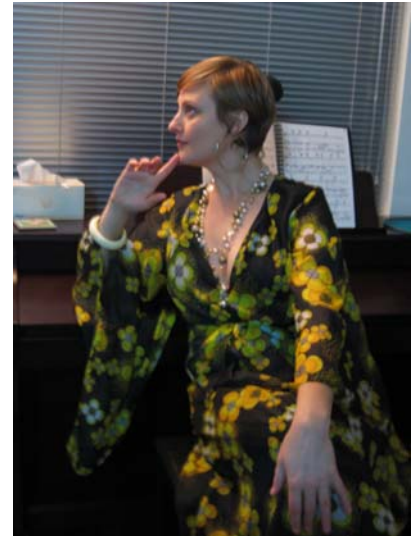


Rhubarb, Rhubarb, RHubarb

GALS Casts Spell at Magical Concert

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Left: Mandy and Jordan – a pair of magical menaces. **Middle:** Guru Nev and the Mystical Lovely Ladies. **Right:** Lisa practices looking magical, mysterious and very alluring.

GALS' latest concert, 'The Magical Mystery Tour' has been proclaimed huge success. The concert featured all manner of strange creatures, from Oompa-loompas and alien plants to witches and Indian mystics.

A special guest appearance by our beloved Guru Nev and the mystical Lovely Ladies was one highlight of the

evening, as was performing the song 'Fantasy,' which is rumoured to be GALS' favourite songs,, and one they just loved to practice. Another highlight was the amazing solos by GALS' talented choir members.

The concert also included a silent auction with prizes cunningly

displayed on a wooden tree made by the superbly skilled Mandy.

The Magical Mystery Tour finished with earth-shaking applause, calls for encores, and much critical acclaim.

New Record Set



Little Jasper Brae Mentlein has recently become the youngest person to ever join GALS. Jasper joined the choir at birth and has now been a member for four months.

Our incredibly talented Rhubarb reporters conducted a telepathic interview with Jasper:

Rhubarb: So tell us, what made you want to join the choir?

Jasper: I'd have to say that it was my mum who inspired me to join. I'd hear her singing when I was floating around in the womb and I was just dying to get out and join in too.

Rhubarb: Now you're a member, why don't we hear you singing more often?

Jasper: Well, all those months of being in the water caused my tongue to shrivel up, like your fingers do when you stay in the bath too long. Until it fully unwrinkles, everything I try to say sounds like a howl. It's frustrating, especially when I'm trying to do rock star impersonations, but my air guitar is looking good though.

Rhubarb: Thank you Jasper. We look forward you becoming a bass one day.

!! NEWSFLASH !!

We interrupt this page to bring you an important message from our illustrious conductor Claire. Claire would like you to know, "uh air oh ow-air oo eye, oh ee-er oo eye. Ee ow ee aw ah eye ee air eye or eye. Aw ow ay a-er a ar ay oh-eye, uh eye uh oo, uh-ee eye eye-ee ay."

Claire adds that if choir members have been practicing their vowel sounds (and learning the words of the songs), they shouldn't have any trouble understanding her vital message.

The Rhubarb would like to reinforce Claire's advice and encourage everyone to practice their vowel sounds and so is offering a splendid prize to the first person who can translate the message from Vowelese to English.











How Well Do You Know Your Choir?

Match the choir member to the little known fact about them. The first person to complete the puzzle correctly will win a truly fabulous and glorious prize. Hand completed puzzles to Saani with your name on it or email if you're doing it at home: quest@questlife.com.au

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| Joanna • | • I have some new red shoes from Paris. |
| Jackie • | • I have a cat who eats more than me or my girlfriend. |
| Saani • | • I can do 30 laps in the 50 metre pool in 33 minutes. |
| Liz W • | • I love birds and I am very good at whipping up paper pterodactyls. |
| Liz B • | • I was born in Meekatharra and I love jetties. |
| Nikki • | • I do an excellent impression of an angry gnome who has just burnt the biscuits. |
| Jak • | • I ate worms when I was a toddler and was petrified of cows. |
| Jude • | • I came to Australia by ship from Scotland when I was 9. |
| Andrea • | • I once lived in a convent for 10 months. I nearly became a nun. |
| Erin • | • I have lived in 6 different towns and had 7 job changes during that time. |
| Fran • | • I am a homebody who looks after my babies which are my dogs (they are little children in fur coats). |
| Tenille • | • I failed my driver's license test 3 times before I passed. All because I couldn't parallel park! |
| Jackie • | • I was once nearly eaten by a lion in Africa. |
| Deb H • | • I have 4 kids who love bossing me around - 2 gay, 2 vegos and all crazy. |
| Ramah • | • I am actually a vampire-alien just visiting this poxy planet. I want to grow up to be a witch. |
| Sue FH • | • My partner is a cartoonist. |
| Claire • | • I live life one step at a time and I think my lover should've come over. (Note - this is a cryptic one) |
| Ramah • | • I made the handle for the choir's money tin. |
| Carole • | • I'm very handy with a hammer and I make a wicked wine-rack! |
| Mandy • | |
| Anne • | |

Say Cheese!

