

Jan 8 72 Westlane drama club deserves support

By PETER JEDICKE

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Like it or not, it's here.

What lies ahead?

Students of Westlane, what does the future hold?

The future is what we make of it!

It can't be any more than that.

The drama club is a good thing for a Westlane student wanting to get involved in a good thing to get involved in. It is probably Westlane's busiest and most famous group. Students, teachers, administrators, parents and the community itself have always appreciated our spring musicals, and our drama night, though not quite so well-known, is usually just as interesting. Indeed, one might go so far as to say that our drama club deserves the 100 per cent support of everyone most of all.

The club, of course, reciprocates by putting forth a 100 per cent effort in attempting to stage the best productions a high school can. You can be assured of an evening of entertainment when the curtain rises at

Westlane — or falls. You see, the curtain is in a deplorable state of disrepair because the combined force of drama club leader Mr. Lannon and principal Mr. Noble is not enough push to stimulate the Board of Education to provide funds for its repair.

At present, the fixing of the curtain is so low on the priority list of the Board's maintenance division that we may not get our curtain fixed for a few years. Oh, well, we couldn't do anything about it, anyway — or could we?

Our Christmas assembly was a lot of fun. "Elvis" Mateyk stole the show, as was expected, with his tremendous and unmistakable impersonation of Ed Sullivan as our emcee. And, alongside such other talents as the acrobatic, singing Zambenie brothers (Ravioli, Lasagne, Ragu and Sam) and Sheldon and Duke Kannageisser, the NHL's least known brother act, being interviewed, on videotape, by Howard Kronstein, were two surprise hits. The first was Rick Rock and the Red Streaks, who had the audience rolling with their memorable rendition of A

White Sports Coat. The other surprise was George and Isabella. Isabella couldn't make it, because her train was early, but George broke us up, and Isabella too, I understand, with his story.

One further note of commendation goes to the small boys' group that sang The Twelve Days After Christmas. Thanks go to Santa Claus, for interrupting his eighth period lunch at the Sundowner to come visit us, and to the phys ed department for providing volleyballs for Peter Hendershot's Santa imposter trick. Also, to save myself getting killed by Mr. MacKenzie's new baton, I will extend appreciation to the concert band. And if I've left anybody out, you were good, too!

Unfortunately, the star attraction, Joe Sparty, was unable to attend, due to the fact he was out buying last minute Christmas presents for his favorite teachers. We'll hear from him again soon, though, probably just as soon as he gets over his New Year's eve hangover.