

THE RIDGE RAMBLER

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GRADUATION EDITION

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Once again, we are grateful to Mr. Warner and his typing classes for typing and running off The Ridge Rambler.

Editorial - In My Opinion

Since another school year is drawing to a close, this is the time when many students are thoughtfully looking back on the events which have taken place in the last year. Now is the time when "thank-yous" for help and encouragement are said to fellow students and teachers. The students receive their acknowledgements at their awards assemblies, but our staff is far too often omitted and overlooked. It is probable that each and every student at Ridge feels indebted to one or more members of the staff for a variety of reasons. This causes me to suggest a rather novel and unique idea, why couldn't the students organize an awards assembly for the teachers?

Activity-wise, I know that I owe appreciation to Miss Poole and Mr. Warner for their help with the Rambler and to Mr. Blois for his help with the Undergrad Class. And here are but three candidates worthy of a large block letter and bar! Academically speaking, there are a number of really good teachers at Ridge who have inspired me academically, and I wish they could receive a token of my appreciation.

Oh well, maybe next year.....

In the meantime I would like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude and appreciation to all the teachers who have taught me this year, and to express a thank-you to all the students and staff who have worked to make Ridge the school it is!

Mae Burrows
Ridge Rambler Editor

RIDGE RAMBLER BOX CONTEST

The winner of this month's Ridge Rambler Box Contest is Michael Quigley with his following short story...Congratulations Michael!

The Death of the Soul

Only fifteen years old, Sara sat on the bus stop bench. With only a sweater to keep her warm, she thought the night was cold as the wind blew down under the purplish suburban street lights.

Sara was scared, having run out of the house only ten minutes before. She had never seen her father so drunk as he had been tonight. When he had hit her mother across the face and knocked her one-year old sister out of her crib on to the floor, she could stand it no longer.

An occurrence like this was not uncommon in their house. Her father had always been this way. The earliest memories of Sara's childhood were those of sitting for long hours in the car outside the beer parlor waiting for her father.

When she saw the others at school and comparatively considered how much she had been neglected, she hated her family for making her life so miserable - all except her little sister, whom she wished she could take care of. Sara felt sad at having left her sister alone with the two parents screaming at each other.

Looking up to her left, she could see the illuminated windows of a bus about a half-mile down the road.

She wanted to run away and become like someone whom she had read about. Maybe an actress...or a model....or even a secretary. Anything to get away from her present environment. She wanted to get out and find new worlds, to be successful, to be somebody. The lights on the street became far away city lights, lights of a gay life.

As she saw a car slowly coming down the street, her heart stopped. It was her father! She looked to see if the bus was coming, but to her horror, it had turned down another street. There was no escape.

The honking of the car horn blared out, breaking the silence of the street, and she started to run away down the sidewalk. The car pulled up beside her, and her father quickly got out. Lean in appearance and unshaven, he looked almost savage. He started towards her.

"No!" she screamed, putting her arms up in fear.

"Get in that car," he snarled, pointing to it, as a line of saliva dribbled from the left corner of his mouth. "Get in, or I'll get the cops after you, and when you're caught, I'll have you committed!"

The thought of this stunned her for a moment, and all her dreams flashed through her mind. She realized that there was no escape now. She saw another man walking on the other side of the street glance over for a second, but he quickly looked away.

When she finally got into the car, which inside smelled of whiskey, her face became to tally expressionless. She remembered only the sight of her sister crying on the floor. As they drove home, the only sounds heard were those of the car's motor and that of Sara, softly crying to herself.

Michael Quigley

Record Review (with some candid speculations)

The Byrd's latest record, "Younger than Yesterday," is an interesting one, for the group has begun to slip out of the folk-rock genre with which they had been associated. Only one song on the record, "Renaissance Fair," (written, as are all the songs except one by Dylan, by members of the group) has any folk-rock connotations, but this is only in subject matter.

The songs on the record are all extremely intelligent, musically speaking. The Byrds have a way of writing songs which are almost trite in meaning, but which somehow carry an effect; perhaps due to the arrangements (two and three-part harmony).

Two of the songs stand out:

"So You Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star" does for pop songs what the Beatles' "Tarman" did for money. "Rock 'n' Roll Star" is sarcastic (and, considering the Byrds' position in rock music, almost ironic) with lyrics such as:

"Sell your soul to the (record) company
Who are waiting there
To sell plastic ware."

For effect, screams of teeny-bopper fans are dispersed throughout the song.

"C. T. A. 102" - a song about communicating with a spaceship--is rather weird. All sorts of tape-recorded whines and voices playing backwards give the song atmosphere. I've avoided labelling this song as "psychedelic," because I think that people are beginning to apply this term to any song they don't understand. (compare the Beatles' efforts). To me, calling a song "psychedelic" merely because the subject matter is about space ships or employs disconnected images makes about as much sense as saying that a song is about "love of nature" because trees or flowers are mentioned. (by the way, some people think trees and flowers are psychedelic, too) These people who wave the word "psychedelic" around like a flag don't realize that out in le monde interieur, serious composers have been writing "weird" music for years before any LSD-labelling came along, and what the Beatles and Byrds are saying is: "Look! Here's some twentieth-century music for you packaged in a form with which we hope you associate." Naturally, whether or not the listener likes the music is his own business.

Meanwhile, back to the Byrds! Of the remaining songs two others are interesting - "The Girl With No Name" because of its cool-sounding harmony, and "Mind Gardens", which is a dissonant incantation over a guitar sans drums backing. "Everybody's Been Burned" sounds, from the title, like a song about a napalmed Vietnamese village, but instead it's a song about being "burned by love."

I's heartily recommend "Younger Than Yesterday" (as well as the other three Byrds' albums) to anyone who wants to hear a well-rounded selection of some well-presented music of today. As far as my money goes, the Byrds are the best U. S. rock group today.

Michael Quigley