Here's another competition: match the choir member to the smile. The winner will receive a marvellous prize. Write the number of the smile on the line under the name you think it matches.

- | | | |
|----|---|-------------------------|
| 1 |  | Jude
_____ |
| 2 |  | Erin
_____ |
| 3 |  | Cara
_____ |
| 4 |  | Lisa
_____ |
| 5 |  | Claire
_____ |
| 6 |  | Deb H
_____ |
| 7 |  | Tenille
_____ |
| 8 |  | Nikki
_____ |
| 9 |  | Carole
_____ |
| 10 |  | Andrea
_____ |



Meet Suzanne...

Hi, my name is Suzanne. I've come along to get some more music into my life. With 3 teenage children who speak a musical language I don't know, I love the opportunity to sing some songs that I do know.

As a teacher, I am currently co-ordinating the ESC program at Perth Senior High School. I enjoy all types of music and reading books, watching movies and riding my bike around Lake Herdsman.

Meet Wendy...

The roving Rhubarb reporter was recently lucky enough to catch up with bold, brilliant and bewitching choir member Wendy and ask her some questions about herself.

Rhubarb: Who are you?

Wendy: Just a Bogan sheila from the Back Blocks of Beechboro.

Rhubarb: What do you do?

Wendy: Well, I mostly do Burnouts with my Big ute drinking Bundys when I'm not singing with Jimmy Barnes.

Rhubarb: Why did you join GALS?

Wendy: I joined GALS to sing with the Bloody Beaut Bass section.

Rhubarb: Is there anything else you want to share?

Wendy: Yeah, my Big poster of Schapelle Corby.



The True Story of Micki and Elsie

Over the years, GALS has been privileged to be able to sing a number of songs composed by or arranged by choir members. In our next concert, 'Big Love,' we'll be singing a song called "the Sensible Shoes Waltz," composed by our own Sue FH and arranged by Joanna and Nikki.

The Sensible Shoes Waltz is a charming song made even more meaningful by the fact that it tells a true story. In Sue's own words;

In the late 1960's my mum was on the look out for someone to help out in the house once a week. A very sprightly 60ish year old lady showed up (mum thought she was too old until she got talking!)....

Micki had a happening little car, a very chirpy independent manner and a sparkle in her eye. She talked a lot about 'her Elsie' to me as she flicked the duster around the place.

Over the next couple of years I discovered that Micki had been 'sent into service' by her family as a 14 year old girl... to be a live-in maid in a great house. It was the time of the 1st World War. When Micki arrived at the big house she was assigned to share a room with Elsie who was 16. They shared a little room in the servants quarters at the top of the house.

Micki and Elsie spent the rest of their lives together, in a modest and quiet way. They moved out of 'service' after the war and went to work in the 20s and 30s in London's most fashionable Lyons Corner House. The waitresses there were known as Nippies.

By the time I got to know her, Micki was caring for Elsie who was none too well. Their lifelong devotion was inspiring.

Years later, being a bit of a late bloomer, I came out and duh, put two and two together!

When I mentioned this to my mother a few years ago, she first said, "no surely not. They cant have been partners." She then paused and said, "mind you, there was that one afternoon when I was hanging out the washing in the summer and Micki said to me 'you've got a lovely back Mrs. Fisher'!!!!"

Frequent Choir Points

Choir members who are planning to go to New Zealand next year are reminded to take advantage of the Frequent Choir Points scheme, where members are awarded points according to their attendance. The more you come to choir, you the points you earn.

The money raised by the choir for New Zealand will be divided amongst members according to the points they've earned - the more points you have, the more money.

For those who are interested in exactly how the money is allocated, here is the complex formula used:

The number of points times the number of letters in your middle name divided by how many cats you have plus how many times a week you eat chocolate minus the length of your hair. Take this number, add 100, reverse it and time it by 6 mangoes and that's the amount of money you'll have towards your New Zealand trip.

It takes 7.43 years of highly specialized training to become fully qualified to perform this intricate and sometimes dangerous calculation. Members are warned not to attempt to work out their points at home but to leave it to the professionals.





