

You needn't be in gym to

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Question: What hides behind the five-flavors-of-Coke cooler looking for misplaced pennies wearing earplugs?

ANSWER: A Westlane school reporter who thinks he can find happiness at loud dances.

Actually, your Westlane columnist found neither happiness nor misplaced pennies wearing earmuffs. But, this being the first dance of this type I have ever attended, I felt I would have an enjoyable experience.

Expressly in consideration of this momentous occasion, I invented a unique device which was capable of recording one's

thoughts. I have decided to call it a note pad. My memory, you see, is not extremely reliable, so I must write down everything I feel is important.

Unfortunately, I seem to have forgotten the code I used to communicate with myself last Friday night. For instance, the following incomprehensible gobbledy-gook appears on one page of my notes: "36-24-36 3566433". Not even the math department can help me figure that puzzle out.

Truthfully, however, the dance was most informative for me. I learned, for example, that one need not pay to hear a rock group — just press your ear to the ground outside

and — voila! — sound. The music was, in fact, so nearly approaching a fatal number of decibels that the pilot lamp on the emergency blackout lights in the gym was flickering on and off — in time with the beat.

With my inalienable talent for noticing the little details that make life so boring for all my readers who are too busy to notice, I would like to inform everyone that the microphone cord for the lead singer was 7.1 meters in length. This cord went to a little switchbox where some cat sat pushing buttons to make those little lights

hear rock group

go on and off to thrill everybody, and from this switchbox was a cord plugged into a wall socket.

Isn't it wonderful how interesting these dances are? At the next dance, I would like to find out what happens if I pull that little plug.

And to think that this weekend the same Westlane gym is filled with people whose stomachs are not filled. Chin up, stomach in, UA troops! You only have to go until Sunday evening.

This morning the drama club held a theatre arts workshop. The dear drama club is planning one-acts night before Christmas.

This one-acts night will be everybody's opportunity to see some dumb student, who can't learn from last year's mistake, try to stage what is known in theatric circles as a play.

A word of thanks is in order for the staff soccer team. Despite being "annihilated" by the Champs, 6-0, the teachers showed boundless enthusiasm. They made perfect fools of themselves with their ineptitude, but took it all in stride, and were the first to laugh when they made a mistake. Thanks to this display of sportsmanship, the real winners were the spectators.