

Funky All-Sorts concert turns up some fine acts

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The week of March Break safely behind us, it is time now to swing back into action. Rejuvenated, refreshed, and as well-rested as the Easter Bunny, we can all arise and achieve, accomplish, attain, etc.; pouring our hearts and souls into upcoming events.

Fond memories of recent events remain, however. On Friday, March 17, Westlane students, on behalf of the Yearbook Committee, held a showcase of talent. We called it "The Funky All-Sorts Concert", but the name was the only thing that I didn't like about it.

We had quite a few artists playing music for us. Annie Marshall was there, the soft-voiced songbird who, unfortunately, was greeted by a crowd that chattered too much. Also performing was Lee Sterry, who wrote three of his own song — a great thing itself. One soloist did "American Pie", and we had a couple of small groups, like the one led by Terry Adams and Mike Mann, among the performers.

The star attractions were an "Alice Cooper" group, and "Elvis Presley." The first of these was an excellently produced act, with as much emphasis on a well-co-ordinated light snow and crowd effect as on the music itself, which in-

cluded "Sunrise" and "Eighteen".

Elvis was, of course, none other than our multi-talented favorite, Dave Mateyk. Wearing his black leather jacket, he was backed up by a "Greasers' Group", as well as a trio of guitarists and Mike "Snowbear" Jenken, playing a mean piano. Furthermore, one instrumentalist who added to both of these groups as well as others was Randy Learning, who played the drums and did a great job.

A few days later during the Break, the Westlane Powder-Puff team finished the 1972 season at the Stamford Arena against Virgil. (An oversight on my part was responsible for my announcing, two weeks ago, that the city's other arena was to be the site of this game. My apologies to anyone who was inconvenienced by this error.)

Now, it's not that I want to insinuate anything of course but, before playing us, I am told, Virgil players refined the less often used arts of hockey — slashing, spearing, cross-checking, mass brawling and accidental homicide; with intent to kill yet. One of their players, who I shall anonymously refer to as Number Nine, had it out for our star centre, Beatrice Levesque.

After this Number Nine (bless her heart) had, on one occasion, escaped the vigilant

eyes of our esteemed referees with her minor infractions of just about every rule in the book, a conversation ensued, which I shall take the liberty to humbly reprint here:

Beatrice: You wanna fight?

Nine: Yeah.

Beatrice: KA-POW!

Not, of course, that I mean to imply anything by this.

Another interesting point, (no insinuating, of course, just an observation: Virgil had help. You see, the undeniable hockey talents of a Loretto Academy star named Barb Lemire were procured to use against us.

I don't wish to upset anybody's feelings, naturally, but I would like to enquire politely as to just where they got the infernal gall to pull off a stunt like that?

One of Westlane's most valuable assets has been being misused quite a bit recently. I refer to our Library system, which is a great thing for students both recreationally and educationally. However, some people are badly misusing their Library privileges, wrecking the system, and perhaps spoiling it for everyone.

As if holding a book too long isn't bad enough, some people can't even afford the dime or so for punishment. I hope they will grow up soon and learn to appreciate the facilities offered us.