

# Westlane grapplers get even with faint-hearted reporter

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Wrestling is one sport which I absolutely hate. Fate decreed, however, that this most pernicious pastime should be one of Westlane's most successful ventures.

My love for Westlane far exceeds my hatred of wrestling, and, ergo, I found myself an honorary member of the team for the duration of its busiest time. Friday and today, the Westlane Spartan wrestling team participated in the SOSSA championships.

Last week, in the A.N. Myer gym, our team placed second in zone three, behind perennial champs Thorold, to earn the right to enter the championships. This is a great thing for the school, and I hope the boys did well today.

In order that I might be able to write with some semblance of intelligence about the subject I was "cordially invited" to come get the — whipped out of me at a few practices. These practices are held after school until 5:30 p.m. in such weird places as the cafeteria and on the stage.

Mats are used so people will not be injured (too badly) when such tortures as the guillotine or the cross face are inflicted.

I went to my first workout rather apprehensively for I have horrible memories of wrestling in physical education classes.

My first instructor was Dave Booth, Sir. I was told the object of the sport is to push the other guy's shoulders onto the mat. If that sounds easy, you're kidding yourself.

Both wrestlers customarily start in the neutral position, where they are both standing, at the onset of the brutality. They then proceed to hold hands, lock arms, stand cheek to cheek and other fascinating moves.

However, there is much more than friendly pressure being exerted at all times. This continues until one or the other executes what is known as a take-down. If you happen to be wrestling Paul Stary, it would be better termed a throw-down.

Common take-downs are the single and double leg variety. Once one wrestler has the other down, he begins to try to pin his opponent. In the

event that the three two-minute rounds should end with no pin being scored, points are awarded by the referee for various items.

All this I either remembered from less happy days or was quickly told by Mr. Booth. Someone then suggested we wrestle. No thanks, said I, but the match had already begun. Mr. Booth rapidly embraced me, deposited me upon my finer side, and proceeded to squeeze the wind out of me.

There is something about resting on a mat, looking up at the spitballs on the cafeteria ceiling, with 187 pounds of Mr. Booth, upon me, that upsets my stomach, legs, arms, chest, and every other part of my anatomy. Elapsed time for the pin: seconds. As for yours truly, I was ready for the showers.

Something was definitely wrong, everyone thought. For, you see, I am by no means a small individual. I say this because, in wrestling, the measure of skill is nothing else but size. "Weight divisions" are the classifications which wrestlers fall into. It's assumed that someone in a higher weight class will defeat someone from a lower weight class. I fit into one of the highest, so the members of the wrestling team were severely disappointed at my poor showing with Mr. Booth.

The next week (it took me that long to recover) everyone else got a chance, too. It started with someone from the 178 lb. class. Then I was mauled by someone from 164, or whatever it is, then 159, and all the way down the line, until I stayed down on the mat after Mr. 123 had nearly entombed me in a smouldering armpit.

I am all right now, thank you, so there will be no need to send me any further "get well" cards. And wrestling is virtually over for this year. I would like to personally congratulate all those who have contributed to one of Westlane's most superb teams ever. The winning of the Hagersville tournament, and the third consecutive Novice victory as well as the second place finish in Zone Three, along with the results of the SOSSA finals, will prove to all that this was some team.

This week's prize personality is Bartholomew Finstead 111.