

Polkas popular at formal

Westlane hands out awards

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And so, as another year draws to its inevitable close, wierdos who like school are wishing they were back in Grade 6. But all normals are eagerly awaiting the 3:15 bell June 13.

Last Friday night, Westlane presented its annual formal. This year it was titled An Evening on the Continent at 'Cafe des Jeunes'. Our entertainment was very good, despite a little bit of difficulty early in the evening. When a polka was played, an absolutely incredible number of couples got up to take part. Only two dingbats showed up without dates: That's because nobody asked

us, eh, Tom? Anyway, the formal was a lot of fun, and the formal committee asked me to say that financially, we lost a lot less than we ever did before.

At the awards assembly last Thursday, virtually all the awards earned this year were given out. Outstanding specific achievements were all recognized. Continuing contribution and participation at Westlane, for which the Joe Sparty crest and school letter are given, was recognized. However, the crests could not be presented because the makers had not yet sent them.

One thing became terribly obvious at that assembly, I feel that probably most of the students at Westlane realize the achievements of the award winners, but there must be quite a few who are worse than indifferent. Nervousness when going on stage. Creating a commotion, the audience, collectively, can only have been termed as rowdy. Had any visitor been present, this atrocious behavior would have reflected very badly on our school.

I realize that having school spirit is no longer something respectable, but, at least, respect can be given to those who truly deserve our congratulations, and not such a childish and immature reception as was afforded them at the assembly.

Drama at Westlane has always been one of our school's strong points — since it began. Westlane has a fine reputation in the high school theatre. Last week, I mentioned our desire for a theatre arts course. All this reflects the importance of drama.

We owe all of this — the quality of our musicals, our many club excursions, our annual drama night, our make-up courses, the very establishment of drama itself in 1967 — to one man.

Other staff-members have contributed handsomely and supported drama without end, and they even handled the whole shooting match for a year, but, by far and away, drama at Westlane, is the result of the tireless devotion and undying spirit of Mr. Lannon.

Mr. Lannon last week announced that he will not be returning next year. The loss of a man of this stature is deeply felt at Westlane. His incredible effort has always been appreciated, and already numerous parties have exclaimed their determination to keep drama alive, if only so as not to let his years of work fall by the wayside.

Mr. Lannon has told me that he will always carry with him fond memories of Westlane, and the sense of fulfilment he felt when the students so heartily supported his programs. I personally, and on behalf of the students and the school, serve this as my small but heartfelt salute to a great man.

This week the yearbooks arrived. Everyone who paid for it was quickly given theirs. I haven't had a chance, since I got mine only a few hours ago, to really read it all but it is obviously a job excellently done by the yearbook staff, headed this year by Cheryl Smith. Congratulations to Cheryl, to Mr. Fredette and the rest on having added another fine volume to Westlane's history.