Out of the Woods and Into the Wirthouse

A Tale of Wilful Wenches and Wild Adventures

Night was falling in the Kingdom of Disharmonia and nurse Deborah Wirthouse was doing her evening rounds in the infirmary. She moved gracefully from bed to bed, stopping hither and thither to mop the sweat from a fevered brow, gently minister to a patient in pain or soothe an aching body.

Suddenly, Deborah's work was interrupted by a shout from the yonder stables.

"Fetch the doctor quickly," called a voice, "I have a woman here who is critically injured."

Deborah hurried to the window and looked out to see one the stable lads dismount from a horse and lift a limp and blood-covered figure from the saddle. Deborah rushed to ready the operating room for the doctor as the lad carried the injured woman inside.

Some time later, Deborah pensively watched the woman who now lay in the recovery ward. The operation had been successful and the woman's life had been mercifully spared, but her face still looked troubled, even in sleep. Deborah wondered who she was and where she had come from. She was very beautiful and her short but luxurious tresses framed her face lyrically. As Deborah stood gazing upon the mysterious woman's visage, she felt a strange stirring in her breast. Deborah hurried away to attend to other patients but throughout the night, something drew her back to woman again and again.

As the first rays of dawn were creeping over the horizon, the woman finally awoke from her sleep and looked around her. Deborah hurried to her side.

"Where am I?" the woman asked in confusion.

"Thou art in the infirmary," replied Deborah, "thou wast found injured in the woods and brought here by a stable boy. Canst thou tell me what thy name is and how thou camest to be hurt?"

"My name is Constance," answered the woman, "Art thou certain that this is not heaven, for last night as I slept feverishly, I felt the touch of an angel."

Deborah's cheeks turned crimson and she hastened to assure Constance that she indeed still dwelt in the mortal realms.

"You blush so prettily," murmured Constance.

"No indeed," countered Deborah, "thou art a saucy wench to say such things of me, especially when tis you who art fair of face. And now, thou hast evaded my query of how thou came to be in the woods alone and in danger of losing thy life."

"Methinks thou dost protest too much," Constance replied, smiling merrily. "But as for the sad tale of my woes, let us speak no more of it for now, for my heart be sore and burdened with that saga of sorrow. Let us for now rejoice and be gay - for is it not a miracle that I am thus alive?"

During the next few weeks, as Constance recovered her

strength, she and Deborah became firm friends as they shared their deepest secrets with each other.

"Do you know what I really long to do?" asked Constance one day.

"No, but now that we art such dear friends, unburden your heart to me and I shall hold your confidence safely in my bosom," Deborah encouraged her.

"From the time I was a young maiden, I have longed to sing," confessed Constance, "but I fear we I shall never be able to do so freely, as this land is ruled by a wicked and dasterdly king who does not permit such frivolity."

"Oh my," gasped Deborah, "too well I know the desperate bonds of sobriety and solemnness. I also have always desired to sing."

The two women gazed in wonder at each other and then Constance said, "Deborah, I must soon leave this place as mine health has returned, but let us leave together for I wish you to stay by my side forever. I have heard tell of a place far from here - the Kingdom of Galswanaland where the subjects are free to sing and free to love as they please. We will travel there together and though the way ahead may be strewn with hardships, we shall not shirk but endure the perils and danger we may face with fortitude and courage."

"Oh yes, Constance. I too have heard of this wonderous Galswanaland, where the maidens may embrace even in a public place and need not hide in such dark places as the wardrobe or closet and where the good folk fear no reprisal for singing aloud. I shall come with you. Let us steal a horse under the cover of darkness and then we two shall mount that steed and I will clasp you to my bosom and we will ride away from this desolate land."

"Deborah, thou makest me so happy that my heart leaps within my chest and my loins..."

"Yes, but Constance," interrupted Deborah, "we have need of a map, for how else shall we avoid the Kingdom of Terra Australis?"

"Oh forsooth," said Constance, "thou art correct, for though that land be no longer ruled by the tyrannical dictator Sir John of Howard, the new ruler doth make the people labour under many heavy taxes and foolish laws. And although he speaketh with foreign tongues and appear to be mild in manner, I have learnt tis best not to trust any of those who seek such power of governance."

"But wait," exclaimed Deborah, "Fear not. I do believe that the eccentric and queer Muffin-maker doth possess such a map and she mayst be bribed with books of tales telling of peculiar races and unearthly beings."

And thus it was, that Deborah and Constance did plan their escape and that very night, left the infirmary together to venture to far away lands...

Next week, our story continues as Deborah and Constance have many adventures and are finally rescued by a rogue band of Lovely Ladies, who take them to the capital of Galswanaland where they meet the Galswanians and learn their local customs.