

# Westlane writer copies Janus by looking forward, backward

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Westlane reporter

Christmas time has once again come to our doorstep, bringing that peculiar spirit which explains a lot of the good that goes on in this world, and making up for some of the bad.

Indeed, Christmas is the best time of the year, the time of joy and happiness, of loving and giving. If the weather grants us a White Christmas, as it appears it will; if tragedy strikes none of us during the holiday season; if our free time is spent pleasantly in the company of those we love; if our worries are not plentiful but our satisfactions are; and if the intangible spirit is felt by each of us, then it will

have been a Merry Christmas.

And how time flies! It seems only too short a time ago, I was writing a column saying, "1972 is a New Year. Make the most of it." And, now, it's over. We cannot help but ask ourselves if we did, indeed, make the most of 1972. It is up to each student to contemplate, in the confines of his own mind, the extent to which he made use of what was offered to him during 1972.

One cannot say nothing was doing at Westlane. We held a very successful Winter Carnival in February. Then Steve Coopman and Joyce Allman won best play for Sarah and the Sax in the District Drama Festival. Tom Francis

scored 50 points in his very last game ever as a Spartan. The highly-rated soccer team failed to return the SOS-SA championship to Westland. Our musical, *Girl Crazy*, was a financial disappointment. The 1972 yearbook was a beautiful piece of work.

After summer break, a new student council took office and turned the place around. Kangaroo Court was the best since '69. The Abraham dance proved Westlane students had the money, time and desire to support the council. The golf team took its third consecutive SOSSA title, and placed second in the province. Funky AllSorts 3 and Truck proved that Abraham was no fluke. Nobody turned out for Drama Night Part I.

It's far from the truth that nothing was doing.

But there were still people doing nothing. Apparently, back in March, a hideous sort of semi-apathy sprung up—everybody was "too busy" to contribute to anything. People decided the way to kill this was to stop talking about it, and you haven't heard apathy mentioned since June. When September rolled around, things were different again. People cared about Westlane, they felt the "spirit of Joe Sparty"; but there were still far too few people doing anything about it. People hate school. Why?

How can anybody enjoy something they don't participate in? And rarely support?

Like the Roman God Janus, I would like to look in the other direction, without turning my back on anything. In the New Year, we have a few excellent prospects, and some that will need help.

Nothing, apparently, is going to stop our midget boys basketball team. Our 1972-73 wrestling team has places to go. Both of these teams are undefeated. The student council is planning another Winter Carnival.

The Drama Club is in a bad way. A second Drama Night will be held Feb. 14. If we do not make a killing at the gate, we will be short on funds for our other project, the musical, *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*. Everyone who is involved in Forum so far is excited about it. It would be such a shame to see this venture fail because of lack of funds and student support.

New Year's resolutions are also made about this time of year. Did you recognize your resolutions of 1971? Do you intend to make any this year? Think about this: Although it is noble to strive for spectacular feats, these are sometimes difficult to succeed in. But there is still much you can resolve yourself to accomplish. Remember, he that chooses a lesser goal and succeeds has accomplished more than he who attempts great things and fails. Good-bye, 1972.

Merry Christmas to you all.

DECEMBER 23, 1972