

# Sno Job drops load of fun

## in week-long blast at Westlane

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Westlane's third annual Winter Carnival, Sno Job '73, came to a stupendous climax — and close — last week. Wildly successful in most ways, mildly disappointing in a few others, this was the most superb Carnival of all.

Friday and Saturday, the Midget Spartans won the first annual West-

lane Midget Boys' Invitational Basketball Tournament, held in our own gym.

Monday the male staff took on the PowderPuffs in a hockey match played at Niagara Falls arena. The final score was 8-5 for the teachers, which was surprising, because they had led 6-0 with only five minutes gone in the first period.

It was the most unusual game of hockey I've seen. Mr. Talbot and Beatrice Levesque each had hat tricks to lead their teams in scoring. At times, however, there were three male staff members in the penalty box, with Mr. Danecker's son in goal, and nine or 10 girls out there. The refs were strangely ignorant of such things, but then, as I pointed out from the PA box, you can't very well call the PowderPuffs for too many men on the ice.

The film festival, expected to be one of the highlights, was held Monday night. The films were enjoyable, but the event was overshadowed by the following nights, I fear.

Tuesday evening, the Senior Spartans played against the Westlane Grads, before a very discouraging crowd. The seniors won easily, needless to say. The grads obviously lacked people like Tom Francis, Ron Hayward, Ray Bonin, Steve Pierce,

Friday was the last and climatic day of Sno Job. Classes terminated at 12:30, and everybody has a good time. Anybody who wasn't out participating in the mass snowball fights, or in the cafeteria at any one of a number of booths, or in the gyms playing volleyball, basketball, etc. or in the hall running weird races, could always sit under a nearby PA speaker and listen to the music of Radio Westlane. I was PJ the DJ, and five times I played the No. 1 song: Last Song.

Last Song was number one, of course, because that is Edward Bear's big hit, and we had Ed Bear right on stage, live. Incredible, still, but true — the top rock group in North America today right at Westlane. And what a show! By far the most incredible concert we have ever had at our school. And when, at the very end (when else?), they played Last Song, I felt so happy to have been a part of Sno Job '73, and so proud that Westlane should be able to have such a successful carnival.

George Kraus, Mike Mateyk and all the former Westlane greats.

Speaking of discouraging crowds, about 100 folks showed up for Drama Night, Part II. This was still better than December's attendance at Part I, but if we don't get more people out to see our musical, the Drama Club is going to be broke. Barb Eade was chosen Best Actress, and Best Actor was a tie between Mike Jenken and Bill Williamson. The Best Play was a stunning upset in favour of A Lumberjack Is Forever over the much better rehearsed and more acclaimed A Marriage Proposal will be presented at the Niagara District Drama Festival as Westlane's entry, to defend the title we won last year. A bus might be organized to see the presentation.

Greaser Day was the biggest surprise of the whole week, though, as almost a third of the school's population dressed in the fifties style during the school day. What an enjoyable break in the routine of life at Westlane! For one day, even the worst of enemies were telling each other they were the cat's pyjamas. The washrooms, all day, did not smell of clandestine cigarette smoking, but of good old greasy hair tonic. Combs were being flashed by all the guys, just to be sure to keep all that hair back. The chicks really looked cute in those pony-tail-and-bobby-socks outfits. What a complete thrill the day was!

And then, of course, the Greaser Dance, featuring Westlane's pride and joy of rock and roll, the Grease Caprice. Never have I seen a dance at which so much dancing took place. Bunny hop chains snaked their way through the crowd, whole line-ups of Greasers combed their hair and rocked to the great hits of the pre-Beatle age: Jailhouse Rock, Teddy Bear, Tell Laura I love Her, Love Me Tender, Rock Around the Clock, just to mention a few. The entire attitude of students throughout the school was so strikingly different, so wonderfully refreshing, that I wonder if maybe the fifties weren't really a happier time, after all. A smashing success, from the record hops in the cafeteria during the lunch periods to the spiders that killed in the corners, and a day to cherish in the memory of all.