

WL fashion show alright.

By PETER JEDICKE
Westlane reporter

This week, on Monday, Westlane held a fashion show! It was the first such show we've had in a few years. There were about 400 spectators, most of them were girls. At the exorbitant cost of 15 cents a head, I guess the cheerleaders should be happy with their ticket sales.

Things got off rather smoothly, with ticket-holders being excused from class en masse (note the bilingual rhyme; this is indicative of my status as Westlane's Poet Bore-ee-ate) at two o'clock sharp, or thereabouts.

Any wise guys who figured on beating the system got beat by the system, because the ticket had to be shown first to the teacher, as an excuse slip, and then had to be given to the folks at the gym doors. (I got in, of course, on my Oppress card.)

Then, for all those dear little souls who make a habit of skipping school on these occasions, the WSC Patrol was blocking all exits from the school. I add as a sardonic (why did I almost say soporific) comment that there was not anyone keeping the Patrol members from leaving.

The show got underway a few minutes later, but that was all right, because the show was rather short anyway, and everyone had to chitter-chatter for a few minutes anyhow.

Once it was going, the pace was fast, and the presentation delightful. The lady who was sent by the fashion company, Simplicity-Style Patterns, whose name was Linda Pugsley, did an excellent job.

Her speeches during the exhibition of the fashions were light, humorous and whimsical, despite the fact that they told all about the fashions them-

selves. I like best her repeated remark that the number one color this fall is GREEN!

The modelling was one aspect worthy of question. Models were chosen (on a not-quite-voluntary basis, I'm beginning to believe) I presume by Miss Pyfrom, Westlane's Sewing teacher. In general, the models were much too nervous and self-conscious. Specifically, it was the younger ones who had this problem.

I guess they had a reason to be nervous, with all those people staring up at them, but even granted this they acted too immature. One girl didn't walk, she ran offstage. Naturally, this was not always true. Many of the senior girls, for whatever reasons, did model in a graceful, more dignified manner. This is what saved the show (and Beatrice Levesque's forward pass, of course.)

but for nervous models

The school newspaper, The Activist, made its second appearance this week, selling for the reduced price of 10 cents. Most people criticize the quality of the paper. I praise the effort of the paper staff.

Speaking in absolute terms, the paper is not exactly what one would call good, but, considering the lack of support the paper gets from students in general, it was the best that could be expected. The editor of the paper is Ed Pittman, the man with the ethnic tonsil, who is working very hard.

I talked to Ed at the fashion show, where one thing which surprised me was that he wasn't taking any notes. What kind of a writer doesn't take notes? But I was forgetting that Ed stands for editor, and editors delegate authority, just like club presidents do. So I figured someone else is doing the job for him. (Maybe the same dingbat that does those Mad Ads.)

Anyway, Ed, I just want to say that you have my support in your worthless venture. I even bought one of your papers, you know. (they needed some up in the Gym C change room). Actually, Ed is doing a very good job, even though everyone puts the paper down (and no one picks it up, either).

I would like to take this opportunity to again extend my personal congratulations, and add to them those of all the students and staff of Westlane, to Mr. Joe Hueglin, the victorious Niagara Falls riding candidate in the recent federal election. Mr. Hueglin will be leaving us soon to assume his new position. To coin an overworked phrase, Westlane's loss is Canada's gain. To make one up of my own, Good Luck, Mr. Hueglin.

Taking a quick look around, congratulations to members of the Cross Country team, which did well at the S O S S A level. Wrestling started

this week, with good prospects in store, according to coach, Mr. Dave Talbot. Watch for their first meet.

Boys' basketball gets moving now with Mr. Field, Mr. Brooker and Mr. Mucklow in charge of midgets, juniors and seniors respectively. Last Friday's Graduation Exercises came off beautifully.

Thanks go to Mr. Brooker who did a whole heck of a lot of work getting it all together, and congratulations to all prize winners.

Lots of dances in store: Dallas Cooper and Grease Caprice were last night, and another on November 17, followed by an open one on December 1. Don't miss Drama Night, Part I, December 8.

The word of the week is DEGENERATED HYPERBOLA, which sort of describes the way — oh, well, never mind.