bench that has a guide with an arm set at 450 slides in. he cuts the 450 angle on all his arcs with this, of course he can also rip with it."

Another voice: "I see Charlie marks cut out for binges and plate on the latch on door jambs and uses a router to check them out before assembling them. Much easier and quicker than chiselling them by hand after door jambs are up."

So conversation would go on discussing quicker or easier ways to do a job.

On a building job where workers are on hourly rates conversation would be races, football and other sports, and of course sex.

Joe bought a block in an area on Switchback Road that was to be the industrial area for Churchill, and built a big shed. Then Cliff, who worked for Joe as an accountant for years, was installed in an office in the shed.

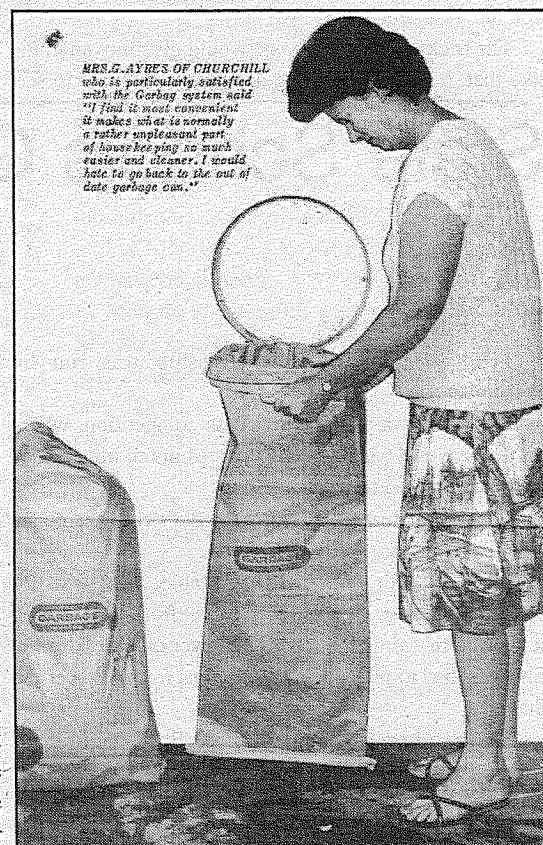
Cliff was our business manager and looked after the subbies' claims.

I noticed Cliff would often make a note of something I would tell him about the job and put it in a draw.

I asked why he did this. He told me that he found these notes handy to refer back to if any dispute arose.

I followed his practice later when I worked for Marr's in Canberra. On a number of occasions I was able to settle disputes with suppliers to the firm's advantage. After about eighteen months at Churchill, Cliff offered to pay me twelve months in advance. Would you believe I said no!

Part Two of Grahams story will be in the next issue



The Garbag System: Gwen Ayres in 'The Express', Wednesday October 26 1966. Above Left: The Ayres Family 1965