

APRIL 2008  
Newsletter of



*Upcoming Events and Other News*

**May 30 to June 1**

Denmark Festival of Voice

**Saturday June 14**

AKM Birthday Party

**Sat/Sun November 1 and 2**

The Winter of Middle Earthe

**November 14**

Gosnells Anglican Church Dinner

**December 6**

Jack Healey Christmas Concert

*Details Box*

Denmark FOV - Fri. May 30 to Sun. June 1  
Its on again. Should be fun. We are  
performing late Sunday afternoon and final  
concert is on Sunday night.

AKM Birthday Party - Sat. June 14. Our 14th  
birthday and the theme is "My Funny Valen-  
tine". We have booked Falls Farm. The or-  
ganising sub-committee is Beni, Julie and  
Marcia, so see one of them for details or to  
offer to help.

The Winter of Middle Earthe - Nov. 1 & 2.  
Kal. Performing Arts Centre has been  
booked. This is still a work in progress but is  
developing steadily and looking most  
interesting. Digby is at the helm!

Gosnells Anglican Church dinner - Fri. 14  
Nov. 7.45 - 8.45 pm

*This Issue*

- DENMARK FESTIVAL OF VOICE
- AKM BIRTHDAY PARTY
- THE WINTER OF MIDDLE EARTHE
- NEW MEMBERS
- TIME WARP AT KALAMUNDA

**NEW CHOIR MEMBERS**

We are pleased to have so many new members this year and would like to welcome all of them.

Sarah Randell, Rebecca Cooper, Barry Clarkson (tenors)

Helen Whitley, Audrey Clarkson, Christine Fisher, Marie Toolan (sopranos)

Paul Toolan, Barry Lucas (bass)

Margaret Lloyd, Bianca Manno, Tess van Weggen (alto)

As well as these new members, we also have had some previous members return and are happy to have them back with us.

Judith Bancroft, Felicity Hill, Alison Flanagan

## TIME WARP AT KALAMUNDA HISTORY VILLAGE

**Editor's foreword:** Though it is rare that a complaint is received from a member of the audience of A Kappella Munda, your Editor feels that the following letter delivered by hand to Moira Martin, should be shown to you all. It is in relation to our recent performance at the Kalamunda History Village.

The Manse  
April 13th 1908

To the Editor

Sir! I must protest through the auspices of your news sheet!  
On the 13th inst, as I was about my prayers, (it being the Sabbath makes no difference), I was dismayed to hear the sounds of a song being sung in Latin. It drifted through my open window. I thought it must be those d-m Papists breaking the Sabbath. My manservant had just brought my nuncheon, a cold collation, but I bid him return it to cook and bring around my velocipede in order to ascertain the source of the disruption to my Sabbath.

I rode with all possible speed to the source of the noise which seemed to emanate from the railway station in the little hamlet of Calamunda. Imagine my horror when I arrived at my destination, such scenes of licentiousness and debauchery I have never seen!

The noise was from a group of what can only be described as "travelling people" of such low disposition, it made my blood curdle. I believe they have styled themselves as a "choir". Such nonsense, however one had to admit occasional sweet notes were heard in a jolly little ditty about hats. As for the rest of the songs, well they were the work of the Devil himself, songs of lust, greed, licentiousness, anarchic in the extreme! Songs about saying Goodnight to someone called Irene, or throwing one's arms about and leaning on people, will never become popular.

This whole rattle-taggle bunch of gypsies appeared to be taking little notice of their conductor, who waved his arms about ineffectually. It is rumoured that he has some little musical ability, although judging by the way he teetered on the edge of the station platform, it would appear that he has more than an intimate knowledge with the bottle!

The behaviour of this band leaves much to be desired, the male members being altogether too familiar with those of the fair gender. Egalitarianism has gone too far, it would appear that those persons from below stairs are allowed to mix with the gentry, although those well dressed female members of the "choir" were probably doxies up from the City! They were certainly NOT wearing gloves. It must be said that the persons of the lower orders, appeared to be quite clean, with white coffered mob-caps and pinnies.

As for the "gentlemen" (I use that word advisably), well, one could see that they were aping their betters, one appeared to be unable to tie a bow-tie, having taken refuge behind one of those new-fangled clip-on models. As for some of the others, well, six inches of raw flesh with tufts of chest hair for all to view, was not a pretty sight. They are indeed instruments of the Devil!

Even the station master was unimpressed with this band of low persons. Twice he cut their performance short, with bellows through his megaphone. To make matters worse, the audience appeared to appreciate this "choir's" attempt at vocal machinations. The few gentry showed their acclamation by genteel titters, and the soft sounds of jangling jewellery as they placed their gloved hands together. The many yokels present, just beat on their axes and ploughshares. I left with a sad disposition. What is this world coming to, I asked myself. I can see no future for this hamlet, it will slide back into oblivion, as one hopes so will that debauched band of "singers".

I remain your most humble and obedient servant

Rev. G. Rumpy-Olman



## KALAMUNDA HISTORY VILLAGE



## WAITING AT THE STATION

### Final Footnote:

Many thanks to Celia for all the work she has put in for the application For a grant from the Shire of Kalamunda.