

The Ridge Rambler

February 1967

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EDITORIAL--IN MY OPINION

What would your response be if I were to tell you about a school where three-quarters of the students attend all their classes on a strictly voluntary basis? The rest attend only SOME of their classes on a voluntary basis. The students accept the responsibility for much of their education and are free to attend classes, study in private, or relax in the common room.

Detentions are unheard of and no students are ever punished in the conventional manner.

Administration slips or forms of any kind are not required.

Students are free to loiter or chat in corridors during the five or ten minute break between classes.

There are only four rules: no smoking (with the exception of grade 13 students who may smoke in their common room) no truancy, no seat-warming and no irresponsible behavior.

The students have free access to all parts of the school building before classes, during noon-hour, and after regular school hours.

And the well-stocked library has wall-to-wall carpets to help provide a proper environment for study.

You'd say I was dreaming or that I was full of it! Well, there IS such a school here in B.C." It's Campbell River Senior Secondary School which houses grades 11, 12, and 13.

This school is fronting a new concept in education where learning (not TEACHING) is the soul reason for attendance and where students are considered to be citizens in their own right and should be granted certain rights applicable to their own age groups. Therefore they are allowed to choose their own hair and dress style!

REVIEW

"Blow-Up" is an extremely confusing film. On the surface it seems quite simple, almost too simple, but when viewed more closely, a mass of somewhat obscure symbolism is revealed.

The plot is relatively simple; a London fashion photographer takes pictures of a couple in a park and later, when blowing up the prints, discovers that a murder was being committed. This simple story stretches over an hour and a half. In between an allegorical beginning and ending are great expanses of (symbolic?) silence--dialogue is at a minimum.

Even "open-minded" people may blanch a bit at the scenes which, in the States, lost the film its Seal of Approval. Trouble is, when you think about it, (which one has to do a lot of after seeing this film) the scenes aren't obscene at all; in fact, the contrary is true.

"Blow-Up" may please or disgust you according to your tastes. I can't really recommend it one way or another. All I can recommend is that if you're one of about ten per cent of the school's population who can legally see "Blow-Up" at somewhat exorbitant (\$1.75) prices, by all means see it.

Michael Quigley:

Michael, along with John Evans, is playing one of the leading roles, Captain Von Trapp, in the SOUND OF MUSIC. He says "I am not in it for the prestige, but just to be part of a good show." His two hopes for the play are that people will not come to compare the acting of the play, to that in the movie, and that the C.B.C. will come to THE SOUND OF MUSIC and Mike can talk them into buying his play THE SOCIALITES, which they have already rejected!! Next year Michael plans to take theatre at U.B.C. He is currently a member-at-large of the Ridge Rambler, and a resident in the notorious Common Room. His ambition is to write his complete autobiography when he is nineteen (next February).

With the abolition of the detention room, we felt that it would be safe to print this piece of literary genius!

Dr. Voth's House of Horrors

It seemed just like an ordinary call down to the "office"...

Humbly I entered the office. As I closed the door behind me, it exploded. An iron door appeared in its place!!! Five portcullises crashed down!! An electrified barbed wire wall appeared out of the floor!!!

"Something you wanted?" sneered a strange voice behind me!! I whipped about. "Whip,Whip!" I abouted!! Before me was a man, whom, when I saw, I shuddered with fright. It was the dreaded Vice-Principal who bore an astounding resemblance (in the surroundings) to Adolf Zing. His long right arm extended forward, and pushed a button on the desk before him. In the second before I fell, many thoughts flashed through my mind: Would I ever see my lady love again? Who was my lady love again? Did she love me again? Would I miss the sock dance? Would I be marked absent for the rest of the day? (Slurp')

Suddenly of an all, I landed with a crash on a hard cement floor. "Crash! Crash!" I landed.

All around me it was dark except for a few torches on the wall. When my eyes became accustomed to the dark I found to my great horrible awesome terrified surprise that I began to ache where I had landed so I started to cry.

"Shutup" a dark voice boomed. Suddenly I whipped about with a crash. "About! Whip!" I crashed. Ten large men hung me on an electrified spit between two enormous razor blades below a tremendous rotation wire brush in front of a huge band saw on top of a pool of sulphuric acid. "Could I have a cigarette?" I mused nonchalantly. "I'm sorry, but there's no smoking in the torture chamber. Would you like some gum?"

Suddenly there was a screaming clamour of thunder and brilliant lightening lit up the chamber. To my left there was a flaming explosion! After the smoke had disappeared, there stood a tall dark man with two ravens on his shoulders. Slowly he approached me, slowly rolling several ball bearings in his right hand. "Do you know why you have been sent here?" he asked in a voice which shook the building.

"No", I quivered.

"That makes two of us!" he bellowed, knocking the man next to him onto the band saw, one half of him falling in the acid and the other shot into the razor blades where it stuck belly button downward.

"Ho, ho ho!!" he roared, knocking another man who fell on to an electrified fence which popped out his eyes and instantly jelled his blood turning his body into an amorphous purple blob. This seemed to amuse the man although I threw up all over myself.

I had to make my bid for freedom soon. Unfortunately this was difficult as I was bound with bailing wire. "No! No!" I screamed as the man continued to roar with laughter.

"Roar!" said the man who laughed so hard that he lost his balance and tumbled forward slicing off the top inch of his head. His arms caught on the wire brush which cut him in

three. One piece flew into the shark pool, another into the acid, and the other into a giant meat-grinder.

I finally managed to break free by cutting off my wire on the band saw and wriggling loose. I saw that my only way out would be through the sewers, so I pulled out a skin-diving outfit and began my perilous journey.

When I got underwater, I discovered I couldn't see for some reason. Luckily my face mask had windshield wipers. I swam vigorously through the sewage and soon arrived at the sewage disposal plant where I was disposed of. I stepped ashore, stripped off my scuba suit, and donned a white dinner jacket, whereupon I returned to school with a nonchalant air, oblivious that nothing had happened.

(We leave the ending to the reader: check one)

1. Well, that's the way it goes.
2. Suddenly I exploded in a mass of sewage.
3. When I returned, I was called to the office for being late.
4. I'd think twice next time I flushed a toilet.
5. ????????