

Must be Christmas— Westlane's celebrating

By PETER JEDICKE
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I see by simply glancing at my trusty little calendar there are only two weeks left before Christmas. Christmas, of course, in an annual event every kindergarten child knows about. But, since this column is designed for students of somewhat higher grades, I would like to make it perfectly clear Christmas is that day when some obese long-hair in red pyjamas deposits various goodies under a coniferous evergreen technically referred to as a Christmas tree. Unless it's Tuesday, but, since it isn't, I won't go into the complexities.

Anyway, this thing called Christmas denotes, most remarkably, something else called a holiday, which, of

course, means we stay home from school. This, as any student is sure to admit, and certainly no student would dare refute, is reason to celebrate.

In this glorious institution we lovingly refer to as Westlane, "to celebrate" is a verb whose connotations include having an assembly. And having an assembly means getting out those dear souls who have such wonderful ideas for our student convocations.

We are all looking forward to this presentation. The organizers have promised an amusing afternoon. Master of ceremonies will be a great personage, a true celebrity. Naturally, we anticipate having that jolly old weirdo, what's-his-name, on hand to distribute gifts.

Unfortunately, I am most deeply sorrow-stricken that I must announce that Orville Orangutang, the chimp that juggles tanganiken albatross eggs on his earlobes while making pretzels in the easy-bake oven, and his low-flying flea circus will not be able to attend due to the unforeseen burning out of one of his 100-watt light bulbs. We'll just have to make do with a dancing bear, maybe?

Besides the assembly though, you can't really tell it's almost Christmas. There is no nativity scene in the rotunda, and 'A Partridge In A Pear Tree' is not yet being piped over the PA before 9 a.m. There is no Christmas tree in the main office, and not one advent calendar is posted on the bulletin board. If we don't be careful, Santa is going to get very angry when he reads over his list of the naughty and nice.

But not everyone is waiting for something or other to happen. For instance, Westlane now has a group assigned the task of creating a school newspaper. Peter Hendershot was chosen to accept the job of editor, and he has an able staff working with him. Keep your eyes and ears open if you don't want to miss the first edition!

It now gives me great pleasure to announce the success of the Spartacular. Yes, enough support was drummed up for preparations to continue for Westlane's yearbook. The method used to drum up this support was that yearbook editor Cheryl Smith and some assistant went to every class and dictated an ultimatum. They certainly got some folks often enough, since the timetable puts people in all different classes each period. I myself was accosted twice, and, fortunately, resisted the urge to buy another yearbook.

Mr. Lannon has asked me to make another plug for the Toronto trip next week, (Dec. 18), where you get a ride to Toronto and a ticket to a big show, 'Man of La Mancha,' and a chance to shop downtown all for the sum of \$4.

Anyway, Joe Sparty is coming!